

SC#1

# GO CASTING

1/4

INT. BAR - KITCHEN - DAY

Declan (30, devilishly charming with an overprotective streak) enters with a bag from the farmer's market. He spots Kol, sitting on his counter, drinking. Declan rolls his eyes.

Start →

DECLAN

When I said you were banned from this bar, I meant for life, not for the weekend.

KOL

I took that as more of a friendly suggestion than a firm regulation.  
(raising a glass)  
Cheers.

Declan bristles.

DECLAN

I'm running out of reasons to ask nicely. Get out of my kitchen. And then get out of my city.

Kol drops his glass. It shatters on the floor. Declan doesn't flinch.

KOL

Where's my sister, Declan?

DECLAN

She's not here. My best guess, she's probably roaming about her giant house sorting out inspired new ways to be emotionally unavailable.

Kol stands up.

KOL

Does she have any enemies you know of?

DECLAN

Enemies? She's a schoolteacher, not a supervillain.

KOL

Do I seem like I'm in the mood for comedy?

DECLAN

She stood me up, okay? It's not exactly rare.

(MORE)

"Declan"  
The Originals  
1hr - The CW

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DECLAN (CONT'D)

Look, a couple times a year she goes MIA. Just shuts down, pushes me away. I try to give her space. I always figured that family of hers must've done a real number on her. But, since you're obviously a right ray of sunshine, I guess it must have been someone else who caused all that damage.

KOL

Don't you talk about my family.

DECLAN

Why? Because you're all such upstanding citizens? You break in here, you drink my booze, you accuse me of God knows what, and you're above reproach?

KOL

You don't know anything about us.

DECLAN

I don't need to know anything except that you were gone. I was here. I brought dinner, I took her dancing. And when I couldn't distract her, I held her while she cried over you, too many nights to count. *I was here.*

(then)

And I'm not going anywhere.

Off the two of them in a stand-off--

End

Sc# 2

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EXT. FRENCH QUARTER STREET - DAY

Rebekah is walking home when suddenly, someone grabs her from behind. WHIP-FAST, she shoves him back -- only stopping when she realizes it's DECLAN. He's a little wounded, defensive.

Start →

DECLAN

So you're gonna stand me up and beat the crap out of me?

Realizing she forgot their date --

REBEKAH

Oh, no. I'm so sorry. Something came up with my brother--

DECLAN

Again? I thought he skipped town.

REBEKAH

He did. He's back. It's complicated.

DECLAN

Right. It's always complicated.  
(then, gently--)

You know... my dad had a hell of a drinking problem when I was a kid. He was always promising he'd stop, and I was always believing him, even though I knew better.

REBEKAH

This isn't that.

DECLAN

Okay. Sure. I was just sharing a cheery childhood anecdote. You know, being emotionally vulnerable. Connecting.

He raises a playful eyebrow at her. They've done this dance before. She's almost charmed, but she shakes her head.

REBEKAH

To be honest, Declan, I've got a lot going on right now. Maybe we should take a break --

DECLAN

Don't finish that sentence. I deserve better than that, if only for the two pounds of uneaten risotto sitting on my stove.

(MORE)

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DECLAN (CONT'D)

(then, lightly)

Come on. I'm a chef. You're a good eater. You can't break up with me--

REBEKAH

You can't break up if you're not actually a couple--

DECLAN

If you want to break up, you have to do it like a civilized person. At a bar. With bourbon. At least buy me a drink as you kick me to the curb.

She can't help but feel the tension ease being around him.

REBEKAH

You're going to try to convince me to stay.

DECLAN

Oh, hell yeah. It's going to be an all-out assault on your senses. I'm going to bring you flowers, I'm going to make you laugh. You're going to try to resist, and you'll do that thing where you get up and head for the door, and then you turn back for one last look.

She smiles. She can't help it.

REBEKAH

Oh? And then what?

DECLAN

The music swells, obviously, and you run back into my arms. Before you know it, you're on my kitchen floor, wearing nothing but my favorite shirt, eating leftover risotto for breakfast.

REBEKAH

Well. I do love your risotto.

DECLAN

That's my girl.

Off his triumphant grin--

End.