

COLD OPEN

FUTURE: YEAR 2034

INT. NEW YORK CITY BAR - EVENING

A stylish, classy, dimly lit speakeasy type bar with a 1920s motif. The bartender, Molly, a pretty 20 something, has curly hair that falls over one eye. Her voice is soft and confident. She has the fashion of a 1920s flapper and definitely belongs in this atmosphere. She's finishing up her shift.

Kyle, the other bartender, is taking over the shift and pours a drink. He's a young, slender, 20 something.

KYLE

Who is this for?

MOLLY

Use your eyes, man. It's for that beef cake right there.

She motions to, Curtis, a handsome 30-something, the only guy sitting at the bar.

CURTIS

I'm not a piece of meat.

KYLE

Shatter one glass ceiling and they think they own the world. Here.

Kyle puts the glass in front of him.

CURTIS

Thanks, Kyle.

KYLE

No worries. We're all in this together.

MOLLY

(to Curtis)

I'll grab my stuff then we can go, okay?

Curtis nods. Molly walks to the back and hears an urgent notification "ding" from a black band on her wrist. She opens her hand and looks at her palm. The black wristband projects a screen on her palm and she sees an urgent e-mail from Curtis. She looks back and sees Curtis and Kyle talking.

She reads the e-mail. We hear Lauren's voice read the email as Molly looks on.

LAUREN (V.O.)

Dear home wrecking bitch. I hope this e-mail finds you burning in a car fire but in the event you are able to read this, I hope you die before you finish.

Molly is dumbfounded, looks back at Curtis, then back to the e-mail. She scrolls down with her thumb and continues reading.

LAUREN (V.O.)

I've read every e-mail and seen every picture you two have sent each other. Finding out he's been cheating on me with an uneven boobed hatchet face is sickening and beyond me.

Did you know that Curtis and I have a son together? Or do you only know how to spread your legs?

You have ruined me. You have ruined my son. You have ruined any chance we had for a happy family together.

You have stolen the man that sleeps in my bed. The man that I jerk off in the shower. The man that puts it in my ass and I'm sure then puts it in your mouth. Ha! You deserve to eat shit.

You can tell that asshole to never come home. You two deserve each other.

Burn in hell.

- Lauren

Molly is doing her best to hold back the shock but you can still clearly see it on her face. A tear escapes before she's able to wipe it away.

Forgetting everything else, she turns and walks back to the bar and with hurt in her eyes, looks directly at Curtis. Never seeing her like that, he puts his drink down.

CURTIS

What's the matter? Are you okay?

Her eyes act as a dam holding back an avalanche of tears. She begins to lift her hand as though she's going to hand something to him. Her voice trembles.

MOLLY

Can you please tell me what this is about.

She throws her hand open and does a quick flick motion toward him, sending the e-mail his way. Curtis opens his own palm and begins to read. A sense of dread comes over his face.

MOLLY (CONT'D)

Is it true?

Curtis continues to read and doesn't want to look up.

MOLLY (CONT'D)

Tell me... because my heart is breaking right now, Curtis.

CURTIS

I didn't send this to you.

MOLLY

Yeah, I know. She obviously hacked into your account.

KYLE

(interrupting)

I think I left something in the back.

Kyle, clearly uncomfortable, makes his escape to the back.

MOLLY

I'm guessing you never told Lauren about me.

He clenches his fist.

CURTIS

I'm not going to try to lie to you.

MOLLY

When was the last time you slept with her, Curtis? Do you really still sleep in the same bed?

Curtis is silent.

MOLLY (CONT'D)

What about everything we've done together? Why would you lie to me? I thought you loved me. I thought I knew you.

CURTIS

You do know me.

MOLLY

Do I? Because the Curtis I know wouldn't ...

Molly, in disgust, can't finish her sentence.

CURTIS

I was wrong. It happened, okay. But not like the way she's saying.

MOLLY

Don't... Because I don't want to live the rest of my life not trusting you. That's not what love is. That's not what *our* love is. Just go.

CURTIS

Don't say that. I'm sorry. I didn't know what to do. But don't do this.

MOLLY

It's too late, Curtis. It hurts to say this and it's almost like I shouldn't but... I *don't* love you anymore.

CURTIS

Just like that?! Molly, no. This isn't happening. It's not supposed to be like this. It's not supposed to happen like this. This isn't supposed to happen!

Curtis looks directly into camera.

CURTIS (CONT'D)

Wake up now, Curtis.

JUMP CUT TO:

PRESENT DAY: YEAR 2017

INT. BEDROOM - EARLY MORNING

Curtis, a 15 year-old teenager, wakes up startled and sits on the edge of his bed.

CURTIS

What the hell? That was real.

END OF COLD OPEN