

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 right now, 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'll get in the way of about 90% of my material.

We see SHERI (more on her soon) in the crowd.

BRIANA (CONT'D)

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.

(MORE)

BRIANA (CONT'D)

And if you have the right look in your eyes, ethically, they have to come.

(Acts out desperate eyes)

IN THE BACK OF THE ROOM

A few comics stand watching. One is KYLE, 28, a fragile-male-ego'd guy, prone to hating his peers. The other is MILLER, 38, an immensely talented black comic with a penchant for controversy.

Kyle looks like the jokes are grating his ears.

MILLER

You good?

KYLE

No.

MILLER

Jealous?

KYLE

Right. Of what?

MILLER

Netflix special? Laughing audience?

KYLE

Bullshit.

MILLER

(Continuing list)

A persona?

KYLE

Persona of what? Hack?

MILLER

(Thinking)

Sad bitch.

Kyle just shakes his head annoyedly.

MILLER (CONT'D)

You got a lot of animus towards this girl who's exactly you. I'm sure that means nothing.

Kyle glares at Miller.

BACK ONSTAGE

Briana continues.

BRIANA

Yeah, you can ask your therapist to come watch you work. *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 Sheri. She handles my thoughts and feelings.' Enough about therapy! That was my impression of my dad. Did you like it? If you did, please give me some positive feedback, because he never did.

INT. SHERI'S OFFICE - DAY

Briana takes a seat on Sheri's therapy couch. Sheri, 50, is a therapist whose clients are primarily successful LA comics. She has an unflappable ego, strong opinions, and an excellent sense of humor. She's one of the few successful professionals cut from the same cloth as comics, and the affection between her and them is palpable.

BRIANA

Hiya.

SHERI

Hello, Briana.

(Taking a seat)

What's on the agenda today?

CLIENT MONTAGE

A series of comics sit on the therapy couch. As each speaks, their name and comedy credits are superimposed.

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 some cash? 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

It's at a point where every time I hear that song, it conjures vividly the smell of his penis.

COMIC 7

With what I've made, I shouldn't be performing. I should be flying around in a golden jet writing 'I win' in contrails.

COMIC 8

Some of the hentai out there is of a depressingly high quality.

Sheri takes notes on her pad.

SUPER: MAIN ROOM

FADE TO:

EXT. MAIN ROOM COMEDY CLUB - NIGHT

Establishing shot of the exterior of the club bustling on a weekend night. The focus is on the illuminated MAIN ROOM sign. A group of some of the comics we just saw with Sheri are chatting on the sidewalk.

INT. SHERI'S OFFICE - DAY

And we're back with Briana's appointment.

SHERI

Hello, Briana. What's on the agenda today?

BRIANA

Same old I guess. Not too much to report. The usual.

SHERI

How's Dan? Are you still with him?

BRIANA

Yeah. Why do you always ask that?

SHERI

Do I?

BRIANA

There is one thing about him worth bringing up I guess.

SHERI

What's that?

INT. BRIANA AND DAN'S APARTMENT - DAY

It's the apartment Briana shares with boyfriend DAN, 36, a rather dirtbaggy comic with one true love: joke writing.

The apartment's a mess. Dan's on the couch, focused on his joke journal.

Briana enters with grocery bags. CANELA, Dan's dog who hates Briana, runs at her and barks.

DAN

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

BRIANA

She knows it's me. That's why she's being a bitch.

DAN

She's just jealous I have a new roommate.

BRIANA

(Correcting)
Girlfriend.

DAN

Right, 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

How could this be *after* cleaning?

DAN

No, I did say that. I started but got sidetracked with some joke ideas.

BRIANA

About what?

DAN

... Cleaning.

BRIANA

(Had been expecting that)
Nice.

DAN

Let me get your feedback on these.

Grabbing his notepad, Dan turns so we see a pencil tucked behind his ear. Briana registers it with contempt.

INT. SHERI'S OFFICE - DAY

BRIANA

(Annoyed)
He always keeps a pencil behind his ear.

Sheri winces.

BRIANA (CONT'D)

Like he's always gotta be ready in case of a comedy emergency. I mean, I love comedy. But he loves jokes so much more than even me.

SHERI

(Impressed)
Look at that. Good for you, coming to that conclusion on your own. I'm glad I trusted you to get there.

BRIANA

(Flattered)
Thanks. Wait, I meant he loves jokes more than I love jokes. Is that what you meant?

SHERI
(Changing subject)
So what's the latest on your
father?

INT. THE MAIN ROOM - STAGE - NIGHT

Briana has just finished her set and is coming offstage to
applause. She crosses from stage to HALLWAY.

She stops and lets the adrenaline flow through her and get
her high. A deep, smug smile spreads across her face. She
starts walking again and passes the next performer, Kyle.

KYLE
Killed it.

BRIANA
Thanks. Good luck.

KYLE
(Smiling big)
I'll need it following you.

As soon as Kyle passes her, his smile vanishes.

Briana keeps walking, through the hallway and out the door
into SIDE ROOM, a bar adjoining MAIN ROOM COMEDY CLUB where
patrons and comics hang out before and after their shows.

Waiting by the door is a 50-year-old, the sight of whom stops
Briana in her tracks and erases her smile. The man is SIMON,
her father.

SIMON
Hi, honey.

Briana freezes in shock.

BRIANA
(Holding the word)
Uhhhh...

She takes two steps backwards into the hallway she just
emerged from and closes the door in front of her. She and
Simon both stand for a second, staring at the shut door.

INT. SHERI'S HOUSE - KITCHEN - AFTERNOON

TODD, Sheri's boyfriend, has seated her at their kitchen
table. Todd has a handwritten letter in front of him that he
refers to occasionally as he speaks.

TODD

I wish I felt differently, but this is what I realized when I found the strength to be honest with myself. I don't think this is a situation where blame applies, but by way of an explanation, I would say it comes down to the fact that I just...

(He can't find the right words, so he reads directly from the letter)

I think you love me. But your enviable ability to be so solid by yourself makes it impossible for me to know for sure. You are amazingly unconcerned with the opinions and emotions of others. But I don't know if you can love someone and not need them.

Sheri looks deeply saddened. Todd slides over a tissue for any coming tears.

TODD (CONT'D)

(No longer reading letter)

Your love is like a joke. I can never tell if it's all rooted in truth, or if it's just a means to an end – the sequence of words that ends with laughter.

Sheri's deep sadness breaks a bit towards chastising.

SHERI

My love is like a joke?

TODD

It feels that way.

SHERI

(Heartfelt)

Those are different things entirely, Todd. Of course I love you. I wouldn't lie about that. You're central to my life. Every day I choose to be with you. Every day I choose to have you as a father figure to my son. If you left, I'd be devastated.

TODD

Would you really?

SHERI

Yes.

Todd's sureness begins to falter. At that moment, Sheri spies a smudge on the table and cleans it with the tissue Todd had just given her for tears. Todd registers this move and regains confidence. He pushes his seat back and stands.

EXT. STREET NEAR MAIN ROOM - SIDEWALK - NIGHT

Sheri walks down the sidewalk outside Main Room. She passes a wall plastered with posters of various comics (including those from the previous therapy montage) and a line outside.

The BOUNCER, GERALD, 35, greets her warmly.

GERALD

Hey, Sheri. How you doing?

SHERI

Ups and downs.

GERALD

I hear that.

SHERI

See ya later.

She continues briskly past him to the next door and into:

INT. SIDE ROOM - CONTINUOUS

SIDE ROOM is a bar adjoining Main Room Comedy Club where patrons and comics hang out before and after their shows. The comics have a "Comic's Table," an exclusive table reserved for regular performers who can handle the onslaught of bullying that happens there.

She greets the BARTENDER, JOHNNY.

SHERI

Hey Johnny.

JOHNNY

Evening.

Sheri walks to the end of the bar, where NOEL, 60, is stood behind the bar, working on a laptop.

Noel is a comedy fanatic who started the club as a roundabout way to get stage time. He's smart and kind but horribly cringing when he performs due to stage fright.

He's frazzled as he fields emails.

NOEL

(To self)

I didn't- what do you want me to do? I'm not him, I just run the club.

SHERI

Particularly frazzled this evening, are we?

NOEL

(Motioning to computer)

It's one non-stop complaint with these people. They act like I specifically asked him to do that stuff.

SHERI

What stuff?

NOEL

You hear about Adam Daly?

SHERI

What about him?

Noel's eyes widen and he exhales deeply.

NOEL

Well, there was an allegation. And then...

(Mentally counting, then giving up)

A bunch more.

INT. SIDE ROOM - COMICS' TABLE - NIGHT

A group of four comics nurse beers. They are:

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

PAT -- 41. A lumbering, hyper-feminine, spiritual man.

SADA -- 50. A pretty, Indian-American woman who is simultaneously extremely sweet and comfortable around the most brutish of men.

NASH -- 44. A southerner who seems stupid but whose standup betrays intelligence somewhere in there.

DARREN

You don't gotta be a comic. You just gotta *get it*, ya know?

PAT

Yes! You have to be able to see that God, or the universe, or whatever you want to call it, has a sense of humor – that just putting us all here together was the greatest joke ever told, and if that doesn't give your soul a boner--

DARREN

Christ. This guy wants every conversation to be his podcast.

PAT

Yes, exactly.

SADA

(Suspicious)

Are you recording this?

PAT

(Ignoring question)

That reminds me. Does anyone want to be a guest on my new Instagram Live series on Thursday? It was going to be Adam Daly, but, you know..

SADA

Pat.

PAT

Perfect. Thanks, Sada, you're the best.

SADA

No, absolutely not. Are you recording this?

PAT

(Abruptly leaving)

Alright well excuse me, I'm gonna see if Jamie might be interested.

SADA

You fucker.

Sheri and Noel walk up to the comics' table. Sada scooches over to make space for Sheri, who sits.

SADA (CONT'D)

Hey love.

Darren doesn't move for Noel, who stands there, waiting.

DARREN

Sorry. Comics only.

NOEL

(Gesturing to himself and Sheri)

Exactly.

DARREN

You're right; bad phrasing. The rule is funny people only.

NOEL

(Awkwardly)

Then you know who should be here?
Your mom. She's... she's funny looking.

DARREN

(To others)

You can see the moment he switches to comedy mode.

NOEL

Fuck, I know.

SHERI

We're working on it. He'll be a killer by 75.

SADA

A real wunderkind.

Another comic comes barreling towards Noel. It's Miller.

Noel 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)
 I own this place! *I'm* the powerful
 one.

BACK AT THE TABLE

SADA
 I've tried, and I simply cannot
 imagine what the sex was like when
 you two were together.

DARREN
 That reminds me – let me get your
 medical opinion. I have this growth
 on my crotch, the size of, like, a
 walnut.

SHERI
 Is it your penis?

DARREN
 No, I checked with an electron
 microscope. How should I feel about
 this?

SHERI
 I'm a therapist, not a urologist.

DARREN
 Right, I'm asking how I should feel
 about it.

NASH
 (Just spacing in)
 Oh, hey Sheri. How're you?

Sheri glances at the other comics: "How slow is this guy?"

NASH (CONT'D)
 Anyone know where Daly is?

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 a shell. A series of cuts of him around the house:

– Slumped on his couch watching a cheap murder show.

– Seated playing Wii golf, swinging by half-flicking his wrist.

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

– In the kitchen by a pot of water, checking the expiration dates on pasta boxes.

– Slumped on the couch in a different TV room than before. He pulls out his phone and makes a call.

INT. MAIN ROOM - GREEN ROOM - NIGHT

The green room is a cozy space with couches and a small bar.

In it now are three broey comics. 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 answers reluctantly.

INTERCUT CARL/ADAM

CARL

Hey.

ADAM

Hey. You busy?

CARL

Uhh, yeah. I'm at 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.

CARL

Bye—

They hang up.

IN THE GREEN ROOM

One of the wrestling comics asks:

WRESTLING COMIC

Who was that?

CARL

My mom.

AT ADAM'S HOUSE

Adam sits still for a beat. He looks like he might be about to cry, and then the rage comes out at once. He throws his phone across the room and vents for a moment.

CUT TO:

He picks the phone up from where it lies. It's shattered.

CUT TO:

He opens a nearby drawer and pulls out a brand new iPhone.

EXT. ADAM'S HOUSE - HOT TUB - NIGHT

Adam is in the hot tub, his head narrowly above the water.

His phone buzzes. It's a notification from the home security app that monitors his front gate. He unlocks the phone and sees live footage of Sheri, out of her car, struggling with the keypad.

IN DRIVEWAY

SHERI

(To no one in particular,
while pressing buttons)
What in the world... Hello? You
really need the gate? Get a lot of
riff raff in this neighborhood?

ADAM

(Through intercom)
Hello.

SHERI

Oh, Adam, thank God. Can you open
this big iron monument to your
wealth?

ADAM

(Intercom)
... No, I'd rather not.

SHERI

Okay, that's fine, I came all the way out here so I could talk to you on a walkie talkie.

ADAM

What do you want?

SHERI

To talk.

ADAM

So you can explain to me why I'm fucked up and teach me how to become a good person?

SHERI

Who ever accused me of being a good person? I just like talking to funny people who have something to say.

ADAM

For 500 bucks per conversation.

SHERI

I would do it for free, but yes.

ADAM

The fact that everyone got up in arms about something pertaining to me doesn't change who I am, and it doesn't mean I should change my mind about talking to you. If anyone needs therapy, it's the hordes of people in a spitting rage about something they don't even understand.

SHERI

Oy vey, are you done?

(Off Adam's silence)

I'll just leave this here.

Sheri tucks a business card into the keypad. Then she pushes a button in a failed attempt to end the call. Adam watches her get back into her car and leave.

INT. ADAM'S PARENTS' HOUSE - KITCHEN - SAME

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

The landline rings.

ISABELLA
Don't answer.

Johnny answers anyway.

JOHNNY
What. Oh. Hi.

ISABELLA
Midwest or middle east?

JOHNNY
(Mouthing to Isabella)
Adam.

He puts it on speaker.

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

JOHNNY
Oh. Uhhh. No.

INTERCUT ADAM/JOHNNY

ADAM
I'll pick you up in 30?

JOHNNY
No, I meant, no. As in no.

ADAM
Why not?

JOHNNY
We're... having friends over.

ADAM
What friends?

JOHNNY
Yeesh, with the fuckin'
inquisition, this guy?

ADAM
Dad.

JOHNNY
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 say I'm an asshole
because I'm brash and direct and
Calabrese, and I call people some
slurs, but *not* the N word, *never*
the N word, not even when it was
popular. I don't even order
Negronis out loud; I point to the
menu.

ADAM

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

Next week Adam. We love you. Next
week.

He hangs up.

ISABELLA

That's sad.

JOHNNY

Yeah.

They sulk for a moment. Johnny interrupts this by dropping
his robe to the floor. Isabella is startled by the sight of
his penis.

ISABELLA
 Jesus, Johnny, maybe a heads up?

EXT. ADAM'S HOUSE - DRIVEWAY - NIGHT

Adam stands, forlorn, in a robe, at the end of his driveway, framed by his splendid house. We hear the deep, rumbling sound of the GATE OPENING.

He walks out and picks up the business card. He eyes it.

INT. CAR - DRIVING - NIGHT

Two basic LA girls are driving slowly through the hills, fetishizing the wealth.

GIRL 1
 Look at this one.

GIRL 2
 Hi, yes, I'm here to marry in?

They laugh.

GIRL 1
 Wait, is that Adam Daly?

GIRL 2
 Holy shit this is Adam Daly's house. He's right there. What do we do?

The car is down to a crawl.

GIRL 1
 Didn't he just get cancelled or something?

GIRL 2
 Yeah, but he's Adam Daly!

GIRL 1
 Let's tell him to eat shit.

GIRL 2
 No! It's Adam Daly!

GIRL 1
 Uhhh I don't know I don't know.

GIRL 2 (CONT'D)
 Shit we're passing him shit shit.

Unable to make up their minds, they pass Adam at roughly 2 MPH, gawking out the open windows.

Girl 2 snaps a selfie as she drives. Girl 1 poses from the passenger seat. Then she changes her vibe.

GIRL 1 (CONT'D)

Eat shit.

INT. BRIANA AND DAN'S APARTMENT - NIGHT

It's late. Briana's home for the night. 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. Even my new stuff. Best set in months, I swear to God.

BRIANA

Honey! That's amazing!

She runs over to hug him.

DAN

And afterwards, Pat came up to me
and said I could call into his
Instagram Live thing on Thursday.
My God, I feel like I'm on coke--
Wait.

(Suddenly questioning self,
then feeling sure)

No, yeah, 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. One of her hands
travels down below frame.

BRIANA

(Sexually)

Let's celebrate.

Dan pulls away, unsheathing his ear pencil and a 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, whining and trying to wedge in between
them. Briana plays defense, multitasking as she kisses Dan.

Canela's constant whimpering heightens the stress levels
throughout the scene.

MOMENTS LATER

They squeeze through the bedroom door, taking care not to let
Canela through. Canela scratches at it.

Briana undresses Dan, throwing away his hat, his shirt, and
ear pencil, which she aims at the trash 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 in his face, jolting him back to reality.

DAN

Sorry.

Briana takes the lead, rolling him over and getting on top.

All the while, Canela whimpers and scratches 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. It reaches to the nightstand drawer and opens it. Fishing around inside, it doesn't land on any of the pencils or pads.

So he reaches for the pocket of his pants on the ground. With a big stretch, his fingertips just barely reach 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 senses how out of it Dan 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

You're inside me right now! Do you know how much hotter I am than you?!

DAN

Yes.

BRIANA

Then why don't you want me?!

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

Briana dismounts from Dan and gets dressed.

BRIANA (CONT'D)

What's it about?

Silence from Dan.

BRIANA (CONT'D)

What's it about?!

DAN

(Lying)

I forget.

Briana lunges for his phone, fishing for it under Dan's back. Dan plays good defense. Briana grabs the sheet covering Dan and throws it off him. Dan reflexively grabs it to cover his crotch, and Briana wins the phone.

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 with one hand and unlocks the phone. Dan's face is on the phone but his eyes are on her in shock.

BRIANA (CONT'D)

(Reading)

Slowing down sex by thinking about g.

DAN
... Grandma.

Briana stares at him.

DAN (CONT'D)
Those are concepts, not jokes.

BRIANA
(Letting out frustration)
AAHHHH!

Canela gets so riled up that she PLOWS THE DOOR OPEN and runs to Dan, jumping onto the bed next to him.

BRIANA (CONT'D)
FINE! He's all yours. Sheri was right about you.

Briana starts grabbing some things and leaving.

DAN
Bri, wait. I'm sorry. How long are you leaving for?

BRIANA
Forever.

DAN
C'mon, be real this time. How long until you come back?

BRIANA
I'm not.

Briana's at the threshold.

DAN
(Meaningfully)
Briana, wait.

Briana pauses.

DAN (CONT'D)
What does Sheri think of me?

And she's gone.

INT. SHERI'S OFFICE - WAITING AREA - DAY

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

He sits up straight as Sheri's door opens. Out comes Sada, who's 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.

Sheri 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.

SHERI

Sada.

SADA

Fucked up is not a value judgment.
All my favorite people are fucked
up. But point taken.

INT. SHERI'S OFFICE - DAY

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

SHERI

I'm the first shrink you've ever
seen?

ADAM

Yeah.

SHERI

Took you long enough, huh? Don't
like the idea?

Adam gestures. He doesn't want to say and offend her.

SHERI (CONT'D)

Oh, don't be a baby. Just say it.

ADAM

It just feels like--
(Gestures vaguely)
A bunch of...

He doesn't find words, but his gesturing conveys "bullshit."

SHERI

Can I tell you something? I totally
agree.

The espresso finishes pouring. Sheri adds hot water from a
kettle, tosses a Ghirardelli square on the saucer, and brings
it to Adam.

SHERI (CONT'D)

But you finally came.

ADAM

Just accepting your invitation.
Don't get a lot of those after
everything that happened.

SHERI

I see. Everything *that happened*.

ADAM

Yeah.

SHERI

The things *that transpired*. Came to occur.

ADAM

You getting at something?

SHERI

Oh, no, no. Sure, something is being gotten at.

Adam shrugs, dismissing her line of reasoning.

SHERI (CONT'D)

Would you say you did anything wrong?

ADAM

No.

SHERI

Oh. In that case--
(Standing up)
Do you like bowling? We've got 50 minutes, could probably squeeze two games in.

ADAM

What?

SHERI

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.

Sheri's surprised. She had been kidding.

SHERI

Really?

She thinks it over herself.

INT. BOWLING ALLEY - DAY

It's the sparse day crowd. Sheri's cracking up as she grabs her ball. Adam looks happy for the first time.

SHERI
And they were gone?

ADAM
Never saw either of them again.

Sheri laughs some more and lets her ball fly.

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

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

SHERI
(Disagreeing)
Do they?

ADAM
Yeah.

SHERI
Okay, but good women? Smart, well-adjusted ones?

Adam thinks it over. Then, without conviction:

ADAM
Definitely.

SHERI
If that's true, which it's not, then I won't be able to help you. With your ego, you won't admit anything to yourself until everyone in the world hates you, and even then you might just turn crazy.

The score screen tells Adam it's his turn with a cheap animation. He gets up and changes the subject.

ADAM
All your patients are comedians?

SHERI
Pretty much.

ADAM

Why?

FLASHBACK -- INT. SHERI'S OFFICE - DAY

Sheri's talking to a stuffily dressed ACCOUNTANT.

ACCOUNTANT

(Boringly)

Since Carol left, I haven't seen any light in life. I can't focus on work. I don't check in with my kids much. Last week, my coworker's therapy dog left her desk and sat on my lap. And I just looked at it. I didn't even pet it.

We see Sheri opposite him, asleep. She snaps out of it a tad.

SHERI

Oh, I see. Wow. Go on.

END FLASHBACK

INT. BOWLING ALLEY - DAY

Sheri responds to Adam's question as he bowls.

SHERI

In my view, unfunny people are a waste of space. All I want to do in life is talk to comedians. And lucky for me, they like talking to me.

ADAM

Why don't you just do comedy?

SHERI

Ah, it's too late now.

ADAM

You're not that old.

SHERI

I know, but I already have a Master's in mental health. It would be so much to unlearn.

INT. HIGH SCHOOL MAIN OFFICE - AFTERNOON

Sheri approaches the administrator, PATRICIA, 70s, salt-of-the-Earth, especially compared to the ritzy private school, seated behind the front desk. They recognize each other and have clearly done this exchange many times already.

The school is mostly empty by this late in the afternoon.

PATRICIA
(Sarcastic)
Long time no see, Ms. Stein.

SHERI
One day I'll get Jono properly medicated, and that'll be true.

PATRICIA
Not enough medication in the world.

SHERI
What'd he do this time?

PATRICIA
I don't know.

SHERI
How could you not know?

Patricia pulls out a paper.

PATRICIA
Here's the detention slip.

Sheri grabs it and reads. Under "Reason for detention," it says: "JUST SO ANNOYING."

SHERI
That makes sense.

INT. HIGH SCHOOL HALLWAY - AFTERNOON

Sheri and JONO, 13, her hyperactive, comedy-obsessed son, walk down the hallway from detention.

SHERI
At any point are you planning on actually learning something in this school?

JONO
Nope.

SHERI
You know it costs \$20,000 a year?

JONO
Did you have a lot of comics today?

SHERI
A new one actually.

JONO
(Excited)
Really? Who?

SHERI
You know I can't say.

JONO
Moom, c'mon, tell me, tell me,
tell me! I can keep a secret!

SHERI
No you can't.

JONO
Yes I can.

SHERI
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 two girls who
don't go here were 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.

(No pause)
Wait, I told.

SHERI
Prescription?

JONO
No, they're free at the nurse.

EXT. HIGH SCHOOL PARKING LOT - AFTERNOON

Sheri and Jono approach and enter Sheri's Tesla.

JONO
Can you please just tell me?

SHERI
No.

JONO
Does he perform at Main Room?

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

JONO
(Too excited)
He's cancelled??

SHERI
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?

SHERI
(Thinks for a half-beat)
Lena Dunham.

JONO
Is it Brett Medina?

SHERI
No.

JONO
Elias Conner?

SHERI
No.

JONO
Adam Daly?

SHERI
No.

JONO
Cliff Buchanan? Oscar Roberts?
Alvin Greene?

SHERI
No.

JONO
Was it something racial or sexual?

SHERI
Not answering.

JONO
Moral or criminal?

SHERI
Not answering.

JONO
Cancellation or postponement?

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

JONO
Ira Norman?

SHERI
No.

JONO
Anthony D'onofrio?

SHERI
No.

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

EXT. RESTAURANT OUTDOOR SEATING - DAY

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

He flags down his waiter.

JAMIE
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.

JAMIE (CONT'D)

Hi. Are you the chef?

CHEF

What is problem?

JAMIE

No, no problem. Just the opposite actually. I loved it. All superb. So much so, I'm wondering if you'd let me interview you?

CHEF

Interview?

JAMIE

Yes. I'm doing a project where I eat at every single restaurant in Los Angeles and make a top-100 list, and then I'm publishing a book of interviews with all the top chefs.

CHEF

You are critic?

JAMIE

Uh, no. Comedian, actually.

CHEF

And you want interview me. For joke?

JAMIE

No, no. For serious.

The chef's intimidating silence makes Jamie start babbling.

JAMIE (CONT'D)

You see, what happened is, my wife died two years ago.

CHEF

Okay.

JAMIE

Oh, it's alrig-
(Realizing this was not a
condolence)
Anyway, I was taking it quite hard,
so, as an outlet, I started this
project.

(MORE)

JAMIE (CONT'D)
 I've been doing it for a year, and
 I've eaten at 500 unique
 restaurants, which leaves just 500
 and 29,000 more to go.

The chef and waiter just stare at him.

JAMIE (CONT'D)
 If you want the blog link... I can
 share it...

The chef walks away.

JAMIE (CONT'D)
 (To waiter)
 Could I get this wrapped up? I've
 got a lunch across town.

INT. SHERI'S OFFICE - DAY

Jamie is in therapy with Sheri.

SHERI
 How's the project going?

JAMIE
 Not very good, if I'm honest.

INT. JAMIE'S APARTMENT - NIGHT

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

JAMIE
 (Mimicking chef)
 Oh, Jamie, 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.

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 forever.

ADAM

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

KATIE

What?

ADAM

(Thinking a beat)
Smart. Well-adjusted.

KATIE

You probably have seven of me a
week.

ADAM

Not at all. Not since-- you know,
everything.

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.

KATIE

What?

He registers her seeming ignorance of his cancellation.

ADAM

Uh, I won't. Promise.

KATIE

I'm unemployed. I'm not an aspiring
trophy wife or anything; just laid
off. And it's actually fine. I've
got savings, so I've been
traveling, visiting friends -- spent
the last six weeks camping.

Now it makes sense to Adam.

ADAM

Ah. And while camping, you had no cell service?

KATIE

Total darkness. It was amazing.

ADAM

Cool, cool. Well, just give you a quick heads up about something. Would you mind Googling my name?

KATIE

What?

ADAM

I'll do it.

Adam looks himself up and passes her his phone. He looks away from her, giving her privacy to read. After a brief silence, he looks back to her.

She's 50 yards away, sprinting into the distance with his phone in hand.

Adam sips his drink, thinking for a beat.

ADAM (CONT'D)

Cool how that's my phone.

INT. SHERI'S OFFICE - DAY

Adam is in.

ADAM

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

INT. THE MAIN ROOM STAGE - NIGHT

Noel is onstage bombing in his usual, awkward way.

NOEL

Men. They don't know much about the female anatomy. Specifically about, the, uh... the vagina-

The crowd pulls away. Noel tries to rephrase.

NOEL (CONT'D)
The private parts... nether region.

INT. MAIN ROOM TECH BOOTH - CONTINUOUS

Miller enters the tech booth, where a chunky, long-haired guy sits in front of a panel of switches and a microphone.

NORM (O.S.)
(In the background)
But would you fault a guy for not
knowing how to fix a Chevy?
(Off crowd's silence)
Wait. I forgot a line. No actually
I forgot two lines. I'm gonna start
over.

Miller beelines to the red light button that signifies to the comic that their time is up.

TECH GUY
No, please. That's my boss.

MILLER
I serve the greater good, kid.

TECH GUY
No, get out.

MILLER
I'll buy you wings.

The tech guy relents.

Miller turns on the light. As soon as Noel clocks it, Miller hightails it out of the tech booth.

INT. MAIN ROOM STAGE - CONTINUOUS

NOEL
Actually, folks, I'll be leaving
you with that. And just getting
ahead of the emails - no refunds.
Sorry. Now keep this energy going
for your next comic, Madison Qui-.

Noel spies Miller coming out onto the stage. He's annoyed, but there's nothing he can do, especially as the crowd starts CHEERING.

NOEL (CONT'D)
I mean, Miller Charles.

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. SHERI'S OFFICE - DAY

Noel is on the couch.

NOEL

This is the first time I've been so ready to call it, but: I failed. I've been on stages since Jimmy Carter sold peanuts. I expect something to change now? Why do I 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. "Ay, bro, this sandwich is fire. Here's a Quiznos."

INT. CAFE - DAY

Adam is seated with a date, MOLLY, 22, a glammy Instagram type. Adam's uncomfortable to be in public, and some people are definitely noticing his presence and his date's youth.

ADAM

This is actually my first time, like, really in public. Since everything happened.

MOLLY

Oh, thank God I brought you here. You can't just go into hiding. It's so 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.

MOLLY (CONT'D)

(Annoyed, but unsurprised)
No straws?

SERVER

No, for our for-here drinks we-

MOLLY

Do you have any straws at all.

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. Right Adam?

The server turns to Adam.

ADAM

Funny is subjective.

SERVER

It's just that... sea turtles?

MOLLY

Oh, so they can survive sharks, but not a straw?

SERVER

Three straws. I'll just get one.

Molly raises her voice. Adam gets more uncomfortable, trying to disappear into himself as more people look their way.

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. SHERI'S OFFICE - DAY

Adam is back. He looks disheveled and tired as hell.

ADAM

Went on another date today, too.

SHERI

Are you not sleeping? You look like hell.

ADAM

I can't sleep unless I perform.

SHERI

Interesting.

ADAM

Went on another date today.

SHERI
Another keeper?

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

SHERI
I didn't hear about Zhao. What'd he do?

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

SHERI
How progressive.

ADAM
I didn't do anything illegal.

SHERI
Did they?

ADAM
Some of them did.

SHERI
It's not all about legality.

ADAM
I'm not looking for your judgment.

SHERI
(Throwing notepad)
Got it.

ADAM
(Abruptly wrapping up)
So, thank you. This has been good. Great session. Now I'm gonna go get ready because I'd like to perform tonight.

SHERI
Oh, Adam...

ADAM
You don't understand. It's all I know. I've performed every night of my life since I was 15. And I can handle people hating me.

(MORE)

ADAM (CONT'D)

If I couldn't, I'd still be performing in living rooms and laundromats.

SHERI

That's real strong of you. Unfortunately, though, you're still a coward.

ADAM

Here we go.

SHERI

Do you want to know what makes your ego weak and mine solid as concrete? You let no one in. You tell the world that your opinion is the final say, and you think that's strength. Me, I'm open to anything. Anyone can say anything to me and have it appraised with absolutely no bias. That's real strength. If a random stranger comes up to me and says something smart, I trust it. It's just that they almost never do.

INT. HOTEL RECEPTION - NIGHT

Briana walks to the front desk of a nice hotel.

RECEPTIONIST

Hello, ma'am. How can I help you?

BRIANA

Hi. One room please.

RECEPTIONIST

Sure thing, I can help you with that. How long will you be staying?

BRIANA

(Making up a number)

Uhh, three days.

RECEPTIONIST

Alright, got that. And are you alone?

BRIANA

(Lying)

No. There are, uh, three of us.

RECEPTIONIST

Okay, understood. Adding the \$50-per-night fee for the third person, and here's your total.

Briana's annoyed. She hadn't realized the fee structure. Still, she takes out her card and pays.

INT. HOTEL HALLWAY - NIGHT

Briana unlocks her room and enters. The door slams shut behind her. It's dark and alone. In the distance, you can hear people laughing and playing at the pool.

Briana walks to the hotel bar. She grabs the hotel room door handle and swings the door wide. Marches down the hallway. Hits the elevator button. Marches down another hallway.

INT. HOTEL BAR ENTRANCE - NIGHT

Briana hesitates before entering. She steels herself in a manner reminiscent of her coming onstage at Main Room.

INT. HOTEL BAR - NIGHT

She struts to the bar, looking confident and poised, and takes a seat.

That air of poise deflates when we realize that she's sat very unnecessarily close to another group.

She orders, her body language playing to the group.

BRIANA

Jack on the rocks please?

Some members of the group notice her.

GIRL AT BAR

Oh my god. Briana O'Connell?

BRIANA

That's me!

The group exchanges glances and exclamations.

INT. HOTEL ROOM - NIGHT

Briana and the bartender are in bed together, post-coital.

The bartender starts to leave.

BRIANA
You're leaving? You can stay if you want.

BARTENDER
Noo, it's just that...

He just trails off and continues to get ready to leave.

BRIANA
It's just that what...

The bartender is dressed by then and slips out the door.

BARTENDER
Bye, good luck with everything!

Briana's left alone again. She checks her phone. She has a VOICEMAIL from DAD. She opens the voicemail app, looks at the voicemail as if she might listen to it, and then deletes it.

INT. DAN'S APARTMENT - DAY

Dan sits on the couch watching Pat on Instagram Live. He takes a deep breath, preparing himself.

PAT
Today's episode of Live in the Moment—
(‘Live’ pronounced like a live show)
Is brought to you by Charlotte's Web. This is one of my oldest sponsors, I know you've heard me talk about their product a lot, but I really do love it. Charlotte's Web is now releasing a new 60-milligram formula that works with an entirely new extraction method—

Dan hits the "Request to Join" button at the bottom of the Live. Just at that moment--

Rustling at the door. Briana walks in with her bag. Dan looks at her, then his phone, and freezes. He turns down the volume on his phone to hide the situation.

DAN
Babe! 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 was hoping we could talk now.

DAN
Really? Later could be cool.

BRIANA
Why?

DAN
(Bullshitting)
The wounds are just so fresh.

Briana clocks the phone in Dan's hand and puts it together.

BRIANA
Are you on a podcast?

DAN
No. ... Instagram Live.

BRIANA
Let me ask you something. If I
asked you to choose between that
Instagram Live podcast and me, what
would you choose?

DAN
You, babe. Of course.

BRIANA
Okay. Well then please hang up.

DAN
... It's just that this is an
untapped audience for me.

BRIANA
(Angry)
Oh, where'd you find an audience
that didn't know about you yet?
Anywhere?

Canela barks.

BRIANA (CONT'D)
Shut up, rat!

ON THE PHONE IN DAN'S HAND

Pat talks, though no sound comes out of the phone.

INT. PAT'S HOUSE - CONTINUOUS

Pat continues, now with volume.

PAT
- Alleviate my aches and pains, up my mental and spiritual acuity, and really help with getting to sleep and waking up. Now, with no further ado I'm going to introduce my guest this week, Dan Morris. Dan is an old friend and one of the absolute best joke writers in the business.

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 Pat silently in Dan's phone, increasingly flabbergasted by what he's hearing.

DAN
Well I'm sorry you got peed on, but it's not my fault she's jealous. You're the one who wants to have sex all the time when you know it upsets her. And then you make *me* feel bad for not wanting to have sex as much as you. Sorry I'm not made of boners.

INT. OFFICE BUILDING - DAY

An office employee with headphones in is watching the Live on his lunch break. His jaw hangs open.

DAN (THROUGH PHONE)
And I'd be a little more eager to get into it if the first fifty times you didn't tease me for finishing fast.
(MORE)

DAN (THROUGH PHONE) (CONT'D)
 That's not exactly the type of
 thing that gets a guy in the mood-

INT. DOCTOR'S OFFICE WAITING ROOM - DAY

A teenager at the doctor's office watches the Live. Multiple other patients are intrigued by what they're overhearing, peeking over to catch a glimpse.

DAN (THROUGH PHONE)
 Getting his penis teased by his
 younger, hotter, more successful
 girlfriend. Oh, 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 his phone, which is rested on the treadmill. He stops walking due to shock and starts drifting backwards.

DAN (THROUGH PHONE)
 Oh, and the joke about thinking
 about my grandma during sex? I
 figured it out, and she thought it
 was great.

The man falls off the back of the treadmill, his wired earphones dragging the phone with him to the floor.

INT. DAN'S APARTMENT - DAY

The door closes behind Briana. Dan notices Pat's face and turns the volume back up.

DAN
 Hello?

HOST
 Hey Dan... Everything alright?

DAN
 Hey everyone. I'm Dan Morris.
 Comedy Central comic to watch in
 2017, and you can catch me at Main
 Room in LA pretty much every night...
 How's everybody doing?

INT. SHERI'S OFFICE - DAY

Both Dan and Briana are there on the couch. A tense silence for a few beats.

SHERI
Anything else?

BRIANA
He's an oaf! 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 getting in.

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 don't think I know I'm a dirtbag?

Another heavy pause...

BRIANA (CONT'D)
And his dog is so jealous—

BRIANA (CONT'D)
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
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 a bit. I can act, remember?

DAN
Yeah, you act like a real comic.

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

DAN
That's nonsense. He would just think the jokes into his chair.

Finally, silence.

SHERI

Well you guys seem to have things under control. When did you move in again?

BRIANA

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

SHERI

And you've been together how long?

DAN

Two months.

SHERI

Do you love each other?

DAN

It's a strong like.

Briana nods quickly, seconding with the phrasing.

SHERI

What is it that you like?

DAN

She's gorgeous, smart-

SHERI

I know what you like. I meant her.

DAN

Right.

Sheri looks to Briana, who's on the verge of tears.

BRIANA

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

SHERI

(Stern, but with compassion)
So go to his shows.

Briana starts to cry.

SHERI (CONT'D)

Did you know Todd just left me?

BRIANA

He did?

SHERI

Two years in. He gave a lot of calculated reasons why, but the Sparknotes was that I'm too independent. So much so that apparently, he's not even sure I love my own son. So how about this.

(Motioning to Briana and self)

Too codependent. Too independent. Let's both work to meet in the middle. Can you handle that?

Briana looks unsure. She looks at Dan, who's reaching for his ear pencil at just that moment. Briana finds her resolve as he tries to pretend he was just scratching his temple.

INT. WIRED STUDIO - DAY

ADAM WIRED AUTOCOMPLETE INTERVIEW

For the unfamiliar, the Wired Autocomplete Interview has a celebrity answer questions that autocomplete in the Google search bar when you start typing a question. For example, typing "Is John Mulaney..." might yield the questions, "Is John Mulaney still performing?;" "Is John Mulaney gay?;" Etc.

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

This is my Wired Autocomplete Interview.

FIRST SEARCH BAR: "WHAT ADAM DALY"

Adam reveals a question.

ADAM (CONT'D)

(Reading)

What did Adam Daly do?

(Dodging question)

Uhh. Not sure what they're referring to. I've done standup specials, TV, movies, 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)

We can just cut this?

SECOND SEARCH BAR: "WHO ADAM DALY"

First question.

ADAM (CONT'D)

(Reading)

Who does Adam Daly look like?

Adam is clearly relieved it's not about his cancellation.

ADAM (CONT'D)

Oh, I get Jake Gyllenhall sometimes.

Next question.

ADAM (CONT'D)

(Reading)

Who does Adam Daly think he is?

He 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 breezing through them now. 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 is 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 like 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 in my meal.

INT. UBER - EVENING

Adam wakes up in the backseat of an Uber and shakes the nightmare out of his head.

The Uber pulls up to Main Room.

EXT. THE MAIN ROOM - NIGHT

A long line leads to the door, where Gerald stands.

Adam gets out of his Uber, and a hush falls over the crowd.

ADAM

Hey Gerald.

GERALD

(Tenderly)

Adam? How are you?

ADAM

Never better.

Adam tries to keep walking past Gerald with his fist out for a pound. He finds himself blocked by Gerald's arm. He can't believe it.

GERALD

I'm gonna need to talk to Noel.

Gerald heads into the club.

Meanwhile, some guys in the line clock Adam.

GUY IN LINE 1

Yo, Adam Daly!

GUY IN LINE 2

Keep on keeping on, bro! Are you going on?

ADAM

Uh, yeah.

Adam watches the line murmuring about him. Two girls get out of line and walk away.

A car pulls up. It's Pat's Uber.

INSIDE THE UBER

PAT

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

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

DRIVER

It is automatic.

PAT

Yeah.

(Beat)

... Would you mind opening it?

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

PAT (CONT'D)

(Whispering)

Close the door! Drive!

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

DRIVER

This is the place.

PAT

(Whispering)

I know; just please close the door and keep driving.

DRIVER

Main Room Comedy Club. Look here.

(Pointing at Google Maps)

Right here. I've been here before.

(Pointing at Adam)

That's it. You can see the sign. He is a comedian.

PAT

(Whispering)

I know who he is. Close the door please!

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

DRIVER

Sir, the door is automatic! You know this!

PAT

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.

Adam watches as the car creeps away.

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

We are now going away from the destination.

INT./EXT. MAIN ROOM - NIGHT

Gerald walks back out to the line. When he gets out, Adam is gone and up the sidewalk. He watches Adam round the corner.

EXT. LOT BEHIND MAIN ROOM - NIGHT

Pat is struggling to open a back window.

Adam walks past. Pat gets rattled and tries to jump through the window but bounces off. Barely catching his feet, he pretends to finally see Adam.

PAT

(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 dumped me and moved out. That feels bad. It feels worse after you hear how scary it is for a woman to live alone.

(MORE)

DAN (CONT'D)

She lived with me for a month and said, 'Thanks, but I'll just get murdered.'

Big laughter.

Sheri'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 and Briana's voice fades out.

BRIANA

Hello! Hello! Thank you. Quick housekeeping note. I'm looking for the owner of a black Lamborghini SUV with yellow rims, parked out front?

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

BRIANA (CONT'D)

You sir? Got it. There's no problem, just please see me after the show.

INT. BACKSTAGE HALLWAY - MOMENTS LATER

Dan passes the green room and peers in. Jamie's there.

DAN

Yo.

JAMIE

Hi! You did well.

DAN

Thanks.

JAMIE

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

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

JAMIE (CONT'D)

Sorry to hear about Briana.

DAN

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

JAMIE

Would you like to go out to eat
later?

DAN

Where?

JAMIE

Iki Ramen. And Republique. And then
Providence.

DAN

... Sure.

End.