

inTREATMENT

Brooke

Week 5

Episode 420

Written by

Jennifer Schuur

Directed by

Karyn Kusama

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inTREATMENT

Brooke: Week 5 | Episode 420
Full Yellow Draft
03.04.21

CAST LIST

Dr. Brooke Taylor
Adam Evans

SET LIST

Interiors:

Brooke's House
Living Room

BROOKE

Week 5

Saturday at 6 P.M.

#420

1 INT. BROOKE'S HOUSE - LIVING ROOM - EVENING (N1) 1

ADAM, on the couch with a drink, concentrates on GLUING one of
Brooke's *objets d'art* back together -- a casualty of one of
their boozy evenings. Nearby, BROOKE rummages through her purse. *

BROOKE
I swear I tossed it in here last
night. *

ADAM
What are you looking for? *

BROOKE
My lipstick. My good neutral. *

ADAM
You're putting in a lot of effort for
this guy, don't you think? *

Brooke stops and looks over at Adam.

BROOKE
Listen. This won't work if you're going
to flex at the mention of any other
human male I come in contact with. *

ADAM
I'm only pointing out you've spent the
last forty-five minutes on a tear around
here, picking up and getting ready --
and for what? You've known Paul forever.
I guarantee he doesn't care if you have
the perfect shade of lipstick on or not. *

BROOKE
Maybe not. But I do. *

ADAM
Hey. Take a breath. Come over here. *

Brooke hears the wisdom in Adam's suggestion. She takes a deep
breath, abandons her purse, and then crosses to the couch.
Adam scoots over without taking his hands off the two pieces
of pottery he's holding together. *

ADAM (CONT'D)
You can cancel, you know. I'm sure
you could find another time. *

BROOKE

He heads back on the red eye tonight.
Besides, it'll be... fine.
(then, re: the superglue
project)
How 'bout I finish that later?

ADAM

Uh-uh. This is between me and this...
whatever this is.
(motions to his drink)
But help yourself to my drink if you
want.

BROOKE

I'm good.

Adam pauses and then gives her a look.

ADAM

Are you...?

BROOKE

Am I what?

ADAM

Do you think you might be pregnant?

BROOKE

Oh, I only meant I need to get through
this visit with Paul before...
(scrambling)
Look, it's way too early to know
anything. And this whole baby thing
is a long shot. If it happens...
(a shrug)
But until then, I'm going to just
keep living my life, yeah?

ADAM

(hiding his disappointment)
Yeah. Of course. Makes sense.
(then)
Are you going to tell Paul about the
lawyer finding your son?

BROOKE

Probably. Maybe.

ADAM

And what do you think he'll say?

BROOKE

I know exactly what he'll say.

(in Paul's Dublin brogue)

'And how do you feel about that, Brooke?'

*

ADAM

Wow. Insightful.

BROOKE

He takes a more classical approach,
but, hey, it's a classic for a reason.

*

(smiles, thinking about Paul)

It drives him crazy that I bring so much
of myself into the room with my patients.

*

ADAM

Meaning...?

BROOKE

My use of self-disclosure. When I'm
honest, it opens the door for my
patients to be the same. I'm real,
they're real.

*

ADAM

So, the student has become the master.

*

BROOKE

No, no, I'm not better. We're just...
different.

Brooke looks at Adam's hands holding the object together.

*

BROOKE (CONT'D)

Don't you think that's long enough?

ADAM

Rookie mistake. People think superglue
dries in seconds, but if you want full
bond strength, you have to be patient. It
takes at least ten, sometimes fifteen--

BROOKE

--You're going to make me say it,
aren't you.

Adam knows what she's talking about. He takes a moment before
deciding on honesty over denial.

*

ADAM

Paul means a lot to you, Brooke. I
want to meet him.

*

BROOKE

It's just -- I think it'd be good
for you and I to play this thing out
between us for a minute before...
you know...

*

ADAM

Before you fully acknowledge my
existence in your life.

With this, Adam lets go of the object. It holds together.

*

BROOKE

It's not that.

ADAM

Hide Quasimodo in the belfry.

BROOKE

Really. It's not.

ADAM

It's not that it even hurts my
feelings all that much but it just
gets so fucking old--

BROOKE

--Don't you get it? If you're here,
he'll know.

*

This stops them both. A beat.

ADAM

He doesn't know you're drinking again?

An almost imperceptible shake of the head from Brooke.

*

ADAM (CONT'D)

Why? A supervisor isn't your boss or
anything. He's your therapist.

*

BROOKE

(defensive)

Well, it is what it is and nothing
about it is going to change before he
shows up in five minutes, so...

ADAM

(annoyed)

Fine, I'll hit up Isaiah. Grab a beer
or something. At least it'll get me out
of this fucking house for a minute.

Adam stands. We STAY WITH Brooke as he grabs his jacket and closes the front door behind him with a BANG. The object on the coffee table tips and SPLITS BACK IN TWO. Brooke SIGHS.

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*2 **INT. BROOKE'S HOUSE - LIVING ROOM - LATER (N1)** 2 *

Brooke stands at her windows, glass in hand. It's impossible to tell if it's her first or very much not her first drink of the night. City lights twinkle in the darkness, her face reflecting back to herself in the glass.

Suddenly, a familiar VOICE floats into the scene. It takes a moment, but suddenly we realize... It's BROOKE'S OWN VOICE.

*

BROOKE'S VOICE (O.S.)
You seem far away.

Brooke shakes her head slightly. She's not -- or is she?

BROOKE'S VOICE (O.S.) (CONT'D)
Is there something you're looking for
out there?

To our surprise, Brooke at the windows answers out loud:

*

BROOKE
I'm just... waiting.

*

BROOKE'S VOICE (O.S.)
Yes. Waiting. Alone with nothing but
your thoughts...

Brooke slowly turns away from the windows, and we REVEAL --

THERAPIST BROOKE sitting right there in her orange chair, dressed impeccably for work -- hair, makeup, all of it flawless. She smiles warmly at PATIENT BROOKE standing before her.

*

THERAPIST BROOKE
And that being the case, I guess you
might as well take a seat.

CUT TO:

MAIN TITLES

3 **INT. BROOKE'S HOUSE - LIVING ROOM - LATER (N1)** 3

Patient Brooke now sits on the couch, staring into her drink.

*

THERAPIST BROOKE
What is it?

PATIENT BROOKE
What do you mean?

THERAPIST BROOKE
Something is clearly working its way
to the surface for you.

Therapist Brooke accompanies this with an expectant look.

PATIENT BROOKE
You can give me that look, but I'm
actually doing pretty darn well at
the moment, all things considered.

THERAPIST BROOKE
What comes to mind when you say that?

PATIENT BROOKE
Well, on Monday, I will have my son's
information, and the mystery that has
haunted me for over half my life will
finally be solved.

THERAPIST BROOKE
Simple as that?

PATIENT BROOKE
Why couldn't it be?

THERAPIST BROOKE
Was finding him simple?

PATIENT BROOKE
No, not exactly, but...

Therapist Brooke lets that hang. Patient Brooke shifts gears.

PATIENT BROOKE (CONT'D)
And there's Adam.

THERAPIST BROOKE
What about him?

PATIENT BROOKE
The conversations we're having about
our future -- it's not like we've
ever been here before. It feels...

THERAPIST BROOKE
...Yes?

PATIENT BROOKE
I don't know, like progress.

THERAPIST BROOKE
'Progress.' Hmm. A clinical term. Not
a lot of romance in it.

PATIENT BROOKE
It's realistic.

THERAPIST BROOKE
Ah, the mark of every love story for
the ages: pragmatism.

PATIENT BROOKE
I thought you'd see it as a good thing.
It's coming from a less emotional place
than where I've been recently.

THERAPIST BROOKE
You mean it's... progress?

Patient Brooke crosses her arms, annoyed.

THERAPIST BROOKE (CONT'D)
Okay, okay, you're not wrong. If you
were sitting here conjuring rainbows
and rapture, I'd also have concerns.

PATIENT BROOKE
So, there's no winning with you.

A look of deep affection crosses Therapist Brooke's face.

THERAPIST BROOKE
That's all I want for you. You know
that, right? These conversations we
have? It's me cheering you on. Wanting
you to get out in front of whatever it
is that's holding you back.

Suddenly, Patient Brooke's eyes brim with tears that don't
spill over. Therapist Brooke falls silent. She simply shows up
for Patient Brooke here, softly holding her gaze. It is the
first really intimate moment between the two of them.

PATIENT BROOKE
It felt good to throw out his ashes.
I don't regret it. I really don't.
Those ashes weren't him. Not really.
Mostly it felt like a step toward
some greater release. Which is good.
I think.
(then)
So, like I was saying, all things
considered, I'm doing pretty well.

Patient Brooke sips her drink. Therapist Brooke clocks it.

THERAPIST BROOKE
I can see that.

PATIENT BROOKE
Okay, Rita.

THERAPIST BROOKE
Hey, what you're going through is a
lot. All of it. I validate that. I
honor it. And it's exactly why you've
returned to the thing you know for a
fact brings relief. In the short term.

PATIENT BROOKE
What if I can handle it?

THERAPIST BROOKE
Okay, let's play it out. What does
'handling it' look like?

PATIENT BROOKE
It's me bringing my best to my patients
during the day and getting to unwind
with a few drinks at night. Like an
adult. I've also been sober for nine
years. You think I haven't learned
something about my relationship to
alcohol in all that time?

THERAPIST BROOKE
So, that's what's happening now? Work
all day and then a cocktail or two in
the evening?

PATIENT BROOKE
Something like that.

THERAPIST BROOKE
Never a quick drink between patients?
To take the edge off?

Brooke's mounting shame -- thus, anger -- is answer enough.

PATIENT BROOKE
Fuck you.

THERAPIST BROOKE
Sure. If you've been able to fully show
up for your patients day in and day out
in a responsible way, then, yes, fuck me.

PATIENT BROOKE
I have. I can do that sober and,
frankly, I can do that even if I've
had a drink.

THERAPIST BROOKE
You do take great pride in your
ability to compartmentalize. It's
almost a full-time job at this point.

PATIENT BROOKE
No, I take great pride in my ability
to help my patients find happiness.
That's my job.

THERAPIST BROOKE
It is?

The simple question causes Patient Brooke's defenses to sag. *

PATIENT BROOKE
Oh, here it comes... *

Therapist Brooke can't help a slight grin.

THERAPIST BROOKE
It's just a little Jung.
(assuming a professorial air,
in Paul's Dublin accent again)
'The principal aim of psychotherapy
is not to transport the patient to an
impossible state of happiness, but to
help them acquire-- *

PATIENT BROOKE
(joins in)
--a steadfastness and philosophic
patience in the face of suffering.'

Patient and Therapist Brooke share an affectionate smirk. *

PATIENT BROOKE (CONT'D)
Jung really knew his shit.

THERAPIST BROOKE
(LAUGHS)
Indeed he did. *

PATIENT BROOKE
It really is the one debt I will
always owe Paul.

THERAPIST BROOKE
What is?

PATIENT BROOKE
He saw my potential.

THERAPIST BROOKE

It was easy to see. The young woman he met had the insights and observations of clinicians twice her age. Because she had *lived*. Because things had happened to her. Success, loss, addiction, rehab... You could find a way to relate to anyone with profound empathy. All that you'd gone through, good and bad -- it made you *great*. But do you know who recognized your potential first?

(off Patient Brooke,
unsure)

You.

*
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As Patient Brooke takes this in:

THERAPIST BROOKE (CONT'D)

In fact, I think you've known your own promise for a very long time. It may even be the truest thing you know about yourself.

PATIENT BROOKE

(SCOFFS)

Yes. That's exactly the message I got as a child. 'Brooke, you know what's best for you. We trust you to make your own decisions about your life.'

THERAPIST BROOKE

No, you didn't get that message.

PATIENT BROOKE

My father would--

THERAPIST BROOKE

(interrupts sharply)
--I know.

Patient Brooke stops, a little thrown.

THERAPIST BROOKE (CONT'D)

You talk about your father a lot. You offer him up each and every time someone tries to get to the bottom of things with you.

PATIENT BROOKE

You don't think he deserves a finger pointed in his direction?

THERAPIST BROOKE
I do. But I also think it's the easy answer. 'He made me give up my child.' That's a pain anyone can understand. But is it really as simple as that?

Patient Brooke seems surprised. Therapist Brooke studies her.

THERAPIST BROOKE (CONT'D)
Why do you think you never talk about your mother?

PATIENT BROOKE
What -- what do you mean?

THERAPIST BROOKE
It's a conspicuous absence.

PATIENT BROOKE
There's just never been much to sort through. I loved her. She didn't put the same pressure on me as my father did and...

(wistful)
...she was the best when I was sick or sad or needed help. She really showed up in the hard times.

THERAPIST BROOKE
And her death was very painful for you.

PATIENT BROOKE
I mean, sure. Of course. But it was twenty-five years ago.

THERAPIST BROOKE
She was young.

PATIENT BROOKE
Youngest stroke victim her doctor ever tried to save. But the bleeding was just too much.
(then, softly)
I'm sure it's what she wanted all along.

Therapist Brooke leans forward.

THERAPIST BROOKE
'What she wanted'?

Suddenly, Patient Brooke retreats.

PATIENT BROOKE
You know, a quick death. Don't we all?

THERAPIST BROOKE
(not letting her off the hook)
You think she wanted to have a
catastrophic stroke?

PATIENT BROOKE
Of course she didn't want it.
(then, more tentative)
But there are the studies, the links
between hemorrhage and heavy drinking...
(beat)
She didn't take care of herself.

THERAPIST BROOKE
(repeats, slowly)
She didn't take care of herself.

PATIENT BROOKE
I know what you're driving at.

THERAPIST BROOKE

PATIENT BROOKE
It's obvious.

THERAPIST BROOKE

PATIENT BROOKE
(evenly)
She didn't take care of herself, which
means she didn't really take care of me.

Therapist Brooke lets that hover in the room for a beat before: *

THERAPIST BROOKE

Patient Brooke gets a sudden, fearful look in her eye. She doesn't want to go where Therapist Brooke is leading her.

THERAPIST BROOKE (CONT'D)
Okay, then why don't you just tell me
about her? What was she like?

PATIENT BROOKE
I haven't thought about her in a long time.

THERAPIST BROOKE
And I think that's part of the problem.

The two Brookes lock eyes. Eventually, Patient Brooke relents.

PATIENT BROOKE

My mom was... a force. A whirlwind. Always *doing*. Where my father would spend forty minutes smoking a cigar without even shifting his gaze out the window, my mom was like -- I don't know -- an electron. In one place one second, in another the next. Maybe even two places at once.

THERAPIST BROOKE

What would happen if you needed her? How would you get her attention?

PATIENT BROOKE

We'd... collide.

(beat)

Anyway, at first, she probably thought a drink or two in the evenings would slow her down. Help her relax. But it just made the trail she left behind her messier.

*

THERAPIST BROOKE

What did it look like?

*

*

Patient Brooke looks off, lost in memory.

PATIENT BROOKE

There's this sense you develop when you live with an alcoholic. You can open the front door and within a fraction of a second, you know if they've been drinking. You don't have to hear them or see them. You just... *know*. And that feeling was the only thing I trusted because every moment afterwards was unpredictable. I could find her in the kitchen in a great mood, trying out a new recipe for pie crust or spaghetti sauce. Or I could slip past her nodding off over the laundry basket on the couch and hole up in my room for the rest of the night. When my dad would get home and make her wake up, I'd just turn up Power 106 and hit the books. Or I could search the whole house for her, terrified I'd find her hurt -- or worse. But, no. She'd been picked up for a D.U.I. leaving the bank. She was spending the afternoon sobering up in a holding cell like all the other mothers in the neighborhood.

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(MORE)

PATIENT BROOKE (CONT'D)

(suddenly)

I swore I would never be like her!

The suffering in this outcry nearly takes Therapist Brooke's breath away. Her hands move to cover her heart, tears rising as she bears witness to Patient Brooke's pain.

THERAPIST BROOKE

(as comfort)

I know... I know... I'm here...

PATIENT BROOKE

The things she would say and do... My dad was so embarrassed, too. Here was this man who had a vision for everything -- a piece of land, the design of a home, the cut of a suit. It killed him that he couldn't make her fit into his vision for our family.

THERAPIST BROOKE

And how do you think she felt?

Patient Brooke really thinks about the question. Maybe for the first time ever.

PATIENT BROOKE

(haltingly)

She -- she probably felt trapped.
Just like I did.

Therapist Brooke holds her breath. Yes. They're closing in.

PATIENT BROOKE (CONT'D)

I would go to the right schools. I would grow up Jack and Jill. I would have that cotillion.

THERAPIST BROOKE

You wouldn't be another embarrassment in the family.

PATIENT BROOKE

You wouldn't be a fifteen-year-old mother.

THERAPIST BROOKE

You mean you wouldn't.

PATIENT BROOKE

Right. Yes. I wouldn't.

Patient Brooke takes another big sip of her drink.

THERAPIST BROOKE
(re: the drink)
And that was her solution, too.

At this, Patient Brooke slowly lowers her glass.

PATIENT BROOKE
She had the most gorgeous voice. I would catch her singing to herself and I'd sing as quietly as I could along with her. I didn't want to stop her but I also wanted to be swept away with her.
(then, softly)
I loved her.

THERAPIST BROOKE
You did.

PATIENT BROOKE
And I know she loved me. In the ways she could.

THERAPIST BROOKE
It's a scary thought, isn't it? That love isn't necessarily enough to prevent the damage?
(then, carefully)
Probably scary enough to keep you from having a family of your own.

Patient Brooke looks at Therapist Brooke, eyes wide.

THERAPIST BROOKE (CONT'D)
You blame your father for everything. Then and now. You always have. But maybe it's your mother who is somehow at the root of your pain.

This idea crashes up against everything Brooke thought she understood about her past, herself. She has to fight it.

PATIENT BROOKE
You're wrong.

So begins a propulsive, rhythmic back-and-forth between the two. *

PATIENT BROOKE (CONT'D)
I mean, it's not really *pain* I'm feeling when a drink seems like the best idea I've ever had. It's not even that deep.

THERAPIST BROOKE
What do you feel in those moments?

PATIENT BROOKE
It's more like anxiety. I'm just
uncomfortable a lot of the time.

THERAPIST BROOKE
And where does that feeling come from?

PATIENT BROOKE
I just told you. Anxiety.

THERAPIST BROOKE
But where does anxiety come from?
Fundamentally?

PATIENT BROOKE
First, Jung, now Kübler-Ross?

THERAPIST BROOKE
Just go with the premise: There are
only two primary emotions -- fear or
love. Everything else spills out from
these two core feelings. So... anxiety?

PATIENT BROOKE
Fear.

THERAPIST BROOKE
Right. So, what are you afraid of?

PATIENT BROOKE
A lot of things.

THERAPIST BROOKE
Yes, but what are you afraid of?

PATIENT BROOKE
(frustrated, searching)
I don't know... that I'm...
(finds the word)
...unloveable.

THERAPIST BROOKE
Go further. 'Unloveable' in what way?

PATIENT BROOKE
That's easy. I'm not enough.

THERAPIST BROOKE
(tough love)
Enough easy answers! What's the hard one?

And this is where the tennis match stops. Patient Brooke drops
her racquet. A long moment of silence passes before:

*

PATIENT BROOKE
That I'm too much.
(profoundly sad)
I was too much for my mother.

THERAPIST BROOKE
Too perceptive... Too inquisitive...
Too capable...
(also profoundly sad)
Those are the exact qualities a
mother should celebrate in her child.
(then, quiet)
This is it, Brooke. You recognize
that, right?

Patient Brooke can't move. She can't breathe. She knows Truth has come for her and she has no idea what to do with it.

THERAPIST BROOKE (CONT'D)
You are pure gold. You glow. And
unfortunately, that blessed fact never
got you the love you wanted from your
mother. The mirror you held up to her
was blinding. And so every drink you
take tarnishes that brilliance. Every
day spent with a man you have doubts
about dampens your power. You think
that by lowering yourself, you become
more lovable.
(beat)
And your son...

Suddenly, Patient Brooke stands and turns her back on Therapist Brooke. Moving back to her windows: *

PATIENT BROOKE
Enough. *

THERAPIST BROOKE
You need to hear this.

PATIENT BROOKE
No. Paul should be here. I want to hear
what he has to say.

THERAPIST BROOKE
And where is he? *

PATIENT BROOKE
Goddammit! He hounds me for a month and
then a last-minute, one-sentence,
'Can't make it' text?

THERAPIST BROOKE
Why does this surprise you? *

PATIENT BROOKE
What? Paul's always been very
reliable.

THERAPIST BROOKE
No, I mean, why does it still surprise
you when you find yourself alone?
(then)
You sit here with your patients, an
audience to their joys and
heartbreaks. There are echoes in
their stories but every one is
unique. Uniquely felt. Singular.

Patient Brooke nods in recognition.

THERAPIST BROOKE (CONT'D)
And that perspective forces an
understanding that loneliness is woven
into the fabric of being human. We
become separate the moment we leave our
mothers' bodies and from that point
forward, all one ever really has is
oneself. I mean, when you think about
it, isn't our job, at its heart -- it's
not to teach our patients anything.
It's simply to help them unearth what
they already know about themselves.
Their authentic nature. Their truth.

(then)
So, yes, Paul could be sitting here
right now. He could have a lot to say
or he could say nothing at all or he
could cancel right before he was
supposed to arrive just like he did
and it wouldn't really change a thing.
Because deep down, you know.

Everything inside Patient Brooke says to run, to pour a drink,
to welcome oblivion, and yet... she listens.

THERAPIST BROOKE (CONT'D)
Your son doesn't want to be found. So
why upend his life for some fantasy
that won't be realized? To make
yourself feel even worse?

(then)
No matter what message you got from
your mother, you don't have to be sad
to be loved.

Patient Brooke closes her eyes.

THERAPIST BROOKE (CONT'D)
In fact, the only way you will ever
experience real love is when you stop
dimming your light.

PUSH IN on Patient Brooke's still-closed eyes, the profound ache
inevitably behind them. Therapist Brooke is out of frame now:

THERAPIST BROOKE (O.S.) (CONT'D)
I'm sorry I can't make this okay for you.
All I can do is encourage you to sit with
your pain. Have patience with it. Become
steadfast in it. Make it mean something...

With this last line, Brooke's breath catches. Her eyes flick
open to find her reflection looking right back at her.

As we PULL BACK, the windows' reflections REVEAL that Brooke's
orange chair behind her is now EMPTY. Once again, she is alone.

Brooke holds her own gaze as she slowly sets her glass on the
side table. The first drink we haven't seen her finish.

It is half-full.

CUT TO BLACK.

END OF EPISODE 420