

I CAN SEE YOU'RE ANGRY

Written by

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EXT. PICTURESQUE MOUNTAINSCAPE - DAY

Amidst a serene wooded landscape, two towering, majestic mountains, separated by a valley running between them.

We see a man, RJ (late-30s), in INTIMATE CLOSE-UP. He's staring straight ahead, eerily still.

We then see a woman, EMMA (late-30s), also in INTIMATE CLOSE-UP, un-blinking, blank-faced.

We CUT BACK AND FORTH between the two as they say nothing, only unsettling stares.

While Emma remains trance-like, RJ shows signs of sentience as his eyes start shifting uncomfortably.

RJ's restlessness continues to intensify until his unease boils over and he looks to someone off-screen.

RJ

This is creepin' me out.

We PULL OUT to find that they're actually on a couch, the mountain landscape a framed photo on the wall behind them.

EMMA

You gotta be kidding me.

Sitting across from them is their humorless couples therapist, DR. ZALUSKI (40s).

DR. ZALUSKI

What exactly is "creeping you out"?

RJ

Holding eye contact this long is unnatural. Where I'm from, maintaining eye contact is considered a threat. It's called 'mad dogging.'

EMMA

You're from *Cherry Hill*.

RJ

See how she loves to make me feel weak?

EMMA

I do not! And I find it laughable that the same person who can barely muster any emotion is also so sensitive--

DR. ZALUSKI

Okay, let's tap the brakes. Emma, even if you don't agree with what he says, this is how he *feels*, and feelings aren't a matter of logic. It's important to always remember to validate each other's emotions.

Emma takes a deep breath.

EMMA

I can see you're angry...

DR. ZALUSKI

Good...

EMMA

...but you're acting like a bitch.

DR. ZALUSKI

Okay, c'mon now--

RJ

That's gotta be some kind of penalty or something.

DR. ZALUSKI (CONT'D)

Let's just--

(refocusing)

RJ... I feel like I don't know you any better during our fifth session than I did during our first. When we keep our emotions bottled up, they don't just... go away. They find ways to wreak havoc on our mind and body.

RJ

Like how if you have to puke, but you force it back down and it ends up coming out the other end?

Emma shakes her head in humiliated disgust.

DR. ZALUSKI

Uh, sure, yeah, that's a... vile but apt analogy.

(then)

But let's focus on trying to excise some of that negativity, shall we? Tell me about one of your fears. I wanna know what keeps you up at night.

RJ

Um...

RJ mulls this for a long, pensive beat. He's really giving this some thought. Emma sighs in frustration at how long he's taking here. But then his eyes light up and--

RJ (CONT'D)
Gettin' swatted.

Emma rolls her eyes.

DR. ZALUSKI
Like a fly?

EMMA
No, it's even dumber.

RJ
It's this thing where someone prank calls 911 saying that there's a hostage situation or active shooter or whatever and it prompts a SWAT response. People do it to streamers all the time.

DR. ZALUSKI
Sorry - 'streamers'?

EMMA
I promise you that you do not want to know more about his world.

RJ
Swatting is no joke! Some innocent people even end up getting shot and killed!

DR. ZALUSKI
Alright, forget about fears. Tell me about somebody you dislike.

RJ
Somebody I *dislike*?

DR. ZALUSKI
Heck, somebody you *hate*. Let loose. This is a safe space.

RJ
I guess, um... Jeffrey Dahmer?

Emma exhales in frustration, getting fed up.

RJ (CONT'D)
You know about this joker?

DR. ZALUSKI

I know who Jeffrey Dahmer is, yes,
but I was looking for more--

RJ

Freak was a grade-A asshole. Absolute
fucking dirt bag, excuse my language.

DR. ZALUSKI

I ask because we often hate in others
the thing we subconsciously hate
about ourselves but--

RJ

Whoa, whoa, whoa. I'm-- I don't judge
how anyone wants to live their life,
but you'd never catch me boning a
dead guy, much less eating one, and I
resent the implication--

Emma's had enough and stands.

EMMA

This isn't going anywhere. I don't
know why I even bothered.

DR. ZALUSKI

Hold on, just a minute, Emma.

EMMA

I've squandered way too much of my
thirties waiting for this oaf to grow
up, but I've finally accepted the
fact that he is an emotionally
stunted, underachieving momma's boy
who has zero grasp of what it means
to be a good partner. And God forbid
you try to point any of this out, all
he does is become defensive--

RJ

OH, I'm defensive--

Emma SCREAMS, storms out of the room.

DR. ZALUSKI

FOCUS ON YOUR DEEP BREATHING--

The DOOR SLAMS behind her, leaving RJ and Dr. Zaluski. They
sit in silence for an awkward beat, then:

RJ

Must be that time of the month...

He forces a laugh. Dr. Zaluski stares at him, stone-faced.

RJ (CONT'D)

Hey, do we still owe you money if you caused us to break up?

DR. ZALUSKI

Yes.

RJ

Gotcha, gotcha.

(then)

Y'know, if I hired a plumber to fix a leaky faucet and when he left, water was spraying out of my toilet, I *probably* wouldn't have to--

DR. ZALUSKI

I'm supposed to remain impartial during these sessions, but seeing as our professional relationship has likely ended, I feel that I'd be doing you and every woman you come in contact with a disservice if I didn't express the fact that I find you to be the most insufferable and insidious variety of buffoon. I would advise you to do some serious self-work, but from what I've come to know of you, I suspect you are not capable of even the shallowest depths of introspection.

Uncomfortable beat as this hangs in the air.

RJ

(awkward chuckle)

That time of the month for you too, eh?

DR. ZALUSKI

Get the fuck out of my office.

TITLE CARD UP: I CAN SEE YOU'RE ANGRY

INT. PRIUS - DAY [MOVING]

RJ's in the backseat of a Prius surrounded by MOVING BOXES, glumly gazing out a window as they pull away from a house.

RJ peers out the back window like a wistful little kid moving away from his childhood home - we see Emma standing on the front porch with her arms folded. RJ sighs.

RJ

...maybe things are better this way
and I just never had the balls to do
anything about it because I was too
scared of being alone.

WOMAN'S VOICE (O.S.)

Well, you're not alone.

We REVEAL that his doting mother, LORRAINE (70s), drives.

LORRAINE

You'll always have your mom. And I
ain't going anywhere, sweetheart.

Lorraine smiles at him via the rearview mirror.

LORRAINE (CONT'D)

Of course, if things keep going how
they're going with Callum, he might
want me to pick up and move to London
to be with him. He can't stand to be
so far away from me, it's actually
sorta adorable.

RJ

He seems to be managing pretty dang
well considering you've never met.

LORRAINE

Don't be such a smart ass.

Lorraine turns down a side street.

LORRAINE (CONT'D)

I gotta make a stop at the CVS to buy
some iTunes gift cards.

RJ

For what?

LORRAINE

I'm gonna get emotional talking about
it, but I saw a post on Facebook
about this orphanage in Louisiana
whose church was destroyed by a
hurricane and they're trying to raise
money to build a new one.

RJ

They're gonna build a church with
iTunes gift cards? Mom, that makes no
sense. Lemme see the post.

Lorraine grabs her phone and hands it back to him.

LORRAINE
You always assume the worst in
people, don't you?

INSERT: A clearly fake photo of a GROUP OF SAD ORPHANS
standing in front of a destroyed church.

RJ
Ma... this is obviously AI.

LORRAINE
Well, who could tell?

RJ
The hands are always a dead giveaway.
(noticing)
Oh, c'mon! The kids' fingers are
literally just other little kids!

CLOSE ON: The orphans' fingers are, in fact, tiny orphans.

LORRAINE
Okay, fine, we won't go to CVS.

EXT. MODERN FARMHOUSE - FRONT STEPS - EARLY EVENING (LATER)

Mouth full, RJ plucks a final french fry from a take-out bag
in hand and pops it in his mouth, bounding up the front steps
to an impressive modern farmhouse.

He crumples the top of the bag closed just as the front door
swings open, startling RJ, revealing an affable guy around
RJ's age, KENNY (late-30s). This isn't RJ's house...

RJ
(coughing, choking)
Doordash delivery.

A look of recognition crosses Kenny's face.

KENNY
RJ? It's Kenny - Kenny Podowski.

RJ's excitement is overshadowed by humiliation.

RJ
Holy shit, dude.

They give each other a big bro hug.

RJ (CONT'D)
Been forever. Is this your, uh,
house?

KENNY
No, I'm actually in the middle of a
home invasion if you want to get
down.

RJ
Ha. Stupid question.

Awkward beat.

KENNY
Thanks for, uh--

Kenny makes for the bag of take-out.

RJ
Right! Sorry. Here...

RJ awkwardly hands him the bag of food. Kenny notices that
the safety seal has been haphazardly torn off.

KENNY
Did you... open this?

RJ
I was mugged. *Suuuuuuper* messed up.
Right over there.

RJ points to a corner.

RJ (CONT'D)
You got security cameras?

KENNY
Yeah...

RJ
We were *just* out of frame. They're
useless. But yeah, I'm still shaking.

RJ holds up his hand and pretends to shake.

KENNY
They mugged you for...
(looks in bag)
Some fries and a few chicken nuggets?

RJ

Seemed like it wasn't even about the score for them, it was just the thrill of seeing my fear.

KENNY

Uh-huh. Got it. Well, sorry you had to go through that. How long you been, uh, doing the food delivery--

RJ

Oh, I don't actually-- wait, you--
(over-the-top laughter)
I'm just doing this shit as research for a novel I'm writing.

KENNY

Very cool. That's really--

RJ

That was a lie, man.

KENNY

I know.

RJ

I don't even read books, much less write 'em. I'm still tryina figure out what I wanna be when I grow up.

KENNY

Hey, I'm jealous of how much flexibility you have with your gig! Where ya living these days?

RJ

Um... you remember the house in Cherry Hill I grew up in... with my, uh... mom?

KENNY

Uh, yeah. Of course. Miss that street. Ton of fond childhood memories there.
(then)
You married or--

RJ

Girlfriend *just* broke up with me.

KENNY

(afraid to ask)
Friends?

RJ
Sorta in between friends right now.

KENNY
Shit, you're not making this easy.

SFX: HONK! HONK! HONK!

REVEAL: Lorraine idles in the street in her Prius, the car still packed with RJ's moving boxes.

LORRAINE
LET'S GET MOVING.

KENNY
Is that your mom?

RJ
I'm kinda in between cars too.
(then)
But we should go grab drinks. Catch up. Your food's cold anyway...

KENNY
I'd love to, but this is actually for my kids. I work at a sports agency and one of my coworkers represents a UFC fighter who has a title fight at Wells Fargo tonight, so I'm heading there in about an hour.

RJ
That is so cool! That sounds hella fun, but I wouldn't wanna impose...

KENNY
Oh, no, I wasn't inviting y--

But Kenny's heart breaks for RJ as he looks into RJ's sad, hopeful eyes. Kenny appears to wrestle with something... and despite thinking better of it--

KENNY (CONT'D)
It's, uh... really no imposi--

RJ
I am IN! I'll message you my cell in Doordash! This is gonna be SICK!

RJ runs back to his mom's car with a skip in his step.

INT. LORRAINE'S HOUSE - FRONT ENTRYWAY - NIGHT (LATER)

RJ and Lorraine enter Lorraine's much less impressive house, which looks like it hasn't been touched since 1980. RJ hurriedly kicks off his shoes.

LORRAINE

You sure you don't wanna bring in your boxes? Criminals case neighborhoods for cars with boxes in 'em on account of they know that boxes usually store belongings.

RJ

I'll do it later, I'm in a rush!

LORRAINE

If someone smashes my window, you're paying for it.

Lorraine crosses off as RJ rushes to the stairwell.

RJ

FINE.

But RJ sees something that makes him stop in his tracks and dart behind a wall. He works up the courage to peer out...

RJ'S POV: He spies a bearded DISHEVELED MAN (mid-40s) happily spreading peanut butter on a sandwich.

RJ steels himself, tiptoes into the kitchen... withdraws a BUTCHER KNIFE from a knife block, starts creeping up on the Disheveled Man. But just when he's within stabbing distance--

LORRAINE (O.S.)

RJ!

RJ and Disheveled Man turn to find Lorraine in the archway.

LORRAINE (CONT'D)

Put that down!

RJ

Who is this?!

LORRAINE

That's the handyman, Horace.

HORACE

Pleased to meet ya.

RJ

How 'bout letting me know when a stranger's in the house? I was about to slit this guy's throat!

HORACE

You wouldn't be the first to have tried, I can tell ya that.

Horace pulls his collar down revealing a SCAR by his neck.

RJ

Holy fuck, man.
(to Lorraine)
Why do you need a handyman?

INT. LORRAINE'S HOUSE - UPSTAIRS HALLWAY - MOMENTS LATER

Horace, Lorraine and RJ stand in an inch of water, Horace points to a CRACK IN THE WALL where water steadily flows.

HORACE

Yessir, I suspect this is where that water's coming from...

RJ

No shit.
(to Lorraine)
Sorry, where did you find this guy?

LORRAINE

He was the only handyman on Facebook Marketplace listed under 'free.'

RJ

Mom, this leak could destroy the house - you need a *real* handyman.

HORACE

Well, hold on now, wisenheimer. I may not have a fancy degree or a license or any relevant experience to speak of, but--

RJ

Can I chat with my mom for a sec?

HORACE

You betcha. Don't mind me. I'll just be here tinkering.

Horace approaches the area of the leak with a hammer as RJ pulls his mom out of earshot.

RJ

Why would you let some shifty drifter
into your house? You need a plumber.

LORRAINE

The way they charge? They're crooks!

RJ

Okay, but this guy looks like an
actual felon.

Lorraine walks to a nearby linen closet and grabs towels.

LORRAINE

We just gotta buy some time. Callum
said he's gonna pay to spruce this
whole place up - top to bottom.

RJ

(sick of this)

Mom... I--

(restraining himself)

I'm happy you've found love, but
Callum has promised a lot of things
and none of them ever come through.
I'm not sure it's smart to leave our
future in the hands of the internet
boyfriend you can't even seem to get
on FaceTime.

LORRAINE

We're working through some issues
right now, but he said he's gonna
come visit during holiday. That's
British for vacation - *holiday*. He's
gonna renovate the house, take care
of my credit card debt--

RJ

What credit card debt?

LORRAINE

I've already said too much.

Lorraine throws towels on the floor to absorb the water.

LORRAINE (CONT'D)

Just... don't worry your pretty
little head, sweetheart, momma's got
everything under control.

We hear a pipe BURST, water starts GEYSERING from the wall.
What was once a small leak is now a full blown disaster.

HORACE
THIS IS SHAPING UP TO BE AN OVERNIGHT
JOB. YOU FOLKS MIND IF I CRASH HERE?

EXT. WELLS FARGO CENTER - FRONT ENTRANCE - NIGHT (LATER)

Later, RJ paces nervously outside of Philadelphia's Wells Fargo Center as UFC FANS excitedly pour in to the entrance.

He wears cargo shorts and a faded WWE The Rock t-shirt circa 2000 that's way too tight. RJ lights up when he spots Kenny, but he becomes self-conscious when he sees how much more professionally Kenny is dressed - sport coat, button down, jeans, hip sneakers.

RJ
Long time no see!

They give each other a hug.

RJ (CONT'D)
That was a joke. I saw you a few
hours ago.

KENNY
Yeah, no, I remember.
(chuckles)
What's with the shirt?

RJ self-consciously pulls at it, wanting it to fit better.

RJ
Closest thing I had.

KENNY
Stylish.
(then)
C'mon, we're running late.

Kenny heads for the entrance, RJ scurrying after him.

INT. WELLS FARGO CENTER - ESCALATOR - MOMENTS LATER

Kenny and RJ take an escalator up to their seats.

RJ
Check it out...

RJ removes a FOOT LONG SUB from one of his cargo pockets.

KENNY
What is that?

RJ

Meatball hoagie. These jokers got another thing coming if they think I'm shellin' out twenty bucks for a fucking hot dog. You want half?

RJ notices that the hoagie is making a mess of his hands.

RJ (CONT'D)

Ah, shit. Musta leaked.

They get off the escalator, RJ following Kenny down the concourse as he pulls melted cheese out of his pocket.

Kenny pushes open a door that leads to...

INT. WELLS FARGO CENTER - LUXURY SUITE - CONTINUOUS

A luxury suite filled with a mix of SMARTLY-DRESSED PROFESSIONALS and PARTY PEOPLE looking for a fun night out. RJ, meatball hoagie in one hand, pulling melted cheese out of his pocket with the other, sticks out like a sore thumb.

There's also a top shelf open bar manned by a BARTENDER and a spread of gourmet food overseen by TWO WAITERS.

RJ

Whoaaaaa. This is freaken legit.

A distracted Kenny head nods at someone off-screen.

KENNY

I gotta say what up to a coworker real quick, but enjoy yourself.

Kenny leaves him with a back slap. After a beat of taking in the scene, RJ ambles over to the buffet.

RJ surveys the extravagant offerings - sushi, lobster claws, prime rib, etc - this is no Golden Corral.

WAITER

What can I get you, sir?

RJ

What the hell is that?

WAITER

Ah. That is our foie gras. It was flown in from the Périgord region of France and is considered some of the finest in the world.

RJ
Damn, you got the peary-gore?

WAITER
Indeed.

RJ becomes distracted when he spots a captivating woman on the other side of the suite, IZZY (late-30s). Time slows as they lock eyes for a flirtatious beat. She eventually averts her gaze... RJ returns to the food.

RJ
Sounds, uh, out of my price range.
You got any chicken tendies?

WAITER
All food and beverages are taken care
of courtesy of EAG. No charge.

RJ
You're shittin' me.

WAITER
No, sir. I am not.

RJ eagerly grabs a plate.

RJ
Load me up with that perry-dore.

CUT TO:

RJ balances two plates overflowing with food in one hand, two beers and a cocktail in the other. He joins Kenny, who's mid-convo with his coworker, JORDAN (mid-40s), a fast-talking scum bag. RJ sets his bounty down on a high-top table, leans in to Kenny and Jordan, interrupting them.

RJ (CONT'D)
You guys better act fast. All the
food and drinks are *free*.

Kenny notices as RJ stuffs chunks of foie gras under sliders. Jordan glances up from his phone and shoots Kenny a 'who is this moron?' look.

KENNY
RJ, this is my coworker, Jordan. He
reps Sean O'Malley, the guy who's
fighting tonight.

RJ and Jordan exchange head nods. Jordan has one eye focused on his iPhone and he's the type of guy who's always scanning the crowd for someone more important to talk to.

RJ
That's so sick. You're his manager?

JORDAN
Agent.

RJ
What's the difference between those?

JORDAN
They could *literally* not be more different. Sorry, who are you?

KENNY
RJ and I went to elementary school together for a few years.

JORDAN
And what do you do?

RJ
Oh, uh, I'm in, uh...

RJ glances at Kenny, Kenny looks away.

RJ (CONT'D)
...culinary logistics.

JORDAN
I don't know what the fuck that is, but I'm sure it beats having to cater to a bunch of brain dead thugs.

RJ
Are they not chill?

JORDAN
Chill? I wouldn't trust these MMA guys around my dog. And I bet you're wondering if I mean that they'd kill it or fuck it, but the answer is bo--

GUY'S VOICE (O.S.)
Jordy.

Jordan whips around to find SEAN O'MALLEY in warmup gear, flanked by his ENTOURAGE.

JORDAN
There he is!

Jordan throws on the charm and gives Sean a big hug.

JORDAN (CONT'D)

This guy's not just my star client,
he's my best friend.

(then)

Don't forget to plug Ryse Energy
during the post-fight interview.

SEAN

Shit tastes like straight piss.

JORDAN

Don't say that on mic.

RJ

Wassup, playa? I'm RJ.

Jordan quickly intercepts, throws his arm around Sean,
shepherds him toward the exit.

JORDAN

No fucking clue who that choad is,
but let's get you warmed up, yeah?

As Jordan escorts him out the door, they encounter a group of
assembled UFC SUPERFANS cordoned off by a belt barrier.

SUPERFANS

SUGAR! / QUICK AUTOGRAPH, SUGAR! /
CAN I GET A SELFIE? /

JORDAN

APOLOGIES, FOLKS, SEAN'S GOTTA GET TO
THE LOCKER ROOM.

A DESPERATE DAD with his NERDY SON, both wearing Sugar Sean
O'Malley t-shirts, try to get Sean's attention as he passes.

DESPERATE DAD

Hey, Sugar! My son's one of your
biggest fans and he's getting bullied
at school! Any advice for him?

SEAN

Yeah. Find a new favorite fighter.
Any pussy ass bitch is no fan of
mine.

Without breaking stride, Sean HOCKS A LOOGIE and SPITS it in
the Nerdy Son's face. The loogie slowly drips from the kid's
forehead as Sean's entourage all crack up dutifully.
Desperate Dad is frozen in intense rage.

BACK WITH RJ:

RJ

Nice guy.

Kenny sips a drink, RJ goes to town on foie gras sliders.

RJ (CONT'D)

How do they decide who's gonna win?

KENNY

Do you think this is, like, fake or something?

RJ

Is it not? I assumed it was scripted like WWF...

KENNY

I assure you that there is nothing scripted about what's happening in that octagon.

For the first time, RJ turns his attention to the action unfolding in the ring.

ANGLE ON: A UFC FIGHTER delivers a FIERCE KICK to his OPPONENT's leg, gruesomely SNAPPING IT. Opponent buckles and SCREAMS in agony as the crowd erupts in bloodthirsty CHEERS.

A horrified RJ stifles vomit and, in doing so, forces things the other way, blasting a fart so violent that his eyes bulge.

KENNY (CONT'D)

You good?

RJ

Yeah. Definitely.

KENNY

You sure you didn't just shit your pants?

RJ shifts in place, can feel that this isn't good.

RJ

(forced laugh)

You're hilarious. Hey, I gotta go, um, take my multivitamin. I try to take it at the same time every night. That's what my doctor recommended anyway. Can you guard my food?

KENNY

(eye roll)

Sure.

RJ stiffly shuffles toward a bathroom within the suite.

When he pulls open the bathroom door, he comes face to face with Izzy, the woman he made eyes with earlier. RJ seems to momentarily forget that he has shit in his underwear.

RJ
(dazed)
Hi.

IZZY
Hi.

RJ snaps out of it and realizes he's blocking her exit.

RJ
Sorry, I'm totally in your way.

IZZY
No, you're good.

RJ holds the door open for her as she passes.

IZZY (CONT'D)
Can you smelllllllll--

RJ I swear on everything that wasn't me!	IZZY (CONT'D) ...what The Rock is cooking?
---	---

RJ (CONT'D)
Oh.
(forced laughter)
My shirt. Yeah. That was a thing he
would say.

IZZY
My brother was a big WWE fan back in
the day, so I picked up some of--

She notices marinara seeping through his cargo shorts.

IZZY (CONT'D)
Is that... are you okay?

RJ
Oh! No, this isn't blood or anything,
it's just marinara. I, uh, didn't
know what the food sitch would be so
I brought a meatball hoagie. I know
that's super weird, but--

Izzy pulls an Arby's Beef 'n Cheddar out of her purse.

IZZY

Sssshhh. Don't tell anyone. Smuggled in an Arby's Beef 'n Cheddar. My dad and I used to do it before every Eagles game and I guess old habits die hard.

RJ's smitten...

RJ

I never understood the Arby's hate. It's the most--

RJ (CONT'D)

Underrated fast food.

IZZY

Underrated fast food.

IZZY (CONT'D)

YES! Thank you! Finally, someone who appreciates the finer things in life.

The moment is interrupted when the stench finally hits Izzy's nostrils. The people in the suite behind them gag in disgust.

IZZY (CONT'D)

Oof - I actually do smell-- has that been here for a while?

RJ

Pretty much since I showed up.

(whispered)

There's this foie gras they flew in from some filthy French village or something. I think it musta gone bad... I was actually gonna complain because this is just--

Waiter frantically scurries by them with a walkie-talkie.

RJ (CONT'D)

Hey, buddy. What the hell is going on--

WAITER

We're working on it, sir!

RJ

(to Izzy)

I swear I'm not usually a complainer.

IZZY

It's okay - I am.

RJ laughs.

IZZY (CONT'D)

I'll get out of your way, but it was
nice meeting you.

They exchange playful smiles. Izzy heads back into the suite.
As RJ steps into the bathroom, he feels compelled to turn--

RJ

I'm RJ, by the--

But she's been enveloped by the crowd and can't hear him.
After a desirous beat, he heads into the bathroom.

INT. WELLS FARGO CENTER - SUITE BATHROOM - MOMENTS LATER

RJ's SHIT-STAINED BOXER BRIEFS are clogged in the toilet.

RJ

(whisper yell)

Fuck.

FLUSH. FLUSH. FLUSH. FLUSH. FLUSH. FLUSH. FLUSH.

Water starts spilling over the side of the toilet.

FLUUUUUUSSSSHHHHHH. It finally goes down.

RJ breathes a sigh of relief, opens up the stall door...
toilet water all over the ground.

He traipses through the toilet water over to the sink area
where a BATHROOM ATTENDANT (70s), who clearly just heard
everything, eyes him with contempt.

RJ pulls a crumpled, marinara-covered dollar bill from his
pocket and drops it into the tip jar.

RJ (CONT'D)

Thank you for your service.

INT. WELLS FARGO CENTER - LUXURY SUITE - NIGHT (LATER)

RJ's now going commando, seated beside Kenny, who's next to
Jordan. The trio is drunk, RJ still going to town on comped
food, nursing a bottle of champagne in a champagne bucket,
Sean's championship fight about to start in the octagon.

JORDAN

...it's these fucking mommy Facebook
groups. They're radicalizing each
other.

(MORE)

JORDAN (CONT'D)

Her new thing is she's constantly harassing me to play sports with my nine-year-old. You ever played sports with a nine-year-old?

RJ

When I was nine, yeah.

JORDAN

They suck. All of 'em. Even the best nine-year-olds are absolute ass, but Russell's even worse than that because the kid doesn't have an athletic bone in his body.

RJ

So lame.

RJ becomes distracted when he once again locks eyes with Izzy from across the suite. He raises his champagne for an air toast. She smiles and air toasts him back.

JORDAN

And she thinks that he'd be better if I played with him more, but like, if you saw the boy's form when he threw a football, you'd know that this is not a parenting problem, the kid is just a spaz.

(then)

LET'S GO SUGAR SEAN! WOOOO!!

(then)

We've gotten into so many fights about this shit recently that she's started insisting we go to couples therapy.

RJ groans, trying to be one of the guys.

JORDAN (CONT'D)

Instead of couples therapy, I tried to sell her on gettin' into swinging - ya know, fucking strangers--

RJ

Nice.

JORDAN

...But she's all worried about diseases. I wanna be like, 'okay, how 'bout this compromise? I'll go to the sex parties alone, and you can try and stop me!'

Jordan cackles, RJ tries to join in on the fun.

RJ
Ssssssomebody stop me!

This brings the conversation to a grinding halt.

RJ (CONT'D)
Ya know... from *The Mask*.

Awkward beat. Kenny and Jordan sip their drinks. Rather than pivoting, RJ doubles down.

RJ (CONT'D)
...the Jim Carrey movie? Movie's a classic. The sequel, *Son of The Mask*, is phenomenal too, and has some pretty deep shit to say about fatherhood. Have either of you--

KENNY
(to Jordan)
It actually sounds like you and Natasha could probably benefit from couples therapy, man.

RJ
My ex and I did a few sessions right before we broke up and it felt like all this lady did was rile her up and then say bullshit like 'how did you receive that?'

JORDAN
See? Thank you. Nat tells me I'm a piece of shit plenty, last thing I need is to pay some pussy in a sweater to pile on.

RJ
Totally. Our therapist basically never took my side. I swear it felt like my ex musta been paying her on the DL.

Jordan becomes deadly serious as an idea hits him.

KENNY
Did you ever consider that maybe you were just always at fault?

RJ
Naaaaahhhhhh.

JORDAN

Wait. That's... genius. I tell Nat I found a great couples therapist, you sit with us for an hour and let her bitch, she walks away feeling like we're working on our marriage, I get her off my ass and have more time on the golf course. Plus, I'll throw you a few bones for your trouble. Everybody wins...

RJ

(forced laugh)

That would be *hilarious*.

JORDAN

I'm being serious.

ANGLE ON: In the octagon, the REF starts the fight.

RJ

Oh. I just-- I don't really know anything about therapy aside from the few sessions I had with my ex...

JORDAN

That's why you're perfect. I don't need you giving any actual advice, I just need someone who won't put any nutty ideas in her head.

KENNY

No offense, but *nobody's* buying RJ as a therapist.

JORDAN

You kidding? Look at him.

CLOSE ON: RJ's blank face.

JORDAN (O.S.) (CONT'D)

He's got the vacant eyes of a dimwitted simpleton. Makes you feel like you can really open up. It's like how you don't feel weird jacking it in front of your dog. There's no judgement, barely any thoughts at all, just... love and hunger.

RJ

Aw, thanks, man.

KENNY

Trust me, RJ, you don't wanna get involved with this dumbass's marital problems.

JORDAN

Shut up, Kenny. He's a big boy. Seems like an average session with a good therapist is about two-fifty an hour. Whattya say? Easy money...

RJ

Yeah, I dunno. Feels kinda messed up to make her think she's working with a trained professional or whatever...

JORDAN

How 'bout five-hundred?

RJ's drunken mind races as he processes how many deliveries he'd have to make to pull in that kind of scratch. Before he can answer, the raucous crowd reaches a fever pitch and we...

ANGLE ON: The octagon, where Sean already has his opponent pinned to the ground, the guy's arm stretched taut in an armbar. Sean tightens his grip and opponent's arm SNAPS, JAGGED BONE shooting through the guy's skin.

The crowd roars with barbaric excitement as a horrified RJ grabs the champagne bucket and VOMITS up all his foie gras.

EXT. JORDAN'S HOUSE - FRONT GATE - DAY

RJ's doing his best approximation of a therapist - sweater over a button down, styled hair - as he walks his Bird-type scooter up to the gate of a sprawling McMansion.

He takes in the magnitude of the place, feeling like shit about himself.

His finger hovers over the call button, but he stops himself. He turns to head off, clearly wrestling with something, but gets pulled back.

He's about to press it, but his contemplation is interrupted by:

JORDAN (VIA INTERCOM)

(whisper yell)

THE FUCK ARE YOU DOING?!

RJ
 (startled)
 AH!
 (then)
 Sorry, you spooked me. Wassup, pimp?

JORDAN (VIA INTERCOM)
 Wassup is you better quit with your crisis of conscience and get your ass in here. You're already late.

RJ
 I'm just-- I was thinking how--

JORDAN (O.S.)
 Don't even finish what you're about to say. Natasha's expecting you. My assistant even made you business cards with your dumb fucking fake name. If you are not at my front door in the next sixty seconds, I *promise* you that I will use all of my resources to find out everything you care about and systematically take all of it from you. We understood?

A hesitant beat, then:

RJ
 All I was gonna say is how psyched I am to deceive your wife!

INT. JORDAN'S HOUSE - FRONT FOYER - MOMENTS LATER

RJ ambles into Jordan's front foyer where Jordan and his wife NATASHA (40s) are waiting.

RJ
 Good evening.

NATASHA
 It's ten a.m....

RJ
 No, of course. I just meant in the general sense.

JORDAN
 Jordan. Great to meet you in person.

NATASHA
 Natasha. Do you prefer that we call you Thaddeus or Dr. Harvard?

Jordan cringes.

RJ

Dr. Thaddeus Harvard was my father, I just go by Teddy.

NATASHA

Your father had the exact same name as you and was also a doctor?

RJ

Mmhmm. I... come from a long line of Dr. Thaddeus Harvards.

NATASHA

I see. Very impressive. Jordan speaks quite highly of you. I hear you've worked wonders for some of his clients. If you're good enough for a bunch of celebrities, you're good enough for little ol' me.

RJ

(forced laughter)

Yes. I can't say too much on account of HIPPO laws but... yeah. Let's just say... my client list looks like the Jeffrey Epstein travel logs.

This gives Natasha pause, Jordan's growing visibly nervous.

RJ (CONT'D)

...in the, uh, abundance of celebrities sense.

(then)

Anyway, thank you for allowing me to conduct our session here while my office is being fumigated.

Jordan subtly mouths 'shut the fuck up' at RJ.

NATASHA

I thought you only do house calls. Jordan said that's why you're more expensive than the others...

RJ

Yup. Very true. For my higher end clients, I do prefer to meet on their home turf. Gives me a better sense of the relationship. But my office *is* also being fumigated. Two separate, unrelated but equally true things.

NATASHA
Got it.

JORDAN
Shall we head to the office?

INT. JORDAN'S HOUSE - HOME OFFICE - MOMENTS LATER

Jordan's home office is magnificent. Jordan and Natasha settle into a couch as RJ drags a desk chair over.

RJ
Okay, great. Couples therapy, couples therapy. Let's do this thing.

RJ plops down in the desk chair, pulls out a notebook and smiles wide at them. He keeps crossing and uncrossing his legs, self-conscious over how he's being perceived.

NATASHA
I couldn't find any website or Instagram or really any digital footprint for you, which feels pretty rare these days. Any particular reason for that?

RJ
Oh! Thank you for asking. Shows you've really done your homework. So... I... um...
(contemplative beat)
I had a stalker.

Jordan hangs his head - this is already a disaster.

NATASHA
Oh my God.

RJ
A few actually. In this line of work, you cross paths with some real... nut jobs. Mental cases, I call them. And considering I now work by referral only, I thought it best for my safety to nuke my online presence.

NATASHA
Oh, wow... that's really scary. Sorry to hear you dealt with that.

RJ touches his hand to his heart, trying to seem touched.

RJ
Thank you. That means a lot.
(then)
(MORE)

RJ (CONT'D)

Now, Jordan gave me your relationship history during my initial intake call with him, so... tell me, what's on your mind? What's got your panties in a bunch about this dirtbag? Feel free to unload. This is a safe space.

NATASHA

Um, well...

RJ leans back in his chair, trying to appear professional, but he overdoes it, the chair tips too far, and he CRASHES DOWN HARD onto his back.

NATASHA (CONT'D)

Ohmygod, are you okay?!

Jordan rubs his brows in frustration. RJ writhes for a bit before slowly making it back to his feet.

RJ

I'm good. Wasn't expecting the damn thing to have that much give.

He returns to the chair, puts his pen in his mouth, attempts to look focused.

RJ (CONT'D)

Please, continue...

NATASHA

I guess a lot of our issues come down to stuff with the kids. We both work, and while his job *is* more demanding, he doesn't know how to turn it off and be present.

RJ

Would you say he's a workaholic?

Jordan angrily shakes his head at RJ.

NATASHA

Definitely. And whenever he *is* with the kids, he's multi-tasking. He's listening to a podcast, he's watching tape of a client, he's on the phone... sometimes, it feels like he's manufacturing stuff to do because he's... bored of the kids?

RJ

Could it be that perhaps you're so focused on trying to paint Jordan as the bad guy that you're ignoring the fact that the kids are kinda boring?

Jordan flashes a subtle thumbs up.

NATASHA

They're kids...

RJ

Exactly. Kids are... lame.

NATASHA

It's just... our son, Russell, he really seems to be hungering for his dad, and Jordan won't even go throw a baseball around with him.

JORDAN

He can barely catch! It's not fun!

NATASHA

It's not supposed to be "fun"!

RJ

Hold on. Let's take a breath.

(then)

Natasha, if I may... sometimes, we get, ya know, caught up with what we imagined for our kids, and rather than accepting them for who they are, we try to force them to be someone they're not.

Natasha listens intently.

RJ (CONT'D)

And nobody is to blame here. Nobody should be *doing* more. This isn't a failure on anyone's part. Sometimes, a kid is just... a spaz.

Jordan's face falls.

NATASHA

Excuse me?!

JORDAN

Maybe let's--

RJ

I didn't mean that as an insult! I meant like-- listen, I'm from a different generation, and--

NATASHA

You look younger than I am! What kind of therapist uses a word like that to describe a nine-year-old?!

RJ panics, realizes he's losing her.

RJ

That was a Teddy Test.

NATASHA

What?

RJ

It's part of my patented Teddy Harvard technique. See how worked up and defensive you got? Your kids feel that. I called your kid a spaz to get a sense of how you respond to triggers.

Jordan looks at his wife to see how she reacts to this.

RJ (CONT'D)

You see... in a marriage...

RJ reaches for two BOOKS on a nearby bookshelf, stands both books up on the coffee table about six inches apart and grabs a pen that he balances on top of them.

RJ (CONT'D)

...each partner is like one of those... beam things that supports--

JORDAN

A pillar.

RJ

Exactly! A pillar. Very good, Jordan. And this pen represents all of your shared responsibilities. Right now the pen is stable. But what happens when you tilt the pillars toward one another?

He does so, and the pen falls off.

RJ (CONT'D)

See what I'm getting at here?

NATASHA

Um... sorry, not really.

RJ

What I'm trying to show you is that a good marriage requires both of you to, yes, be partners, *but* you also must keep some distance. In that space, you are able to lead a productive life as a happy couple. BUT - if you meld together too much... the pen drops. Life in shambles. Divorce. Kids boozing. Then a little reefer. Drunken car accident. Opioids for the pain. Tolerance goes up, so does the dose. You start to wonder if he even needs it for physical pain or he's treating something emotional. They pull him off of it, but now he's hooked. He starts hitting street dealers looking for something to take the edge off. You notice as jewelry goes missing, but you don't even say anything because it's too goddamn painful to confront. Then one day, you get the call... "Hi, I'm a producer from the hit A&E docu-series *Intervention*..."

Natasha gasps.

RJ (CONT'D)

Is any of this clicking with you?

NATASHA

Um... yeah, I... I guess I'm just not really seeing what any of that has to do with you calling our son a spaz.

RJ hesitates for a beat, searches for a response... and then confidently leans back in his chair.

RJ

How did you receive that?

EXT. JORDAN'S HOUSE - FRONT STEPS - NIGHT (LATER)

Natasha and Jordan walk RJ out, the mood seems lighter.

JORDAN

This was really great. I feel like my eyes are starting to open. Thank you.

NATASHA

I never thought I'd hear him refer to couples therapy as 'great,' so you're doing something right.

RJ

All in a day's work.

JORDAN

I'll see him out.

EXT. JORDAN'S HOUSE - FRONT ENTRANCE - MOMENTS LATER

Jordan escorts RJ out, all smiles, but as soon as Jordan shuts the door behind them--

JORDAN

Spaz?

RJ

I was trying to sound intellectual!

JORDAN

You sounded like a bully from an 80s movie.

Jordan reaches into his pocket, pulls out a wad of cash.

RJ

Sorry, man. I feel like I recovered pretty well, though, right?

JORDAN

Yeah. It's amazing how blindly trusting people are of supposed medical professionals. You're really on to something here.

(then)

Same time next week?

Jordan holds out the cash.

RJ

You want to do it again?

JORDAN

Of course. Therapy isn't like getting a mole scraped off your ass. You keep going 'til you're fixed.

RJ

I mean, I guess I could...

JORDAN

The more you do it, the better you'll get.

RJ hesitantly takes the cash, pockets it.

RJ

Yeah, okay. Just... let's keep this between the two of us, okay? I feel like this isn't a great look for me.

JORDAN

Dude. You think it makes you look bad? I don't want this getting out there either...

RJ

You promise?

JORDAN

You have my word.

INT. APARTMENT COMPLEX - HALLWAY - DAY

RJ sets a bag of take-out food in front of an apartment. After snapping a photo of the delivery, he turns to head back to his scooter, but his phone starts RINGING a random number.

RJ

Hello?

MAN'S VOICE (VIA PHONE)

This Dr. Teddy Harvard?

RJ stops in his tracks. Behind him, a COLLEGE KID opens the door, grabs the bag of takeout and peers into it.

RJ

Who is this?

MAN'S VOICE (VIA PHONE)

I've heard about the work you do, and I'm interested. Very interested.

RJ

Who gave you this number?

COLLEGE KID

Did you open this?

RJ angrily motions to the kid that he's on the phone.

MAN'S VOICE (VIA PHONE)
Let's not get caught up in
unimportant details.

COLLEGE KID
(sifts through bag)
And did you... take some dumplings?

RJ
(into phone)
What would you want me to do?

MAN'S VOICE (VIA PHONE)
Same racket. Same rate.

RJ's torn.

COLLEGE KID
If you're gonna continue to ignore
me, I'll just message Doordash.

This fires RJ up.

RJ
(into phone)
Double my rate and I'll do it.

A beat, then:

MAN'S VOICE (VIA PHONE)
You drive a hard bargain, Dr.
Harvard... but you've got a deal.

RJ pumps his fist.

RJ
Let's try to keep this between us
though, yeah?

INT. EAG SPORTS AGENCY - CONFERENCE ROOM - SAME TIME

The guy talking to RJ is a SLEAZY DUDE (50s) who has RJ on
speakerphone and he's in a conference room surrounded by
about THIRTY OTHER AGENTS, a mix of men and women, all
eagerly listening in and egging him on.

Of course, Jordan is one of those agents. Kenny's there too,
but doesn't seem too pleased about what's transpiring.

SLEAZY DUDE
You have my word.

INT. APARTMENT COMPLEX - HALLWAY - SAME TIME

RJ as we left him in the hallway.

RJ
(into phone)
Text me your deets.

He ends the call and then storms back to the College Kid.

RJ (CONT'D)
Ya know what? I don't need this
bullshit ass job anymore. I QUIT!

RJ grabs the bag of food and confidently stomps off.

COLLEGE KID
(yelling after him)
OKAY? JUST SO YOU KNOW, I DON'T,
LIKE, OWN DOORDASH.

EXT. SIDEWALK - NIGHT (LATER)

RJ's on a motorized scooter, pep in his step, zipping down his street belting along to "Iris" by Goo Goo Dolls.

RJ
*And I don't want the world to see me
/ 'Cause I don't think that they'd
understand / When everything's made
to be broken--*

RJ trails off and his face falls when he sees a COP CAR parked in his driveway.

RJ (CONT'D)
MOM!

RJ lets the scooter crash into the tall grass in their yard as he runs straight for his front door.

INT. LORRAINE'S HOUSE - ENTRANCE - CONTINUOUS

RJ barrels into his house, hysterical.

RJ
MOM!

LORRAINE (O.S.)
RJ! YOU'RE OKAY!

We follow RJ as he heads into the DINING ROOM where he finds Lorraine seated with TWO COPS. Lorraine lurches to her feet and hurries toward him, wrapping him in a big, emotional hug.

RJ
(to Cops, out of breath)
WAS SHE SWATTED?!

COP #1
No. No, she wasn't swatted. It happened again...

RJ sighs, knows exactly what this means.

RJ
C'mon, Mom. It's ridiculous to think anyone would kidnap me once, but this is now the third-- why would anyone kidnap *me*? I'm not even valuable!

LORRAINE
I got caught up in the moment! And now, if you ever do get kidnapped, I won't call a soul because you'll have shamed me into silence.

RJ
I'll take that risk.

RJ sees the cops out.

RJ (CONT'D)
Sorry about this, officers. She's a bit lonely and susceptible to these kinds of scams.

LORRAINE
I am NOT lonely! I have a dashing, young British boyfriend. You tell them that!

RJ
(quietly)
She's being catfished.
(then)
Thank you again, fellas. I support everything you guys do. Well, not *everything*. But all the good stuff!

He shuts the door behind them and turns back to Lorraine.

RJ (CONT'D)
Listen, Ma, things are about to change around here.

LORRAINE

If you take away my internet, I'll
burn the house down with me inside.

RJ approaches Lorraine and puts his hands on her shoulders.

RJ

No, I'm not-- what I'm saying is I'm
gonna take care of you, ya
understand? The way you deserve. No
more leaks. No more overgrown lawn.
No more taking in transients to do
shoddy work around the house in
exchange for room and board like
they're indentured servants.

LORRAINE

Pfft. What kind of fantasy land you
living in, son?

RJ

No fantasy. Just wait and see...

HORACE (O.S.)

Pardon...

We REVEAL Horace in the archway wearing Lorraine's robe and
holding a takeout container. He notices RJ.

HORACE (CONT'D)

Oh, swell, you're not kidnapped.
(then)

Hey, if these Thai leftovers have
been in the fridge for over a week,
they're up for grabs, yeah?

BEGIN 'RJ'S BUSINESS GROWS' MONTAGE:

INT. VARIOUS THERAPY LOCATIONS - DAY

A quick SUPERCUT of a bunch of FED-UP SPOUSES seated next to
their HUSBANDS and WIVES.

FED-UP WIFE #1

He won't stop with the online sports
gambling.

RJ

These days, it's *crucial* to generate
alternative streams of income.

FED-UP HUSBAND #1

All she cares about is the kids. It'd be nice if once in a while she asked how *I* was doing.

RJ

What do you think is at the root of your insatiable hunger for constant attention?

FED-UP GAY HUSBAND #1

He pretends to be more incapable than he is so that I'll do things for him.

RJ

Or *maybe...* he has more faith in you than he has in himself.

INT. LORRAINE'S HOUSE - HALLWAY - DAY

RJ watches proudly beside Lorraine as a LICENSED HANDYMAN patches up their wall. Lorraine beams with appreciation.

INT. VARIOUS THERAPY LOCATIONS - DAY

Another SUPERCUT of a bunch of FED-UP SPOUSES.

FED-UP WIFE #2

He thinks I'm looking for him to fix every problem when I really just want him to listen.

RJ

I guess if you want him to be *less* supportive, that's certainly something we can explore...

FED-UP WIFE #3

I caught him having *another* affair.

RJ

Sex addiction is usually a trauma response brought on by not feeling loved as a child.

FED-UP HUSBAND #2

She never wants to be intimate anymore and I'm starting to think maybe she's... not attracted to me or something.

RJ gives him a tilt of the head and shoots him a look that communicates "Have you seen yourself, buddy?"

INT. COFFEE SHOP - DAY

RJ sips coffee and reads a book titled "Love More, Fight Less: A Guide to Couples Counseling," when he's approached by a WAITRESS who sets a breakfast sandwich down on his table.

WAITRESS
Bacon, egg and cheese.

RJ
Oh, I didn't order--

WAITRESS
It's from those guys over there.

She motions to a GROUP OF SCHLUBS at a table in a corner. They hold up their coffees to cheers him from afar. RJ smiles and holds up the egg sandwich to cheers them back.

INT. LORRAINE'S HOUSE - KITCHEN - DAY

RJ has his arm around Lorraine as a DELIVERY GUY walks them through how to use their just-installed TOUCHSCREEN COCA-COLA MACHINE that you'd see in a movie theater. He presses a button, and Lorraine's tumbler starts filling with Mr. Pibb.

She wipes away a tear, RJ pulls her in close.

INT. RJ'S THERAPY OFFICE - DAY

RJ's now sitting in a legit office! He watches *Suits* on his iPhone while going to town on a meatball hoagie.

MAN'S VOICE (VIA SPEAKERPHONE)
Your one o'clock is here.

RJ presses a button on an intercom.

RJ
Send them in.

INT. RJ'S NEW OFFICE - WAITING ROOM - CONTINUOUS

A NERVOUS COUPLE sit in a waiting room.

HORACE (O.S.)
Dr. Harvard will see you now.

The Nervous Couple stands and as they pass the front desk, we REVEAL that RJ has hired Horace as his assistant. Horace wears an ill-fitting suit and looks like an 80s businessman.

INT. RJ'S THERAPY OFFICE - DAY

A final SUPERCUT of FED-UP SPOUSES with their partners.

FED-UP GAY HUSBAND #2

We've been dating now for five years
and it's like, either propose or
allow me to move on.

RJ

Ultimatums are kind of the tool of
terrorists. You really wanna come off
like a boyfriend Bin Laden?

FED-UP WIFE #4

I look around our street and I'm
literally the only woman I can see
for miles who's shoveling snow.

RJ

Just so I'm clear, you're *upset* that
your husband's a feminist?

FED-UP WIFE #5

He set up a fake cancer charity but
kept all the money to buy a boat.

RJ

Oh. OH! That's... that's *fucked up*.

Wife #5's Husband grabs his wife by the hand and they hustle
out of RJ's office.

END 'RJ'S BUSINESS GROWS' MONTAGE

INT. COFFEE SHOP - DAY

RJ's in a coffee shop waiting for his drink, a new glow and
confidence to him as he talks into a bluetooth.

RJ

(into bluetooth)
What's the rest of my afternoon?

INT. RJ'S THERAPY OFFICE - RECEPTION - SAME TIME

Horace sits at reception, still wearing a dirty oversized suit, phone to his ear, scrolling on the computer.

INTERCUT AS NECESSARY

HORACE

Your two o'clock is a new client. I spoke with the gentleman yesterday - real ornery cocksucker, pardon my French - but based on the way he was talkin', he seems to have deep pockets. And I'm not talking literally neither. Matter fact, I don't even know if his pants have pockets. Although, since I presume he ascribes to traditional gender norms, I'd imagine he doesn't carry a purse, so without pockets, he wouldn't have nowhere to put--

RJ

What's his goal?

HORACE

Girlfriend's got a kid. He loves the dame, but playing step-dad ain't his bag, so he's trying to ward off her efforts to get him to be Mr. Mom, and part of that means convincing her she doesn't need a ring on her finger. And I'm not talkin' just any ring, I'm referring to a wedding--

RJ

I got it, man.

BARISTA

ICED VANILLA LATTE, NO ESPRESSO.

RJ

(to Horace)

I'll be up shortly.

RJ ends the call and goes to grab his drink, but a woman's hand grabs it at the exact same time.

RJ (CONT'D)

Sorry, I actually think that's--

IZZY (O.S.)

Oh, that's my--

When he looks up, he sees that it's Izzy, the woman he shared a moment with at the UFC fight! He freezes.

IZZY (CONT'D)

Hey. I know you...

RJ

Yeah... Arby's girl. From the, uh, UFC at--

IZZY

Wells Fargo! Yes. You were the guy who puked in the champagne bucket.

RJ

(humiliated)

You saw that?

IZZY

Highlight of my night.

RJ

That rancid foie gras. I could've sued.

(re: the drink)

Sorry, I'm pretty sure that's mine.

BARISTA

ANOTHER ICED VANILLA LATTE, NO ESPRESSO.

RJ

Wait, you drink iced vanilla lattes with no espresso?

IZZY

YES! Caffeine makes me too jittery, and without the espresso, you can really taste the syrup.

The both pick up their sugar milks.

RJ

That's what I always say! You know Kevin Costner drinks these?

They share a toast as they head for the exit.

IZZY

No way! *Waterworld* is one of my favs.

RJ

Me too!

EXT. BUILDING PLAZA - MOMENTS LATER

RJ and Izzy meander across a plaza toward a high-rise, both sipping their 'lattes.' RJ notices a logo on her polo shirt that reads "Champions Express Car Wash."

RJ
Big fan of car washes?

IZZY
No more so than the average person,
but I manage one off of Wellington.

RJ
Not what I pictured for you.

IZZY
It's been in my family since 1850. We
used to wash horses.

RJ
Wow. Just like that movie *Shark Tale*.
It's this animated movie where the
main character--

IZZY
Works at a whale wash. Duh!

RJ
(impressed)
YES.

IZZY
I'm a bit of a film nerd when it
comes to under-appreciated fare from
the early-to-mid-2000s.

RJ
(smitten)
Same here. Golden age of cinema.

They reach the entrance of the high-rise.

RJ (CONT'D)
Are you... do you work in this
building?

RJ opens up the door for her.

INT. RJ'S OFFICE BUILDING - LOBBY - CONTINUOUS

RJ and Izzy continue to the elevator bank.

IZZY

Uh, no. I just have a, uh... doctor's appointment. Dermatologist. Annual skin check. I'm really moley.

RJ

Got it.

IZZY

I don't know why I just lied, that's not true at all. My boyfriend and I are going to couples therapy.

RJ's face falls as they wait for the elevator.

IZZY (CONT'D)

I've been trying to get us to go for a while now, but my boyfriend is the one who found the therapist and I just know the guy is gonna be a top tier weirdo. I mean, what kind of *guy* becomes a couples therapist anyway? The dude's probably some pervert who gets off on hearing about strangers' sex lives or something. There's always some deviant angle when it comes to men, no offense.

RJ

Uh, yeah, no... that's-- none taken.

IZZY

And my boyfriend is the type of person who just throws money at problems. He definitely didn't do the leg work to find a therapist who would be best suited for our needs, he probably just asked around for who all his fancy friends are using. Even the therapist's name sounds hilariously pretentious. It's--

SEAN (O.S.)

Dr. Thaddeus Harvard.

RJ's horrified when he looks up to find Sean O'Malley approaching with his hand outstretched.

SEAN (CONT'D)

Great to meet you in person, Dr. Harvard. I'm Sean.

RJ limply shakes Sean's hand. Izzy's just as shocked as RJ.

SEAN (CONT'D)

Hi, baby.

He gives a dumbfounded Izzy a big kiss.

SEAN (CONT'D)

I take it you two already met...

INT. RJ'S THERAPY OFFICE - DAY (LATER)

We're now mid-session, Izzy and Sean seated across from RJ, who still seems to be devastated and lost in thought.

IZZY

...and do I expect him to be
stepfather of the year, parading my
son around on his shoulders? Of
course not. But there's this
disconnect between what he says and
how he acts...

SEAN

Are we really gonna rehash old stuff?

IZZY

That's kinda the point of couples
therapy, so are we doing this or--

SEAN

Do you think this is a productive use
of our time, boss?

RJ snaps out of it.

RJ

Um... sorry... uh...

Sean communicates with his eyes that he doesn't want to go
down this road, but RJ's too focused on Izzy.

RJ (CONT'D)

Yeah. I, uh, think it's productive.

Sean quietly seethes.

IZZY

Thank you. For one, there's all the
weirdness he has about my job.

SEAN

Is it a job? I feel like it's more of
a... time-consuming hobby?

IZZY

See? He talks about it like it's this fake thing. He keeps trying to get me to sell it--

SEAN

I can do one sponsored Instagram post and make what she makes in a year. You know how many women would kill to have a man who's trying to retire them? I'm treating her like a queen but she seems hungry for dem streets.

RJ

Izzy? Would you say you hunger for the streets?

IZZY

Um, no. The car wash isn't about the money - it's been in my family forever and I don't want to be the one responsible for killing it.

(then)

And I just don't want to be financially dependent on a guy who has been pretty inconsistent in his messaging about our future. When we first started dating, it was all 'let's run away together and get married,' or 'I can't wait to start a life with you,' all these things that were too soon at the time, but now that we've been dating long enough that he *should* be saying that stuff and having those feelings... nothing.

RJ

It almost feels like you're dating a completely different person...

Sean wants to rip RJ's head off.

IZZY

Yes, exactly! And I know he's a public person and he has this 'persona' he needs to put on for fights and social media - the big bad unhinged tough guy and all that. I get it--

RJ

But you're starting to wonder if the public gets the real him, and the Sean you know is the character...

SEAN

Why would she wonder that? She didn't say she was wondering that so why would you even put that in her--

IZZY

That is *exactly* what I've been wondering. Thank you, Teddy.

RJ smiles over their bond, but it immediately disintegrates when he feels Sean's menacing scowl.

CUT TO:

It's the end of the session now and RJ is seeing them out.

RJ

...and I guess I'll be in touch with Sean if you want to schedule another session, but only if you feel like this is beneficial.

SEAN

I don't know about you, hon, but I felt like that was really productive even if we didn't always see eye to eye.

IZZY

Yeah... I think so too. Thanks again, Dr. Harvard.

SEAN

You go ahead, babe, I'll settle up real quick.

IZZY

Sounds good.

Sean gives her a kiss, closes the door behind her and immediately drops any facade of being a nice guy.

SEAN

What the *fuck* was that, you faggot?

Sean gives RJ a light shoulder shove, but it causes RJ to go flying backwards over his desk.

RJ

Ow! Why did you--

SEAN

Jordan said the whole point of this is that you're supposed to take my side!

(MORE)

SEAN (CONT'D)

If I wanted someone to shame me for being a scumbag, I'd go to a real therapist!

RJ

I understand your frustration, but... I can't just dive into taking your side. I have to build up trust, and then the suggestions I make in the future will have a lot more weight. Have a little faith. This is how it is with everyone.

An unreadable beat as Sean processes this, then:

SEAN

Fine.

Sean opens the door and exits. As soon as the door closes, RJ BURSTS INTO TEARS OF TERROR. He braces himself on the wall as he catches his breath, and then a LOUD SMACK bridges the CUT TO:

EXT. PICKLEBALL COURT - DAY

RJ and Kenny are both soaked in sweat in the middle of a heated pickleball point.

RJ

MINE!

RJ DIVES for the ball, just barely missing it, hitting the ground with a painful THUD.

RJ (CONT'D)

AH! COME ON!

RJ SLAMS his racket in frustration.

MAN'S VOICE (O.S.)

That's game, pussies.

We REVEAL that their opponents are TWO ELDERLY PLAYERS (80s) in athletic gear who look like they've barely broken a sweat.

Kenny approaches and helps RJ up. RJ's knees and legs are SHREDDED AND BLEEDING. They limp to the back fence, slug some water and regroup.

KENNY

Since when are you so competitive?

RJ

Must be all the money I'm pulling in.
Guess you could say it's...
(wistful smile)
...making me a worse person.

KENNY

How are you doing... actually?

RJ

Killing it. Just copped me some new wheels. A '21 Corolla. Japanese engineering. Shit's *certified* pre-owned. And I had a mini-flat screen installed into the dashboard. While most chumps are stuck in traffic and listening to NPR or some shit, I'm bingeing *Suits*.

KENNY

That sounds really unsafe.

RJ

It's no riskier than drunk driving.

KENNY

You shouldn't be doing that either.

RJ

I'm not, I'm just saying.

ELDERLY PLAYER (O.S.)

C'mon, ladies! Asses up! Time to take your medicine.

Both Elderly Players stand by the net menacingly holding their paddles and a pickleball in each hand.

RJ and Kenny begrudgingly sidle up against the fence and pull their pants down exposing their bare asses.

KENNY

Ya know, you seemed to be in a pretty bleak place when we reconnected, and it really got to me because it reminded me of middle school RJ.

RJ

What do you mean?

KENNY

All through Lower School you were this enthusiastic, happy kid, my partner in crime, and then everything changed when you pissed your pants in front of everyone during your fifth grade Student Council speech.

RJ

You... remember Piss Boy?

LOUD SMACK - a pickleball WHIZZES right by Kenny's ass.

KENNY

How could I forget? It's what caused you to transfer. And I feel like at your core, you're still Piss Boy. This guarded kid who keeps all of his emotions at arms length because truly feeling them is too scary. But when this therapy scam started, as fucked up as it is, there was a part of me that was hopeful that it might be the thing that finally gave you enough perspective and insight to help you conquer whatever demons are holding you back. Instead, you're just... watching *Suits* on the freeway.

LOUD SMACK - a pickleball NAILS RJ in his bare ass, he WINCES.

KENNY (CONT'D)

Don't you think you're better than this?

They pull their pants back up, RJ mulling Kenny's words as the Elderly Players cackle and HIGH-FIVE.

INT. RJ'S THERAPY OFFICE - RECEPTION - DAY

RJ exits his office, Horace manning reception.

RJ

I gotta go take a dump and I don't plan on being quick about it. If my ten a.m. gets here, you tell 'em I'm being interviewed via satellite on *The Today Show* for a segment about how to spice things up in the bedroom after your kids go off to college.

HORACE

What if they try to look up the video
after the fact and can't find it?

RJ

Hmmmm, good point.
(contemplative beat)
Just tell 'em I'm taking a shit.

HORACE

You got it, boss.

RJ opens the door to head to the bathroom, but as soon as he goes to turn down the hallway, he spots his ex-girlfriend, Emma, walking with a handsome silver fox, VICTOR (mid-50s), a Latin man who speaks with a slight accent.

RJ's eyes go wide and he retreats back into his office.

RJ

Fuck.
(to Horace)
Who is my ten a.m.?

HORACE

New client. Fella goes by the name
Victor Malkin. Says here that he
"wants his girlfriend to stop being
such an uppity bitch."

RJ

Ugh, that's definitely Emma. I gotta
hide, quick!

RJ scans his surroundings, sees no obvious escape.

RJ (CONT'D)

What floor are we on?

HORACE

Eight.

RJ

We don't have any parachutes, do we?

Horace hurriedly opens up a bunch of drawers.

HORACE

Not a one to speak of.

RJ

SHIT. THINK, DAMMIT, THINK!

INT. RJ'S THERAPY BUILDING - HALLWAY - CONTINUOUS

Emma and Victor reach the door to RJ's office.

EMMA
This is it.

VICTOR
Hm. Looks... extremely legitimate.

Emma shoots him a confused look and shakes her head as she pushes open the door and looks up to see...

EMMA
RJ?

RJ (O.S.)
Emma?

EMMA
What are you--

We REVEAL RJ sitting behind reception in Horace's spot.

RJ
I'm... working as an administrative assistant now.

VICTOR
You two know each other?

RJ
No, we just guessed each other's names and love talking to strangers with an air of familiarity.

EMMA
Shut up, RJ. Don't talk to my boyfriend like that.

HORACE (O.S.)
Victor?

Horace stands in the doorway of RJ's office.

RJ
(smiling)
Dr. Harvard will see you now.

INT. RJ'S THERAPY OFFICE - OFFICE - MOMENTS LATER

Emma and Victor are mid-session with Horace, who has a bluetooth in his ear.

HORACE

...so I'm stuck in this unfortunate no man's land where I'm too big for the average gal, but not quite big enough for adult film.

EMMA

Sorry, what does that have to do with Victor being weird about meeting my parents?

HORACE

All's I'm saying is ya never know what somebody's dealing with behind the scenes...

Horace presses the bluetooth closer to his ear, clearly listening to something, then:

HORACE (CONT'D)

Let's talk about the past. How does Victor stack up to, say, some of your recent long-term relationships?

VICTOR

Why would we go there?

HORACE

Ah, I didn't realize you *also* got your PhD in clinical psychology. Where did you study?

VICTOR

I did not... I sell cars at Philly's premiere Jaguar dealership.

HORACE

I see. Then perhaps it would behoove you to shut your sandwich slot and leave this to the professionals.

VICTOR

My apologies.

EMMA

Things with Victor aren't perfect but he blows my last long-term relationship out of the water. First and foremost, he's an adult, which sounds like a low bar but it's so refreshing to be with someone who knows who he is and isn't just looking for a mommy.

(MORE)

EMMA (CONT'D)

My last boyfriend was fun, which is why I was with him longer than I should've been, but you can't build a life off of--

HORACE

Is it possible that Victor seems more mature compared to your last boyfriend because he's an...

Horace presses the bluetooth closer to his ear, listening.

HORACE (CONT'D)

...old ass codger who probably doesn't even know where he is with his dementia-riddled ass? Dude's got one foot in the grave.

VICTOR

I'm 56.

HORACE

Please. Allow the lady to answer.

EMMA

Sure, Victor's older than I am, but I don't have to sit around and wait--

INT. RJ'S THERAPY OFFICE - RECEPTION - CONTINUOUS

RJ's sitting at reception listening in via speakerphone and whispering to Horace what to say via his iPhone.

EMMA (VIA SPEAKERPHONE)

...for him to figure his shit out. It's difficult to be with someone who isn't secure enough to be vulnerable. With my last boyfriend, everything ended up feeling superficial because I could never really get him to truly open up. It was like being in a relationship with a high schooler.

This hits RJ where it hurts. He pauses for a reflective beat.

INT. RJ'S THERAPY OFFICE - OFFICE - CONTINUOUS

As we left them.

EMMA

And when you throw in a discounted lease on a Jaguar, it's not even a fair fight.

Emma smiles at Victor, who pulls her in tight in a suggestive manner. Horace listens intently to the bluetooth once again.

HORACE

Have fun changing diapers in five years, I guess. Old man shit all up in your finger nails. Fluffy ass balls dragging on the floor.

(listening to bluetooth)

Sorry, *floppy* ass balls dragging on the floor.

EMMA

Are you repeating things that someone is saying to you in your bluetooth?

HORACE

Hm? Of course not. That would violate the therapist's code.

EMMA

You keep pressing the bluetooth closer to your ear so that you can hear better, and you squint your face intently as if listening.

Horace searches for a response, but nothing's coming. He presses the bluetooth to his ear, clearly listening.

HORACE

(whispered into bluetooth)

But it's only been ten minutes.

(listening beat, whisper)

Okay...

(to Emma and Victor)

We're out of time.

INT. RJ'S COROLLA - NIGHT

RJ's driving down a random street, one eye on the road, the other on his flat screen in the center console which is playing an episode of *Suits*.

He's so focused on a pivotal *Suits* scene that he starts drifting out of his lane and swerves to get back in it.

His phone starts ringing - "Jordan (kenny manager friend)."

RJ

What's up, legend?

INT. NAIL SALON - SAME TIME

Jordan's in the middle of a manicure, talking into AirPods.

INTERCUT AS NECESSARY

JORDAN

Change of plans on the Sean O'Malley front. He needs to get married.

RJ loses control of his car, slams to a stop, pauses *Suits*.

RJ

What? What do you-- why are you calling me about *Sean's* therapy?

JORDAN

His team and I are managing a brewing shitstorm so it's a group effort. We landed on him getting married, so need you to make that happen STAT.

RJ

What shitstorm?

JORDAN

Ah, just a bunch of noise, but Sean started managing and mentoring some young fighters and was letting them live in his mansion in Vegas to train or whatever, and those hacks over at Rolling Stone are making up some bullshit about Sean getting 'em emancipated from their parents and supplying them with booze and whores--

RJ

How old is 'young'?

JORDAN

I don't know, like, nine? Ten? They're really mature for their age, though. Some of these little fuckers look older than I do!

RJ

That, uh, sounds pretty bad. Did he actually do that stuff?

JORDAN

What are you the fucking district attorney?

RJ

Sorry, I just-- why does he need to get married?

JORDAN

This cancel culture shit is all optics, my man. A swinging bachelor getting accused of a buncha BS doesn't sit as well with the public as a married man with an adoring step-son who looks up to him.

RJ

I can't, like, force her to marry him.

JORDAN

Relax! You're always acting like such a bitch, man. You've spent the past few sessions trying to get her to back off, and now, we just need you to get her to un-back off. And you need to do it fast.

RJ

How... exactly? That would normally take weeks if not months.

JORDAN

I gotta jet, but I have a conference call with his crisis PR team later today and we'll jam on some ideas. Just wanted you to be up on what's happening so that you can get with the program next time you see them.

RJ

I, uh... I feel kinda bad doing something that'll impact a kid. And I don't know if you know her, but Izzy's actually really--

JORDAN

You're hilarious. Talk soon, bud.

CLICK. RJ sits in silence for a melancholic beat. He begrudgingly hits play on *Suits* and it starts back up.

INT. RJ'S THERAPY OFFICE - OFFICE - DAY

RJ, Sean and Izzy are mid-session.

IZZY

...what's frustrating is he really does have a personality where it feels like he could talk to anyone. I mean, you saw him at the fight, he's this larger-than-life character. But when it comes to Eli, it's like he shuts down. All he does is keep asking him to give him a high five.

SEAN

It's our thing. It's like an inside joke or whatever.

IZZY

I don't expect him to be hoisting Eli around on his shoulders like he's Tim Avery or something--

RJ

(lights up)

Tim Avery as in Jaime Kennedy's character from *Son of the Mask*?!

IZZY

You've seen it?!

RJ

Seen it? I own it on DVD.

As Izzy and RJ bond, it almost feels like Sean isn't there.

RJ (CONT'D)

How 'bout the scene when Son of Mask is outside the nightclub and--

SEAN

What is going on here?

RJ's jolted back to reality.

RJ

Sorry. We, uh, we have serious work to do here.

SEAN

Teddy and I were talking before you got here and he actually had a great idea about a weekend-long therapy intensive up at the lake house. Ain't that right, Dr. H?

RJ's not sure how to react, but he feels cornered.

RJ

Um... yes. That is something we discussed, but ultimately--

IZZY

What would the point of that be?

SEAN

I feel like I'm getting a lot out of these sessions and we're doing really meaningful work, but once a week feels like getting just a taste of relationship bliss when I want the whole damn thing. Especially since I'm gonna be on the road a bunch in the coming months, felt like a good idea to supercharge things. So Dr. H pitched the idea of following us around for an entire weekend like some kinda romance Gordon Ramsay.

RJ

I'm just not sure--

SEAN

What do you think, Iz?

IZZY

I... guess it couldn't hurt.

SEAN

(staring down RJ)

My thoughts exactly. There are so many things that *could* hurt... but this certainly isn't one of them.

RJ gulps, understands the threat.

RJ

(awkward laugh)

I'll bring the, uh, Cards Against Humanity.

INT. LORRAINE'S HOUSE - DEN - NIGHT (LATER)

RJ and Lorraine each sit in their own deluxe recliners eating dinner off of TV trays while watching a cartoonishly large TV, the fruits of RJ's labor. RJ seems down.

MAN'S VOICE (ON TV)

...a woman comes up to me and says, 'hey, aren't you in my physics class?' And it turns out--

LORRAINE

Look at all this yammering. Mr. Trebek would've never tolerated such nonsense. He had too much respect for the game.

RJ

Mmhmm.

LORRAINE

Something a matter, hon?

RJ

I just... I have this friend, and he mistreats his girlfriend--

LORRAINE

That's *terrible*!

RJ

And I know she deserves better, but he's my friend so I don't want to throw him under the bus--

LORRAINE

What kind of friend is this?

RJ

He's not a-- he's more of an associate. But I don't want to meddle in his relations.

LORRAINE

What's a nice girl like her doing with this joker?

RJ

I don't think she realizes the type of guy he truly he is.

LORRAINE

You really are a good boy that you care this much about somebody else's relationship. I musta done something right...

RJ's racked with guilt as she turns to him and takes his hand.

LORRAINE (CONT'D)

Listen, hon... I won't help you do it, but if you kill him, I'll protect you. I'll take it with me to the grave, I swear on everything--

RJ

No, Mom--

LORRAINE

Callum can even help you! He's physically fit and would do anything for me. He collects swords.

RJ

I don't want him dead, I just wish I could tell her what a scumbag he is.

LORRAINE

When I was young, a scumbag was a term for a used condom. Scum meant ejaculate and 'bag' was a condom. Scumbag. Anyway, that's neither here nor there. What I'm trying to say is, if this deadbeat is as much of a POS as you say he is, all you gotta do is let her see that for herself...

RJ's eyes light up as he realizes the possibilities...

EXT. SEAN'S LAKE HOUSE - FRONT PORCH - DAY

SLAM! RJ grabs an overnight bag from the trunk of his car. He takes in the impressive lake house that can best be described as a luxury glamping cabin.

EXT. SEAN'S LAKE HOUSE - DOCK - MOMENTS LATER

RJ and Izzy stroll into the backyard. The view of the lake is magnificent. Sean's nowhere in sight.

RJ

(taking it all in)

Damn.

IZZY

Not bad, huh?

RJ

Yeah, it's, uh, pretty nice, but...
eh, never mind, it's not my place...

IZZY

What?

RJ

I just... whenever someone feels the need to lead such a glamorous lifestyle, it makes me wonder why they can't be happy with the simpler things. Not that I'm judging Sean or anything...

IZZY

Yeah, I mean... especially with Eli, it's so different from how I grew up, I do worry that it would lead him to prioritize the wrong things.

RJ

Exactly. And I question how happy Sean *truly* is underneath all the fancy toys and--

Just then, Sean comes flying across the lake on a WATER HOVERBOARD. He dives in and out of the lake like a dolphin, and eventually kicks off the hoverboard mid-air and lands on the dock like a super villain.

SEAN

If it isn't the prince of psychotherapy himself. Welcome.

RJ

Holy shit. That thing is *awesome*.
(realizing)
But it's also so... excessive in a way?

ELI (O.S.)

Mom...

Sean heads for a nearby cooler to grab some spiked seltzers. They turn to find Izzy's son, ELI (8), a nerdy indoor kid wearing a Ninja Turtles t-shirt and holding an iPad.

ELI (CONT'D)

What time is Aunt Fran coming?

IZZY

She won't be here until around dinner time, sweetie.

ELI

And Bruce too, right?

IZZY

(laughs)
Yes, Bruce too.
(MORE)

IZZY (CONT'D)

(to RJ)

Sean was sweet enough to invite my sister and her new boyfriend up for dinner tonight. First boyfriend since her divorce, so I'm looking forward to being super judge-y.

RJ

Ah. Must be very exciting for the little guy. No bond stronger than that of a young boy and his aunt's new boyfriend.

IZZY

Eli, this is our friend Teddy.

RJ glances over his shoulder, spies Sean at the cooler, and sees an opportunity to get in good with Eli.

RJ

You a big Turtles fan?

ELI

Yeah...

RJ

You should check out the original comic series from 1984 published by Mirage. It's not nearly as goofy and juvenile as what the Turtles have evolved to become in recent decades. It's dark, gritty, violent.

ELI

Does it show blood?

RJ

You betcha. I have the Ultimate Collection which has every original Mirage comic in a high-quality hardcover. I'll let you borrow it.

Izzy smirks over Eli and RJ's bond. Sean notices.

ELI

That would be sweet!

Sean approaches, jealous over Eli and RJ's bond.

SEAN

High five, buddy!

Sean holds up his hand and Eli gives him a half-hearted high five. Izzy and RJ exchange a subtle look.

IZZY

C'mon. Why don't we go for a little swim in the lake? Your iPad's not going anywhere.

ELI

Who knows what's even down there...

RJ

It can be kinda scary not being able to see what's on the bottom, huh?

ELI

Yeah...

RJ

Lemme see if I can give it a quick scan and peep anything...

RJ ambles over to the side of the dock, lies on his stomach and DUNKS his full head under water. RJ pulls his head from the water, dripping wet. Eli cracks up.

RJ (CONT'D)

Looks all clear from here!

ELI

You didn't go deep enough!

RJ

Well then...

RJ dunks his head again, even deeper this time. Eli's loving it. Izzy's touched to see RJ get such a rise out of him. Sean is irate. RJ withdraws his head, soaked.

SEAN

Okay, Dr. H, we get it--

RJ

I actually don't think I got a good enough look!

RJ submerges himself up to his shoulders, but as soon as he pulls his head out, a JELLYFISH is latched onto his face.

RJ (CONT'D)

AHHHHHHHHHHHHHHH!

Eli SCREAMS in terror.

IZZY

OHMYGOD.

RJ starts running around like a chicken with his head cut off, desperately trying to pull the jellyfish off.

RJ
(muffled)
IT'S STINGING ME! IT'S STINGING ME!

ELI
DUNK YOUR HEAD BACK IN THE WATER AND
IT'LL PROBABLY LET GO!

RJ does as he says, dunks his head, and while underwater, yanks the jellyfish off of his face. He stands back up with the jellyfish in hand and DROP KICKS it back into the lake.

It lands with a splash, RJ breathing heavily, his face bright red, snot and spit flying out of his mouth.

ELI (CONT'D)
COOL.

INT. SEAN'S LAKE HOUSE - KITCHEN - DAY (LATER)

From behind, we find RJ washing his eyes out with water. When he looks up and turns around, we see that his face is covered in BRIGHT RED TENTACLE MARKS, his eyes BLOODSHOT.

SEAN (O.S.)
(whisper yell)
What the fuck's your problem?!

We PULL OUT to find a shirtless Sean sitting at the kitchen island behind him.

SEAN (CONT'D)
You're supposed to make *me* look good,
not pal around with her kid like
you're Pee Wee Herman. You look like
you're fucking grooming him.

RJ
I'm just... being friendly.

SEAN
Maybe be *less* friendly. Actually,
that's a good idea. Why don't you
mess with him and I can be the
savior? Look better by comparison.
Like when a fat chick stands next to
an even fatter chick.

RJ
Mess with him how?

SEAN

I dunno, get creative. Dunk him under water or, like... call him a retard. Just make it something where I can intervene and be the white knight. And do it fast because I'm pulling the trigger tonight at dinner, so you have between now and then to do a full court press and show her that I'm step-dad material.

RJ

What do you mean pulling the--

Sean glances over his shoulder, pulls a ring box out of his pocket, pops it open and shows off a MASSIVE DIAMOND RING.

SEAN

It's a blood diamond. I'm talkin' real bloody too. There's something about knowing people lost limbs to get me this that just makes it feel more special, ya know?

Sean shuts the box and pockets the ring.

RJ

Um. Yeah. I'm just not sure I'm gonna have enough time between now and tonight to do my thing, so maybe it's worth pumping the--

SEAN

It's happening tonight. Not only am I dragging her bitch sister out here, I'm surprising her by flying her bitch mom in from Florida.

RJ

Her mom AND her sister are both bitches? But Izzy's so lovely.

SEAN

I've never actually met the mom, but her sister's a stone-cold cun--

IZZY (O.S.)

Sean.

They look over to find Izzy holding a BLACK DUFFLE BAG.

SEAN

Hi, baby!

IZZY
I couldn't find a first aid kit, but
I did find this...

Sean panics when he spots the bag, springs to his feet.

SEAN
WHOA! I have *no idea* what that is.

IZZY
Relax. I'm not judging. I feel like
we should take advantage of the fact
that Dr. Harvard is here and talk
about it... this can be healthy.

SEAN
I swear to Christ that's not mine.
Dr. Harvard, is that yours?

Sean communicates with his eyes what the answer should be...

RJ
Um. Yes...

IZZY
You... brought a second bag that you
weren't carrying when you got here,
and you hid it in a linen closet?

RJ
Precisely.

IZZY
And for a weekend couples therapy
intensive, you brought...

She ambles over to the kitchen island, places the bag on it,
reaches inside and withdraws--

IZZY (CONT'D)
...a set of fox ears with matching
tail butt plug?

RJ
I, uh... assumed I would have a
little down time while I was--

IZZY
Some type of penis cage?

She holds up a 'chastity cage.'

RJ
That was prescribed by a doctor for--

IZZY

What looks to be a bunch of perverted
playground equipment?

She holds up a "spreader bar" that keeps arms and legs apart.

RJ

Not everything in there is sexual in
nature, ya know? Just because your
mind is going to a dirty place--

IZZY

A box labeled 'cock and ball stun
gun.'

RJ

That one is sexual, I admit that.

IZZY

And that's just the tip of the
iceberg.

RJ

That bag is actually a--

IZZY

Please don't tell me it was a Teddy
Test.

SEAN

Let him speak! You so badly want to
believe I'm some submissive sex freak
who gets off on having his genitals
treated like a disobedient child that
you won't even entertain the truth!

Izzy folds her arms and stares at RJ expectantly.

RJ

The truth is...

Sean's sweating bullets.

RJ (CONT'D)

I'm... a submissive sex freak. And
while to most therapists, CBT stands
for Cognitive Behavioral Therapy, the
CBT that I'm most interested in is...
cock and ball torture.

SEAN

(whispered, faux disgust)
Sick fuck.

RJ

One of my, uh... doms lives in the area, so I was going to visit her on my way home, and when I realized I left my bag of unspeakables in my car, I got worried that Eli might find them while he was snooping around, so I decided to hide them in a high up spot. It's humiliating, but... it's the truth...

A beat, then... Izzy zips the bag, tosses it to RJ.

IZZY

Maybe just keep it in your car.

RJ

Of course.

SEAN

I'm glad we got that cleared up. Your honesty inspires me to want to be more forthright, so thank you.

Izzy checks her watch.

IZZY

Fran should be here in an hour or two, so we should really get started on dinner.

RJ

Fantastic! I actually have an exercise called Recipe For Love in which we conduct a session while you two prepare a meal. Cooking can often be hard for couples, I've heard stories about it even leading to murder-suicide, but working together to create something can actually bring couples closer together.

SEAN

That sounds beautiful. I love that.

IZZY

I'm game.

SEAN

Hon, why don't you start getting the cookware out? Dr. Harvard can help me grab the groceries from the garage fridge.

IZZY
Sounds good...

INT. SEAN'S LAKE HOUSE - GARAGE - MOMENTS LATER

CLOSE ON: Sean removes a panel inside the refrigerator revealing a stockpile of VIALS FILLED WITH LIQUID.

RJ (O.S.)
What's all that?

We PULL OUT to find RJ watching Sean as he does this. Sean's garage is filled with LUXURY CARS.

SEAN
What's it look like, dumbass? It's liquid morphine.

RJ
Oh. Why do you have so much of it?

Sean grabs a case beside the vials and unzips it revealing a kit of needles and elastic bands.

SEAN
I got generalized anxiety, okay? And I'm about to propose to the love of my life, so apologies if I need a little something to take the edge off.

RJ
Isn't morphine, like, an opioid? What does that have to do with anxiety?

SEAN
I use it way off label. C'mon, shoot me up.

Sean holds out the vial and needle.

RJ
Why can't you do it?

SEAN
I hate needles. My assistant usually does it. Hurry up. Before Izzy gets nosy.

RJ
Um, how much?

SEAN
 .1 ml. It's a little baby dose. Just
 enough to make me tolerate life...

RJ hesitates... Sean's phone starts RINGING and he answers.

SEAN (CONT'D)
 (sexy voice, into phone)
 Hiya, beautiful.

Sean clocks RJ's judgment.

SEAN (CONT'D)
 (covers phone, to RJ)
 It's my niece. Mind your own fucking
 business, you sped.
 (sexy voice, into phone)
 When am I gonna see you again?

RJ draws up the liquid morphine, but is distracted by Sean's sexy talk.

CLOSE ON: The liquid breezes past .1 ml as he draws up 1 ml.

SEAN (CONT'D)
 (sexy voice, into phone)
 I need a repeat of Tulum...

Sean looks away as RJ brings the needle to Sean's arm. As RJ injects it...

SEAN (CONT'D)
 (to RJ, whispered)
 .1 ML, right?

RJ's face goes white.

SMASH CUT TO:

INT. SEAN'S LAKE HOUSE - HALLWAY - MOMENTS LATER

RJ BURSTS through the garage door dragging Sean's body.

RJ
 LITTLE HELP.

IZZY (O.S.)
 IS EVERYTHING OKAY?!

Izzy comes running in. RJ carefully lays Sean down.

RJ
 He, uh... he was bitten. By a snake.

RJ mimes a snake grabbing his neck.

RJ (CONT'D)
Poisonous snake too. Was hiding in
the corner of the garage like a
freaken Viet Cong or something.

IZZY
WHAT?! We have to call 9-1-1!

Sean groans and keeps nodding out.

RJ
I already called. They said he'll be
fine. He just needs to sleep it off
for a bit, and once the poison works
its way through his system, he'll be
right as rain...

Izzy's not sure how to react.

RJ (CONT'D)
C'mon, I'll grab his feet.

RJ goes for his feet, Izzy heads for his arms.

INT. SEAN'S LAKE HOUSE - KITCHEN - NIGHT (LATER)

Izzy and RJ are in the middle of prepping dinner, Sean
nowhere in sight. Izzy's at a fridge and holds up a beer.

IZZY
You want one?

RJ
I don't usually drink on the job--

IZZY
By the looks of Sean, I don't think
we'll be requiring your services much
tonight...

RJ
I didn't even consider that. I feel
awful that you guys hired me to do a
job and now I can't even do it. You
think I should just head home?

IZZY
You gonna leave me to cook alone?

RJ
(smiles)
I guess I'll take that beer then.

PHONE ALARM SFX (PRE-LAP)

CUT TO:

Izzy silences an alarm on her phone as RJ pulls a tray of salmon out of the oven. They're still prepping dinner, laughing, a few beers deep at this point.

IZZY
...my one regret is that I didn't get it on video because 'man with jellyfish latched on face' has all the makings of viral infamy.

RJ
Damn. And then I coulda spun that into a podcast deal or something. Jellyfish Jam Sesh with R-- Dr. Harvard...

IZZY
I'd tune in. Are your eyes feeling any better?

She approaches to check his eyes, which are still bloodshot.

RJ
I had to take my contacts out, but now I can't see worth a shit and my glasses are kinda... embarrassing.

IZZY
I promise not to judge. I'd rather you be able to see.

RJ grabs his overnight bag from a nearby table, starts rustling through it.

RJ
I've had these forever and I never really wear them. My mom actually got them for me and--

RJ puts on his backup glasses - large, aviator-style frames with a thin, metal rim - and Izzy cracks up.

RJ (CONT'D)
You said you wouldn't judge.

IZZY

I didn't say I wouldn't laugh. Do those come with an unmarked van?

RJ

Ha-ha. Ya know what, I don't even know why I put them on--

He goes to take them off, but Izzy grabs his hand to stop him. Her touch feels vaguely flirtatious.

IZZY

I'm kidding. They're very cute.

RJ's mesmerized by her. They make deep eye contact. After a beat, she pulls her hand away...

RJ

Can I ask you something personal?

IZZY

You're my therapist. Pretty much everything we discuss is personal.

RJ

Good point. I guess it would just give me some good, ya know, context if I understood... how you ended up with someone like Sean. He just seems a little... out there for you. Not saying that's bad or anything.

IZZY

In my experience, the men who try to present as a 'nice guy' are actually the biggest pieces of shit. And guys like Sean, who are unabashedly themselves and a little maybe rough around the edges, have the least to hide. Or at least that's what I thought until he refused to take ownership of that BDSM bag...

Izzy eyes RJ knowingly.

IZZY (CONT'D)

How dumb do you think I am?

RJ

(caught)

I, uh... yeah, I wanted to talk to you about that.

(MORE)

RJ (CONT'D)

It's just, uh-- when it comes to stuff like that, stuff that people have some shame around, you can't confront them in a hostile manner or it'll just, ya know, create more shame around it...

IZZY

Yeah, I... I guess that makes sense.

RJ

Being a therapist is hard because we're not supposed to call people on their shit. We're supposed to, like, facilitate growth and help people have their own epiphanies about their behavior, but... it can be hard... especially when you see someone you've grown to care about... in a situation that you wish you could change... and you think that you definitely could... but you also feel stuck and... powerless.

RJ holds eye contact with her for a desirous beat, hoping she'll read between the lines. It seems like she might be, but... the moment is destroyed when Izzy spots the HEADLIGHTS of a car as it creeps up the driveway.

IZZY

Shit, my sister's here.

RJ sees the car pulling into the driveway through the window.

IZZY (CONT'D)

Can you try to wake Sean? She's already not the biggest fan, so him sleeping through her big boyfriend reveal wouldn't be the best look.

RJ

Uh, sure. Yeah. I got you.

RJ hustles to a nearby guest bedroom.

INT. SEAN'S LAKE HOUSE - GUEST BEDROOM - CONTINUOUS

RJ opens the door right into Sean's head, who's sprawled out on the floor, GROANING and face down in a pool of his own drool. He's stirring more than he was when we last saw him.

RJ
 (whisper yell)
 You gotta get your shit together! Her
 family's here!
 (then)
 C'mon. Up and at 'em.

RJ grabs him, turns him over, sees that he's PEED HIS PANTS.

RJ (CONT'D)
 Jeez, man, you pissed your pants!
 We gotta get you changed!

RJ pops his head out of the room - he can see the silhouettes of Izzy's fam as they close in on the house.

RJ returns to the already shirtless Sean and pulls his shorts and underwear off.

RJ (CONT'D)
 Okay, let's stand you up, try to get
 your sea legs under you.

RJ pulls Sean to his feet, Sean's slightly fighting him, and he's still strong as hell even with the morphine.

RJ (CONT'D)
 Quit fighting me, you're just--

Sean starts PEEING again and it gets all over RJ.

RJ (CONT'D)
 Ah, gross, man!

RJ DROPS Sean. Sean hits the back of his head on the wood floor with a LOUD THUNK.

RJ (CONT'D)
 SHIT!

Sean continues squirming and groaning, and RJ tries to pick him up again, but when he does, he sees that the back of Sean's head is COVERED IN BLOOD.

RJ (CONT'D)
 Look what you did! You made yourself
 bleed!

RJ's growing frustrated as Sean attempts to get up. He grabs Sean by the wrists and tries to hold him down. Blood gets all over RJ's hands and chest in the process.

Even in this condition, Sean's a strong boy, so RJ has to use all of his strength to restrain him.

INT. SEAN'S LAKE HOUSE - FRONT DOOR - CONTINUOUS

As Sean and RJ's tussle ensues, the front door opens and we REVEAL that Izzy's sister is... Dr. Francine Zaluski!! She's flanked by her cheesy boyfriend, BRUCE (40s), who's holding a pie, and Izzy's mom, GLORIA (70s).

IZZY

MOM?!

GLORIA

SURPRISE!

While Gloria and Izzy are focused on hugging one another, Dr. Zaluski's attention is pulled to the guest bedroom door where she sees RJ wearing Jeffrey Dahmer-style glasses, covered in blood, face red with tentacle marks as he attempts to restrain a nude, disoriented man.

DR. ZALUSKI

What in the hell is--

RJ looks over and spots Dr. Zaluski.

RJ

(to himself)

The fuck?

RJ uses his foot to shut the door. Dr. Zaluski is almost too shocked to speak.

IZZY

Mom, what are you doing here?

GLORIA

Your Sean was kind enough to fly me in. I got in last night. Where is that sweet, clearly very wealthy boy?

DR. ZALUSKI

Sorry, why is-- was someone getting Jeffrey Dahmer'd in there?

IZZY

Oh, uh, Sean got bitten by a snake and he's all woozy from the poison so our friend is taking care of him.

BRUCE

Ya see?! And here Fran was making me feel silly for wearing my snake boots.

Bruce motions down to his very lame knee-high snake boots.

DR. ZALUSKI
And your friend is--

RJ emerges from the bedroom, blood all over him, shutting the door behind him and sheepishly ambling out with a big smile.

IZZY
Dr. Teddy Harvard. Teddy, come meet
my sister, Fran...

Dr. Zaluski's confusion only deepens.

IZZY (CONT'D)
...and how 'bout Sean flew my mom in!

RJ approaches and gives Gloria a big hug.

RJ
So amazing to meet everyone.

RJ gives Dr. Zaluski a hug, she remains stoic.

RJ (CONT'D)
Don't worry, this isn't my blood.

IZZY
You two should have a lot to chat
about considering you're in the same
field.

DR. ZALUSKI
Oh, we are? You... work in the world
of mental health... Dr. Harvard?

IZZY
He's... actually kinda Sean and my
couples therapist, but--

RJ
Hold on, Izzy! It's a HIPAA violation
to reveal that I'm treating you, so...
(miming)
Let's keep that zipped.

DR. ZALUSKI
It's actually the doctor who isn't
legally permitted to reveal their
patient, not the other way around.

RJ
Oh... yes... I might need to go a
little easier on the brewskis. It is
the doctor who isn't permitted to
reveal their patient.
(MORE)

RJ (CONT'D)

Doing so might even lose them their
license, I believe!

RJ eyes her as he says this. She gets the memo.

GLORIA

I adore your glasses, Dr.

RJ

You're too kind.

IZZY

Who's hungry?

INT. SEAN'S LAKE HOUSE - DINING ROOM - NIGHT (LATER)

We SLOWLY PAN across the table where we find Gloria, Dr. Zaluski, Bruce, Eli, Izzy, RJ and Sean are all mid-dinner. Sean is still in the midst of an opioid-induced daze, the back of his head streaked with blood, a new outfit haphazardly pulled on.

Eli's focused on his iPad while he eats.

Sean has Izzy seated on one side of him, RJ on the other, and RJ tries to Weekend at Bernie's the incapacitated Sean to keep him from falling out of his chair.

BRUCE

...I'm actually considered a bit of
an influencer on LinkedIn.
Motivational type stuff. It gets my
name out there, but more importantly,
I love feeling like I'm inspiring
workers to be the best version--

RJ seems uncomfortable... and we REVEAL that Dr. Zaluski is nursing a glass of wine and staring daggers.

DR. ZALUSKI

Forgive my ignorance, but I've never
heard of a couples therapist spending
the weekend with their clients. Feels
a bit... inappropriate?

IZZY

Fran...

RJ

It's all right. I've been considered
a bit of a, uh, renegade for most of
my career.

(MORE)

RJ (CONT'D)

The establishment loves to question my methods but my results speak for themselves.

GLORIA

When I was a kid, only truly crazy people went to therapists. And if you did go, you'd certainly never admit to it. It was something you did in disgraced secret. Now--

Sean tries to pick up his fork, but ends up knocking over a glass of wine.

IZZY

Hon, why don't you go lay down?

SEAN

I'm good. I'm good. Just... a little tired... is--

His eyes slowly close, but RJ gives him a discreet pinch and he jolts back awake.

DR. ZALUSKI

Where did you study, Teddy? Harvard, I presume.

RJ

(forced laughter)

Funny enough, I'm a Harvard who went to Yale. Go ahead, make your jokes. I've heard 'em all before.

DR. ZALUSKI

Phenomenal program over there. I consider many in that department my dear friends. Who was your advisor?

RJ

I don't want to bore the table with our shop talk. Bruce, what was that you were droning on about? LinkedIn?

GLORIA

I'm reading that the Chinese have infiltrated our internet. Barbaric people, the Chinese.

IZZY

Mom.

Eli stares at Sean, disturbed, as Sean's face becomes completely slack-jawed and drool drips out of his mouth.

BRUCE

When you've gotten enough traction on your posts, you actually earn a badge that signifies--

DR. ZALUSKI

I feel like I actually *do* recognize you! Weren't you at the Gottman conference in Austin last year?

RJ

That *was* me! The programming there is always top notch. And the fact that they got Imagine Dragons to close things out at the reception blew my f'n mind. When they played "Radioactive" I legit felt like I was having an out of body experience.

DR. ZALUSKI

You're literally too stupid to be shamed.

Dr. Zaluski takes another big slug from her wine.

IZZY

GLORIA

FRAN!

Francine!

Sean jolts awake.

SEAN

I'm awake, I'm awake.

IZZY

What is-- what's with all the attitude? You're being really aggro and weird. Did you two, like, date each other or something?

DR. ZALUSKI

Or something...

IZZY

(to RJ)

Care to shed any light as to what's going on here?

ELI

Can I go to my room?

RJ

I think there's been a bit of a misunderstanding...

DR. ZALUSKI

Then perhaps you want to make us all understand.

IZZY

Can somebody please explain what is going on--

GLORIA

Sean, I saw on the internet that you can make tens of millions of dollars from just one of your matches. Is that true?

IZZY

Mom, that is a completely inappropriate question.

Sean mumbles incoherently.

GLORIA

I'm not quite understanding.

(whispered to Fran)

Is he a little... what the football players get? Retarded in the head?

Sean tries to slink down onto the ground to get on one knee, but his body ends up slumping like a rag doll and hitting the ground with a THUD.

IZZY

Sean!

Izzy tries to help him back into his chair.

DR. ZALUSKI

Okay, this is not a snake bite, he is *clearly* on drugs.

As Izzy's helping him up, Sean pulls the RING BOX out of his pocket and holds it up.

IZZY

What're you-- what is--

SEAN

(garbled)

I love you with every ounce of my being. Will you marry me, baby?

DR. ZALUSKI

RJ

NO!

NO!

GLORIA
(gasps)
It's really happening!

BRUCE
(giddy)
I've never seen a proposal in
real life!

Izzy sits there in stunned silence.

SEAN
(to RJ, slurred)
Did you-- did you just tell her 'no'?

RJ
I just... I don't think you should be
doing this while you're in this
condition, and-- you clearly didn't
run it by her sister and mom, who she
appears to be very close with, and I
think you'd be doing your
relationship a disservice if--

GLORIA
You need to learn to mind your own
business, Dr.

DR. ZALUSKI
(to RJ)
Are you in love with my sister?

RJ
NO! What?! I mean, that is just...
one of the most insane--

IZZY
(blurting it out)
I have feelings for Teddy!

WHAT?!

DR. ZALUSKI

NO!

GLORIA

Sean's eyelids are heavy, he's still fighting the drugs even
in this heated moment.

SEAN
Wait, what--
(to Izzy)
Sorry, did you say you'd marry me?

RJ
I'm *extremely* in love with you!

This gets Sean's attention.

SEAN
You cocksucking--

IZZY
ELI, GO TO YOUR ROOM!

Eli springs to his feet and runs away, scared.

SEAN
(garbled)
How 'bout... you ask this piece of
shit... who RJ Turner is...

DR. ZALUSKI
THANK YOU!

IZZY
What're you--
(to RJ)
What is he talking about?

Sean stumbles away from the table into a back room.

RJ
Ignore him, he's clearly in the
throes of some kind of snake bite-
induced mental--

DR. ZALUSKI
Sean is right! This man's name is not
"Teddy Harvard," it's RJ Turner! I
don't know what sick ruse he's
running here, but he's not a
therapist, he's just a food delivery
boy. And you know how I know all
this? BECAUSE HE IS A FORMER PATIENT!

RJ
Whoa! HIPAA violation. Strike that
from the record.

GLORIA
I'm confused.

Izzy's devastated. She looks to RJ, hoping he'll deny it.

IZZY
What are they talking about?

RJ searches for the right words for a few uncomfortable
beats. He eventually settles on...

RJ
...I can see you're angry--

DR. ZALUSKI
YOU GET THE FUCK OUT OF HERE!

RJ
(to Izzy)
Do you... should I go?

IZZY
I think that would be best.

RJ sadly rises to his feet.

RJ
You don't have any to-go containers,
do you?

DR. ZALUSKI
Just leave, please.

Everyone sits in silence as RJ grabs his nearby overnight bag, shuffles to the front door, looks back longingly, and then exits.

A beat of awkward silence, then:

BRUCE
Ya know, that was all pretty wild.
But I will say, I'm proud of how much
restraint Sean showed. I can't say I
would've done the same if I had been
in his--

Just then, Sean comes staggering out from the back, fire in his eyes, a HARPOON GUN strapped across his chest.

IZZY
SEAN, DON'T!

INT. LORRAINE'S HOUSE - BASEMENT - NIGHT (LATER)

RJ's despondent as he lies on a ratty couch in Lorraine's basement, which seems to function as a man cave of sorts.

He looks like he may have been crying. He's listening to "I Miss You" by Blink-182 in the dark and mumbling along.

The lights shoot on and we find Lorraine standing at the bottom of the stairs with a butcher knife.

LORRAINE
RJ?

RJ
(emotional)
Hi, Mom.

LORRAINE

You scared me half to death. I thought you were out of town. I was this close to slitting your throat.

RJ

I need to talk to you about something...

CUT TO:

Lorraine's seated on the couch beside him giving him tissues, and he seems to be at the tail end of spilling the beans.

RJ (CONT'D)

...I knew deep down that I shouldn't have been doing it, but... I guess I felt pressure to make some quick cash to fix up the house for you and--

LORRAINE

Don't you pin this on me. I never asked you to fix up a damn thing.

RJ

But you certainly didn't stop me from doing it either. And when your cup was overflowing with fresh Mr. Pibb, you never stopped to ask where that money came from, did you?

LORRAINE

It wasn't my business to tell you how to spend your money, but I reminded you time and time again that Callum had it all under control and--

RJ

JESUS, MOM! THERE IS NO CALLUM!
YOU'RE BEING CATFISHED! NOBODY HAS
ISSUES WITH THEIR FACETIME FOR OVER A
YEAR! HOW ARE YOU THIS DENSE?!

RJ's hit a nerve. Lorraine's eyes well, RJ's heart breaks.

RJ (CONT'D)

I'm sorry, Mom, that was harsh, I--

LORRAINE

Please go. I don't want you in my house anymore.

RJ

But... I've got nowhere to go. I'm
sorry I got a little heated, but--

LORRAINE

I SAID 'PLEASE GO.'

RJ glumly rises, heads for the stairs.

EXT. LORRAINE'S HOUSE - FRONT PORCH - NIGHT (LATER)

A dejected RJ drags a *Power Rangers*-branded carry-on to his
car. As soon as his hand touches his car's door handle--

JORDAN (O.S.)

RJ!

RJ startles and SCREAMS, turns to find a wired and desperate
Jordan behind him.

RJ

Holy hell, dude, you scared me. I
don't know what you heard from Sean,
but if you'll just--

JORDAN

I don't give a fuck about Sean right
now, I'm in a bind. Things have
gotten real bad between me and
Natasha. Our kid was having a total
spazzed out meltdown, but it was
sparring night for me at jiu jitsu,
so I reminded her what we've talked
about in our sessions about the
importance of one parent being the
bad guy, but she wasn't buying it
anymore and completely *flipped*. It
was like all this resentment just
boiled over. She kicked me out and I
don't know what to do, man. I don't
wanna get a divorce. I love my wife.
I love my kids! Any ideas for how we
can get things back on track?

RJ mulls this over, but his enthusiasm for these kinds of
games seems to have waned.

RJ

I know you're looking for me to give
you 'the answer' that's going to make
all your problems go away, but there
is no magic bullet to this stuff.

(MORE)

RJ (CONT'D)

This probably isn't what you're looking for, but my advice is to just... tell her the truth.

A long beat.

JORDAN

Are you out of your mind? I'm not gonna tell my wife the truth, you fucking dipshit!

Jordan gets in RJ's face.

JORDAN (CONT'D)

You have to make this right.

RJ

I can't fix your marriage for you. I'm not a real couples therapist!

Jordan PUNCHES RJ in the stomach, crumpling him. Jordan bends down, whispers in RJ's ear.

JORDAN

You figure out a way to fix this, or I take your whole operation down with me, got it? If I'm not happy, nobody is. You most of all.

Jordan stomps off leaving RJ a pathetic mess on the ground.

BEGIN 'RJ'S DEPRESSED' MONTAGE

EXT. NICE HOUSE - FRONT PORCH - NIGHT

RJ's back to Doordashing. He drops a bag of food off on a doorstep, snaps a pic, and as he goes to head back to his car, he stops short when he sees a HAPPY FAMILY (Mom, Dad, Boy, Girl) setting the table for dinner.

Phone still in hand, RJ watches them for a wistful beat, wanting this for himself, but the moment is interrupted when the GIRL points at him leering at them and SCREAMS.

YOUNG GIRL

(muffled)

THERE'S A MAN FILMING US AND I THINK HE'S TOUCHING HIMSELF!

RJ

I was NOT touching--

RJ thinks better of arguing and just SPRINTS AWAY.

INT. RJ'S COROLLA - NIGHT

RJ sits in his car parked on the side of the road, bummed as he watches *Suits* on his center console DVD player.

He's watching the series finale, and as the credits start to roll, he gets a Netflix pop-up that reads 'More Like This' and it has a tile for *Bridgerton*.

RJ
(tearful)
So long, *Suits*...

INT. APARTMENT COMPLEX - HALLWAY - DAY

RJ makes another Doordash delivery. He snaps a photo of the bag and as he turns on his heels to exit--

COLLEGE KID (O.S.)
Well, well, well...

RJ turns and sees the College Kid from earlier.

COLLEGE KID (CONT'D)
Just couldn't ignore the siren song
of the dash, huh?

RJ
Enjoy your food, kid. Everything's
accounted for. Feel free to check.

COLLEGE KID
I haven't rated you yet. What do you
think you deserve?

RJ
Uh, five stars is always appreciated.

COLLEGE KID
Beg.

RJ
What?

COLLEGE KID
Get on your knees and beg.

RJ
Please don't make me--

COLLEGE KID

Or I could also contact customer service and tell them that I found jizz in my food. Human jizz. Human delivery guy jizz.

RJ gets down on his knees, humiliated.

RJ

Please, may I have five stars?

COLLEGE KID

(calling back)

MIKE, COME FILM A TIKTOK OF ME!

INT. UPSCALE APARTMENT - LIVING ROOM - NIGHT

RJ settles in on a pull-out couch in an upscale apartment.

RJ

Really appreciate you letting me crash here.

We REVEAL that he's in Horace's apartment.

HORACE

I wouldn't even have this place if it weren't for you... least I could do.

RJ

Not gonna lie, this is way nicer than I was expecting.

HORACE

Yessir. I've developed a nice little side hustle for myself. Ever since we did that little switcheroo where I played therapist with your ex, I realized how passionate I was about coaching people's lives. And so I said, hell, what kind of profession would allow me to coach a life? And then it hit me - life coach! Anyway, I been doin' that for a bit now, and I've become laughably successful. Like, way more successful than you ever were. And I ain't having to be a huge liar neither. I'm just offering no-nonsense advice, Horace-style.

RJ

Cool if I just go to bed and you stop talking to me?

HORACE

I can do you one better. I'mma take the trash out, then how 'bout we settle in and see what's trending on the homepage of XVideos? Maybe have us a joint goon sesh?

RJ

Nah, I think that'd be really weird.

HORACE

I hear ya. How 'bout some Youtube then? Watch a compilation of stolen valor videos - that's where real veterans confront people pretending to be veterans. It's fun stuff.

RJ

Fine...

HORACE

Hot damn!

Horace grabs a bag of trash, pushes out the front door and we REVEAL... Horace's 'apartment' is actually a POD portable storage container that he's furnished tastefully.

END 'RJ'S DEPRESSED' MONTAGE

INT. RJ'S COROLLA - NIGHT

RJ has a bag of take-out in the passenger seat of his car.

When he pulls up to his Postmates destination, he immediately clocks it as Kenny's house. He wrestles with whether to just drive away, but he begrudgingly grabs the food and exits.

EXT. KENNY'S HOUSE - FRONT GATE - CONTINUOUS

RJ runs over to the gate, drops the food beside it, not bothering to head up to the front door, but as soon as he turns to rush back to his car--

KENNY (O.S.)

'Bout time.

RJ stops and turns.

RJ

Oh, hey, man. I, uh, didn't recognize your house.

Kenny picks up the bag of food.

KENNY

Uh-huh. I've ordered enough food tonight to feed my family for the entire week, but I had a feeling I'd get you eventually.

(then)

You been screening my calls.

RJ

Sorry, I guess, I just... I realize what I did was fucked up, so I didn't need a whole lecture or whatever.

KENNY

Realizing is sorta meaningless if you don't do anything to make it right...

This gives RJ pause.

KENNY (CONT'D)

Running away from your problems isn't gonna make them go away. As an adult, when you piss your pants in front of the whole grade, there is no transferring schools. You stand up in front of everyone and you own that shit. It's time you grow up and stop acting like a Piss Boy, start acting like a Piss Man...

RJ nods, suddenly inspired.

SMASH CUT TO:

INT. SWANKY HOTEL LOBBY - EARLY EVENING

A swanky hotel lobby is teeming with dozens of COUPLES milling about. All the couples we've met over the course of RJ's escapades are there. The relationships between all the couples seem icy and distant.

RJ (O.S.)

EXCUSE ME, EVERYONE.

The crowd looks over to find RJ standing atop a sofa.

RJ (CONT'D)

THANK YOU ALL FOR COMING OUT HERE TONIGHT. I FIRST JUST WANNA SAY--

A HOTEL WORKER has snuck up on RJ.

HOTEL WORKER

Excuse me, sir, are you the organizer of whatever this is?

RJ

Please, I'm in the middle of something important.

HOTEL WORKER

You can't just use our lobby to hold a meeting, you have to go through our events department and rent a--

RJ

(through gritted teeth)
It's not a meeting!
(whispers, desperate)
Please, leave me alone or I'll fucking kill myself right here in your lobby and the reputation of your hotel will be forever tarnished.

The Hotel Worker backs away.

RJ (CONT'D)

(clears throat)
I know you all came here because I promised to provide you with 'The Answer' that would fix your relationships and make you never have to go to couples therapy ever again, but the truth is...

GAY HUSBAND #1

(gasps, whispered)
The answer was inside of us all along....

RJ

...there is no 'answer' to the perfect relationship.

GAY HUSBAND #1

Ohhhhh, I was kinda close.

Confused murmurs from the crowd.

RJ

Relationships require work and compromise and having hard conversations... and I hate that I helped a lot of people in here avoid those things.

(beat)

(MORE)

RJ (CONT'D)

SO, in the spirit of having difficult convos, I wanted you all to know that I'm not a couples therapist, I'm just some random loser named RJ Turner.

All the deceived spouses in the crowd gasp and grumble in dismay. The people who hired RJ react in faux anger.

JORDAN

WE TRUSTED YOU!

NATASHA

Wait... I'm confused. You said you helped people in here avoid those things. Are you saying some people knew you were a fake?

The deceived spouses murmur and cheer in support.

JORDAN

THE MAN SAID THAT HE IS SORRY! AND SURE, WE COULD GET HUNG UP ON THE DETAILS AND ALL THE LOOSE ENDS, BUT I, FOR ONE, APPRECIATE HIS CANDOR, ACCEPT HIS APOLOGY, AND AM READY TO MOVE ON WITHOUT DIGGING FURTHER.

The people who hired RJ erupt in cheers.

NATASHA

THEY KNEW! IF YOUR SPOUSE WAS THE ONE WHO HIRED THIS IMBECILE, THEY *KNEW* THEY WERE HIRING A FAKE!

The deceived spouses all start to turn on their partners.

RJ

OKAY, JUST... WAIT! I don't want to make excuses for your partners because what they did was a low down dirty shame. But when you peel back the onion, they went to these extreme and costly lengths to deceive you because they didn't feel comfortable coming to you with the truth!

Jordan looks to Natasha and nods like a sad puppy dog.

RJ (CONT'D)

If your partner felt truly comfortable sharing all of themselves with you, even the embarrassing or selfish, they would have no use for me. So, in a way... it's your fault.

This doesn't sit well with the deceived partners.

RJ (CONT'D)

I didn't mean that! It's NOT your fault. In fact, let's not focus on blame. Let's focus on the future...

(then)

I know you want to rip your partner's head off right now, but let's try to see if we can start a new chapter of your relationship right here, right now, by being as honest as you've ever been. Go on.

(long beat)

Please...

The partners all hesitantly face each other, and we hear some murmuring in the crowd as the couples start opening up.

RANDOM HUSBAND

The real reason I avoid having sex is because I'm scared that I'm not satisfying you, and I don't wanna let you down. I can't strike out if I never step up to the plate...

RANDOM WIFE

Aw, babe...

They kiss.

JORDAN

...I know I'm good at my job, but I don't know if I'm a good dad, so I guess I throw myself into my work and distance myself from the kids so I don't have to face my own inadequacy.

NATASHA

I didn't even know you were capable of that level of self-reflection.

Jordan gives her a big hug.

FED-UP WIFE #5'S HUSBAND

I didn't set up that fake cancer charity to buy a boat, that was just a cover for the fact that I've gotten into whores, and I needed the money to keep feeding my whore addiction.

FED-UP WIFE #5

That's actually way worse.

FED-UP WIFE #5'S HUSBAND
(to RJ)
IT'S NOT WORKING.

RJ
Think of your emotions sitting in
your stomach like rancid foie gras.
Your body is gonna try to purge it,
but if you stop that puke from
coming, it's just gonna find another
exit point, so you end up with
underwear full of shit, which is
objectively worse--

AGGRESSIVE MAN (O.S.)
ON YOUR KNEES!

RJ and the crowd all look over to the wings where a SWAT TEAM
has busted in, guns trained on RJ.

The crowd SCREAMS in terror. RJ throws up his hands.

RJ
WHAT IS HAPPENING?!

SWAT LEAD
JUST LET THESE PEOPLE GO AND WE CAN
TALK ABOUT YOUR DEMANDS.

RJ
I DON'T HAVE ANY DEMANDS!

RJ gets on his knees, hands still in the air.

RJ (CONT'D)
Oh, God, I think-- I think I'm being
swatted!

SWAT LEAD
IF YOU DETONATE THAT BOMB, YOU GO OUT
A COWARD. IS THAT HOW YOU WANT TO BE
REMEMBERED?

RJ
I AM A COWARD, BUT I SWEAR ON MY
MOTHER THAT I DON'T HAVE A BOMB!

SWAT MEMBER #1
(whispered to SWAT Lead)
I have a clear head shot...

SWAT LEAD
Hoooooollllllldddd, hoooooollllllldddd.

RJ

THE REAL COWARD IS WHOEVER ABUSED
EMERGENCY SERVICES TO SEND YOU HERE.
I'M A REASONABLE GUY, BUT THERE'S
NOTHING THAT GETS ME PEEVED QUITE AS
MUCH AS WASTING TAXPAYER MONEY.

The crowd cheers in agreement. SWAT Lead looks RJ over and realizes there's no real threat here.

SWAT LEAD

Stand down, team. This man's no
killer. He has the soft eyes of a
dimwitted simpleton. We've been had.

The SWAT Team all lower their guns--

SEAN (O.S.)

THE FUCK ARE YOU WAITING FOR?!

We find an unhinged Sean O'Malley watching all of this unfold from the darkened wings of the hotel.

SEAN (CONT'D)

SHOOT THE PSYCHO!

RJ

You! You were the one who swatted me!

SEAN

(to SWAT team)

Are you gonna kill him or not?!

SWAT LEAD

I hope you know that swatting is a
felony in the state of Pennsylvania.

SEAN

Fuck it. I'll do it myself...

Sean rushes RJ, who's still on his knees, but a GROUP OF RJ'S CLIENTS, led by Jordan, stand in his way.

JORDAN

Stand back, Sean.

SEAN

What do you think you're doing?

JORDAN

If you want to get to RJ, you're
gonna have to get through us first...

SEAN

Okay...

In quick, John Wick fashion, Sean proceeds to -

--Head butt RJ CLIENT COMBATANT #1.

--Sweep the legs of RJ CLIENT COMBATANT #2.

--Catch a punch from RJ CLIENT COMBATANT #3 and wrench his arm skyward until it SNAPS.

--Karate chop the throat of RJ CLIENT COMBATANT #4.

--Execute a FLYING KNEE at RJ CLIENT COMBATANT #5.

--Uppercut RJ CLIENT COMBATANT #6 sending her flying backwards.

--Disarm and then use Swat Lead's Gun to knock him out.

He approaches Jordan, the only one left standing.

JORDAN

You don't have to do this, buddy.
C'mon, you're my favorite client.

SEAN

You're fired.

Sean BITCH SLAPS Jordan so hard that he knocks him unconscious. Sean then turns his attention to a petrified RJ, who scrambles to his feet. Sean approaches.

RJ

Wait, wait, wait! Just...
(deep breath)
Listen, I understand how hard it is
to be you. When you're surrounded by
people who you question--

Sean interrupts him with a swift ROUNDHOUSE KICK to RJ's arm.

RJ (CONT'D)

OWWWWW! DUDE. What the f--

RJ looks down at his arm and sees that it's been fractured, and the bottom half of his arm grotesquely sways like spaghetti. RJ SCREAMS BLOODY MURDER and backs away.

RJ (CONT'D)

PLEASE! JUST-- BEFORE YOU KILL ME, I
HAVE SOMETHING TO SAY!
(MORE)

RJ (CONT'D)

I've learned a little bit from every single person I've worked with during this ride, and one thing I got from you is that some people are just... huge pieces of shit. I'm sure if I did some digging, I'd find out a bunch of stuff from your childhood that messed you up, but understanding it won't change the fact that at your core, you are a deeply fucked up sociopath, and everyone should just stay as far away from you as humanly possible.

SEAN

(snarls)

I'm gonna rip your throat out.

As Sean rushes RJ to end him, he gets SHOT IN THE STOMACH, blowing him backwards onto the floor. The crowd GASPS.

We REVEAL a SWAT GUY closing in with a SHOTGUN. He pumps the gun and continues to unload... sending round after round at Sean's lifeless body.

RJ

TAKE IT EASY, MAN! You killed him!

SWAT GUY

It's just rubber bullets. He'll live.

Swat Guy pumps the shotgun again and sends another BLAST at Sean's limp body for good measure.

RJ

Oh, sick. That was actually really cool to witness in person.

(then)

Thanks, man. You saved my butt.

SWAT GUY

Just right place, right time.

Swat Guy removes his helmet and we REVEAL he's the Desperate Dad Sean humiliated in front of his son at the UFC event!

SWAT GUY (CONT'D)

Who's the pussy ass bitch now?

Swat Guy HOCKS A LOOGIE and SPITS on Sean's passed out body. RJ stares at the Swat Guy, disturbed by his intensity.

RJ
(whispered to himself)
Jesus.

EXT. SWANKY HOTEL - FRONT ENTRANCE - NIGHT (LATER)

The entrance of the hotel is a zoo - cop cars, ambulances, SWAT vehicles. Couples who are now on the road to mending their broken relationships meander back to their cars.

Sean is strapped down and handcuffed to a stretcher and loaded into an ambulance.

Kenny's by RJ's side, an EMT putting RJ's arm in a sling.

RJ
I know I should feel proud of myself,
but I kinda feel like a fraud.

KENNY
I mean, yeah, you literally committed
fraud for months, so that's a
completely reasonable thing to feel.

RJ
No, I feel like a fraud not because
of all the fraud, but because I told
people to have hard conversations
even though I'm avoiding one...

KENNY
There's still time...

EXT. LORRAINE'S HOUSE - FRONT DOOR - NIGHT (LATER)

RJ knocks at a front door... we're CLOSE ON it. When the door opens, we REVEAL... Lorraine tying up her robe.

RJ
Hi, Mom.

INT. LORRAINE'S HOUSE - KITCHEN - MOMENTS LATER

Lorraine prepares tea, RJ's mid-apology.

RJ
...basically, you caught me in a weak
moment and rather than look at
myself, I lashed out at--

LORRAINE

Let me stop you right there, sweetie. While I know you said what you said from a place of anger, you spat nothing but straight facts. And you inspired me to have some hard chats of my own. I messaged Callum and told him that he either needed to get on the next flight to Philly to see me, or we were done.

RJ

That took a lot of courage. And I know it must be hard to face the truth about who he is, but--

BRITISH VOICE (O.S.)

Oy, what's all this then?

A strapping British lad, CALLUM (early-40s), approaches the doorway in nothing but boxers, his rocking bod on display.

LORRAINE

Callum, this is my son RJ.

RJ's dumbfounded.

CALLUM

Pleased to meet ya, bruv.

RJ

Wow, you're... here.

CALLUM

Your mum is one special bird.

Callum hugs her in close from behind.

RJ

Aw... gross.

CALLUM

I'll let you two finish whatever you is bantering about, but you and me should grab us a pint.

RJ

Yeah, sure. That... sounds great.

CALLUM

Cheers, mate.

Callum and Lorraine make out, then he ambles away.

RJ

I don't know what to say, Mom. He seems... great. I'm sorry I ever doubted you.

LORRAINE

(leans in, whispers)

He's actually annoyingly clingy. I think I'm gonna break up with him.

RJ

Whatever makes you happy...

LORRAINE

I love you, hon.

RJ

Love you too, Mom.

Lorraine pulls RJ in for a big bear hug.

FADE.

OVER BLACK:

MAN'S VOICE

Checking in for my one o'clock.

INT. CO-WORKING SPACE - HORACE'S OFFICE - DAY

RJ's sitting behind a reception desk.

RJ

Is this your first--

When he gazes up, he freezes, stunned silent.

RJ (CONT'D)

Jamie Kennedy...

We REVEAL *the* Jamie Kennedy checking in for his appointment.

JAMIE KENNEDY

Yeah.

RJ

I'm sure you're sick of hearing this, but *Son of the Mask* is like one of my favorite movies ever. Me and this girl are both obsessed with it, and I was obsessed with her, but then... I kinda... messed it all up.

JAMIE KENNEDY

You know how in the climax of *Son of The Mask*, Loki kidnaps my baby, and I have to don the mask to save him?

RJ

Yeah. That sequence rules.

JAMIE KENNEDY

What if my character, whose name escapes me because it's been a while, just gave up after his son had been kidnapped? Would that have been a satisfying conclusion?

RJ

I guess not, but...

JAMIE KENNEDY

No 'but.' You must don the mask once again and save your fucking baby...

RJ's inspired.

HORACE (O.S.)

Mr. Kennedy.

We find Horace standing in the entranceway of his office, which is much more impressive than RJ's ever was. Jamie heads over to join him.

HORACE (CONT'D)

Sorry if he's a bother, I've told him repeatedly not to speak about personal business with my clients...

As soon as the door shuts behind them, RJ jets for the exit!

EXT. CHAMPIONS EXPRESS CAR WASH - DAY (LATER)

A run-of-the-mill car wash is busy servicing an assortment of cars as RJ's Corolla pulls into the lot. A CAR WASH EMPLOYEE with a pad in hand approaches as RJ exits his car.

CAR WASH EMPLOYEE

What're we doing for you today?

RJ

You can't do anything for me... I have to do it for myself.

RJ bounds for the car wash lobby with a purpose. The Employee stands there for a beat, not sure how to react, then:

CAR WASH EMPLOYEE
GONNA PUT YOU DOWN FOR THE SUPREME.

RJ reaches the lobby's front entrance, but when he pulls the door, it won't budge...

INT. CHAMPIONS EXPRESS CAR WASH - LOBBY - CONTINUOUS

A TEENAGE CASHIER watches RJ pulling with all his might.

TEENAGER CASHIER
YOU GOTTA PUSH.

EXT. CHAMPIONS EXPRESS CAR WASH - CONTINUOUS

RJ continues pulling in vain, looks over and notices a nearby viewing walkway for everyone inside to watch the cars get washed. Amidst some CAR OWNERS waiting, he sees Izzy...

RJ bee-lines over, which means going through the entrance bay where the cars enter the car wash. They're separated by glass, but he dives into his speech.

RJ
Izzy! You can try to lock me out, but
it's not gonna stop me from saying
everything I gotta say. I--
(deep breath)
...a few weeks ago, I told a room
full of people that they needed to
not shy away from being vulnerable,
and it felt hypocritical to not take
my own advice, so... I just--

A car enters behind him, and the wash protocol starts up.
Izzy motions at him to get out of the way, but he seems to
think she's telling him to come further inside... which he
does... and he's immediately BLASTED WITH A HIGH-PRESSURE
HOSE that douses him. He SCREAMS.

RJ (CONT'D)
IF THIS IS THE ONLY WAY I CAN SAY
THESE THINGS TO YOU THEN SO BE IT,
BUT I'M NOT LEAVING HERE WITHOUT
SAYING WHAT I GOTTA SAY!

He continues working his way down the walkway, Izzy watching
him through the glass and keeping pace with him. The car wash
protocol is active so he shouts over the machinery.

RJ (CONT'D)
I FUCKED UP BIG TIME, NOT JUST WITH
YOU, BUT WITH A LOT OF PEOPLE.

A soapy solution is sprayed all over RJ from behind.

RJ (CONT'D)
AND WHAT I DID WAS SO MANIPULATIVE
AND SO SELFISH, I WOULDN'T BLAME YOU
IF YOU PRAYED FOR ME TO DIE. I DON'T
THINK YOU'RE THE TYPE, BUT IF YOU
DID, I WOULDN'T BLAME YOU.

RJ is pummeled by RUBBER FLAPS, smacking the hell out of him,
but he emerges through them and continues his speech.

RJ (CONT'D)
AND I'M NOT GONNA TRY TO MAKE EXCUSES
FOR THOSE THINGS BECAUSE I DID 'EM,
BUT I'M REALLY SORRY THAT I LIED TO
YOU... AND THERE HASN'T BEEN A DAY
THAT'S GONE BY SINCE THE LAKE THAT I
HAVEN'T THOUGHT ABOUT YOU.

The soap is rinsed off with another healthy blast of water.

RJ (CONT'D)
AND I KNOW THAT IT'S PROBABLY WEIRD
THAT I MISS SOMEONE THAT I DON'T EVEN
KNOW THAT WELL, BUT IF YOU GIVE ME A
SHOT, I'D NEVER TAKE YOU FOR GRANTED
AND I'D WANT TO KEEP LEARNING ABOUT
YOU UNTIL THE DAY ONE OF US DIES,
HOPEFULLY AT THE SAME TIME.

A HIGH-PRESSURE BLOWER kicks on and batters RJ.

RJ (CONT'D)
OR MAYBE WE GO ON A FEW DATES AND YOU
REALIZE I SUCK AND YOU WANT NOTHING
TO DO WITH ME, THAT'S FINE TOO!

INT. CAR WASH - VIEWING WALKWAY - CONTINUOUS

Izzy watches RJ as he staggers out of the exit of the car
wash, still yelling at her through the glass, but from her
perspective, we see that the noises are so loud and the glass
so thick that she can't hear a word he's saying...

EXT. CAR WASH - WASH EXIT - CONTINUOUS

Izzy and RJ are finally face-to-face as RJ trudges through the exit of the car wash looking like he's just been through hell. His skin is BRIGHT RED, still mid-speech.

RJ
...but if you don't want to give me a shot, at the very least, I hope you realize that you deserve so much better than a psycho like Sean.

A long beat.

IZZY
Are you okay?

RJ
Yeah. The heat was, like, *really* hot. I think it burned my skin. But it was worth it to be able to get all of that off my chest.

IZZY
I couldn't hear a word you said.

RJ
FUCK! Okay, lemme start over. A few weeks ago--

IZZY
You know Sean and I broke up right after the lake weekend, right?

RJ
Oh, word? I... did not.

IZZY
I realized that the Sean I knew was nothing but a character. Plus, him hiring a fake couples therapist to manipulate me was super fucked up.

RJ
Totally! Some might say it's way worse than *being* that fake therapist.

IZZY
I'm not sure about that. I agree that I deserve better than Sean, but I think I also deserve better than you.

RJ
Oh...

IZZY

There are enough guys in the world that I feel like I probably shouldn't settle for one who has already been outed as a pathological liar.

RJ

That makes sense actually. Yeah. In fact, I probably woulda thought less of you if you *had* given me a shot.

IZZY

Sorry.

RJ

Nothing to be sorry about. You're on the right side of history here.

IZZY

My, uh, sister told me she's been inundated with calls from your former clients looking for a new therapist. That was nice of you to do that. For her, but also for them.

RJ

It was nothing.

IZZY

Be well... RJ. And maybe go get those burns checked out.

RJ

You too... about the being well. Not about the burns.

RJ turns and heads for his car, but stops and turns back.

RJ (CONT'D)

Oh! Since I'll probably never see you again...

RJ runs to his car, rustles around for a bit, emerges, and runs back to her holding what looks like a book.

IZZY

What's that?

RJ

Mirage Comics' Teenage Mutant Ninja Turtles Ultimate Collection.

(MORE)

RJ (CONT'D)

I told Eli he could borrow it but then things got crazy and I didn't want you to think I was grooming him in order to get to you and--

IZZY

He'll appreciate this. That was... really thoughtful. Thank you.

She takes the book.

RJ

He can actually keep it. I have them all memorized.
(then)
Bye, Izzy.

He turns and heads back to his car, picks up the pace as the emotions start to overwhelm him.

INT. RJ'S COROLLA - MOMENTS LATER

RJ sits in his car practically catatonic, staring off into space, "I Miss You" by Blink-182 playing again.

KNOCK! KNOCK! KNOCK!

He startles and SCREAMS, and looks to find Izzy at his window motioning for him to lower it. He does.

RJ

What're you d--

SHE GOES IN FOR THE KISS! They make out for a few beats and it's positively electric. She pulls back and smiles at him.

IZZY

Had to hit you with a Teddy test.

He's beside himself, practically floating.

RJ

Did I pass?

IZZY

You passed.

They start making out again.

We PULL OUT as the MUSIC SWELLS and a line of cars HONK...

FADE OUT.

THE END