

The Main Room

written by

Kevin Lawson

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 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?

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's one of the few successful professionals who is cut from the same cloth as comics, and the affection between her and those comics is mutual.

BRIANA

Hiya.

JESSI

Hello, Briana.

(Taking a seat)

What's on the agenda today?

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

So, what's on the agenda?

BRIANA

What do you think?

JESSI

Wild guess? Dan.

BRIANA

Ding ding ding!

JESSI

Briana, you need love. Dan loves comedy.

INT. BRIANA AND DAN'S APARTMENT - DAY

It's the apartment that Briana shares with boyfriend DAN, 36, a lovable-yet-slightly-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 dog 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. New girlfriend.

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

Briana realizes the state of the apartment.

BRIANA  
 You said you were going to clean?

DAN  
 I did.

BRIANA  
 What did you do?

DAN  
 Well, I started, but I got  
 sidetracked with some joke ideas.

BRIANA  
 About what?

DAN  
 ..Cleaning.

BRIANA  
 (Had been expecting that)  
 Nice.

DAN  
 Are these 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. Briana clocks it with annoyance.

INT. JESSI'S OFFICE - DAY

BRIANA  
He always keeps a fucking pencil  
behind his ear. Always.

Jessi winces.

INT. DAN'S APARTMENT - DAY

BRIANA  
I'll soundboard the jokes when you  
finish cleaning.

DAN  
I'll clean as soon as these are  
done.

Briana acquiesces with a defeated sigh. Dan hugs her.

DAN (CONT'D)  
(Reading)  
I used to live with my mom. Now I  
live with girlfrie--

BRIANA  
No no no.

DAN  
What?

BRIANA  
Veto. No jokes connecting me and  
your mom. 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 scribbles on his pad: "Ask Tommy." Then reads another.

DAN (CONT'D)  
(Reading)  
My girlfriend just moved in.  
(MORE)

DAN (CONT'D)

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

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 storied 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 nastiest 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. I couldn't handle it. Thanksgiving was horrible. Worse than the original.

SADA

So even the families of the women you date have to be as funny as you.

DARREN

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.

(MORE)

PATTERSON (CONT'D)

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

(Snapping back to reality)

Yeah, hey.

SADA

Any wisdom rattling around in there?

NASH

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  
 Are you crazy?

DARREN  
 It's like that?

NOEL  
 Yeah, it's like that. I mean, I  
 know you want him back onstage  
 because he's hilarious, but a lot  
 of younger people want him gone  
 forever. Which is great because  
 that means whatever I do, as owner,  
 some group gets to hate me.

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

SADA  
 Yeah.

DARREN  
 I don't hate you either. '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 other 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

(While scurrying away)

No! I own this place! I'm the one  
with the power!

BACK AT THE COMIC'S TABLE

NASH

I wonder what Daly's up to. I don't  
think he's ever spent a night not  
at a club.

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 lazily flicking his wrist.

He's Googling himself. The results are articles about his sexual impropriety and ensuing cancellation. 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 broey comics who used to run with Adam. Two of them 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 answers.

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. Laura has an early morning. I'll help with the kids.

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 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 too. 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

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? You could. You could. Yes you could. You want some euthanasia?

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 barks jealously 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 pulls away and takes out his ear pencil and notepad.

DAN  
 I think I want to roll this  
 serotonin into some new jokes.

But Briana is driven, and tugs him by the collar toward the couch. Dan somewhat reluctantly goes with it.

Canela gets jealous and whines and tries to wedge between them. Briana plays defense. The dog's constant sounds heighten the stress levels throughout the scene.

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 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 barely 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. Sorry.

BRIANA

Fuck you, Dan!

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

Briana dismounts from 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 him. Dan reflexively grabs it to cover 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 let out her frustration. That settles her but spurs more scratching and barking from Canela. Jessi sits back down and starts to cry.

BRIANA  
Jessi was right.

DAN  
Who's Jessi?

BRIANA  
I'm leaving.

DAN  
(Remembering)  
Your therapist? You talk about me?

Briana starts to put a spare outfit in a bag.

DAN (CONT'D)  
What do you say about me?

Bag in hand, Briana heads for the door. She's interrupted when Canela BREAKS THROUGH THE DOOR LOCK and flings the door wide. Canela stands there, looking at them in turn.

BRIANA  
FINE, HE'S YOURS!

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  
Aww, no, really, this is 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  
Well, not everyo--

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)  
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  
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, huh?

ADAM  
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 totally agree. Milk and sugar?

ADAM

No.

JESSI

(Holding up bag of  
Ghirardelli dark chocolate  
squares)

Chocolate square?

ADAM

No.

She takes it for herself.

JESSI

(Bringing Adam the coffee  
and taking a seat)

So. You finally came.

ADAM

My parents asked me to. 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. Pretty passive phrasing.

Adam shrugs.

JESSI (CONT'D)

Would you say you did anything wrong?

ADAM

No.

JESSI

Oh. In that case--  
(Standing up)  
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 cracking up as she grabs her ball to bowl. Adam cracks a smile, looking halfway happy for the first time.

JESSI

And they were gone.

ADAM

Never saw either of them again.

Jessi laughs some more and lets her ball fly.

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

ADAM  
I'm not a pariah. Women still like  
me.

JESSI  
(Disagreeing)  
Do they?

ADAM  
Yeah.

JESSI  
Good women? Kind, well-adjusted  
ones?

Adam thinks it over. Then, without conviction:

ADAM  
Definitely.

JESSI  
If that's true, I won't be able to  
help you. You'll never admit  
anything to yourself.

The score screen tells Adam it's his turn with a crude  
animation.

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  
Can't say.

JONO

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.

A few people waiting in line have overheard, and are taken  
aback.

JESSI

*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, no dad.

CASHIER

(Terse)

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

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 on the floor. The folks in line have  
 again overheard and are again taken aback. Jessi gives them a  
 glance. 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 please 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 cancelled. 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 Belvedere? Alex--

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

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. 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)

What happened is, my wife died two years ago.

CHEF

Okay.

JACKSON

Oh, it's alrig-

(Realizing this was not a  
condolence)

Anyway, I was taking it quite hard, understandably, so, as an outlet, I started this project. 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 want the blog link... I can share it...

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. Very good.

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; that  
 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)  
 (MORE)

JACKSON (CONT'D)

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 that vaguely resembles a Rorschach test.

DAN

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

Jessi laughs.

JESSI

That's good.

DAN

Thanks.

JESSI

You wanted to talk?

DAN

Yeah.

JESSI

Welcome. Happy to have you. Love to have more Main Room guys coming in. What brings you?

DAN

I heard Briana was talking to you about me. I wanted to give my side of the story.

JESSI

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

Long Island. Are you doing material?

DAN

What? No.

JESSI

Alright. Go on.

DAN

Briana says I'm insensitive, but I don't think she understands what it's like growing up in New York. It makes you ruthless. Have you seen kids fundraising in New York? It's not Girl Scouts. It's not, 'Hi, I'm selling cookies to learn about business. Would you like some Do Si Dos?' It's someone on the subway pulling out your headphone and being like, 'I play basketball. Buy some Skittles, bitch.'

Jessi laughs to herself, nods.

JESSI

That's 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 gets onstage, the audience doesn't really trust her to be funny. But when I get on, they're like, 'quiet down, this ugly bastard definitely has jokes.'

Jessi nods and smiles a tad, and makes a note on her pad. Dan feels at risk of losing the room and kicks up his intensity.

DAN (CONT'D)

She's 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

Well, first of all, great set.  
 (Looking over notes)  
 Some first impressions.  
 (Motioning to the abstract painting)  
 The Rorschach one -- funny, but it's been done before. The New York fundraising one was strong. On the being ugly in comedy one, it's a great premise, but I would find a different way about it. The soap one is good, but I'd avoid the word 'feminine.' Too charged. And if you want to talk material, just say so. It's much cheaper than therapy. And if you want therapy, don't worry about winning me over. 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?

JESSI  
Material or therapy?

DAN  
Material.

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 and charming woman around 30. They've got coffees in hand.

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

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

KATIE  
What?

ADAM  
(Thinking a beat)  
Kind. Well-adjusted.

KATIE  
You probably have seven of me a week.

ADAM  
Not since-- you know, everything happened.

KATIE  
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

If I'm ever onstage again.

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. 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

Two days ago.

ADAM

Cool, cool. Can I just give you a quick heads up about something? You might wanna Google my name.

KATIE

What?

ADAM

Yeah, just do it.

She skeptically obliges. Adam looks away from her, taking in the park. After a brief silence, he looks back to her.

Katie is 50 yards away, sprinting into the distance.

Adam sips his drink, thinking.

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. 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

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

MILLER (O.S.)

(Muffled, from backstage)  
No one cares what she said, ya  
Woody Allen wannabe!

NOEL

Folks, just go ahead and ignore that 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. You could actually do it.

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 your very own Quiznos.'

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 noticing his presence, as well as the younger lady he's with.

ADAM

I haven't been in public since everything happened.

MOLLY

Oh, God, you have to be in public. You can't just go into hiding.

(MORE)

MOLLY (CONT'D)  
 It's weak; it's an admission of  
 guilt; it's what the bleeding heart  
 libs want.

ADAM  
 I guess.

MOLLY  
 And they're the real pedophiles.

Adam's eyes widen a bit: Uh oh.

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

MOLLY (CONT'D)  
 (Annoyed)  
 No straws?

SERVER  
 We have some in the back.

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

Does this little progressive beta act get you girls? 'Cause Adam here actually 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  
Some of them did.

JESSI  
It's not all about the law.

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  
It's all I know. And I can handle  
people hating me. If I couldn't,  
I'd still be performing in living  
rooms and laundromats.

JESSI  
That's real strong of you. Not *that*  
strong though. Not strong enough to  
admit to yourself who you might  
really be. And if you could do  
that, I don't think you'd want to  
perform tonight.

INT. HOTEL LOBBY - DAY

Briana walks through the lobby of a nice hotel. Starved for human interaction, she greets the receptionist as she passes.

BRIANA

Hey again.

No response.

BRIANA (CONT'D)

Hi.

RECEPTIONIST

(Dryly)

Oh, hi there.

INT. HOTEL BAR - MOMENTS LATER

Briana drinks alone, watching the other groups. Three friends laugh in a booth. A couple at the bar looks really in love.

INT. HOTEL HALLWAY - MOMENTS LATER

Briana unlocks her room and enters. The door slams shut behind her. The thick blinds block all the sun, and it's dark and alone. Briana cries, standing in the entrance of the room.

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 the Action call-in line.

DAN

(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 back. Dan looks at her, then his phone. His expression says "Oh shit."

He taps the speaker button to take it off speakerphone.

DAN (CONT'D)

You're back.

BRIANA

Yeah. 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.

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

BRIANA

You're calling in. So that's your priority list. It goes comedy, low-budget sports talk show, Briana.

DAN

No, you're my priority. They just never put me on.

BRIANA

Oh, okay, got it!

Canela barks.

BRIANA (CONT'D)

Shut up, you rat!

INT. TV STUDIO - DAY

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

PREVIOUS 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. 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 open 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 penis 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 figured it out, and 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

Everything alright?...

DAN

Look, here's the thing. The Warriors choked in the *finals*. That makes it 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, Briana in the center of the couch and Dan on a small chair

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. You think I don't know I'm a piece of shit?

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 knows, but doesn't say.

JESSI (CONT'D)

You moved in when?

Dan answers because Jessi doesn't.

DAN

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

JESSI

And you've been together how long?

DAN

Two months.

JESSI

Do you love each other?

DAN

It's a strong like.

Briana nods, agreeing with the phrasing.

JESSI

What is it that you like?

DAN

She's gorgeous, smart, a killer—

JESSI

I know what you like. I meant her.

DAN

Right.

Briana starts to cry.

BRIANA

He's really, really funny. He's just so good at it, and he cares about it so much. I love that.

JESSI  
 (Stern, but with  
 compassion)  
 So go to his shows. Sometimes alone  
 is good.

Briana cries to herself a moment, then cleans herself up.

JESSI (CONT'D)  
 Can you handle that?

Briana thinks. Then she looks at Dan. He's reaching for his ear pencil but stops abruptly when she looks at him. Her mood turns on a dime.

BRIANA  
 Yes.

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 on the printout. The celebrity reveals each question and answers it.

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?

DIRECTOR (O.S.)  
 Wired Autocomplete Interview.

ADAM  
 Right. This is my Wired Autocomplete Interview.

FIRST SEARCH BAR: "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 SEARCH BAR: "WHO ADAM DALY"

First question.

ADAM (CONT'D)

(Reading)

Who Adam Daly looks like.

Adam is 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 SEARCH BAR: "WHAT ADAM DALY"

First question.

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

FOURTH SEARCH BAR: "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 SEARCH BAR: "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 SEARCH BAR: "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 - EVENING

Adam snaps out of his nap 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! Look who came back.

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

Some bro types in the line clock Adam.

BRO IN LINE 1

Yo, Adam Daly!

BRO IN LINE 2

I *knew* you wouldn't disappear, bro!  
Are you going on??

ADAM

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. Two girls, seeing Adam, get out of line and walk away.

ADAM

(To Brian)

Let's maybe 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 genuinely think you'd enjoy my podcast.

Patterson tries to open the door, but it's one of those minivan with the automatic doors.

DRIVER

It is automatic.

PATTERSON

Yeah.

(Short beat)

Would you mind opening it?

As the door slides open, Patterson immediately clocks Adam and, not wanting to talk to him, reflexively jumps back and hides behind a seat.

PATTERSON (CONT'D)

(Whispering)

Close the door! Drive!

The driver talks loudly, and his window is open, so his words reach Adam clearly. Plus, the car lights are on because the door is open. This conversation could not be less hidden from Adam.

DRIVER

This is the place.

PATTERSON

(Whispering)

I know; just please close the door and 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. Close the door please!

Patterson frantically tries to close the door manually, but it won't move.

DRIVER

Sir, the door is automatic. You know this!

PATTERSON

For the love of Christ, Buddha, and Manitou, keep driving.

DRIVER

But we are here.

PATTERSON

That's it. You leave me no choice. If you don't close this door and drive right now, one star. I'm sorry.

DRIVER

Okay, relax. Just relax.

The door slowly shuts, and the car pulls away.

Adam watches as the car creeps away.

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

Sir, we are now going away from the destination.

BRIAN

You goin' in?

ADAM

Uh, yeah.

But he doesn't yet. He looks back at the line.

Another two people are leaving the line – a couple. Adam overhears the man:

MAN LEAVING LINE

We can just do dinner and drinks instead? I'll call an Uber.

ADAM

You know what? I might actually do The Comedy Store.

Adam starts walking away.

EXT. THE MAIN ROOM - BACK OF BUILDING - NIGHT

Patterson is struggling trying to open a back window.

Adam walks past on his way to his car. They see each other. Patterson bolts and tries to jump through the window but bounces off. Barely catching his feet, he pretends to finally see Adam.

PATTERSON

(Bubbly)

Oh, hey, Adam! What a pleasant surprise! How... how've ya been?

INT. THE MAIN ROOM - NIGHT

Dan is onstage. The crowd is in stitches.

DAN

My girlfriend just moved out. That feels bad. It feels worse after you read about how scary it is for a woman to live alone. She lived with me for a month and said, 'Thanks, but I'd rather get murdered.'

Big laughter.

Jessi's in the audience. She smiles widely. Jono is sitting next to her, cracking up.

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. I'm looking for the owner of a black Lamborghini SUV with yellow rims, parked right out front?

A man with an attractive woman on his arm raises his hand.

BRIANA (CONT'D)  
You? Alright, there's no problem –  
you just have a stupid car.

INT. BACKSTAGE HALLWAY - MOMENTS LATER

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

DAN  
Yo.

JACKSON  
Hi! You did well.

DAN  
Thanks.

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

Dan enters and has a seat. They sit in silence a beat.

JACKSON (CONT'D)  
Sorry to hear about Briana.

DAN  
Oh, no. It's cool. Could be worse..

JACKSON  
Would you like to go out to eat  
later?

DAN  
Where to?

JACKSON  
Iki Ramen. And Republique and  
Providence.

End.