

PISSED

"Pilot"

Written by

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INT. HALLWAY, APARTMENT - DAY

...where **GARY STERN**, early 20's, shaggy hair with a black *
backpack slung over his shoulder, wears out the carpet below
him, pensively pacing back and forth in front of a CLOSED DOOR.

He looks at his watch, shakes his head, then as he knocks gently
on the door...

STERN

Everything okay in there? You
didn't fall in, did you?

Silence. He looks at his watch again, starting to get
frustrated. Now, he bangs on the door a little harder...

STERN (cont'd)

Come on! I can't be late!

Just then, we hear a flush, and as the door opens slightly, a hand
appears holding a SEALED JAR filled with a foamy yellow liquid.

Stern quickly snatches it away, places the jar in his
backpack. And as he speed-walks out of the apartment...

INT./EXT. STERN'S CAR, STREETS OF LOS ANGELES - DAY

... where Stern drives smoking a joint. As he gets into the
right lane, the backpack on the seat next to him starts
sliding off the seat. Just as he reaches over, the car starts
to drift...

HONK!!! Stern yells at the HONKER next to him.

STERN

Fuck you!

And as he quickly adjusts back in his lane...

INT. DR. DIANE WOLF'S OFFICE - DAY

...where Stern sits on a large couch, across from **DR. DIANE**
WOLF, late 40's and a no-bullshit therapist who sits, *
covering her legs with a thin, cashmere blanket.

STERN

Honestly? I hope he rots in hell. I
mean, what kind of asshole honks if
you're not even in their lane?

Dr. Wolf doesn't answer.

STERN (CONT'D) (cont'd)

I'm gonna die alone.

DR. WOLF
How do you know?

STERN
No one wants to marry a Gary.

DR. WOLF
So, you think you'll never find love?

STERN
Honestly, who has a baby and names it fucking Gary?! Have you ever met a baby named Gary? No. Because Gary's are born forty years old with mustaches. Only my fucking mother would be so crazy to name her baby Gary.

DR. WOLF
So is this about your name or your mother?

STERN
Oh fuck off.
(then, starting to simmer)
Jesus Christ, do we always have to go back to my mother? Can you be more of a cliché?

DR. WOLF
Okay... then, let's go back to Gary. You've never mentioned "the name" thing. Why today?

STERN
It's stupid.

DR. WOLF
That's okay. Tell me anyway.

STERN
Fine. I was on a first date last week and as we were leaving this pizza joint I saw this homeless guy outside...

EXT. STREET - EARLIER THAT DAY

...where Stern and a GIRL-NEXT-DOOR-TYPE walk out of a pizza joint, Stern carrying his leftovers in his hand. As he sees a LARGE HOMELESS MAN, he motions for a moment from the Girl, and as he walks over to him...

STERN (V.O.)
 And this guy was enormous, so I
 thought... I'm really gonna make
 his night.

Now, Stern leans down, offering his pizza to the Homeless Man.

STERN
 (feeling good about himself)
 Hey man, there's half a pizza in
 here for you.

HOMELESS MAN
 What kind is it?

STERN
 (confused)
 Prosciutto.

HOMELESS MAN
 (waving him off)
 Meh. I'm good.

STERN
 What?

GIRL
 Gary, come on.

HOMELESS MAN
 Yeah. Get the fuck out of my
 face... Gary.

STERN (O.S.)
 And that's when I lost it.

Off Stern, about to lose his shit...

INT. DR. DIANE WOLF'S OFFICE - SAME

DR. WOLF
 Are you going to see the girl again?

STERN
 No. Rest of the date went to shit. Fucking
 guy couldn't just take the pizza.

DR. WOLF
 So it was his fault?

STERN
 He used my name like an insult. And
 he's right.

DR. WOLF
Maybe you should just be grateful
your name's not Adolph.

STERN
What?

DR. WOLF
I'm just saying it could be worse.
(then)
You know this isn't about the
homeless guy... or your name. This
is about you taking responsibility
for your actions--

STERN
Okay, here we go.

DR. WOLF
The homeless guy didn't ruin your
date. Just like the guy at your old
job didn't put himself in the
hospital. And it doesn't matter how
much of an asshole he was.

STERN
(looking away)
I don't wanna talk about that.

DR. WOLF
That's what the court *mandated* you to
talk about here. Look, if you want to
get to the root of your anger--

STERN
The root? I've been coming here for
five fucking months! What makes you
think we're gonna get to the root all
of a sudden?!

DR. WOLF
Okay... you're at a 10... let's try
to take it down to a 5.
(then, switching gears)
Close your eyes and tell me about a
favorite memory.

STERN
Can we please not with the
visualization bullshit?

DR. WOLF
Humor me.

Stern rolls his eyes, then as he closes them...

STERN
(rolling his eyes, then)
Stephanie Simmons. She was my first kiss.

DR. WOLF
Okay, describe the moment.

STERN
I was in her room. It was warm. Her family always kept the heat on, even in the summer. I mean, who the fuck does that? It was like walking into a sauna every time I went over there.

DR. WOLF
We're focusing on the good, remember. Was it quiet?

STERN
No. She always played the radio really loud so her parents couldn't hear us messing around.

DR. WOLF
What song was on the radio?

Stern starts to get lost in the moment, and as he cracks his first smile...

STERN
Whitesnake. "Here I go again."

DR. WOLF
Sing it.

STERN
What?

DR. WOLF
Sing the song.

STERN
I am not gonna sing the fucking song.

DR. WOLF
Stop fighting everything.

STERN
(frustration boiling over)
This is stupid!

DR. WOLF

At a certain point, you're going to have to trust me if you actually want this to work.

(then, looking at her watch)
Time's up.

Then, as Stern gets up to leave...

DR. WOLF (CONT'D) (cont'd)

Aren't you forgetting something?

Now, Stern reaches into his bag and takes out the jar of yellow liquid in it. And as he plants it on her desk...

STERN

For someone who values trust so much, you don't seem to have a lot of it in your marriage.

DR. WOLF

You think I care if my husband piss tests me? It means he still cares. And technically, you're not supposed to know anything about my personal life, Gary.

STERN

Yeah, that ship has sailed.
(then, as he turns away)
And don't call me Gary.

As he slams the door behind him...

INT. OFFICE, UNIVERSITY OF CALIFORNIA STATE

...where **COACH NATE CARR**, early 50's, African American and built like a brick-shithouse, watches game-film of the CAL STATE FOOTBALL TEAM. There's a knock at the door, and as he looks up to see...

COACH CARR

'Fuck you doing just standing there? Get your pasty ass in here before someone sees you, Gary.

Stern cringes at his name, as he closes the door behind him.

COACH CARR (cont'd)

Got my order?

Stern nods as he pulls out a JAR OF URINE, and as Coach snaps it out of his hand, quickly putting it in the fridge...

COACH CARR (cont'd)
 Goddamn Thomas... can't whiff the
 QBs jock without juicing again--

STERN
 TMI, dude.

COACH CARR
 What about the other thing?

STERN
 Ask and ye shall receive.

Now, Stern reaches into his bag and pulls out THE WIZZINATOR
 (a fake penis pump system for live piss testing).

STERN (cont'd)
 New model just came in. Pressure
 belt and fill port give a much more
 realistic stream. Just make sure
 Thomas uses the heat packs right
 before the test.

COACH CARR
 Just put the fake dick over the real one?
 (then, off Stern's nod,
 marveling at it)
 Can you use it for... anything else?

STERN
 (disgusted)
 Whatever floats your boat, Coach.

Then, as Stern zips up his bag...

COACH CARR
 Might have another order for you
 soon. Admin's so far up my ass they
 can taste my damn breakfast.

STERN
 Just remember I need--

COACH CARR
 48 hours notice. I know.

Then, as Coach reaches into his pocket, he gives Stern a
 hundred bucks. Stern looks at the money, furrows his brow.

STERN
 Where's the rest?

COACH CARR
 That's what I normally pay.

STERN
 (anger starting to rise)
 Yeah... *minus* the Wizzinator.

COACH CARR
 Thought it might be on the house. You
 know... preferred customer price?

Stern bites hard, and as he tries to keep the fire within
 from turning into a raging inferno...

INT. LIVING ROOM, STERN'S APARTMENT - LATER THAT DAY

...where other worldly music plays as we find **JAVIER ARMENTA**,
 mid 20's, in tip-top shape, wearing Puka beads, sitting next
 to his girlfriend, **ALLI JAMES**, mid-20's, a flower child born
 six decades too late.

Both sit eyes-closed, next to a fold-out couch, legs crossed,
 doing the BREATH OF FIRE exercise, until, the front door
 opens to reveal Stern carrying a huge jug of Apple Juice.

STERN
 (closing the door)
 Javier, I got some OJ for you to
 suck down so we can get a head
 start on tomorrow's ord--

Javier and Alli open their eyes, and as he looks up to
 realize he's just killed their vibe.

STERN (cont'd)
 Ah, shit. Sorry guys. Didn't
 realize you were in here doing
 your... Kangaroooni.

JAVIER
 Kundalini, but it's all good brother.
 (then, motioning to the table)
 Check the bag.

Now, Stern walks over to the table and opens a large black
 bag, looking inside to find TEN CONTAINERS OF PISS INSIDE.

JAVIER (cont'd)
 Stream was strong this morning so I
 got a head start.

STERN
 First good news I've heard all day.

JAVIER
 Take it out of next month's rent?

STERN

Done.

(then, turning to...)

Alli, I have a couple female clients tomorrow also.

ALLI

Got you covered Gare-Bear... on one condition. You sit down and do a little Ong-Na-May-Na-Mo.

STERN

Ong-Na-May-No-Way.

JAVIER

Come on, brother. It'll totally open up your Chi.

STERN

I'm good.

ALLI

Just a little ong?

STERN

Thanks but no thanks.

(then, bowing)

Namaste.

ALLI

Wait, wait.

(then, turning to Javier)

Are you going to tell him the good news or should I?

STERN

There's good news?

Alli and Javier look at each other, then...

ALLI

We're pregnant!

BEN

We're pregnant!

Stern looks at them, dumbfounded.

JAVIER

It's the circle of life!

STERN

You're kidding, right? There's not enough room in this circle for more life!

ALLI
 (quickly, jumping in)
 What if we paid extra rent?

Stern thinks about it for a moment, then...

STERN
 Fine.

JAVIER
 In piss.

Stern looks at him, starting to get angry, but beggars can't be choosers. As he nods his head, walking towards...

INT. STERN'S BEDROOM - CONTINUOUS

...where he puts down his backpack, sitting down at his computer, a jar of WEED marked BRUCE BANNER next to it. But as he brings up a spreadsheet with names, dates and dollar amounts, his eyes go wide, making an AWFUL realization. And as he runs back into...

INT. LIVING ROOM, STERN'S APARTMENT - MOMENTS LATER

...where Stern runs in to find Alli and Javier breathing fire...

STERN
 You're fucking pregnant!?

JAVIER
 Yeah. We literally just talked
 about this thirty seconds ago.

STERN
 But that means that I just gave Dr.
 Wolf pregnant piss.

ALLI
 Oh yeah. Is that a problem?

Now, PUSH IN ON Stern, who's using every muscle in his body to not freak out, until he just can't hold it anymore. And as Stern grabs an end table and just before he's about to SMASH IT TO PIECES...

PRE-LAP Whitesnake's "Here I Go Again" as we finally...

SMASH TO TITLE CARD:

PISSED

INT. LIVING ROOM, STERN'S APARTMENT - MOMENTS LATER

...where we pick up with Stern, hands on knees, out of breath, standing among the disaster he created, furniture destroyed, the living room a mess.

JAVIER

Dude... what the frolic?

Stern ignores Javier, pacing and taking out a half joint from his pocket. As he tries to light it, growing more and more frustrated with every failed attempt...

JAVIER (cont'd)

Those essential oils you broke against the wall were from Indonesia and--

ALLI

Javi, we'll get other oils.

JAVIER

We got it from a Shaman.
(turning to Stern)
You know any Shaman?

STERN

(re: the joint)
Goddamnit!

ALLI

Baby, now is not the time.

STERN

(feeling a bit of remorse)
Look, I'll replace oils, but first,
I have to just figure out THIS
STUPID FUCKING SITUATION!

ALLI

Gare-Bear, have you thought about talking to someone?

STERN

I already do and I have no idea what I'm gonna tell her.

Now, Stern pulls out his phone, and walks out of the apartment.

ALLI

We'll just clean this up!

As Javier and Alli look at their "bedroom" destroyed....

JAVIER
Thank God we're minimalists.

INT. DR. WOLF'S OFFICE - MOMENTS LATER

...where Dr. Wolf stares at her jar of piss, phone to her ear.

DR. WOLF
You gave me pregnant piss?

INT. PARKING LOT, STERN'S APARTMENT COMPLEX - SAME

...where Stern's on the phone, speed walking towards his car.

INTERCUT AS NECESSARY

STERN
It's not too late is it?

DR. WOLF
No, but it's pretty fucking close.
My husband is going to be home in
two hours. I can't take another
month at Betty Ford.

STERN
I'll fix this.

DR. WOLF
You better, because I've got your
parole officer on speed dial.

STERN
What is that... a threat?

DR. WOLF
No. It's just reality. If I go to
rehab, you're going to jail. Figure
it out.

CLICK!

STERN
URGHHH!!!

Stern kicks his car door in anger! Now, he bends down,
notices the large DENT he made in his own door.

STERN (cont'd)
GRRRRHHH!!!

And as Stern opens his dented door, getting and slamming it
shut, as he tears out of the parking lot...

INT./EXT. STERN'S CAR, STREETS OF LOS ANGELES - NIGHT

...where Stern bobs and weaves through traffic, keeping one eye on the road, the other on his phone where he's FACE-TIMING with MOLLY, 26, thick New York accent.

MOLLY

Sorry Stern, can't help you.

STERN

This is an emergency, Molly. I'm already on my way.

MOLLY

Definitely don't be on your way. I said I can't alright? I'm exclusive with Benecio now.

STERN

You're what? Why the hell did you do that?

MOLLY

Because I haven't heard from you in weeks! And Benecio is giving me a bigger cut.

STERN

So much for loyalty.

MOLLY

Loyalty?! You're the one who benched me for that skank sleeping with your roommate. So go fuck yourself!

STERN

Go fuck myself?! GO FUCK **YOURSELF**.
(then)
Hello?

As Stern realizes she hung up... he lets out a guttural anger roar. Just then, his phone rings with another call from MOM - FACETIME coming up on the display.

As he begrudgingly answers, **OLIVIA STERN**, early 60's, with a thick Eastern European accent, appears on-screen donning a RED "MAKE AMERICA GREAT AGAIN" T-SHIRT.

STERN (cont'd)

What Mom?

OLIVIA

That's how you answer the phone?

STERN
What do you need?

OLIVIA
Are you driving?

STERN
Yeah.

OLIVIA
Are you CRAZY?! You are face-timing
while you are driving?!

STERN
You called me!

OLIVIA
You answered, you maniac!

STERN
Mom, I can't talk right now, I'm
right in the middle of work and...
(then, a thought occurring)
Let me ask you a question.

INT. LIVING ROOM, MOM'S PLACE - LATER

...where Stern paces, opposite Olivia who sits at the kitchen table, "Info Wars" on her iPad in front of her. She can barely take her eyes off the screen.

OLIVIA
What do you want with my pee?

STERN
I told you it's for ancestry.com.
It's a... urine DNA test. I'm
curious about my genealogy.

OLIVIA
(disgusted)
Your what?

STERN
The family tree. Jesus, why do you
gotta make a thing out of
everything? It's just a
little pee.

OLIVIA
(re: the screen)
Did you see this? They have proof
that Fake News CNN and the
Democrats work together with Satan.

STERN

Mom...

OLIVIA

(outraged)

Don't "Mom"! There is tape! You can see Podesta, Hillary, and that idiot Wolf Blitzer wearing their Death Shrouds!

She points to the screen where we see the most low-budge, horrible youtube video of three people wearing black sheets over their heads.

STERN

You gotta stop falling for that stuff, Mom.

Now, Stern opens the cupboard for a glass and sees a smattering of prescription bottles.

OLIVIA

You stop falling for the Deep State propaganda.

STERN

(inspecting the bottles)
You on new meds?

OLIVIA

I'm not crazy!

Now, Stern notices a bottle of Vicodin.

STERN

You're taking pain killers?

OLIVIA

I had hip surgery!

STERN

Three years ago!

OLIVIA

It still hurts!

STERN

Jesus.

OLIVIA

Oh, don't be such a snowflake.
What... you gonna throw me in some twelve step program?

STERN

No, that's not what I'm...
 (then, raising a brow)
 Mom. I gotta go. Put the iPad down
 for a little while.

As he kisses her on the cheek...

OLIVIA

(almost patronizing)
 Okay.

And as he walks out, closing the door behind him, Olivia immediately presses play.

ALEX JONES (ON IPAD)

Is Obama running a secret child sex
 cult on Mars?

Off Olivia rapt with attention...

EXT. COMMUNITY CENTER - LATER THAT NIGHT

...where Stern walks towards the open doors of a Community passing a hanging sign that says: "**AA MEETING: HERE**". And as he walks into....

INT. COMMUNITY CENTER - CONTINUOUS

...he looks around, instantaneously regretting his decision.

He stands there uncomfortably looking for a mark and spots **LUCY MORALES** -- mid 20's, tall and friendly looking -- over by the coffee. Stern takes a deep breath, and walks over.

STERN

(tapping her on the
 shoulder)
 Hey, how's it--

Lucy whips around, startled and FWAPPP!!! SLAPS Stern across the face.

LUCY

Jesus! Don't you ever creep on me
 like that again! I'm much bigger
 than you and could REALLY hurt you!

STERN

Oh my god, I'm sorry, I'm just
 gonna go... over there.

And as Stern walks away, eyeing potential clean-piss producers, the meeting moderator **MARK ZEITZER**, 50's, bald and a little on the large side -- walks to the front of the room.

MARK

Okay, folks, the chronic pain group after us has become a chronic pain in my ass so we can't run late. I wanna jump right in.

Everyone takes their seats and as Stern sits down...

MARK (cont'd)

Let's start with a newbie. Who's first?

As no one moves an inch...

MARK (cont'd)

(pointing to Stern)

Haven't seen you before. Care to share your story?

STERN

(shaking his head)

Oh... I'm good.

MARK

No one in here is "good". But we get better by talking. Come on.

Everyone nods, tries to get Stern up there. Then, as Stern takes a deep breath and stands...

STERN

Hi. My name is Stern.

GROUP

Hi Stern!

STERN

So... I've been sober... about one year. I guess I... I just... feel like there's this monster inside. Always there, just beneath the surface, y'know? It's really exhausting. No loves a monster, right?

(then, off people nodding)

It's like the Hulk movies. How many Spidey reboots do they have to make before Hulk gets a stand-alone film again? I don't care what anyone says... Ang Lee's meditation on the human psyche was a damn masterpiece.

(MORE)

STERN (cont'd)

And Ruffalo is killing the role. He could skullfuck the Guardians straight out of the galaxy but those sons of bitches at Marvel STILL won't give him his own movie?! No wonder he's a loose canon, that's what happens when no one gives a SHIT ABOUT YOU!

Now, Stern comes out of his rage, to realize everyone's staring at him, perplexed.

STERN (cont'd)

Thanks.

Stern is lightly clapped off, and as he sheepishly slinks into his chair, checking his watch... off Lucy, looking at him, a slight smirk across her face...

EXT. COMMUNITY CENTER - LATER THAT NIGHT

...where Stern walks out, looking at people, trying to figure out who to approach. And just then, Lucy approaches...

LUCY

How's your face?

STERN

It's fine.

LUCY

I'm really sorry. Sobriety has me super on edge.

STERN

Trust me, I know the feeling.

LUCY

I loved what you said in there. Totally get what it feels like to have the monster inside. Not so much the Hulk... more American Psycho, myself. All smiles on the outside, but inside I want to kill everyone.

Stern smiles... a kindred spirit. Then, as Lucy reaches into her bag, producing a CARD...

LUCY (cont'd)

Name's Lucy Parker.

STERN

(re: the card)

You weren't kidding about the American Psycho thing.

LUCY

Kinda weird, I know.

(then, re: the card)

It's bone white too.

STERN

But is it Romalian type?

LUCY

Holy shit! No one around here has been getting any of my movie references. Where have you been?

STERN

Usually go to another meeting, but I was kinda desperate tonight.

LUCY

Okay... this is gonna sound crazy but... would you consider being my sponsor?

STERN

(taken aback)

Oh... uh, I don't think--

LUCY

Stern, please. I've been coming for months and everyone here is cuckoo for cocoa puffs... present company obviously included. Sane people get snatched up like that. Please, I just need someone normal.

Stern looks into her pleading eyes, then gets an idea.

STERN

Okay... I'll be your sponsor. But I need something in return.

LUCY

It's not a blowjob is it?

STERN

No! Jesus.

(then, taking a cup out of his jacket, deep breath)

I need you to piss in this.

LUCY
What?! Why?

STERN
To make sure you're really clean.
Gotta start off on the right foot.
(then, off her silence)
You in or out?

Off Lucy, skeptical to say the least...

EXT. PARKING LOT, COMMUNITY CENTER - MOMENTS LATER

...where Stern walks to his car, carrying the jar of piss with him, talking on the phone...

STERN
Success.

DR. WOLF (ON THE PHONE)
Do I even want to know how you
got it?

STERN
No.

DR. WOLF (ON THE PHONE)
Okay, texting you an address. Meet
me there in an hour.

And as Stern gets into his car, slamming the door shut...

INT. STERN'S CAR - 20 MINUTES LATER

...where he's hauling ass down the street, when his phone rings. He looks down to see Coach Carr's name on the display. As he sends the call to voicemail...

STERN
Preferred customer my ass.

Now, he gets another call, this time a number he doesn't recognize on the screen.

He ignores it, but then his phone rings again, same number.

Frustrated, he answers the phone...

STERN (cont'd)
What?

FEMALE VOICE (ON THE PHONE)
Stern?

STERN
Yeah. Who the fuck is this?

INT. KITCHEN - SAME

...where we realize it's Lucy on the phone, staring a bottle of VODKA.

INTERCUT AS NECESSARY

LUCY
Jeez... agro much? It's Lucy. From AA.

STERN
Oh... yeah. What's up?

LUCY
I'm staring at a bottle of Vodka and really want to take a drink.

STERN
Already? I *just* left you!

LUCY
Please. I just got the worst call. I really need my sponsor.

STERN
You should give him a ring.

LUCY
That's what I'm doing.

STERN
(oh yeah... shit.)
Right... sorry.

LUCY
Can we talk?

STERN
I'm all ears.

LUCY
In person.

STERN
It's not the best time--

LUCY
Jesus Christ! You're already bailing? Stern, I'm begging you. I really can't be alone right now.

STERN
 (deep breath, then)
 Where do you live?

And as he guns the car through a light that *just* turned red, barely avoiding oncoming traffic...

INT. LUCY'S HOUSE - MOMENTS LATER

...where Lucy opens the door, Stern bursting through it.

STERN
 Where is it?

LUCY
 (taken aback)
 Where's what?

STERN
 The vodka.

LUCY
 (following quickly)
 Kitchen.

And as Stern makes a beeline for...

THE KITCHEN

...he grabs the bottle and quickly pours it down the sink.

STERN
 There we go!
 (then, as he moves for the door)
 Have a great night.

LUCY
 Wait... you're just going to leave?

STERN
 Problem solved, right?

But as Stern turns to leave, Lucy, eyes beginning to water...

LUCY
 (walking away)
 Some fucking sponsor.

Now, Lucy storms toward the bathroom, and as she slams the door shut, anger starts rising in Stern. His entire body clenched, wanting to punch something, he inaudibly curses through his teeth.

Then, as he composes himself, knocks on the bathroom door...

STERN

Look. I'm sorry. It's just.. I have something really important I need to take care of. You gonna be okay?

No answer.

STERN (cont'd)

Lucy?

More silence... now Stern's starting to get worried. He reaches for the handle... locked.

STERN (cont'd)

(banging on the door)

Lucy!? Lucy?

But when his calls go unanswered again, Stern starts fearing the worst, so he SLAMS his shoulder into the door! And as it swings wide open, he charges into...

THE BATHROOM

...to finding Lucy about down a BOTTLE OF LISTERINE.

LUCY

(stunned)

What the fuck are you doing?

STERN

What the fuck are YOU doing?

LUCY

You poured out my vodka!

STERN

You told me too!

She's about to gulp it down, when he rushes forward, trying to pry the bottle out of her hands. They struggle for a moment, before the bottle tips over, SPILLING ALL OVER Stern.

He takes a step back, now soaked in Listerine. As they look at each other for a moment, then...

LUCY (PRE-LAP)

I feel so stupid.

INT. LUCY'S LIVING ROOM - MOMENTS LATER

...where Stern checks his watch, time ticking away, as Lucy hands him a towel.

LUCY

It's just that I REALLY want to get straight this time and I've never trusted someone else to help me...

She trails off, and as Stern looks up to see her starting to tear up...

STERN

(guilty)

It's okay. I'm the one who should be apologizing.

(then, checking his watch)

I've got a little time. Spill it.

LUCY

My dad's coming in tomorrow.

STERN

Family shit. Totally get it. Just saw my Mom today and she's absolutely insane...

(then, realizing)

But this isn't about me. What's up with your Dad?

Lucy takes a deep breath, then confesses...

LUCY

He calls me his hungry, hungry hippo.

STERN

He fat shames you?

LUCY

For as long as I remember.

STERN

But... you're not fat.

LUCY

I used to be. He literally took me out of ballet because I was "busting out of my leotard."

STERN

What an asshole!

LUCY

(nodding)

He's coming in town for a conference tomorrow and wants to stay with me. Cheap piece of shit doesn't want to pay for a hotel.

(MORE)

LUCY (cont'd)
 You'd think after fifteen years of
 therapy, I'd be able to handle this.

Now, a light-bulb goes on in Stern's head.

STERN
 What song does Patrick Batemen play
 when he's about to kill Jared Leto?

LUCY
 (confused)
 In American Psycho?
 (off his nod)
 Hip to be square.

STERN
 Close your eyes.

LUCY
 You're not gonna like... rob me or
 something... are you?

STERN
 You're gonna have to trust me.

She shakes her head, unsure. But then, she closes her eyes.

STERN (cont'd)
 Sing it.

She scrunches up her face, unsure...

LUCY
 I feel silly.

Just then Stern gets a TEXT from DR. WOLF which reads:
HUSBAND'S FLIGHT CAME IN EARLY. NEED TO MEET NOW!!!

STERN
 (impatient)
 Just do it!

LUCY
 Okay!
 (then, singing)
*But I couldn't take the punishment,
 and had to settle down. Now I'm
 playing it real straight, and yes I
 cut my hair. You might think I'm
 crazy, but I don't even care.
 'Cause I can tell what's going on
 It's hip to be square
 It's hip to be square*

STERN
How do you feel?

LUCY
Like killing someone.

STERN
But not drinking?
(then, as she shakes her head)
That actually worked?

Just then, his phone PINGS again with another TEXT from DR.
WOLF: **YOU'RE NOT HERE IN TEN, YOU'RE GOING BACK TO JAIL.**

STERN (cont'd)
We'll deal with the killing thing
next time!

And as he runs out the door, Lucy opening her eyes just in
time to see the door slamming shut...

INT./EXT. STERN'S CAR, SIDE STREET, DOWNTOWN LOS ANGELES - LATER

...where Stern pulls his car up to a stop, seeing Dr. Wolf
leaning against her car. He grabs a paper bag with the jar of
urine inside of it, and as he steps onto...

THE SIDE STREET

...Dr. Wolf walks toward him, noticing him stained in blue.

DR. WOLF
Jesus.

STERN
I--

DR. WOLF
(holding her hand out)
No, no, no. We're not on the clock.
You got it?

Stern nods, holding up the bag...

DR. WOLF (cont'd)
That one's not pregnant, right?

STERN
It's clean.

As she eyes him suspiciously, a 16 YEAR OLD KID wearing a hat
underneath a pulled over hoodie walks towards them.

KID
 (brushing up on Stern)
 Hey... what's up?

STERN
 (letting him pass)
 Nothing.

But now, the Kid stops, opens his jacket and flashes a GUN!

KID
 No. What's up?

STERN
 What are you... kidding? How
 fucking old are you?

KID
 (taking the gun out)
 Old enough to kill your ass. Wallet
 and phones now.

Stern and Dr. Wolf immediately hand over their wallets and phones, Stern accidentally dropping his keys in the process.

KID (cont'd)
 (picking them up)
 Don't mind if I do.

Stern shakes his head, anger rising. Then...

KID (cont'd)
 And the bag too.

STERN
 Dude... you *don't* want this.

KID
 (then, pointing the gun up
 to his chin)
 Do you want to die?

DR. WOLF
 Just give him the bag!

Now, the Kid rips the bag away from Stern, who's gone from simmer to a slight boil...

KID
 Have a nice night!

The Kid runs to Stern's car and as he takes off in it, Dr. Wolf stares daggers at Stern.

DR. WOLF

Well, I hear the counselors at County
do a bang up job these days.

And as she starts to walk towards her car, Stern giving chase...

STERN

Wait a second. I got you the pee
just like I said I would. It's not
my fault some little shit stole it!

DR. WOLF

We wouldn't have been in this
predicament if you had just delivered
as promised.

Stern looks at her, knows she's right. Then, as Dr. Wolf
opens her door, getting in the car...

DR. WOLF (cont'd)

Don't drop the soap.

But as she tries to close the door, Stern stops her.

STERN

Wait. You don't have another phone,
do you?

Off Dr. Wolf, confused...

EXT. STREET, NEAR THE ALLEY - MOMENTS LATER

...where Stern and Dr. Wolf approach a WOMAN comes walking
towards them.

STERN

(approaching)
Excuse me... anyway I can borrow
your--
(but, as the Woman keeps
walking...)
Fuck.

Now, Stern sees a LARGE TATTOO'D MAN approaching...

STERN (cont'd)

Hey dude. Look, my friend and I
just got robbed. Any way we could
borrow your phone really quick to
try and get our shit back?

TATTOO'D MAN

You crazy?

STERN

No.

(then, pointing to Wolf)

She's my shrink. Vouch for me.

The Tattoo'd Man looks at Dr. Wolf, who merely nods and as he gives Stern his iPhone. As he starts punching keys...

DR. WOLF

You can't call the cops about this.

STERN

Not calling the cops.

ANGLE ON PHONE: Stern is using the Find My iPhone app. As he locates his phone, he looks up...

STERN (cont'd)

Let's go get your piss.

And off Tattoo'd Man, looking at Stern and Dr. Wolf... WTF?

INT./EXT. DR. WOLF'S CAR, NEIGHBORHOOD - MINUTES LATER

...where Dr. Wolf pulls up to a house, Stern seeing his car parked in front of it.

STERN

There it is. Let's do this.

DR. WOLF

Are you kidding? I shouldn't even be here.

STERN

You want to go back to rehab?

DR. WOLF

Stern this is your mess. You have to start taking responsibility for yourself.

Stern knows she's right, gets out of the car and as he walks towards...

EXT. HOUSE - SAME

... he makes his way up the path to the front door and begins singing to himself...

STERN

*I don't know where I'm going. But I
sure know where I've been. Trading on
the promises In songs of yesterday.*

(MORE)

STERN (cont'd)
*And I've made up my mind, I ain't
wasting no more time...*
(then, deep breath)
Here I go again.

Now, gently knocks on the door. He knocks again... hears footsteps, tries to maintain his cool and as the door opens, he stunned to find...

BETH, a meek, bespectacled woman, early 40's, on the other side.

BETH
Can I help you?

Stern looks at her, stunned, then back at his car, confused.

STERN
Um... is there a... boy here?

Just then, her husband BILL walks up...

BILL
What's this all about?

STERN
Yeah, hi! Your son stole a bag from me. I just want it back.

BILL
Is this some kind of prank?

STERN
This is not a joke. Don't want any trouble. I just need my stuff back.

Bill looks at him, skeptical, then calls out...

BILL
Scout? Can you come up here?

Now, SCOUT, the same kid we just met walks up, sans hoodie and hat. Looks totally harmless.

BILL (cont'd)
This man says you stole something from him. That true?

SCOUT
What? I've never seen this guy before.

STERN
Little fuckin' liar!
(then, catching himself)
(MORE)

STERN (cont'd)
I'm sorry. I'm sorry. I just...
he's not telling the truth.

BETH
My son doesn't lie.

STERN
(starting to boil)
Then why's my car sitting outside
your goddamn house!

BILL
Look, I don't know what you're
talking about and neither does my
son.

STERN
(as earnest and honest as
we've ever seen him)
Please. If I don't get my bag back,
I'm going to prison.

BILL
I'm sorry.

Then, as Bill closes the door on Stern...

SCOUT
Yeah. Sorry... Gary.

And as Scout flips Stern the bird, the door SLAMS in his face.

PUSH IN ON STERN: Eyes ablaze, flushed with anger. That was the
last straw. As he walks over to the LARGE LIVING ROOM WINDOW...

BACK IN DR. WOLF'S CAR
...as she watches Stern...

DR. WOLF
What the hell is he--

Now, Stern picks up a large planter... AND THROWS IT THROUGH
THE WINDOW!

DR. WOLF (cont'd)
Oh my God!

INT. LIVING ROOM, SCOUT'S HOUSE - SAME

...Stern bursts through the broken glass, staring down Scout.

STERN
Give me the bag.

SCOUT
Jesus Christ!

STERN
Give me the bag.

Now, the end of a broomstick flies into frame, SMACKING Stern right in the eye.

STERN (cont'd)
Ah, for the love of--

But as he turns to see a shaking Beth, just then, Bill RUSHES UP, wrapping his arms around Stern...

BILL
Get out of my house!

STERN
(laser focus on Scout)
Give me the bag!

Now, Bill yanks Stern up in the air, SLAMMING HIM TO THE GROUND, but Stern's eyes are still locked on Scout.

STERN (cont'd)
Give me the bag!

As Scout runs out of the room, Stern and Bill continue wrestling on the ground...

BILL
Beth, call the cops!

Which she's just about to do, picking up the phone, only to stop when Scout runs back in the room... WITH HIS GUN!

SCOUT
(pointing the gun)
Get off my dad.

BETH
Scout! What the hell are you doing?

And as Bill looks up, Stern shoves him off, jumping to his feet, walking right towards Scout who points it right at...

SCOUT
I'll do it, man!

STERN
(walking closer)
Give me the bag!

SCOUT

I swear. Don't take another step.
I'll shoot!

Now, Stern walks right up to the gun, pressing his forehead right up against the barrel.

STERN

Shoot me.

Scout's eyes go wide... a moment of silence in the entire house, finally broken by...

BILL

(horrified, softly)
Give him the bag.

EXT. DR. WOLF'S CAR, OUTSIDE SCOUT'S HOUSE - MOMENTS LATER

Stern walks up to the driver-side window, which rolls down, revealing a shocked Dr. Wolf, having just witnessed this entire ordeal. He holds out the bag of piss, which she takes, ever so slowly.

Stern and Wolf stare at each other, a long awkward moment, then...

STERN

Talk about this on Tuesday?

Dr. Wolf merely nods, both mortified and relieved by what she just witnessed, and as Stern walks towards his car...

INT. LIVING ROOM, STERN'S HOUSE - LATER THAT NIGHT

...where Stern, small cuts and dried blood on his face, walks in to find the apartment finally put back together, Javier and Alli holding up Kale Smoothies about to make a toast...

JAVIER

Hey Stern. You get all squared away
with your--
(then, noticing his hand)
JESUS! What happened to your face?

STERN

Went through a glass window.

ALLI

Again? Oh Gar-Bear. Kale smoothie?

STERN

My day's been shitty enough, thanks.

Just then, there's a knock at the door.

Stern walks over, opens it, and is surprised to find Coach Carr.

STERN (cont'd)
Oh, look who's showed up to
probably make it worse.

COACH CARR
I've been calling you.

STERN
Pay me in full next time and I'll
call you back quicker. What the
fuck are you doing here?

COACH CARR
I've got another order to place.
Need it by tomorrow night.

STERN
Fine. You know the deal. Rush job is
gonna cost you... extra.

COACH CARR
(reaching into his pocket)
Not a problem.

Coach Carr pulls out a LARGE WAD OF CASH, and as he plunks it
down in Stern's hand...

STERN
Jesus! How many of your guys are
getting tested?

COACH CARR
The whole damn team.

And off Stern, looking at the fat stack of cash, wondering how the
fuck he's going to fill the biggest order of his life...

SMASH TO BLACK!

END OF PILOT.

*