

THE B.S. CLUB

Written by

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INT. WEDDING PLANNER'S OFFICE - DAY

Sickly sweet perfume. Orchids and candles *everywhere*. Beige striped wallpaper. An office that screams hallmark.

Behind a sleek glass desk sits a WEDDING PLANNER, 40 (BETHANY) beaming without a cause. Across from her...

MASON, 26, *Caucasian*, wearing a pink Polo, holds the engaged hand of his fiancée: a pretty mess, LACEY, 26, *Black*. Lacey is preoccupied with her chair: It's wobbling.

BETHANY

So, Mason, I spoke with the caterer this afternoon and they said they could absolutely make the de-constructed sliders.

Mason fist pumps.

MASON

So tight. Just one question. Is that gonna cost more or less? ...I like *less* personally.

BETHANY

It'll come out of the entertainment budget, and we're under on that already.

MASON

Sweet. So stellar, Bethers.

BETHANY

I budget like a *mothaaa*... Which I am.

Lacey hasn't heard a word. She's shifting back and forth on the *rocky chair*. Bethany continues on with the eagerness of a dolphin trainer.

BETHANY (CONT'D)

So the next item we need to "*mail* down..."

(pauses for her joke)

Invitations! Now I know we've pushed back the mailing, but ideally we need to be sending them out...

(references her binder)

...in the next week. Have you tackled the color issue, Lacey?

Lacey is consumed by her chair's legs. She attempts to twist a screw in tighter with her finger.

BETHANY (CONT'D)

Lacey?

She pops her head up. Strands of hair in her lashes. She quickly blows her bangs out of her eyes.

LACEY

Yeah? Oh...um. Do you have, like, a wad of napkins or something?

With the efficiency of a surgeon, Bethany pulls out 1, 2, 3 tissues from her porcelain Kleenex box. Lacey bends to stuff them under her seat. She wriggles her hand free from Mason; his obliviousness makes this a struggle.

LACEY (CONT'D)

I just was having a hard time with the blues and pinks. They just seemed, like... girl or boy. Like a baby shower. I mean we're not having a *BABY!*

She laughs. Too much. The others chuckle for her benefit.

MASON

Not yet... but our future kids are gonna be *sick*.

Lacey looks at Mason with 100% fear.

LACEY

I mean not for a while. Not that we can even afford one. But who can really afford a wedding, right? I guess a wedding is like a baby. I mean it's like having *hundreds* of babies for a night. And you have to feed them and play with them and sing to them--

BETHANY

(raises her hand)  
--well, *technically* the band is singing to them--

LACEY

(building in intensity)  
--and then after it's all over there are more babies. There's your marriage, that's like a baby. You have to take care of it.

(MORE)

LACEY (CONT'D)

Work at it. That's what everyone says.

(panicky)

And your new home. And your career. And then the *actual* babies. Like the *real, literal, baby* babies. And you just need to be solid for all of that. And, I just-

(chair rocking again)

This chair is just... so unstable. It's like the princess and the pod over here.

BETHANY

(gentle correction)

Pea.

LACEY

What?

BETHANY

Pea. Princess and the Pea. I think your referencing the Hans Christian Andersen tale of the young--

LACEY

Yes, okay, Pea.

MASON

(to Bethany with a wink)

Don't worry. Women do this a lot.

(to Lacey)

Babe, let me help--

LACEY

I've got it.

MASON

I'm real good at chair stuff.

LACEY

No, I'm fine.

MASON

You don't seem fine, babe.

LACEY

Oh? How do I *seem*?

MASON

Like you're freakin' ou--

LACEY  
(guttural)  
YOU DON'T KNOW ME!!!

A beat.

Bethany keeps her eyes on the couple and slowly closes the book in front of her.

**SMASH CUT TO MAIN TITLE:**

**THE B.S. CLUB**

INT. DENNY'S LIVING ROOM - DAY - **TWO WEEKS LATER**

Lacey is sunken into a second-hand couch. She is in boxers and an oversized sweatshirt, chain-eating Cheetos and watching *BOY MEETS WORLD* reruns.

Her high school best friend, (the Jim to her Pam) DENNY, 27, *Caucasian*, rushes around her and the stacked moving boxes that now occupy his living room. He pushes items into his bag, clearly late.

DENNY  
So... have we made any goals for today?

LACEY  
Find out just what made Mr. Feeney so wise. Was it age? Life experience?  
(epiphany, eyes wide)  
Oh my god, he totally fought in nam.

DENNY  
No, I mean real life goals. Like things that actually get you off your best friend's couch?

LACEY  
Dens! Are you sick of me already?

DENNY  
Of course not, Lace.

She turns off the TV.

LACEY  
I'm sorry I'm all up in your chill LA bach pad.

DENNY

...standard apartment.

LACEY

I just need a little more time.

DENNY

Look, you can stay here for as many heartfelt after-school TV seasons as you need to.

(points to her Cheeto fingers)

But I'm *understandably* concerned. At some point you're going back to Seattle, right?

LACEY

What if I can't?

DENNY

Physically? If you're literally stuck in the couch that explains a lot.

LACEY

No. What if I can't go back to Seattle?

He sits at this.

LACEY (CONT'D)

Denny. I wasn't happy. I feel like I just got sucked into all of these choices. Live here because you went to college here. Marry this guy because you've been dating him since you were sixteen. Stay at this company because you interned there and they politely never asked you to leave.

(important)

My friends were Mason's friends, and my world was my world with him and everything else just seemed too easy to question. I don't know who I am without Mason. I haven't been that person since I was... babysitting my neighbor's kids and going to girls sleep-away camp.

DENNY

So... you're trying to stay in LA?

LACEY

Maybe? I don't have a plan. But I kind of feel like I don't want to have one right now.

DENNY

(downplaying)

Well... It'd be nice to have you here.

Then, realizing the time, he pops up.

DENNY (CONT'D)

Uh... I gotta go. Do you want me to bring you home anything from the bakery?

(pointing to her orange fingers)

Maybe something that isn't neon colored.

LACEY

Oh! That cinnamon thing you make! With the cinnamon! And the warmth!

DENNY

Sure. And maybe just take a look at some concrete ideas for that new unplanned future.

LACEY

When did you become my guidance counselor?

DENNY

When you started needing guidance. Bye, Champ.

LACEY

Muve you!

Over his shoulder, as he exits-

DENNY

Muve you too.

AN HOUR LATER

Lacey watches *Family Feud*. She has laser focused anger as she tries to will the contestants to answer correctly.

LACEY

Box of chocolates. Box. Of.  
Chocolates. BOXOFCHOCOLATES.

CONTESTANT (O.S.)

Lets go with... "New shoes!"

LACEY

You stupid fu-

A LITTLE LATER

Lacey is close to finishing a SUDOKU puzzle. She's sobbing over a number that doesn't fit.

LACEY

It just wants to be in *this* row. It  
just wants to be right here. Why  
can't it be with the other  
numbers?!

AND LATER

Lacey watching an instagram video on her phone of a baby surprising itself with a fart. She is laughing so hard it hurts. She repeats it over and over. Then her laugh fades.

Then silence.

Her eyes flit around the room, littered with her junk. She spots her laptop. Pulls it onto her lap from underneath a pile of mascara stained tissues.

INSERT SCREEN SHOT:

**G-MAIL HOMEPAGE**

It's filled with messages from Mason (Mas0n69@hotmail.com)  
Subjects like:

**"Babe. Come back. Ur my babe, babe."**

**"I wrote this song for u but the WeTransfer is going to expire."**

**"Did u lose ur phone? Cause that's chill."**

She sighs. Logs out. Opens a new window.

**CRAIGSLIST HOME PAGE**

Lacey begins perusing the job boards. A few cringy ads.

"EXTREMELY UNTRAINED YOUTHFUL MASSEUSE NEEDED"

"ARE YOU AN AMPUTEE WITH EMOTIONS ABOUT IT?!"

"MOTHER FIGURE TO WATCH ZOOTOPIA WITH ME AND MY SON"

But finally...

"A JOB AND A HOUSE"

Intrigued, Lacey clicks on the posting.

LACEY

(reading to herself)

Female applicants only. Residents of the household all participate in childcare services. A beautiful four bedroom/two bathroom house. E-mail for interview.

(smiling at this)

No bullshits, please.

She clicks through the attached pictures. It's quirky and lovely.

LACEY (CONT'D)

Hmm...

OFF Picture of Bathroom--

INT. B.S. CLUB BATHROOM - NEXT DAY

CLOSE ON a leg covered in shaving cream, propped up on the bathtub. RACK from the leg to Lacey, standing awkwardly in the doorway.

MEL, 28, *Asian-American*, sardonic owner of the leg, continues to shave.

MEL

Your name is Lacey?

LACEY

Yes.

MEL

Like an adjective for fabric.

LACEY

(thinks a moment)

Correct.

NAT, 27, *Caucasian*, sits business-like on the toilet seat across from Mel. She talks a mile a minute, IPAD in lap, taking notes.

NAT

So Lacey, your resume says you've had experience with childcare? How many years and where and what days of the week and what age range and can we contact your references?

Mel shoots her a look.

MEL

(german accent, under breath)  
Also zee social security and also zee tax refund amount and zee credit score...

NAT

(trying to be personable)  
And... do you like... fruit?

LACEY

Um. I spent all of my college summers as a camp counselor. And I have a niece who I watch, she's three now. I *do* like fruit...?

But Lacey is distracted by Mel. She's wearing a shirt and leather jacket, but only panties on the bottom. This girl gives zero fucks. She continues to absentmindedly shave, revealing a collection of tattoos.

NAT

That's great. So a little about us. You can call me Nat. This is Mel. We basically operate a nanny service. We have about a dozen families as clients and we all take shifts during the week babysitting.

LACEY

So, like, a babysitter's club?

Mel stops shaving. Looks at Lacey like she just shat on their rug.

MEL

If you want to be *that* person.

EDIE (O.S.)

That's exactly what we are! I love that!

From the kitchen comes EDIE, 25, *Middle Eastern*, a tiny brunette with relentless optimism. She spoon stirs a yogurt with chocolate chips.

EDIE (CONT'D)

That should be our name! Do we have a name? We should have a name!

MEL

(the special child)  
And that's Edie.

Nat, her OCD unbearable at this point, begins to wipe up Mel's shaving cream from the floor.

NAT

Anyways. Our fourth has just left, so we're looking for someone to fill in right away. Both her room and the job.

LACEY

If you don't mind me asking, why'd she leave?

Nat and Mel exchange a look.

NAT

Just... found a different housing situation.

MEL

Wasn't a fit anymore.

EDIE

(to Lacey)  
You seem great! We really like you!  
(to the girls)  
Right?!

NAT

You do seem great.

EDIE

Lets keep her! We all love each other. I mean, Mel used to only tolerate me, but now she loves me.  
(whispered)  
I grow on you.

Edie ducks under Mel's leg to get to the bathroom sink and wash her spoon. The bathroom is now crowded, but the girls work around each other flawlessly.

EDIE (CONT'D)

It's so great. Flexible hours.  
Cheap rent. None of us really have  
a plan right now so...

Lacey perks up at this.

MEL

Alright, I'm out. See you bitches  
later.

NAT

Mel bartends as well.

MEL

And I consider it a personal  
failure if anyone is ever less  
drunk than I.

And with that, Mel pulls on her jeans, and exits the bathroom. The others follow to-

INT. B.S. CLUB FOYER - CONTINUOUS

They walk to the main door.

NAT

Anyways. We've got a few other  
applicants, but whoever we choose,  
we would start shadowing next week.

LACEY

Alright.

Nat opens the door for Lacey. Mel walks out past them.

NAT

And besides the job and home  
combination... It's a good place to  
figure stuff out. I mean none of us  
wants to do this for the rest of  
our lives. Just... now.

EXT. B.S. CLUB HOUSE ENTRANCE - CONTINUOUS

Lacey is almost down the steps when she sees the doormat. It reads "*SURE! JUST WALK ALL OVER ME!*" The music swells...

LACEY

(suddenly)

You know. I think I'd like to try it. I'd actually *really* like to try this. I just ended things with my Fiancee. And when I left Mason I didn't know what I wanted, but I knew it wasn't in Seattle. I've been looking for something that feels new and right and like a restart... and this just *does*. I think I could be really good here.

Nat smiles, surprised. Edie, from inside, jumps up and down, cheerlead-y. Mel stops in her tracks on the walkway.

And then our music cuts abruptly.

MEL

Um. No offense or anything but we *do* have other applicants we've gotta see. But, like, glad you're into it.

Lacey's face drops.

LACEY

Oh. Okay...

NAT

(confused)

Mel?

MEL

We'll call you.

EDIE

(disappointed)

Oh, but I was jumping.

And just like when anyone plays hard to get with you... Lacey is hooked.

INT. DENNY'S BATHROOM - THAT NIGHT

Lacey and Denny brush their teeth. Lacey's sink is littered with her junk. Denny's is neat and spare.

LACEY

I mean, they like me, right? Like they basically said it. Especially Edie.

(MORE)

LACEY (CONT'D)

She's honestly the most excited person I've ever met in my life. It's like a 24/7 *Price is Right* winner.

DENNY

And so you would just move in with them? Like this week?

LACEY

They're not a doomsday cult, Denny.

DENNY

You were offered lemonade.

LACEY

This is why I don't tell you things.

DENNY

I don't know, Lace. I'm glad you're not buried under a mountain of take out bags anymore--

LACEY

--Your Thai food guy is *super* judgemental by the way!

DENNY

--but you don't know these girls.

LACEY

--I mean, five days of delivery in a row is not "*concerning*."

DENNY

It's super quick, Lace. We knew fidget spinners longer than you've known these girls.

LACEY

So quick, too quick.

Lacey gargles, spits and leaves the bathroom. Denny follows her to-

INT. DENNY'S LIVING ROOM - CONTINUOUS

Lacey moves her items off the couch, her temporary bed.

LACEY

They're just all a little messy.  
And I feel like I need to be around  
that.

DENNY

You know, you don't have to leave  
here. I know you think I'm sick of  
you but it's actually been nice--

LACEY

Of course you're sick of me! I've  
been ridiculous! I'm like that dude  
in *Misery* over here!

DENNY

I'm just gonna stop you right there  
because you've clearly never seen  
that film.

LACEY

And you're Kathy Bates! And you  
help me out! Of my misery!

DENNY

Concerningly incorrect.

She turns to Denny. Puts her hands on his shoulders.

LACEY

It could be a really good thing,  
Dens. Don't worry so much.

She puts her thumbs on Denny's eyebrows and lifts them up and  
down: happy and sad faces. She mimics him.

LACEY (CONT'D)

I'm Denny. I'm sad that I'm Denny.  
I'm surprised that I'm Denny. I'm  
worried that I'm Denny. I'm cute  
when I'm worried.

A moment between them. Then her phone RINGS.

She slings herself over the couch to grab it from her purse.

LACEY (CONT'D)

(over the phone)  
Hello!? Oh, Nat! ...Yes, of course.  
...Really!?  
(she does a small, nerdy  
victory dance to Denny)  
...I mean, yeah I'd still love to.  
Oh.

(MORE)

LACEY (CONT'D)

Um, glad that you convinced her.  
...Okay. ...Yes, I can. ...Oh!  
Well, tell Edie I like her face  
too.

Denny smiles. Walks to his bedroom door. He opens his mouth to say something. Decides against it.

DENNY

(quiet)  
Good night, Lace.

LACEY

Tuesday? Okay. I'll be there first  
thing. Perfect!

She hangs up and collapses on the couch, a moment of content quiet. Then, a small discomfort. She feels around in the couch cushions. She finds a set of chopsticks. Throws it aside. Nestles in peacefully again.

EXT. B.S. CLUB HOUSE ENTRANCE - TUESDAY

Mel opens the door. Denny and Lacey stand holding moving boxes.

MEL

I am hungover. I will not be  
helping.  
(seeing Denny)  
You got a new bae fast.

DENNY

Oh no, I'm Denny. Me and Lacey grew  
up togeth-

MEL

(walking away)  
Hungover.

INT. B.S. CLUB LIVING ROOM - CONTINUOUS

Edie stands opposite GREG, 26, *Asian-American*, funny and energetic. They hold scripts in their hands. Edie is on the verge of fake tears. It should be noted she is a bad actress.

EDIE

"So I guess I'm going to Prom by  
myself!"

GREG

"I don't want that."

EDIE

"Then stop being a coward! And tell  
Jen about *us*."

Like, *really* bad. But she spots Lacey and Denny with their  
boxes. She throws her script to the side.

EDIE (CONT'D)

Oh! Hey guys!

LACEY

Hey!

EDIE

Greg was just helping me with an  
audition. I'm going in for a teen  
show tomorrow. I'm seventeen and I  
get super pregnant!

GREG

*Werewolf* pregnant.

Lacey reaches out her hand to Greg, balancing her box.

LACEY

I'm Lacey.

GREG

I'm Greg: Mel's brother.

EDIE

But he's also our collective best  
friend. Like a time share! And he's  
here all the time. Which Mel loves!

Mel crosses from her room to the bathroom.

MEL

Nope.

GREG

Do you guys need help?  
(braggy)  
Contrary to popular opinion I am a  
strapping young man.

INT. LACEY'S ROOM - FOUR HOURS LATER

Boxes mostly unpacked. Bed built. Lacey, Denny, Greg and Edie  
sit drinking beers.

GREG

They're the *least* respected thing written on the ground! Like, even with a KEEP CLEAR on the road... you'll disrespect it, but you'll KNOW deep down "I am *blatantly* ignoring this."

EDIE

(haunted)

I've done that.

GREG

But *compact spaces* are just these totally disregarded suggestions. Like:

(timid voice)

"Oh, hey SUV HUMMER MONSTER TRUCK. Could, you maybe, possibly, I don't know, park somewhere else, if you feel like it, please?" ...And the SUV is like "**NOOO, BITCH!**" And the space is like "Oh, okay! Cool, cool. Whatever."

LACEY

I feel like this is a little personal for you.

GREG

Look! There is one perk to having a Smart Car, okay?! Just ONE! And that is that you should be able to park in a freakin' toothpick. And compact spaces? They are our CIVIL RIGHT!

The group stifles laughter at Greg's outrage. Nat walks in.

EDIE

Nat!

NAT

Hey guys. Room looks... great.

But she straightens a frame on the wall.

GREG

(pointing to Denny, smug)  
We put together the bed.

NAT

Oh! It's Ikea right?

GREG

What and that makes it less  
impressive?

DENNY

I think a little bit.

Mel walks in.

MEL

Hey.

(spotting the room)

This is all you've done in four  
hours?

Greg throws his hands up.

EDIE

(rubbing Greg's back)

We made popcorn. It was a time  
consuming snack break.

MEL

Anyways... Can anyone cover my  
shift at the Romaine's tomorrow?

NAT

(too quickly)

I'll do it!

(covering)

You know, like, I *can* if you want.

EDIE

(to Lacey)

Nat's got a crush on Mr. Romaine

NAT

No I-! It's not a cr-! You don't  
know my life.

The doorbell rings. Before anyone can remark on her blatant  
weirdness-

NAT (CONT'D)

I'll get it.

EXT. B.S. CLUB HOUSE ENTRANCE - CONTINUOUS

Nat opens the door to see... Mason.

NAT

Hey.

MASON

Yo! Uh, I'm looking for Lacey Dern?  
You can tell her it's Mason. I'm  
Mason.

NAT

Okay.  
(pleasantly searching)  
Hmmm. Mason. Why do I...? Mason,  
Mason, Mason...  
(realizing)  
Oh. Mason. Shit.

INT. LACEY'S ROOM - MOMENTS LATER

Nat rushes into Lacey's room and closes the door importantly behind her.

NAT

Um. Lacey. The door. It's Mason.

LACEY

He sent something?

NAT

Uh huh.  
(beat)  
Himself.

The atmosphere takes on an *OH-SHIT* tone. Everyone whispers.

DENNY

Wait. Mason is here? From Seattle?

NAT

I'm assuming. I didn't really ask  
about his journey.  
(to herself)  
So rude.

LACEY

Holy shit. I can't... I don't... I  
can't see him right now! I'm not  
ready for that. I haven't even  
rehearsed what I would say in the  
shower.

EDIE

Oooh! I do that too!

NAT

(aside)

I've been meaning to tell you, Edie. You do that really loudly. We can hear you every time. And it's 100% of the time about us.

EDIE

(sheepish)

I have to rehearse my response to that.

MEL

This is the dude you left at the alter?

DENNY

Yes.

LACEY

Technically we were a few months before that point!

MEL

He's got some balls. Respect.

NAT

He's waiting. I said I'd see if you were home.

LACEY

I'm... not home. I *can't* be home.

NAT

Okay! She's not home, everybody!

FIRE DRILL: As though they'd already practiced this, the girls get to work. Mel opens the closet door and ushers Lacey in.

MEL

(to Lacey)

Enjoy being in the closet. I never did.

LACEY

Oh! Wait, you're...?

But Mel efficiently shuts the door on her. Nat and Edie finish off the beers and trash them.

GREG

He knows you?

DENNY

Uh, yeah.

GREG

Cool.

And Greg ushers Denny into the closet as well.

INT. LACEY'S CLOSET - CONTINUOUS

The door closes on Denny and Lacey in the closet. It opens briefly for Edie to pass them the large bowl of popcorn.

EDIE

(important)

In case you get hungry.

INT. B.S. CLUB FOYER - CONTINUOUS

Nat and Mel come out to the entrance. Edie and Greg follow.

NAT

Huh! Y'know... she's not here.

MASON

Do you know when she'll be back?

Edie notices Lacey's bag on the foyer table. She abruptly picks it up and awkwardly puts it over her shoulder, hiding it?

MEL

She didn't say. But we'll tell her you stopped in.

Mel begins to lead him towards the door.

MASON

Maybe I'll call her. If she'll be back in a little bit I can hang in the area.

Everyone's eyes move slightly towards the kitchen.

INT. LACEY'S CLOSET - CONTINUOUS

Lacey, panicking next to Denny.

LACEY

Definitely in the kitchen.  
Definitely not on vibrate.

DENNY

(amused)

Who doesn't put their phone on  
vibra-- ?

LACEY

--Not the time!

INT. B.S. CLUB HOUSE ENTRANCE - CONTINUOUS

Mason is taking out his phone when-

GREG

Actually now that I think about  
it... I'm pretty sure she's at...  
church.

Mason looks confused.

EDIE

She's become very spiritual.  
(leaning in)  
God spiritual.

MEL

(gritted teeth at Edie and  
Greg)  
Yeah. Wouldn't want to interrupt  
the service.

MASON

Okay. Well, I wrote her something.  
Just in case.  
(pulling out a ripped out  
page from a notebook)  
I'll just leave it for her. Which  
ones her room?

EDIE

(pointing, oblivious)  
Oh, that one.

Mason strides towards it, as everyone shoots Edie a death  
stare.

EDIE (CONT'D)

(realizing)  
Oh, I'm the worst.

INT. LACEY'S CLOSET - CONTINUOUS

Denny is mid-chew of popcorn. Lacey puts her hand over Denny's mouth. They get super quiet. Quiet enough to maybe notice how close they are in this space.

INT. LACEY'S ROOM - CONTINUOUS

Mason walks to the bed and puts the letter on the new mattress. He takes in the surroundings: His ex-love's new life. Then notices-

Greg, Mel, Edie and Nat are all crowded in the doorway.

MASON

Um. I guess I'll head.

They all fake being upset.

ALL

Oh no!/So soon?/But you're our favorite!

INT. LACEY'S CLOSET - CONTINUOUS

Lacey slowly removes her hand from Denny's mouth.

LACEY

Sorry.

DENNY

That's okay. Close one, right.

LACEY

I know, right?

DENNY

Promise you'll never do this to me?

LACEY

Hide in a closet?

DENNY

Basically.

This hits Lacey.

EXT. B.S. CLUB HOUSE ENTRANCE - MOMENTS LATER

Nat opens the door for him.

GREG  
Was thrilling to meet you.

MASON  
Sorry, who are you?

GREG  
Not important-- Drive safe!

But as Mason takes a few steps down the walkway a PIZZA DELIVERY BOY, 18 (super annoying voice) walks up to the house.

EDIE  
(terror)  
We ordered pizza.

MEL  
What?

DELIVERY BOY  
(to Mason)  
Pizza for Lacey Dern?

Mason looks back to the gang, confused.

NAT  
Um. We... Funny you should...

GREG  
It's just such a *strong*  
formidable name....

EDIE  
Identity theft is a big  
problem in our country...

But from behind them-

LACEY  
Hi, guys.

EDIE  
(fake shocked)  
Whaaaat!? What are you doing here!?  
Was the church cancelled?!

LACEY  
I was...

She locks eyes with Mason. No point in denying it.

LACEY (CONT'D)  
...hiding.

MASON  
Hey.

LACEY

Hey.

A moment. Then-

DELIVERY BOY

Um... Whoever Lacey is, I need your card to do the scratchy receipt thing. ...With my pen. ...Sometimes a quarter.

INT. B.S. CLUB DINING ROOM - A FEW MINUTES LATER

Nat, Edie and Greg eat Pizza at the table. Mel clears her plate. Denny stares out the window at Lacey and Mason who sit on the stoop.

EDIE

What do you think they're talking about?

GREG

Probably world peace.

EDIE

Oooh! I hope they are!

NAT

You think we're out of a roommate?

GREG

Well, I am *not* taking that bed apart.

(beat)

I also don't know if I *can*.

Mel walks up to Denny at the front window.

MEL

Got a bet on this or something?

DENNY

You know their names rhyme?

MEL

What?

DENNY

His last name is Stern. Mason Stern. Lacey Dern. Very Dr. Suess.

MEL

Yes. How dare they.

DENNY

I mean, he's never been a bad guy. Like, not to me or anything. I've just never thought he was right for her.

MEL

I don't know... they seem like they'll make beautiful bi-racial babies.

DENNY

She's a lot more than you think she is. She just kind of got... *quieter*, around him.

She takes this in. Then-

MEL

Can we fix him up with Edie?

EXT. B.S. CLUB HOUSE ENTRANCE - MEANWHILE

Mason and Lacey sit on the steps.

MASON

Come back, Lace. It's not too late. We can take it super slow. Like, eff the wedding... y'know?

LACEY

Bethany does scare me.

MASON

Is it the planning? Or Seattle? Or that time I didn't want to do that thing in the bedroom? Because maybe if we take baby steps...

LACEY

No it wasn't that.

MASON

Then what, Lacey? I'm, like, super confused...

LACEY

It's all of it. I saw exactly what our life would look like. And it looked nice. But like, a *suffocating* kind of nice.

He takes this hit like a pro. Looks around. Finding a distraction.

MASON

...why here?

She glances behind her into the house.

INSERT POV: Greg animatedly telling a story. Nat, Edie and Denny laugh. Mel throws a pepperoni at her brother.

LACEY

I can't really explain it. It's just a feeling.

MASON

You felt feelings about us.

His eyes drop to the ring she now wears on her other hand.

MASON (CONT'D)

Enough to not give me that back yet.

Doubt in Lacey's eyes. She toys with the gold band.

LACEY

It's just stuck.

Half-laughing, she demonstrates the ring not budging on her finger.

MASON

Really?

LACEY

Yeah. I've been trying to get it off but it won't--

MASON

Let me see.

LACEY

No, Mason, you don't have to.

He begins to pull at it. No luck.

LACEY (CONT'D)

Really Mason, its okay. I'll just try it later.

MASON

I'm really good with stuck stuff.

Clearly struggling.

LACEY

Mason. Don't worry about it. Ow!  
It's not working.

INT. B.S. CLUB FOYER - MEANWHILE

Greg has taken up post at the window. He looks out at the pair and reports back to the house intermittently between sips of beer.

GREG

(calling out)  
Still just talking.  
(beat)  
Woah. They're holding hands now.  
(beat)  
Okay, now she's pulling away. She does *not* want to hold his hand.  
(beat)  
What the-? He's, like, smelling her finger now? Dude, don't do that.  
(beat)  
Holy shit! She punched him!

SMASH CUT TO:

INT. B.S. CLUB KITCHEN - MOMENTS LATER

Mason holds a package of frozen peas up to his eye. He and Lacey stand across from everyone else. Awkward silence. Then-

NAT

Maybe lotion next time?

INT. LACEY'S ROOM - THAT NIGHT

Lacey is sleeping. Mel barges in and turns on the lights.

MEL

So, hey.

Lacey startles awake. She picks up a tiny Ikea wrench from the nightstand to defend herself.

LACEY

What? Mel!?!

MEL

Late night chat time.

LACEY

What does that even mean?

Mel sits cross legged on a big box. We hear something BREAK inside.

MEL

Look, I'm not big on *talking* or whatever--

LACEY

It's like a *hard* 3:00 AM--

MEL

--but I feel like you're on the fence about that Lacrosse looking kid and maybe you need some outside perspective.

(in one breath)

Also it's straight up impossible to find a fourth person that works but you seem pretty close, and it's kind of my fault we need a fourth to begin with and Edie thinks you're a magic person -direct quote- so I'm gonna try and help.

LACEY

Why is it your fault?

MEL

Jackie moved out because... Well, she was my girlfriend.

LACEY

Right we haven't talked about you being LGB-

MEL

(ignoring her)

She was still here when we broke up. So it wasn't a clean break. And there was a lot of gray area. And that's never good.

(beat, sexual)

I mean it was *good*, but...

(back on topic)

We weren't right for each other. And you can't really fight that.

(sincere now)

Look, this kid who gave you a ring? He lives two states away, not two doors. I would've killed to have that kind of space.

Lacey takes this in.

MEL (CONT'D)

Anyway. You're probably definitely gonna leave so... just know that we're keeping your deposit. And that crockpot. Nat gets emotionally attached to cookware.

Mel gets up to leave.

LACEY

Hey, can you turn off the ligh-

But Mel (definitely heard her) leaves without helping.

Lacey slips out of bed and tries to maneuver around the maze of boxes to reach the light. She stubs her toe on a hammer.

LACEY (CONT'D)

Motherf-

She sits down, cradling her foot. Directly in front of her is a box with large lettering reading: "Mason." She traces the 'M' forlornly.

INT. B.S. CLUB KITCHEN - THE NEXT MORNING

Lacey hums and cooks breakfast in the bright kitchen. It's a spread: eggs, bacon, fruit salad, etc.

Denny comes into the kitchen with a box.

DENNY

This is the last one.  
(he sets it down)  
So. You're staying.

LACEY

I'm staying.

DENNY

How'd Mason take it?

EXT. B.S. CLUB HOUSE ENTRANCE - DAWN - FLASHBACK

*Lacey hands Mason the packing box with his name on it. She pulls her engagement ring from her hand. It somehow comes off smoothly. She puts it on top of the box.*

INT. B.S. CLUB KITCHEN - AS BEFORE

LACEY

He took it like Mason.

DENNY

So... with an inaccurate Haiku to say goodbye?

She playfully throws a mushroom at him. He catches it and pops it in his mouth with a smirk.

EDIE (O.S)

Oh my goodness!

Eddie walks in wearing pink footsie pajamas.

EDIE (CONT'D)

Greg! Come quick! Santa!

Greg rushes in from the living room couch.

GREG

Dude!

LACEY

*Seriously*, where do you live?

Mel and Nat walk in.

MEL

Holy Mary Poppins.

NAT

Lacey, you did all this? This is really impressive. I don't even want to fix anything.

But she slightly adjusts a fork.

LACEY

I just wanted to thank you all. For inviting me into your home. For making me your fourth.

She and Mel share a private glance.

LACEY (CONT'D)

And just to say, I'm really looking forward to living here.

EDIE

I'm gonna cry!  
(letting them down gently)  
(MORE)

EDIE (CONT'D)

Or I would but I save tears for acting.

GREG

But, like... this is communal food, right?

LACEY

Yes, Greg. Sit, everybody! Dig in! Denny, you too.

They pull out chairs, unfold napkins, and Lacey portions out the scrambled eggs. We slowly ZOOM OUT

GREG

Mel. Remember that morning when Nat made 20 poached eggs because none of them were circular enough?

MEL

Yeah. Locked us out of the house until she got it right.

NAT

It wasn't just about the eggs.  
(quieter)  
The toasts were uneven, too.

ZOOM even WIDER.

LACEY

I actually have an egg poaching pan.

NAT

(dead serious)  
Don't tease a girl.

EDIE

Guys! I told you she was magic.

And as Lacey sits, and as the talking fades...

CLOSE ON - FROZEN BAG OF PEAS

The bag from yesterday. We FOLLOW a small green pea as it slips out of the opening, drops to the floor, rolls across the kitchen and lands... right by Lacey's foot and her sturdy, stable, not-rocking-one-bit chair.

**CUT TO BLACK**

**END OF PILOT**