

FIGURING IT OUT
(Pilot)

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TEASER:

EXT. DISCOVERY ISLAND - NIGHT

In a follow-shot on an otherwise heavenly Caribbean island... a picture of Lord of the Flies chaos.

There are fires from trash cans, people running, screaming, tents on fire, people pushing things over--and we see JON GOLDEN, 40s, nervous.

He calls out, panicked, making his way through the melee.

JON
Bobby! Bobby?

He pushes through the chaos and sees one tent left standing, alight. Moans coming from inside.

He approaches, pulling back the tent nylon.

INT. DISCOVERY ISLAND BUNGALOW - CONTINUOUS

Bobby, 30, WASPy and predatorily good-looking. Mid-coitus, he grabs the hair of a girl splayed out in front of him as he climaxes. His orgasm is unsettlingly like a battle cry.

Jon looks on, uncomfortable but not seeing an option. Bobby pulls out, giving a slap to the girl.

BOBBY
(not seeing Jon)
That was fine. Listen, the plane's gonna leave in 15 minutes, you better get up there.

GIRL
But I thought--

Turning, Bobby sees Jon. Manic and a little off, a smile breaks on Bobby's face as he faces Jon stark naked. He puts his hands on his hips, unfazed.

BOBBY
Jonny! Hey buddy, I was just gonna come lookin' for you.

Embarrassed, the girl runs out, clutching her clothing to her chest.

JON

Bobby, this is a nightmare, we have to help emergency services. We can't just leave.

Bobby pulls on some clothing and throws a duffel at Jon, which he clumsily catches.

BOBBY

That is where you're wrong, my friend. There are no emergency services.

JON

What?!

BOBBY

So we gotta get the fuck outta here before this whole island goes up.

JON

But--all these people, they're--

BOBBY

Jonny, Jonny, don't worry.
(beat)
We got the first private jet outta here and back to LA.

Bobby puts a finger to his lips and winks.

CUT TO:

INT. LAX - MORNING

Jon hurries down the corridor of an LAX terminal. Worried, he looks around furtively.

As he approaches his GATE, everyone is in line for economy boarding. We hear over the loudspeaker:

LOUDSPEAKER (VO)

Boarding has now begun for Group 5,
Flight 1604 from Los Angeles to
Newark boarding at Gate 71B.

INSERT: The ticket in his hand. He is in Group 5.

The line of people is terrifying.

INT. LAX AIRLINE CUSTOMER SERVICE DESK - CONTINUOUS

Jon anxiously talks with a customer service rep.

REP

Your pre-boarding privileges have already passed, sir. You'll still have to board with the current group.

JON

Could I maybe have a chaperone?
Would that be possible?

The rep looks at him.

REP

Sir, if you'd like to upgrade to first class, I can do that for you. That's all I can offer you at this time.

Jon, relenting, fishes a card out of his wallet. It is black titanium, imposing (as ridiculous as that is), and the picture of elite luxury.

He reluctantly--shamefully?--hands it to the rep. The rep studies it.

REP (CONT'D)

Magnus?

JON

It's a...mom and pop operation.

The rep looks at it skeptically as they run the card.

A loud and disappointing beep.

REP

I'm sorry sir, but it's been declined.

JON

(under his breath)
Shit.

REP

Would you like to try another card?

Jon opens his wallet. There's a little cash and some cards cut up in the cash fold. He closes the wallet.

JON

No. That's okay. Thank you for trying.

REP

Have a safe flight, sir.

Jon walks away, and the rep does a double-take. It couldn't be...could it...?

CUT TO:

INT. AIRPLANE - MORNING

Jon nervously walks down the aisle, as inobtrusive as he can be, to his window seat in the back.

Matching shots of people not noticing him, and also looking puzzlingly at him, as he sweats bullets and avoids eye contact.

He doesn't even open the luggage compartment--he slides into the window seat and pulls a cap over his head. He tucks his arms tight to his body and nestles his head against the window.

PILOT (VO)

Good morning folks, this is your pilot speaking...

Off Jon's face, we **FLASH BACK**. The following blips are intercut.

INTERCUT

INT. BAHAMAS AIRPORT - NIGHT

Jon and BOBBY, 30, run fervently through an airport of HORDES OF RAGING PEOPLE, all of whom see to be angry at them.

PILOT (VO)

...We should make pretty good time this morning, about five-and-a-half hours...

EXT. PRIVATE JET - NIGHT

Bobby and Jon hustle up the stairs to the jet, looking furtively over their shoulders--

PILOT
 --heading to Newark. Weather in New
 Jersey is--

INT. PRIVATE JET - NIGHT

Bobby and Jon, terrified, crouch in the small jet as items
 HIT the windows--apples, water bottles, whatever people can
 throw.

PILOT
 --currently 75 with scattered
 rainshowers.

BOBBY
 (rage-screaming to the
 pilot)
 GO, FOR FUCK'S SAKE, GO GO GO!

CUT TO:

INT. AIRPLANE - DAY (PRESENT)

Jon looks shell-shocked.

PILOT
 Enjoy the flight.

BLACK OUT.

[TITLE SEQUENCE]
 TITLE CARD: FIGURING IT OUT.

FADE IN:

INT. AIRPLANE - NIGHT

Jon is the last one on the plane--almost hiding--as the last
 of the passengers filter out. A stewardess tentatively
 approaches him.

STEWARDESS
 Sir? We've arrived in Newark. We'll
 need you to disembark the plane
 now.

As Jon reluctantly, carefully gets up--

CUT TO:

EXT. NEWARK LIBERTY AIRPORT - NIGHT

Jon waits, paranoid and uncomfortable, on a bench near the taxi pickup. Buses pass with plumes of exhaust, taxi drivers shriek out their windows. He tucks his cap down even more, wraps his jacket around him. A '90s PONTIAC, red and black, pulls up, Bon Jovi blaring from the windows. Jon ducks down. The window opens.

TONI (OC)

'Ey. Don't I know you?

JON

(mumbling, without eye
contact)

I'm sorry, I don't--

TONI

Jonny! It's me!

Jon looks up, relief washing over his face.

JON

Hey! You're not my sister.

A reverse shot on TONI, 40s, Italian, fiery and ballsy. She peppers her fast Jersey with even faster Jersey Italian.

TONI

Yeah, and you're welcome for that.
Get the fuck over here, ya freakin'
gaguzz.

Toni, smiling, gets out of the car and gathers Jon in a bear hug. They give each other a quick peck.

TONI (CONT'D)

Maron, how long's it been since I
seen you?

JON

Ah, man, too long, Ton.

She holds him by the shoulders and sizes him up.

TONI

Jonny. You look great.

JON

Yeah?

TONI

Nah, you look like hell. But you
know that.

She slaps him on the shoulder with a laugh. She deftly grabs his bags and turns towards the car.

TONI (CONT'D)
(over her shoulder)
'Iamo!

Jon, looking over his shoulder, hurriedly follows her.

CUT TO:

INT. PONTIAC - CONTINUOUS

Toni drives down the Jersey Turnpike, Springsteen tinnily wafting from the radio. Jon turns it up and Toni smiles.

JON
This is wild. Just like the day you
got your license--'89, wasn't it?

TONI
Same car.

JON
No!

JON (CONT'D)
The *Pouton-iac*?

TONI
The *Pouton-iac*.

TONI (CONT'D)
Yeah, she's a real Frankenstein
now, but same wheels. Fuck that SUV
shit.

Jon smiles. This might be the first time he's felt okay in weeks.

TONI (CONT'D)
So Jonny, how you been? I feel like
it's been forever. Since what,
since Daniella's birthday party?
Her--

JON
Yeah. Yeah, her 10th birthday.

TONI
Christ.
(beat)
She's a sophomore now, you know.
Giving me the kinda hell I gave my
own mother, *madonna mia*.

JON
Doing the kind of crazy stuff we
used to do?

TONI
For her sake, she'd better hope to
Christ not.

A warm beat.

JON
Jesus, you have no idea how good it
is to see you.

TONI
Yeah, you too, Jonny.

JON
Hey, Jen didn't text me or
anything. Did something come up?

TONI
Her kids' recital tonight.

Jon blanches.

JON
Oh shit. I think she told them I
was gonna be there. Shit.
(beat)
How's, uh, how's--

TONI
Gio?

JON
Yeah! Gio, how old is he now?

TONI
Nine. He's good. Learnin' to play
the fuckin' violin.

JON
How's that going?

They share a look and a laugh.

Toni puts a blinker on and Jon marks it, uncomfortable.

JON (CONT'D)
Oh, um--Jen was actually taking me
back down the shore.

TONI

Why? Aren't you leaving us for New York?

JON

My building's not done yet. They don't know how long it's gonna be. So...I'm gonna stay down home with you guys.

Toni's face breaks into a smile.

TONI

Hey, that's great! Man, me and the guys, we thought you were just gonna go back to the City, y'know, your glitzy Hollywood life! Except New York. But hey--this is fantastic! We gotta--hang on a sec-

She starts dialing a phone as Jon squirms.

TONI (CONT'D)

Ess, it's Toni.
Hey. I got Jonny here.
(beat)
C'mon, Ess. We gotta take Jonny out. Go to Applebees or somethin'.

JON

Oh no, I'd really rather--

Toni holds up a laquered talon.

TONI

Hey, *ubbatz*, gimme a break and get a few pies from Nicolosi's, alright?

Jon looks pointedly at her.

TONI (CONT'D)

It'll just be a pie.

JON

Esso's there?

Toni doesn't answer.

JON (CONT'D)

Hawk too?

TONI
Don't worry about it.

JON
(mumbling)
Unbelievable.

CUT TO:

EXT. TONI'S - NIGHT

A '70s split-level home.

The Pontiac pulls up and cuts the engine. Toni gets out, grabs Jon's luggage, and they head towards the front door.

INT. TONI'S - CONTINUOUS

The front door opens to two burly, quirky, charismatic, Italian men, early 40s. These are ESSO (friendly, aggressive) and HAWK (intimidating teddy bear).

 ESSO HAWK
Hollywoods! Hollywood!

JON
Hi guys.

Toni leans over his shoulder, whispering--

 TONI
Just try to be nice. For me.

Jon pastes on a smile. He extends a hand and Hawk approaches him, roughly patting his back. Ezzo leans in to do the same, but harder and louder.

 HAWK
Eyyy, Jonny, long time--

 ESSO
--yeah you fuckin' *scooch*,
whassamatta, Applebee's not good
enough for you? You need some sushi
or lobster or some shit?

 HAWK
C'mon, he don't eat lobster, Ess.