

**LOVE**

(Spec) Episode #201: "It Begins (Again)"

Written by

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INT. GUS'S APARTMENT - LOS ANGELES - MORNING

MICKEY, covered only in bedsheet, smiles awake and rolls over onto the chest of GUS. They exchange an awkward, happy look.

GUS  
(playful)  
So a sex and love addict, huh? We  
can make that fun, right?

MICKEY  
Ha. Yeah.

Mickey notices the convenience store bag filled with snacks on the dresser across the room.

MICKEY (CONT'D)  
Sorry for crashing your big snack  
party last night.

GUS  
Yeah, it was gonna be a banger. A  
whole lot more fun than what  
actually went down.

MICKEY  
Probably a lot healthier, too.

Awkward laughs.

Gus picks up his phone from the night stand and checks the time. He wipes the sleep from his eyes and yawns.

GUS  
Aw, man. Gotta get ready for work.

Mickey cuddles in closer.

MICKEY  
Work is dumb.

GUS  
Totally dumb.

MICKEY  
We should get breakfast.

Gus smiles politely then pulls his arm out from around her.

GUS  
I wish , yeah. But I actually do  
have to get to work kind of soon-  
ish so. No can do.

He kisses her head and gets up from the bed.

MICKEY

Yeah, of course. I should probably get going too. I definitely don't want to seem crazy and clingy again.

Gus puts his pants on and searches through his closet. Mickey fidgets in bed as she watches for a reaction.

MICKEY (CONT'D)

Because I'm like so totally past that.

GUS

Oh yeah? Cool.

MICKEY

Yeah, super cool. Going forward I'm not going to be anything like I was before. Y'know now that we worked everything out and I'm going to meetings, I understand things about myself that I didn't before and I'm just really making progress. So.

GUS

Awesome.

He smiles at her and waits. She smiles back.

MICKEY

Oh shit, sorry.

She jumps out of bed and starts to get dressed.

GUS

Oh no rush! Well actually, like a little bit of a rush. Today's gonna suck as it is so being late would just add to that...which would suck more.

He wanders offscreen into the bathroom.

MICKEY

No worries. I can't be late to my meeting either.

She finds her dirty panties on the ground and shoves them in her jacket pocket.

GUS  
Yeah, you definitely don't want to  
be late for that.

Mickey seems offended as she grabs her purse. Gus comes out  
of the bathroom.

MICKEY  
Well. Bye.

He wraps his arms around her to say goodbye.

GUS  
Text me?

MICKEY  
Okay. Like when exactly?

GUS  
Whenever. Like you said, we're  
totally cool now. Right?

He hugs her and a close up of each of their faces reveals the  
anxiety starting to creep.

THE TITLE MUSIC AND CREDITS ROLL:

## "LOVE"

EXT. GUS'S APARTMENT COMPLEX, PARKING LOT - CONTINUOUS

Mickey pushes a cigarette into her lips, rushes to her car  
and throws her bag in the passenger seat. She lights up and  
speeds off.

EXT. CHURCH - LOS ANGELES - MORNING

Mickey pulls into a spot. She watches a group of PEOPLE  
convene outside the church. A sign on the door reads: "*SLAA  
Meeting in Basement.*" She takes a deep drag from her  
cigarette.

As the people file into the church, Mickey writes a text to  
Gus: "*Snack party re-do tonight?*"

A KNOCK on her car window scares the shit out of her. She  
throws her phone down. WAVERLY (**Robin Tunney's character from  
s.1, ep.10**) signals to roll down the window. Mickey smiles  
politely and opens the window.

WAVERLY  
Mickey, right?

MICKEY  
Hi.

Beat.

MICKEY (CONT'D)  
Sorry I don't know your name  
because I'm...just an asshole.

Waverly laughs.

WAVERLY  
It's Waverly.

MICKEY  
Right. Sorry.

WAVERLY  
You coming in?

MICKEY  
Totally. I just have to... prepare  
myself.

WAVERLY  
Of course. Part of handling our  
addiction is handling ourselves  
instead of using others.  
Masturbation's a great tool.

MICKEY  
Oh my god, no!

She pulls out lip gloss from her pocket to show, but her  
panties come with. She quickly shoves them under her butt.

WAVERLY  
Hope to see you in there soon.

Waverly walks away. Mickey returns to her phone and deletes  
the text to Gus, then pulls her panties out from under her,  
chucks them to the side and speeds off.

EXT. TV STUDIO - LOSE ANGELES - DAY

Establishing shot of the studio.

INT. WITCHITA SET - DAY

SUSAN CHERYL, the ASST. DIRECTOR, and other CREW MEMBERS watch ARYA and two WITCHES stand over HEIDI's "dead" body on a graveyard set. Gus approaches behind the crew.

WITCH 1

Revival is the one power we lack.  
We can do nothing for her now,  
darling.

WITCH 2

Only grieve for our fallen sister.

As the witches dramatically ponder the death of Heidi's character, Gus' phone DINGS loudly. The actresses' attention flickers.

GUS

(to himself)  
Fuck fuck fuck...

The Assistant Director glares at Gus, who mouths "sorry."

SUSAN CHERYL

Quiet on set. Keep rolling. Ladies,  
start again from "revival is."

WITCH 1

Revival is the one power we lack.  
We can do nothing--

Gus reads the notification on his phone: "*Francis Wright commented on your status.*" It DINGS again: "*Sabrina Munez commented on your status*" and again "*Tom Rosenberg commented on your status.*" He buries the phone in his chest.

SUSAN CHERYL

You've got to be kidding me. Gus,  
"quiet on set" is not a suggestion.

"Dead" Heidi's eyes shoot open and she glares at Gus. He turns his phone on vibrate.

GUS

So sorry, Susan. Sound's off. It's  
all good. Great work, everyone.

SUSAN CHERYL

Quiet. On. Set.

He checks Facebook as the actresses reset.

SUSAN CHERYL (CONT'D)  
Rolling. Action!

His Facebook status reads: *"Guess who has two thumbs and just sold a script to Witchita? [side smile emoji, two thumbs up emojis] #WritersRoomDayNumeroUno."* It has over 100 likes and reactions, with a growing list of comments. Gus sighs, then shoves the phone back in his pocket.

WITCH 1  
Revival is the one thing our powers lack. We can do nothing for her now, darling.

WITCH 2  
Only grieve for our fallen sister.

Gus' pocket buzzes. He throws a hand over his pocket. The Asst. Director turns and mouths "motherfucker" at him slowly.

ARYA  
I know what we can do. We can--

The buzzing becomes more frequent and Gus can't get his phone out fast enough. Heidi erupts from her fake death.

HEIDI  
Why is he still here?

SUSAN CHERYL  
Cut! Gus, why are you here?

GUS  
Arya missed her lesson this morning. I was just waiting for a good time between takes to ask when can take a break.

SUSAN CHERYL  
Are you kidding me with this again? For fuck's sake. Didn't I fire you?

GUS  
You tried. But then Arya did this whole leverage thing with you...

SUSAN CHERYL  
You have about 5 seconds to get out of my face before I try again.

GUS  
Okay. Arya, I'll just be waiting in the usual spot.

Arya gives him a look to leave.

GUS (CONT'D)  
The school trailer.

ARYA  
I know, Gus, just go!

HEIDI  
Susan, I don't mean to be a diva,  
but I can't work with him here.

GUS  
Good thing that won't be an issue  
for long.

Heidi's jaw drops and his phone continues to buzz. He pulls it out and looks at it like a scientific discovery.

GUS (CONT'D)  
Can't really silent these things  
anymore, can you?

Susan shoots the AD a look and gestures towards Gus. The AD nods and then charges at him.

GUS (CONT'D)  
Okay okay, I'm leaving!

He back away right into KEVIN and the craft service table, and sends a spread of organic vegetables flying.

EXT. MICKEY'S HOUSE - LOS ANGELES - DAY

Mickey slams her car door shut and heads to the front door.

INT. MICKEY'S HOUSE, KITCHEN - DAY

BERTIE feeds RANDY a bite of cereal from a bowl in her hand as they exchange a prolonged, lust-filled glare. He savors the bite, then she sticks the spoon in her mouth and sucks.

RANDY  
You are so perfect.

BERTIE  
Whoa. I appreciate the compliment,  
but let's not put me on a pedestal  
just yet. Because I will fall down.

RANDY

I'm sorry. It's just that you're so nice. And pretty.

BERTIE

I am nice and pretty. So are you.

He stares at her, smitten. She awkwardly crumples into a blushing young girl under his undivided attention.

RANDY

Hey, Bertie. Will you be my girlfr--

She shoves another bite of cereal in his mouth.

BERTIE

Mmm, you like that, big boy?

RANDY

See? You're into exactly what I'm into. It just feels so right.

BERTIE

I'm into it because you're into it. I'm not the first person to think pleasing your "sexual partner" is fun. So.

She shoves another bite into his face hole, harder now.

RANDY

You're right about that.

He grabs the spoon and tries to feed her a bite. She takes about one cereal puff into her mouth before pushing it away.

BERTIE

I have my own sex things that I like. Stuff we haven't even tried. There's still so much left to discover...

RANDY

I would love to start discovering. Like in an official capacity.

He lays gentle kisses upon her neck.

BERTIE

Well, officially, that right there is not what I like.

Randy's kisses turn into slobbers.

BERTIE (CONT'D)  
 Nope, not that either. Stop.  
 Please.

Bertie pushes him off. He ponders for a moment, then a light bulb goes off.

RANDY  
 Ohhh that? I already do that. Am I  
 not good at it? I can do it more.

BERTIE  
 I mean, you should definitely do  
 that more but--

He starts getting on his knees and she pulls him back up.

BERTIE (CONT'D)  
 That's not what I'm talking about.  
 It's more of like a role playing  
 thing. Maybe if you're just a  
 little more authoritative with me.

RANDY  
 Ahh, I gotcha. Okay. I AM going to  
 please you. Because you ARE my  
 girlfriend.

Bertie cringes.

BERTIE  
 You know, I think in Australia,  
 we're just a lot more kink-  
 friendly. No worries, I can be  
 patient. Patience is key.

She looks into his eyes for understanding but he just looks confused. He plops his hands on her breasts and squeezes.

BERTIE (CONT'D)  
 Okay. Guess this is happening.

She picks up the spoon and hands it to him. He starts to feed her with it, but mid-feed she grabs his hand and whacks herself in the face with it, sending the cereal and milk flying. He looks freaked the fuck out.

BERTIE (CONT'D)  
 Do you understand?

She does it again. STOMPS come from the other room and then the SLAM of a door. Bertie startles and slams the spoon down.

INT. MICKEY'S HOUSE, LIVING/DINING SPACE - CONTINUOUS

Mickey trudges into the house and drops her purse.

MICKEY

Ugh. Bertieeeee.

Randy follows Bertie out of the kitchen as Mickey slinks into a chair and puts her head down on the dining room table.

MICKEY (CONT'D)

Bertie, I'm broken.

Mickey notices the stern look on Bertie's face.

MICKEY (CONT'D)

Oh fuck, you're still mad.

BERTIE

Not mad. Just want to be treated like a human person. Maybe even a friend.

MICKEY

You are a person! The best person. And a great friend. Which is why I need your help.

Randy puts his hands on Bertie's shoulders and stares Mickey down.

MICKEY (CONT'D)

Like girl help. No offense, Bertie's boyfriend.

Bertie slinks away from him.

BERTIE

His name is Randy. Also a person. Who you've met like 5 times.

(to Randy)

Maybe you should just wait in the other room.

MICKEY

Right, sorry. Do you mind, Randy? I'm kind of going through a thing and you know Gus so I need you to go away.

RANDY

(to Bertie)

I'll be waiting in your room.

He leans in for a kiss but Bertie pretends not to notice. He sulks away and turns the corner toward Bertie's room.

MICKEY

Whoa. Trouble in paradise, huh?

Bertie sits down and stares at her.

MICKEY (CONT'D)

Jeez. I know you're still mad at me because I'm the worst or whatever but can't you be the bigger person for like a second?

BERTIE

Oh, sure! I'll just pretend you're capable of treating me with consideration and not just like someone your personal sound board for all your bad decisions.

MICKEY

Thank you.

BERTIE

Who did you lie to or blame your beloved missing cat on this time?

MICKEY

(offended)

No one!

(beat)

Well, yet. So I had an incredible night with Gus last night.

BERTIE

Oh no, Mickey.

MICKEY

No, really, it was great! Trust me.

BERTIE

Can't you just leave Gus alone?

MICKEY

That's what I was trying to do.

Bertie looks at her in disbelief.

MICKEY (CONT'D)

Seriously! I had this whole plan to spend an entire year just being single, working on me and going through a big fucking relationship detox.

BERTIE

But?

MICKEY

But then he kissed me. And made me feel like maybe I'm not as fucked up as I think I am.

BERTIE

Aw. That's kind of sweet, actually.

MICKEY

Right?

BERTIE

Yeah, you know what? There are plenty of examples where love wins against all odds.

MICKEY

Exactly.

BERTIE

Like in the 1987 classic, "Overboard," where Kurt Russell kidnaps Goldie Hawn and tricks her into being a mother to his children and a slave to his household. It's super creepy and wrong but somehow they still worked.

MICKEY

Right, so even though I just skipped my second sex and love addicts meeting and I can't stop thinking about texting him to make sure he still likes me, everything's going to work out.

BERTIE

Can I see this?

Bertie grabs Mickey's phone and puts it in her pocket.

BERTIE (CONT'D)

Now it will.

MICKEY  
What are you doing?

BERTIE  
I'm the best friend that helps you  
hide your craziness until he falls  
"overboard" in love with you.

Bertie looks proud of herself.

MICKEY  
That phrasing makes no sense. And I  
was joking. I'm not actually going  
to text him. A lot.

Bertie rises from the table.

MICKEY (CONT'D)  
Bertie, seriously, hand it over.

BERTIE  
Did you really want my help or is  
this just another situation where  
my opinions don't matter?

Mickey's phone buzzes. Her eyes dart towards Bertie's pocket.

MICKEY  
I can be cool about this. I'm just  
gonna go to work and be fine all  
day long and I'll see you and my  
phone later.

BERTIE  
Great.

MICKEY  
Just wondering though, what's your  
exact schedule today? Like are you  
going to be here or...

BERTIE  
Oh I have no idea.

MICKEY  
Okay. Yeah. Cool.

Bertie walks towards her bedroom.

MICKEY (CONT'D)  
What if I get into a car accident  
or something! And I have to call  
Triple A.

Bertie pauses.

BERTIE

Then you'll have to use a  
stranger's phone. Or walk all the  
way back here and pry yours away  
from my cold dead hands.

She smiles sweetly and exits. Mickey looks stunned.

EXT. TV STUDIO, WITCHITA SET - DAY

Gus slumps against the outside wall of the studio, out of the way. He reads through the comments on his Facebook status:

*"Go, Gus! It's about time! Knew you'd eventually make it!"*

*"I didn't lol. But 'grats anyway! Can I send u a spec, bud?"*

*"CONGRATULATIONS....TO MY DEAR GRANDSON ON HIS GREAT  
ACHIEVEMENT...I AM ALWAYS PROUD...BUT PROUDER SO TODAY...YOUR  
MOTHER AND I WORRIED ABOUT YOU FOR SO LONG....SUCH A BLESSING  
AND A RELIEF...SEND NAOMI MY LOVE...LOVE...GRAM-GRAM."*

A CREW MEMBER steps out next to him and lights a cigarette. She notices Gus, gives him a dirty look and moves away. Gus texts Mickey: *"Work blows the biggest dong. Hope your day is better?"*

KEVIN approaches carrying a plate of cookies. Gus jumps to his feet.

GUS

Ayyy, my man. My dude. My friend.

Kevin tiptoes around him.

GUS (CONT'D)

Oh ha ha. I get it. Look, I'm sorry about that. Everyone was looking at me and the disappointment plus the meanness just made my body end up right on your body.

KEVIN

Relax, man. We're all good.

Gus takes a step forward. Kevin puts his hand out.

KEVIN (CONT'D)

As long as you stay over there.

GUS

Okay. Yeah, totally. Is it just me or did everything feel like the worst for a minute in there?

KEVIN

It's just you.

GUS

So I'm just overreacting?

KEVIN

Oh, nah. Everyone is definitely anti-Gus. Especially Susan Cheryl. But it's just you they hate.

GUS

So Susan Cheryl does NOT like me? Thanks for clarifying. Got it.

KEVIN

Ay, man. Don't get snippy with me. I'm all you got. Plus the dumb amount of money you probably get for baby sitting that brat.

The crew member steps on her cigarette and grabs a cookie from Kevin's plate, then walks back into the studio.

KEVIN (CONT'D)

(yelling after her)

Wow! A floating plate of free cookies! Amazing!

GUS

I'm sorry. It just sucks not being respected, y'know? It's like, *obviously* I'm grateful to still have a job on a hit TV show or whatever, but yesterday I was in the writer's room and today I'm just Arya's little bitch again.

KEVIN

I can't even imagine your struggle.

Gus' phone buzzes.

GUS

And to top it all off, people keep congratulating me. What am I supposed to tell 958 of my closest acquaintances?

KEVIN

First of all, telling anybody about your brief success was your first mistake. You set people's expectation bar too high. I'ma let of my friends think I still work at Pizza Hut because at this point in my career,

(gestures to cookies)

I still might end up working at Pizza Hut!

KEVIN (CONT'D)

You told me about Heidi and look how that turned out. Hates. You.

GUS

I see your point I guess.

KEVIN

And then you told me about that other chick you were banging and boom -- she got crazy on you too.

GUS

No she was just having a bad day.

KEVIN

Uh oh.

GUS

(smiling)

If you must know, last night we just sort of... I don't know. Reconnected. It was pretty great actually.

KEVIN

Stop. Don't tell me any more, man. Don't you want to be happy?

GUS

Seriously, Mickey's cool now. I think she's totally past that.

KEVIN

And given a little time, Susan's definitely gonna ease up on you.

GUS

Really? You think so?

Gus reaches for a cookie. Kevin slaps his hand away.

KEVIN

No!

Gus frowns and walks away.

KEVIN (CONT'D)

(he yells after Gus)

Hey! I'm a complex individual with things to tell you too, you know!

Another CREW MEMBER walks by and tries to grab a cookie. Kevin pulls the plate away and BARKS him away.

INT. SATELLITE RADIO BUILDING - MIDTOWN - DAY

Mickey drums her fingers while she reads her emails. She types "Facebook" in the search bar, sees that Gus is online, and opens a chat window.

DR. GREG glares at her from his desk in his office as he sips long and hard on a cup of coffee. She slinks deep down in her chair to be out of sight, then spins around to face her coworker, (played by) BOBBY LEE, who is lost in his phone.

MICKEY

Pssst.

He scrolls and scrolls.

MICKEY (CONT'D)

Is Dr. Creep still staring at me?

He puts one finger up without splitting focus from his phone.

BOBBY

Hold on. J. Beibz just dropped a new dick pic on the world and I need to find the uncensored version so I can get to the bottom of my insecurities.

MICKEY

Ew, isn't he like 12 years old?

BOBBY

My girlfriend left. I just need to feel something.

MICKEY

Aw, I'm sorry.

Mickey ponders for a beat, then reaches into her coat pocket, searches around and pulls her hand out, frustrated.

MICKEY (CONT'D)

Damn it!

DR. GREG

Damn what? Specifically.

She spins around to see Dr. Greg standing over her desk.

MICKEY

The man, am I right?

DR. GREG

Oh really? Is that supposed to be some classically bitchy but inexplicably cute Mickey dig at me?

MICKEY

Nope. Just a joke.

DR. GREG

Hard to tell.

He peers at her computer screen and sees Gus' profile.

DR. GREG (CONT'D)

Researching your next emotional 9/11, are we, Bush?

She scoffs, sits up and minimizes the tab.

MICKEY

Being overbearing and creepy, are we, Gregory?

Dr. Greg laughs too hard then leans in close.

DR. GREG

(whispers)

That's Doctor Greg for you. And crazed sex fuel doesn't melt pure hearts, Mickey.

MICKEY

That doesn't even mean anything. What's your problem?

DR. GREG

Your problem, rather. I'm noticing a pattern of anxious neglect of your work in favor of your addiction... or should I say, chronic crazed man-eating.

MICKEY

Fuck you, dude.

DR. GREG

(through tight lips)

Never. Again.

DR. GREG (CONT'D)

You know I'm right. And if you care  
about this guy, Gus,  
(he flicks the screen)  
you'll come see me.

MICKEY

Sure, I'm almost done with your  
show notes. I'll bring them into  
your office when I'm done.

DR. GREG

No, like. For therapy. At the end  
of the day I'm a professional  
helper and only want the best.

MICKEY

It's none of your business, but I'm  
already getting professional help.

DR. GREG

Oh really?

MICKEY

Yeah and the first thing they told  
me is that I really need to  
establish some clearer boundaries  
with my boss.

DR. GREG

Yeah, well... I agree with that on  
a professional level. So. Good  
work.

Dr. Greg takes another deep, long sip of coffee.

DR. GREG (CONT'D)

(to Bobby)

How ya doing?

BOBBY

Spiraling with purpose.

DR. GREG

Good. Good.

He walks back into his office. Mickey brings up the Facebook tab and types: "*This day can suck a big fat one. You free toni-*"

BOBBY

There it is. Wow.

He sighs at his phone.

BOBBY (CONT'D)

You were right. It felt good for like a second but then just really, really wrong. My ex was right. I lack self control.

Dr. Greg looks out of the window somberly. She deletes her message and closes the tab.

INT. WITCHITA SCHOOL TRAILER - DAY

Gus and Arya sit in their respective desks enveloped in their phones. Gus slams buttons and makes sounds of frustration. Arya notices and finally puts her phone down.

ARYA

I can't believe I'm saying this but I'm actually bored of taking selfies.

GUS

Ha. Doubt it.

Arya glares at him then picks her phone back up. She takes an unattractive close-up photo of Gus that makes her giggle. She sends it to him. His phone buzzes. He looks at the picture then glares at Arya. She laughs.

GUS (CONT'D)

Super funny.

He immediately goes back to angry typing.

ARYA

Don't you want to teach me something?

GUS

I'll just end up taking the test for you anyway so what's the point?

ARYA

What are you even doing?

GUS  
Same thing you're doing.

Arya gets up and moves toward him.

ARYA  
I highly doubt you're maintaining  
your brand before millions of Ary-  
heads and Witchi-freaks.

GUS  
I thought fans of Witchita were  
called Little Witches?

ARYA  
Those are just the creepy middle-  
aged male cosplayers.

GUS  
Oh. Well, you're wrong 'cause I  
just posted that super flattering  
selfie you sent me and it already  
got a bajillion likes from all my  
Gus-buds. Gus-heads. My little  
Gussies.

ARYA  
You're so lame. Do you even know  
what a selfie is?

She grabs his phone.

GUS  
Hey! I obviously know what a selfie  
is. Ever heard of a joke? Jeez.

ARYA  
Oh my god. Ew! An entire paragraph  
for a Facebook status?

He tries to grab the phone back but she moves away.

GUS  
I'm not done with it yet.

ARYA  
(reading the status)  
"To whom it may concern?!"

Arya laughs.

GUS  
It's just a vomit draft.

ARYA

(reading)

They always tell you that there's no business like show business, but they never tell you why.

GUS

Alright that's enough of that.

Gus makes another failed leap for his phone.

ARYA

"But I know why. It's ugly, incestuous, and eats you up and shits you out like the mildly talented, inflated turd you are."

Her smiles fades and she hands the phone back.

GUS

Writing is rewriting, y'know.

He shoves it in his pocket and sits back down.

GUS (CONT'D)

Open your book to page 33 please.

Arya sits down and opens her book.

GUS (CONT'D)

Ok, now read the chapter until I think of some way to survive this day with even a shred of dignity.

Arya reads. He starts to type a message to Mickey prefaced by a series of unrequited texts sent by him earlier:

*"Work blows the biggest dong. Hope your day is better?"*

*"Must be. Wanna hang later? I'm def gonna need some real chill cool times at the end of this day."*

*"Looks like I'll get to have that sad snack party all by myself after all. LOL."*

*"Llast text was weird. Dunno why LOL was all caps. I'm fine."*

He types a new message...

*"Hope you're not having second thoughts about us?"*

...and clicks send.

INT. MICKEY'S HOUSE - DAY

Mickey's phone buzzes on the dining room table and the text notifications from Gus light up the screen. The sounds of a smacked ass, a grunting man, and a faux-pleasured woman permeate the room. Your typical heterosexual sound-scape.

PAN TO:

Randy and Bertie sit on the couch watching porn on a laptop. Randy looks scared.

PORN LADY (O.S.)  
I'm fucking coming!

PORN DUDE (O.S.)  
Shut the fuck up!

A slap and a grunt later, Bertie closes the screen.

BERTIE  
So y'know. Kinda like that.

Bertie hands him a wooden spoon that he studies and gently whacks in his hand, then sets aside.

RANDY  
Cool. Do you want to go grab some lunch first? I never thought I'd say this, but I'm all powned out.

BERTIE  
No, that's okay. Do you want to do this or not?

RANDY  
Bertie, what's going on?

BERTIE  
Nothing, I'm just super horny.

RANDY  
I don't know how much more sex I've got in me.

BERTIE  
Hey, if it's my kink that's making you uncomfortable with me as a partner, you should just say so.

RANDY  
Wait, what?

BERTIE

I think you're right, we should probably slow things down. I'll talk to you tomorrow?

RANDY

Is that what you want?

Beat. Randy looks defeated.

RANDY (CONT'D)

I'm here for more than just the sex, you know.

BERTIE

Of course. I know that.

RANDY

Okay then. Let me take you out somewhere nice. There's something I really want to talk to you about and it'll feel way more special with an appetizer in front of us, trust me.

BERTIE

Or we can just order a pizza. My treat.

She reaches for the phone but he grabs her hand.

RANDY

Why don't you want to go out into the world with me?

She jolts up off the couch.

BERTIE

Oh my god. Why are you pressuring me?! I just want to stay here where everything is the same.

She storms off. Randy sighs and slumps into the couch.

Beat.

He picks up the wooden spoon and whacks himself on the thigh.

RANDY

Ow.

INT. WITCHITA SCHOOL TRAILER - LATER

Gus drums his fingers on the desk as he stares out the window. Arya reads her Twitter feed behind her school book. Every time her phone buzzes or *dings*, Gus checks his phone.

GUS  
(points out the window)  
Look, these two bees are doing it.

He uses his phone to take a picture.

GUS (CONT'D)  
Y'know they tell you about the birds and the bees, but never about the bees and the bees. That's a funny caption actually.

He giggles to himself as he sits back down.

GUS (CONT'D)  
You know who would appreciate this?  
My lover, Mickey.

He clicks around and his smile quickly turns to horror.

GUS (CONT'D)  
Oh no. Oh no no no.

He slams his phone on the desk.

GUS (CONT'D)  
Damn it, Arya!

ARYA  
Whoa, what happened?

GUS  
You sent me that ugly selfie and I accidentally sent it to Mickey instead of the fornicating bees!

ARYA  
For the last time, that's not a selfie.

GUS  
Whatever! She's going to think I'm a fucking weird psycho creep.

He texts her: *"Didn't mean to send that. My bad."* SEND.

Then another: *"And sorry about blowing up your phone."* SEND.

ARYA  
What are you doing?

Another: "*But seriously, while we're on the subject, why aren't you answering me??*" SEND.

Arya comes up behind him and peeks over his shoulder.

ARYA (CONT'D)  
Oh my god. Put the phone down, Gus!

GUS  
What, why?

ARYA  
You're spiraling out of control!

GUS  
Oh my god. Okay. Okay!

He puts it down, backs away from it, then paces the room.

GUS (CONT'D)  
Fuck! This horrible fucking hellhole of a workplace makes me feel so insecure and now it's literally ruining my life. Y'know, they always tell you there's no business like show--

His phone *dings*. He runs to it. It's just Facebook.

GUS (CONT'D)  
Jesus! I never got more than 40 likes on anything and now everyone and their cousin with a spec script won't leave me the fuck alone! And I can't even help them! Because I'm a fucking desperate loser!

ARYA  
Shut up, Gus! Let me think.  
(beat)  
Oh! When I was in that Twitter feud with Lena Dunham last year, my publicist took my account away for a month. It was the worst thing I've ever been through but after, when I finally logged back on, I had like 10,000 more followers. AND everybody forgot what I said about Planned Parenthood.

GUS

I get it, Arya. You have a publicist that solves all your problems. Have any real person solutions?

ARYA

No, idiot. You just need to ghost everyone.

GUS

Oh what I just...  
(makes a spooky sound)

ARYA

Are you kidding me?

GUS

Obviously...

ARYA

Turn your phone off. Deactivate Facebook. Disappear...like a ghost.

GUS

I don't know. if I delete Facebook won't that be like super weird? Everyone would be like, oh where'd Gus go? And, did Gus leave Facebook because he's too famous for us now? I just always saw myself as becoming one of those alt-celebs that are really accessible to fans.

ARYA

Your other option is explaining to 958 people why writer's room day numero uno was your last-o.

He sighs.

GUS

Okay. Here we go. 958 friends... gone just like that.

He hits his phone screen a few times, takes a deep breath, then hits it once more and sets it down.

ARYA

You've still got me.

He looks at Arya.

GUS  
And apparently that's it.

He turns his phone off.

GUS (CONT'D)  
So, geometry.

ARYA  
I'm really tired.

She closes her book and focuses on her phone. Gus sighs.

EXT. SATELLITE RADIO BUILDING - MIDTOWN - DAY

Mickey, ridden with anxiety, smokes the butt of a cigarette and throws it in a pile of other butts. She lights another one immediately after. Bobby walks out and notices the butt pile and her demeanor.

BOBBY  
(in the tune of Biggie's  
"Hypnotize")  
Mickey, Mickey, Mickey, can't you  
see--

MICKEY  
(aggressively)  
What.

BOBBY  
Whoa, okay.

He pulls a joint out of his pocket and holds it out to her.

BOBBY (CONT'D)  
(like he's trying to feed  
a wild animal or talk her  
down from a ledge)  
It's just a little weed. You want  
some weed? Please smoke some weed.

She ditches her ciggy on the ground, grabs the joint and starts to light up.

MICKEY  
(she cringes)  
Wait. Fuck. I can't.

She hands it back to him and picks up her still lit cigarette from the ground. She blows on it and puts it in her mouth.

MICKEY (CONT'D)  
I'm on all of the wagons right now.

BOBBY  
Damn, girl. I don't know how you do it.

He kisses his blunt.

MICKEY  
Me fucking neither.

BOBBY  
Don't be too hard on yourself.

He takes a hit off the blunt and exhales. Mickey breathes the second hand smoke in deep.

BOBBY (CONT'D)  
So many people just fuckin' can't do it. Can't change. But you're really doing it. You're strong as hell for that.

MICKEY  
I'm not a fuckin' saint or anything.

BOBBY  
Well, drugs and alcohol aside, of course not. You're wretched.

They laugh.

MICKEY  
You have no idea how true that is.

Mickey closes her eyes and takes a deep drag of her cigarette.

BOBBY  
Seriously though. My New Years resolution since I was 14 years old has been to give up porn.

Mickey looks at him, eyebrows raised.

BOBBY (CONT'D)  
I've got all year to catch up.

Mickey steps on her cigarette and goes inside.

INT. SATELLITE RADIO BUILDING - MIDTOWN - CONTINUOUS

Mickey mumbles to herself as she crosses the office.

MICKEY

Gus, I had a lot of fun last night,  
but I think we should cool it for a  
while.

(beat)

Gus, I fucked you and now I need to  
peace the fuck out so I don't ruin  
you.

When she arrives at her desk, Mickey opens up Facebook and searches Gus' name. She arrives on a page that says: "*This profile does not exist.*" She refreshes the page. The profile still does not exist.

Her jaw drops. She refreshes the page again.

MICKEY (CONT'D)

What the--

SMASH CUT TO:

EXT. TV STUDIO, WITCHITA SET TRAILERS - LOS ANGELES - DAY

HEIDI

--fuck!

As a trailer door swings into Heidi. Gus stands in the doorway.

GUS

Hey. Jeez. Sorry.

HEIDI

Watch it.

She scoffs and continues past him.

GUS

Why don't you watch it.

She pivots back around, livid.

HEIDI

Excuse me?

GUS

Maybe if you're walking directly in front of a long line of trailers with identical swinging doors you should kind of expect that one of them is going to open at some point. So I don't know. Just be more cautious about doors?

HEIDI

Oh, be cautious? Let me tell you something, Gus. I've got a fuck ton of nothing to lose on this set. So you just watch out.

GUS

You know what? I don't need to take this anymore. Delete!

HEIDI

Excuse me?

Gus squints an eye and frames her face in a rectangle with his fingers. He swipes his thumb to the left.

GUS

Delete!

He walks past her.

HEIDI

What the hell does that mean?

GUS

It means I'm deleting anything or anyone I don't feel like dealing with.

HEIDI

Fine. Delete!

GUS

You can't delete me. I already deleted you.

HEIDI

Delete! You're deleted.

GUS

Except I'm not and you literally are. You have like, what, less than a week left here? Or did you forget?

Heidi appears upset by this comment.

HEIDI

Did you forget that you would be fired too if a fucking child didn't step up to save your ass?

GUS

I didn't ask her to do that.

HEIDI

Keep taking zero responsibility for your situation, Gus. I'm sure that's going to work out great for you. Fortunately, I'm deleted. So I won't be around to see it.

She storms away. Gus backs up in the opposite direction. He bumps into one of the WRITERS.

WRITER

God damnit, Gus!

GUS

Delete!

WRITER

No one cares!

The writer walks away.

GUS

You know what? Fuck this!

He storms off in the opposite direction.

INT. SATELLITE RADIO BUILDING - LOS ANGELES - DAY

Mickey frantically dials the office phone and puts the receiver to her ear. It rings. Beat.

MICKEY

(to herself)

God damn it, Bertie. Pick up.

INT. MICKEY'S HOUSE, BERTIE'S BEDROOM - LOS ANGELES - DAY

A phone buzzes somewhere near Bertie as she reads a book on her bed.

She searches around, but Randy enters and she stops looking. He reveals the wooden spoon in his hand.

RANDY  
I think I'd like to try that stuff  
you like. If it's okay with you.

BERTIE  
Um. I don't know.

He sits next to her on the bed and they sit there in silence  
as he holds the spoon out awkwardly.

BERTIE (CONT'D)  
It's okay. You don't have to do  
anything you're uncomfortable with.

RANDY  
No. This is what you're into. And  
I'm into you.

BERTIE  
Really, it's okay. We don't have  
to.

He puts a finger to her lips.

RANDY  
Say something naughty to get me  
started.

BERTIE  
I don't know.

RANDY  
Come on! I psyched myself up for  
this.

BERTIE  
Okay! Um...I cheated on my American  
taxes.

RANDY  
Oh yeah? You're a bad girl who  
committed fraud?

He lightly taps her on the butt with the spoon.

BERTIE  
Ouch!

He throws the spoon across the room.

RANDY  
Oh my god, I'm so sorry! Are you  
okay?

She giggles.

BERTIE  
Yeah, I'm fine.

A phone buzzes nearby. Bertie jumps at the sensation and reaches under her to find her phone ringing -- it's Mickey.

BERTIE (CONT'D)  
Sorry, I have to take this. It's the third time she's called. That's like universal girl code for "talk to me because some weirdo on the street is following me and I need you to hear my assault so you can call the cops."

Bertie puts her phone to her ear.

BERTIE (CONT'D)  
(to phone)  
Mickey, are you okay?

INT. SATELLITE RADIO STUDIO - MIDTOWN - CONTINUOUS

MICKEY  
(to phone)  
No, Bertie! I'm dying and you keep ignoring my calls!

INTERCUT BERTIE AND MICKEY

BERTIE  
Oh my gosh. Mickey, where are you?  
Do you need an ambulance?

MICKEY  
What? No. Calm down, drama queen.  
I'm at work. I'm emotionally dying.

Bertie puts the phone down and stares at the ceiling.

MICKEY (CONT'D)  
Bertie?  
(beat)  
Bertie!

Bertie puts the phone back to her ear.

BERTIE  
So this is not an emergency?

MICKEY

Well kind of.

BERTIE

Mickey, I feel like you are not taking the word "emergency" very seriously.

MICKEY

I think Gus blocked me on Facebook.

(beat -- silence)

Yeah, I know. So I just need you to send one tiny little text to Gus for me just to make sure everything's okay and that he doesn't hate me.

Bertie hangs up the phone and slams it on her bedside table.

RANDY

Hey. Let's order a pizza. Today or everyday. No pressure.

She smiles at him.

MICKEY

Bertie!?

She slams the phone down and lets out a frustrated growl.

DR. GREG

(yells from his office)

Boundary number one! Keep your toxic personal bullshit at home!

Mickey throws up both of her middle fingers and she stands up, grabs her things and storms out.

INT. WITCHITA SET - LOS ANGELES - LATER

Gus holds the phone to his ear as he fills his pockets with cookies and veggies from the craft services table. CREW MEMBERS give him weird looks as he cuts in front of them to grab more food.

GUS

(into phone, aggravated)

Hey, Mickey. Texted you, oh I don't know, like a million times today. Don't know if you saw. Then I turned my phone off. Don't know if you even noticed.

The AD sees Gus and zeroes in on him, miming his throat being sliced. Gus backs away from the table.

GUS (CONT'D)

Look you said this morning things were going to be totally cool from now on and now you're just like ignoring me now. And I don't really feel like you have the leverage to do that to me right now.

The writer from before purposefully bumps into him on his way over to his chair in front of the Witchita set.

GUS (CONT'D)

Uh, ow!? No it's totally fine I'm just a person!  
(to phone, louder now)  
Sorry, that was for-- well I guess it applies to you too.

Susan Cheryl glares at Gus as she leans over and whispers something to the AD. Gus turns his back to them.

GUS (CONT'D)

I mean, you were the one that went fucking nuts, and like now that I let you back into my life you're totally bailing on me and it just kind of sucks, Mickey. It sucks.

The AD grabs his shoulders and Gus jumps.

ASST. DIRECTOR

You're leaving now. Susan needs quiet on set.

GUS

Oh really, does she? Well you can tell her I deleted her already. So.  
(screams at Susan)  
DELETE!

ASST. DIRECTOR

That doesn't mean anything to me.

GUS

And I delete you too. Delete!  
(to phone)  
Not you, Mickey. But I might. If you don't talk to me.

The AD pushes him out of the door and Gus throws both of his middle fingers up as he backs away. The AD mimes a jerk-off motion at him. Gus does one back.

ASST. DIRECTOR

Ew.

The AD heads back in and Gus looks around, embarrassed.

GUS

(to phone)

So I guess just call me back when you get a chance. Thanks. Bye.

He shoves his phone in his pocket and stalks off.

EXT. MICKEY'S HOUSE - LOS ANGELES

Mickey roars into the driveway, gets out of her car and SLAMS the door shut. She marches into the house.

INT. MICKEY'S HOUSE - LOS ANGELES

MICKEY

Bertie!

She slams the front door behind her. Mickey starts to pull a part the living room looking on a mad hunt.

A bed-sheet-covered Bertie comes out of her room holding Mickey's phone.

BERTIE

It's right here and I'm still not giving it to you.

MICKEY

Come on, Bertie. This isn't me being crazy, this is a legitimate cause for action. It's the part of the movie where we change our plan.

BERTIE

You gave me one job.

MICKEY

Yeah but that was before. Then Gus blocked me on Facebook and I'm actually kind of worried about him. Y'know I actually have this instinct that he might be hurt or--

BERTIE

Or maybe he just doesn't want to talk to you. Because you have to learn some kind of lesson first.

Beat.

MICKEY

I get it, Bertie. I'm fucking...the worst. I'm weak. I'm an addict. Blah blah blah. All the shitty fucking things that I already know about myself that aren't just going to change overnight. I shouldn't have involved you in the first place.

BERTIE

Then why did you? Why do you keep dragging me into your tactless plots to prove you're not a shitty person.

MICKEY

Ouch. I guess because I just really hope that you're going to rub off on me one of these days.

Bertie's stern look softens.

BERTIE

That was really nice. I'm sorry. I must be PMS-ing or something. I've been in one of those push-the-ones-you-love away kind of moods today.

She hands Mickey her phone as Randy appears behind her.

RANDY

Love?

Mickey looks at her phone.

MICKEY

Oh my god. Gus texted me like a million times. He's totally crazy.

(beat)

Aw. Little weirdo.

She sits at the table, reads through the urgent texts with a smile on her face.

BERTIE

(to Randy)

I don't know. I think so? It's just happening really fast.

RANDY

I don't want to rush you into anything.

MICKEY

You're right. I can't rush this. I'm obviously rubbing off on Gus already and it's only been a day.

BERTIE

I know, I just got freaked out when you asked me to be your girlfriend when we were doing weird sexy cereal time.

MICKEY

Ok, gross. Leaving now.

RANDY

(to Bertie)

Come here you.

On her phone, Mickey googles "sex and love addiciton meetings tuesday nights in LA," then gets a notification that she has one voicemail from Gus. She clicks play, then puts her phone to her ear as she walks out of the house.

She looks worried as she listens.

MICKEY

Oh shit.

INT./EXT. GUS' CAR, LOS ANGELES ROAD - NIGHT

Gus speeds down the road with his windows down as hardcore rap music blasts through the radio. He pulls a smushed cookie out of his pocket, shoves the crumbs in his mouth and laughs.

EXT. MICKEY'S HOUSE - LOS ANGELES - CONTINUOUS

Mickey rushes out the front door, gets in her car and starts to back up out of the driveway.

INTERCUT MICKEY AND GUS

Gus turns onto a street and drops his cookie.

GUS

Oh shit.

He leans down to try and reach the cookie particle by his feet.

Loud, angry rap music approaches as Mickey backs onto the street and turns out. She sees Gus driving right at her.

MICKEY

Oh shit!

Gus finds his cookie and shoves it in his mouth, then SLAMS on the breaks before gently the butt of Mickey's car jut out in front of him.

Mickey gets out of her car.

GUS

Oh shit.

MICKEY

What the fuck, dude!

She charges toward Gus' car. When she reaches his window she looks inside and sees Gus.

MICKEY (CONT'D)

Gus!?

GUS

Mickey! Hey.

MICKEY

Are you okay? What are you doing here?

GUS

Nothing much. Just hanging out.

He nods, then lightly vomits up the cookies he forced down moments ago.

MICKEY

Oh, gross. Okay. Hold on.

She feels around in her pocket and pulls out a dirty pair of panties. She ponders them for a beat, then uses them to wipe the vomit from Gus' face.

GUS

Sorry. I finally had my snack party.

MICKEY

I see. Guess I crashed it again.  
Ha.

Gus groans.

GUS

Did you get my messages?

MICKEY

Yeah, crazy. Sorry. I dropped my  
phone in a toilet and left it in  
rice all day. What happened?

GUS

I think I quit my job.

Mickey's jaw drops. Gus cringes and looks down at his vomit-  
crusted shirt.

GUS (CONT'D)

You probably have to get going  
wherever you were going, right?

She looks at the dirty panties in her hand for a moment, then  
throws them, even dirtier now, into the neighbor's yard.

MICKEY

Yeah, probably.

She walks over to the passenger side of his car and gets in.

MICKEY (CONT'D)

Do you want to get out of here?

GUS

Like, go to my place or something?

MICKEY

No. Like, out of here out of here.

She smiles at him.

GUS

Yeah. I really do.

Gus starts the car and they drive around Mickey's car.

GUS (CONT'D)

Oh what about your car?

MICKEY

Don't worry about it, I'll call Bertie. So did you really quit your job?

GUS

I screamed "delete" in the director's face while stealing an entire assortment of vegan cookies, so. I think?

MICKEY

Wow. I'm so turned on right now.

GUS

Oh yeah? Are you sure it's my big, bad quitting story or is it the vomit smell radiating from my mouth that's doing it for you.

MICKEY

Kind of both, actually.

Mickey dials Bertie on her phone and puts it to her ear.

INT. MICKEY'S HOUSE, DINING ROOM - NIGHT

Bertie's phone vibrates on the dining room table. She ignores it as she feeds Randy a slice of pizza.

END CREDITS.