

INVOLUNTARY ETIQUETTE
(PILOT - OPENING SCENE)

Written by

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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 person 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. 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.

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 over toward a girl on the other side of the room, AMY.

AMY, 22, looks very kind and understanding. She's probably in school training to be an ECE or social worker.

Amy looks over at Alex as he struts over. The second the two make eye contact, Alex blows out the air he was holding in, and his confidence goes with it. He swiftly turns back to face the wall.

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.
Angry Grunt
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?" I should go over there and
be like
(Manly Voice)
Hey, wanna see my secret?
(Regular Voice)
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. He
certainly leans on the wall, but as for seeming cool? Not so
much.

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

AMY
Giggles Is that what this is?

As her laugh graces Alex's ears, he begins to relax. But he
has a long way to go.

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 Right.

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. There is cheap artwork all over the walls, which you can tell are too thin for privacy. A few plastic plants make poor attempts to liven up the room's atmosphere. The owner of the street tough voice, JAKE, sits across from 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. She looks very prim and proper.

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

Jake slides further down in his chair and looks around like he doesn't care.

VANESSA (CONT'D)
What happened next, Alex?

ALEX

I... I asked her if she wanted to see my secret, then she pretended to get a phone call and walked away.

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

JAKE

Yo, my guy has absolutely zero game. If it 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 the fuck 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 is well put together with a nice 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 was hungover.

JAKE

Man, fuck you, 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 shit.

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 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 person in the group: AMANDA.

AMANDA, 21, is not like other girls. She's dirty and dishevelled; she must only shower once every Olympics. She's the type of girl to start a pregnancy rumour about a classmate she doesn't like.

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

JAKE
Truuuuuue. 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.