

VERVE

A Guy  
Goes to  
Therapy

An ORCHESTRAL SCORE plays us in over **BLACK**. A select few will recognize it as the epic music behind NFL FILMS productions.

*The SCORE builds to a crescendo and TEXT APPEARS on screen.*

**IT STARTS WITH A WOMAN.**

C/U - A FRAMED PICTURE of a SMILING COUPLE. Peak happiness. Posing as if they knew this would end up on display. Our SCORE is drowned out by the singing of a different tune...

MAN'S VOICE (O.S.)  
Really?! You're getting this upset  
over cheese?! Parmesan cheese?!

The FOCUS SHIFTS to the reflection in the frame's glass --

INT. GUY AND JEN'S APARTMENT - NIGHT

As **GUY** (36, blue collar Irish, stubborn) and **JEN** (32, Asian, mature, reluctantly playing the shrew) verbally spar.

JEN  
It is grated Parmesan! It's not an hors d'oeuvre. It's an ingredient. In a dinner. I was going to make.

GUY  
How was I supposed to know that?

JEN  
Someone needs to tell you not to spoon feed yourself an entire jar of parmesan cheese?

GUY  
The dinner. Jesus. I'm never going to eat cheese again. I might cut out dairy all together.

JEN  
And it's not about the cheese! It's about... us.

Guy retreats to the living room. Jen follows.

GUY  
Nope. I'm not doing it. You're being emotional. And now you're trying to turn this into a whole other thing.

JEN

What I am trying to do is have an honest conversation with you, but god forbid it's ever a good time to talk about anything.

GUY

We're talking right now. Aren't we?

Guy gives her a 'go ahead' look, with no intention of taking her seriously. Jen carefully chooses her words...

JEN

I just... I had a great day at work. And I when I got in the car to go home, something compelled me to check the cat camera. I wasn't expecting to see you. Let alone watch you... eating that cheese. I also wasn't expecting how it made me feel. As I watched you, I cried. Really cried. Like, when your body is telling you something isn't right and you need to catch up.

GUY

This isn't you being emotional?

JEN

Guy, you are miserable... and I don't know what to do.

GUY

I'm not miserable.

JEN

Yes, you are.

GUY

How are you going to tell me whether or not I'm miserable?

JEN

I can feel it. It's your energy. And it radiates into every aspect of your life.

GUY

If this is about work, I told you I'm gonna talk to Mike about helping me go out on my own.

JEN

You've been saying that for years!  
You are "going to do" a lot of  
things, Guy. And to be clear, I  
don't care what you do, but I do  
care that you care, and don't do  
anything. It's like you're stuck...  
and it feels like we're stuck too.

GUY

So, what? I'm like this "horrible"  
guy? Am I not good to you? I work  
my ass off... remember all the  
important shit... don't cheat. This  
is fucking bullshit. I deserve an  
award for how good I am to you.

JEN

That's the conclusion you came to?  
An award for not cheating?

GUY

Yeah.

JEN

Oh, I'm so lucky. I bet there are  
droves of women that are dying to  
sleep with a man whose idea of  
foreplay is ramming his dick  
between your butt-cheeks while  
you're trying to watch Shark Tank.

GUY

Yeah? Well, while it's on the  
table, maybe I'd be a little less  
miserable if we had sex more.

JEN

I thought you weren't miserable?

GUY

I guess I didn't realize it until  
you started talking.

JEN

I am thirty two years old. I have  
friends that have been together for  
half as long as us that have kids.  
And we're not even engaged. Do you  
know how embarrassing that is?

GUY

Why would you want to marry someone  
you think so fucking little of?

JEN

(starts to cry)

That's not fair! All I do is try to build you up! I don't know what else I can do! You just bury everything! And act as if nothing is wrong!

GUY

I'm not caving. Cause in 5 minutes you'll be fine and you'll have won.

JEN

You're pathetic. And you're going to end up just like your father.

Jen walks past him and exits the room. Guy's stoicism gives way to his emotions. He yanks a mug off the counter and throws it against the wall. It shatters on contact.

GUY

God! Fuck! Congratulations. You win! I'm the fucking asshole now!

Jen re-enters with a tote bag slung over her shoulder.

JEN

I can't do this anymore. I'm going to my sisters. I'll get the rest of my stuff while you're at work.

Guy doesn't give her anything but a hard look and a shrug.

JEN

You need therapy.

Jen shakes her head, then SLAMS the door behind her. Guy throws a "last word" haymaker through the closed door.

GUY

Me?! You need therapy! You're the one with the problems! I'm fine!

Guy storms over to the fridge. He grabs the parmesan cheese and dumps what's left of it into his mouth out of spite.

GUY

(mouth full of cheese)

I'm fucking fine.

Guy breaks into a cheese-dust-induced COUGHING FIT.

**ROUGHLY THREE WEEKS LATER.**

INT. GUY ~~AND JEN'S~~ APARTMENT - EARLY MORNING

A VIBRATING PHONE is HEARD as we get a lay of the land: Barren walls formerly occupied by pictures. Sink full of dishes. Bed frame with no mattress. Missing a woman's touch.

Guy is asleep on the couch. An MLB BASEBALL video game is paused on the TV as if he was up all night playing. An eye opens and looks to a VIBRATING PHONE on the coffee table.

Guy tries to ignore it. He caves and groggily answers:

GUY  
Manny, it's my day off.

A VOICE is heard over the PHONE in indistinct GRUMBLES.

VOICE (V.O.)  
FUCK... SHIT... COCKSUCKER...  
BITCH... CUNT.. MOTHERFUCKER...

GUY  
Give me 30 minutes.

EXT. RESIDENTIAL CONSTRUCTION SITE - ESTABLISHING

The SUN RISES over a FRAMED HOUSE wrapped in TYVECK. GUY'S WORK TRUCK (an older FORD F-250 with a service body) shares an unfinished driveway with an ELECTRICIAN VAN.

INT. RESIDENTIAL CONSTRUCTION SITE - DAY

Guy stands alongside TWO CONTRACTORS in a flooded room.

**IVAN** (25, Eastern European, block head) handles the flood with Guy's WET/DRY VACUUM, as **MANNY** (25, Dominican, fast talker) provides an explanation over the loud vacuum.

MANNY  
Bro, I fucking swear to god this fucking bird, like came out of nowhere, and flew right into it.

IVAN  
It had a big mouth.

MANNY  
Beak. It's a fucking beak bro.  
(Guy)  
I think it was a falcon or some shit. Fucker dive bombed in here and then bounced. I hope he's okay.

Manny references a patched up piece of PLUMBING. Guy looks to makeshift swords and shields, made out of REBAR and PLYWOOD, piled in the corner of the room.

GUY

Yeah? Was there another bird with him? Because it looks like there was a sword fight with the rebar.

MANNY

Yo, what the fuck, Ivan?

IVAN

What? I do the vacuum.

MANNY

You're the one who fucked it up!  
(tends to the evidence)  
Yo, we owe you, Guy. Thanks.

GUY

Yeah. You're going to want to hit this with a floor heater so it doesn't seep into the wood.

BIG MIKE (late 50's, a large Latino/Italian, a sweetheart of a boss) enters to the surprise of the guys.

BIG MIKE

What happened here?

IVAN

Ah, bird. Huge beak --

GUY

Pipe must have settled against a framing screw and expanded in the cold last night. We got it fixed.

Manny and Ivan nod. *It's good enough for Big Mike.*

BIG MIKE

I didn't think you were coming in today, Guy.

GUY

I wasn't.

BIG MIKE

Oh. Well, I actually wanted to talk to you about something. Can I grab you for a sec before you head out?

Guy agrees with a smile.

EXT. DRIVEWAY, RESIDENTIAL CONSTRUCTION SITE - MOMENTS LATER

BIG MIKE

Guy, this is my son... Little Mike.

LITTLE MIKE (22, sloppy large, guido vibe, vape in hand)  
shakes hands with Guy as Big Mike makes the introduction.

LITTLE MIKE

Sup.

BIG MIKE

One day Little Mike here is going  
to be a GC just like his old man.

A brand new DODGE RAM 1500 pick up truck with a "Big Mike's  
General Contracting" decal on the side sits behind them.

BIG MIKE

And since I've got a couple of jobs  
going, I figured it's as good of a  
time as any to bring him into the  
fold. So I'm gonna have him finish  
out this job. Sink or swim.

GUY

Oh. Ah, okay.

BIG MIKE

I figured you could keep an eye on  
him. Let him know when he's  
slipping up. That sort of thing.

Guy is doing a terrible job at hiding how much he hates this.

GUY

Yeah. Sure. Sounds good.

BIG MIKE

(to Little Mike)

Guy knows the job better than  
anyone. He's worked in every aspect  
of construction. Hell, if he wanted  
to go out on his own, and be a GC,  
he'd be better than your old man.

LITTLE MIKE

Dope.

GUY

Great. Well, I gotta get going.

BIG MIKE

Oh. Yeah. Sure thing. Thanks for everything, Guy.

*Handshakes are exchanged. Guy is defeated.*

INT. TREE HOUSE (WORK IN PROGRESS) - DAY

C/U - Guy HAMMERS a NAIL as if it were the face of an enemy.

Guy hammers the nail into a floorboard well after it's buried into the wood. TIMMY (4) stands behind Guy and "helps" him.

GUY

I need a another nail, bud.

TIMMY

I have to pee.

INT. KITCHEN, CHERYL'S HOUSE - MOMENTS LATER

The small colonial home feels more like a ZOO than a house as **Timmy, JOEY** (6), **DOUGIE** (8), **DANNY** (2), and **THE OTHER ONE** (1) run around like they own the joint.

Guy sits at the table, the tree house deep in the background.

**CHERYL** (34, Guy's sister, a mother of five, hasn't bought clothes in decade) makes a cup of coffee.

CHERYL

You sure you don't want anything else? Water? A fruit snack?

Guy attempts to talk over the SCREAMING of CHILDREN.

GUY

I'm good, thanks.

CHERYL

Have you spoken to Jen?

GUY

I don't want to talk about it.

She brings him a cup of coffee and joins him at the table.

CHERYL

Guy, I'm worried about you. You're overweight, your hair looks like shit, you've got raccoon eyes.

GUY

I'm tired. I had to wake up early to build a tree house.

CHERYL

Oh, fuck you. You said you'd finish weeks ago and I need it done for Jimmy's birthday party.

A NERF BULLET hits Guy in the face as Jimmy chases Dougie around the kitchen table, firing foam bullets at him.

CHERYL

Hey! No guns in the house!

*They're already gone.* Timmy walks up to Guy, stares at him, and pulls at his hand. Guy awkwardly smiles.

CHERYL

Sweetie did you wash your hands?

TIMMY

Mom, can I sweep over Uncle Guy's house?

CHERYL

No, honey.

TIMMY

Why?

Cheryl looks back to Guy, making the mistake of trying to continue the conversation while Timmy has a question.

CHERYL

I spoke to Ray the other day, he said you haven't been calling or texting anyone back.

GUY

You spoke to Ray?

TIMMY

Why can't I sweep at Uncle Guy's house?

CHERYL

Because he doesn't have a house. He has an apartment and it's not big enough for you and your brothers.

TIMMY

Why?

CHERYL

(to Guy)

I ran into him at the Deli. Your friends are worried too. You should hang out with them.

GUY

He's only worried about the softball team.

TIMMY

Moooooom, why doesn't Uncle Guy have a house?

An irritated Guy looks on as Cheryl addresses Timmy.

CHERYL

Because houses are expensive... and he doesn't need one.

TIMMY

Why?

CHERYL

Because he doesn't have a family.

TIMMY

Why?

CHERYL

Because... he is alone.

TIMMY

Why?

CHERYL

Because Aunt Jen broke up with him.

TIMMY

Why?

GUY

Alright. That's enough. Jesus.

TIMMY

Uncle Guy? Are you sad?

GUY

No, Timmy. I'm fine.

TIMMY

Oh. Okay.

Timmy's attention is stolen and he runs away.

GUY

What the fuck was that?

CHERYL

He's in the "why" phase. He won't stop unless stop unless you go all the way with it.

GUY

I might have to teach him "why" running his mouth is a bad idea. And don't be talking to people about me, okay?

CHERYL

What? He was asking about you. You don't think I have better shit to do than be your messenger. It's bad enough I've got the "Old Man" bothering me about you too.

GUY

He's the last person I want to see.

CHERYL

Well, I'm the one who has to hear about it. Why don't you call him --

SCREAM/CRYING is HEARD OFF SCREEN.

CHERYL

JIMMY! GET OVER HERE!

Jimmy comes over holding his NERF GUN.

JIMMY

I didn't do anything.

CHERYL

What did I tell you about guns in the house? Give me that.

A stare down. Cheryl pries it from him. Jimmy is not happy.

CHERYL

You'll get this back when you --

Jimmy SLAPS his Mom in the face and runs away.

CHERYL

Are you fucking kidding me?! You're getting a spanking!

She chases after him. Guy shakes his head as if he's used to this insanity. He grabs his phone and writes a text.

EXT. FRONT DOOR, SUBURBAN HOUSE - NIGHT

Guy holds TWO TWELVE PACKS and RINGS the BELL with an elbow.

MAN'S VOICE (O.S.)  
I'll fucking get it! It's just Guy!

**RAY** (38, Irish/Italian, alpha, short temper, stubborn, recently divorced and very bitter about it) opens the door.

RAY  
There he is! Come here!

A bear hug. Guys arms stay by his sides as he holds the beer.

INT. BASEMENT, SUBURBAN HOUSE - DAY

Guy and Ray are joined by the rest of the crew. They sit around a POKER TABLE and bullshit as they have for 20 years.

**ORDELL** (37, African American, accountant, family man, the sane one of the group).

**DAVE** (35, Caucasian/Latino, schlub, neurotic, poor social skills, bit of a schemer)

**ROCK** (28, African American, Ordell's younger brother and polar opposite, immature, ladies man).

Guy feels removed. He sips his beer and looks on unenthused as Ray stands on his soap box and Rock deals the next hand.

RAY  
...that's right. The whole fucking "Marvel Universe". Name one? Paul Rudd, Benedict Cumberbund, Mark Ruffalo - I'd beat the fuck outta Mark Ruffalo. And they can pump that Pakistani guy with all the steroids in the world, he's still a fucking nerd, and I'd beat the fuck out of him, too.

ORDELL  
Toxic.

RAY  
Don't you start with that shit.

DAVE  
What about Thor? Can you beat up  
Thor?

The guys look at their cards as the conversation continues.

RAY  
He's got "for show" muscles.

DAVE  
Michael B. Jordan?

RAY  
You're missing the point --

DAVE  
Batista?

RAY  
That's not the point, you dumb  
fuck. All I'm saying is that you  
could believe our generation of  
heroes were actually tough.  
Stallone, Schwarzenegger, Wesley  
fucking Snipes.

ROCK  
Man, that shit doesn't matter. My  
guys don't have to be tough. They  
got super powers.  
(tosses in his cards)  
I fold.

DAVE  
He's right. They're all "for show"  
muscles. That's the beauty of it.  
Anyone can be a superhero. Hawkeye  
could be the size of a toddler and  
he'd fuck you up.  
(puts chips in)  
Call.

RAY  
Yeah? Well, you couldn't be a super  
hero 'cause your "toddler" size  
dick would embarrass the *Avengers*  
as soon as you squeezed into one of  
them suits.

DAVE  
Maybe that's the solution to your  
problems with the unrealistic body  
standards. Only cast *Avengers* with  
toddler dicks.

Guy silently tosses his cards - *fold*.

ROCK

Whoa. Let's not take Wakanda off the map, right after we got a seat at the table.

RAY

We'd have to see Dell's dick to make that call.

ORDELL

Again with this shit?

RAY

It's weird. 30 years of friendship and I haven't seen it. How do you think that makes me feel?

Rock and Ordell share a knowing look.

ROCK

You hang out with too many white folks.

RAY

Bullshit. We're like brothers. More than you are. You telling me you've never seen each others dicks?

ROCK

Nope.

ORDELL

No.

DAVE

Guy's dick has purple accents and Ray has that angry vein that makes it look like a Marine who's gonna start shit with you at the bar.

The guys LAUGH. The attention shifts to the CARDS as Rock lays out the flop. *They all react accordingly*.

ORDELL

I'm out. Of the hand and this stupid ass conversation.

DAVE

I'm all in.

RAY

Fuck you. You're only doing that because it's a twenty dollar game. You gotta treat it like its real money or there's no fucking point.

Dave gives him a "go ahead" look. All eyes are on Ray.

RAY

If you're not going to play by the fucking rules, then I'm gonna fold.  
(tosses in his cards)  
Fucking stupid bullshit game.

Guy SMILES. He collects the cards as Dave takes his winnings.

RAY

Was that a smile? For a second I thought you enjoyed being around your friends.

GUY

Yeah. I live for endless conversations about dicks and fictional characters you'd beat up.

DAVE

Give Guy a break. He's only down because his lady walked out on him.

OOOOOOH's all around. Guy sighs and deals the cards.

RAY

What the fuck, Dave? We all know that. I'm just breaking his balls.

DAVE

Oh. Sorry, Guy.

GUY

It's fine.

ROCK

I didn't know. Y'all were together for a while. What happened?

GUY

We got into a fight about some dumb shit. It escalated. And she left.  
(a faint laugh)  
Told me I needed to go therapy.

Head-shakes and sighs all around. The guys check their cards.

RAY

Fucking therapy. That's their answer to everything nowadays. Like bitching to some stranger is gonna solve any of your problems.

ROCK

Right?

ORDELL

Lisa wanted to do couples therapy  
after Troy was born. I told her we  
might as well get a divorce.

DAVE

I had a cousin who went to therapy.  
It turned him retarded. True story.

Before anyone can react, we CUT TO --

A SERIES OF SHOTS

We interrupt our scene as each of our characters break the  
fourth wall and come clean with their individual issues.

INT. RAY'S WORK TRUCK - DAY

Ray is behind the wheel as he addresses the camera.

RAY

I'm fucking angry all of the time.  
And my inability to control it is  
gonna land me in jail.

Ray gets jolted out of his confession as a car HONKS at him.

RAY

ARE YOU FUCKING SERIOUS?!

(swerves at the car)

I WILL END YOU! I DON'T GIVE A FUCK  
YOUR KID IS IN THE CAR! I'LL END  
HIM TOO!

INT. NIGHTCLUB - NIGHT

Rock is surrounded by women as he addresses the camera.

ROCK

I act like I don't give a fuck  
about anything, but I am really  
just so afraid of looking stupid  
that I refuse to try shit.

INT. DAVE'S MOM'S BASEMENT - NIGHT

Dave sits alone on a SOFA BED as he addresses the camera.

DAVE

I'm weird. Women don't like me, people are put off by me, and it's hard to hold down a job. Without a real diagnosis and proper coping skills I'll probably kill myself.

INT. KITCHEN, NICE SUBURBAN HOUSE - DAY

Ordell is at the kitchen table eating breakfast with his WIFE and TWO ADORABLE KIDS as he address the camera.

ORDELL

I have a... TBC.

*Beat.* The words "TINY BLACK COCK" appear on screen.

ORDELL

The resulting shame and insecurity around it is eroding my marriage.

BACK TO SCENE.

The guys eye their cards. Rock puts some chips in.

ROCK

Fuck therapy. Go out with me sometime and I'll hook you up. There's no headspace you can't fuck your way out of.

RAY

I've been divorced for six months and you never ask me to go out.

ROCK

Motherfucker, the last time we went out you got into an argument with some girl over the starting pitching of the Yankees.

RAY

She didn't know what the fuck she was talking about.

Ray and Ordell "call" by putting their chips in.

GUY

Well, I appreciate the invite, but I haven't been single in six years, I wouldn't know where to start.

ROCK

Well, you better start soon. It's only going to get harder for you.

Guy shakes his head as he lays out the flop.

ORDELL

Don't listen to him, Guy.

ROCK

What do you know? You've been with your girl since you were seventeen.

ORDELL

Which makes me the only expert in the matter.

ROCK

I'm not giving the guy marriage advice. Shit, that ship has sailed.

GUY

Can we go back to talking about dicks?

ROCK

Look, what my brother doesn't realize is that the game gets harder as you get older. Women ain't the only ones with an expiration date, we got a shelf life, too. See, they're up against a clock, which means they're trying to land a man early. The problem is men don't figure shit out until later, so most of these bitches base their decisions on potential. And when you're young you got all the potential in the world. When you're old, you are what you are, and you are... you. And don't talk to me about the older bitches. They'd all rather create a kid in a lab than settle nowadays.

Ray and Ordell call on the bet. Guy folds.

GUY

Thanks for the support.

Dave pushes his chips in the middle of the table.

DAVE

I'm all in.

RAY  
Are you fucking kidding me, Dave?!

Guy watches as the argument turns into a wrestling match.  
*They've been doing the same shit for years.*

DAVE  
Get off! You're gonna make me cum!

EXT. FRONT DOOR, SUBURBAN HOUSE - LATE

Dave stands by the front door as the guys exit the house.

DAVE  
Later fellas. Thanks for the money.

RAY  
Are you trying to get fucked up?

DAVE  
You're gonna wake up my Mom again.

Ray moves on Dave and he closes the door. Guy waves to Ordell and Rock as they part ways. Guy reaches the car door --

RAY (O.S.)  
Hey, Guy! Wait up.

Sigh. *Almost made it.* Guy turns around as Ray approaches.

RAY  
You alright? I didn't want to say anything in front of the guys, but what the fuck?! You've been blowing off my fucking text messages!

GUY  
Look, I know you're all worried about the softball team. I've just--

RAY  
Oh, I'm a fucking haunt? Did I put a gun to your fucking head when I asked you to join the team?

GUY  
I'll be there on Wednesday.

RAY  
You know, when I started this team Darlene said it was a joke. Fucking bitch. You know what I told her?  
(MORE)

RAY (CONT'D)

That she could suck a sweat soaked dick, 'cause O'Leary's Driveway Repair and Sealant was gonna be a dynasty. You know why? Because my best friend was All fucking State. And I knew if I assembled a roster around his talent we would be unstoppable. But that doesn't work, if you don't show the fuck up.

GUY

I'll be there. I promise.

RAY

Good. We're playing the firemen. And you know how much I hate them. Bunch of drunks. Still milking 9/11. Half of them weren't alive when it happened. And is it really a job? In some towns they volunteer-

GUY

Ray, I gotta go. I've got a busy day tomorrow.

RAY

Oh. Yeah. Right. See you Wednesday.

Guy gets in the car. Ray stands outside the door. Guy starts the car and rolls down the window.

RAY

I love you, brother.

GUY

You too.

#### A MONTAGE

*Sun up to Sundown. We intercut moments of the lonely Saturday of a single-depressed-middle-aged-man...*

INT. GUY ~~AND JEN'S~~ APARTMENT - DAY TO NIGHT

-- Guy eats CEREAL from a SALAD BOWL with a serving spoon.

-- Guy masturbates in his bedroom while watching PORN on his PHONE. *We hear a STEP SISTER get extorted by her new brother.*

-- Guy plays an MLB VIDEO GAME. He hits a GRAND SLAM to win the 2055 Wold Series. *There's no more game left to play.*

-- Guy masturbates in the KITCHEN, watching PORN on his PHONE. We hear a LATINA give detailed instructions on where to "finish" in SPANISH.

-- Guy watches SPORTSCENTER. In a surreal moment, STEPHEN A. SMITH berates Guy for being a loser who watches too much sportscenter. Guy turns off the TV.

-- Guy eats alone in his truck outside of a BURGER KING.

-- Guy stalks JEN'S SISTER'S HOUSE, while he is parked across the street. JEN'S SISTER LEAVES with her HUSBAND and he ducks down. He pulls up his last TEXT CONVERSATION with JEN. Nah.

-- Guy digs through his closet. It's littered with old BASEBALL TROPHIES. He finds some weed hidden in a SHOE BOX. Guy smokes the weed out of a beer can like he's a teenager.

-- Guy raids the fridge, drinks condiments, eats expired food.

-- Guy masturbates in the LIVING ROOM while watching PORN on his PHONE. We hear an AFRICAN AMERICAN WOMAN shame her CAUCASIAN counterpart for not being endowed enough.

-- Guy watches GIRL'S COLLEGE SOFTBALL and gets way too into it. Seventh inning stretch. Guy spots a sexy outfielder and begins to masturbate.

Guy catches a glimpse of himself in a mirror. Shame. He gets up and puts a towel over the mirror. He sits down and goes at it again, but the towel falls again. Jesus.

INT. TOWNIE BAR - MOMENTS LATER

Guy sits at the bar amongst a few SAD SACKS, who stare at their phones. He wears a HIDEOUS BUTTON DOWN SHIRT, we can assume he wears whenever he "dresses up".

Guy looks to the wall behind the bar: A 2004 HIGH SCHOOL BASEBALL STATE CHAMPIONSHIP PLAQUE along with a faded TEAM PHOTO and a PHOTO of TEENAGE GUY litter the wall.

Guy polishes off his beer. The **BARTENDER** brings him another.

BARTENDER  
This one's on me, Guy.

GUY  
Thanks.

**DORIS** (70, a look that smells of cigarettes) sits at the bar.

DORIS

What about me? This guy a fucking celebrity or something?

Guy retreats into his phone.

BARTENDER (O.S.)

That's Guy. He used to be the man.

DORIS (O.S.)

He got fat.

Guy opens INSTAGRAM, thumbs his feed, and lands on a PHOTO of JEN. Guy scrolls her account and finds a PHOTO of GUY AND JEN at the BEACH. A *longing stare*.

An INCOMING CALL from his OLD MAN interrupts. Guy shakes his head and sends the call to voicemail. *SIGH*.

INT. HONDA ACCORD / CITY STREETS - LATER

Guys rides shotgun as Rock drives and talks over the RADIO rather than turn it down.

ROCK

Look, you've been out of the game for a minute, but I got you. Just follow my lead. Nowadays just about every white girl is trying to guilt fuck a black guy. Especially, if she's got dyed hair, tattoos, and rich parents. Now, what you need to do is find the least attractive girl in the group of the crazy white bitch who's fucking with me and go after that. And act like you're wearing that shirt ironically. Like, point out how fucking ugly it is before they think it. Aight?

GUY

What's wrong with this shirt?

Rock ROASTS his shirt as he begins to parallel park.

ROCK

Now, none of that rowdy white boy shit. And don't fuck with any drunk bitches either. This ain't a Judd Apatow movie. And don't call the bitches "bitches". They hate that.

GUY  
Got it (I regret doing this).

Rock kills the engine and looks to a worried Guy.

ROCK  
Hey, I got you.

EXT. BAR/CLUB - CONTINUOUS

Guy and Rock exit the car and head for the bar. A GROUP OF ATTRACTIVE WOMEN stand outside and a beautiful woman, who we'll come to know as TRINA (25) notices Rock.

TRINA  
Peter?! Is that you?!

ROCK  
Trina? Oh, shit. What up, girl?  
(under his breath to Guy)  
You don't know me. Find your own  
ride home.

Rock abandons Guy and makes a Beeline to Trina, as if he were a ten year old boy. He gives her a hug. Guy lags behind.

ROCK  
How are you doing? Are you on break  
from law school?

TRINA  
I am! God, it's so nice to see you!  
(to girls)  
Guys, this is my friend Peter  
"Rock" Jones. He tries to act cool  
but he's a big dork and he's had a  
crush on me since the third grade.

Guy stands there like an asshole. Trina takes notice.

TRINA  
Is he with you?

Rock shoots Guy a look, before he answers with a shrug. *Nah.*

TRINA  
Oh. You want to hang with us? We  
were just about to go in.

...and with that the group heads into the club. Guy lingers behind and is stopped by the BOUNCER.

BOUNCER

I can't let you in until like...  
five dudes leave.

The Bouncer looks past Guy as if he's not there. Guy waits and we stay in an AWKWARD WIDE for as long as we can take.

IN SERIES OF SHOTS.

*Guy heads into the NOISY BAR/CLUB, a realization of his worst nightmares. He downs drinks at a rapid pace as...*

- A POP SONG comes on and GIRLS go crazy. Guy explains that it is sample of an OLDER SONG and takes the fun out of it.
- A GROUP Of WOMEN have fun playing darts. Guys plays next to them. He is so good that it comes off as creepy.
- Guy stares at a GIRL across the bar. *Clearly vibing.* The GIRL whispers to her FRIEND, who walks over.

FRIEND

You're making my friend really  
uncomfortable.

- Guy stands in the BATHROOM and checks his phone. TWO BROS walk in and linger as Guy stands there.

BRO

You a narc, bro?

GUY

Nope. Just too old to be here.

The BROS heads into the bathroom stall and do some KEY BUMPS.

END SERIES.

Guy sits at the bar. He looks to the end of the bar where Rock is the life of the party with Trina and Co.

The BARTENDER pours him a beer.

GUY

Can I ask you a question? Am I fucking ugly? Does any ugly person even know they're ugly? Could I have lived my whole life as an ugly person and not known?

The Bartender walks away without saying anything.

WOMAN'S VOICE (O.S.)  
I don't think you're ugly.

Guy turns to his opposite side. A GIRL HALF HIS AGE (21, thick, tattoos, 2012 Lena Dunham vibe).

GUY  
Thanks... girl half my age.

GIRL  
...who likes older guys.

GUY  
Older guys who have fully realized their potential?

GIRL  
Jesus. You are sad.

GUY  
I'm fine.

GIRL  
...I like sad guys too.

GUY  
Well, I'm flattered. Drunk girl who is half my age.

She moves her hair and reveals a cheesy sobriety neck tattoo.

GIRL  
Two years sober.  
(lifts her drink)  
Cranberry juice.

She seductively drinks from her straw eyeing a confused Guy.

INT. HALLWAY, APARTMENT BUILDING - LATER

Guy and GIRL HALF HIS AGE sloppily make out as she tries to key into the door. She is in total control of the situation.

GUY  
It's been a while --

GIRL  
Shhhh. My roommate is sleeping.

INT. GIRL'S APARTMENT, APARTMENT BUILDING - CONTINUOUS

Guy and Girl make out as they enter a one bedroom apartment converted into two. The LIVING ROOM functions as its own studio and is decorated as if it were a teenage bedroom.

They make out and remove clothes as they head to the bed.

GIRL

Oh, yeah. I want your huge cock.

GUY

Ah, yeah. Okay (*average at best*).

GIRL

Let's get these pants off. I want to see that huge cock.

She sits on the edge of the bed and undoes his belt. Guy awkwardly steps out of his jeans with her help.

GUY

I mean... its not huge.

GIRL

Not yet.

We stay on Guy, who is uncomfortable as she teases him with her hand or something blow job adjacent. She looks up to him.

GIRL

Why aren't you getting hard? You don't find me attractive?

GUY

What? No -- I mean "yes". You're amazing. It's just a blood flow issue. I had a late dinner. Salisbury steak. Give me a sec.

Guy closes his eyes and concentrates. He tries to jerk his junk into an erection. Girl spits on his genitals. He winces.

GIRL

Do you think there is an underlying emotional issue that's in the way?

GUY

What? No. Just give a sec-

GIRL

Is there something you want to talk about? Past trauma? A stressful life event?

She spits on him again. Guy turns around to shield himself.

GUY

No, just --  
(she spits on his ass)  
Can please stop spitting on me?

Guy continues to masturbate. She waits a beat or two, then sticks her finger between his butt-cheeks. Guy jumps away.

GUY

Jesus, fuck!

GIRL

I'm sorry. I'm like trying  
everything here. And there is  
clearly something wrong.

Guy turns back around. He's frustrated. Ready to give up.

GUY

Lady, I am fine.

GIRL

You don't have to struggle in  
silence.

*Guy has reached the inner circle of hell.*

GUY

I gotta take a piss.

GIRL

It's past the kitchen on the left.

Girl falls back onto the bed as a naked Guy self consciously covers his junk and heads to the bathroom.

INT. BATHROOM, GIRL'S APARTMENT - MOMENTS LATER

Guy stands naked in front of the mirror. *What the fuck are you doing?* He runs the gamut of secondary emotions...

GUY

Hey, look at me. Man the fuck up,  
go in there, and fuck her. With  
your dick. Your average sized dick.  
(looks down to his dick)  
You hear that? Get it together! You  
want to be a hard dick? Or you do  
want to be a little bitch dick?  
Fucking piece of shit. You suck.  
You fucking suck. You loser.

The negative self talk takes a turn as Guy can no longer repress his true emotions and begins to uncontrollably cry.

GUY

That's why she left you. She left you and she's not coming back.

Guy slides down the wall, hugs his knees into his chest, and rolls to the fetal position (exposing his balls from behind). We linger in this shot and PUSH IN for dramatic effect.

A variation of our SCORE fires on: An orchestral version of the epic NFL ON FOX THEME. We stay in the SHOT as our OPENING CREDITS SEQUENCE plays over Guy's lowest moment...

#### A GUY GOES TO THERAPY

In the middle of the CREDITS our CAMERA ANGLE shifts to Guy's sobbing face, with the bathroom door in the BACKGROUND.

The SCORE lowers as VOICES are heard outside the door.

VOICE (O.S.)

What the fuck, Sarah?! Why is there an old man crying in our bathroom?!

GIRL (O.S.)

Because he's sad, Emily!

VOICE (O.S.)

Then why did you bring him here?!

GIRL (O.S.)

You know I'm trying to make the world a better place, by fucking the disempowered men that no one else wants to!

VOICE (O.S.)

I've had enough of this shit! I'm moving out!

The SPAT continues until we HEAR a DOOR SLAM.

GIRL (O.S.)

Guy, are you okay?

GUY

I'm fine.

GIRL (O.S.)

Listen, I know your warped understanding of masculinity may prevent you from opening up in fear that you'll be perceived as weak, but you should really consider talking to someone about your problems.

*Guy cries even harder.*

INT. GUY AND JEN'S APARTMENT - EARLY MORNING

C/U - a LAPTOP SCREEN displays a website for a "PIECE OF SHIT INSURANCE COMPANY" and it's list of in-network providers. It fails to fully cover the CAM GIRL pop-up underneath.

A SERIES OF SHOTS Guy tries to call several doctors without any luck. He paces his apartment as he talks on the phone.

GUY

I got your number from my insurance website... No... Next year... Never... A thousand an hour? Okay.

*...he closes his LAPTOP in defeat.*

INT. RESIDENTIAL CONSTRUCTION SITE - DAY

Guy fastens some DUCT WORK. The SOUND of his DRILL accompanies CLASSIC ROCK playing over a BLUETOOTH RADIO.

In the BACKGROUND: Manny and Ivan are in a heated tits, ass, or face debate. LITTLE MIKE futilely tries to ruin their fun.

MANNY (O.S.)

Man, suck my dick. Actin' like you run shit 'cause your old man is the boss. Fuck outta here, puta.

Guy's PHONE RINGS and cuts off the MUSIC. Guy disconnects the BLUETOOTH and holds the phone to his ear.

GUY

Hello?

The PHONE AUDIO is heard over the CONSTRUCTION RADIO and a RECEPTIONIST'S VOICE rings throughout the JOB SITE.

RECEPTIONIST

(over speaker)

Hi, you called to make an appointment with one of our therapists?

GUY

Fuck. No. Ah, hold on! Hold on!

RECEPTIONIST

(over speaker)

Hello? Are you there?

Attention is on Guy as he grabs the radio and heads outside.

I/E. RESIDENTIAL CONSTRUCTION SITE / GUY'S TRUCK - CONTINUOUS  
Guy speed walks to his car as the receptionist continues.

GUY

I'm still here! Hold on!

RECEPTIONIST

(over speaker)

Sir, are you okay?

Guy hops in his truck and closes the door. He messes with the phone and the receptionist is still heard over the SPEAKER.

GUY

Goddamn stupid piece of shit!

Guy RAGE SMASHES the SPEAKER into pieces. Yet, somehow...

RECEPTIONIST

(still over speaker)

Excuse me?

Guy let's out a ROAR. Idea. He turns the truck on and the audio shifts to the TRUCK'S SPEAKERS.

RECEPTIONIST

Sir, are you there?

He turns the volume down and tries to shift gears.

GUY

Hi! I was calling to see when the first available appointment was?

RECEPTIONIST

We have something at five o'clock.

GUY

Great. Ah, how much does it cost?

RECEPTIONIST

Once you meet your \$2,000 deductible, there will be a \$220 co-pay per session.

GUY

Jesus. How much is it without insurance?

RECEPTIONIST

\$200.

Before Guy can react, Little Mike approaches the truck. He stands close enough to hear as he stands and smokes his vape.

RECEPTIONIST

Now, I'll need you to answer a few questions before your appointment. Do you have suicidal thoughts? Or have been contemplating suicide?

GUY

(whispers)

Nope. I'm good.

RECEPTIONIST

Sir, I can't hear you. Are you suicidal? I am instructed to call the authorities if you are suicidal-

GUY

I'll be there at five. Thanks! Bye!

Guy hangs up and looks out the of the window at Little Mike.

LITTLE MIKE

If you're going to walk off the job, you should let me know.

Little Mike walks away. Guy SIGHS. He's going to therapy.

RECEPTIONIST (O.S.)

(over smashed speaker)

Sir, I'm going to be honest, you sound suicidal.

INT. WAITING ROOM, THERAPIST OFFICE - SAME

Guy's ANXIOUS LEG springs up and down with ferocity as he finishes filling out a MENTAL HEALTH QUESTIONNAIRE.

A MUFFLED PUBESCENT SCREAM is heard from the DOCTOR'S OFFICE.

TEENAGE GIRL (O.S.)  
I hate my Mom! She's a dumb cunt!

Guy looks up from his questionnaire at the girl's MOM, who sits across from him. She forces a polite smile.

A DOOR OPENS OFF SCREEN and the TEENAGE GIRL (13, white, goth, runny mascara) storms through the room to the exit. The Mom stands up and follows her out. The *joys of parenting*.

Guy eyes the door. *Should I leave? The ORCHESTRAL WAITING ROOM MUSIC seamlessly melds into our NFL FILMS SCORE. The SCORE builds as Guy contemplates a last minute exit --*

MAN'S VOICE (O.S.)  
Guy, you can come in now.

The NFL FILMS SCORE swells once again as Guy walks down the hall and enters the office... The SCORE cuts out.

INT. THERAPIST'S OFFICE - MOMENTS LATER

Guy is awkwardly seated in the middle of a dusty couch. A CRAPPY PAINTING of a STAG hangs behind him. He looks across from him as the THERAPIST reads through Guy's paperwork.

*\*\* The Therapist will exist OFF SCREEN for the entirety of the film, forcing us to stay with Guy through this process \*\**

THERAPIST (O.S.)  
So, what brings you here today?

Guy shifts uncomfortably in his seat. He hasn't thought this far ahead. He struggles for the words, then settles on:

GUY  
Ah... I don't know.

THERAPIST (O.S.)  
Okay. Well, how about you tell me a little bit about yourself? Where you are from, what you do for a living, that sort of thing.

GUY  
Okay... I'm a... guy. I'm from here... I'm in... construction.  
(to himself)  
This is fucking stupid.

THERAPIST (O.S.)

You should know that this is not going to be a comfortable process, but I am not here to judge you. This is a safe space --

GUY

Yeah, I don't think this is for me.

THERAPIST (O.S.)

I have a lot of patients who struggle to express themselves. What you are feeling is perfectly normal. Might I suggest that you start with some work on your own? A lot of my patients find that doing a "life audit", where you evaluate--

Guy gathers himself and stands up.

GUY

Is there any way I can get my money back?

THERAPIST (O.S.)

The session is non-refundable.

*Guy is not happy.*

INT. GUY'S WORK TRUCK - MOMENTS LATER

Guy drives home and chastises himself. The negative self talk inevitably gives way to a violent male fantasy.

GUY

Therapy?! You thought therapy was a good idea?! You stupid piece of shit! And who the fuck is that guy to give advice to anyone?! "Sorry. The session is non-refundable". Is that right? Is your life worth that \$200 dollars? Huh? You might be able to rip off these other fucks, but not me motherfucker!

Guy stew... then he jerks the wheel and pulls a u-turn.

I/E. GUY'S WORK TRUCK / JEN'S SISTER'S HOUSE - LATER

Guy is parked across the street. He eyes the front door, grabs his phone, and enters his text messages with Jen. He carefully composes a text to her, but his attention shifts-

-- the front door opens and JEN escorts a SHORT GUY (40's, white, 5'1 tops, accountant vibe) out of the house.

GUY  
What the fuck is this?

Jen and Short Guy say their goodbyes and exchange a long hug before she heads inside. Short Guy lingers after she closes the door, then heads to towards a TESLA parked out front.

Guy maneuvers out of a TIGHT PARKING SPOT and Short Guy's TESLA is already on the move. Guy follows. The chase is on.

#### I/E. SUBURBAN STREETS / GUY'S WORK TRUCK - MOMENTS LATER

Guy pursues the TESLA, weaving in and out of cars on a TWO LANE STREET. The TESLA pulls onto the HIGHWAY. Guy follows.

#### I/E. HIGHWAY / GUY'S WORK TRUCK - CONTINUOUS

Guy floors it and catches up to the Tesla. He pulls up along side the Tesla and looks to Short Guy. Traffic stops in Guy's lane and he SLAMS on the breaks, nearly rear-ending the car in front of him. ***Cue the HORNS, fingers, fuck you's, etc.***

Guy loses the Tesla for a second, then catches it pulling off the HIGHWAY at the next exit. Guy takes off after him.

#### I/E. HIGHWAY OFF RAMP / GUY'S WORK TRUCK - MOMENTS LATER

Guy heads down the off ramp as the Tesla makes it through a YELLOW LIGHT and he is forced to stop at the RED LIGHT.

Guy runs the red light just as the Tesla rounds a corner. He speeds up and makes it around the corner. The TESLA isn't there. He looks down the street and sees a PARKING STRUCTURE.

#### I/E. PARKING STRUCTURE / GUY'S WORK TRUCK - MOMENTS LATER

Guy searches the parking structure for the TESLA. No dice. He begins to MELT DOWN until he clocks SHORT GUY heading into a 24 HOUR FITNESS.

#### INT. 24 HOUR FITNESS - MOMENTS LATER

Guy heads inside and scans the gym. He sees SHORT GUY heading towards the LOCKER ROOM amidst the evening rush.

A TEENAGER behind the front desk stops Guy in his tracks

TEENAGER

Excuse me? Are you a member, Sir?

GUY

No, I just want to --

TEENAGER

Vinny! This guy wants to sign up!

Short Guy fades away in the distance.

GUY

No, I don't want to sign up. I just want to use the gym for like 20 minutes. Can I pay for the day?

VINNY (28, guido personal trainer) approaches with a smile.

VINNY

Pay? Bro, I got you. What's your name?

GUY

Guy.

Guy reluctantly shakes his hand as he eyes the LOCKER ROOM.

VINNY

Vinny. Nice to meet you. I'll tell you what, Guy. You seem pretty chill, so I'll hook you up with that free day. But I gotta show you around first, so my manager doesn't think I'm giving away freebies.

GUY

I appreciate it, but I've been to a gym before. I don't need a tour. I can just fill out whatever form --

VINNY

You know what? I like you. You're direct, bro. I told you I'd give you a free day, and I'm a man of my word, so follow me to my office and we'll get that paper work started.

Guy eyes the LOCKER ROOM as he follows Vinny.

INT. 24 HOUR FITNESS - MOMENTS LATER

*Guy keeps an eye out for Short Guy as Vinny leads a non-consensual tour "on the way" to his office.*

VINNY

...and with the promotion you'll have access to our new rowers too. And they have a great view of the elliptical machines.

Vinny gestures to a BUNCH of WOMEN on elliptical machines.

GUY

Is this a tour? Or are we headed to your office?

VINNY

Yeah. No. Right. Totally, bro.

CUT TO:

Vinny stands across a TREADMILL from Guy. He cranks the TREADMILL speed all the way up and talks over the sound.

VINNY

A NORMAL TREADMILL ONLY GETS UP TO FIFTEEN MILES PER HOUR! THESE GUYS GO UP TO THIRTY! THIRTY, BRO!

GUY

VINNY, I DON'T WANT A TOUR!

VINNY

YOU WANT TO SEE MORE?

CUT TO:

Vinny walks a furious Guy through the FREE WEIGHTS area.

VINNY

The office is right through the state of the art free weights area.

Guy slows down as he spots SHORT GUY working out. He pushes twice as much weight as we'd expect him to. Vinny takes this as a SIGN of interest.

GUY

Do you know that guy? The short one?

VINNY

No. Not yet. He's a beast though. Great form. He a friend of yours?

TERRY (30, African American, a walking steroid advertisement, brims with insincere positivity) interrupts.

TERRY

Sup, Vinny?

VINNY

Terry! This is my brother, Guy.  
He's looking to be part of the  
team.

Guy tries to look around Terry as SHORT GUY finishes his set.

TERRY

Yeah? That's great man! Let me  
guess... Getting older... feeling  
the effects of low testosterone?

VINNY

Big time, bro.

TERRY

Can I ask you a question, Guy?

GUY

Guys, I just want to work out for  
the day. Okay?

TERRY

How would you like to get your 17  
year old dick back? 40 sessions  
with my boy Vinny, coupled with my  
diet plan, and you will brother.  
I've seen guys that look just as  
bad as you, turn it around and get  
that 17 year old dick swag back.

VINNY

He's not lying, Guy.  
(looks to phone)  
Now, did you ever play any sports?

GUY

I played some college baseball.  
Which is why I don't need a- what  
are you doing?

VINNY

Just filling out your free  
assessment. Don't worry. It's free.

GUY

Look, I don't need an assessment. I  
just need this all to stop.

Vinny types into his PHONE. Short Guy walks out of the area.

VINNY

How many pull ups can you do?  
(no response)  
I'm just going to say... two.

GUY

I can do more than two pull ups.

TERRY

It's not a big deal. We're all  
working at our own pace.

CUT TO:

Guy finishes a PULL UP as the TRAINERS "motivate" him.

TERRY

ONE MORE! YOU GOT IT, CHAMP! PUSH!

Guy drops down. Red faced and mad as hell. CARLOS.

GUY

That's four. Mark that down. And  
let's finish this up.

VINNY

Done. And if you're thinking about  
recovery, we have a huge selection  
of protein powders in our store --

GUY

NO! I DON'T WANT ANY OF YOUR SHIT!  
I JUST WANT MY FREE FUCKING DAY!

*Attention is on Guy. Vinny and Terry look wounded/offended.*

INT. BACK OFFICE, 24 HOUR FITNESS - MOMENTS LATER

A TINY office that is steps away from the FRONT DESK. Guy  
sits across a desk from VINNY. Terry stands behind him.

VINNY

So with the first month, the  
personal training sessions and the  
protein powder your total is \$249.  
Can I put it all on the card or do  
you need a payment plan?

GUY

Just put it all on the card.

Guy looks out of the door and catches SHORT GUY heading into  
the LOCKER ROOM after his workout.

TERRY  
17 year old dick, bro.

Terry pats Guy on the back a little too hard.

INT. LOCKER ROOM, 24 HOUR FITNESS - MOMENTS LATER

Guy enters as Short Guy disappears into a row of lockers. Guy tucks behind the opposite side of the locker row, takes a deep breath, and gears up to make his move.

Guy turns to round the corner and spots Short Guy in the mirror, bottomless, REVEALING his MONSTER DICK (13 inches flaccid, thick to boot). Guy stops in his tracks. Time slows as he is hypnotized by the mythic cock. SUDDENLY the dick bends at a 90 degree angle and ROARS at him with it's mouth.

Guy retreats. He turns to the lockers. He closes his eyes and attempts to re-gather himself. Deep breaths. A rage builds --

VINNY (O.S.)  
Hey, ah, Guy?

Guy looks up and Vinny stands at the entrance of the room.

VINNY  
Your card was declined.

GUY  
I'll take care of it later.

VINNY  
Yeah... I can't really let you use  
the facilities until its sorted.

Guy is flustered. He looks to the mirror. *Short Guy is gone.*

GUY  
GOD FUCKING DAMN IT!

Guy punches a locker and his hand goes through it. Guy's hand starts to bleed. A shocked Vinny hands him a towel.

VINNY  
You're gonna need to pay for that.

EXT. BASEBALL DIAMOND, LOCAL PARK - MORNING

Ray paces the DUGOUT. GROWN MEN in baseball pants litter the field and toss a ball around the bases for a pregame warm up.

RAY

This is unbelievable. Un-fucking-believable.

Guy stands in street clothes. His hand wrapped in a bandage. Ordell and Dave sit in the dugout with the rest of the TEAM. They wear O'LEARY'S DRIVEWAY REPAIR AND SEALANT jerseys.

RAY

You couldn't have told me last night? I could have paid that Dominican kid I got for the playoffs last year.

GUY

Really? I catch Jen with some fucking short guy and you expect me to think about the softball lineup?

RAY

It's the fucking firemen.

DAVE

How short was he, Guy?

GUY

Short. Fucking five feet tops.

Dave wraps his hand around a BAT as if it were a dick.

DAVE

And the dick...

(runs hand down the bat)

...just tell me when to stop. We'll talk girth next.

GUY

Stop -- I mean, keep going- I mean, it was huge. Like, if your Dad had his dick, you wouldn't be able to look at your Mom. Okay? Now, I'm done talking about it.

DAVE

Are you worried it's going to stretch her out?

ORDELL

That's not how it works. Women give birth. Vaginas are elastic. The size of his dick doesn't matter.

ROCK

Of course it matters.

*Nods all around.* Rock stands outside in street clothes and fires SOFTBALLS to ORDELL'S ADORABLE KIDS in the outfield.

ROCK

There are two dicks a woman never forgets: The first one and the big one.

ORDELL

She probably isn't even sleeping with him, Guy.

ROCK

That I agree with. Humanity's only universal truth is that absolutely no woman wants to fuck a short guy.

DAVE

Jeff Bezos is short.

ROCK

Not when he's standing on all that money. Shit, if a short guy ain't a billionaire, cage fighter, or full of Latino charisma, they at the bottom of the food chain. That's that "height" privilege.

DAVE

So would you rather be a short guy with a huge dick or a tall guy with a tiny dick?

A *UNANIMOUS VOTE* for "TALL GUY". Guy is fed up.

RAY

Tall guy. That's easy.

GUY

Guys, I'm done talking about this.

RAY

You gotta fight him.

Rock nods in agreement.

ORDELL

Yeah, that's smart. Go to jail for fighting, as a 36 year old man.

RAY

Fuck that. The legal system wasn't created to protect the scumbags who fuck other people's women.

(MORE)

RAY (CONT'D)

That's the problem with the world today. There's no consequences. If he fucks your girl, it's your god given right to fuck him up. You got a bum hand? I'll do it. This is a small town. I'll find him. That fuck is gonna cost us the one seed.

GUY

Guys, I'm not looking for advice! I only brought it up because Ray was giving me shit about not playing.

Before Ray can chime in an UMPIRE interrupts.

UMPIRE

Are you guys ready to get started?

RAY

It's 5:48. The game starts at 6.

ORDELL

We can start. Everyone is here.

RAY

And kowtow to the fucking firemen? They just want to end early so they can get a head start on drinking.

MARTINEZ (35, firemen, super attractive, arrogant as all hell) stands on the pitchers mound.

MARTINEZ

What's the matter, O'Leary? You need more time to lube up? Don't worry! I'll be gentle! I'll nibble on your ear to dull the pain!

RAY

You ain't the cops, Martinez! I have no problem fucking you up!

MARTINEZ

You'd love an excuse to forfeit! Then you won't have to back up all that shit you've been talking on my Facebook page!

RAY

You're lucky our best player caught his lady fucking around on him! Otherwise, we'd have destroyed you!

GUY

Really, Ray?! Fuck you. You fucking asshole. You know what?  
(to the gallery)  
Fuck all of you guys too.

Guy heads for the parking lot and doesn't look back.

RAY

Oh, come on, Guy! Come back! Where are you going?

INT. THERAPIST'S OFFICE - DAY

Guy sits on the couch as if he was forced to be there.

GUY

My girlfriend walked out on me.  
That's what brings me here.

THERAPIST

I'm sorry to hear that. How long were you together?

GUY

Six years. It was her idea that I come here. So, instead of like asking me about my childhood or whatever, I'd just appreciate it if you could give me some advice to like, lure her back.

THERAPIST (O.S.)

I see. Well, what was it that lead to the breakup?

Guy thinks for a beat, then freezes up.

GUY

I don't know.

THERAPIST (O.S.)

For this to be successful, it's going to require you to push past the discomfort and find a way to be open and honest. Not just with me, but with yourself. With honesty comes awareness, and with awareness comes improvement.

GUY

Okay... well... honestly... I am not the type of guy who does shit like this. And... when you talk to me like that, I feel... like I want to punch you in the face-- I mean, I'm not, like, that guy. I just-- you asked me to be honest.

THERAPIST (O.S.)

I get it. Being vulnerable is not easy. Feeling like you're exposed. I have a similar experience with therapy. It is a lot easier being the one asking the questions.

GUY

You go to therapy?

THERAPIST (O.S.)

I have stuff to work through, just like everyone else. I can tell you from experience that nothing that is worth it comes without pain.

Guy considers this. It makes him feel more at ease.

GUY

She got upset because I was eating parmesan cheese that I didn't know she was using for dinner.

(off lack of response)

And she starts crying, accusing me of being "miserable" and shit.

(off lack of response)

And then she tells me that I'm gonna end up like my old man. And I get mad. And she leaves.

(off lack of response)

She might have been on her period

THERAPIST (O.S.)

What was it that upset you about being compared to your father?

GUY

What? Nothing. That's not even what we are talking about.

THERAPIST (O.S.)

I'm just trying to get the full picture. Have you spoken to her since this argument?

GUY

It's complicated.

(off lack of response)

She never called.

(off lack of response)

Look, I get what you're driving at, but if I come crawling back, she's not going to respect me. You know how they are.

THERAPIST (O.S.)

Asking her to have a conversation when emotions aren't involved shouldn't make her lose respect for you. If you were to really try and understand her perspective, it might make her respect you more.

GUY

Well, there's also the matter of this... fucking short guy she might be sleeping with.

THERAPIST (O.S.)

She is seeing someone?

GUY

I happened to drive by her sister's place, where she is staying, and I caught him leaving the house, saying goodbye to her and shit.

THERAPIST (O.S.)

Were they intimate with each other?

GUY

He's an adult man in her house. They ain't lifelong friends or anything. He's obviously trying to give her the goods. The guy goes to my gym too. He's got a fucking loaf of bread hanging between his legs. And I'm not going to be the asshole who comes crawling back after she gets dicked down by that dude.

(stews for a beat)

I've been weighing my options and it feels like the only reasonable thing to do is fight him.

THERAPIST (O.S.)

Guy, I am required by law to report you if I sense that you're going to do harm to yourself or others.

GUY

What? Isn't there some kind of like attorney-client-privilege thing?

THERAPIST (O.S.)

No.

GUY

What happened to all that shit about honesty? I wouldn't have had said anything if I knew you were like wearing a wire or whatever.

THERAPIST (O.S.)

Guy, I am failing to see how this would help accomplish your goal.

GUY

No offense, but I don't think a guy like you can really understand my situation.

THERAPIST (O.S.)

Well, let's see if I have it right: Your partner of six years, who you are still in love with, left you. BUT instead of reaching out to her and trying to understand why, you have put your energy into revenge fantasy against a short man with a large genitalia who committed the offense of being at her house, that you "happened" to drive by?

GUY

Yeah.

In a long beat, Guy's petulance gives way to embarrassment.

INT. GUY AND JEN'S APARTMENT - NIGHT

The PHOTO of GUY and JEN sits in darkness. Guy enters in the background and hits the LIGHTS, bringing the picture to life.

Guy kicks off his shoes, heads to the couch, and takes out his phone. He clicks into JEN'S INSTAGRAM and scrolls through PHOTOS that evoke positive memories of their relationship. He lands on the PHOTO of GUY AND JEN at the BEACH. A longing look. We move CLOSE ON the PHOTO. Two fingers enter the screen and spread... zooming in on Jen's breasts.

PULL OUT TO:

INT. GUY ~~AND JEN'S~~ APARTMENT - MOMENTS LATER

Guy is illuminated by his PHONE SCREEN. He sits on the couch, shirtless, pants around his ankles, masturbating to the PHOTO. He tries to ZOOM IN on her breasts with two fingers of the hand that holds the phone.

*He zooms in... labored breaths... zooms in... and in the throws of passion accidentally "likes" her photo.*

GUY  
Fuck! Shit! Fuck!

Guy frantically "unlikes" the photo, then accidentally "likes" it, then repeats the whole thing over again. *Unliked.* He freezes as if time will stop moving as long as he does.

An ALERT accompanies an INSTAGRAM MESSAGE:

**@thenextjen:** *Feeling nostalgic?*

Guy is frozen. *Shit.* He wipes his hand on the couch, so he has a free thumb, then types:

**@Guy421:** *Ahhh! Sorry! My nephew stole my phone! Did he do something weird?*

**@thenextjen:** *Your "nephew" was creeping on our cruise photos from 2014?*

**@Guy421:** *I just asked him about it and he said "she shouldn't have been wearing that"*

**@thenextjen:** *It's all starting to make sense. I never told you but he may have attempted a non-consensual breast feed when he was a baby.*

**@Guy421:** *That would explain his obsession with that photo.*

... . . . . .

**@thenextjen:** *So... Did you hit that picture by accident?*

Guy starts and deletes several responses, then lands on:

**@Guy421:** *Yeah. I wanted to check in.*

We watch the interaction from a distance as Guy types away at his PHONE. Guy smiles and turns the phone off. **black.**

INT. RESIDENTIAL CONSTRUCTION SITE - DAY

Guy happily whistles as he finishes up some duct work.

EXT. UNFINISHED DRIVEWAY, RESIDENTIAL CONSTRUCTION SITE - DAY

Manny and Ivan throw rocks at a SODA CAN that sits on an upside down garbage can in the distance.

IVAN

You owe me five dollars. I hit fountain. I hit tree branch. I hit old car.

Guy exits the house and steps over Deli sandwich wrappers splayed out on the front porch.

MANNY

Man, that was for the Sprite can.  
That other shit was pre-season.

Manny throws a rock at the SPRITE can and misses. Guy LAUGHS.

MANNY

Talking shit with a bum hand.

GUY

Five dollars? Off hand?

MANNY

Bet.

GUY

Your funeral.

Guy puts his stuff down and Manny hands him a rock. Guy takes aim.... He throws the rock and nails the Sprite can.

MANNY

Fuck outta here! That's luck, bro.

GUY

You can pay me in cash. None of that Venmo shit.

Guy heads to his truck as Little Mike steps outside.

LITTLE MIKE

Guys! We're behind and you're taking two hour lunch breaks. I've got the owners coming in two weeks!

MANNY

This shit is union mandated.

IVAN

Yeah. Maybe we go on strike and you pull wire with lotion hands.

LITTLE MIKE

Guy, where are you going?!

GUY

Got places to be and women to see.

Guy LAUGHS as he gets into his car. Guy peels out and leaves a cloud of dust behind him. He flashes a *little smile*.

INT. GUY ~~AND JEN'S~~ APARTMENT - EVENING

Guy's work clothes litter the bedroom floor. He stands in a towel and smells the UGLY SHIRT from the hamper. *Good enough*. He heads to the BATHROOM and we stay outside of the open bathroom door in a VOYEURISTIC WIDE.

Guy hangs the shirt on the shower curtain rod, turns to the bathroom mirror and gives himself a look. Guy tweezes a few would-be unibrow hairs, then takes a GILLETTE RAZOR and runs it through his nose and ears. *Not good enough*. He takes out a beard trimmer, turns it on, and shaves his ear hair. *Beat*. Guy inspects his body. He shaves a little shoulder hair off, then goes to work on the rest of his shoulders. Guy awkwardly contorts and attempts to shave his back hair and does a bad job. He turns off the buzzer and exits frame.

Guy re-enters frame with a roll of duct tape. He scans the room and finds the toilet plunger. He unscrews the handle from the bottom and tapes the beard trimmer to it. We watch as he successfully shaves his back. Guy unfastens the beard trimmer and catches himself in the mirror. *Not good enough*.

Guy drops his towel. He adjusts the head of the beard trimmer, turns away from us, hovers over the toilet, then shaves his pubes to the desired length. *Not good enough*.

Guy puts the beard trimmer aside and takes the razor from the counter. He applies some shaving cream, which we can assume is for the base of his dick or balls, then shaves. He puts the razor away and inspects the area. *Not good enough*.

Guy grabs the beard trimmer again and repositions himself to a deeper hover over the toilet. He adjusts the beard trimmer head and it accidentally falls into the toilet. *Shit*.

Guy retrieves the trimmer head, puts it on, and re-positions himself to a deeper hover over the toilet. He contorts as he shaves and reaches further between his legs towards his taint-asshole area. Guy stops and SIGHS. *Still not good enough*.

Guy climbs into the bathtub, with the trimmer. He lies on his back and kicks his legs over his head as we FINALLY CUT TO:

EXT. (SMALL TOWN) ITALIAN RESTAURANT - NIGHT - ESTABLISHING  
A glorified diner. You don't like it, but you'll still go.

INT. (SMALL TOWN) ITALIAN RESTAURANT - SAME  
Guy sits in a booth and looks longingly across the table...  
Jen sits opposite him. An awkward laugh. They hesitate in  
anticipation of the other speaking. *It's kind of cute.*

GUY  
It's good to see you.

JEN  
It's good to see you too.

The **WAITRESS** interrupts with drinks.

WAITRESS  
One Bud Light and one Pinot Grigio.  
Any thoughts on food?

GUY  
We're going to need a minute.

WAITRESS  
Just let me know when you're ready.

The Waitress leaves and they are alone. They both wait for  
the others to fill the silence. Jen LAUGHS out of discomfort.

JEN  
Isn't it strange how you can be  
uncomfortable with someone you are  
comfortable with?

GUY  
You're uncomfortable?

JEN  
You're not?

GUY  
I mean... I guess. I just wouldn't  
have thought about it like that.

*An awkward beat. They drink to fill the silence.*

GUY  
So, how's the cat?

JEN

Well, it turns out my sister hates him as much as you. He's been banished to my room. And shits in the sink every day out of protest.

GUY

Oh. You're still at your sisters?

JEN

Yup.

Jen retreats to the menu, as she's reminded of the situation.

JEN

That reminds me. I didn't chip in for the Netflix when I sent you that rent check.

GUY

Don't worry about it.

Jen smiles *without meaning it* and looks at the menu *without reading it*. Guy watches her as if he wants to say something.

Guy opens his mouth, but can't find the words. Jen glances up at him. *Nothing*. Guy lowers his voice and tries again...

GUY

Look, I wanted to tell you that I've been... going to therapy.

JEN

What?

He looks over his shoulder as if he's about to admit a crime.

GUY

I have been going to therapy.

JEN

Like... psychiatric... therapy?

GUY

It sounds weird when you put it like that.

JEN

Yeah. No. Sorry. You just caught me off guard.

GUY

You told me to go and I listened.

Guy takes a self satisfied sip of his beer.

JEN

So, what have you learned about yourself?

GUY

What do you mean?

JEN

Like... is there anything specific you are working on?

GUY

I mean-- I don't know, Jen.

JEN

Why you are being defensive? You are the one who brought this up.

GUY

(defensive)

I'm not being defensive. You're just being all weird about it.

JEN

I just want to know what you are working on. It's great that you are in therapy, but it's kind of pointless if you're like talking about the NFL Draft or whatever.

GUY

The Draft? Why the fuck would I talk about the Draft? That doesn't even make sense. It's in April.

JEN

I was being hyperbolic.

GUY

You know I don't know what that means, Jen.

Jen gives him one of those "you're being crazy" looks that makes people even crazier. Guy is triggered.

GUY

Fuck. I just-- I thought you'd be happy about this. I only went to therapy because of you.

JEN

That's not how it works. You go to therapy for you. Not me.

GUY

How would you know how it works?  
You've never been to therapy.

JEN

It doesn't really sound like you have either.

GUY

I'm trying to be fucking vulnerable here. And you're like poking around my insides with your steak knife.

JEN

Vulnerable? I asked you one question and you got mad at me.

GUY

I wasn't expecting an interrogation. I was like, trying to understand your perspective, but you had to start acting like a bitch.

JEN

No. You wanted me to be so thrilled that you went to therapy, that I immediately took you back. And when that didn't happen you started acting like a child.

(mocking him)

You went to therapy?! For me?! Thank you king! Shall I crawl under the table and pleasure you while you feast on chicken parmigiana?!

GUY

This is bullshit. I went to therapy... reached out to you... fucking shaved... wore this shirt--

(Jen laughs at this)

You don't like this shirt? Are you kidding? You got it for me.

JEN

I got you that shirt because we were going to my parent's house and you had a gigantic marinara stain on the other "shirt you wore all the time".

(MORE)

JEN (CONT'D)

You don't even like that shirt. You just kept wearing it because it was familiar. And then convinced yourself that you were fine with it. I even tried to get you new shirts, but you didn't want them. You really want to understand my perspective? You don't have to look much further than that shirt. I put so much energy into making you happy. I really tried. But none of that means anything if you can't admit that you have a problem. If you would rather be miserable and pretend like you are not, than deal with whatever fears or insecurities that are making you feel that way, it is not fair to the person you are sharing your life with. You can delude yourself, Guy, but not me.

Guy looks like he is either going to cry or explode.

JEN

Look, I'm glad you went to therapy. I really am. But you can't do the bare minimum and expect me to come running back. I have more respect for myself than you do for me.

GUY

Really? You want to talk about self respect? We're broken up for all of five minutes and you're so fucking desperate for attention that you give it up to some guy that is literally half the man I am!

Jen lowers her voice as other DINERS look to their table.

JEN

What are you talking about?  
(puts it together)  
Have you been following me?

GUY

And you talk all this shit about me when you're already moving on!

The Waitress interrupts and looks to support Jen.

WAITRESS

Is everything okay over here?

GUY

Yeah. It's fine. Except for the fact that we've been here for twenty minutes and haven't gotten any fucking bread.

The Waitress touches Jen's shoulder and nods to the manager.

JEN

Really. We're okay. Thank you.

The **MANAGER** walks over.

MANAGER

Sir, you are making the other customers uncomfortable and we are going to have to ask you to leave.

GUY

Are you kidding me?!

(reads the room)

I'll leave when I finish my beer.

MANAGER

If you don't vacate the premises, we'll be forced to call the police.

Guy keeps a "fuck you" eye on the manager as he sloppily chugs the beer. He puts the empty glass down and stands.

GUY

It was good to see you, Jen.

Guy walks out and the CUSTOMERS applaud as if a terrorist was escorted from a plane. Jen is beyond embarrassed.

INT. TOWNIE BAR - NIGHT

Guy sits at the bar. He drinks his BUD LIGHT and stares at his HIGH SCHOOL BASEBALL PHOTO. He is visibly upset.

MAN'S VOICE (O.S.)

Four Bud Lights! And put it on this sad sack's tab.

*Fuck.* Guy looks to the backbar mirror and sees his **OLD MAN** (70, bitter Irish prick, yet somehow charming) with a little crew comprised of a **LACKEY**, a **CRUSTY TOWNIE WOMAN**, and Doris.

Guy give the Bartender a "go ahead" nod.

DORIS

Watch out. This guy's famous.

The Bartender brings over the beers. The Old Man passes them out with a sense of entitlement.

OLD MAN

Don't you see the resemblance? This is my boy. He's like me without anything between his legs.

The crew LAUGHS. Doris pats the Old Mans groin area.

DORIS

Yeah? I didn't notice anything down there either.

OLD MAN

You think it would come out of hiding for an old bitch like you?

DORIS

(rubs Guy's back)

How about you, honey? Want to prove your old man wrong?

OLD MAN

He might be up for it. I heard his old lady just walked out on him. I wouldn't know, because he's been avoiding me.

Guy avoids eye contact. Doris lets out a sympathetic "aw".

GUY

I'm fine. Thanks.

OLD MAN

Don't baby him. His sister already told me he's "depressed".

Guy ignores the Old Man and it starts to feel really tense.

OLD MAN

Big deal. They all leave. I'd know better than anyone. His own mother walked out on me. I Had to be Mom and Dad all by myself.

Guy LAUGHS at the idea of this. The Old Man takes it personally. He puts his arm around Doris and addresses his crowd.

OLD MAN

And this is the thanks I get? A son who hides from his father like he's half fag.

(MORE)

## OLD MAN (CONT'D)

I guess Mr. Sensitive forgot who used to take him to all those ball games. And for what? Hell, the shit he put me through when he was a kid. Used to piss the bed every night. I lay sheet rock all day and I gotta come back to a bed full of piss. After a couple months of that shit, I told him I wasn't gonna wash the sheets. You know what he did? He slept on the floor, so when he'd piss the bed he could blame the dog. I beat the shit out of the dog for that.

## GUY

None of that is true.

The Old Man invades Guy's space -- *flexing on him.*

## OLD MAN

Oh, you calling me a liar?  
(stares him down)  
You're not too old to get a spanking in front of my friends.

## GUY

What the fuck do you want from me?

## OLD MAN

A little respect would be nice. A returned phone call. An apology.  
(off Guy's silence)  
You fucking sit here acting like you're better than everyone, but last time I checked we was drinking at the same bar kid.

Guy considers this and finishes his beer.

## GUY

Thanks, Jimmy.

Guy heads to the exit. The Old man talks shit as he leaves.

## OLD MAN

Yeah. Great. I'll see you around. I kind of like this bar. I'm thinking about making it my regular spot.  
(to Doris)  
Told you he was fucking sensitive.

A SERIES OF SHOTS

The THERAPIST'S OFFICE. The CLOCK reads 5:10p. The WAITING ROOM is empty. The patient's couch is empty. Details of the THERAPIST waiting: Shoes facing the couch, checks watch, etc.

EXT. PARKING GARAGE, THERAPIST'S OFFICE - MOMENTS LATER

Guy sits in his truck and eyes the entrance of the building. He looks to his phone, at several unanswered "I'm sorry" TEXTS in Jen's message thread. He types another and sends it.

His attention shifts as the MOTHER and TEENAGE DAUGHTER walk through the GARAGE and VISCOUSLY ARGUE as they head to the CAR. *Fuck it.* Guy puts the car in drive and leaves.

INT. DEPARTMENT STORE, MALL - DAY

Guy sifts through button down shirt on a discount rack. He looks like he's in a rough place.

Cheryl appears behind him with a ton of bags (and KIDS).

CHERYL

Are you good, Guy? The kids are getting hungry.

INT. ATRIUM / FOOD COURT, MALL - DAY

Guy carries a bunch of BAGS and walks with Cheryl. She carries DANNY and pushes THE OTHER ONE in a stroller.

Timmy holds on to Guy's sleeve. Jimmy and Dougie run around and SCREAM like maniacs. They are en-route to the FOOD COURT.

CHERYL

Can you and the old man just stop this stupid thing you're doing?

GUY

I don't understand why you have to get in the middle of it? Do you just like, need someone to bother?

TIMMY

Mommy, I'm hungry.

CHERYL

We're going to eat soon, sweetie.

(to Guy)

Because he bothers me about it.

(MORE)

CHERYL (CONT'D)

All week I had to hear about you "embarrassing him in front of his friends". Look, I know he's an asshole. But you're gonna have to see him at Jimmy's birthday party and I don't want it to be weird. Jimmy's already got all these behavioral issues and I'm not giving him a reason to blame me when he grows up.

Before Guy can answer, a CRYING Dougie interrupts.

DOUGIE

Mom, Jimmy hit me!

Jimmy runs over holding a MANNEQUIN ARM and attempts to hit him again. Cheryl rips it away from him.

CHERYL

Hey! Where did you get this? Did you steal this? What did I say about stealing? Huh?!

Jimmy starts to CRY. It sets off a chain reaction as all of the kids CRY in unison. PEOPLE are staring.

CHERYL

Can you take care of the food? I'm going to find a table.

Guy looks at the crying KIDS everywhere. *Happily*.

INT. FOOD COURT, MALL - LATER

Guy sits amongst the KIDS as they scarf down nuggets. Cheryl stares across the FOOD COURT as she feeds the baby.

CHERYL

If that creepy guy looks over here one more time I am gonna castrate him with this plastic spoon.

GUY

What?

CHERYL

That guy who's deep throating an egg roll like it belongs to one of my kids. I'm gonna say something.

Guy looks across the food court. In a WIDE we show a ton of PEOPLE occupying the space. Guy's expression let's us know that the THERAPIST is one of them.

GUY  
Fuck. Just-- don't look at him.

CHERYL  
Do you know that guy?

GUY  
It's a work thing. I owe him money.

Guy awkwardly waves. Cheryl doesn't believe him.

TIMMY  
Why does Uncle Guy owe that man money?

CHERYL  
He doesn't, honey.

TIMMY  
Why did he say he did?

CHERYL  
Because Uncle Guy is lying.

TIMMY  
Why?

Guy gets up and makes his way through the food court. Timmy's line of QUESTIONING continues as Cheryl watches Guy.

ANGLE ON:

Guy walks up to a table in the distance. *A beat of confusion.*

THERAPIST (O.S.)  
Ah. Hey, Guy. What's going on?

Guy lowers his voice, but is extremely confrontational.

GUY  
You tell me? You're the one who was looking over there. Isn't it, like, illegal to look?

THERAPIST (O.S.)  
Guy, I'm really sorry if you felt like I betrayed your trust. This is a small town, people are bound to run into each other.

GUY

Look, I know I missed our last session --

THERAPIST (O.S.)

You are paying for the time. I can't force you to go. I just hope everything is alright with you.

GUY

Yeah. No. Exactly. Like, I owe you for that, so I am going to give you, like, a down payment. Okay?

A desperate Guy digs THREE CRUMPLED BILLS out of his pocket.

THERAPIST (O.S.)

I'm not going to accept that.

GUY

I told my sister I owe you for work a thing. And she's gonna tell everyone about us if we don't sell this.

THERAPIST (O.S.)

Guy, I really do care, but it is important that we have boundaries--

GUY

Come on, man. You fucking owe me. I took your advice and it backfired.

THERAPIST (O.S.)

What?

GUY

Yeah. I got together with Jen. It was a thousand car pile up with no survivors. She fucking hates me. She won't return my text or calls.

THERAPIST (O.S.)

I'm sorry it didn't go well.

Guy breaks down and CRIES in the middle of the food court.

GUY

Alright. I blew it. Is that what you want to hear? I didn't do what you said. I didn't listen, I brought up the short guy, wore this stupid shirt. I'm a fucking idiot.

(MORE)

GUY (CONT'D)  
I've been lying to you. To myself.  
And I just-- I need some help.

PEOPLE stare. A desperate Guy holds out the money. The THERAPIST extends his hand and takes the bills from Guy.

GUY  
Thank you.

INT. MINI VAN, MALL PARKING LOT - DAY

Guy and Jen sit in the mini-van packed full of kids.

CHERYL  
Therapy?

GUY  
What?

CHERYL  
Nothing... I mean... it's good...  
for someone like you.

GUY  
Just promise me you're not going to  
tell anyone, okay?

CHERYL  
Alright. Jesus. Who would I tell?

Guy gives her an "are you serious" look.

TIMMY  
Mom? Why is Guy in therapy?

INT. THERAPIST OFFICE - DAY

Guy sits on the couch. We PUSH IN on him as he unloads his frustrations with a frantic energy...

GUY  
What really brings me here? I guess  
it's like... I've been doing the  
same shit for twenty years. Hanging  
out with the same people. Making  
the same jokes. Getting into the  
same bullshit arguments. And  
somewhere along the way, everything  
else changed. But I didn't. You  
know? And now, even if I wanted to,  
there's no point.  
(MORE)

GUY (CONT'D)

Like, my boss puts his dumb fuck son in charge of a job, even though he has no idea what he's doing. But he thinks he does, cause he's got a 17 year old dick. Me? I got a 36 year old dick. Did you know Lebron James is 36? And we're ready to send him out to pasture - turn him into dog food. That's Lebron James! My dick is like the unsuccessful Lebron James. Man, it's like, when you are young, there's always some jerk off telling you that it won't get any better and you don't believe him. But now, I am that jerk off. I had potential. Shit, I was the man. But now I ain't shit. So what do I do? Have a kid? Put my failures on him? Or like cram all this shit down until it slowly eats away at my insides like a fucking cancer? Fuck. I don't know, man.

We land in a CLOSE UP and Guy addresses the camera...

GUY

So, yeah. I am miserable. And if I weren't such a pussy, I'd probably kill myself. Instead, I won't do shit about it and end up just like... my Old man.

Guy is both relieved and embarrassed.

THERAPIST (O.S.)

It takes a lot of courage to open up like that. How do you feel?

GUY

It's a little weird complaining to you, when there's a kid somewhere in Brazil eating a shoe for dinner.

THERAPIST (O.S.)

It's good to acknowledge the suffering of others, but that doesn't make your own struggles any less valid.

GUY

Right. Okay. Well, I guess I feel like... a fucking pussy.

THERAPIST (O.S.)

Why?

GUY

Really? Are you fucking with me?  
I'm sitting here crying about my  
old man and shit --

(off his reaction)

I find it hard to believe that you  
don't understand why I feel like a  
pussy. It's like... you ever pull  
off an exit ramp, had some prick  
cut you off, and after you honked  
and called him a cock sucker, he  
gave you the finger - and because  
he got one over on you, you felt  
like a pussy and spent the whole  
next week, thinking about cutting  
his finger off and feeding it to  
him? This is the same shit. You got  
something over me now. Hell, I feel  
like a pussy for telling you I feel  
like a pussy.

(off his reaction)

Maybe I'm not explaining it right.

THERAPIST (O.S.)

No, I understand. I am still trying  
to see why you would feel that way?

GUY

You should meet my nephew. He's got  
as many questions as you do.

(off lack of response)

Look, I don't know. I guess, it's  
like a matter of pride or whatever.

THERAPIST (O.S.)

Interesting. Do think that pride is  
an issue for you?

GUY

Not any more than the next guy.

THERAPIST (O.S.)

Well, do you think the "incident"  
at the mall would have occurred if  
you had approached our initial  
sessions with the vulnerability you  
showed today?

GUY

Would I have cried in front of a  
Panda Express? Probably not.

THERAPIST (O.S.)

But pride prevented you from doing so. Is it possible that it has had a similar effect on your relationship? You didn't contact her, were defensive in your interaction, and it didn't work out for you.

GUY

I guess I'm just a fucking idiot.

THERAPIST (O.S.)

We're here to solve problems, not beat ourselves up about them. And putting pride aside might be part of the solution. Perhaps, there is more you can do in regards to Jen as well? Could you write her a letter explaining your feelings? Take a more sincere approach?

GUY

She wasn't exactly receptive the last time.

THERAPIST (O.S.)

Or do you think it's possible that pride is really masking a deeper fear? Like being rejected?

GUY

I mean... yeah. I know that.

THERAPIST (O.S.)

But not trying to win her back will assure you that you'll be in the same place as if you fail. No?

GUY

Not exactly.

THERAPIST (O.S.)

Because you will "feel like a pussy" if you do?

GUY

Not any more than I do right now.

THERAPIST (O.S.)

Why?

GUY

Because... I'm a fucking man.

A long beat. A sense of relief washes over Guy.

THERAPIST (O.S.)  
And what does being a "man" mean to you?

GUY  
I don't know. What do you think?

THERAPIST (O.S.)  
It's your answer that matters. How about this: You said, you used to be "the man". What's the difference between now and then?

GUY  
I guess I used to be good at shit.

THERAPIST (O.S.)  
Are you not anymore?

GUY  
Not in the same way. I mean, I was really good. You can ask anyone in town. Like, people thought I was the man.

THERAPIST (O.S.)  
I see. So being a man is dependent on how other people view you?  
(off Guy's silence)  
And what about your father? Would you consider him to be a man?

Guy LAUGHS. *Realizing there is no hiding from this guy.*

GUY  
You're good, huh? Fuck. I don't know. I mean... yeah. I guess.

THERAPIST  
And what would he think about you being here?

GUY  
He'd think I'm a pussy, too.

INT. GUY ~~AND JEN'S~~ APARTMENT - NIGHT

Guy stands in the KITCHEN, wearing a t-shirt and towel, as he puts the finishing touches on a sad bologna sandwich.

He heads to the table, where his laptop displays a blank Word document. Guy takes a bite of the sandwich, then begins to type exclusively with his index fingers... *DEAR JEN*. Guy freezes. He grabs the sandwich and devours it, as if he were in a competition, while he stares at the screen.

A KNOCK at the door interrupts. Guy chokes down the rest of the sandwich, deletes the words, and heads to the door.

We stay with Guy as he opens the door, not seeing who's on the other side, though it becomes clear pretty quick:

GUY

Ray? What are you doing here? Did my sister say anything to you?

RAY (O.S.)

No. Why? Is she okay?

GUY

Yeah-- Ray, you don't stop by people's places unannounced.

RAY (O.S.)

Did I interrupt something? You're in a fucking t-shirt and a towel. You either just jerked off, are about to jerk off, or gonna--

GUY

What do you want? And this better not be about the softball team.

RAY (O.S.)

Look, I felt bad about last week and I wanted to make it up to you, so we cooked up a little surprise.

(off Guy's skepticism)

You're gonna love it. Trust me.

I/E. VAN / STRIP MALL PARKING LOT - NIGHT

A stakeout. Ray is behind the wheel, Guy sits shotgun, and Dave is in the back seat in between them.

Guy looks across the parking lot, where a grey TESLA is parked outside of a MASSAGE PARLOR. *He is livid.*

GUY

Are you fucking serious?

Ray looks to the distance and screws the top off of a large MAGLITE. He is totally unaware of Guy's frustration.

RAY

Oh, yeah. He's in there. That fuck. That short fuck. And he's totally exposed. Like a deer with a gamey leg. I told the lady we're cops, hinted at him being a pedophile, and threw her my last hundred. We should have free rein for the next half hour.

GUY

I don't want anything to do with this. Take me home.

RAY

Are you serious? Christ, we put a lot of effort into this. You could be a little more grateful.

GUY

Why?

RAY

Why? What the fuck do you mean why?

GUY

Why should I be grateful? Why would you think this is a good idea?! And why didn't it cross your mind that this could make Jen hate me even more than she already does?

RAY

Look, if Jen really is with this guy, she ain't thinking about you. This is new and exciting. It takes a guy at least six months to reveal how fucking terrible he is. And I know you don't want to know, but he's married. It's all out in the open. Which means he's probably talking about leaving his wife for her and shit. This could be your only chance to put an end to it.

DAVE

Don't forget about his dick, Guy.

GUY

I won't. Thanks, Dave.

RAY

Yeah, even if she does take you back, she'll have it on her mind.

(MORE)

RAY (CONT'D)

Next fight you get into, it'll be on the table. Down the road, you might come home from slaving away at work and find the crotchless panties you haven't seen for three years in the dryer --

GUY

Ray, this isn't about Darlene.

RAY

I didn't say it was. What the fuck did you bring that up for?

GUY

Just take me the home.

RAY

And let him win? This is bigger than us. Alright? There needs to be consequences. Now, I'm not talking anything crazy. We're gonna scare him a little. I got the perfect plan. A fake weapon. You ever hear of anyone getting pinched for that?

DAVE

I just want to see it. I don't know if i've seen a live dick that big.

RAY

How many live dicks have you seen?

Guy sits in silent protest as Dave counts dicks in his head.

RAY

I'll tell you what. I'll go in and take care of it. That way it all comes down on me. Alright?

(off Guy's silence)

Come on, Dave.

Ray gets out and Dave follows and gets a word out first.

DAVE

It's forty-one. Not counting mine.

Guy stewes as he watches them head to the building. *Beat.*

INT. MASSAGE ROOM, MASSAGE PARLOR - MOMENTS LATER

A POV SHOT: RELAXING MUSIC PLAYS as we look at the dimly lit floor through the face hole of a massage table.

SUDDENLY a pair of dusty NEW BALANCE 624's enter the FRAME.

RAY (O.S.)  
Don't fucking move.

MAN'S VOICE (O.S.)  
What is this? Some kind of joke?

RAY (O.S.)  
You feel that? That's a stun gun  
that will put you out long enough  
for us take something from you that  
you can't get back.

MAN'S VOICE (O.S.)  
Jesus?! Look, if you're robbing the  
place, all I have is forty dollars.  
It's in my jeans. Take it.

RAY (O.S.)  
Oh, this isn't a robbery, Marc.  
Marc Webb of 356 Sycamore street.

MAN'S VOICE (O.S.)  
How do you know me?!

The CAMERA tries to move, but is stopped.

RAY (O.S.)  
You'll stay down if you know what  
is good for you, Marc. Daughter  
Kayla. Wife Ada. I bet she would  
love to find out you that you are  
out there philandering!

MAN'S VOICE (O.S.)  
What are you talking about?

RAY (O.S.)  
Cut the shit! You've been fucking  
Jen Santos haven't you?!

DAVE (O.S.)  
Or doing other stuff like blow jobs  
or jerking off while she shows you  
her tits?

ANGLE ON:

Guy stands at the door and pleads for Ray to stop with a  
look. Ray flashes him a smile. He loves this.

Dave stands to the side. SHORT GUY lies face down on the  
table with a towel covering his ass.

MAN'S VOICE (O.S.)  
I don't even know who that is!

Ray nods at Dave and he rips the towel off of him.

MAN'S VOICE (O.S.)  
Fuck! What the fuck are you doing?!  
I swear, I don't know Jen Santos!

RAY  
Oh, you're not friends on  
Facebook?! Huh?!

Guy is mortified. Dave squirts body oil on Short Guy's butt.

MAN'S VOICE (O.S.)  
FUCK! I- I- DON'T KNOW! FACEBOOK!?  
DID SHE GO TO JEFFERSON HIGH?!

RAY  
So you do know her? You short fuck!

MAN'S VOICE (O.S.)  
I'm not short! I'm like five nine!

RAY  
Bullshit. Five nine in stilettos.

DAVE  
Yeah. I'm five ten and I have like  
three inches on this guy.

RAY  
Lie next to him.

MAN'S VOICE (O.S.)  
No! Don't lie next to me! I lied.  
I'm five eight. Okay! And it  
doesn't matter. I'm rich.

GUY  
Five eight isn't that short. Is  
this even the guy?

Dave inspects the massage table area.

DAVE  
I feel like I'd be able to see his  
dick if it were as advertised.

RAY  
Of course he's the guy.

MAN'S VOICE (O.S.)  
 I'm not the guy! She's just some  
 girl I went to high school with!

GUY  
 Did you do any research or did you  
 just want this to be the guy?!

DAVE  
 I don't think he's the guy, Ray.

RAY  
 That is a code name!

MAN'S VOICE (O.S.)  
 You know what? Fuck this.

"Short Guy" lifts up his head and he's definitely not the guy. We'll now refer to him as **MARC** for clarity sake.

GUY  
 Fuck me. He's not the guy.

MARC  
 Yeah! You fucking psychopaths!  
 (off Ray's flashlight)  
 And that's not even a stun gun!

Marc jumps off the table. He grabs the towel to cover up.

DAVE  
 (to himself)  
 Forty-two.

GUY  
 Sir, we are really sorry.

MARC  
 Are you kidding me?! You come into  
 my massage?! Threaten my family?!  
 Do you know how illegal this is you  
 fucking morons?!

RAY  
 Alright, take it easy, buddy.

MARC  
 Fuck you, RAY! I got your name. I'm  
 sure Jen Santos would give me the  
 rest of your names too!

GUY  
 Sir, we didn't mean any harm--

MARC  
He squirted oil on my ass!

RAY  
Alright. I'm gonna level with you.  
I've have recently been diagnosed  
with terminal cancer and --

MARC  
Good!

GUY  
No, he's fucking lying. Look, there  
has got to be something we can do.

MARC  
Fuck that. You're all going to  
jail! What? Do you think you can  
just do whatever you want to people  
with out an consequences?

Ray can help but looks as if he agrees.

RAY  
We'll give you \$500.

MARC  
A thousand.

RAY  
700?

MARC  
Two thousand.

RAY  
Alright. Alright. Fine. Deal.

Ray looks to Guy.

GUY  
What are you looking at me for?

EXT. ATM, STRIP MALL - LATER

Guy counts money and hands it over to Marc.

MARC  
I don't ever want to see any of you  
idiots again.

Marc leaves. Guy stands with Ray and Dave.

RAY

That guy was dramatic, huh?

GUY

I'm walking home.

RAY

Are you mad at us? It was an honest mistake. It could happen to anyone.

(off Guy's dirty look)

I mean... I'm not gonna apologize.

GUY

I have no one to blame but myself.

Guy leaves. Ray and Dave share a look -- *not our fault.*

GUY (PRE-LAP)

*I was in the 8th grade...*

CUT TO:

**FLASHBACK (1994) SHOT WITH A HANDYCAM ON HI8 CASSETTE TAPES.****INT. HALLWAY, JEFFERSON MIDDLE SCHOOL - DAY - 1994****TWELVE YEAR OLD versions of GUY, RAY, ORDELL and DAVE hang out by the lockers discussing the futility of hand jobs.**

GUY (V.O.)

*And was hanging out before class, when this fucking Italian kid, Ricky Russamano, got mad that my boy Dave was standing in front of his locker...***RICKY RUSSAMONO (12) a guido kid walks up with CRONIES.**

RICKY

**Get the fuck out of my way, bitch.**

GUY (V.O.)

*Now, my friend Ray never let anyone fuck with Dave, cause he's like an easy target, so he gets in his face and the kid backs down...***Ray steps to Ricky. He immediately backs down.**

RAY

**Yeah? Fucking do something, pussy.**

**GUY (V.O.)**  
*Which I thought was funny until the kid turns on me and says...*

**RICKY**  
**What are you laughing at, faggot?**

**All eyes are on Guy.**

**GUY (V.O.)**  
*So I had to stand up for myself and shit, so I respond with a...*

**GUY**  
**I'm not a faggot. You're a faggot.**

**GUY (V.O.)**  
*And he's like...*

**RICKY**  
**Oh, yeah, faggot?**

**GUY (V.O.)**  
*And I'm like...*

**GUY**  
**Yeah. Faggot.**

**The two boys get within an inch of each other's faces.**

**GUY (V.O.)**  
*It was the 90's. It's kind of embarrassing looking back at it.*

**THERAPIST (V.O.)**  
*I understand.*

**GUY (V.O.)**  
*Right. So then we get in one of those stupid stare downs, where each second feels like an hour, and finally we agree to fight after school at Hamilton park, so a teacher couldn't break it up.*

**The CREW TALKS shit as Guy stands his ground. Ricky and his crew walk away. Guy's boys rally around him.**

**EXT. WOODS, HAMILTON PARK - LATE AFTERNOON - 1994**

**A clearing in the woods. MIDDLE SCHOOLERS circle around Guy and Ricky. Their crews TALK SHIT (the excessive use of the word 'faggot' should make every 90's kid feel embarrassed).**

*GUY (V.O.)*  
*By the end of the day, word gets around the entire school and fucking everyone shows up.*

**A determined Guy and Ricky stalk each other like wolves.**

*GUY (V.O.)*  
*I was nervous as hell. My leg was shaking, my heart was beating out of my chest, Ricky was right in front of me, and I was ready -- but right as we are about to get into it, I look into the woods and I see my fucking Old Man in the distance, like, watching me.*

**Guy's OLD MAN (30's, grizzled, blue collar Irish) stands in the woods and watches the fight.**

*GUY (V.O.)*  
*...and it fucked me up.*

**Guy is confused, but Ricky approaches with a swing. Guy tries to swing back, but he's a little disoriented.**

*GUY (V.O.)*  
*Then Ricky really fucked me up...*

**Guy barely gets in a shot before Ricky hits him clean, knocks him out for a beat, and is on top him raining down punches.**

*GUY (V.O.)*  
*...all while my Old Man was just fucking staring at me.*

**IN SLOW MOTION: A stunned Guy locks eyes with his old man as he repeatedly gets punched in the face.**

**Ray and Ordell rush the scene and pull Ricky off. Guy looks to the woods his OLD MAN is gone.**

*GUY (V.O.)*  
*Eventually, Ray and Dell jumped in and it turned into a brawl and shit, but I'll never forget the look on my Old Man's face.*

**INT. THERAPISTS OFFICE - DAY - PRESENT**

Guy sits on the couch and finishes the thought.

GUY

...and the fucked up thing is he never said a word about it. All I got was that look. That fucking look. It's followed me my whole life. Every time I fuck something up. Throughout baseball, when I dropped out of college, shit with work. I can't parallel park without feeling that look. It's like he was more disappointed than me about my own failures.

THERAPIST (O.S.)

Last week you mentioned a fear of passing your failures onto your children. Do you feel like it was on you to make up for his deficits? Be the man he couldn't be himself?

GUY

I mean, the guy is a total fuck up. He's broke. His wife left him. His kids hate him. I'm sure he did have higher hopes for me.

(off a thought)

You know, I've been avoiding him since the break up.

THERAPIST (O.S.)

Since she said that you were going to end up like him?

GUY

She's not wrong. I do the same shit. That same-- pride or whatever holds him back too. You know, I started writing that letter a couple of times. I couldn't get shit down. It was fucking pathetic.

THERAPIST (O.S.)

Remember, this is a process.

GUY

I gotta tell you, sometimes I just feel like I wasn't meant to be shit. You know? And it's not just me. It's like everyone around me. We are all a bunch of idiots. My stupid fucking friends are struggling and they don't complain. Like, maybe because we can't do shit about it.

(MORE)

GUY (CONT'D)

Like, my Old Man is just, like, part of a cycle of idiots, like old machinery or whatever. And maybe I am too. Like, sins of the father. You know?

THERAPIST (O.S.)

That way of thinking certainly allows you to avoid doing what makes you uncomfortable again.

(Guy doesn't dispute this)

What if you were to confront your father about these issues? Tell him how you feel.

GUY

Really? I just started warming up to this.

THERAPIST (O.S.)

Even if he's not receptive, it could help you process your feelings. Empower you to move on.

GUY

Ain't gonna happen. For real this time. Like, never gonna happen.

THERAPIST

Okay. How about this? If I were him, what would you say to me?

GUY

You want me to pretend you're him?  
(off his reaction)

I mean... you know what? Fuck it. We've come this far. Let's see... I guess I'd be like: Hey Pop --

THERAPIST (O.S.)

Yes, son?

GUY

Oh. Ha. Okay. Was that supposed to be him? You have to antagonize me. Like call me a fag or something.

THERAPIST (O.S.)

Oh, look. My faggy son is acting like a fag again.

GUY

That was actually pretty accurate.

THERAPIST (O.S.)

Come on bitch? Are you gonna say something? Or just flap those pussy lips God glued to your face?

Guy's look lets him know it's a bit much. He then commits...

GUY

*Ah, okay. Well, Pop, I know you're disappointed that I didn't end up as you had hoped I would. But I'm my own man. It's my life, not yours. And... yeah, it is unfair of you to put all of your shit on me. I don't need to live up to your fucking expectations or anyone else's for that matter, so if you're not going to be supportive, then I don't need you in my life -- (self-conscious)*

What? What's wrong?

Guy is beyond embarrassed as he looks to the door where the TEENAGE GIRL awkwardly stands. She witnessed everything.

TEENAGE GIRL

I think I left my purse here. It might be in between the cushions.

Guy digs underneath him and pulls out a black leather purse with the words "PUSSY FART" stitched into it in HOT PINK.

TEENAGE GIRL (O.S.)

It's my band name.

(grabs the purse)

Good luck with your dad. Remember, our parents are people too. And they're just as messed up as the rest of us. You know, back when I was in middle school, there was --

GUY

Would you get the fuck out of here?

TEENAGE GIRL

Oh, fuck you. Evil white man.

Teenage Girl storms off

THERAPIST (O.S.)

I am incredibly sorry about that.

GUY

It's fine. I think I am done with the role play though.

THERAPIST

Okay. That's fair. How did it feel?

GUY

Honestly, I think I'm starting to understand what this is all about.

INT. WEIGHT AREA, 24 HOUR FITNESS - DAY

Guy stares at the LOCKER ROOM as he pumps out reps on a bench press machine. Vinny is in his ear with another sales pitch.

VINNY

Volume, bro. It's all about volume nowadays. See, a woman measures a man by how fertile he is. And when you have enough goo in you to break like a half dozen eggs on her tits, she'll treat you like a god. It's nature, bro. She can't help it. Luckily for you, I got the hook up on this semen volumizer from the Middle East. Shit is crazy. The FDA won't approve it 'cause they're worried about over-population. You gotta get it while it lasts. I sold some to that guy you were asking me about. Dude is a savage. He bought six bottles. Fuck putting a towel on the bed, he's gonna need a tarp--

Guy finishes his reps.

GUY

Vinny, I don't want to hear this shit. Alright?

VINNY

Yeah. Okay. So, you want me to grab you a couple bottles from my car?

INT. LOCKER ROOM, 24 HOUR FITNESS - MOMENTS LATER

Guy changes his clothes. He looks to the mirror where he saw the Short Guy. *Sigh.*

BIG MIKE (O.S.)

Guy! I didn't know you went here.

Big Mike stands at the end of the locker row in a towel.

GUY

Yeah. I just signed up. Locked me in for the next three years.

BIG MIKE

They do that. How's it going? Is my boy busting your balls?

GUY

Nah, he's... good.

(musters up the courage)

Actually, I did want to talk to you about something.

Big Mike drops his towel, puts his leg on the counter, and dries his taint with a HAIR DRYER. It throws Guy off.

BIG MIKE

Yeah? What's that?

GUY

Oh. Ah, it can wait.

BIG MIKE

You sure? I got plenty of time.

GUY

It's no big deal. Was just going to run something by you. Don't worry about it.

BIG MIKE

Alright. Well, I'll be by the site tomorrow if you change your mind. We got the owners coming in.

GUY

Yeah. Cool. Sounds like a plan.

**EXT. WOODS, HAMILTON PARK - DAY - 1994**

Guy's OLD MAN stands in the woods and looks to CAMERA. We REVERSE on ADULT GUY, who takes the place of his younger self, as he's punched in the face over and over again.

Guy looks up at his assailant and his OLD MAN has replaced Ricky as the person raining punches down on him.

GUY'S FRIENDS, VINNY, a NAKED BIG MIKE (Drying his taint), and MASCOT VERSION of SHORT GUY'S DICK, SURROUND HIM and BERATE HIM as he gets his ass kicked. Guy closes his eyes.

INT. BEDROOM, GUY ~~AND JEN'S~~ APARTMENT - EARLY MORNING

Guy's eyes pop open as he wakes from the dream. He rolls onto his back, stares at the ceiling, and takes a deep breath.

INT. KITCHEN, GUY ~~AND JEN'S~~ APARTMENT - MOMENTS LATER

A dazed Guy makes a morning shake that consists of a variety of the SUPPLEMENTS he bought from Vinny. They all have absurd LABELS. He reluctantly adds semen volumizer to it.

Guy tries the shake and spits it out. He dumps the rest of the semen volumizer in the garbage.

EXT. RESIDENTIAL CONSTRUCTION SITE - DAY

Guy pulls into the makeshift driveway. Manny and Ivan are hanging out in front. He gets out and heads toward the house.

MANNY

Yo, Guy, I didn't know you was working today. I would've brought your cash.

GUY

I came by to talk to Big Mike.

MANNY

Shit, you might want to hold off on that. The kid forgot to lock up and someone jacked all the copper. The owner is in there force feeding him his own nuts. I almost feel bad.

IVAN

Good. Fuck him. Little Prince. Neuter him like dog.

Guy heads inside towards the sound of a MAN YELLING.

INT. RESIDENTIAL CONSTRUCTION SITE - MOMENTS LATER

Guy approaches the LIVING ROOM as the YELLING grows closer.

MAN'S VOICE (O.S.)

I do you a favor and let your dipshit son run this job, and I have to pay for his fuck up?!

Guy stands behind a corner, not sure if he should interrupt. The remorseful Big Mike and Little Mike are in his view.

LITTLE MIKE  
Bro, I'm sorry. I thought I locked--

MAN'S VOICE (O.S.)  
You're sorry, bro? I'm not your  
bro. You idiot. I'm your boss. And  
your fucking father's boss.

Guy cringes at this.

BIG MIKE  
Marc, I will eat the extra cost.

MAN'S VOICE (O.S.)  
That's not good enough. I want you  
to fire him. I want you to fire  
your son, Mike. In front of me.

BIG MIKE  
Come on, Marc. I--

Guy has had enough. He rounds the corner and confronts the  
BOUGIE HOMEOWNERS: **Marc** (wrong Short Guy) and his wife **ADA**.

GUY  
Look, I can help you cut some costs-

MARC  
What are you doing here?!

BIG MIKE  
You guys know each other?

MARC  
Honey, this is the fucking  
psychopath who threatened to rape  
me with a flashlight.

ADA  
I'm calling the police.

GUY  
It wasn't with the flashlight. And  
we resolved it. I gave him 2 grand.

MARC  
And I told you I never wanted to  
see your face again!

LITTLE MIKE  
He probably stole the copper! He  
needed the money. You should fire  
him, bro!

BIG MIKE

Is that what you wanted to talk to  
me about? Money problems?

MARC

Real quality guys you have working  
for you Mike.

BIG MIKE

I don't know anything about this.  
And he's not working for me  
anymore. I can assure you that.

GUY

What? Mike? Come on?

BIG MIKE

You cost these people a lot of  
money. And you were going to let my  
kid take the blame. And you're  
like... some kind of pervert.

LITTLE MIKE

We should hold his check. I bet  
that shit would magically find it's  
way back then.

MARC

Oh, I'm not paying him shit.

Guy is frozen he looks past the group of men to his **OLD MAN**,  
who stands in the distance, giving him that infamous look.

MARC

And I'm not calling the police  
either. I'm calling someone worse--

INT. GUY'S WORK TRUCK - MOMENTS LATER

Guy drives as the end of JEN'S VOICEMAIL is heard over the  
car's speakers. Beep. He does a poor job of staying composed.

GUY

(leaving voicemail)

Hey, Jen! It's me again. I know  
you're mad at me, but I really need  
you to call me back! Ah, I look  
forward to hearing from you. Bye!

(hangs up)

Fuck! Fucking goddamn stupid  
fucking small fucking town!

SUDDENLY the PHONE RINGS over the car's SPEAKERS. Guy looks to his phone, an INCOMING CALL FROM RAY. *He silences it.*

Another INCOMING CALL from RAY. *Silenced.* Another one. *Silenced.* Another one. *Silenced.* Another one. *Silenced.* '

GUY  
Leave me the fuck alone!

An INCOMING CALL FROM ORDELL. *Silenced.* An INCOMING CALL FROM DAVE. *Silence.* An INCOMING CALL FROM ROCK. *Silenced.*

GUY  
Oh, no. No. No. No. No. Come on.

**TEXT MESSAGES** pour in: *You okay? You Good? How's it going?*

Guy dials Cheryl. She answers over the CAR'S SPEAKERS. The KIDS YELL in the background.

CHERYL (O.S.)  
Hello--

GUY  
Did you tell everyone I was going to fucking therapy?!

An INCOMING CALL FROM RAY. *Silenced.*

CHERYL (O.S.)  
Watch your language! My kids are around!

GUY  
They're always around!

CHERYL (O.S.)  
Maybe they'd be around less if they had a tree house to play in! The party is this weekend and --

An INCOMING CALL FROM RAY. *Silenced.*

GUY  
Why do you always have to get in the middle of everything?!

CHERYL (O.S.)  
Ray was worried about you!

An INCOMING CALL FROM AN UNKNOWN CALLER. Guy answers.

GUY  
What the fuck do you want, Ray?!

VINNY (O.S.)

Yo! It's Vinny! I noticed your gym shorts make your junk look like a half roll of dimes and --

An INCOMING CALL FROM RAY. Guy answers.

GUY

What the fuck do you want, Ray?!

RAY (O.S.)

Was just seeing how you are doing.

GUY

Terrible! You fucking asshole! Remember the short guy?! The wrong short guy! He owns the house I am no longer fucking working on!

Guy stops a RED LIGHT and PEOPLE traverse the crosswalk. Amongst the pack is his **OLD MAN**, he is frozen and staring while riding a skateboard horizontally across the crosswalk.

An INCOMING CALL FROM CHERYL snaps Guy out of it. *Ignored.*

RAY (O.S.)

I don't want to be un-sensitive or whatever, but the playoffs are--

GUY

(attention off screen)

Are you fucking kidding me?!

RAY (O.S.)

Yeah. We managed to sneak in even though you missed a couple of--

GUY

No! It's him! The short guy! The real one! Right next to me! Fuck!

SHORT GUY'S TESLA idles next to Guy at the light.

RAY (O.S.)

What?! Where are you?! I'll be there in five minutes.

GUY

No. I don't need your help, Ray. I'm leaving it the fuck alone!

GREEN LIGHT. Guy pulls in front of Short Guy, but he follows behind. As Guy turns, the Short Guy is always right there.

RAY (O.S.)

Wait! I can make it up to you. I got a guy with a van, who has a guy with a van, who's got a whole network of vans. And-- I've already said too much over the phone. Just tell me where you are and I'll meet you. We're gonna get the mother fucker. He wants to fuck our women?! We're gonna fuck him!

GUY

I'm not fucking anyone! You moron! I'm done with your bullshit! This friendship is over-- MOTHERFUCKER.

Guy turns down a street and looks to the rearview: The Tesla appears in the distance. *They're going to the same place.*

RAY (O.S.)

What's happening?! Where are you?!

INT. RAY'S HOUSE - SAME

Ray stands in his living room holding his phone.

RAY

Hello?! Guy?! Hello!?

Ray quickly re-dials... *Nothing*. Re-dials again... *Nothing*. Re-dials one more time... *Nothing*. Ray spikes his phone to the ground in a fit of unadulterated RAGE.

Beat. Ray takes a breath and picks up his phone. The SCREEN is splintered into a million cracks. He has a TOTAL MELTDOWN.

I/E. GUY'S WORK TRUCK / JEN'S SISTER'S HOUSE - LATER

Guy's truck is parked down the street from Jen's Sister's house. The TESLA is parked in front. Guy eyes the front door.

Guy silences an INCOMING CALL from Cheryl, then dials Jen. Voicemail. Guy hangs up. He looks to himself in the REARVIEW MIRROR and his **OLD MAN** is in the back seat staring at him.

EXT. JEN'S SISTER'S HOUSE - MOMENTS LATER

Guy gets out of the car and walks towards the house. He stops, heads back to the car, then doubles back to the house and walks up to the front door. He takes a breath and as he is about to knock he hears LAUGHTER coming from inside.

He looks to the KITCHEN WINDOW and gets an obstructed glimpse of Jen and Short Guy. They drink wine and share a LAUGH.

JEN

No way! That is so funny!

SHORT GUY

It was... something. Do you want me to top you off?

JEN

Yeah, why not? It's Friday.

SHORT GUY

I'm so glad we blew off that meeting with Meyers. That thing on his neck would have killed my appetite all weekend.

JEN

Stop! You're so mean!

Guy is livid. He tucks behind the door as they walk through the house. They linger in front of the door and force Guy to endure the pain of hearing his person flirt with someone.

SHORT GUY (O.S.)

Do you know how many foods are shaped like tumors?!

JEN (O.S.)

(laughs)

I'm glad you came. I needed this. I've been spending way too much time with my sister's kids.

Their VOICES fade as they head to the LIVING ROOM. Guy stands on GARBAGE CAN to get a closer look through a window.

They sit on the couch and Short Guy tries to get close.

SHORT GUY

You know, you could stay at my place if you want to sleep in a real bed. I fall asleep on the couch half of the time anyway.

JEN

Thanks for the offer. I appreciate how helpful you've been. You're a good friend.

SHORT GUY

I'm a good listener too. And it sounds like you just need to start moving on. Even if you don't feel like you're ready --

Jen makes eye contact with a (distorted) Guy and jumps back. Guy slips off the garbage can and a CRASH is heard.

SHORT GUY

What was that?! Are you okay?!

JEN

I saw a man looking in the window.

SHORT GUY

I'll take care of it.

Short Guy springs into action. He pulls a SMALL GUN out of an ankle holster and heads to the front door. Jen is confused.

JEN

Jesus. Okay. Where is my phone?

Short Guy looks to the front yard as Jen looks for her phone.

SHORT GUY

Come out! I'll shoot! I'm within my rights!

Jen pushes past him with her phone in hand.

JEN

Guy?! I have 15 missed calls from you!

SHORT GUY

Who?

Jen dials. Guy's PHONE RINGS in the bushes. Caught.

SHORT GUY

Hands in the sky motherfucker!

Guy comes out with his hands up.

GUY

Okay. Okay. Alright. Jesus.

JEN

What are you doing here?

GUY

Oh, I'm sorry. Did I interrupt the good time you were having?

JEN

Yes! And I am allowed to have a good time, Guy!

GUY

I know! I know that! You're right! I just said that because I was mad and jealous and can't help myself!

SHORT GUY

Do you know this guy?  
(to guy)  
Have I seen you before?

GUY

It's a small town.

JEN

He's my ex. Would you put the gun down?

Short Guy complies. Guy puts his hands down.

SHORT GUY

He is bad at expressing himself.

GUY

Who the fuck is this guy?

JEN

He's a work friend. And it's really none of your business.

GUY

Christ. They're never your "work friend" Jen. When are women gonna learn this shit.

JEN

That is ridiculous.

SHORT GUY

I mean, it's not "ridiculous".

JEN

(to Short Guy)

You said you wanted to support me?

SHORT GUY

Yeah. No. Of Course. I do. I just --

GUY

He's trying to fuck you.

JEN

What? You know what? What if I wanted to fuck him? It shouldn't matter to you.

GUY

It does matter to me... For the right reasons.

SHORT GUY

This guy doesn't respect you as a woman. If anything you should sleep with me to get back at him.

JEN

Really?

GUY

Jen, I'm sorry for showing up like this, but there's a guy who is gonna reach out to you about a stupid thing I did and I wanted the chance to explain. And to apologize for... everything. You were right. I wasn't a good partner to you. And I did let my fears and anxieties get in the way of our relationship. You asked me what I learned in therapy. I learned that I'm going to have to put my pride aside to get what I want. So I'm humbly asking you if you will give me another chance. I love you more than anything. I want to be the partner you deserve.

Jen looks down to a message on her phone and is horrified.

SHORT GUY

Sounds like you learned how to be a bitch in therapy. She's moved on, buddy.

JEN

This was never going to happen.  
(to Guy)

And Guy, this is... not okay. I'm sorry, but I don't think --

GUY

Jen, please. I'm sorry. All of this toxic shit is behind me. I promise.

SHORT GUY

Fuck that. This is bullshit. Why was this never going to happen? Because I'm short? I have a good job, a cool car, and huge fucking dick. It's majestic. But I can't even get far enough to show anyone!

\*If you look close enough, you would see RAY'S TRUCK pull up deep in the background\*

We move CLOSE ON Short Guy and he addresses the camera...

SHORT GUY

My whole life I've had to deal with the lack of respect that comes with being short. No matter what I do, I'm the butt of the fucking joke --

-- SUDDENLY Ray PUNCHES Short Guy in the back of the head, gets on top of him, and beats the shit out of him.

RAY

You want to fuck other people's women?! Huh?!

Short Guy CRIES for help as Ray pulls his pants down and exposes his bare ass. Guy intervenes. Jen SCREAMS.

GUY

Ray, no! Fucking stop!

RAY

It's the only way!

CHAOS ensues as Guy tries to pull Ray off of him.

INT. HOLDING CELL, POLICE STATION - NIGHT

Guy sits on the bench of a holding cell and stares into the distance as Ray pleads with an off screen OFFICER.

We stay on Guy and PUSH IN as he contemplates his existence.

RAY

Do you know how many tax dollars will be wasted if you keep us in county over the weekend?

OFFICER (O.S.)  
 You should have thought about that  
 before the sexual assault.

RAY  
 Alleged! I was acting in self  
 defense... of my friend.  
 (sits next to Guy)  
 These guys are unbelievable.

*Guy stews in silence.*

RAY  
 You know, ever since the divorce I  
 don't know what to do with myself.  
 I didn't tell you, but Darlene  
 cheated on me. Fucked some personal  
 trainer. She wouldn't tell me who  
 it was, just to hurt me. I went  
 crazy. Didn't hit her or nothing.  
 Just broke the TV, her iPad, tore  
 the door off the hinges, ripped the  
 passenger seat out of her car. That  
 sort of thing. I'm just so mad all  
 the time and I can't do shit about  
 it. I feel like I should have been  
 born like a thousand years ago. You  
 know? I mean, I get the world is  
 changing and I'm not some jerk off  
 who can't see the good in it. Like,  
 the cops taking it easier on black  
 folks, or the fact that we all  
 stopped saying faggot, 'cause we  
 didn't want to make Tony the Tooth  
 feel bad, or some other guy we  
 didn't know was gay. But the fact  
 that some fucking nerd can talk  
 shit on the internet and run to the  
 police when I show up at his house.  
 I mean... I don't want to live in  
 world like that. You know, I have  
 this dream that I'm a medieval  
 knight and I go from town to town  
 fighting their toughest guy with  
 like one of those battle axes. And  
 every time I defeat one of them, I  
 cut off his head and like, kick it  
 like it's an extra point. And I'm  
 thinking, maybe there is more to  
 that. Like a- what do you call it?  
 Metaphor? Like the head represents--

GUY  
 Ray, what are you talking about?!

RAY

I was trying to open up to you.

GUY

Why?! Because my fucking sister told you I am going to therapy?

RAY

She said you were going to kill yourself. I was like trying to make you feel better.

GUY

Oh, you were trying to make me feel better?! How about an apology, instead of telling me Darlene cheated on you for the hundredth time! Christ. Everything is some fucked up thing with you: Darlene, the firemen, some stranger you're fighting with on the internet. You want it all to stop? It's pretty easy. Don't engage! Which is exactly what I'm gonna do with you and everyone else! I'm done.

RAY

Guy, I know you're upset, but maybe we should hold off on all of this until after the playoffs.

GUY

FUCK THE SOFTBALL TEAM!

Ray is crushed. He stands and heads to the cell's bars.

RAY

Wow. Okay. I see how it is.  
(to the Officer)  
You hear that?! You couldn't have just let us post bail?! Now the firemen are headed straight to the championship! I guess we know who the real heroes are?

INT. ORDELL'S MINIVAN - LATER

Ordell drives. Guy rides shotgun and stares out of the window. Ray sits in the back. *There is tension between them.*

ORDELL

Another flaw in the justice system.

RAY

Yeah. It turns out the cops hate  
the firemen even more than I do.

ORDELL

Let's hope it's enough to get your  
ass out of trouble.

RAY

It won't hold up. He had a gun on  
him. Besides, I wasn't really gonna  
fuck him. Ha. Would have been great  
if you were there. Could have  
flashed that dick of yours and  
really scared the shit out of him.

Ordell uncomfortably LAUGHS as the car pulls up to the curb.

RAY

Thanks for bailing us out, Dell.

ORDELL

No problem. Just pay me back before  
Lisa can say anything about it.

RAY

Will do. Later, Dell. Love you.

Ray and Guy exchange a glance. The door closes. Ordell pulls away, then looks to the Guy as if something is on his mind.

ORDELL

Are you alright, Guy?

GUY

Are you?

ORDELL

Yeah... I don't know. It's just--  
you know how Ray was talking about  
that guy-- and scaring him with my--

GUY

Yeah?

ORDELL

Never mind.

Ordell turns up the radio and fills the silence. Guy stares out of the window. The **OLD MAN** stands in a passing yard and stares back at him.

INT. WAITING ROOM, THERAPIST'S OFFICE - DAY

The Mother and Teenage Girl (in a Pink-Anime phase) share a judgmental look as GUY'S VOICE is heard through the office door. Mom holds her daughter's hand. *Glad that's not us.*

GUY (O.S.)

You want to know why men don't go to therapy? Because it's fucking bullshit! That's why! And you know what?! You're fucking bullshit too!

INT. THERAPIST'S OFFICE - SAME

Guy paces in front of couch.

GUY

I come here with my fucking problems and you know what I get? More fucking problems! I would have been better off just quietly cramming all my shit down until it slowly killed me! Instead, I have no girl, no fucking job, a pending assault charge, and everyone I know thinks I'm fucking pathetic. Not to mention, I'm out like a \$1,500. I could have paid someone \$500 to punch me in the dick for half a day and would be better off than if I did this. You know what? Fuck it. I'm getting my money's worth today. I don't want any advice. I'm just gonna fill the next 45 minutes with telling you how much you suck at your job.

(sits down)

Yeah. That's right. You suck. You fucking suck. Fucking asshole.

A long beat.

THERAPIST (O.S.)

You're not a man, Guy.

GUY

What?

THERAPIST (O.S.)

You said this is why "men" don't go to therapy and I was correcting you. You are not a man.

GUY

Now, you're gonna talk shit? It's just you and me in here buddy.

THERAPIST (O.S.)

Do what you want. It still wouldn't make you a man.

GUY

Yeah, that's right. You're the expert. Sitting on your ivory throne, with your wall of degrees, looking down at the rest of us.

THERAPIST

I am not a man either.

GUY

You're goddamn right.

THERAPIST

It would be impossible. By your definition.

GUY

Don't try to turn this into some lesson. It's too late for that.

For the first time in the movie... a REVERSE SHOT on the **THERAPIST** (60's, played by the actor who plays his OLD MAN).

A beat. The two men engage in a stand off as we process this.

THERAPIST

You know, I see a lot of children in my practice and one thing they all have in common is that they don't yet understand who they are, so they posture. They act how they believe they're supposed to be according to the world around them. They are ignorant. But this ignorance is quite useful. It gives them the ability to grow. The luxury of unrealistic expectations, without fully understanding of the consequences. A world of limitless possibilities. Until experience tells them otherwise. Eventually these expectations meet reality. The possibility of failure is introduced. They see how they measure up against others.

(MORE)

THERAPIST (CONT'D)

And understand how tough the world really is. It is this humbling experience, this awareness, that begins to separate a child from an adult. A boy from a man. Now, being a man certainly isn't one size fits all, but in broad terms I would say that it starts with security.

Accepting yourself for who you are. Having the awareness to be afraid, but being okay with it, not out of ignorance, but because you have a strong enough foundation that you will not be destroyed if you fail. Failure is a part of life, Guy.

GUY

You fucking suck.

THERAPIST

You know, when I look at you, I see the same boy in the woods you described last week. Afraid of not living up to an image that people around him don't live up to either. You are enough, Guy. But until you eliminate the voices in your head that are telling you otherwise, and start living life on your terms, you are never going to be the man you want to be, and the source of security that she needs you to be.

GUY

Is that it?

THERAPIST (O.S.)

When all you have is pride, it can get in the way you having anything else.

Guy has transitioned into a full on "fuck you" stare.

A SERIES OF SHOTS.

The SUN RISES over CHERYL'S BACKYARD. The NFL FILM'S "The Autumn Wind" poem narrated by Marc Facenda PLAYS, as Guy finishes building the tree house. *A master at his craft.*

EXT. BACKYARD, CHERYL'S HOUSE - LATER

Jimmy's Birthday Party. The TREEHOUSE sits in the middle of folding tables, CHILDREN PLAYING, SMALL TALKING ADULTS, etc.

Ray, Ordell, Dave, and LISA (late 30's, Ordell's wife, homie-vibe) stand in a group with drinks and food. They watch their kids run around the TREE HOUSE. The vibe is somber.

RAY

(to Ordell)

Jesus, your kids make Max look so un-athletic. I gotta get him kicking field goals or some shit.

DAVE

Have either of you seen Guy?

*Sighs and shrugs all around. Nope.*

INT. BATHROOM, CHERYL'S HOUSE - SAME

Guy washes his hands and looks into the mirror. He looks out of the window to the BACKYARD, then back to the mirror.

GUY

(to himself)

Who gives a shit?

A KNOCK at the door interrupts. Guy opens the door and runs into Dave, who appears to have been looking for him.

GUY

Oh. Ah, what's up, Dave? Is everything alright?

DAVE

Yeah... I mean... I don't know. I just like have some stuff I need to get off my chest and... I figured you might be the guy I can talk to.

GUY

Ah, yeah. Sure. What's going on?

DAVE

Well, I guess it's like-- when I was a kid I had one of those Gatorade sports towels. Right? And one day I like didn't have any tissues or anything so I like-- jerked off into this towel. And afterwards I threw it in my hamper and-- that was that. But the next day I needed something to-- jerk off into again. So again, I used the Gatorade towel. Which started this whole thing.

(MORE)

## DAVE (CONT'D)

Like, I wanted to-- I needed to cover the entire towel with my stuff. Right? And every day for two months I couldn't wait to get home from school, so I could jerk off onto this towel. It was like my masterpiece or whatever. So I'm like ninety percent there, right? And one day I go home from school, grab my Victoria Secret and get ready to jerk off, but when I pull out the towel, the entire middle off it was gone. Only the border of the towel was left. My stepdad's dog, Buster, ate the jizzed area of my towel. I don't know if you remember, but my stepdad loved that dog. And that night at dinner I was mortified. The dog is all on his lap, licking his face and shit. And I am sick to my stomach. Rick wasn't a bad guy, but I gotta tell you, I got some weird satisfaction out of it. And you know what I did? I got another towel, one of my Mom's fancy hand towels, and I started the whole thing over again, like, hoping Buster would eat it --

## GUY

Ah, I think this is something you should talk to a professional about. I'll text you the info of the guy I've been seeing. He's a little bit of a prick, but maybe he can help.

## DAVE

Thanks, Guy.

(beat)

Are you going to head outside? The guys were looking for you too.

Guy force smiles. Great.

EXT. BACKYARD, CHERYL'S HOUSE - MOMENTS LATER

Guy and Dave join the group. It's immediately awkward.

## LISA

Hey, Guy. How are you doing?

GUY

I'm alright, Lisa. How are you? The kids making you crazy?

LISA

They keep saying it's going to get easier and it never does.

Guy LAUGHS. He looks to the fellas. *Awkward beat.* Ray takes the moment to address then group with the utmost sincerity...

RAY

Yeah... so... Guy... I... ah... want to... apologize.

GUY

It's fine, Ray.

RAY

No. It's not fine. I'm sorry. I mean it. Look, I know you all think I only care about the softball team, but that's not true. Yeah, I'd love to stick it to Darlene, but it's not about that. It's about hanging out, talking shit, fucking around. No one does that anymore and we all need it. Guys like us don't make new friends. You ever tried that as an adult? It's impossible. I hate guys like us. No, we keep the same shitty friends we've had since we were kids. And if we don't grow together, we'll all end up alone, or worse, with no one to hang out with but our wives. Look, I love you, Guy.

(off writing on his hand)  
And I'm sorry for, like, holding you back. I'm going to try and be the friend you deserve.

DEL

That goes for all of us. We love you brotha.

DAVE

Yeah.

GUY

Thanks, fellas. That means a lot.

Cheryl joins the GROUP and bails everyone out.

CHERYL

Guy did a great job on the tree  
house, huh?

RAY

Yeah. It's big enough to have its  
own driveway. You know, if you need  
one, I got a guy.

ORDELL

That's the third time he told that  
joke.

Lisa hits Ordell on the arm.

RAY

Oh, fuck you. I'm trying to lighten  
the mood. It was getting really  
fucking uncomfortable.

JIMMY (O.S.)

Grandpa!

Guy's energy changes as the OLD MAN (60's) approaches the group from the distance. He gives Jimmy a noogie on the way.

OLD MAN

Alright. Alright. I didn't get you  
anything, so don't get too excited.

The Old Man enters the group. Gives Cheryl a hug/kiss.

CHERYL

You don't have to tell him that you  
didn't get him anything. I bought a  
gift and put your name on it.

OLD MAN

Well, you should've told me that.  
(to the guys)  
How's it hanging, boys?

The Old Man ignores Guy as he doles out hand shakes to the fellas. And a little charm to Lisa.

OLD MAN

And girls. Still don't know how a  
bum like this landed a sweetheart  
like you. One of the world's great  
mysteries.

(to the group)

Along with the disappearance of my  
son? Is he alive? Did he drown in a  
pool of his own tears?

All Guy can do is shake his head. *The energy becomes tense.*

CHERYL  
Do not start with this today.

OLD MAN  
What? He's a big boy. He doesn't need you to defended him. Oh. I forgot. He's "depressed."  
(laughs to the group)  
Kid has never seen a fucking hard day in his life. At his age I had a fucking house, a wife, a job.

GUY  
And you couldn't keep any of them.

OLD MAN  
A fucking comedian, huh? Hate to break it to you, but you're the fucking joke around here buddy.

RAY  
Why don't you take it easy?

The Old Man realizes he's the villain, which irritates him.

OLD MAN  
Are you fucking telling me to take it easy, O'Leary? Christ. When did everyone get so fucking sensitive? Huh? I'm just breaking his balls.  
(to Guy)  
You are just like your mother.

GUY  
Look, I know you're upset, but if you can't be supportive of me, then-

OLD MAN  
Oh, is this what your fucking therapist told you to say?  
(child's voice)  
My Daddy is upset. My Daddy didn't love me. This one time, I saw my Daddy's pee pee and it was bigger than mine.

The attention of the party has shifted to our group.

OLD MAN  
I didn't know I raised a bitch.

GUY

Well, I really don't give a shit  
what you think.

OLD MAN

Is that so? Fuck me? Huh?

Guy gives him a hard stare. Old Man starts to move on Guy in an aggressive manner. Ray puts his hand out to stop it.

OLD MAN

Yeah? You want to do something?  
Huh? You fucking faggot!

An embarrassed Ray looks to TONY THE TOOTH (a giant with a gold front tooth, tattoos, and gauge earrings).

RAY

Sorry, Tony.

TONY

It's fine.

OLD MAN

Get your fucking hands off of me,  
O'Leary.

Guy nods and Ray lets him go. The snares start up the NFL FILMS SCORE as the Old Man moves towards Guy and pushes him.

GUY

I'm not going to fight you. I'm not even mad at you. I just don't care.

The Old Man pushes Guy. It is starting to resemble his CHILDHOOD MEMORY as PEOPLE CROWD around.

GUY

Stop. You're embarrassing yourself--

The Old Man SLAPS Guy in the face. *It's super cringy.*

GUY

Don't touch me.

OLD MAN

The fuck are you going to do?

Eyes are on Guy as the Old Man moves on him. He backs up defensively.

CHERYL

Dad, stop!

The Old Man swings on him. Out of instinct, Guy steps back and plants one right into his chest. A *clean shot*.

GUY  
I told you not to touch me.

The Old Man grabs his heart and drops to his knees. The SCORE CUTS OUT as the Old Man falls to the ground... and dies right in front of everyone.

CHERYL  
Dad?! Are you, okay?

Cheryl kneels to help him. She looks to the guys.

CHERYL  
Call an ambulance!

It's total CHAOS as the PARTY GOERS scramble to help. Guy is in somewhere between total shock and relief.

INT. HALLWAY, HOSPITAL - DAY

CHERYL'S KIDS run around the hallway like a bunch of maniacs.

INT. OFFICE, HOSPITAL - SAME

Guy and Cheryl sit across a desk from a DOCTOR. Guy is in shock and Cheryl looks as if she's been crying. She holds the baby while Timmy stands between them, in his own world.

The Doctor addresses them with a robot level of empathy.

DOCTOR  
I'm sorry. There wasn't anything we could do. The force of the blow caused a fatal cardiac event. It is actually quite remarkable. It would be hard to accomplish if you tried. One in a billion. A miracle.  
(off the lack of reaction)  
Ah, I'm going to give you two a minute. The nurse will be in shortly with some paperwork. If you need additional support our hospital has great mental health resources. Have a... better day.

CHERYL  
Thanks.

The Doctor leaves the room. A long beat. Total shock.

GUY

I'm sorry for ruining the party  
and... everything.

CHERYL

I just-- can't believe he's gone.

GUY

I'm sorry, Cheryl.

CHERYL

I mean, he had it coming. You were  
defending yourself.

Cheryl and Guy choose LAUGHTER over TEARS.

CHERYL

Man, I really don't want to fuck up  
my kids.

GUY

The fact that you worried about it,  
probably means you won't.

CHERYL

You know I love you, right?

GUY

Yeah. I love you too. And you're a  
great mom.

Cheryl immediately wipes away a potential tear.

CHERYL

Now, I gotta plan a stupid funeral.

GUY

Yeah. I should probably take  
responsibility for that one.

CHERYL

Nah, I got it. It'll give me  
something to bother everyone about.

Timmy tugs on Cheryl's sleeve.

TIMMY

Mooooooooom, why did that man say  
he's sorry?

CHERYL

Because he is a doctor and he was  
giving us bad news.

TIMMY

Why?

CHERYL

Because there was an accident...  
and Grandpa died.

Timmy starts to CRY. Cheryl looks to Guy.

TIMMY

Grandpa is dead?! Why?!

CHERYL

Because... Guy killed him.

TIMMY

WHY?!

Guy stands up and heads to the door.

GUY

Because he was an asshole, Timmy.

Cheryl shoots Guy a look as Timmy CRIES HYSTERICALLY.

TIMMY

WHY?!

GUY

I'm going to get some air.

INT. HALLWAY, HOSPITAL - CONTINUOUS

Guy heads into the hallway and the KIDS pour into the OFFICE behind him. TIMMY'S CRIES turn into a CHORUS of CHILDREN CRIES that echo through the hallway.

JIMMY (O.S.)

Grandpa is dead?!

Guy walks to the end of the hallway. He looks to the left where his FRIENDS bullshit in a WAITING AREA. He takes a right to heads to a vending machine. He stops at a VENDING MACHINE, looks inside, feeds it, and punches in the numbers.

The coil spins and delivers not one, but two REESE'S PEANUT BUTTER CUP packages. *Huh.* Our NFL FILMS SCORE PLAYS...

INT. GUY'S WORK TRUCK - LATER

Guy drives home. He stops at a red light and stares into the distance, processing everything.

The SCORE BUILDS and he starts to cry. A full on GUY CRY, typically reserved for a heart wrenching animal movie in a dark theater.

The LIGHT turns green, but Guy doesn't notice. A CHORUS of HORN HONKS are muffled as he stays in the moment. SUDDENLY a TRUCK pulls alongside of him and an ANGRY GUY (late 30's, played by yours truly) gives him a piece of his mind.

ANGRY MAN  
ARE FUCKING KIDDING ME?! MOVE YOUR  
FUCKING ASS, BEFORE I SHOVE MY DICK  
IN IT, YOU FUCKING COCKSUCKER!

Guy looks over at the man and begins to LAUGH. Real fucking LAUGHTER. The ANGRY MAN gives him the finger and drives away.

Guy LAUGHS hysterically.

INT. GUY ~~AND JEN'S~~ APARTMENT - NIGHT

Guy walks into the empty apartment. A bittersweet feeling.

INT. BEDROOM, GUY ~~AND JEN'S~~ APARTMENT - MOMENTS LATER

Guy grabs his laptop and sits in bed. He begins to type, then stops. Beat. He grabs a bottle of lotion from the nightstand, slides his pants off, and puts his the laptop between his legs. The sound of a porn pre-roll advertisement is heard.

Another beat. Guy brings his laptop back onto his lap and types into a word document with two fingers: DEAR JEN.

From a distance we watch Guy furiously type away as our NFL FILMS SCORE KICKS ON and we begin to wrap things up...

EXT. JEN'S SISTER'S HOUSE - DAY

Guy puts the letter in the mailbox. After a satisfied look at the house, he gets in the car and drives away.

EXT. RESIDENTIAL CONSTRUCTION SITE - DAY

Guy pulls up to the job site. Big Mike steps out of the house and greets with an awkward shake in the driveway.

BIG MIKE  
Hey, Guy. I am really sorry to hear  
about everything with your Old Man.

GUY

Thanks... yeah, so I just came by  
to grab a sander I lent Manny.

BIG MIKE

Did you not get my voicemail? Ah,  
jeez. I was worried it might have  
got lost amongst the condolences.

Guy has no idea what he's talking about.

BIG MIKE

I wanted to apologize for the other  
day. Little Mike came clean about  
the copper. Said it was his fault.  
And I acted like a complete jerk  
about it. And whatever you did to  
that little prick, Marc, he had it  
coming. Fucking asshole. Guy's got  
one of them Napoleon complexes.

GUY

Oh. Ah, yeah. Don't worry about it.

BIG MIKE

Look, I'll make it up to you. I got  
a lot of work coming up and --

GUY

Actually, I was thinking about  
going out on my own. Figured it was  
worth trying.

BIG MIKE

Really? I had no idea you wanted to  
be a GC. Why didn't you say  
anything?

GUY

I don't know.

BIG MIKE

You know what? I just negotiated a  
great deal on a fixer. It has great  
upside for a guy who knows what  
he's doing. Why don't you take it  
off my hands? In light of your, ah,  
situation, I've decided not to go  
into business with my kid, so I'm  
gonna have to pay a little more  
attention to this job.

GUY

I mean... that sounds great.

BIG MIKE  
Then you got yourself a deal, bud.

Big Mike extends his hand for a shake. Guy happily returns.

INT. WEIGHT ROOM, 24 HOUR FITNESS - DAY

Guy walks up to Vinny, who is double fisting massage guns and working the glutes of an OLDER HOUSE WIFE on a massage table.

VINNY  
Guy! How you doing? Other than that hairline. Have you thought about --

GUY  
Vinny, I'm not buying shit from you. I'm done with the personal training. I just want to work out.

VINNY  
Right. I completely understand. So here is what I'm willing to do --

GUY  
The answer is no. Fuck no. Never.  
(before Vinny can speak)  
But... I do have this friend, Ray, who has been looking for a personal trainer. I can give you his information if you want?

VINNY  
Fuck yeah, bro. Totally.

EXT. SOFTBALL FIELD, PARK - DAY

Bases loaded. Bottom of the ninth. Martinez stands on the mound and eyes down Guy as he steps into the batters box.

Ray prematurely gloats from the DUGOUT.

RAY  
The bases are loaded, Martinez! You gotta give him something to hit!

MARTINEZ  
Shut the fuck up, O'Leary!

RAY  
Ump! You gonna let him talk like that?! You should toss him!

Guy waits for the pitch. Calm and collected. Martinez throws... and Guy connects. The ball soars to the corner of left field. It has the distance and more. Ray and the guys go crazy as the ball flies over the fence. A home run.

Guy begins his victory lap. *The shit dreams are made of.*

LEFT FIELDER

Foul! It was foul!

GUY

What?

MARTINEZ

You heard him. It was a foul ball.

The celebration stops.

RAY

Are you kidding me?! That was so far in, it came out of your mouth!

MARTINEZ

Respect the call, bitch!

RAY

Respect the call?! Did you tell me to respect the fucking call?!

MARTINEZ

Yeah!

RAY

Yeah?!

Ray charges Martinez. The benches clear. It's an all out brawl. Guy continues his victory lap until he makes it across home plate. He is immediately tackled.

INT. GUY AND JEN'S APARTMENT - DAY

Guy stands in front of the mirror. He attempts to tuck the UGLY SHIRT into black dress pants. A long hard look.

GUY

Nope.

Guy takes off the shirt and throws it in the garbage.

INT. THERAPISTS OFFICE - DAY

The CAMERA MOVES down the HALLWAY towards the open door of the Therapist's Office...

THERAPIST (O.S.)  
Oh. Guy. I wasn't expecting you --

Guy, in *funeral attire*, hugs the therapist. They share a long embrace as we FADE TO --

THE INSIDE OF A CASKET.

The OLD MAN lays dead inside of a casket. He opens his eyes and addresses the CAMERA.

OLD MAN  
(into camera)  
I failed to adapt.

The SOUND of DIRT HITTING the CASKET brings an end to his confessions. He closes his eyes and we PULL OUT TO --

EXT. CEMETERY - DAY

A GRAVEDIGGER buries the coffin as UPSET MOURNERS disperse.

ANGLE ON:

Guy, Dave, Ordell, Lisa, Rock, and Trina form a little post circle and hang out as the MOURNERS trickle out. Ray joins after he hugs his SON and civilly passes him off to DARLENE.

Guy surveys the area and lets out a little chuckle.

RAY  
You alright?

GUY  
Yeah. I was just thinking about how much he would have loved this.

ORDELL  
(Old Man impression)  
"We're all gonna pretend we liked this asshole? Give me a fucking break."

They LAUGH. MOURNERS interrupt to offer Guy CONDOLENCES.

RAY

He would have had a field day with  
Dave wearing jeans to his funeral.

DAVE

What? They're black jeans.

GUY

Did you see how much make up they  
put on him?

ROCK

Bro, they hit him with a paint  
sprayer.

DAVE

Yeah and they had to shove all  
those tubes up his ass.

RAY

What are you talking about?

DAVE

When you die. They pump your ass  
full of that stuff.

ORDELL

Embalming?

LISA

I think that goes through your  
veins, Dave.

DAVE

No, I've seen the videos. They  
shove tubes in your ass and your  
dick and stuff.

RAY

Was someone wearing a leather mask  
with a zipper over his mouth in  
those videos?

They LAUGH at a frustrated Dave.

ROCK

Could you imagine living your whole  
life just to end up with some  
fucking weirdo with cold hands  
playing with your dick?

TRINA

Well, you guys went five whole minutes without talking about anyone's dick.

LISA

They are obsessed.

RAY

What do you think would scare the mortician more? A body coming to life or the sight of that monster Ordell is working with?

Ordell uncomfortably smiles as his wife chimes in.

LISA

It certainly scared me. The two guys I dated before him were half the size. Almost made me not marry him. Thank god for childbirth.

The group LAUGHS. Lisa gives Ordell a playful squeeze on the arm. The CAMERA stays on him as the BANTER is drowned out by the voice of a NARRATOR.

NARRATOR (V.O.)

At that very moment Ordell Bartholomew Jones realized he was living a lie. After marrying his high school sweetheart and having little sexual experience to draw from, Ordell's expectations were formed by consuming an unhealthy amount pornography to the likes of Freaks of Cocks, Big Black Horse Cocks, Medieval Cocksmiths, and Kill-Her Cocks. In fact, at 7.1 inches in length and 2 inches diameter, the size of his penis was well above average and more than enough for Lisa, his wife of 14 years, to handle --

A smiling Ordell realizes the GROUP is looking at him.

LISA

Are you okay?

ORDELL

Huh? Ah, yeah? What's up?

LISA

The guys we were wondering if we wanted to get something to eat.

ORDELL

Oh, yeah. Of course.

Guy looks across cemetery and spies Jen talking to Cheryl in the PARKING LOT. Jen glances over and they lock eyes.

CUT TO BLACK.

**IT ENDS WITH A WOMAN TOO.**

EXT. PARKING LOT, CEMETERY - MOMENTS LATER

Guy walks up to Jen and gives her a little wave.

GUY

Hey.

JEN

Hey. Are you doing okay?

GUY

Yeah. Pretty crazy. Huh?

JEN

That is one way to put it.

Jen SIGHS and gives a little LAUGH. A beat. There is a lot going on between the lines here.

JEN

I like your shirt.

GUY

It's new. Did you get my letter?

JEN

I did. And... grammatical errors aside, I thought you did a good job of expressing yourself.

Guy LAUGHS. He gives her a quick read.

GUY

Do you have a couple of minutes? I wanted to show you something.

Guy coaxes her with a cute smile.

EXT. DILAPIDATED HOUSE - SUNSET

A WIDE of a DILAPIDATED HOUSE surrounded by overgrown grass.

REVERSE on Guy and Jen standing on the street in front of it.

JEN

What is this?

GUY

I'm fixing it. I'm fixing a lot of things. And I was going to flip it. But the more I thought about it, the less that mattered to me. The truth is all I really want to build is a life with you. So, this house is ours... if you want it.

(Guy humbly faces her)

Jen, I love you. You are everything to me. And will do whatever it takes to make this work.

JEN

You're not going to propose to me on the day of your dad's funeral, in front of this shitty house, with a terrible pun, right?

GUY

It did cross my mind. But I thought the better of it.

JEN

Oh, thank god.

A beat. They share a look that only two people that are like one person can share with each other.

JEN

Hey, I love you. And I appreciate you putting in the work.

GUY

I love you. And I want to spend the rest of my life with you.

JEN

If you're lucky. Well, see.

They KISS each other and our NFL FILMS SCORE PLAYS...

A Film by Shane Mack

Story by Shane Mack & Matt Diamond