

The Main Room

written by

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INT. "THE MAIN ROOM" COMEDY CLUB - BACKSTAGE - NIGHT

BRIANA, 27, a comic wunderkind with self-love issues, waits backstage as the comic before her performs. She's pretty and well made up.

She's a ball of nerves, cracking her knuckles and pacing. We hear the muffled voice of the comic onstage.

MOMENTS LATER

She's crouched in a ball low to the ground. Hearing the comic nearing her introduction, she heads to the stage entrance. She bites at her lip and rattles her knee as she waits.

ONSTAGE

PREVIOUS COMIC

I know I don't need to tell you this, but go crazy for this next comic. You know her from her special, "Here to Kill You," on Netflix. Ladies and gentlemen, the impossibly, obnoxiously successful, Briana O'Connell.

BACKSTAGE

Briana steels herself and walks out. As she breaks onto the stage of the famous Main Room Comedy Club in Los Angeles, all her nerves are either gone or well-disguised. She's a portrait of confidence as she thanks the cheering audience.

BRIANA

Thank you! Thank you, I am here. I have been summoned.

The applause dies down.

BRIANA (CONT'D)

Don't look now, guys. Do not look now. But towards the back left side of the audience, my therapist is here. Which is gonna get in the way of about 90% of my material. I actually asked her to be here. Did you know you can do that? Yeah, you can ask your therapist to come to your comedy show. And if you have the right look in your eyes, ethically, they *have* to come.

(Acts out the eyes)

Yeah, you can ask your therapist to come watch you work.

(MORE)

BRIANA (CONT'D)

If you're a comedian. I do not suggest this for other jobs. You can't be on a sales pitch like... 'Hi, I'm Tyler, I handle sales and client onboarding. And this is Jessi, she handles my thoughts and feelings.' Enough about therapy! That was my impression of my dad; did you like it? No, but really, enough about therapy. Let's move on to some regularly scheduled jokes about my vagina. And see what prescriptions they make me eligible for.

(Acting out reading prescription label)

Wellbutrin is a prescription medication used to treat those with depression, seasonal affective disorder, or a tight five minutes about how their labia look like a moth stuck in a pool.

INT. JESSI'S OFFICE - DAY

Briana takes a seat on JESSI'S therapy couch. Jessi, 50, is a therapist whose clients are mostly LA comics. She has an unflappable ego, strong opinions, and a sharp sense of humor. She comes off professional but is cut from the same fabric as comedians.

BRIANA

Hiya.

JESSI

Hello, Briana.

(Taking a seat)

What's on the agenda today?

BRIANA

This week is Dan. Next week, it'll be something else. One hopes.

CLIENT MONTAGE

A series of comics sit where Briana is and talk to Jessi.

COMIC

I guess I need some closure about my father and what a little bitch he is.

## COMIC 2

I'm starting to think this might not be my millennium.

## COMIC 3

How was I supposed to know she was Japanese??

## COMIC 4

I know you subsidize parking; can I get a couple bucks? I took an Uber, but I don't see why I should be penalized for that.

## COMIC 5

It was never about the action figures. It's about 50's-era geopolitics.

## COMIC 6

I still remember vividly the smell of her ass.

## COMIC 7

With what I've made, I shouldn't be performing. I should be in a private jet, spelling out 'I win' in contrails and refueling in mid-air refueling until I die of old age.

## COMIC 8

Some of the hentai out there is of an unfortunately high quality.

END MONTAGE.

And we're back to Briana on the couch.

## JESSI

Alright, Dan it is. What's wrong?

## BRIANA

A lot. It's been three weeks since I moved in with him, and I'm already at the end of my rope. He's lazy, dirty, immature, his dog is jealous of me, and he's so obsessed with writing jokes, we barely have sex.

INT. BRIANA AND DAN'S APARTMENT - DAY

It's the apartment that Briana shares with boyfriend DAN, 36, a trashy, mellow joke-writer obsessed with the craft. The apartment is a mess.

Dan is on the couch writing jokes in his journal when Briana enters with grocery bags. CANELA, Dan's large doodle mix who hates Briana, aggressively runs at her and barks.

DAN  
(Still focusing on journal)  
Canela, stop. It's Briana.

BRIANA  
She knows it's me. That's why she's  
pissed.

DAN  
She's just jealous I have a new  
roommate.

BRIANA  
Girlfriend.

DAN  
Exactly. Even worse.  
(Off Briana's angry face)  
For her.

Briana realizes the state of the apartment.

BRIANA  
What's all this? You said you were  
going to clean.

DAN  
Yeah, sorry, I just had some joke  
ideas.

BRIANA  
About...

DAN  
Cleaning.

BRIANA  
(Had been expecting that)  
Nice.

DAN  
Can you lemme know if these are  
solid?

For the first time, Dan has turned so we see his right ear. There's a pencil tucked behind it, in addition to the one in his hand.

INT. JESSI'S OFFICE - DAY

BRIANA

Oh, and he always keeps a fucking pencil behind his ear. Always.

Jessi winces.

INT. DAN'S APARTMENT - DAY

BRIANA

Can you clean?

DAN

Definitely.  
(Trailing off)  
Soon as these are done.

Briana acquiesces with a defeated sigh. Dan starts reading the jokes off.

DAN (CONT'D)

(Reading)

I used to live with my mom. Now I live with girlfrie--

BRIANA

No.

DAN

What?

BRIANA

Veto. I'm not your mom. You're 36. I'm 27.

DAN

Vetoing my ideas is a very 'my mom' thing to do.

Briana smiles.

BRIANA

Veto.

DAN

Fine.

Dan makes a note on the pad: "Ask Tommy." Then reads another.

DAN (CONT'D)

(Reading)

My girlfriend just moved in. I was nervous, 'cause we're both comics, and comics live like trolls. Turns out, no one ever told her.

She smiles an exasperated half-smile.

BRIANA

It's okay. Unrelatable probably.

DAN

There's more.

(Reading)

She doesn't make everything a joke like I do, which is confusing. She'll be like 'Hey, Dan, why was there a family of dead mice behind the toilet?' I'm there waiting for a punchline like, 'I don't know, why?'

Briana's gives up.

BRIANA

I'll just clean.

INT. THE MAIN ROOM BAR - COMICS' TABLE - NIGHT

Affixed to the stage room of The Main Room Comedy Club is The Main Room Bar, where patrons and comics hang out before and after their shows. Comedians hang at their infamous little comics' table.

A group of four comics is there shooting the shit. They are:

DARREN -- 55, a trashy, admired elder of standup.

PATTERSON -- 41, an almost-too-sweet, new-agey, feminine man.

SADA -- 50, an Indian-American woman who is extremely sweet, but also at home around the grossest of men.

NASH -- 44, a southerner who lives life more slowly than the rest, and who would seem slow himself if he weren't so funny.

DARREN

I once ended a relationship with a girl 'cause her brother was so unfunny.

SADA

Well, that's dumb. Funny doesn't run in your blood.

DARREN

I know. I just couldn't do Thanksgiving with the guy. It would be disaster. More than the original. You don't gotta be a comic. You just gotta get it, ya know?

PATTERSON

Exactly. You have to be able to see that God, or the universe, or whatever you want to call it, has a sense of humor. Just putting us all here together was the greatest joke ever told, and if that doesn't give you a soul boner, how can we connect? We're in entirely different worlds; we're like holograms to each other.

DARREN

Christ, Patterson, not every conversation is a podcast.

PATTERSON

It could be.

SADA

(Suspicious)

Are you recording this?

PATTERSON

(Lying)

No.

SADA

Let me see your phone.

PATTERSON

I don't have one.

(Immediately folding)

I'll stop.

Sada sees Nash looking out of it.

SADA

Naaash. Earth to Nash. Hello.

NASH

Yeah, hey.

SADA

Any wisdom rattling around in there?

NASH

Nothin'. I'm just feeling bad for whatever woman got dumped by Darren. It's like getting quit by cigarettes.

Owner of the club NOEL, 60, walks past. He's a comedy fanatic who started the club as a roundabout way to get stage time. He's smart and kind but horribly awkward when he performs.

NOEL

(Breezing past)

Hey guys.

SADA

Guys? Do I look like a guy to you?

Noel freezes at the table.

NOEL

No-- N-- sorry. I just meant--

SADA

Aww, I'm kidding Noel. But it's sweet of you to be such a bitch.

PATTERSON

It is. You're wonderful, Noel.

DARREN

Is Daly going on tonight?

PATTERSON

(Tightening up)

Oope.

SADA

No. Are you crazy?

DARREN

Ah, it's like that?

NOEL

Yeah, it's like that. I mean, I know you probably want him back 'cause he's great, but there's also pressure from the other side. As owner, I have to feel things out and land somewhere in the middle.

(MORE)

NOEL (CONT'D)

Which is fun, because then everyone gets to hate me.

PATTERSON

Aww, I don't hate you. I think you're being very strong.

SADA

Yeah.

DARREN

Yeah, I don't hate you. 'Cause hate is so close to love, you know? I like to keep you firmly in the things-I-don't-care-about camp.

NOEL

(Suddenly becoming very awkward as he enters comedy mode)

Ha. Well, Darren, I don't need love from you. I already— I get plenty from your— from your mom.

DARREN

(To comics)

You can see the moment he flips into comedy mode.

PATTERSON

You can.

NOEL

(sighing)

Fuck, I know.

Another comic comes barreling towards Noel. It's MILLER, 38, a black comic with immense talent and an unrefined style that makes him beloved among comics but prone to controversy.

Noel immediately jets. Miller chases.

MILLER

Put me on tonight.

NOEL

The lineup is set!

MILLER

Put me on tonight, ya nerdy lil elf!

NOEL

(As he scurries away)  
No! I own this place! I'm the one  
with the power!

BACK AT THE TABLE

DARREN

I'm just glad I was young before  
the Internet.

SADA

Probably would have liked it to be  
after wheels, though.

DARREN

If my worst actions were posted  
online, I'd be living in an  
Argentinian mountain range with a  
bunch of blond guys named Jürgen.

INT. ADAM'S HOUSE - NIGHT

ADAM DALY, 37, a super-successful comic who was considered cool and sexy until his recent cancellation, is killing time. He's clearly a shell of himself. A series of cuts around the house:

He's slumped on his couch watching a cheap murder show.

He's playing Wii golf seated, swinging by flicking his wrist.

He's Googling himself. The results are articles about his impropriety. He then Googles, "Things to do at night." The results are unsatisfactory, so he tacks on, "when everyone hates you."

He's in the kitchen by a pot of water, checking the expiration dates on pasta boxes.

He's slumped on the couch in a different TV room than before. He pulls out his phone and makes a call.

INT. THE MAIN ROOM - GREEN ROOM - NIGHT

The Main Room's green room is a nice, cozy space with couches and a small bar.

In it now are three Entourage-esque comics who used to run with Adam. Two of them play-wrestle in the background. In the foreground is CARL, mid-50s, a father and husband with a masculine side, but a sweet side too.

Carl's phone rings. Seeing who it is, he reluctantly takes it.

INTERCUT CARL/ADAM

CARL  
Hey.

ADAM  
Hey. You busy?

CARL  
Uhh, yeah. I'm at The Main Room.

ADAM  
Nice. You wanna call me after;  
maybe do something?

CARL  
Ahh, I should head home. Sorry.

ADAM  
Alright, yeah. Good luck.

They hang up. One of the wrestling comics asks:

WRESTLING COMIC  
Who was that?

CARL  
My mom.

Adam thinks. Makes another call.

INT. DALY HOUSE - KITCHEN - SAME

Adam's parents, JOHNNY and ISABELLA, are wearing just robes as they smooch and make dinner in their nice kitchen. They are Italian-Americans with directness and confidence.

The landline phone rings.

ISABELLA  
Don't answer.

Johnny answers anyway.

JOHNNY  
Yeah?

INTERCUT ADAM/Johnny

ADAM

Hey Dad.

JOHNNY

Uh, hey there.

ISABELLA

Midwest or middle east?

JOHNNY

(Mouthing to Isabella)

Adam.

ADAM

Are you and mom busy? I thought I might take you out to a nice dinner.

JOHNNY

Oh. Uhhh. No.

ADAM

I'll pick you up in 30?

JOHNNY

No, I meant, no. Like, no. I can't be seen with you in public.

ADAM

What?

JOHNNY

What what? I work in this town. I'd like to keep that up.

ADAM

Are you serious?

JOHNNY

I got it bad enough already, Adam! People already think I'm an ass because I'm brash and direct, and I call people mild slurs, but *not* the N word, *never* the N word, not even when it was normal. I don't even order Negronis out loud; I point to the menu.

ADAM

Can you put mom on?

JOHNNY

Uhh, she's not here.

ADAM

Are you lying to my face right now?

JOHNNY

No! I'm lying to your ears cause I don't wanna see your face.

ADAM

Put her on, Pop.

JOHNNY

(Giving up)

Fine. You know what, let's just cut out the middlewoman. Come over. We're making pasta.

ADAM

Ok.

JOHNNY

(Serious)

But hey, son. Do something for me.

ADAM

Yeah?

JOHNNY

Park up the street.

Adam hangs up.

JOHNNY (CONT'D)

Get dressed, love. Looks like were having Spaghetti and blue balls.

INT. BRIANA AND DAN'S APARTMENT - NIGHT

It's late. Briana's home after a night of performing. She's trying to get through the threshold from kitchen to bedroom, but Canela is blocking it and looking threatening.

BRIANA

Excuse me. Coming through. Can I just—

She tries to squeeze through but Canela snaps at her.

BRIANA (CONT'D)

Chill. Hey, you want this? You want this?

(Fake throwing nothing)

Go!

Canela keeps grilling her.

BRIANA (CONT'D)  
 (Cutesy dog voice)  
 Hey. Who could be put down for  
 fifty bucks whenever I want? You  
 could. You could. Yes you could.

She gives up and walks back to the kitchen.

Dan gets home, and Canela runs happily to greet him.

DAN  
 Babe, I just killed. One of the  
 best sets of my life. There were  
 bookers there, and even my new  
 stuff landed heavy.

BRIANA  
 Honey, that's amazing! I'm so happy  
 for you!

She runs over to hug him.

DAN  
 I feel like I'm on coke, and—  
 (Suddenly questioning self,  
 then feeling sure)  
 I'm not.

Briana wraps him up. Canela jealously barks and tries to  
 nuzzle her way between them.

DAN (CONT'D)  
 Canela, no.

Canela backs off a tad. Briana kisses Dan.

BRIANA  
 Let's celebrate.

DAN  
 I don't know. I might wanna roll  
 this serotonin into some new shit.

But as Briana tugs him by the collar toward the couch, Dan is  
 on enough of a high to go with it.

Canela gets antsy and whines and tries to wedge between them.  
 Briana plays defense.

MOMENTS LATER

They squeeze through the bedroom door, taking care not to let Canela through. Canela starts scratching at the door.

Briana undresses Dan, throwing away his hat, his shirt, and finally, his ear pencil, which she aims out the creaked-open window but misses.

She throws him on the bed. Canela keeps scratching.

MOMENTS LATER

They're having sex. Dan's on top. After a few seconds, his rhythm stops. He's lost in thought, thinking about a joke.

BRIANA

Hey. Hey.

She snaps at him, and he jolts back to reality.

DAN

Sorry.

Briana figures she'll take the lead. She rolls him over and gets on top.

Meanwhile, Canela keeps scratching at the door.

After a few more moments, Dan's eyes glaze over again. His right hand starts journeying to his ear. It finds no pencil to grasp, so it reaches to the nightstand drawer and opens it. Fishing around inside, it doesn't land on any of the pencils or pads.

So his hand reaches for the pocket of his pants on the ground. With a big stretch, he just reaches his phone.

Keeping the phone literally behind Briana's back, Dan contorts himself to unlock it with Face ID. He opens the notes app and starts typing secretly.

Briana starts to sense how out of it he is. She peeks and sees the phone in his hand. She stops kissing him.

Dan doesn't realize she's stopped and keeps lying there, typing.

BRIANA

Are you serious?

Dan startles and slides his phone under his back.

DAN

Oh, shit.

BRIANA  
You're writing a joke?

DAN  
No. Yeah. Sorry.

BRIANA  
Are you serious?!

Canela hears the raised voice and gets antsier at the door, barking now.

Briana gets off Dan and sits on the floor, leaning on the bed and dressing herself.

BRIANA (CONT'D)  
What's it about?

Silence from Dan.

BRIANA (CONT'D)  
What's it about?

DAN  
(Lying)  
I forget.

Briana gets up and lunges for his phone, fishing for it under Dan's back. Dan plays good defense. Briana grabs the sheet over Dan and throws it off. Dan reflexively grabs it and covers himself. She wins the phone while his hands are busy.

It's locked. Dan immediately knows what's coming and looks away. She jams it in his face.

BRIANA  
Look at it!

DAN  
This is a crime. Police!

Canela's now full-on freaking out at the door.

BRIANA  
Look at it!

DAN  
You're scaring Canela.

BRIANA  
Look at it or I'll tell the vet she bit a child!

Dan freezes. Briana steadies his cheeks and unlocks the phone. Dan's face is on the phone but his eyes are on her, wide with shock.

BRIANA (CONT'D)  
 (Reading)  
 Thinking about grandma during s.  
 (It stops at the S)

Briana stares at Dan a beat. Finally:

DAN  
 Those are concepts, not jokes.

Briana SCREAMS to unleash her frustration. That settles her but spurs more scratching and barking from Canela.

BRIANA  
 Jessi was right. I need time alone.

DAN  
 Who's Jessi?

Briana throws some of her clothes and things in a bag.

DAN (CONT'D)  
 (Remembering)  
 Your therapist? You talk about me?

BRIANA  
 You thought you wouldn't come up?

DAN  
 What does she think?

BRIANA  
 I need time alone.

DAN  
 I mean about me. Does she like my act?

Briana gives Dan a look: "Are you serious?"

Their eye contact is broken when Canela BREAKS THROUGH THE DOOR LOCK and flings the door wide. Canela stands there, looking at them in turn.

BRIANA  
 FINE, bitch! He's yours.

Briana walks out, feinting at Canela to try to evoke a flinch. Canela hops into bed with Dan.

DAN

Babe.

(More asking than stating)

This isn't permanent.

(Calling after)

Should I restart HelloFresh?

INT. JESSI'S OFFICE - WAITING AREA - DAY

Adam is slumped in a chair, still a shell of himself, scrolling his phone.

He perks up as Jessi's door opens. Out comes Sada, who is pleasantly surprised to see him there.

SADA

Adam! Look at you, getting help!  
That is so amazing.

ADAM

Hey Sada.

SADA

No, really, it's great. 'Cause we all have problems. And even if you don't, therapy is a good idea. But you do have problems. I mean, hooboy do you have problems. You make the rest of us look like accountants.

ADAM

I wouldn't say everyone--

SADA

Or saints. Saints who do accounting.

ADAM

I wouldn't say--

SADA

For black- and women-owned business.

ADAM

(Waits a beat for her to continue)

I wouldn't--

SADA

As a hobby.

Jessi shows up in the doorway. Sada sees her cue to leave.

SADA (CONT'D)  
Alright, I'm proud of you.

Sada hugs Adam.

SADA (CONT'D)  
I promise this will make you less  
fucked up.

JESSI  
Sada.

SADA  
Fucked up is not a value judgment.  
All my friends are fucked up. But  
yeah, point taken.

INT. JESSI'S OFFICE - DAY

Jessi is pulling an espresso for Adam from a gorgeous  
espresso machine. Adam's on the couch.

JESSI  
Am I the first shrink you came to?

ADAM  
Yeah.

JESSI  
Took you a while then, huh?

ADAM  
I guess. I've never done therapy  
before.

JESSI  
Why not?

Adam gestures: "It would be rude to say."

JESSI (CONT'D)  
Oh, don't be a baby. Just say it.

ADAM  
It just feels like--  
(Gestures vaguely)  
A bunch of...  
(Not finding the words)  
Fuckin'... bullshit.

JESSI  
 Can I tell you something? I  
 completely agree. Milk and sugar?

ADAM  
 No thanks.

JESSI  
 (Holding up bag of  
 Ghirardelli dark chocolate  
 squares)  
 Chocolate square?

She takes it for herself.

ADAM  
 No.

JESSI  
 (Bringing Adam the coffee  
 and taking a seat)  
 So. What finally brings you?

ADAM  
 My parents asked me to come. Said  
 it would help me deal with  
 everything that happened.

JESSI  
 I see. Everything *that happened*.

ADAM  
 Yeah.

JESSI  
 The things that *transpired*. *Came to  
 occur*.

Adam knows where she's going but wants her to say it.

ADAM  
 You getting at something?

JESSI  
 No, no. Something is being gotten  
 at, sure. Honestly, do you think  
 you did something actually wrong?

Adam thinks. Then shakes his head.

ADAM  
 No.

JESSI

Oh. In that case--

She gets up to leave.

JESSI (CONT'D)

Do you like bowling? We've got 50 minutes, could probably squeeze two games in.

ADAM

What?

JESSI

I thought you wanted help with yourself. If you just want friendship by the hour, that's cool too.

Adam thinks it over.

ADAM

Alright.

Jessi is surprised. She had been kidding.

JESSI

Really?

She thinks it over herself.

INT. BOWLING ALLEY - DAY

It's the sparse day crowd. Jessi's up to bowl. She's grabbing her ball and approaching the lane.

JESSI

Must be weird for you. Going from sex symbol to pariah.

ADAM

Women still like me.

JESSI

(Disbelieving)

Do they?

ADAM

Yeah.

JESSI

Good women? Kind, well-adjusted ones?

Adam thinks it over. Then, without conviction:

ADAM  
Definitely.

Jessi lets her ball fly.

INT. GROCERY STORE - EVENING

Jessi is shopping with her son, JONO, 13, a hyperactive comedy obsessive who is inept at school.

They're by the front of the checkout line.

JONO  
Did you have a lot of comics today?

JESSI  
I had a new one actually.

JONO  
(Excited)  
Really? Who?

Jessi gives him a look: "You know I can't say."

JONO (CONT'D)  
Moom, c'mon, tell me, tell me,  
tell me! I can keep a secret!

JESSI  
No you can't.

JONO  
Yes I can.

JESSI  
Name one secret you're keeping.

JONO  
Kayla got her first period in math  
last week, and she didn't know they  
have free tampons at the nurse, so  
she told the teacher there were two  
girls fighting in the bathroom, and  
then when the teacher went to  
check, Kayla went through the  
teacher's purse to steal a tampon,  
and she found *drugs* in there.  
(Immediately realizing)  
Wait, I told.

Everyone in line has overheard and is staring at Jono.

JESSI

You mean... prescription?

JONO

No, they're free at the nurse.

The cashier, an older woman with a Christian pin on her work vest, starts ringing up their goods.

CASHIER

Always mommy doing the shopping and watching the kids. Never daddy, right?

JESSI

Oh, he doesn't have a dad.

CASHIER

(Terse)

Oooh, two moms. That's... good for you.

JESSI

No, not two moms.

CASHIER

(Way too relieved and happy)

Oh! I'm sorry for your loss.

Jessi's clearly been through this conversation many times.

JESSI

No loss. No one died. He just doesn't have a dad. Never did.

CASHIER

I don't-- How?

Jessi spies the Christian pin and starts messing with her.

JESSI

Tell the truth, no one really knows. Not the doctors or scientists. I've never...

(Gesturing implying sex)

You know. You'll call me crazy, but the truth is, one day, I just saw, I guess, a hallucination it would be? Of a man with wings? And nine months later, little Jono here.

The cashier's jaw is dropped. The folks in line have again overheard and are again staring with shock.

Jessi gives them a glance and a nod. She clearly doesn't care about their opinions.

After a beat of the cashier's speechlessness, Jono pipes in, understanding the joke.

JONO  
I can fly. I just don't want to  
right now.

Jessi shoots him a look: "Don't push it, bud."

EXT. SUPERMARKET PARKING LOT - EVENING

Jessi and Jono load the groceries into the car.

JONO  
Can you just tell me the comedian?

JESSI  
No.

JONO  
Does he perform at The Main Room?

JESSI  
They don't perform anywhere right  
now. They're in trouble.

JONO  
(Too excited)  
He's cancelled??

JESSI  
I didn't say that. And I didn't say  
it was a man.

JONO  
Okay, but what woman would get  
cancelled? And who would wanna  
cancel them?

JESSI  
Lena Dunham.

JONO  
Is it Brett Medina?

JESSI  
No.

JONO  
Elias Conner?

JESSI  
No.

JONO  
Adam Daly?

JESSI  
No.

JONO  
Cliff Buchanan? Oscar Roberts?  
Alvin Greene?

JESSI  
No.

JONO  
Racial or sexual?

JESSI  
No.

JONO  
Moral or criminal?

JESSI  
No.

JONO  
Cancellation or postponement?

JESSI  
(Thinks it over)  
I don't know.

JONO  
Ira Norman?

JESSI  
No.

JONO  
Anthony D'onofrio?

JESSI  
No.

JONO  
Darrel Logan? Everett Barker? Jerry  
Young! Cam Bass? Neal Adkins?  
Randolph Belvi--

EXT. RESTAURANT OUTDOOR SEATING - DAY

JACKSON, 32, a quirky, British comic with a childish innocence about him and depression issues, sits at a nice restaurant eating lunch. He's got five plates in front of him but eats alone.

He flags down his waiter.

JACKSON

Excuse me. Could I possibly speak with the chef?

MOMENTS LATER

Out comes the chef, 40s, a no-nonsense man with a thick Eastern European accent, annoyed to have been summoned. The waiter tags along.

JACKSON (CONT'D)

Hi. Are you the chef?

CHEF

What is problem?

JACKSON

No, no problem. Just the opposite actually. I loved it all. So much so, I'm wondering if you'd be open to being interviewed by me?

CHEF

Interview?

JACKSON

Yes. I'm doing a project where I eat at every restaurant in Los Angeles and make a top-100 list and interview all the top chefs.

CHEF

You are critic?

JACKSON

Uh, no, no. A comedian, actually.

CHEF

And you want interview me. For joke?

JACKSON

No, no. For serious.

The chef's intimidating silence makes Jackson start babbling.

JACKSON (CONT'D)

You see, what happened is, my wife died two years ago. 725 days, but who's counting. And I were taking it quite hard, understandably. So, as an outlet, I started this project to keep from thinking about things, and it became something of an obsession. I've been doing it for a year, and I've already eaten at 500 unique restaurants, which leaves just 500 and 29,000 more to go.

The chef and waiter just stare at him.

JACKSON (CONT'D)

If you wouldn't mind not looking at me like I'm crazy.

The chef walks away.

JACKSON (CONT'D)

(To waiter)

Could I get this wrapped up? I've got a lunch across town.

INT. JESSI'S OFFICE - DAY

Jackson is in therapy with Jessi.

JESSI

How's the project going?

JACKSON

(Lying)

Good. Great.

INT. THE MAIN ROOM STAGE - NIGHT

Jackson is onstage performing. His hands are in his pockets.

JACKSON

Don't talk bad to me. No, you better not, because I am an inventor. That's right, I haven't been bumbling around doing nothing like you lot. I've been contributing to the world. How? I invented the QWERTY keyboard.

He pulls his hands out of his pockets, revealing fake hand props with far too many fingers, all of different lengths and contorting out in strange directions.

JACKSON (CONT'D)  
 (Holding up 15 fingers)  
 Took me 15 years of testing to optimize, and people have the nerve to tell me it's inefficient?? I write 8,000 words a minute. Sounds like a you problem.

INT. JACKSON'S APARTMENT - NIGHT

Jackson has a half-empty fifth of liquor in hand. He's watching TV standing up.

JACKSON  
 (Poorly mimicking chef's accent)  
 Oh, Jackson, not only can you not interview me. We will make you to feel like stupid idiot for saying our food is good! Oh, you like our food? Stupid you! We hate our food. Worst food in LA; that is our goal, and we thought we were doing a super job of it too, until you came along.

INT. JESSI'S OFFICE - DAY

Dan and Jessi get seated. Dan evaluates the decor.

DAN  
 I like the decorating.

JESSI  
 Thanks.

Dan points to an abstract work.

DAN  
 Oh, you got one of my parents fighting, that's cool.

Jessi laughs.

JESSI  
 That's good.

DAN

Thanks.

JESSI

So, you wanted to talk?

DAN

Yeah.

JESSI

What about?

DAN

Oh, you know, just... I know you're talking to Briana about me. I wanted to give my side of the story.

JESSI

I see. To help me diagnose her or you?

DAN

I just wanna be represented accurately.

JESSI

Of course. So what's your side of the story?

DAN

(Not knowing how to start)  
I thought you might ask probing questions.

JESSI

Yeah. That was one.

Dan starts his spiel. But he's sitting up too straight, and it's rather clear he's doing material.

DAN

My name is Dan. I'm from New York. Anyone-- are you from New York?

JESSI

Upstate.

DAN

My girlfriend-- you know, Briana. She says I'm insensitive. I don't think she knows what it's like to grow up in Manhattan.

(MORE)

DAN (CONT'D)

Tough to grow up sensitive when you see homeless people jerking off on your walk to school. New York kids have to grow up tough. Have you seen them fundraising? It's not like the Girl Scouts. It's not, 'Hi, I'm selling cookies to learn about business. Would you like some Do Si Dos?' It's, 'I play basketball. Buy some Skittles, bitch.'

Jessi smiles, nods.

JESSI

Yeah. That's true. Good.

DAN

Thanks. It's also tough because Briana's out of my league. She's so much prettier than me. But what she doesn't realize is, as comics, it's better to look like me. 'Cause when she comes out onstage, the audience is like, 'Wow, she's pretty. Maybe she's funny too.' When I come out, the audience is like, 'Everyone shut up, this thing's gonna be hilarious.'

Jessi nods a bit, saying, "Meh." Dan feels at risk of losing the room and kicks up his intensity.

JESSI

Anything else?

DAN

She's also more feminine around the house. She takes care of herself well. When she first moved in, she said I had a very masculine apartment. I thanked her. She was like, 'No, I mean there's no hand soap.'

JESSI

I see.

Jessi writes in her notepad. Dan waits expectantly.

JESSI (CONT'D)

Are you waiting on me?

DAN

Yeah.

JESSI

Got it. Well, first of all, really good set.

Dan realizes she knows it was all material.

JESSI (CONT'D)

(Looking over notes)

Some first impressions.

(Motioning to the abstract painting)

The Rorschach one -- was that off the cuff?

DAN

Yeah.

JESSI

It's nice, but it's been done before. The New York stuff -- get to the fundraising part faster. That was the stronger bit. Similarly, on the one about being pretty versus ugly in comedy, the runway is a bit confusing. The soap one is good, but I'd avoid the word 'feminine.' Some people might shut off. And if you're gonna spend three sets' worth on therapy, don't worry about bringing material. You don't need to win me over. I'm not your dad. I already love comics.

Dan grabs his ear-pencil and notepad, starts jotting. Jessi rips off her top sheet and hands it to Dan.

JESSI (CONT'D)

Just take this.

DAN

Thanks. How do you feel about this one?

JESSI

Shoot.

DAN

I used to live with my mom. Now I live with my girlfriend--

EXT. PARK - DAY

Adam sits in a park with KATIE, a pretty woman around 30. They've got coffees in hand.

KATIE

I can't believe I'm out with you.  
I've loved you for forever.

ADAM

Trust me, I'm the surprised one.  
You seem really, you know...

KATIE

What?

ADAM

Kind, well-adjusted.

KATIE

Aww, you're sweet. But you probably  
have seven of me a week.

ADAM

Not since-- you know, everything  
happened.

KATIE

Yeah. I can imagine things have  
been busy.

Adam's confused by her response -- does she not know?

ADAM

Uh, so, what do you do?

KATIE

I can't tell 'cause you'll make fun  
of me onstage.

ADAM

What stage?

She looks confused.

ADAM (CONT'D)

I won't. Promise.

KATIE

I don't have a job. I'm not an  
aspiring trophy wife or anything;  
just laid off. And it's fine. Good,  
even.

(MORE)

KATIE (CONT'D)

I've been doing myself for once.  
Hobbies, visiting friends. I spent  
the last six weeks camping.

Now it makes sense to Adam.

ADAM

Ah. And you got back... yesterday?

KATIE

How'd you know?

ADAM

Cool, cool. Can I just give you a  
quick heads up about something?

He hands her his phone.

ADAM (CONT'D)

I'm gonna face this way. Take this.  
Google my name.

Skeptical, Katie obliges as Adam turns his back.

After a brief silence, Adam turns back around. Katie is 50  
yards away, sprinting into the distance, Adam's phone in  
hand.

ADAM (CONT'D)

Cool how that's my phone.

Hers is on the ground. Adam just looks at it. Sips his drink.

INT. JESSI'S OFFICE - DAY

Adam is in.

ADAM

I'll have you know, yesterday I  
went on a date with a kind, well-  
adjusted woman. And she might just  
be the one.

INT. THE MAIN ROOM STAGE - NIGHT

Noel is onstage bombing in his usual, awkward, Borcht-Belt  
way.

NOEL

So I go to the Spirit Airlines  
desk. Spirit Airlines.

(MORE)

NOEL (CONT'D)

And I say, 'Do you have any tickets?' And she says--

MILLER (O.S.)

(Muffled, from backstage)  
Shut up man! Just bring me on!

NOEL

Heh, no, that's not what she says.  
I say, 'Do you have any tickets?'  
And she says--

MILLER (O.S.)

(Muffled, from backstage,  
woman's voice)  
'Bring on Miller now!'

The crowd laughs.

NOEL

There it is. That's what she said.  
We were working together there, me  
and the angry, disembodied voice.  
(Awkward as he improvises)  
Which, uh, by the way, which was  
God's original name in the-- you  
know--  
(Forgetting the word)  
The Bible. Old Testament...

Crickets.

NOEL (CONT'D)

Ladies and gentleman, you've been  
great. So keep this energy going  
for your next comic, Miller  
Collins.

Miller takes the stage.

MILLER

Thank you, Noel. Thank you so much.  
Everyone give it up for Noel. Noel  
owns this place. Ain't that funny?  
Funny how the place is owned by a  
white dude who couldn't make people  
laugh if he was prepping them for  
dental surgery.

INT. JESSI'S OFFICE - DAY

Noel is on the couch.

NOEL

This is the first time I've thought this so firmly, but I'm ready to call it: I failed. I've been on stages since Jimmy Carter sold peanuts. I expect something to change now? You're the one that should be onstage. I mean, 90% of your client book is comics; clearly you're interested.

INT. THE MAIN ROOM STAGE - NIGHT

Back to Miller performing.

MILLER

I should own this place. Comedy clubs should be awarded on merit. Matter of fact, all businesses should be awarded on merit. 'Bro, this sandwich is fire. Here's a Quizznos.' People talk about reparations, about having white people give black people assets. No thank you. You think I want your stuff? I don't want your pastel bookcase. What would I put on it, books?

INT. CAFE - DAY

Adam is seated with a date, MOLLY, 22, an obnoxiously conservative girl. Adam looks uncomfortable to be in public, and some people are definitely looking at him.

MOLLY

You're the best for responding to my DM.

ADAM

Oh, yeah. Thanks for convincing me to come here. I haven't been in public since everything happened.

MOLLY

Oh, yeah, you have to be in public. You can't just go into hiding. That's what the liberal mob wants.

ADAM

I guess.

MOLLY

And they're a bunch of pedophiles.

Adam's eyes widen a bit: Uh oh.

A server comes by and drops off iced coffees with no straws.

ADAM

Thanks.

MOLLY

(Sighing annoyedly)

You really don't have straws?

SERVER

We do have them, we just--

MOLLY

I'll take three.

SERVER

Three?

MOLLY

I like to make a mega-straw. It's funny.

SERVER

Funny?

MOLLY

Yeah. Ask Adam.

The server turns to Adam.

ADAM

Funny is subjective.

SERVER

It's just that... sea turtles?

MOLLY

You're telling me they can survive sharks but not a straw?

SERVER

Three straws. How 'bout I just get you one?

Molly raises her voice. Adam gets more uncomfortable, trying to disappear into himself as more people start looking.

MOLLY

That's unconstitutional. Get me *three* straws, or I sue you. And all those paper court documents? How many turtles will those kill?

SERVER

None. Turtles don't live in trees.

ADAM

Please man, just get her a straw, a funnel, end this.

MOLLY

Very funny. And does this little progressive beta act get you girls? 'Cause Adam here gets girls.

ADAM

Jesus.

SERVER

I'm gay.

MOLLY

Took the words right out of my mouth.

The server and Molly stare at each other. When they look back to Adam, he's sprinting out the door. A 50 sits on the table.

INT. JESSI'S OFFICE - DAY

Adam is back.

ADAM

Went on another date today, too.

JESSI

Another keeper?

ADAM

Look, I'm not fucking Louie. I'm not Oscar Roberts, Norman, Barker, Young, Zhao.

JESSI

I didn't hear about Zhao.

ADAM

His thing wasn't bad; I just didn't want the list to be all white guys.

JESSI  
How progressive.

ADAM  
I didn't do anything illegal.

JESSI  
Did they?

ADAM  
I don't know, but it's not  
comparable.

JESSI  
Neither are apples and oranges, and  
apples are better.

ADAM  
I'm not looking for your judgment.

JESSI  
(Throwing notepad)  
Got it.

ADAM  
(Abruptly wrapping up)  
So, thank you. This has been good.  
Great session. Now I'm gonna go  
take a nap because I'm gonna  
perform tonight.

JESSI  
Oh, Adam... Adam, Adam, Adam.

ADAM  
It's all I know. If I couldn't  
handle some people hating me, I  
would've quit when I was still  
performing in laundromats.

JESSI  
That's one type of strength. But  
another type would be having the  
balls to accept you did something  
messed up. I would be fine with you  
performing if you could admit that.  
But if you could, I don't think  
you'd want to.

INT. DAN'S APARTMENT - DAY

Dan sits on the couch. The apartment is mostly empty, missing Briana's stuff. Dan's on speakerphone. The TV, on low volume, is set to a live sports talk show.

PHONE

Inside Action Call-In Line.

DAN

(He clearly knows the  
drill)

Hi, I'm calling in for the audience question. This is Dan, comedian from LA.

PHONE

Thank you, Dan, good to hear from you again. Please hold, and be ready; we're going to put you on.

DAN

Cool.

Hold music starts. Moments later, Briana walks in with two suitcases -- she's come to move back in. Dan looks at her, then his phone. Then he expresses: Oh shit.

He taps the speaker button to take it off speakerphone.

DAN (CONT'D)

You're back.

BRIANA

Yeah. Look, I'm sorry--

DAN

No, it's not your fault. We don't need to talk about it right now. Why don't you head to my room and rest?

BRIANA

I think we should talk now.

DAN

You think? Later could be cool.

BRIANA

Why?

DAN

The wounds are just so fresh.

BRIANA  
 So you can watch, like, sports  
 radio on TV?

Dan's eyes sort of float to the phone in his hand. Briana puts it together.

BRIANA (CONT'D)  
 That's your priorities. So it's  
 comedy, low-budget sports talk,  
 Briana.

DAN  
 Please don't get upset.

BRIANA  
 No, why would I!

INT. TV STUDIO - DAY

It's the studio of the sports talk show Dan's watching. The HOST listens to a CALLER on the line.

CALLER  
 Both the Clippers and the Warriors  
 dropped the ball, but it was the  
 Clippers who were up by three games  
*and* up in *each* of the next three.  
 That's the worst choke job ever.

HOST  
 Alright, Alex, thank you for your  
 thoughts. We go now to the city of  
 angels, where comedian Dan is on  
 the line. Dan, biggest LA  
 basketball choke job. 2016 Warriors  
 or 2020 Clippers?

INT. DAN'S APARTMENT - DAY

Dan and Briana have already escalated to a fight. Canela has apparently peed on Briana, who is in the kitchen area, furiously wiping her wet pants.

As their fight plays out, we see the TV host in the background, increasingly flabbergasted by what he's hearing.

DAN  
 Well, I'm sorry you got peed on.  
 It's not my fault she's jealous.  
 (MORE)

DAN (CONT'D)

You're the one who wants to have sex all the time when you know it makes her feel bad. And then you make *me* feel bad for not wanting to have sex as much as you. Well, sorry I'm not made of boners.

INT. OLD MAN'S LIVING ROOM - DAY

An old man in a shabby living room watches the sports talk show, his jaw hanging like the host's.

DAN (THROUGH TV)

And I'd be a little more eager to get into it if the first fifty times you didn't make fun of me for finishing fast. That's not exactly the type of thing that gets a guy in the mood--

INT. DOCTOR'S OFFICE WAITING ROOM - DAY

The show plays on the waiting room TV. Multiple waiting patients are entranced.

DAN (THROUGH TV)

Getting his manhood teased by his younger, hotter, more successful girlfriend. Wait, you're leaving again? Well, in or out, 'cause my door is gonna break from wear and tear.

INT. PLANET FITNESS - DAY

A large man walking on a treadmill watches the show on the built-in treadmill TV. He stops walking due to shock and starts drifting backwards.

DAN (THROUGH TV)

Oh, and the joke about thinking about my grandma during sex? I found it. I even told it to her, and she laughed a lot.

The man drifts far enough back on the treadmill that his wired headphones pop out of his ears. He snaps into it just in time to keep himself from falling off the back.

INT. DAN'S APARTMENT - DAY

The door closes behind Briana. Dan notices the TV host's blank face and taps the speaker button.

DAN

Can you hear me?

HOST

Yes. That's how phones work.

DAN

Look, here's the thing. The Warriors choked in the finals. That makes it just fundamentally worse. Everyone watches the finals -- even my cousin, and he only likes competitions where the winner gets a rose.

INT. JESSI'S OFFICE - DAY

Both Dan and Briana are there, Dan in a chair and Briana on the couch.

Jessi's clearly waiting on them to speak. A tense silence for a few beats. Finally:

BRIANA

He doesn't listen! He doesn't clean, he does nothing. Sometimes he doesn't flush the toilet, and I'm pretty sure when he poops before a shower, he doesn't do *any* wipes before switching.

DAN

She's exaggerating. I'm a guy; sorry I do guy things. She wants a manly man and then says I'm a man in all the wrong ways, which is hurtful and offensive to men.

Another heavy pause...

BRIANA (CONT'D)

And his dog is so jealous, it's like having an ex-girlfriend sleep *in our bed with us*. But this ex will literally pee on you, which is something that *rarely* happens with other exes.

DAN (CONT'D)

Ooh, sure, blame Canela. I'll have you know, Canela is a great judge of character. One time she bit an old lady in a parking lot who turned out to be very obnoxious.

DAN (CONT'D)

She said she was gonna have Canela euthanized. And not even as a bit.

BRIANA

That was so a bit. I can act,  
remember?

DAN

Yeah, you've been acting like a  
comic all this time.

BRIANA

Oh, right, I'm not a comic 'cause I  
don't keep a pencil behind my ear  
like fuckin' comedy Stephen  
Hawking.

DAN

That makes no sense. He would just  
think the jokes into his chair.

Finally, silence.

JESSI

Well you guys seem to have things  
under control. Briana, if you were  
watching a movie of this situation,  
what would you want your character  
to do?

Briana withdraws a bit. She knows, and it makes her sad.

JESSI (CONT'D)

You moved in when?

Dan answers because Jessi doesn't.

DAN

Three weeks ago.

Jessi waits.

DAN (CONT'D)

And then again three days ago. And  
then again yesterday.

JESSI

And you've been together...

DAN

Six months.

JESSI

And discounting this last month, do  
you love each other?

Neither is ready to go that far.

DAN  
It's a strong like.

Briana nods -- she agrees with the phrasing.

JESSI  
*Why do you live together?*  
(To Briana)  
I know it's hard to be alone, babe.  
But c'mon. You can do it. Right?

Briana looks unsure, on the verge of tears. She looks at Dan. He's reaching for his ear pencil but stops when he sees her looking. She instantaneously flips to pissed.

BRIANA  
Yeah.

INT. WIRED STUDIO - DAY

ADAM WIRED AUTOCOMPLETE INTERVIEW

If you're unfamiliar, the Wired Autocomplete Interview format involves a celebrity holding printouts of various Google searches in which the beginning of a question about them is typed in the search bar. The dropdown panel has five autocompleted questions, each covered with white tape, then revealed and answered. ([Here's a screenshot](#)).

INTRO

Adam sits on a stool in front of a white background.

ADAM  
Hi. My name is Adam Daly. My new special, *What Doesn't Kill Me*, is on Netflix soon. And this is my-- what is it again?

FILM ASSISTANT (O.S.)  
Wired Autocomplete Interview.

ADAM  
Right. This is my Wired Autocomplete Interview.

FIRST QUESTION - "WHAT ADAM DALY"

He reveals a question.

ADAM (CONT'D)  
(Reading)  
What did Adam Daly do?  
(MORE)

ADAM (CONT'D)

(Answering)

Uhh. Not sure what they're referring to. I've done standup specials, TV, movies, a lot of stuff.

Next question.

ADAM (CONT'D)

(Reading)

What Adam Daly did.

(Answering)

Uh... Same answer.

Next question.

ADAM (CONT'D)

(Reading)

What did Adam Daly do to get cancelled.

(Answering)

That was a complex, misunderstood situation that the media--

(To director)

You'll just cut this?

SECOND QUESTION - "WHO ADAM DALY"

First question.

ADAM (CONT'D)

(Reading)

Who Adam Daly looks like.

He's clearly relieved it's not about his cancellation.

ADAM (CONT'D)

I get Jake Gyllenhall sometimes?

Next question.

ADAM (CONT'D)

(Reading)

Who does Adam Daly think he is.

Adam instantly flips back to annoyed.

ADAM (CONT'D)

Not Jake Gyllenhall. Alright.

THIRD QUESTION - "WHAT ADAM DALY"

First question.

ADAM (CONT'D)  
 (Reading)  
 What Adam Daly's problem.  
 (Tossing printout on the  
 ground)  
 Skipping this one.

FOURTH QUESTION - "SHOULD ADAM DALY"

He's started breezing through them; the cuts quicken and angles close in on him.

ADAM (CONT'D)  
 Okay. Should Adam Daly...

First question.

ADAM (CONT'D)  
 (Reading)  
 Should we all get together and kill  
 Adam Daly?  
 (Answering)  
 No.

FIFTH QUESTION - "WHY"

First question.

ADAM (CONT'D)  
 (Reading)  
 Why Adam Daly such a piece of shit.  
 (Answering)  
 Wha-- my name isn't even in that  
 search.

SIXTH QUESTION - "ADAM DALY"

First question: "Fuck Adam Daly."

He skips to the second: "Fuck Adam Daly."

And then the third: "Fuck Adam Daly."

OUTRO

Adam is back on the stool, as in the intro.

ADAM (CONT'D)  
 Thanks for watching. I'm a huge  
 piece of shit, and if you're in  
 food service, be sure to check out  
 spitting on my meal.

INT. ADAM'S BEDROOM - NIGHT

Adam snaps out of his nightmare.

EXT. THE MAIN ROOM - NIGHT

A line has just started forming outside The Main Room. Adam heads up to the front of it and talks to the bouncer, BRIAN, 35, a large, black man, hard on the outside but soft inside.

Adam looks low, unsure of himself.

ADAM

Hey Bri.

BRIAN

My man! You came back!

ADAM

Yeah, I guess.

They dap each other up. Adam pauses by the entrance.

ADAM (CONT'D)

What's it like in there?

BRIAN

The usual. I was scared you were gone, man. People are always on some shit. Acting like if 50 strangers sent *them* nudes every day, they wouldn't take advantage.

Adam is evaluating the line. People in it are murmuring, some excited, some upset.

ADAM

Let's avoid the phrase take advantage.

A car pulls up. It's Patterson in an Uber.

INSIDE THE UBER

PATTERSON

Thank you for the great conversation. I'm not just saying this as a plug, but I think you'd really enjoy my podcast.

Patterson opens his door, but just as he does so, he clocks Adam at the entrance and reflexively closes it again quietly. Scared to talk to Adam, Patterson hides his head and panics.

PATTERSON (CONT'D)  
 (Whispering)  
 Keep going please!

The driver talks loudly, and his window is open, so his words reach Adam very clearly. Plus, the car lights are on because Patterson's door didn't fully close.

DRIVER  
 This is the place.

PATTERSON  
 (Whispering)  
 I know; just please keep driving.

DRIVER  
 The Main Room Comedy Club. Look here.  
 (Pointing at Google Maps)  
 Right here. I've been here before.  
 (Pointing whole arm out the window directly at Adam)  
 That's it right there. You can see the sign. He is a comedian.

PATTERSON  
 (Whispering)  
 I know who he is. Look, I'm going to tip well either way, so just as a favor from one being to another, keep driving.

DRIVER  
 But we are here.

PATTERSON  
 That's it. You leave me no choice. If you don't drive right now, four stars.

DRIVER  
 Okay, relax. Just relax.

The car starts up.

ON ADAM AND BRIAN

Adam had seen Patterson, and now watches the car leave.

DRIVER (O.S.) (CONT'D)  
 Sir, we are now going away from the destination.

BRIAN  
You goin' in?

ADAM  
Yeah.

But he doesn't yet. He looks back at the line. There's a pair of girls who have seen him and stepped out of line. One frustratedly pulls out her phone and starts texting.

Adam's feels his phone buzz. Only it's not his phone – it's Katie's. He looks at the lock screen as three messages pop up:

"Hey don't come"  
"Adam Daly's here"  
"Drinks instead?"

Adam gives the phone to Brian.

ADAM (CONT'D)  
Hey, do me a favor. You see those girls? Chase them down and give them this. It's their friend's. If you can't leave your post, have Noel do it. And tell them I'm not performing.

Adam starts walking away. Brian calls after him.

BRIAN  
My post? You think this is the army? I'm just on the sidewalk, man. Alright, see you next year I guess.

EXT. THE MAIN ROOM - BACK OF THE BUILDING - NIGHT

Patterson has opened a back window and is evaluating whether his chunky body will fit through it.

Adam walks past on his way to his car. They see each other. Patterson freezes, then jumps through the window, breaking the window frame in the process.

INT. THE MAIN ROOM - NIGHT

Dan is onstage. The crowd is in stitches.

DAN  
My girlfriend just moved out. That feels bad.

(MORE)

DAN (CONT'D)

It feels worse when you read about how dangerous it is for a woman to live alone. She lived with me for a month and said, 'Thanks, but I'd rather die.'

Big laughter.

DAN (CONT'D)

Thanks for laughing at that, I'm in a tough place right now. But you know who's in a very good place? As in Netflix? And Comedy Central and everywhere else? Your next performer. Everyone please give it up for the amazing, the wunderkind, Briana O'Connell.

Briana comes out looking confident, as at the top of the episode. They shake hands, and Dan heads off. We stay on Dan as he walks backstage, Briana's voice fading away.

BRIANA

Hello! Hello! Thank you, thank you. Alright, quick housekeeping note. Do any of you own a Red Chevrolet parked out front with the license plate JTF-4091? No? Okay, that makes sense; I was just guessing. I'm 27. Anyone else in their twenties?

Dan passes the green room and peers in. Jackson is there.

DAN

Yo.

JACKSON

Hi. Good set?

DAN

Alright.

JACKSON

Sit if you like. I'm not up for a bit.

Dan enters and has a seat.

A Doordash delivery man with bags from two different restaurants peeks his head in.

DOORDASH DELIVERY MAN

Jackson?

JACKSON  
Right here.

End.