

THE BLACK LIST

REVERSE PSYCHOLOGY EPISODE ONE - "THE SECRETARY"

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Genre: Comedy, Dark Comedy

Episode Duration: <30 minutes

Episode Type: single-camera

Episodes per Season: 3

Seasons in Series: 1

REVERSE PSYCHOLOGY

Episode One:
"The Secretary"

Written by
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INT. XANDERHOOT HOUSE - BEDROOM - MORNING

DOCTOR SAM XANDERHOOT, an eccentric psychologist, three years out of grad school, opens his eyes from a deep slumber. Instinctively he hits the button on his ALARM. He sighs in disbelief that it's a weekday.

He looks directly into the camera as his daily ritual monologue begins.

XANDERHOOT

(to camera)

Monday morning. Six forty-five. So begins another week in the life of Doctor Sam Xanderhoot. The world's greatest therapist- Well, kinda. Whatever gets me out of bed.

INT. XANDERHOOT HOUSE - BATHROOM - MOMENTS LATER

Xanderhoot intensely brushes his teeth.

XANDERHOOT

(to camera)

Masters in Clinical Psychology from Northeastern. A PHD at Harvard with an interpretive dance minor.

He gargles with mouthwash and spits into the sink. Suddenly, he takes out his HARVARD DIPLOMA, kissing it intensely.

XANDERHOOT (CONT'D)

From depression to relationships to legong, there's nothing I can't handle.

INT. XANDERHOOT HOUSE - KITCHEN - MOMENTS LATER

Xanderhoot runs into his wife, MONA, who gives him a dirty look. They exchange glares as Xanderhoot takes a swig of orange juice on the counter.

MONA

That was mine, jackass.

Mona continues to give him a death stare.

XANDERHOOT

(to camera)

Well, maybe one thing. Mona. The harpy that devoured everything I worked for like it was nothing.

(MORE)

(CONTINUED)

XANDERHOOT (CONT'D)
 The one who trapped me in this
 hellhole matrimony just to bleed me
 dry. The safest place I can go to
 is the deep recesses of my mind.

Mona looks around the room for the voice.

MONA
 Who are you talking to?

XANDERHOOT
 (to camera)
 Scratch that. Nowhere's safe.

He grabs his briefcase off the kitchen table.

XANDERHOOT (CONT'D)
 (to Mona)
 Don't spend too much again.

MONA
 (under her breath)
 Not like you make enough for me to
 spend anyway.

XANDERHOOT
 Maybe you should get a job, like
 the rest of us.

MONA
 That's why I married you, honey! So
 I wouldn't have to! But I can see
 that I married the wrong
 Xanderhoot.

XANDERHOOT
 I told you, Mona, people are just
 not that interested in therapy.

MONA
 Neither are you. Now look where we
 are.

Rolling his eyes, Xanderhoot heads out the door.

INT. XANDERHOOT'S OFFICE - DAY

Xanderhoot places his briefcase on his desk. The therapist
 checks his voicemail on speaker. 15 MISSED CALLS.

(CONTINUED)

PATIENT #1 (V.O.)
 Hi Doctor Xanderhoot, listen, I
 just wanted to know if I could come
 in today at 8. Some things came up
 and I-

Xanderhoot checks his watch. **8:19 AM.** He goes to the next message.

PATIENT #2 (V.O.)
 So Doc, about that Monday
 appointment at 8, I don't think I
 can make it!

Next message.

MELVIN (V.O.)
 Yo Sam, this is your talent agent.
 I've scraped up some gigs to
 promote your book. Get back to me
 on a time. You know how to reach me
 best. Peace!

Xanderhoot turns off the voicemail. He looks at his APPOINTMENT BOOK that consists of stickers and doodles but no appointments.

He uses his phone and snapchats a selfie attached with "Meeting at 9:15?"

Melvin immediately responses back with a duckface selfie, Xanderhoot's office door's right behind him. "Already here."

Puzzled, Xanderhoot opens the door, no one's there.

MELVIN (O.S.)
 Xandy!

Xanderhoot's talent agent, MELVIN PERVIS, ambitious and well-dressed, emerges from behind the door and behind Xanderhoot.

XANDERHOOT
 How the hell-

MELVIN
 A magician never reveals his
 secrets.
 (beat)
 So, as the kids would say, what's
 twerkin'?

XANDERHOOT
 You said you had some gigs for me?

(CONTINUED)

MELVIN

Aww yeah! I hooked you up with a cross-promotional commercial with the folks at Inflata-bras.

Xanderhoot gives him a look, "Are you serious?"

MELVIN (CONT'D)

Think about it. Your book's all about that nasty sexual bedroom biz. What better way to spice things with that super-special lady, than a super absorbent bra that swells up into a water pillow?

XANDERHOOT

No, no, no! I'm looking to break into the TV game with my self-help books! All I want is to profit on the mentally ill like Dr. Phil has been doing for the past decade. Is that too much to ask?

MELVIN

One thing he has that you don't, an accent.

XANDERHOOT

(in Boston accent)

The Bawstan one doesn't count?

MELVIN

An accent that's charming.

(beat)

We're not going to play nice like McGraw did. In this industry, sex sells. We're gonna go for every gig that's "sleazy and easy."

XANDERHOOT

Just want to make a name for myself.

MELVIN

So you're not interested that Big Carl wants to develop a film adaptation on "Bowling Hard?"

XANDERHOOT

Big Carl? The adult film director?

(CONTINUED)

MELVIN

As soon as the Fifty Shades of Grey movie came out, Hollywood wants more of that trash. Your book's definitely a contender next to that "Guardians of the Galaxy" fanfic, where the tree and talking raccoon do... unspeakable things.

Xanderhoot ponders for a while.

MELVIN (CONT'D)

Don't know about you, but I hear this right now...
(knocks on the desk)
Opportunity.

Sam's eyebrows rise even higher at the prospects of a new career.

MELVIN (CONT'D)

We've known each other for a while, Xandy. And you can always be certain that I'm here to help. Only if you're willing to do your part. Like... ninety percent of the work!

Xanderhoot extends his hand to his agent.

XANDERHOOT

(begrudgingly)
I'll do it.

The two shake hands.

MELVIN

If this works, your show will be exploiting dance moms and their need to emulate their dying dreams of stardom through their hooker children in no time.

He waves his hands over Xanderhoot's briefcase.

MELVIN (CONT'D)

Now, watch as I make this ordinary briefcase become a bag of coins!

Nothing happens. Melvin tries to wave his hands on top of the briefcase again. He knocks over Xanderhoot's briefcase, and a sea of pennies fall out onto the floor along with a MAGIC TRICK HOW-TO BOOK.

(CONTINUED)

XANDERHOOT
You gonna clean that up?

MELVIN
Psh, who do you think I am?
(scoffs)
Get a secretary or something.

Melvin walks over the pile and out the door.

XANDERHOOT
(sighing)
Thanks Melvin.

INT. XANDERHOOT'S OFFICE - MOMENTS LATER

After some thought, Xanderhoot's on his laptop and on Craigslist. The title of the classified post is: "Psychologist seeking help." He types.

XANDERHOOT (V.O.)
"Psychologist seeking help."
Straightforward for a job post.
(beat)
Warm blooded male with marital
issues looking for certain favors
from a secretary that the wife
won't give. Pick up dry cleaning,
manage my contacts, encouragement,
and help me get over my crippling
fear of flutes.
(beat)
Nah, sounds dumb. Better just give
them my number.

Instead of writing a detailed summary, he gives them the contact info and location of his office.

He clicks SUBMIT.

Taking it from the bookshelf, Xanderhoot begins reading his book, "BOWLING HARD: HOW TO GET STRIKES IN THE BEDROOM."

INT. XANDERHOOT'S OFFICE - THE NEXT DAY

Xanderhoot sits upright in his chair with an ADVENTURE TIME NOTEBOOK to write down his thoughts. Melvin comes through the door, dragging MITCHELL, 21, dressed sloppy in a t-shirt.

XANDERHOOT
Melvin? What are you doing here?

(CONTINUED)

MELVIN

I was scrolling the casual encounters on Craigslist last night, when I saw your ad.

Melvin shoves Mitchell to the couch.

MELVIN (CONT'D)

So my cousin here-

XANDERHOOT

You two are related?

MITCHELL

Surprisingly.

MELVIN

He thought he should apply. Or he wouldn't be allowed to crash on my couch anymore like the mooch he is.

XANDERHOOT

(to Mitchell)

So what's your name?

MITCHELL

Mitchell.

XANDERHOOT

Mitchell? Just Mitchell?

(beat)

Look, I'm gonna tell you what I tell my Alcoholics Anonymous group, first and last names. I mix up names.

MITCHELL

Mitchell Pervis?

XANDERHOOT

Good! You learn quick. What makes you stand out as a candidate for the job?

MITCHELL

(droning)

Well, uhh.. I used to study accounting at Suffolk before I dropped out. Umm, I need money-maybe. As well as like... job experience? For my resume? Uhhh-

Bored, Xanderhoot fakes sleeping and snoring.

(CONTINUED)

XANDERHOOT
(fakes snoring)
Heard that? That's the sound of
your job prospects being put down
like a horse.

MITCHELL
I don't think that's how a horse
sounds-

XANDERHOOT
Next!

Melvin and Mitchell head out of the office.

MELVIN
(irritated)
Start packing those bags.

INT. XANDERHOOT'S OFFICE - MOMENTS LATER

Xanderhoot talks to TESS, another applicant.

XANDERHOOT
If hired for this position, would
you be able to respect doctor-
patient confidentiality?

TESS
Oh, I can definitely keep a secret!
I haven't told my grandma that I've
been selling her jewelry on eBay
for the past six years!

INT. XANDERHOOT'S OFFICE - MOMENTS LATER

Xanderhoot pretends he's dialing a number on his hand.

XANDERHOOT
So I wanna try something out. Let's
say you have a patient calling and
they're acting hysterical. About to
off themselves with drugs or listen
to a Nickelback album. How would
you handle it?

JOEY, a Redneck, flannel-wearing trucker with a grisly,
coarse voice plays along.

JOEY THE TRUCKER
Yo, Doc Xanderhoot's office! Ya
callin' to make an appointment?

(CONTINUED)

XANDERHOOT

(in a scratchy feminine voice)

Oh, thank god! I need to see Doctor Xanderhoot right now! I'm about to do something crazy!

JOEY THE TRUCKER

No can do buddy, he's busy. Can I take a message?

XANDERHOOT

I don't know if it can wait! I'm in the bathroom and I'm gonna swallow a bunch of pills and-

JOEY THE TRUCKER

Whoa, whoa! Shut the fuck up and listen! You ain't gonna take those, and you're stayin' on the line. Don't take the coward's way out! What kinda man does that!?

XANDERHOOT

(still in scratchy feminine voice)

I'm a woman!

The Trucker's shocked and horrified that he was talking to the most "mannish female voice" on the phone.

JOEY THE TRUCKER

(horrified)

Jesus!

Xanderhoot fake cries, then pretends to choke and die, crumpling on top of his desk. Despite failing the test, the Trucker hangs up the phone. He acts quite blasé.

JOEY THE TRUCKER (CONT'D)

Got too real for me.

The Trucker dismounts from the couch while Xanderhoot remains completely still.

INT. XANDERHOOT'S OFFICE - LATER

A disheartened Xanderhoot goes through a pile of resumes and applications.

XANDERHOOT

(to himself)

Sixteen applicants.

(MORE)

(CONTINUED)

XANDERHOOT (CONT'D)

Two of whom I suspect to be
Craigslist murderers, four
concerned shrinks...

(beat)

Still nothing!

A knock at the door. AMY, 20, a cute college girl wearing her
HARVARD HOODIE enters.

AMY

This the interview for the
psychologist ad?

XANDERHOOT

Yes. Come on in.

Amy takes a seat.

XANDERHOOT (CONT'D)

What's your name?

AMY

Amy. Amy Peterson.

XANDERHOOT

What prompted you to apply, Amy?

AMY

First of all, I'm a psych major at
Harvard, and I'd love to learn
about the things you do here. I'm a
big fan of your work.

XANDERHOOT

Really? You've read my books?

AMY

All of them! I've loved your books
on couples counseling since "Oh
Brother! I Married my Brother!"

XANDERHOOT

Funny you mention that, I'm just
about to start a new novel about
living with polygamists in
Bumblehuck, Mass. Wanna know the
title?

AMY

Do I!? Seriously. Do I?

XANDERHOOT

"Sharing is Caring; Finding Love
Between Two Men and One Woman."

(CONTINUED)

She ohhs in excitement.

XANDERHOOT (CONT'D)
I've never met a fan before.

AMY
More like number one fan! You're
the man I wanna be when I grow up!

Xanderhoot's impressed by Amy's open-mindedness as well as the stroke of ego that came with it.

XANDERHOOT
Amy, I feel like this could be the
beginning of something great for
us. Welcome aboard the Crazy Train!
You're hired! Choo-choo!

Amy gleefully shakes his hand.

AMY
Oh my gosh! Thank you so much, Dr.
Xanderhoot! When should I start?

Xanderhoot looks at his watch.

XANDERHOOT
The next patient's coming in eight
minutes. Now sound good?

AMY
Great!

She hands a slip of paper to him.

AMY (CONT'D)
(serious)
This is what I want an hour, or I
walk.

The phone rings. Sam gestures to Amy to answer it.

AMY (CONT'D)
Hello, Sam Xanderhoot's office, Amy
speaking. How may I help you?

Xanderhoot gives her the thumbs up. He unfolds the scrap of paper. \$19.50 an hour for Amy's pay. He doesn't wanna pay that much. He squeals at the thought of losing money to his new secretary.

INT. XANDERHOOT'S OFFICE - NIGHT - LATER

7:49 PM

Xanderhoot begins jotting something down in his clipboard. In his notebook, he's actually doodling a T-Rex staring at a meteorite in the air.

JACK, 22, a young man with low self-esteem, sits uncomfortably on a couch.

XANDERHOOT

You're forty-nine minutes late,
Jack. And you haven't said a word.
What's wrong?

JACK

I don't like the size of it.

XANDERHOOT

The size of what?

Jack's silent as he awkwardly twiddles his thumbs.

XANDERHOOT (CONT'D)

Seriously, don't waste my time with
the silent game. Spit it out.

JACK

Don't be bossy Doc! You know I hate
when you start talking like that!

XANDERHOOT

Are you projecting your mommy
issues again?

JACK

My mommy loved me! I was Mommy's
Fancy Boy!

XANDERHOOT

Even when she left you in a WalMart
parking lot while she shoplifted?

JACK

We needed that shotgun to get rid
of the bats in our wine cellar!

XANDERHOOT

And then told the police you
stole it?

(CONTINUED)

JACK
Come on, don't bring that up.
Don't poop all over my sunshine.

XANDERHOOT
You got ten minutes.

JACK
Fine! Fine! I'm ashamed of my...
long-dong silver.

Sam stares at his client's crotch.

XANDERHOOT
Looks fine to me.

The redhead crosses his legs in embarrassment.

XANDERHOOT (CONT'D)
I'm kidding! It's not like I have X-
Ray Vision or anything!

The therapist laughs uncomfortably. Jack's not amused.

JACK
It looks like a sad, old giraffe
neck. Just swinging around down
there. My girlfriend tries to make
it "exciting" and all-

XANDERHOOT
How so?

Jack's eyes dart around the room.

XANDERHOOT (CONT'D)
This is a safe place. You don't
need to hide anything.

JACK
Well, Gillian has this torture
fantasy where she likes to-

BUZZ.

An INTERCOM SYSTEM on his desk sounds off and buttons begin flickering like Christmas lights. Amy's on the other side of the room. Xanderhoot presses the receiver.

XANDERHOOT
Yes Amy. What's up?

AMY (V.O.)
Scheduling question? Got a minute?

(CONTINUED)

XANDERHOOT

Shoot.

Jack's getting irritated by him being interrupted and feeling emasculated by a woman on the phone.

JACK

Who's that?

XANDERHOOT

My new secretary. Anyway, keep going.

JACK

She would-

BUZZ.

AMY (V.O.)

(to Xanderhoot)

Can William Banks come in next Wednesday at 8:30?

XANDERHOOT

(to Amy)

Uhhh, try 9!

JACK

Anyway, Gillian tries to-

Xanderhoot gives him the "wait a minute" finger. Jack's steaming from both ears.

XANDERHOOT

Amy? Did he say anything?

AMY (V.O.)

He's good!

XANDERHOOT

Thanks Amy. Anybody else call?

JACK

(annoyed)

Will somebody listen without interrupting me!?

Startled from the yelling, Amy comes into the room.

Jack paces around the room in a huff.

JACK (CONT'D)

Something has to fix this! We haven't been intimate in a year!

(MORE)

(CONTINUED)

JACK (CONT'D)
And it has gone downhill since! I
don't even know what we're fighting
for! I can't stand it anymore!

Amy struts over to Jack.

AMY
Don't worry doc, I'll handle this!

She violently shakes up Jack.

AMY (CONT'D)
Everything's going to be alright!
Just relax!

Amy gets a few slaps in.

JACK
Oww-oww! Gillian! We said no to
this!

Xanderhoot intervenes.

XANDERHOOT
Amy, get back to the phones! Let a
professional handle this!

She smacks him again before heading back to the phone.

Xanderhoot sits back down and writes something in his
notebook. Jack with red marks across his face, slumps into
his seat.

JACK
Ummm, I thought about it... Maybe
breaking things off would be for
the best-

XANDERHOOT
ABSOLUTELY NOT! Quitting? This life
is about compromise-
(beat)
When it tries to anchor you down,
move forward. Find a new avenue and
chase it down until you can be free
to be... well... you. But like
Robocop improved.

JACK
I'm not the problem!

Jack shrugs.

(CONTINUED)

JACK (CONT'D)

At least, I don't think so...

XANDERHOOT

Listen, when couples spend a lot of time together, things can often become mundane. And sometimes we drift to others for... favors. Often paying them in counterfeit traveler's checks so it later bounces, and your wife never has to know.

JACK

Doc, I'm extremely faithful! Never looked at another girl! If I did, my eardrums would be blown to smithereens by that sea hag voice of hers!

Sam goes to the bookshelf and takes out his book, "Bowling Hard: How to Get Strikes in the Bedroom." He hands it to Jack.

JACK (CONT'D)

What is it?

XANDERHOOT

The solution to all your problems.

Jack appears skeptical.

XANDERHOOT (CONT'D)

Don't wanna toot my own horn here, but the New York Times said it was, and I quote: "Amateurishly orgasmic."

AMY (V.O.)

It's very good!

XANDERHOOT

There's a chapter you should check out. It's called the "Three Strikes You're Out Rule."

JACK

Huh. Okay. Are you sure this book's based on bowling?

XANDERHOOT

Of course! Now, the rule is, make every moment special with your partner.

(MORE)

(CONTINUED)

XANDERHOOT (CONT'D)

And if she doesn't act receptive at least three times, move along. If all goes well tonight, you could hit a home run.

JACK

I seriously doubt that.

BUZZ. The intercom system goes off again with Amy blaring through the speaker.

AMY (V.O.)

Believe in yourself, Jack! If you believe that you can perform, you'll perform!

JACK

Have you been listening the entire time?

Realizing that the doctor-patient confidentiality has been violated, Xanderhoot cuts in.

XANDERHOOT

Jack!

The therapist "umms" and "uhhs" to distract Jack, then he looks down his notebook doodles and sees the T-Rex drawing.

XANDERHOOT (CONT'D)

Life's like a T-Rex!

JACK

A T-Rex? Like the dinosaur?

XANDERHOOT

Yes. Life is like a T-Rex. No matter how big **or small** we are, our tiny arms cannot reach the thing we want most. Sometimes we need to forget the things we can't have and think about what we can, before a giant flaming rock kills us all.

His watch goes off, and shoves the suspicious Jack out the door.

XANDERHOOT (CONT'D)

Oops! Time's up! You gotta go! Just slide the check under the door! Call ya later!

(CONTINUED)

He slams the door. Xanderhoot looks towards Amy. There's a sad look on his face as he has to fire her. He also uses this as an excuse to not pay her. A real cheap bastard.

XANDERHOOT (CONT'D)

Amy, a word?

The two sit down on the couch together.

XANDERHOOT (CONT'D)

I don't think this can work out.

AMY

What did I do?

XANDERHOOT

Remember what I said about being my secretary?

AMY

Answer the phone. Be friendly. A patient can be a human shield if their spouse's waiting outside with a golf club.

XANDERHOOT

You're invisible when clients are here. No talking, no suggestions.

AMY

Oh.

XANDERHOOT

I'm sorry but I can't pay you for today.

He tries to shove her out the door.

XANDERHOOT (CONT'D)

And if you ever need a recommendation, you know my snapchat.

Amy stands her ground with her feet planted on the floor.

AMY

But you said-

XANDERHOOT

Shh, no más, no más.

Xanderhoot fans Amy away with his clipboard. Amy flees the office.

(CONTINUED)

XANDERHOOT (CONT'D)
Fly Amy! Fly! Fly away!

XANDERHOOT (V.O.)
(to himself)
So goes the baby bird leaving the
nest. Hey! I can monologue again!
This is so awesome!
(in dramatic voice)
In a world-

His phone rings again. Xanderhoot, irritated, answers it.

XANDERHOOT
Hello Dr. Sam Xanderhoot speaking.
If you're calling due to a medical
emergency, I can't help, so stop
your blubbering and call 911. I'm
not God you know. How may I service
you?
(pause)
Oh hey, Melvin. What's up?
(pause)
You got me a commercial where?

INT. GREEN SCREEN STUDIO

In an infomercial-like video with upbeat music, Dr. Xanderhoot sits in a chair, reading a book. Suddenly, he turns to the camera.

XANDERHOOT
Oh, hello! Didn't see you there.
I'm Doctor Xanderhoot. Doctor.
Therapist. And bonerfide sexpert.

OLD-LOOKING STOCK FOOTAGE OF AUDIENCE APPLAUDING.

XANDERHOOT (CONT'D)
Many young people come into my
office, confused about sex,
intimacy and relationships. And no
wonder! With things like Tinderbox
burning up the Interwebs, the line
between hook-ups and romance can
become rather blurred. That's why I
wrote this.

Sam shows off "Bowling Hard."

XANDERHOOT (CONT'D)
Bowling Hard: How to Get Strikes in
the Bedroom.
(MORE)

(CONTINUED)

XANDERHOOT (CONT'D)

A book that explains romance in a new, sexy way. Let's read an excerpt.

XANDERHOOT (CONT'D)

Page 25. "How do I know a guy's interested in me for realsies? And not just sexy time?"

(pause)

Good question. But why are you asking it? Doubt's brain diarrhea, it just keeps going and going until your mind toilet's clogged. Just go with the flow. And if your man's not gonna stick around, flush him like he was a piece of toilet paper stuck to your stilettos.

OLD-LOOKING STOCK FOOTAGE OF AUDIENCE APPLAUDING.

XANDERHOOT (CONT'D)

Like what you heard? Head to Naturally Woofy's Organic Pet Chow-Chow down in the basement of the Whole Foods on 181 Cambridge Street. When you spend over hundred dollars, my book comes at a low price of twenty dollars! Or pick up the phone and call 1-800-SEXPERT, to order your copy! That's 1-800-SEXPERT!

NARRATOR (V.O.)

Bowling Hard, brought to you by Naturally Woofy's. The food your dog will love to hate!

INT. XANDERHOOT HOUSE - KITCHEN - NIGHT

A disheveled Xanderhoot tiptoes into the house. Uncoordinated, the Resident Sexpert bumps from wall to wall while swinging his briefcase through the air.

Sam peeks over into the living room and sees Mona resting on the couch.

Not looking, Xanderhoot elbows a hanging HENRI MATISSE PAINTING of "The Dark Door" off the wall. The loud crash startles Missus Xanderhoot awake.

MONA

Jesus!

(CONTINUED)

She sees glass shards all over the floor. Sam tries to pluck fragments off the floor as Mona retrieves the broken frame. Looking at the painting, she notices several tears.

MONA (CONT'D)

My Matisse is ruined! It's the only original that your brother ever gave me...

XANDERHOOT

Well, I could run to Staples and photocopy the picture and buy you a new frame.

Sam waves his PAYCHECK from the commercial in his wife's face.

XANDERHOOT (CONT'D)

And with the sixty-nine dollars I banked today, you could get five Matisses printed-

Mona angrily shoves him aside as she pours herself a glass of red wine.

MONA

(scoffs)

This always happens...

She takes a sip.

MONA (CONT'D)

Everything that Sam Xanderhoot touches will end up broken. Just like this bargain bin of a marriage, it's mutually assured destruction! We're all stuck in the mud with you as we sink!

XANDERHOOT

Why stay then? If I make you so miserable then shouldn't we think of-

MONA

I don't plan on looking like a failure, Sam. And honestly, we both know we have a lot to lose if this falls apart.

(beat)

Instead, I'm biding my time and waiting. Waiting for a window.

(CONTINUED)

XANDERHOOT

We have plenty of windows!

MONA

Window of opportunity, you mouth breather! A chance to get what is due.

XANDERHOOT

Just what do you want from me, Mona? Money? Matisses? A more sexless and emotionless intimacy?

MONA

You're the one with the PHD. Figure it out.

Mona takes her glass and retreats into the guest room. The door is slammed shut. Sam turns to the camera.

XANDERHOOT

Probably one of our better evenings at home.

INT. XANDERHOOT HOUSE - BEDROOM - NIGHT

Xanderhoot sits at his LAPTOP, typing his next big self-help book. We hear his thoughts as the keys are clicked away.

XANDERHOOT (V.O.)

"Something has to fix this!" Mack proclaimed. "We haven't been intimate in a year! I don't even know what we're fighting for!" Suddenly, my patient leaped from his seat and violently threw the coffee table across the room. He dashed towards my secretary, prepared to do something unspeakable to her. Without my knowing, my body sprung to her defense. I tackled him to the ground, breaking my leg in the process. And quite frankly, I sensed Mack was aroused as his 'giraffe neck' became outlined outside his pants. It was days like these that reminded me why being a therapist was so much fun."

Xanderhoot scrolls up to his new title, "Crazy Confessions of a Therapist." The same notepad from his office is on his lap.

(CONTINUED)

EVERY WORD FROM HIS PATIENTS' PERSONAL SESSIONS HAVE BEEN
TRANSCRIBED ONTO THIS MANUSCRIPT.

XANDERHOOT

Now onto the publisher...

His finger is above the enter key. CLICK.

END OF EPISODE ONE