

Involuntary Etiquette  
(Pilot - Sample)

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FADE IN:

INT. HOUSE PARTY - NIGHT

A house party for the ages rages on. Lights are strobing, people are dancing, and a drunken bliss fills the air. There must be at least a hundred people in the house, and every single one of them is having the night of their life. Except for one man, well, more of a boy, ALEX.

ALEX, no older than 22, is wearing his fanciest Star Wars t-shirt and sweatpants combo. It's hard to tell which is more oily, his skin or his hair. He looks like his only life skill is moderating Discord servers.

ALEX

You can do this, man. It's not a big deal. Just go over there and say something cool like "Yo, what's up, homeslice?"

We REVEAL that Alex is facing a wall, talking to himself.

ALEX (CONT'D)

Homeslice?! Are you Juno?!

Alex slaps his forehead multiple times. A few people giggle as they walk by him.

ALEX (CONT'D)

Alright, calm down, just remember what WikiHow said; girls like it when you be yourself. So, just go over there and be yourself.

Alex takes a deep inhale and turns around with vigour. He begins strutting across the room towards a girl, AMY.

AMY, 22, has long brown hair that hugs her kind face. Her knitted sweater and crinkly jeans combo suggest she isn't much of a partygoer. In fact, she seems like an almost perfectly gender-swapped version of Alex.

Amy looks up and sees Alex strutting over, his face is red, and a snowstorm of dandruff is falling from his head. Their eyes connect, and when they do, Alex spins around as fast as he can and MOANS out of fear.

ALEX (CONT'D)

(To self)

Do you think she saw that? She probably didn't see that.

Alex looks over his shoulder, and Amy waves at him.

ALEX (CONT'D)  
She definitely saw that.  
(Scared Moan)  
You know what? She probably just  
thinks I'm some mysterious loner  
who hangs out at the wall. She's  
probably like, "OMG, what is that  
cool and mysterious guy doing over  
at the wall? Does he have a  
secret?" And, then I'll be all  
like:  
(Manly Voice)  
Hey baby, wanna see my secret?  
(Regular Voice/Shameful)  
That sounds like I'm gonna flash  
her.  
(Deep breathe)  
...What would Goku do?

Just then, Alex feels a poke on his back. He turns around and  
sees Amy. He is, unfortunately, posed like a troll ready to  
ask his 'riddles three.'

AMY  
Hey, what's happening over here?

Alex tries to loosen up and lean on the wall to seem cool.  
His hand slips, he stumbles, and now his armpit is flush with  
the wall. Without adjusting his position, he tries to play it  
off.

ALEX  
Oh, you know. Just being cool and  
mysterious at the wall.

AMY  
\*Giggles\* Is that what this is?

As Amy begins to laugh, Alex begins to relax.

ALEX  
I-I'm Alex. What's your name?

AMY  
Nice to meet you, Alex. I'm Amy.

ALEX  
That's a hot name. \*Laughs\*

AMY  
\*Polite Laugh\* Thanks.

There is a hefty pause.

ALEX  
You look warm.

Amy pulls back.

AMY  
What?

ALEX  
(Louder so she can hear)  
I SAID YOU LOOK WARM

JAKE(O.S.)  
(Street tough voice)  
Yo, bro, I know you didn't say that  
nonsense twice, fam.

INT. GROUP THERAPY OFFICE - MIDDAY - CONTINUOUS

A circle of five people sit in a bland, beige room on uncomfortable metal chairs. There is cheap artwork all over the thin, crackly walls. A few plastic plants make poor attempts to liven up the room's atmosphere, but no amount of plants can make this room feel any less like a cat's fart. The room also smells like a cat's fart.

The owner of the street tough voice, JAKE, sits in the circle of chairs next to Alex.

JAKE, 22, if the spirit of a 2003 Eminem stan possessed a modern white kid, this would be him. Gold chain, tracksuit, corn rows, he shouldn't be wearing any of it, but he's wearing all of it.

JAKE  
You are so cooked, my guy.

Just then, a young woman holding a clipboard, VANESSA, chimes in.

VANESSA, a 27-year-old therapist's assistant. From the looks of her, she was president of the Model UN, the young debaters club and did the morning announcements in high school. Her pant suit is as prim and proper as she is.

VANESSA  
Jake, please don't interrupt. You  
already had your time.

Jake slides further down in his chair and mumbles to himself.

JAKE  
(Whispering)  
Whatever, we were all thinking it.

Vanessa turns back to Alex.

VANESSA  
What happened next, Alex?

ALEX  
Well... Um... I asked her if she  
wanted to see my secret.

Alex hangs his head in shame. Jake bursts into LAUGHTER.

JAKE  
Yo, my guy has absolutely zero  
game. If that was me? I woulda  
locked her right up, you know? I  
woulda been like "Yo, shordy tryna  
run deep with the top mans in--"

OLIVIA  
Shut up, Jake. Your mom's a  
dentist.

OLIVIA, a mentally resigned psychologist triple the age of  
anyone in this group. She has the demeanour of a grizzled  
baseball coach who hasn't won a game in 20 years. She has on  
an expensive-looking blazer and dress shirt, but you can tell  
they haven't been ironed in months.

Olivia is collapsed in her chair next to Vanessa. As if she's  
hungover.

JAKE  
Yo, bump off, Olivia. No hairline  
having ass. That's why yo girl left  
you. Hairline got you looking like  
an old M&M. I'm hungry just looking  
at you.

OLIVIA  
You watch your goddamn mouth, you  
spoiled little asshole.

JAKE  
Ya? And who's gonna make me?

VANESSA  
Okay, I think our temper is getting  
away from us here, so why don't we--

JAKE  
The only thing getting away here is  
Olivia's wife.

Olivia stands up, out of her chair, and storms over to Jake.

JAKE (CONT'D)  
Try it, gyal. I watch MMA every  
Sunday.

As Olivia cocks her fist back, Jake throws his hands up in  
fear; his true nature peeks out.

VANESSA  
OLIVIA!

Olivia lowers her fist while looking Jake up and down.

OLIVIA  
Thought so.

Jake tries his best to maintain his persona. He rubs his  
hands on his chest and looks around.

JAKE  
Pft. Art of war, bitch. \*Clears  
throat nervously\*

As Olivia sits back down and things begin to settle, Vanessa  
tries to refocus the conversation.

VANESSA  
Now, Alex, why do you think the  
conversation didn't go the way you  
wanted it to?

As Alex opens his mouth to answer, he is cut off by the final  
member of the group: AMANDA.

AMANDA, 21, is not like other girls; she's dirty and  
dishevelled. She must only shower once every Olympics...  
winter Olympics. She's the type of person to start a  
pregnancy rumour about a classmate because they refused to  
lend her a pencil once.

AMANDA  
Maybe because women physically  
can't care about a man if he has  
nothing to offer her?

JAKE  
Truuuuue. That's why these bitches  
love me--

Vanessa puts her hand up to silence Jake.

VANESSA  
Amanda... You're a woman.

AMANDA  
Only in terms of gender.

VANESSA  
\*Exasperated sigh\*

AMANDA  
Modern women have strayed too far  
from traditional values, Vanessa.

Olivia takes a swig from a bottle of Pepto-Bismol.

OLIVIA  
(Mumbling)  
I know that's right.

AMANDA  
It's why society is devolving. It's  
also why a low-value man like Alex  
will never get a girlfriend.

Alex's head droops even further down onto his own lap.

ALEX  
UUUUUUUUUUUGH.

JAKE  
These bitches are straight hoes,  
for real.

VANESSA  
Jake! Can we stop with the bitches  
and the hoes, please?

JAKE  
Said no one ever! Aha!

Jake goes for a high-five. Vanessa ignores him and turns to  
Amanda.

VANESSA  
Amanda, there's no such thing as  
low-value or high-value people.  
We're all just that: people.

Amanda turns to Alex and softens her demeanour.

VANESSA (CONT'D)  
And even if there were, Alex, you  
would not be low-value. Okay?

JAKE  
\*Fake cough\* Whore. \*Fake Cough\*

Without letting her anger take over, Vanessa stands up and shoots a look at Jake that would make Miss Trunchbull quiver.

VANESSA  
One more outburst out of you, and I  
will tell your mother you're out of  
the group!

Jake quiets down and looks at the floor, mumbling to himself.

AMANDA  
Ooooooooooooo! You're in trouble!

Vanessa spins her head viciously to face Amanda.

VANESSA  
That goes for you, too, missy!

Amanda angrily crosses her arms and quiets down.

VANESSA (CONT'D)  
I know that you three think of me  
as just one of the guys.

Jake, Amanda and Alex all look at each other, confused by what they've just heard. Olivia shrugs and shakes her head as if to say, 'I don't know.'

VANESSA (CONT'D)  
Just one of the boys.  
(Imitating a cool guy)  
Yo, what's up, bro? You see,  
they're making a Mrs. Doubtfire  
musical?  
(Turns to respond to  
herself)  
Ya, I hear Steven Sondheim's doing  
the music.  
(Regular voice)  
And maybe it's my fault for being  
too fun. But your mothers didn't  
hire us to be your friends.

Vanessa looks back at Olivia, who is scratching at a stain on her shirt.



OLIVIA

Oh, uh, ya! They hired us because you freaks can't get any nookie.

VANESSA

Olivia!

OLIVIA

What? It's true.

Vanessa shakes her head and turns back to the group.

VANESSA

You three have had some... social issues, and it's our job to help you get past that. So, when you interrupt to say, make a dirty joke or disparage women, it makes it so I have to put on my job-pants and not my friend-pants. And, I want to wear my friend-pants with you guys. You might have your issues, but after getting to know you over the past few months, I know that there are some real kind, interesting and lovely people in you. And, I just want to help them come to the surface. Does that make sense?

Everyone looks around for a moment.

OLIVIA

What are job pants?

ALEX

Ya, I didn't follow that either.

VANESSA

I believe she means her menstrual pad.

JAKE

I get the nookie!

The four of them begin talking over one another, clearly missing Vanessa's point.

Vanessa lets out a deep sigh, picks up her stuff and walks out of the room. No one notices until the door SLAMS shut, and when it does, a silence fills the room.

After a moment, Olivia slaps her thighs and stands up.