

THERAPISSED

"pilot"

Written by

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FADE IN:

INT. THE OFFICE - MOSHE'S ROOM - DAY

We're in a mid-scale PSYCHIATRIST'S OFFICE. The furniture is earth-toned, and nearly as generic as the landscape prints on the walls.

MOSHE (48) leers over his patient intently. He's a calculated guy. Salt and pepper hair, well fitting business casual attire.

MOSHE

How are things at home?

ALVIN (39) lies back on the couch, a little uneasy. He's a slight man, not very tall. He appears uncomfortable in his somewhat dressy clothes, as well as his own skin. He's a couple weeks late for a trim.

ALVIN

Fine.

MOSHE

And your wife? How is she?

ALVIN

She's ok. Why?

A beat. Moshe writes something down.

MOSHE

Alvin. When was the last time you had a violent outburst?

Alvin's face distorts at the question.

ALVIN

No, not violent. I've never done anything *violent*. I just get angry sometimes. And then I think about--

MOSHE

Committing acts of violence?

Alvin rolls over to face Moshe. Blank stares. A clock on the far wall pulls his attention.

ALVIN

Shoot, late for work.

He gets to his feet.

MOSHE
Does this, anger you?

ALVIN
I'll talk to you later.

Alvin grabs his suit jacket and half jogs to the door.

INT. THE OFFICE - WAITING AREA - MOMENTS LATER

GLADYS (55) sits at her reception desk. A pro. Tasteful makeup, conservative hair style, and work appropriate apparel. She is no nonsense, banging away on her keyboard like she's deactivating a nuke last second.

Gladys' desk is encircled by half a dozen doors. Alvin comes out of one of them, and goes to the door to his left. He pokes his head in. It's empty.

ALVIN
She's not here yet?

GLADYS
(without looking up)
You see her in there?

ALVIN
No.

GLADYS
Did you check the thousand square miles of open desert?

CLOSE UP: Alvin's dispassionate face.

ALVIN (V.O.)
Gladys is good at her job.
Sometimes she gives me a hard time,
but I'm sure she means well.

Alvin's interior monologue is monotone, expressionless.

CUT TO:

EXT. THE DESERT - BIRD'S EYE VIEW - DAY

We see the entire city from above, bordered by beautiful red rock. a large BLUE STAR marks where the office is.

ALVIN (V.O.)
 Heidi is a patient of mine. After a bad accident she has become deathly afraid of cars.

A RED LINE starts to trace it's way from Heidi's house to the office. The line is erratic. Cutting through yards, bypassing major streets and veering off into the empty hills.

ALVIN (V.O.)
 Not only will she not get a ride to the office, but she also avoids any and all motor vehicles to the best of her ability. She's rarely on time.

The snaking RED LINE eventually reaches the BLUE STAR.

BACK TO:

INT. THE OFFICE - WAITING AREA - CONTINUOUS

The only noise is Gladys' relentless TYPING.

ALVIN
 Thank you Gladys...

No response.

HEIDI (27) enters the room, breathing hard. Despite being a bit disheveled she's still very attractive. Platinum blonde in work out clothes.

HEIDI
 I am so sorry I'm late!

ALVIN
 Not a problem. I just wrapped up another session. Shall we?

ALVIN (V.O.)
 No need to tell her it was one for me. Some people don't like the idea of their shrink seeing another psychiatrist, and I'll never understand why. Barbers get their haircut don't they?

Alvin leads Heidi into his office. Just as the door closes--

GLADYS
 (sarcastic)
 She's here!

The door closes behind them.

INT. THE OFFICE - ALVIN'S ROOM - LATER

Alvin's room is different from Moshe's. Very plain, darker. Two chairs face each other, about ten feet apart. And that's basically it. Alvin and Heidi sit in the chairs, staring at each other.

ALVIN
Ok Heidi. You will go to sleep in
five four three two...

Alvin SNAPS his fingers. Heidi slumps in the chair with her eyes closed.

ALVIN (CONT'D)
Stand.

They both stand in unison.

ALVIN (CONT'D)
Now, I want you to imagine you are
crossing a busy intersection. Cars
are getting close, but they will
not hit you. Cross over to me.

Heidi looks scared to death. She sticks one foot out slowly. Takes a step. Another step. One backwards. Alvin holds his hands out to meet her.

It takes her awhile to cross the room, but she eventually makes it.

ALVIN (CONT'D)
You see. They didn't--

Heidi PUKES on the floor, and Alvin's shoes.

Alvin's temples start to THUMP. His face clouds with rage.

ALVIN (V.O.)
Oh no! Calm down calm down calm
down...

His inner monologue starts to fade away, drowned out by a high pitch SQUEAL that keeps getting louder and louder.

Alvin closes his eyes and takes a deep breathe. The sound diminishes.

ALVIN
Wake up.

Heidi snaps to, a little confused. After she gets her bearings she sees the mess she's made.

HEIDI

Oh my God I did it again, I am so
so sorry!

ALVIN

It's ok. There's not as much vomit
as last time. I believe that's
progress.

She is mortified.

INT. THE OFFICE - BATHROOM - DAY

Alvin enters the bathroom, stalls to the left, urinals to the right. He heads straight for the sinks. Before he can get there a MAN bursts out of one of the stalls, SCREAMING.

Alvin clutches his chest in fright.

BRUCE (32) collapses in LAUGHTER. He's a big boy. Easily over three hundred pounds, but powerful. A "peaked in high school" type. He's wearing a janitor's uniform.

BRUCE

You should see your stupid ass
face!

Alvin finally collects himself.

ALVIN (V.O.)

This is Bruce. A real meathead that
thinks we're friends for some
reason. He invites me to the bar at
least twice a week. I never go.

Bruce goes back into the stall he jumped out of and grabs a sandwich off the toilet seat. It's not in a plastic bag, or on a paper towel. Just bread on bowl. He eyes Alvin's shoes as he takes a big BITE.

BRUCE

Damn son! That smokeshow blew
chunks on you again?

ALVIN

I'm afraid so.

BRUCE

No sweat Brett, I got ya bud.

Bruce slaps Alvin on the back, stuffs the rest of the sandwich in his mouth, and heads towards his mop and bucket.

BRUCE (CONT'D)
 (mouth full of food)
 Hey, wanna go to the Rooster
 tonight?

ALVIN (V.O.)
 Told you.

ALVIN
 Sorry, can't. The wife made plans.

Bruce WINKS and gives him a thumbs up. Alvin continues his trek to the paper towels.

INT./EXT. ALVIN'S CAR - EVENING

The sun is setting over dramatic RED HILLS. The city is clean and the homes have character. Alvin drives his sensible sedan through wide surface streets.

ALVIN (V.O.)
 Saint George Utah. Roughly eighty
 four thousand people. Not too big,
 not too small.

He stops at a light next to a large, pearly-white TEMPLE.

ALVIN (V.O.)
 I like living here. But if I'm
 being honest, probably not the best
 place for someone in my line of
 work to set up shop. Not a very
 highly regarded practice,
 psychotherapy.

The light turns, and he goes through.

INT. ALVIN'S HOUSE - KITCHEN - NIGHT

Alvin is in his kitchen, cooking a five course meal. His home is immaculate. Nothing out of place. He cleans as he goes.

ALVIN (V.O.)
 I do all the cooking. Laundry too.
 My wife isn't a big fan of
 household chores. I really don't
 mind. Happy wife, happy life.

Alvin pulls a roast out of the oven.

INT./EXT. TREVOR'S CAR - PARKED - NIGHT

TWO PEOPLE are having SEX in a car, fully clothed. Well, not *fully*...

They finish up and pull apart, BREATHING hard.

JESSICA (40) looks like she could've taken third in a beauty pageant two decades ago. Her long brown hair is in tangles.

JESSICA
Damn dude, not bad!

ALVIN (V.O.)
This is my wife, Jessica. She's
what I would call, a *free spirit*.

TREVOR (32) stares at her, lustfully. You can tell he works out but doesn't eat right.

ALVIN (V.O.)
Trevor here is Jessica's boss. Kind
of. She's volunteering, more or
less, at his physical therapy
clinic. She'll move on soon, once
she gets bored with the work. Or
with him. That's what she does.

Trevor is set to shoot his shot.

TREVOR
I love y--

JESSICA
I love working with you too man!

A beat. Trevor appears wounded by the deflection.

INT. ALVIN'S HOUSE - DINING AREA - CONTINUED

Alvin is plating the meal as Jessica walks in.

JESSICA
Vinny, what's up?!

ALVIN (V.O.)
Vinny. Most people nicknamed me
"Al". But she ran with the "Vin"
part. See what I mean by *free
spirit*?

ALVIN
Hey.

They sit down to eat.

JESSICA
Smells good man, I'm famished.

ALVIN
How was work?

JESSICA
Meh. I think he thinks he loves me.

Alvin shakes his head and CHUCKLES. Jessica stuffs her face.

ALVIN (V.O.)
Before you judge her, you should probably know about our *arrangement*. I identify as asexual. I have never had any sexual desires. Ever. It's really not bad. It's like being colorblind. You really don't know what you're missing. Also you see people without the inconvenience of wanting to have sex with them or not. There's a realness to that. Anyway, due to social and family pressures, mainly my mother, I felt like I needed to get married. Settle down. The American dream.

Jessica pours herself a glass of wine to the absolute brim.

ALVIN (V.O.)
Jessica is the exact opposite. She'll sleep with anyone halfway interested. Much to the chagrin of her Bishop father. So we got married. Problem solved. I get to keep up appearances with my personal and professional life and she gets to be promiscuous to her hearts desire. And no, I haven't brought any of this up to Moshe. We're not hurting anyone. Well, I'm not.

Jessica chugs her drink then BELCHES like a mechanic.

ALVIN (V.O.)
Happy wife, happy life.

INT. THE OFFICE - ALVIN'S ROOM - DAY

Alvin sits in his chair across from RICK (37). Rick is stout, with dirty long hair and the scruffy beard to match. He looks like he wants to be in a motorcycle gang, but isn't.

Rick is under hypnosis. His face is twisted, an internal struggle.

ALVIN

Rick. Where are the suicidal thoughts coming from?

No answer. Rick just slowly shakes his head.

ALVIN (CONT'D)

Rick? Tell me.

RICK (HYPNOTIZED)

I've done bad things.

ALVIN

What bad things?

Rick starts to rock back and forth.

RICK (HYPNOTIZED)

Namaste namaste namaste...

ALVIN (V.O.)

Darn. Thought I had him this time. He always gets stuck here, and then it's no use. I think he watched a yoga video once and now he thinks "namaste" is some sort of fix-all mantra.

ALVIN

Wake up.

Rick sits up, blinking hard.

RICK

I still feel like shit.

ALVIN

I know. But I'm seeing definite improvement. Next Thursday?

RICK

I don't know about that. The urges are getting really bad doc.

ALVIN

You have my personal number. Call me before then if you need to.

RICK

Yeah ok, sure.

They get up and tread to the door. Alvin opens it. We see Gladys at her station.

ALVIN

(to Gladys)

Next Thursday, same time.

GLADYS

Already have it in. You have a new patient in five.

Alvin and Rick shake hands.

ALVIN

Call me anytime. Or text.

Rick nods and slinks away.

ALVIN (V.O.)

I really do like helping people. But some people are just so guarded. Most probably.

Alvin closes the door.

INT. THE OFFICE - ALVIN'S ROOM - MOMENTS LATER

Alvin paces between the chairs.

ALVIN (V.O.)

Getting a new patient is an interesting endeavour. In a way you want to establish dominance without being threatening. You have a fairly short window to get them to trust you. Friendly, but not too nice. Does that make sense?

There is a light KNOCKING.

ALVIN

Come in!

DEVIN (28) enters. He has a walking cast on his left foot and a crutch under one arm. Other than that he is flawless.

Even under his perfectly selected designer clothes you can tell he's muscled and toned. His hair is messy in the way it takes hairdressers three hours to make messy. And his deep blue eyes stare right through, well, whatever they want.

ALVIN (V.O.)

Oh...

Alvin doesn't say anything. Just stares stupidly.

DEVIN

So... You the hypnotist guy?

Alvin finally finds himself.

ALVIN

Me? Yes... No! Psychotherapist. I mean sure hypnosis is a part of the process but I'm not like an act at the county fair or anything.

ALVIN (V.O.)

Why the hell am I rambling?!

Devin cocks an eyebrow.

DEVIN

Cool. So, do I like sit down or anything?

ALVIN

Oh yeah of course. I usually sit here but either way. Whatever makes you comfortable.

ALVIN (V.O.)

What is wrong with me?

Devin crutches over to the nearest chair and plops down. Every move he makes is confident despite his injury. Alvin sits too, and nearly slips onto the floor. He checks his folder.

ALVIN

Alrighty. Devin is it?

DEVIN

Yep. That's me.

ALVIN

Ok Devin. What brings you in today? What can I help you with?

DEVIN

Honestly? I fucked my leg up on the job. The company is forcing me to see a head doctor because it was
(mockingly)
So traumatic.

ALVIN

Which company is that?

Devin shoots a devious smile. *It ain't gonna be that easy pal.*

DEVIN

Anyway, I looked it up, and the hypnotist guy seemed more interesting than the normal shit. So, are you?

ALVIN

Am I... What?

DEVIN

Interesting.

ALVIN

Sure, I think so.

ALVIN (V.O.)

No no no. I ask the questions.

ALVIN

I'll ask the questions, if you don't mind. What's something interesting about you?

ALVIN (V.O.)

That's it. Get it back on track.

Alvin opens a bottle of water and takes a sip.

DEVIN

Well let's see. I'm bisexual. Does that count?

Alvin CHOKES, water dribbling down the front of his shirt.

DEVIN (CONT'D)

You ok there?

ALVIN

(coughing)
Yeah. Yes, wrong tube.
(MORE)

ALVIN (CONT'D)
 There's nothing wrong with any sort
 of, sexual orientation...

DEVIN
 Never said there was anything wrong
 about it. You said something
interesting.

Alvin is beyond uncomfortable. Devin leans in, thoroughly
 amused. His grin is electric.

DEVIN (CONT'D)
 So when do you put me under?

ALVIN
 Oh. Usually the first visit we get
 to know each other a little. The
 second, sometimes the third
 session. That's when we... when I--

Devin holds intense eye contact. Alvin has to look away.

DEVIN
 What do you do to me when I'm
 under?

ALVIN
 Well just, ask questions. See if
 there's any repressed memories, or
 like, anything I can surface.

ALVIN (V.O.)
 Did I just say "like"?

DEVIN
 (flirty)
 Ah, that's no fun...

ALVIN (V.O.)
 Is he toying with me? Why would he
 be toying with me? Why is my heart
 pounding so hard?

ALVIN
 Uh huh. Anyway, good first meet. It
 was on the shorter side, I got this
 thing... I have to get to. So there
 won't be a charge. No charge for
 this one.

DEVIN
 Charge. The boss is paying.

An awkward silence. Alvin stands first.

ALVIN

Right. Well, if you reschedule with um... Gladys, out there. Then, come back I guess.

Devin gets up, not using the crutch.

DEVIN

I think you might be.

ALVIN

Might be what?

DEVIN

Interesting.

Alvin GULPS.

INT. THE OFFICE - WAITING AREA - MOMENTS LATER

Alvin watches on as Devin speaks with Gladys. He gets her to actually GIGGLE. They both simultaneously look at Alvin. He feigns interest in a nearby plant.

ALVIN (V.O.)

What was that? Are they laughing at me? Oh God this is a nightmare.

Devin leaves. Alvin sides up to Gladys' desk.

GLADYS

Mm mm mm. There goes that man! That boy is trouble.

ALVIN

Why would you think that? Did he say something... Troublesome?

Gladys gives him a quizzical glance.

GLADYS

You look a little hot under the collar there Al...

ALVIN

What wait, huh? I'm not even sure, why would you say--

Bruce grabs Alvin around the shoulders.

BRUCE

BOO!

Alvin YELPS like a twelve-year-old girl. Bruce and Gladys ROAR.

ALVIN (V.O.)
I've lost control.

BRUCE
Best one yet! Sorry bud, didn't know it was possible for a noise like that to come out of a grown man! Tell ya what, the Rooster. First rounds on me.

Alvin is still in shock.

ALVIN
Ok.

Now it's Bruce's turn to be in shock.

BRUCE
Wait really?! Hells yes! Ok, let me go finish the girl's shitter, tonight is gonna be EPIC!

Bruce literally runs while pushing his mop bucket, water sloshing out. Like a kid who got permission and needs to go before his parent's change their minds.

ALVIN (V.O.)
No no no! Tell this backwoods brute you have dinner plans or abdominal distress, anything!

ALVIN
Great, I'll be there.

ALVIN (V.O.)
What is happening?!

Alvin turns to Gladys for some kind of response. Help maybe. She's already back to her normal self. CLICKING those keys and ignoring her surroundings, The Devin effect finally worn away.

INT. THE ROOSTER - EVENING

CLOSE UP ON BRUCE'S PHONE: A very PATRIOTIC MAN is dressed up like Uncle Sam. He's in some sort of poorly lit garage. He's holding a hot dog with white powder on it standing under a makeshift contraption that's propping a keg of beer over his head.

Fireworks BLAZE in the background.

PATRIOTIC MAN
EAT LIKE AN AMERICAN!

Patriotic Man snorts the powder off the hot dog then shoves the whole thing in his mouth. Before he can even chew he pulls a lever and tilts his head up. The keg of beer spins overhead and dumps gallons of frothy brew in the man's face.

Bruce is falling apart at the seams he's LAUGHING so hard. Alvin just looks lost.

ALVIN (V.O.)
Is this what people watch?

They're at the ROOSTER alright. A country western dive bar if there ever was one. Neon beer signs are the primary light source. A drunk patron sleeps on the pool table.

Alvin sips on a glass of red wine. Bruce has four empty draft beer mugs of in front of him. The BARTENDER drops off a full one.

BRUCE
This guy is amazing. He has this other video where he's on this cliff next to an eagle's nest right? He's waving a flag and belting the National Anthem. But here's the best part. Butthole naked! Foreskin flapping in the wind and everything! Wanna see it?

ALVIN
No thank you.

Bruce is slurring his words. He dinks around with his phone.

BRUCE
I'll send it to you.

ALVIN (V.O.)
Is this what people feel like when they like someone? I'm so nervous to see him again, but I want to so badly at the same time. Devin. Even the name. Does this mean I'm gay? I can't tell Moshe about this, he has a big mouth...

CUT TO:

INT. THE OFFICE - MOSHE'S ROOM - DAY

Alvin is on the couch glaring at the ceiling. Moshe is leaning in and whispering to him.

MOSHE

You know that guy Jerry that works at the feed store? Boned a goat once when he was in high school. Now he wants his wife to wear a fur coat in bed, but can't tell her why! Wild right?!

Alvin doesn't even react.

BACK TO:

INT. THE ROOSTER - CONTINUED

Bruce pounds his beer.

ALVIN (V.O.)

I have no one to talk to about this. Bruce? I'm sure I can recite his homophobic rhetoric better than he can. Eh, what the hell...

ALVIN

Bruce? Can I ask you something? I have this patient. His entire life he has identified as *asexual*.

BRUCE

A sexual what? Deviant?

ALVIN

No. Asexual is one word. It means someone who doesn't want to be physical or intimate with anyone.

BRUCE

Never heard of it.

ALVIN

For sake of argument let's just agree it's a real thing. All of a sudden he meets someone that he might want to pursue a relationship with. But it's a fellow male.

BRUCE

And?

ALVIN

And? You don't think it's socially problematic to be an open homosexual in a religious, conservative town?

BRUCE

Listen, it's twenty eighteen man. No one gives a shit if you're gay anymore. And if they do, fuck em. Tell this guy to live his best life.

ALVIN (V.O.)

Huh. I wasn't expecting that.

ALVIN

But why now? After all these years. Why is he feeling something for someone later in life?

BRUCE

Maybe he never met the right person. Probably won't happen again. All the more reason to pounce on that dick son!

ALVIN (V.O.)

Actually pretty insightful. I had Bruce all wrong. I guess you really can learn something from everyone.

Bruce BELCHES for a solid eight seconds.

BRUCE

I'm not queer though. Want proof?

ALVIN (V.O.)

This is a little more the speed I was expecting.

Bruce fishes things out of his pocket. He produces his wallet and a POCKET WATCH. He pulls a photo out of the wallet.

BRUCE

My baby girl. Condoleezza.

Alvin studies the picture. It's hard to tell what age the girl is but she's definitely overweight no matter what. Poor thing looks too much like her dad for it to be ok. Bruce beams with pride.

ALVIN

I had no idea you were a father.
Congratulations. Did you say her
name is Condoleezza? As in
Condoleezza Rice?

BRUCE

Who?

Alvin doesn't have the energy to explain who Condoleezza Rice
is. Bruce tucks the photo away and gets to his feet.

BRUCE (CONT'D)

I better get headed out. Time to
settle up.

ALVIN

I got this.

BRUCE

You sure?

ALVIN

Yeah. I think you really helped me
out today. And if you ever need
help. You know, someone to talk to.
Just come by my office.

Bruce CHUCKLES.

BRUCE

(tapping his temple)

Nice try, but you can't get in here
bud. Mental fortress.

ALVIN (V.O.)

I'd have you clucking like a
chicken in two point five seconds.

ALVIN

Ok.

BRUCE

Thanks again for the brewskis. I'll
get next time. But for now, I gotta
get home before I sober up.

Bruce stumbles off. After he leaves Alvin notices that he
left his POCKET WATCH. Alvin considers it for a second before
placing it in his breast pocket. He sips his wine then
retrieves his own wallet.

INT. PHYSICAL THERAPY OFFICE - DAY

We're in a room that looks like a specialized gym. Padded benches, bike machines and walking bars. A handful of patients work the equipment as a couple physical therapists monitor them.

Jessica and Trevor are in the far corner where no one can hear them talk.

JESSICA

I don't know. It's just getting boring. Not sure I want to do this as a career.

TREVOR

Boring how? You've only done it for a couple weeks! Please don't go. I can pay you. Not for the stuff in the car, the... sex. Like, payroll pay you.

JESSICA

It's not about money man, it's just not a passion. You know?

Trevor is getting frustrated with her.

TREVOR

I know once you leave here I won't see you again.

Jessica shrugs. *Yeah you're probably right.*

TREVOR (CONT'D)

I'll leave my wife...

JESSICA

Oh shit, I forgot you were married. Go home to your wife. She probably loves you.

TREVOR

(defeated)

I don't know. Maybe.

The door CHIMES as someone enters. Who could it be?

Devin. His crutch, his cast. He keeps his sunglasses on and is wearing a low cut shirt that shows all that muscular cleavage.

Jessica spots him over Trevor's shoulder. Her jaw actually drops.

JESSICA

(to Trevor)

Tell you what champ. I'll give it another couple of days. See if it hits me or not.

TREVOR

Oh thank God, you've made me the happiest--

Trevor goes in for a hug and Jessica ducks him, power walking straight for Devin.

Jessica passes an OLD LADY on a cycle machine who's also noticing the new guy.

OLD LADY

Is he wearing a deep v?

JESSICA

(without stopping)

I gotta *deep v* for him...

Jessica doesn't have time for the Old Lady's confused scowl, she's a ma'am on a mission.

JESSICA (CONT'D)

(to Devin)

Hey you. You look like you could use some rehabilitation. Name's Jessica, and I'm your girl.

Devin takes off his sunglasses and smirks. He slowly gives her a look up and down.

DEVIN

My girl huh? We'll see...

Jessica can't help but drop her gaze and smile. Game on.

INT. THE OFFICE - ALVIN'S ROOM - DAY

Heidi sits in her chair with her hands out in front of her like she's holding two sticks. She is under hypnosis. Alvin is pacing around her.

ALVIN

Ok Heidi, you are approaching a red light.

Heidi eases her foot onto the imaginary brake.

ALVIN (CONT'D)

Good good. You are going to make a right here. The light just went green.

Heidi flips her turn signal and spins the wheel.

ALVIN (CONT'D)

Beautiful. Now up ahead your lane is blocked. Construction. You have to merge left. There's only one other car in that lane.

Heidi is getting flustered. Both her feet are tapping, she spins the wheel sporadically.

ALVIN (CONT'D)

Heidi...

She starts to dry heave. In an instant Alvin is a completely different person. Red-faced and furious. His composure very chimp-like.

ANGRY AL

DON'T YOU FUCKIN THINK ABOUT IT YOU LITTLE BITCH!

Heidi snaps to attention. Alvin closes his eyes and breathes methodically. He undoes a couple buttons on his shirt. Sweat drips from his brow.

ALVIN (V.O.)

(voice getting louder)

Alright you're fine. You're fine. Get control back. You got this. It's ok.

Heidi continues to stare straight ahead, driving her make believe car.

There's a gentle KNOCKING. Gladys sticks her head in.

GLADYS

That you hollering?

ALVIN

No, why?

Gladys checks out Heidi and determines that things are fine.

GLADYS

New guy Devin called off today.

ALVIN
 (a little too anxious)
 What? Why? Did he give a reason?

GLADYS
 Didn't ask.

ALVIN
 Did he reschedule?

GLADYS
 Nope.

They just stare at each other for awhile. Heidi keeps driving her nonexistent vehicle.

GLADYS (CONT'D)
 Ok then...

Gladys closes the door. Alvin has completely forgotten that Heidi is in the room.

INT./EXT. ALVIN'S CAR - EVENING

The sun is setting. It's chilly out so Alvin wears a hoodie over his button up. He drives.

At a red light Alvin picks up his phone and scrolls his contact til he sees DEVIN. Call?

ALVIN (V.O.)
 Don't be an idiot. What are you going to say? *Oh hey, couldn't help but notice you weren't in today. Can't stop thinking about you...*

He slams the phone down. He PUNCHES the steering wheel. The light turns green and he pulls away, a little too quickly.

Alvin seems to be looking at everything but the road. He notices a FIGURE on a hill to his left, silhouetted by the sunset. Maybe a hundred and twenty five yards off. The shape of the person looks familiar.

ALVIN (V.O.)
 No way. It can't be. Heidi?

He squints. He's sure of it now. His head THUMPS. Heidi is off in the wilderness avoiding the traffic.

ALVIN (V.O.)
 Is she serious?! This is getting ridiculous.

(MORE)

ALVIN (V.O.) (CONT'D)
 You know what, it's her life. If she wants to walk all over Hell's Half Acre that's her problem. I'm done.

He's not done. He can't stop glancing over in her direction, getting madder and madder.

ANGRY AL
 FUCK THIS!

He jerks the wheel and the car barrels down a dirt road.

EXT. THE DESERT - MOMENTS LATER

Heidi is making her way on an old dirt road, using what little sunlight is left to find her footing. She perks up at the ROAR of an engine. Headlights bob up and down, finding their way towards her.

HEIDI
 Oh no, it's happening!

She looks for somewhere to hide but there's nowhere. The car stops twenty feet away. The DRIVER leaves the headlights on, blinding her. The door opens and SLAMS. She cannot see who it is.

HEIDI (CONT'D)
 Hi, um this is gonna sound weird, but I have this phobia thing. So if you could just--

ANGRY AL
 SLEEP!

It's automatic. Heidi sinks into a deep trance. Alvin stomps towards her, the hood of his jacket pulled over his head. He paces in front of the headlights.

ANGRY AL (CONT'D)
 ARE YOU OUT OF YOUR FUCKIN MIND?!
 YOU'RE GOING TO BE BIT BY A
 RATTLESNAKE BEFORE YOU'RE HIT BY A
 CAR STANDING OUT HERE! JUST STAY ON
 THE SIDEWALK DUMBASS! HERE, I'LL
 SHOW YOU HOW DANGEROUS CARS ARE!

Heidi doesn't even blink. Alvin hops back in his car. He backs up a good fifteen yards. He PUNCHES it, peeling out, headed straight for the paralyzed Heidi. He SCREAMS at the top of his lungs, the tendons in his neck popping out.

He SLAMS on the brakes. The car slides in the dirt. Heidi disappears in a plume of dust.

A beat.

Alvin is back to normal. He looks scared, unable to see through the cloud he kicked up.

It slowly starts to clear. Heidi is standing stalwart, inches in front of the car. Alvin can't believe it. *What am I doing?!* He pokes his head out of the car window.

ALVIN
(desperately)
Ok... see? You're fine. You will
wake up in three, no five minutes.
You will wake up, go home and
forget everything that's happened
here. Everything.

He pulls away from her, and is gone.

INT./EXT. ALVIN'S CAR - NIGHT

Alvin drives, staring straight ahead. No radio. No thoughts. His eyes bulging out of his head. He drives.

INT. THE OFFICE - WAITING AREA - DAY

Alvin arrives at work. He's still a little shook. Gladys is at her desk getting ready for the day. Outside the window he sees Moshe getting out of his car. He can't do this.

ALVIN
Hey Gladys, I need to call in sick.

GLADYS
What do you mean? You're here.

ALVIN
Yeah I know, I thought I'd be ok
but this stomach thing. Just cancel
my appointments today would you?

The door OPENS. Alvin turns, expecting Moshe. It's not Moshe. Heidi strolls right towards him. The look on her face is determined.

ALVIN (V.O.)

Oh no. She remembers. This is it.
Is she going to threaten to call
the cops? Or to sue? Why did I come
in?!

Heidi sinks her face into his shoulder and HUGS him hard.

HEIDI

You did it, you cured me!

ALVIN

Oh...

Heidi pulls away smiling, her eyes watery.

Moshe is there now. Him and Gladys pass surprised glances.

HEIDI

It was so crazy, I couldn't believe
it!

ALVIN (V.O.)

No no no, not in front of them.
Please!

HEIDI

I had this crazy dream. This insane
man tried to hit me with his car,
but he couldn't! It wasn't you, he
was real manly, no offense. There
was like a magic force field or
something. It seemed so real and I
don't know, it made me snap out of
it I guess. Anyway, I just drove
myself here! No problem at all. I
just wanted you to be the first to
know. Without all your help I don't
think I ever would've made it this
far. You're a miracle worker I
swear!

ALVIN

Well, I told you to give it time.
You put in the work too.

She leans in and KISSES him on the cheek.

HEIDI

Hope I see ya around.

About-face and she's gone.

GLADYS
 (playfully)
 Wow, I never thought I'd ever see
 you make a woman that happy!

Alvin can't help but smirk. He's relieved. Moshe is
 dumbfounded.

MOSHE
 It worked. I can't believe your
 methods *actually* worked...

ALVIN
 What do you mean by that?

MOSHE
 No not like... You know it's--
 unorthodox. The hypnotherapy thing.

ALVIN
 Yeah. I know.
 (to Gladys)
 I'm feeling better. Buzz me when my
 nine o'clock gets in.

GLADYS
 Yes sir!

Moshe stares stupidly as Alvin strides to his office, a
 newfound swag in his strut.

INT. THE OFFICE - BATHROOM - DAY

Bruce is sitting on an upsidedown bucket inbetween the two
 urinals, playing with his phone. Devin comes limping in.

DEVIN
 Oh, sorry man. You cleaning in
 here?

BRUCE
 Naw.

DEVIN
 Ok, so can I take a piss?

BRUCE
 Go for it chief.

Bruce doesn't look up from his phone. Faint MOANS of porn
 emanate from the speakers. Devin is kind of hesitant because
 Bruce's face is about to be a few inches from his penis, but
 hey, if you're cool with it, I'm cool with it.

Devin starts PEEING.

DEVIN

Can I ask you something? The guy I see here. Alvin. You know him at all?

BRUCE

Do I know him? He's basically my best friend.

DEVIN

Really? Huh... So what kinda things is he into?

Bruce has to think.

BRUCE

Monster truck rallies. Semi-automatic machine guns. I don't know, regular stuff.

Devin is caught off guard by this answer.

DEVIN

I just wanted to do something nice for him. Buy him a drink or something.

Bruce beams.

BRUCE

Oh yeah he loves the bar! The Rooster. That's where we go. It's kind of our thing.

Devin nods and wraps up his business.

DEVIN

Well thanks. I'm Devin by the way.

Devin waits for Bruce to answer. He doesn't. Devin just blinks at him a couple times and leaves.

INT. THE OFFICE - ALVIN'S ROOM - LATER

Devin sits across from Alvin, eyes closed. For once Alvin seems relaxed in Devin's presence.

ALVIN

Ok. So when I count down from five you will feel more and more tired with each descending number.

(MORE)

ALVIN (CONT'D)
Give yourself into it. Let your
mind feel at ease. Ready? Five...
Four... Three... Two...

Alvin SNAPS his fingers.

ALVIN (V.O.)
It worked. Heidi. I helped her.
Maybe there's something to it. When
they're here they know they're
going under, and put up walls.

Devin squints through one eye.

DEVIN
Trucks or guns?

ALVIN
(distracted)
What was that?

DEVIN
What do you like more, trucks or
guns?

Alvin doesn't know what he's talking about.

ALVIN
Alright, try concentrating. Let's
try again.

Devin throws his hands up.

DEVIN
It's not working. I feel like I
need to get to know you better
before I just give up all control.

ALVIN (V.O.)
Maybe I can help more people this
way. I mean it's not *really*
sabotage, it's more like...
Renegade therapy.

ALVIN
Close your eyes and take a deep
breath.

Devin notices a stack of folders on a shelf.

DEVIN
Do you have files on all your
patients?

ALVIN
Yes. Now try and relax.

DEVIN
Do you have one on me?

ALVIN (V.O.)
Oh God is he doing it again? Stay
focused. I'm in control here.

ALVIN
This isn't going to work if you
don't try.

Devin is playful now. He leans in. Alvin leans back.

DEVIN
I'll make you a deal. Let me buy
you a drink. Break the ice a
little. Then I'll definitely be
more, comfortable...

ALVIN
(gulping)
That wouldn't be professional.

DEVIN
The Rooster?

ALVIN (V.O.)
The Rooster?

ALVIN
I really don't think--

Devin leans in closer, drops his gaze. He comes off as
extremely vulnerable.

DEVIN
Please...

Alvin turns to putty.

ALVIN
I can't tonight.

DEVIN
Tomorrow night. Perfect.

ALVIN
Not good either.

DEVIN

Listen. I'll be at the bar Friday.
Eight o'clock. I'll see you then.

ALVIN (V.O.)

This is a bad idea.

Devin pops up. His work here is done. Alvin looks like a combination of defeated and excited.

INT. THE OFFICE - WAITING AREA - DAY

Alvin and Devin are shaking hands out in the waiting room.

ALVIN

Well. See you soon.

DEVIN

Yeah you will. Friday.

Alvin's face says *shut uuup*. The handshake is going on too long.

ALVIN (V.O.)

Let go of his hand. Let it go...
Let go!

DEVIN

Mind if I get this paw back? Got
another appointment to make.

ALVIN

Oh! Of course.

ESTELLE (65) is waiting her turn impatiently. Thick glasses and a gray bowl of hair. She **SMOKES** a long slim cigarette.

GLADYS

Estelle. For the millionth time you
cannot smoke in here.

ESTELLE

(gesturing towards Alvin)
Talk to him. This con artist was
supposed to make me quit years ago.
His fault.

Devin LAUGHS.

DEVIN

Have fun with all *that*.

Devin takes his leave just as Moshe is coming out of his room with a DAZED MAN.

MOSHE

So remember, any lack of self control stems from your parents not loving you enough during adolescence.

The Dazed Man nods obediently. Alvin leads Estelle into his office.

MOSHE (CONT'D)

Oh hey Al, we still on for today?

Alvin gives him a shit-eating grin.

ALVIN

No I'm good.

Moshe is beside himself.

INT. PHYSICAL THERAPY OFFICE - DAY

Devin is at his other appointment. Jessica sits in his lap reverse cowgirl, bending over and lifting his injured leg up slowly. Being totally extra.

JESSICA

Does that feel better?

DEVIN

Actually yeah.

Devin puts his hands on his head, enjoying the makeshift lap dance. Trevor peers through the blinds of his small office angrily.

JESSICA

You're so tense!

DEVIN

Well yeah, it's broken...

Jessica perks up.

JESSICA

Not *everything* is broken I see.

Insinuating that he has become erect. Jessica pushes her ass harder against his groin. Devin just smiles.

JESSICA (CONT'D)
How'd you break it?

DEVIN
Work.

JESSICA
What's your job, skydiving?

DEVIN
Sure.

Trevor is in the background fuming.

JESSICA
Let me ask you something. You're
new around here right?

DEVIN
Yep.

JESSICA
And no one has shown you around
yet?

DEVIN
Nope. Not yet.

Jessica overexaggerates her dismay.

JESSICA
You poor baby! Let me take you out.
Tomorrow night. I'll show you *all*
the hot spots.

DEVIN
Will you now? What's tomorrow?

JESSICA
Well let's see. Today is Wednesday.
So you tell me.

Devin considers. His thing with Alvin isn't till Friday.

DEVIN
What the hell. Let's do it.

Jessica pounces to her feet.

JESSICA
Fantastic! Get ready for the best
night of your life!

The Old Lady from earlier signs Jessica. A finger sliding in and out of a circle she makes with her other hand. In return Jessica makes the blow job gesture, pushing her tongue against the wall of her mouth. She stops right before Devin sees.

But not before Trevor does. He starts DESTROYING things in his office. Tearing at the blinds, ripping pictures off the walls, swiping everything off his desk and onto the floor. Despite how LOUD it is nobody notices.

INT. ALVIN'S HOUSE - LIVING ROOM - NIGHT

Alvin and Jessica sit on the couch in the living room. They watch a nature documentary, neither of them that into it.

JESSICA

Hey guess what, I'm getting *laid* tomorrow!

ALVIN

How is Trevor?

JESSICA

Not him. It's a new guy!

ALVIN (V.O.)

Shocking.

Alvin has a mischievous grin. Like he's keeping a secret.

JESSICA

What? I know that look Vinny, you're keeping something from me.

ALVIN

I may have a potential sexual conquest of my own.

Jessica tucks her knees under her, so excited she can't hold still.

JESSICA

Shut all the way up! Seriously?! Who is she? Big ole titties? Fat ass?!

ALVIN (V.O.)

No need to tell her specifics like names or genders.

ALVIN

Don't worry, you don't know this person.

JESSICA

I wouldn't give a shit if I did, this is exciting! Wait, is it that crazy chick that hates cars?

ALVIN

Heidi? No.

JESSICA

Yeah she'd be a hard pull, smokeshow. Wait a minute aren't you still a virgin?

ALVIN (V.O.)

I am. How come I didn't think of that. Wait why am I thinking about that now? It's just a drink. Right?

JESSICA

You can practice on me if you want.

ALVIN

That's ok, I wouldn't want our marriage to get weird.

JESSICA

Good point.

ALVIN (V.O.)

I need some air.

Alvin gets up and grabs his hoodie.

ALVIN

I have a little something to take care of tonight.

JESSICA

You little hoe! You better not be home early!

ALVIN (V.O.)

She thinks I'm having a sexual escapade tonight? Fine. That'll buy me some time. It worked for Heidi, maybe I should pay a visit to my old pal Estelle tonight.

Alvin is chased out of the house by Jessica's HOOTS.

INT./EXT. ALVIN'S CAR - NIGHT

Alvin creeps a quiet neighborhood in his car.

ALVIN (V.O.)

I'm tired of people like Estelle.
Probably saw an infomercial about
the power of hypnosis and thought
it would be a quick and easy fix. A
life long addiction? The very idea!

Alvin is working himself up. He drives a little faster.

ALVIN (V.O.)

People are so damned complicated!
All of us. There's no "on" and
"off" switches. I'm supposed to say
TA DA! And everything is all hunky
dory...

Alvin's narration fades as he gets angrier. He's not fighting
it this time, just letting it happen.

He pulls up to an old house with a neglected yard and cuts
the lights.

EXT. ESTELLE'S HOUSE - NIGHT

Alvin stomps right up to the front door, as bold as you
please, and RINGS the bell. There's a COMMOTION inside. A
porch light comes on.

Alvin leans against the side of the house next to the door.
He pulls his hoodie on. The door opens.

ESTELLE

Who in the Hell--

ANGRY AL

SLEEP!

She's gone. Staring blankly into the street. Before Alvin can
slide past her into the house a CAT makes a break for it.

ANGRY AL (CONT'D)

JESUS!

He scoops up the critter as two more pop out. Before he knows
it he's juggling cats, kicking them back in the house and
tossing them this way and that.

By some miracle he gets them all back in and SLAMS the door.

INT. ESTELLE'S HOUSE - CONTINUOUS

The interior of Estelle's house is a nightmare. Stacks of yellowed newspapers, ancient figurines, ashtrays everywhere. And the cats.

There must be fifty cats in this house. All of them intrigued or threatened by this intrusion. The SMELL is horrendous. He has to choke back vomit.

Alvin is careful to keep his face shrouded in darkness.

ANGRY AL
 ARE YOU SHITTING ME?! YOU ARE A
 DISGUSTING PIECE OF SHIT AND YOUR
 HOME IS AN ABOMINATION! I SHOULD
 MURDER ALL THESE FUCKIN CATS!

At this last bit Estelle's eye twitches. Alvin takes notice.

ANGRY AL (CONT'D)
 NO, YOU WILL. FROM NOW ON, EVERY
 TIME YOU SMOKE A CIGARETTE ONE OF
 THESE GOD-AWFUL ANIMALS WILL DIE!
 DO YOU HEAR ME?!

He finds a pack, takes out a smoke, and places it between her lips. He plants a lighter in her hand.

ANGRY AL (CONT'D)
 DO IT, NOW!

Estelle's hand shakes violently. She can't even bring herself to raise the lighter.

ESTELLE (HYPNOTIZED)
 I-- I can't...

ANGRY AL
 THAT'S WHAT THE FUCK I THOUGHT! YOU
 SMOKE, THEY DIE. YOUR CHOICE. ALSO
 CLEAN THIS SHITHOLE UP BEFORE I
 CALL THE FIRE DEPARTMENT.

Alvin turns to leave and steps on a tail, kicking up a fresh feline frenzy.

CLOSE UP: ALVIN'S FACE: Hate.

INT. THE OFFICE - ALVIN'S ROOM - DAY

CLOSE UP: ALVIN'S FACE: Love.

ALVIN (V.O.)
Who knew therapy could be so
therapeutic?

Rick sits across from Alvin in the office, already under his
spell. Rick is in bad shape. Blood-shot eyes, sunken cheeks,
unkempt hair and beard alike.

ALVIN
So Rick, how would you do it?

RICK (HYPNOTIZED)
I have pills.

ALVIN
Pills? Yeah I can see that. Pretty
easy way out. What about a gun?

RICK (HYPNOTIZED)
Maybe.

Alvin is being very cavalier, unprofessional even. He is
genuinely interested in Rick's suicidal thoughts.

ALVIN
Why don't you do it?

RICK (HYPNOTIZED)
Scared.

ALVIN
Yeah no shit. Once it's over it's
over ya know?

ALVIN (V.O.)
This feels so strange. I think I'm
more comfortable now with people
when they're under. There's nowhere
for them to hide.

ALVIN
And why exactly, are you having
these thoughts again? Childhood
trauma was it?

Rick starts his rocking to and fro act.

RICK (HYPNOTIZED)
Namaste nam--

ANGRY AL
SHUT THE FUCK UP WITH THE "NAMASTE"
I SWEAR TO CHRIST!

The fluidity and intensity that Alvin flipped to Angry Al and back is alarming.

ALVIN

Wake up.

Rick blinks his way back to reality.

RICK

I'm getting really worried. This used to help, but I don't know man.

ALVIN

I want you to promise me that you'll call if it gets any worse. I don't like to prescribe meds if I don't have to. But I will.

Rick nods.

ALVIN (CONT'D)

And Rick? I am fully confident that I will be able to help you. Soon.

Alvin smiles with the righteousness of a cult leader.

INT. THE OFFICE - WAITING AREA - MOMENTS LATER

Rick leaves as Gladys wraps up a phone call.

GLADYS (ON PHONE)

(disingenuous)

Ok, thank you oh so much for your call!

She hangs up and gives Alvin a look.

GLADYS (CONT'D)

That was Estelle. Said she figured it out on her own, and quit smoking. And thanks for nothing.

Alvin gets a kick out of this.

ALVIN

Good for her.

GLADYS

Good for her? Good for me!

JESSICA (O.S.)

Hasn't that old bat been coming to you for years?

Both Alvin and Gladys are surprised to see Jessica. She's holding a fast food bag.

ALVIN

Hey. What are you doing here?

JESSICA

Lunch break. They forgot the fry sauce so I didn't want it anymore. Here. Want some Gladys?

Now it's Jessica's turn to get a look from Gladys, but this one is more on the dirty side.

GLADYS

No.

ALVIN

I'll take it. Thanks.

ALVIN (V.O.)

This is unexpected. Last time she dropped by the office was the first night she stayed in a hotel with Trevor... Ah!

JESSICA

So, got this thing, remember? Might not come home tonight.

Jessica tries to wink but ends up blinking.

ALVIN

Yes, that thing we discussed...

They put on a show for Gladys who could care less.

ALVIN (V.O.)

This might work out perfectly. I can go out and help people all night, and she'll be none the wiser.

ALVIN

Well thanks for lunch, see you soon?

JESSICA

K bro, late Glad.

Gladys' eyes bulge but she doesn't respond. Alvin scurries to his office to eat. Jessica passes by a door that flies open, a hand GRABS her by the arm and she's yanked in.

INT. THE OFFICE - MOSHE'S ROOM - CONTINUOUS

Moshe is already on his knees before the door closes, ready to beg.

MOSHE

I knew I heard your beautiful voice. Please--

JESSICA

Dude! What the hell?!

MOSHE

I know, that was a bit abrupt, but I miss you so much, if you just took me back--

JESSICA

For real though? You had sex with your patient slash coworker's wife. You should be ashamed.

MOSHE

He never suspected anything. It never came up in a session, honest!

Jessica is turning from bored to irritated.

JESSICA

It's nothing personal. I just don't want to be with, or around you.

Moshe hangs his head.

MOSHE

At least I still get to see you, every night while I sleep.

JESSICA

Yeah, in your dreams!

A beat.

MOSHE

Yeah that's what that-- ok.

Jessica leaves, all kinds of proud of herself.

INT./EXT. VARIOUS LOCATIONS - DAY/NIGHT (MONTAGE)

--GERM LADY is sitting in the patient's chair in ALVIN'S OFFICE. She is looking at us straight in the eyes.

GERM LADY
I am a germaphobe.

Her and Angry Al are in a BACK ALLEY. She is mindlessly climbing into a filthy dumpster.

ANGRY AL
GET YOUR WORTHLESS ASS IN THERE!

--DOG MAN sits in the chair next.

DOG MAN
I identify as a canine.

Angry Al has Dog Man locked in a KENNEL and is forcing him to eat dog food.

ANGRY AL
EAT IT! EAT IT!

--THE VENTRILOQUIST is in the OFFICE. She has a WOODEN DUMMY propped up on her knee.

THE VENTRILOQUIST
I cannot interact with people
without Jimmy.

In a DARK ROOM Angry Al is berating the The Ventriloquist with her own dummy.

ANGRY AL (AS JIMMY THE PUPPET)
I HATE YOU YOU MORON! LEAVE ME
ALONE!

--ABUSIVE GUY slouches in the seat.

ABUSIVE GUY
I wanna hit my wife.

The Abusive Guy is wearing a wig and makeup. Angry Al and him are in a GARAGE.

ANGRY AL
WHERE'S MY DINNER YOU WHORE?!

He BACKHANDS the Abusive Guy hard across the mouth.

END MONTAGE

EXT. MAIN STREET - NIGHT

It's dark. Alvin appears from between two buildings. He cruises down MAIN STREET at a power walker's pace.

All the shops and stores are closed except one place up ahead. The Rooster. Neon spills onto the street before it.

ALVIN (V.O.)

This is amazing! I'm truly making a difference in these people's lives. They may never know it, but I will. That's all that--

Alvin reaches his car, but before he can pop the door open something stops him dead in his tracks. He stares at the broad front window of The Rooster.

Inside Jessica and Devin are CLINKING beer bottles together and LAUGHING. Alvin is stunned into silence. The expression on his face goes from surprised to hurt, and ultimately fury as Angry Al takes over.

He marches straight for the bar. He's set to confront them both. The BUZZING of his phone stalls him. It's a text.

RICK (VIA TEXT)

It's real bad right now. I think I'm going to do it, tonight.

He puts his phone back in his pocket. *What am I going to do?!* With rage in his eyes he turns back to his car.

INT. THE ROOSTER - NIGHT

Jessica and Devin sit by the window, two beers and a basket of fried pickles between them. Jessica rubs her foot up Devin's leg under the table. The broken one.

JESSICA

What kind of name is Devin for a guy anyhow?

DEVIN

A normal one.

JESSICA

Nah, I don't like it. Guess I'll just have to call you... Vinny.

DEVIN

Vinny? Never heard that one before.

He takes a swig of beer. Jessica just watches intently.

JESSICA

So, Vinny. How do you like our small desert town?

DEVIN

I actually like it a lot. It's--

JESSICA

It sucks, I know. The only real fun thing to do around here, is strangers...

Devin nods, but doesn't look too interested. Jessica doesn't pick up on this and goes in for a KISS. Devin pulls back.

JESSICA (CONT'D)

My bad. Too soon?

DEVIN

Maybe. I like you and all. Good hang. But I've met someone else since I've been here, and I don't know. You know?

Jessica rolls her eyes.

JESSICA

So, there's a lucky lass. I probably know her. Small town and all. Who is she?

DEVIN

Who says she's a she?

Jessica wasn't expecting this turn of events.

JESSICA

Oh wow! You really are a *naughty boy*, aren't you? Well, just for the record. Male. Female. Either way, I'm down for a *manage a three*...

Devin's face. *Is she really clever or really dumb?*

EXT. TRAILER PARK - NIGHT

Alvin parks his car and exits. He's in a tightly packed trailer park. There are no street lights and only a coupe porches lit up so it's nice and dark. He pulls his hoodie on.

He reaches into his pockets and pulls out an EMPTY PILL BOTTLE and a pack of hard candies. He slides the candies into the pill bottle and tucks it away.

Alvin stalks through the row of mobile homes until he finds Rick's trailer.

His neighbor must have kids because the surrounding area is littered with all types of scooters, skateboards and other outdoor toys.

He creeps up Rick's CREAKY wooden porch. He slowly twists the knob. It's open. He's in.

INT. RICK'S TRAILER - KITCHEN - MOMENTS LATER

Rick definitely lives alone. Pizza boxes and beer cans make up the bulk of his decor. The only source of light is the BLUE HUM of the television coming from the next room.

Alvin carefully steps through the narrow passageway.

INT. RICK'S TRAILER - LIVING ROOM - CONTINUOUS

Rick is sitting on the couch rocking back and forth, his head in his hands. The light isn't coming from a television, rather it's a LAPTOP on the coffee table in front of him. We can just make out gentle SOBS. Alvin stands behind him.

ANGRY AL

SLEEP!

Within moments Rick is under control.

ANGRY AL (CONT'D)

YOU ARE THE MOST FUCKIN PATHETIC
EXCUSE FOR HUMANITY I HAVE EVER
SEEN! YOU WANNA END IT ALL SO BAD,
HERE. DO US ALL A FAVOR!

Alvin steps from around the couch and places the bottle of pills in front of him on the coffee table next to the laptop.

ANGRY AL (CONT'D)

GO AHEAD PUSSY, TAKE THE WHOLE
BOTTLE!

Rick is hesitant. But he does. He pops the cap and downs the whole bottle of candies.

ANGRY AL (CONT'D)

HOLY SHIT I'M SURPRISED YOU
ACTUALLY HAD THE BALLS! NOW YOU ARE
GOING TO DIE, DOES THAT MAKE YOU
FEEL BETTER? HUH? DOES IT?!

Rick's face clouds with horror. *What have I done?!*

RICK (HYPNOTIZED)
I don't wanna die I don't wanna
die...

ANGRY AL
DON'T YOU REALIZE HOW STUPID IT IS
NOW? HOW SAD?! SUICIDE IS A
PERMANENT SOLUTION TO A TEMPO--

Before he can react, Rick pulls a PISTOL out from under a couch cushion and presses it under his chin.

RICK (HYPNOTIZED)
NAMASTE!

BAM. He pulls the trigger. Blood and brains splatter the ceiling above. Rick's mangled corpse goes limp on the couch.

A long beat.

ALVIN (V.O.)
...shit.

Regular Al is fully back and stuck. He can't believe what has just happened. It wasn't supposed to go like this!

ALVIN (V.O.)
Ok Alvin. You are in the home of
someone who has just taken there
own life. Doesn't look good...

Outside dogs start to BARK.

ALVIN (V.O.)
It wasn't your fault, you were only
trying to help. But you need to
leave. Now.

He goes back the way he came. He's moving oddly slow. Like a bad dream when you can't run as fast as you want. This time when he turns the nob he uses his shirt to cover his hand.

EXT. TRAILER PARK - NIGHT

Out on Rick's front porch Alvin scrubs the outside nob for prints. A BLINKING RED LIGHT from above draws his attention.

SECURITY CAM POV: We see grainy footage of Alvin staring stupidly right at us. Even though the feed is low-quality it's easy to tell that it's him.

Alvin can't believe he's looking straight at a camera. In a full panic he spins and jumps off the porch. A NEW DOG starts BARKING.

He takes off at a dead sprint that doesn't last long. He TRIPS hard over the neighbor kid's bike, falling face first into the gravel.

When Alvin looks up there is a SMALL CHILD standing in front of him. A girl. In his daze Alvin seems to recognize her from somewhere. He slowly climbs to his feet.

BRUCE (O.S.)
Condoleezza? Who's out there with you?

Bruce comes out of the neighboring trailer, SHOTGUN at the ready. Dirty wife beater and tighty whities. Alvin puts his hands up, terrified that Bruce is gonna blow him away.

ALVIN
Don't shoot! I was just jogging by. Exercise. And I fell, but I'm ok--

BRUCE
Al? Is that you?! The hell you doing down here? Was that you firing shots off?

ALVIN
Oh hey Bruce, what was that? No I didn't, there was a gun? I didn't hear any gunshots, did you?

Bruce puts his shotgun down and comes to talk to Alvin. CONDOLEEZZA (8) continues to stare.

BRUCE
Eh, people are shooting shit around here day and night. No big deal. Condoleezza! Get your ass in the house.

She doesn't move her ass anywhere. She continues that bovine glare. Bruce gets down to them and shakes Alvin's jittery hand.

BRUCE (CONT'D)
What brings you to the neighborhood?

ALVIN
Oh. Me? Here?

BRUCE

Yeah man what's goin on? Everything ok?

Alvin holds eye contact. He got a little of his wits back.

ALVIN (V.O.)

I have to do this. It's the only way.

ALVIN

Bruce. You are going to fall into a deep peaceful sleep. Every number will make you feel more relaxed and at peace. Five... Four... Three... Two...

Alvin SNAPS his fingers. Bruce looks under. Alvin is rejuvenated, he got him. Now all he has to do is--

Bruce CHUCKLES.

BRUCE

You're bullshittin me right? Get your whole ass outta here! I told you that hypno-mumbo-jumbo wouldn't work on me. Mental fortress, remember?

Bruce taps the side of his head.

ALVIN

(nervously)

Ha yeah, I remember. I was just fooling around with you...

Alvin has no idea what to do. As a last ditch effort he starts feeling his body over his clothes. There's something in his pocket. *What is it?*

Alvin pulls out the POCKET WATCH that Bruce left at the bar. He holds it in his open hand.

BRUCE

(with reverence)

My granddaddy's pocket watch... I've looked everywhere!

Bruce takes the family heirloom and holds it up to the porch light. That's it alright!

ALVIN

Yep. Figured you'd want it back. So...

Bruce picks Alvin up off the ground in a monumental bear-hug. Alvin fights for breath before he's placed back down onto solid ground.

BRUCE

You really came all the way here to give me back my granddaddy's pocket watch. I told them at work you're actually a great guy! Hey, come inside for a bit, the misses made her county famous baked bean casserole.

(to Condoleezza)

Go inside and open up the pack of nice paper plates.

Again, she doesn't budge.

ALVIN

Oh no, I gotta get going. But thanks though.

BRUCE

You sure? Got some frothy boys with your name on em!

ALVIN

Sounds great, but I really gotta run.

Bruce grabs Alvin around the shoulder. Alvin couldn't be more uncomfortable. Bruce holds the pocket watch in front of them.

BRUCE

After this, you're family.

A beat.

ALVIN

Thank you...

He finally gets free and half-jogs back to his car. Bruce waving til he's out of sight.

INT./EXT. ALVIN'S CAR - NIGHT

Alvin is in his car. He's the only car on the road. The light is RED. He doesn't blink. He doesn't move. He just sits. The light turns GREEN.

Alvin SCREAMS. He doesn't drive. Just sits at the green light YELLING his head off.

INT. ALVIN'S HOUSE - LIVING AREA - NIGHT

Alvin rushes into the house. Jessica is sitting on the couch eating a half gallon of ice cream.

JESSICA
Wassup playboy?

Alvin ignores her. He rifles through belongings at a frenzied pace.

ALVIN (V.O.)
Got to go got to go. Only the
essentials...

He digs into the hall closet and pulls out a suitcase.

JESSICA
Dude what's gotten into you?!

ALVIN
I have to go. You can come with me
if you want. There was a camera...

Jessica finally looks a little alarmed.

JESSICA
A camera? What are you *talking*
about?!

He stops to glare at her.

ALVIN
That's right. You don't know
anything. Ok, it's safer this way.

JESSICA
Are all men out of their minds?
First Devin blows me off and now
this!

Alvin stops dead. The name. Devin. That's right, she's trying to fuck Devin.

ALVIN (V.O.)
(fading)
No no no not right now just go go
you don't have time for this we
have to--

It's too late. Angry Al has entered the situation.

ANGRY AL
YOU FUCKING CUNT!

Jessica is completely shocked. She sits on the couch with her mouth agape. The ice cream tub rolls out of her hands and splatters onto the carpet.

ANGRY AL (CONT'D)
OH, LET ME GUESS WHO'S GOING TO
HAVE TO CLEAN THAT UP! WOULD IT BE
THE SAME PERSON WHO DOES THE
LAUNDRY, COOKS THE FOOD, DOES THE
DISHES, EVERYTHING?!

JESSICA
I can--

ANGRY AL
SHUT UP YOU LAZY BITCH!

Jessica pulls away, she's never seen this person before. He steps closer, towering over her menacingly.

ANGRY AL (CONT'D)
I PAY ALL THE FUCKING BILLS BECAUSE
YOU'RE TOO BUSY SUCKING EVERY COCK
IN UTAH!

JESSICA
(timidly)
But, I'm a free spirit...

ANGRY AL
FUCK YOUR FREE SPIRIT! THE ONE
PERSON I'VE EVER DEVELOPED ANY KIND
OF FEELINGS FOR. THE ONE! AND
YOU'RE GONNA FUCK HIM TOO, YOU
STUPID SLUT!

Jessica is confused at first, but slowly starts to get it.

JESSICA
Devin? Oh! You're the other person
he was talking about? Really? What
are the odds?!

Alvin starts to breath himself back down. Jessica sees his demeanor changing and relaxes a bit herself.

ALVIN (V.O.)
(quietly)
He really blew her off? For me?

JESSICA
And you're like a gay dude? Why
didn't you tell me?!
(MORE)

JESSICA (CONT'D)

We could've been trolling for D together this whole time! Looks like we got an old fashioned hoe-down showdown sis!

ALVIN (V.O.)

(a little louder)

God I want to hit her with a hammer...

Alvin perks up. A hammer. This gives him an idea.

He stomps over to a drawer and pulls out a CLAW HAMMER. Jessica throws her hands up in defense.

JESSICA

Whoa whoa whoa you can have him!

ALVIN

(remnants of Angry Al)

No dumbass! I have something to handle. Stay here.

ALVIN (V.O.)

I'll go back and destroy the camera before anyone knows. Running looks guilty anyway.

But he's too late. There's a heavy KNOCK at the door.

JESSICA

Who the hell is knocking at this hour?!

Jessica hops up to her feet and skips to the door. She peers out of the peephole.

JESSICA (CONT'D)

I think it's a cop. Why are the cops here?

ALVIN (V.O.)

Well that was fast...

Alvin's face drops. Angry Al has abandoned him. Full on survival mode takes over.

ALVIN

(quietly)

Jessica. Listen to me. Go into the other room. Don't come out unless they say to. If they ask, I've been home with you all night. Understand?

JESSICA
Vinny, what is going on?

ALVIN
Just go!

KNOCK KNOCK KNOCK.

Jessica scurries to the other room.

Alvin slowly paces to the door. Another KNOCK. He turns the knob carefully. He forgot he was holding the hammer. He hides it behind his back.

He opens the door. A MAN has his back turned towards him wearing an official FBI jacket.

ALVIN (CONT'D)
Good evening sir. Is everything--

The Man turns around. It's Devin.

DEVIN
Hypnotist guy. Mind stepping out here with me? We need to talk.

Alvin is stiff, but he goes. Hammer still behind his back. He leaves the door open a few inches.

EXT. ALVIN'S HOUSE - FRONT PORCH - CONTINUOUS

Alvin and Devin bask in an awkward SILENCE on the dark porch.

DEVIN
Ok. I guess I owe you some explaining. I work for the FBI. I had this assignment. Went badly. You don't need the details, it's kind of embarrassing really. Broke my leg, cost the bureau a lot of money. Whatever. So they sent me out here to Buttfuck Utah, no offense, to monitor this small time criminal. But here's the catch. I don't think he's exactly small time, right?

Alvin nods along.

ALVIN (V.O.)
He's not talking about me is he?
I'm not a criminal...

DEVIN

This guy is real piece of work. Done some stuff that keeps him up at night. And if I can prove that he works for who I *think* he works for. Well, I'll be accepted back into the FBI's good graces. You follow?

ALVIN

Not really. How can I help exactly?

DEVIN

Right. This guy I'm talking about. Well he killed himself tonight. Less than an hour ago.

ALVIN (V.O.)

Rick?!

DEVIN

Or he was murdered and the scene was staged to look like a suicide. Name was Rick Barnes. Ring a bell?

Alvin scrunches his face in an attempt to look like he's thinking.

ALVIN

I'm not--

DEVIN

He was a patient of yours. He has this security system at his house. The entire property is monitored. But all the footage is on his laptop. And without the passcode I can't get in. Is there anything you can think of that might unlock it?

ALVIN (V.O.)

Namaste namaste namaste...

ALVIN

No... Nothing comes to mind. What are you looking for on it, if you don't mind my asking.

DEVIN

See if anyone went in or out of the house tonight. Could give me an idea of who did this.

(MORE)

DEVIN (CONT'D)

Do you think it would be possible to see his file? The one you have on him at work.

ALVIN (V.O.)

There's no way in hell.

ALVIN

I mean, I don't think I can do that. Lawfully.

Devin softens.

DEVIN

I get that. This would be more of a favor. To tell the truth I haven't told my superiors that he's dead yet. If I can crack this before then. It would really help me out.

Alvin tightens his grip on the hammer.

ALVIN (V.O.)

No one knows he's here...

Alvin is hit by a realization.

ALVIN

So, did you come to me trying to get to Rick's file? You never really needed treatment?

Devin looks ashamed of himself.

DEVIN

At first, yes. I knew he was seeing you so I decided to test the waters. See what I could find out. But everything else was real. I still want to get to know you. And if you show me that file, I'll make it worth your time...

ALVIN (V.O.)

This is your last opportunity. No one knows he's here. If you're going to do it, it has to be now!

Alvin slowly moves the hammer around.

JESSICA (O.S.)

Officer he was home all night with me!

Jessica pulls the door open all the way. Alvin accidentally drops the hammer, it THUDS on the ground behind him. Devin looks at the hammer then back up to Alvin with a cocked eyebrow.

JESSICA (CONT'D)

Vinny?!

This grabs both of their attention.

DEVIN

Hey... why are you here?

Alvin's temple THUMPS

ALVIN (V.O.)

You dumb bitch, I told you to stay in the house!

JESSICA

Oh! Uh, just hanging out... Bout you?

ALVIN

Me and Jessica here are roommates.

JESSICA

Yeah roommates. Live together.

DEVIN

Roommates...

Devin looks into the house behind them and spots their WEDDING PHOTOS.

DEVIN (CONT'D)

And you two have been here all night together?

Jessica looks at Alvin for confirmation.

JESSICA

Yes?

ALVIN (V.O.)

You idiot you had dinner with him tonight!

Alvin smiles politely.

ALVIN

Jessica isn't the strongest with timelines and what not.

JESSICA

But you said--

ALVIN

Is there anything else we can help you with? For what it's worth, he constantly had suicidal thoughts. Wouldn't surprise me, you know?

Devin is flabbergasted but gets back on topic.

DEVIN

No that should do for now. My gut says murder. We'll see.

Jessica glares at Alvin. *Murder?! He doesn't reciprocate.*

DEVIN (CONT'D)

When I come by for my next appointment we'll discuss more.

JESSICA

Remember to do your stretches!

Devin backs away.

DEVIN

And on that note. This has truly shaped up to be the weirdest night of my life. I guess I'll be seeing you two around.

Devin leaves. We pull away from Alvin and Jessica standing on the porch as Devin gets in his car and drives away. A husband and wife, in a world of shit.

FADE OUT:

FADE IN:

INT. THE ROOSTER - NIGHT

Trevor sits at the bar by himself. Sad COUNTRY MUSIC permeates the air. As he takes a drink a MAN bumps his arm making him spill beer on himself.

The Man is Moshe.

MOSHE

Oh hey I'm sorry.

Trevor looks too bummed to care.

TREVOR
It's ok. It was an accident.

MOSHE
Drinking your sorrows away? That's
what I'm doing anyway.

TREVOR
I think I'm losing the girl of my
dreams.

MOSHE
I hear you there buddy. Me too.
Care for some company?

TREVOR
Free country.

Moshe sits down next to Trevor.

MOSHE
(to bartender)
Two of what he's having.

TREVOR
Thanks. You didn't have to do that.

MOSHE
The least I could do. Want to talk?
I'm a good listener. My profession
actually.

TREVOR
Not much to say. I think she's lost
interest in me. That's about it.

MOSHE
Familiarity is death. Same
situation. Mine left due to more of
a *conflict of interest*. Still, I
think we can make it work. If she'd
only talk to me!

TREVOR
Right! It's like, hear me out
already!

The beers arrive. They cheers. They drink.

MOSHE
Women. Am I right?

TREVOR
You said it mister.

There's a beat of SILENCE.

MOSHE

Want to see a photo of her? I got
some pretty *naughty* ones!

TREVOR

Pic for pic, cool with me.

Moshe digs through his wallet. Trevor scrolls through his
phone. Both of them looking for pictures of the same woman.
Jessica.

CUT TO BLACK:

THE END.