

"YOU'RE THE WORST" Pilot
by Stephen Falk

"JIMMY"
"GRETCHEN" 4. (1/4)

CLOSE ON JIMMY as he fights an internal battle...

CUT TO:

INT. BUFFET TABLE - THREE MINUTES LATER

Gretchen sneaks food into her purse. Loud ARGUING AND
COMMOTION can be heard. She peers into the HALLWAY to see:

Most of the wedding crowd now surrounding Jimmy and the
bride. The bride is sobbing.

JIMMY

She told me to! Seriously? How am
I in the wrong here?

The angry crowd descends on Jimmy...

Gretchen uses the distraction to quickly head to the GIFT
TABLE where she starts picking up gifts and shaking them.

CUT TO:

EXT. COUNTRY CLUB - CIRCULAR DRIVEWAY - NIGHT

Jimmy is dragged outside by two GROOMSMEN and the GROOM.
They throw him to the ground.

GROOM

Talk to her again and me and my
boys will mess you up.

JIMMY

Who talks like that?

GROOM

I'm serious, Jimmy.

JIMMY

Fine. Not a problem. Enjoy your
sham of a marriage.

The guys head back inside. Jimmy gets up. Immediately
lights a cigarette. Doesn't bother dusting himself off.

SC. 1

START →

GRETCHEN (O.S.)

You have another one of those?

He turns to see Gretchen standing outside with a fresh bottle
of champagne, a large wrapped gift on the ground next to her.

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JIMMY

These are pretty expensive.

She stares at him. He reluctantly hands her a cigarette. She lights it. Exhales a thick plume.

GRETCHEN

Good job taking the bride down a peg or two on her special day.

During the following, Jimmy doesn't really look at her, too wrapped up, as he is, in himself.

JIMMY

Getting married doesn't remove you from the burden of having to act like a human being. She just invited me as some backwards way of demonstrating what I was missing out on, which, if she'd ever actually paid attention, she'd know would have the opposite effect.

GRETCHEN

Yeah. Those two are doomed.

JIMMY

Right? Has any couple ever had a more dishonest start to a marriage? The balls to have a traditional Catholic ceremony.

GRETCHEN

When she's already had two abortions.

JIMMY

And can only orgasm through anal.

They are interrupted by GASPS.

PAN OVER to reveal THE PARENTS AND GRANDPARENTS OF THE BRIDE standing nearby, horrified. Jimmy nods.

JIMMY (CONT'D)

Mr. and Mrs. Cottumaccio. Old Cottumaccios.

The parents and grandparents quickly head back inside.

Jimmy and Gretchen immediately return to their conversation, unfazed. Jimmy finally actually looks at Gretchen.

JIMMY (CONT'D)

You're pretty.

Gretchen is used to hearing this, but from him it didn't sound like a compliment.

GRETCHEN

Thanks?

JIMMY

So how do you know her?

GRETCHEN

I'm friends with the sister.

JIMMY

You're friends with Fat Lindsay?

GRETCHEN

Yeah, me and Fat Lindsay are super-close.

JIMMY

So you must have heard of me.

GRETCHEN

Vaguely.

JIMMY

What'd you hear?

GRETCHEN

Just that you're the worst.

JIMMY

Says the girl who just stole a blender from a wedding.

GRETCHEN

No! Shit. Really?

She tears at the wrapping paper. It's indeed a blender.

GRETCHEN (CONT'D)

Crap. I thought it was a food processor.

She heaves the whole thing into the bushes.

JIMMY

Who's the worst now?

GRETCHEN
(shrugs)
Yeah, well.

← END SC.1

She blows smoke. Their eyes meet. He smiles. She furrows her brow.

CUT TO:

INT. JIMMY'S BEDROOM - NIGHT

Gretchen is on top of Jimmy. They are vigorously fucking.

GRETCHEN
I don't know what I'm doing here.
I'm not even attracted to you.

JIMMY
The minute someone tells me they're not attracted to me, I know I'm in. That's the most attractive thing about me: I'm not that attractive.

She nods. Makes sense. They keep going.

CUT TO:

INT. JIMMY'S BEDROOM - LATER

Still naked, they eat cold pasta with their hands. Champagne from the bottle. (In this sequence, there should be a slow progression where they make more and more eye contact...)

JIMMY
It's L.A. Who doesn't drive?

GRETCHEN
D.U.I. I occasionally see this movie director guy --

JIMMY
Gross.

GRETCHEN
One night he booty-texted me from some awards show to meet him at his house. And I was already at a bar, so I drove to his house, and he texted that he was going to be later, so I drove idly around his neighborhood for a while until I kind of sideswiped an off-duty cop.

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