

The Appening

"Pilot"

written by

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FADE IN:

TEASER

INT. PALMER AND PALMER LAW OFFICES - NIGHT

At a table with a stack of papers in a mahogany filled conference room is JIM MULLIGAN, 25. He's in a checkered blue button down with rolled up sleeves, and has short brown hair and a quarter-size birthmark on his left cheek.

STACY BLITZSTEIN, 29, mousy with curly blonde hair and a purple sweater, sits next to him.

STACY

You're like a boy playing with dolls.

JIM

Boys don't play with dolls, they play with overly muscular plastic men. I'm just trying to help people while studying human nature.

STACY

That's what Dr. Mengele said.

JIM

That reference is way too dated for people our age.

A number of well-dressed lawyers enter the room. Jim hands one a large manila folder that says "Mulligan Systems."

STACY

Last chance to back out of your plan. You may be surprised how quick a \$1.5 billion app fortune can disappear.

Jim raises his left eyebrow.

Jim

The only thing we have to worry about is our future grandkids crashing their flying Ferraris.

STACY

I'm just saying, a few days ago I was a barely employed programmer. We're not gonna get this lucky again.

JIM

Luck is when preparation meets...

(CONTINUED)

CONTINUED:

STACY

For fuck's sake, don't give me that  
motivational-Oprah bullshit again!

Jim smirks, takes out his phone and sends out a group text:  
"Congratulations! You're invited to the party of a lifetime!"

Chyron reads: JIM

1 INT. ALPHONSE AND JANE'S APARTMENT LIVING ROOM - NIGHT 1

In a messy yet well-appointed apartment, ALPHONSE MANCUSO, 25, chubby with thinning black hair in a red flannel shirt, rocks his SCREAMING 3-month-old, CHRIS, in a rocker. Alphonse winces in pain and puts his hand on his stomach.

ALPHONSE

Shhh, Shhh. Quiet down, dude. C'mon,  
Mommy's sleeping.

The baby continues to SCREAM.

ALPHONSE (cont'd)

I'll let you watch late-night Cinemax!

Alphonse starts singing to the tune of *Rock-a-Bye Baby*.

ALPHONSE (cont'd)

*Mommy is sleeping, and she'll get up /  
Then she'll start bitching and it will  
suck / Please go to sleep, cause I  
need to shit / I'll let you see  
boobies, something something shit.*

JANE MANCUSO, 25, in a robe and disheveled brown hair, eerily appears in the doorway.

ALPHONSE (cont'd)

Babe, that burrito did a number on me.

Jane robotically picks the baby up, kisses him, hands him to Alphonse, picks up the rocker and walks out of the room.

ALPHONSE (cont'd)

Where am I supposed to put Chris?

Jane closes the door behind her. Alphonse looks around the room while trying to calm the SCREAMING baby, but now there's nowhere to lay him down.

INT. APARTMENT BATHROOM - CONTINUOUS

With the baby in his arms, Alphonse enters an upscale white bathroom cluttered with baby supplies. He clumsily takes down his pants and sits on the toilet with the baby on his lap.

As soon as he sits Alphonse releases EXPLOSIVE DIARRHEA that lasts five seconds longer than it should. He peers down to see a now quiet and angelic-looking baby smiling at him.

ALPHONSE

Hey bud, that's funny huh? We're both  
big poopers, yes we are!

BUZZ, his phone comes alive. Alphonse frantically tries to grab it from his pocket, but the baby starts SCREAMING again.

Beaten, he looks at it. "Congratulations. You're invited..."

INT. ALPHONSE AND JANE'S LIVING ROOM - CONTINUOUS

Alphonse exits the bathroom and sees Jane in front of him.

JANE

I'm miserable. I've been miserable  
since you got laid off.

ALPHONSE

I know. I'm stressed too, but we'll  
get through this.

Jane starts crying. She grabs the baby from him.

JANE

I'm sorry I'm being a bitch. But  
lately whenever I look at you,  
especially in that rancid red shirt...  
I think I should speak to...

ALPHONSE

A therapist?

JANE

A lawyer.

Jane sobs. Alphonse takes off his red plaid shirt.

Chyron reads: ALPHONSE

FADE OUT:

End of Teaser

(CONTINUED)

Act 1

FADE IN:

INT. DELMONICO'S STEAK HOUSE - NIGHT

Holding court with a group of young Wall Street suits in an NYC financial district steak house is GARY FRENCH, 26. Wearing a slick suit and gelled black hair, he's either charming or douchey, depending on what drugs he's on.

GARY

I begged Johnson to short the Soy position at 20, but that fat pussy couldn't wait.

Chyron reads: GARY

GARY (cont'd)

Just as Johnson's about to pull the trigger at 26, he gets a text, and his face turns pale green. "That was the cops," he goes. "My wife was in a car accident..." So I'm like, "Is she OK?" And he starts flailing his arms.

Gary thrashes his own arms, to the delight of his table.

GARY (cont'd)

He's going, "Oh My God! Oh my God!" Then I get a pat on the shoulder from Anderson, he nods towards the board. It's going down to 25 and 24.

The suits at the table start chuckling.

GARY (cont'd)

So I ask him, "what hospital?" "Is she allergic to penicillin?" Anything to distract him from the board. He calls the cop that texted him but no one picks up. That gets him even more riled up, shaking and blubbering.

Gary gets up, oblivious to pained looks from other patrons, and mimics the shaking and blubbering.

GARY (cont'd)

Finally Johnson, who's a crying, sweaty mess, gets another text. And after a second he yells, "It's Helen, she's fine!"

(CONTINUED)

The suits are silent.

GARY (cont'd)

But after a second of relief he looks at the board and sees it's at 20. Then he sees Anderson laughing, and there's a twinge of understanding. Next thing, Johnson is chasing after Anderson around the office, cursing like a motherfucker: "I'm gonna kill you!"

The suits are in hysterics.

SUIT 1

Wait, what about Johnson's wife?

GARY

She was at brunch in Greenwich. Anderson had a buddy of his send the texts. Tricking that pussy made the firm an extra \$18 million!

The suits laugh even louder. Gary gets a call and walks out.

INT. MIDTOWN HOTEL - NIGHT

Gary and HELEN JOHNSON, 35, blonde and busty, are naked on the floor of a hotel room, having loud and athletic sex. The two climax; Gary rolls over and starts doing pushups.

HELEN

What's got you so riled up?

GARY

You need to be more discreet. Your husband may be a shitty soy trader, but he's not stupid.

HELEN

You're the one sending dick pics. And that mean trick you played on him...

GARY

We were just fucking with him.

Helen gets up and starts getting dressed.

GARY (cont'd)

You think he knows?

HELEN

If he did he'd be banging on the door.

(CONTINUED)

CONTINUED:

Gary takes out a vial of cocaine, pours some on the top of his hand and snorts it.

GARY

How much longer?

Helen sighs and shakes her head.

HELEN

Not this again. I've got the girls and the house and the club. It's just too much... stuff.

GARY

I've got stuff.

Helen grabs her purse and walks back to Gary.

HELEN

Your black leather couches look like they should be in a strip club.

GARY

I'll buy new ones.

HELEN

Don't - it reminds me of my first job. Now give mommy a goodbye kiss.

Gary sits up, she quickly pecks him and then walks out.

INT. JIM'S APARTMENT BUILDING HALLWAY - DAY

Jim exits his apartment into a dank hallway and sees his cute neighbor, EMILY BINION, 22. She's wearing a leather jacket and has one side of her brown hair shaved.

JIM

Nice new 'do. Bet that would be a tough sell in Kentucky though, right?

The two enter the elevator.

INT. ELEVATOR - CONTINUOUS

EMILY

I'm from Ohio, but thanks.

JIM

My bad, how could I possibly confuse Ohio from Kentucky, right?

(CONTINUED)

Jim giggles at his own joke; Emily politely nods. Jim awkwardly rubs his birthmark.

JIM (cont'd)  
How's the bartending gig?

Emily  
OK. Grad school is expensive.

JIM  
You can't put a price on Women's Studies.

Emily discreetly rolls her eyes.

EMILY  
Any word on that TV show option on your book?

JIM  
It expired. But, maybe when my next book comes out, it will generate heat.

Jim smiles mischievously.

JIM (cont'd)  
Hey, are you free tomorrow night?

EMILY  
I'm grabbing drinks with friends.

JIM  
I'm having a party at The Benefactor. Come, it will change your life.

EMILY  
That's a strange thing to say.

JIM  
Trust me, you should go.

She's annoyed – and emboldened.

EMILY  
Who said I needed my life changed?

Chyron reads: EMILY

Jim  
Everyone needs their life changed. Change is good.

The door opens and Jim walks out.



EMILY

Like I said, I have plans with  
friends...

Jim stops and turns.

JIM

Don't bring them. They're not invited.

INT. ALPHONSE AND JANE'S APARTMENT - DAY

Jim and Alphonse are drinking beers and playing darts.  
Alphonse throws a bullseye.

ALPHONSE

Finally!

JIM

One out of 800 ain't bad.

Jim takes over and starts throwing.

JIM (cont'd)

You know when she said lawyer she  
meant divorce lawyer right?

ALPHONSE

I put that one together all on my own.

JIM

You two used to be so hot and heavy.

ALPHONSE

Well I'm heavier, which makes my skin  
more clammy and hot.

JIM

I hate to say I told you so, but...

ALPHONSE

Don't give me that marriage rap again.  
Your best man speech was enough.

JIM

It's in our DNA to hunt, and meet new  
females and spread our seed.

ALPHONSE

You're thinking about wolves.

JIM

Exactly.

(CONTINUED)

CONTINUED:

Jim throws a dart and hits a bullseye.

ALPHONSE

Listen, I'm not afraid...

RING the downstairs door bell goes off. Alphonse runs to the window to see Jane with bags of groceries. He BUZZES her in.

ALPHONSE (cont'd)

Shit, Jane's home.

Alphonse grabs the darts from Jim's hand, puts them in a drawer, then takes a framed painting of flowers from the floor and places it on the wall to cover up the dart board.

JIM

Yep, you're absolutely fearless.

A moment later Jane enters the apartment. She sees Jim, flashes Alphonse a look, then gives Jim a kiss hello.

JANE

I didn't know you were coming over.

JIM

I thought I'd stop by to see how Chris was doing. He spit up on me, pooped and passed out. So, great I guess?

JANE

Thanks again for coming to the Christening. What happened with Gary?

JIM

You know Gary, probably volunteering at a soup kitchen.

JANE

More like screwing coke whores while we brought Jesus fucking Christ into our baby's life!

ALPHONSE

Jim was just telling me about some new business venture he's working on.

JANE

Like that beer glass and coaster hybrid you patented in college?

JIM

Something like that. You guys are coming to the party right?

(CONTINUED)

JANE  
So no more writing?

JIM  
I'm still writing. I just need a big  
story to...

Before Jane lets him finish she enters the baby's room and  
returns with the baby crying.

JANE  
His diaper is heavy. Jesus I can't...

Jane stomps back into the nursery with the baby.

JIM  
So, this is your life huh? Remember  
smoking shag weed out of my brass bowl  
and talking about making enough money  
so we could screw models and say "fuck  
you" to anyone?

ALPHONSE  
I don't have Jim Mulligan level  
delusions of wonderfulness anymore.  
Once I get a job again we'll be fine.

JIM  
A job isn't going to fix your life, or  
your marriage.

ALPHONSE  
Jane won't leave. She needs me.

The painting covering the dart board falls off the wall  
loudly CRASHING into a glass side table, breaking both.

INT. TOYOTA MINIVAN - NIGHT

Alphonse drives while singing along to Eminem on the radio.  
He pulls over and Gary jumps in wearing a suit.

ALPHONSE  
Are we going to a party in 1987?

GARY  
I had a lunch with clients that  
extended to a dinner.

ALPHONSE  
So you've been drinking since noon?

GARY  
Happy Wednesday.

The car pulls from the curb.

GARY (cont'd)  
So why is Jim throwing a party for  
himself? Is it that self-empowerment  
shit again?

ALPHONSE  
I'm just glad I get a night out.

GARY  
I just hope the hot waitress that  
lives on Jim's floor is coming. I love  
fucking waitresses.

ALPHONSE  
Does that mean you really love  
waitresses a lot, or you love having  
sex with waitresses?

GARY  
Obviously it means I have an  
inordinate amount of existential good  
will towards chicks who bring me food.

Gary pulls out a pot vaporizer and begins puffing.

ALPHONSE  
Do you mind?

Alphonse nudges his head towards the baby seat in the back.

GARY  
Is the seat going to get high?

Alphonse pauses, then grabs the vaporizer and takes a hit.

ALPHONSE  
Thanks for reminding me. Why did you  
miss the Christening?

GARY  
Who has a party on a Sunday morning?

ALPHONSE  
It was for a baby and it was at 3 PM.

INT. THE BENEFACTOR FRONT DOOR - NIGHT

Walking inside an Irish pub is ROBIN BANNER, 25, African American with short hair, a white tank top and a CrossFit-chiseled physique. She's stopped by a large black BOUNCER.

BOUNCER

Hold up. Private party.

Robin folds her arms, pissed.

ROBIN

It's a good thing I'm invited.

BOUNCER

Oh, sorry. These are just the whitest folks I've ever seen, I didn't think they had any black friends.

ROBIN

Well, I'm they.

BOUNCER

Name?

The bouncer picks up a clipboard with a list. Robin shoots him another dirty look.

BOUNCER (cont'd)

I've got to check off everyone who shows up and then hand them a bracelet with their name on it. Like I said, real white people shit.

He shows her a bag of bracelets.

ROBIN

Robin Banner. Officer Robin Banner.

Chyron reads: Officer Robin Banner.

BOUNCER

Thanks officer. Don't steal anything.

Robin walks to the bar and gets grabbed from behind by Gary.

GARY

We don't take kindly to Afro-american po-lice in these here parts!

ROBIN

Get those stripper-grubbing hands off me, motherfucker!

(CONTINUED)

Robin turns around and gives Gary and then Alphonse a hug.

ROBIN (cont'd)  
My boy Al! Where's my old roommate?

ALPHONSE  
She's not ready to have a sitter take care of the baby yet.

ROBIN  
She'll get over it. After six months I would've let my cat watch the twins. I see you've got your name bracelet.

GARY  
I feel like I'm on a field trip.

Gary rips his bracelet off and tosses it on the floor.

GARY (cont'd)  
Fuck the system, man!

Robin points to Gary's nose, which is oozing liquid.

ROBIN  
You may wanna watch that snot and cocaine cocktail gushing out of your nose, or else you'll be in the system.

Gary grabs a cocktail napkin and rubs his nose.

GARY  
In college, you would have given me \$20 to lick this shit off my face.

ROBIN  
Fuck off. I don't need to be reminded how much fun cocaine is.

INT. THE BENEFACTOR FRONT DOOR - CONTINUOUS

Emily enters. Jim comes over to greet her.

JIM  
You're here! I'm glad.

EMILY  
I can't really stay that long.

JIM  
I think I'll be able to persuade you to stay. Fortune favors the bold.

(CONTINUED)

A BEEP on Jim's phone goes off.

JIM (cont'd)  
Sorry, I've got to go. Grab a drink  
and hang out, just don't leave until  
you hear what I have to say.

Jim leaves as the bouncer attaches a bracelet to Emily's arm.  
Emily addresses the bouncer.

EMILY  
This isn't some sort of pyramid  
scheme, is it?

INT. THE BENEFACTOR - CONTINUOUS

Alphonse, Gary and Robin are at the bar when Alphonse's phone  
rings. He sighs and picks it up. We hear only his side.

ALPHONSE  
Hey I.... What? It's OK, you'll be  
fine. I'll come home now. No, it's OK,  
I don't mind. Love yo... - hello?

Gary and Robin stare at Alphonse in disbelief.

ALPHONSE (cont'd)  
Tell Jim I'm sorry, will ya?

GARY  
Dude, when are you gonna grow a pair  
and tell her to fuck off?

ROBIN  
Is that your marriage advice? Your  
longest relationship was a three-day  
girlfriend experience in Vegas.

Alphonse hugs both of them and walks out. He gets stopped by  
the bouncer, takes off his bracelet and hands it over.

INT. THE BENEFACTOR - CONTINUOUS

At the front of the bar, Jim holds the clipboard and is  
joined by Stacy who is recording Jim with a high-end camera.

JIM  
Can I have everyone's attention?

The crowd quiets down. Jim and Stacy look at the clipboard.

STACY  
18 out of 50. That's 8.333.

(CONTINUED)

JIM

I invited 50 people and 18 showed up without any ulterior motives. I cherish that, since I may never again know who I can trust.

Robin nudges Gary.

ROBIN

Uhm, is he gonna shoot himself?

GARY

I hope not...I gotta take a leak.

Back to Jim.

JIM

The development deal for my novel *Infinite Yearning* went nowhere. While it sucks, I ultimately consider myself to be more than just a writer. I thought of Uber and GPS for golf courses before they were a thing.

GARY

(yelling)  
What the fuck are you talking about?

JIM

I recently came up with a kick ass idea for an app. So I reached out to my programming friend Stacy to actually build it. We started a company called Mulligan Systems, and created the revolutionary app BUZZZ...

As Jim says the name of the app there's a loud BUZZ obscuring what he's saying, but the crowd hears and looks skeptical.

JIM (cont'd)

Many of you already downloaded it, and soon millions more will. And, as of 15 minutes ago, our deal to sell Mulligan Systems to Google became official.

Jim raises a glass to Stacy, who responds in kind.

JIM (cont'd)

You all are the first to know about our \$3 billion windfall!

The crowd smirks and shakes their heads.

(CONTINUED)



JIM (cont'd)  
Yep, we're rich. But I also realize that from now on I'll never know who will try to use me for my money. So I put aside \$150 million to give to only those friends who showed up tonight. No exceptions. 18 of you are here, 18 divided by 150 is \$8.333 Million.

The crowd is silent. Jim almost rubs his birthmark but stops.

JIM (cont'd)  
So...  
(pointing à la Oprah)  
You get \$8.333 million! You get \$8.333 million! And you get \$8.333 million!

Silence.

JIM (cont'd)  
No bullshit. If you have a bracelet, you're getting \$8.333 million.

Emily looks at her bracelet. Someone in the back starts SCREECHING. Robin runs up to the front.

ROBIN  
It's all over the internet. Jim and Stacy sold for \$3 billion!

The entire crowd slowly goes into a frenzy, yelling, screaming, hugging one another. A bunch make their way toward Jim, giving him hugs and kisses.

Emily shakes her head in disbelief.

Gary feels for his ripped off bracelet and SCREAMS. He throws himself to the floor and crawls through people's feet, until he finally finds the bracelet and kisses it!

INT. ALPHONSE'S CAR - NIGHT

Alphonse exits his car with a pack of diapers and walks toward his building.

FADE OUT.

End Act 1

(CONTINUED)

Act 2

FADE IN:

INT. THE BENEFACTOR - NIGHT

The party rages on with shots, passed joints and sloppy hookups. Gary and Robin take it all in at the bar.

ROBIN

I really hope no one gets into a fight. I cannot deal with another internal affairs investigation.

GARY

You're not going to quit the force? I can't wait to tell my boss to shove my lousy job up his ass.

ROBIN

You make more money than everyone in this room by eating steaks, doing drugs and going clubbing with clients.

GARY

It's not nearly as much fun when you have to do it.

ROBIN

Well, I worked my ass off to get where I am. I'm not ready to give that up.

Jim saunters up to the two of them.

JIM

So how's it going, my little millionaires?

ROBIN

You are one crazy motherfucker, you know that? How the hell did you come up with this whole thing, anyway?

JIM

The app came to me at a Kings of Leon show. And the money party I thought of while on mushrooms in Albany.

Alphonse and Robin stare blankly at Jim.

JIM (cont'd)

What happened to Alphonse?

(CONTINUED)

GARY

He had to leave before your  
announcement because Lady MacBitch  
called. That reminds me - I should  
really do mushrooms again.

ROBIN

I was just going to tell him the news.  
Man, is he going to freak out!

JIM

He must have given up his bracelet  
when he left.

GARY

I guess. Who cares?

JIM

The whole...

A group of revelers surround Jim and whisk him away yelling  
SHOTS! SHOTS! Stacy is left behind, bent over and puking.

Robin and Gary look at each other pensively.

ROBIN

You don't think he's going to screw Al  
out of the money just because he left  
before the announcement, do you?

GARY

I hope not. But ideas you come up with  
while tripping on mushrooms have a way  
of sticking with you.

Gary pulls up his shirt to reveal a tattoo on his shoulder of  
a smiling clown fish with "NEMO" written underneath.

ROBIN

Really? Nemo?

GARY

It was during a time when I felt .

ROBIN

With good reason.

INT. ALPHONSE AND JANE'S BEDROOM - MORNING

The soft sunlight highlights Alphonse's seemingly serene face  
as he sleeps peacefully.

(CONTINUED)

JANE O.S.

Fonzie. Fonzie. Wake up, baby.

Alphonse opens his eyes. The camera pulls back to see Jane holding the baby and looking sweetly at him.

ALPHONSE

Shit, I didn't hear him get up.

JANE

It's OK, I already fed him.

The baby coos, and the three smile.

JANE (cont'd)

So, were you going to surprise me?

ALPHONSE

(confused)

What?

JANE

About last night silly. I know I was sleeping when you came home, but you could've woken me up.

ALPHONSE

You hate when I wake you up. You've always hated when I wake you up.

JANE

It's not every day someone hands our family millions of dollars!

ALPHONSE

Honey, I am so glad you are in a good mood right now.

Alphonse delicately takes the baby from Jane.

ALPHONSE (cont'd)

But I think if you're going to start taking Vicodin again, you shouldn't be around the baby.

JANE

C'mon, tell me what happened. When are we going to get that money?

ALPHONSE

What the hell are you talking about?

CONTINUED: (2)

Jane grabs her iPad and shows Alphonse a Facebook post with video of Jim's speech and a headline that reads: "Crazy App Billionaire Gives Away Millions!"

Alphonse looks at it, confused.

INT. THE STANDARD HOTEL SUITE - MORNING

Liquor bottles, bodies and clothes are strewn around a high-end hotel suite. Jim and Stacy are passed out barely clothed on the bed. Emily, in her underwear beside them, stares up.

Emily slinks off the bed and quietly gets dressed.

JIM

Hey, you. Done with me already?

EMILY

Sorry, but I've got class in an hour.

JIM

That's what you're worried about now?

EMILY

It's important to me.

JIM

Here's a course in women's studies. You were just handed \$8 million and wound up here. That's a thesis. Why worry about a woman getting a room of her own, you can get a whole mansion?

Emily dresses clumsily.

EMILY

Are you implying that I'm some sort of prostitute?

JIM

What? Of course not!

EMILY

Because I didn't spend the night here just because you handed me all of this money, which I'm grateful for. But I really hope sleeping with you isn't, like, a condition to get the money.

JIM

You can say and do whatever you want.

(CONTINUED)

EMILY

Because I never asked for this money.

JIM

I know.

EMILY

So I don't owe you anything. Right?

JIM

You owe me nothing.

EMILY

OK, that makes me feel a lot better.

Emily confidently turns, takes a step and trips over something, CRASHING to the floor. After a beat Emily rises and a butt-naked Gary stumbles up next to her. He looks around at the situation and grabs his head.

GARY

No one put anything up my ass, right?

INT. ROBIN'S APARTMENT - MORNING

Robin cooks breakfast in her neat, tiny kitchen.

ROBIN

D'Brickashaw! Antonio! Hurry up!

Robin's 6-year-old twins run in with matching blue school uniforms and maroon ties. D'BRICKASHAW, nerdy, glasses, with short hair, and ANTONIO, overprotective, with a big afro.

D'BRICKASHAW

'Morning, mom. How was your party?

ANTONIO

What time did you get home?

Robin puts eggs in front of them, and they start eating.

ROBIN

It was fun, and none of your business!

ANTONIO

Do your friends say a lot of curses when you go to parties?

ROBIN

What type of people do you think I hang out with?

(CONTINUED)

D'BRICKASHAW

Most adults curse even though they  
shouldn't. Right, Mom?

Robin sits down and sips coffee.

ROBIN

Well, some do, but I try to avoid  
those types of people.

ANTONIO

Who was there?

ROBIN

Some old friends and some new ones.  
But boys, I have to tell you...

D'BRICKASHAW

Are your old friends and your new  
friends also friends, like, with each  
other? How does that work?

ROBIN

Boys I need to tell you something. One  
of Mommy's old friends invented  
something that made him a lot of  
money. And he's going to give us \$8.3  
Million! Isn't that great?

The boys look at each other quickly.

D'BRICKASHAW

Is that enough to go to Disney World?

ANTONIO

Florence Chu told us her mom said she  
couldn't go to Disney World because it  
cost like \$10 million or something.

D'BRICKASHAW

But maybe if Mommy saves some more  
money we can go. Right, mom?

Robin looks at the now very excited boys.

ROBIN

Let's discuss this later. You boys  
have to learn a lot about math.

EXT. JIM'S APARTMENT BUILDING - DAY

Jim walks towards his run down brick apartment building when he sees news truck and a few dozen people waiting. Before he can react a mix of reporters and random people surround him.

REPORTER 1

Why are you giving away this money?

OLD WILD EYED WOMAN

Hey Sweetie, it's me your long lost aunt Betty! Can I borrow a million?

REPORTER 2

Who else is getting money?

TALL WEIRD LOOKING GUY

Yo neighbor, remember that \$100 you borrowed from me?

BUSTY BLONDE WOMAN

Jimmy baby!? I blew you at the Lumineers show last year. Do you wanna grab a drink?

An overwhelmed Jim manages to break free and run away.

INT. U.S. OPTIONS OFFICE - DAY

A sea of desks and guys in shirtsleeves litter the office of the large financial company U.S. Options. Gary, unshaven, walks up to ANDERSON, 27, muscular with a shaved head.

ANDERSON

Motherfucker! I heard you hit a nice little windfall. Twenty mill, huh?

GARY

\$8.3, actually.

ANDERSON

Nice! That's more than most of the senior VPs bring down. Almost twice as much as Johnson did last year.

Gary's smile slowly fades.

ANDERSON (cont'd)

Speaking of which, Fat Bastard has been looking for you.

Anderson picks up a pen and throws it at a random trader passing by, who yells, ASSHOLE!

(CONTINUED)



Gary spots Johnson and several older men in fine suits.

ANDERSON (cont'd)  
So what are you planning to do with  
all this found money? Condo on the  
East Side? A vaca in Thailand?

Gary is fixated on the men as they laugh.

GARY  
How's about knocking Johnson out and  
pissing on his fat face while I quit.

ANDERSON  
A little weird, yet hilarious! But if  
that gets around you'll be stuck at a  
boiler room firm in Jersey City.

Gary ignores Anderson and walks toward Johnson; the two lock  
eyes. When Gary is still a few feet away, a snarling older  
man with gray hair, MR. MOSKOWITZ, slides in between.

GARY  
Good afternoon, Mr. Moskowitz.

MR. MOSKOWITZ  
I hear you had an interesting evening.  
\$10 million in one night, huh?

GARY  
Well, it was actually only...

MR. MOSKOWITZ  
How do you know this Jim Mulligan?

GARY  
He's a buddy from college.

MR. MOSKOWITZ  
Has he ever invested with us before?

GARY  
Up until this new app he came up with,  
he was a failed novelist who was lucky  
to make 50K as a temp.

Mr. Moskowitz smiles.

MR. MOSKOWITZ  
How would you like the chance to  
become one of youngest VPs in the  
firm's history? Make some real money?

GARY

But sir, he's just a friend.

MR. MOSKOWITZ

Some of my best clients were once my  
best friends.

INT. JIM'S APARTMENT - DAY

Alphonse knocks on Jim's door. A large SECURITY GUARD in a  
suit opens it.

ALPHONSE

Oh, I'm sorry. Did Jim move already?

SECURITY GUARD

Please turn around and lift your arms.

JIM (O.S.)

He's cool.

The guard gives Alphonse a look and waves him in.

Alphonse walks into the small apartment, which is messy with  
moving boxes. Jim greets him and the two bro hug.

ALPHONSE

Dude!

Jim hands Alphonse a beer, and they clink bottles.

ALPHONSE (cont'd)

Congratulations, man. You're like,  
beyond "Fuck you" money. You've got "I  
can fuck anybody I want" money!

JIM

It doesn't suck. But with "fuck  
anybody I want" money come a lot of  
sob stories and death threats. Usually  
in the same e-mail.

Jim motions to the guard.

SECURITY GUARD

I'll just wait outside.

The guard walks out. Alphonse plops on Jim's beat-up couch.

ALPHONSE

You should start a hashtag about  
billionaire problems.

(CONTINUED)

JIM

Some Russian teenager already grabbed it. Sorry I missed you last night.

Jim's on the other side of the room, putting self help books, "Personal Power," and "Find Your Inner Tiger" into boxes.

ALPHONSE

Jane's going through a lot. But, dude, thank you! I can't believe what you're doing for us. It's going to change our lives forever!

Jim grabs an old bottle of cheap tequila from above the fridge and two shot glasses.

JIM

Sorry, this is all the booze I have left. The new place will have a fully stocked bar with a butler and shit.

ALPHONSE

A butler? Man you should totally become Batman! At least get some of his cool shit, and a cave.

Jim hands a shot to Alphonse.

JIM

Jesus this looks disgusting.

ALPHONSE

We drank it when I helped you move in. Are you out of paint thinner?

They clink glasses, shoot it and grimace. Alphonse gives Jim a quizzical look.

ALPHONSE (cont'd)

Am I about to get whacked?

FADE OUT.

End Act 2

(CONTINUED)

Act 3

FADE IN:

INT. ALPHONSE AND JANE'S APARTMENT - NIGHT

A teary-eyed Jane and a disheveled Alphonse sit at their kitchen table.

JANE

I'll give him a call. Maybe he's messing with you.

ALPHONSE

I begged him for an hour.

JANE

But you're his oldest friend and he's a billionaire! You even went to his stupid fucking party!

ALPHONSE

He said he'd make an exception to his rule if...

JANE

What?!

Alphonse gets up from the table and paces.

ALPHONSE

If I divorce you. If I do that, he said, he'd give me double the amount.

JANE

What did you...

ALPHONSE

I said no.

Jane is trembling and in tears.

JANE

That manipulative asshole. How could he do something like that?

ALPHONSE

He said he doesn't want you to take half and run.

JANE

How could he think...

(CONTINUED)

ALPHONSE

Is he wrong? Just the other day you were talking about how miserable you are and calling a divorce lawyer.

JANE

I was in a bad place. I think I forgot about how I really feel about you.

ALPHONSE

And you're all better now?

Jane slowly takes Alphonse's hand.

JANE

He offered you \$16 million to leave me, and you told him no?

Before he can respond, Jane passionately kisses Alphonse.

JANE (cont'd)

I want you to fuck me like we were back in college.

Alphonse looks totally shocked by this turn of events.

ALPHONSE

Really?

INT. GOOGLE NYC HEADQUARTERS - DAY

A large group of press is assembled in a giant modern yet annoyingly playful conference room. There's a podium with Google and Mulligan Systems signs.

With Stacy beside him Jim signs a document, hands it to a tall man in a suit jacket and white T-shirt and the two shake hands to APPLAUSE. Jim goes before the microphone.

REPORTER 1

Why did you give away so much money, and can we get a list of their names?

JIM

They had my back when I was a nobody. And I am not releasing any names.

REPORTER 2

Did you make them sign a confidentiality agreement?

(CONTINUED)

JIM

If they want to go public it's up to them. There are zero strings here. In fact, the entire group is receiving their checks as we speak.

REPORTER 2

So you're not going to give anyone else money?

JIM

I'm going to set up a charitable foundation, but no individuals. Just the 18 that showed up. Now, can we talk about this wonderful partnership between Google and Mulligan Systems...

INT. PALMER AND PALMER LAW OFFICES - DAY

Sitting at the conference table are the 18 beneficiaries. They are all signing documents. Stacy stands at the front looking much bustier in a low-cut dress, her hair straight.

STACY

Once you are done signing, please bring the paperwork up to the front to receive your check.

Gary and Robin are sitting next to each other. Gary is checking Stacy out.

GARY

Did she get her boobs done?

ROBIN

Looks like she got a lot more than that. Hey, what does this stuff about story rights mean?

GARY

Who cares?

Robin pauses and then signs. She brings it up to Stacy, who hands her a check.

STACY

Congratulations!

ROBIN

Shit.

STACY

What's wrong?

ROBIN

I told my boys it was going to be one  
of those really giant checks.

INT. ALPHONSE'S LIVING ROOM - DAY

Alphonse and Jane watch on TV as Jim finalizes the deal at  
Google headquarters.

JANE

He's trying to make people think he's  
so generous. It's all a big mindfuck.

Jane gives Alphonse a kiss. Alphonse stares at the TV, and  
the camera zooms in as we go into flashback.

INT . JIM'S APARTMENT - NIGHT

With moving boxes around Jim's apartment, Jim hands Alphonse  
a shot of tequila. We're back to the night when Jim and  
Alphonse last talked. The two drink the shot.

ALPHONSE

Am I about to get whacked?

Jim nervously touches his birthmark.

JIM

I don't think you're going to like  
what I have to tell you.

ALPHONSE

I had a feeling that stupid bracelet  
was supposed to mean something.

JIM

It's not that simple.

ALPHONSE

How many times did I have your back?  
When guys gave you shit about your  
fucking birthmark in college? But a  
random girl you've known for months is  
a truer friend than I am? Fuck you!

JIM

Do you still love Jane?

(CONTINUED)

ALPHONSE

What the hell are you talking about?

JIM

Do you still love her?

ALPHONSE

She's got issues, but yeah, I don't know what I'd do without her.

JIM

She needs to be reminded of how much she loves you.

ALPHONSE

A few million can make that happen.

JIM

If I make an exception and give you the money, then what happens?

ALPHONSE

I live a happy and stress-free life, awash in cash for me and my family.

JIM

How long until Jane leaves you and takes half?

Alphonse slumps into the couch. Jim sits next to him.

JIM (cont'd)

What if there's a way to make her happier than ever without the money?

ALPHONSE

I'm not getting hair plugs.

JIM

I've got an idea that will make me the bad guy. Either way, if you guys are together or actually divorced this time next year, the money is yours.

ALPHONSE

Really?

JIM

You're my oldest friend, Al. I don't want her to screw you.

ALPHONSE

You want me to lie to her for a year?

(CONTINUED)



JIM

You're married. You're telling me you  
don't lie to her already?

Alphonse is about to say something, but stops himself.

EXT. 7TH PRECINCT - DAY

Outside a rundown police precinct in NYC's Chinatown, a new  
black Maserati pulls into a parking spot reserved for police.

Two nearby cops watch as Robin gets out, in full uniform. She  
puts a police placard in the front window, stares them down  
and walks into the precinct.

EXT. JOHNSON'S HOUSE GREENWICH CT - NIGHT

Outside an opulent mansion, Gary drunkenly stumbles out of a  
NYC yellow cab. He fumbles with his phone but drops it  
smashing it on the pavement.

He bangs on the front door. After a beat, Helen opens the  
door and, freaked out, closes it behind her.

HELEN

What the fuck are you doing here?

GARY

I've got the money. I can buy whatever  
stuff you want. You are free!

HELEN

I told you, I'm not leaving.

Gary walks up to Helen and gently grabs her hands.

GARY

I know you think I'm too wild, and  
immature and that I can't ever give  
you the life you want. But I want to  
change for you. I will change for you.  
I have over \$8 million. I'm gonna be a  
VP. I'll take care of your kids. We  
can do anything together. I love you.

HELEN

I'm glad for you, Gary, but it's not  
enough for me to upend my life.

GARY

But I said I love you!

(CONTINUED)

HELEN

I'm sorry, but I do not love you. It's over. Please just go home.

Helen goes into the house and shuts the door. Gary is taken aback. He stumbles from the door and turns around to see the cab driving off. He then picks up his broken phone.

GARY

I really should have thought this through much better.

INT. JIM'S APARTMENT - NIGHT

Everything in Jim's apartment is boxed up except for a large bulletin board. We see him pinning a piece of paper on it. There's a KNOCK on the door and he tosses a sheet over the board. The security guard enters the room.

SECURITY GUARD

Excuse me sir, but Emily Binion would like to see you.

JIM

Sure, send her in. Thanks.

Emily walks in and looks around, the guard leaves.

EMILY

Wow, you're all ready to leave. Where are you going?

JIM

The Trump SoHo for a bit.

EMILY

That seems about right. So are you just gonna lounge out?

JIM

I finally started my second novel.

EMILY

That's great! What's it about?

JIM

I'm not saying until it's done. But there is a character based on you.

EMILY

Really, I'm flattered.

(CONTINUED)

CONTINUED:

JIM

I'm glad you came by. I'm sorry about the other morning. I keep worrying about how everyone else will act towards me now that I've got all this money. But I also have to make sure I don't become a raging dickhead because of it.

EMILY

Thank you. But I came over to apologize for what I said to you, and let you know how much I appreciated this gift. My mom is sick and it's going to be a huge help. This is all really just so amazing.

JIM

I'm glad it will be put to good use.

Emily gets closer to Jim.

EMILY

I also wanted you to know that I did have fun that night. At least when it was just us.

JIM

I didn't mind having a few other ladies...

Emily shoves him.

JIM (cont'd)

Just kidding.

The two kiss tenderly. Jim walks her into his bedroom. The camera pans to the sheet which falls down to reveal head shots of the 18 beneficiaries.

For each person there's an index card and we flash on a series of the cards, each with one word written on it: *affair, love, bankrupt, divorce, politics, drugs, stardom.*

Underneath Emily's picture the card says, *mother.*

FADE OUT.

THE END