

GOOD SESSION

"PILOT"

Written by

John Hamburg & Matt Miller

Directed by

John Hamburg

BLUE REVISIONS
April 3, 2014

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ACT ONE

1

INT. WAITING ROOM - THERAPIST'S OFFICE - DAY

1

CLOSE ON A FISH TANK. We slowly PUSH THROUGH the tank to reveal JOEL and LINDSAY.

JOEL (30's) holds a tray of four Starbucks Coffees on his lap. LINDSAY (30's) types furiously on her Blackberry. Lindsay wears a stylish business suit; Joel sneakers, chinos and a loosened tie.

JOEL LINDSAY
I could stare at fish all day. She's late.

JOEL
It's so relaxing, watching them swim around and around. Do you think they're equally fascinated by us?

LINDSAY
I doubt it, honey.
(then, standing)
Maybe she's waiting for us to come in. I'll knock.

JOEL
(whispers)
Wait! Quiet... I think I just heard someone blow their nose.

Joel stands, puts his ear to the door. Lindsay joins him.

JOEL (CONT'D)
(quietly, sniffs her hair)
You smell good. What is that, Finesse? You wash your hair today?

LINDSAY
I wash my hair everyday.

JOEL
Really? I only do it twice a week.

Just then, the door opens - they both slightly stumble forward, busted. When they look up, a COUPLE stands over them. The WOMAN is bawling, mascara streams down her face. The MAN avoids all eye contact, head bowed, as he heads for the exit doing the couples counseling '*walk of shame...*'

Joel looks terrified. Then, ELLEN (early 50's) appears, pleasant smile.

ELLEN
Lindsay? Joel? Please come in.

She motions for them to enter. As they do...

LINDSAY
(quietly)
No matter what is said in there,
remember, I love you.

Lindsay kisses Joel and enters the office.

JOEL
What the hell does that mean?

2

INT. ELLEN'S OFFICE - MOMENTS LATER

2

The office is modern and sparse. Very Scandinavian. Pictures on the walls, but nothing personal.

Joel and Lindsay sit side by side on the couch, Ellen in a comfortable chair. She has a soft appearance, someone you want to like you, but she plays it close to the vest, divulging nothing.

ELLEN
(re: 4 coffees)
I see someone's thirsty.

JOEL
I didn't know what you like so I brought options. I have a Chai latte? An Americano?

LINDSAY
This is Joel trying to get you on his side.

ELLEN
I'm familiar with the move.

JOEL
Move? No, that's ridiculous. I was going anyway.

ELLEN
Well then, thank you, but I'm not going to drink them.

JOEL
If you change your mind, need a
little pick me up--

ELLEN
(nicely)
I won't.

JOEL
Just saying, if you do, it's nice
to know they're--

LINDSAY
Joel, enough with the coffee.

ELLEN
So, why don't you tell me what
brings you here today?

LINDSAY
Honey, I'll jump in. Joel and I
have been together on and off since
college. We've been married for
three years, happily, but we're at
a crossroads, which is why we're in
therapy.

JOEL
Whoa... we're not in therapy.
We're here for one session.

Ellen subtly raises an eyebrow: One session?

JOEL (CONT'D)
Nothing against therapy, we just
don't really need it. Unlike that
other couple who left. Oof.

Hearing this, Ellen *clicks* her pen and jots something down in
her book. Joel notices this, then explains...

JOEL (CONT'D)
I don't know anything about them.
Could have been tears of joy... or
a death...

LINDSAY
(bailing him out)
Anyway, we've been talking about
starting a family, but I just got
this promotion at work--

JOEL

Youngest Senior VP at Finley and Hart Worldwide Marketing. I married above my weight class...

LINDSAY

Thank you, sweetie. The new job means crazy hours, lots of international travel -- I'm just not sure now is the right time to have a child.

JOEL

So you take the kid to Shanghai for a few weeks. It's an adventure.

LINDSAY

You're not thinking it through, Joel. There's shots, childcare--

ELLEN

Why don't we hold these thoughts for a moment. I'd like to rewind a bit. When did you two fall in love?

JOEL

Wow, that's going all the way back. Seems like a lot to squeeze into an hour.

LINDSAY

Honey, she's the professional.

JOEL

Absolutely. Just alerting everyone to the time constraints. Alright, I'll take this one.

LINDSAY

I'm actually curious what you're about to say.

JOEL

That's true. I guess we've never really discussed *the moment*.

They're smiling at each other. It's sweet.

JOEL (CONT'D)

It was junior year of college I was registering for classes...

3

INT. COLLEGE REGISTRATION - FLASHBACK - 2002 - DAY

3

Joel, 12 years ago. Hair shaggier, his grunge look. He sits across the desk from a humorless REGISTRATION WOMAN (50's). She's hidden behind a Dell desktop. Seems like they've been at it for a while. They both sip coffee.

REGISTRATION WOMAN

I appreciate the coffee.

JOEL

Please, I was going anyway.

REGISTRATION WOMAN

But, I really need to help other students.

JOEL

I'm sorry this is taking a while. There's just too many interesting options.

(thumbs through catalogue)

Let's start back at the "A's."

Tell me again about Agronomics?

She stares daggers at him as he reaches into his backpack, pulls out a pastry.

JOEL (CONT'D)

(re: her expression)

You wanna go halvesies on the bear-claw?

From the NEXT PARTITION OVER -- a voice rings out.

LINDSAY (O.S.)

Sorry I'm late. My squash match went an extra set. But I bageled her in the third. Yay!

Joel glances under the partition to SEE -- a pair of ridiculously toned legs. A TROPHY is placed on the ground beside a squash bag.

And we INTERCUT WITH: THE NEXT PARTITION

Lindsay, still in her squash outfit, hair pulled back with a scrunchie, passes the REGISTRATION MAN a document.

LINDSAY (CONT'D)

I took the liberty of typing up my class schedule. The courses highlighted in red are my first choice and blue are back-up.

JOEL
 (whispers to Registration
 Woman)
 Back-ups? She's really got it
 together.

Joel turns his head, speaks to Lindsay through a small
 opening in the partition.

JOEL (CONT'D)
 Um... excuse me. Hello? Any
 chance I could sneak a peek at that
 list?

LINDSAY
 What?

JOEL
 Yeah, I'm just honing in on my
 schedule, looking for some
 recommendations.

LINDSAY
 Uh... okay? What's your major?

JOEL
 It's being hammered down as we
 speak. I took Marine Biology,
 always been fascinated by fish.
 Then I tried History, but I found
 it very depressing because, you
 know, everyone's dead. I dabbled
 in Eastern Philosophy but--

LINDSAY
 Alright, just stop, stop. Close
 your eyes. What does your
 tombstone say?

Joel smiles. He likes this kind of thinking. Complies.

JOEL
 Here lies Joel Moss...
 (long beat, then)
 ...he crushed it.

Lindsay waits for more, but it's not coming. She stands up,
 comes around the corner.

LINDSAY
 That's it? Don't you want anything
 else out of life?

Joel now sees her for the first time -- he's instantly taken.

JOEL

I want to make a difference.

LINDSAY

Great. You want to change the world?

JOEL

Hmm... more like, I want to change someone's world. Then, maybe they'll change the world and give me a shout-out.

LINDSAY

So, you want to be the gay drama teacher Tom Hanks thanked at the Oscars?

JOEL

Sure, I'd take that.

LINDSAY

That's actually kind of cool. Okay. I got it. High school guidance counselor.

JOEL

Mmmm, by high school I feel the mold has been cast--

LINDSAY

Middle school.

JOEL

That could work.

LINDSAY

Then, it's settled. Enjoy summers off. Have a nice life, Joel Moss.

And with that, Lindsay flings her squash bag over her shoulder and leaves. Joel watches her go, smitten.

4

INT. ELLEN'S OFFICE - PRESENT DAY

4

ELLEN

So you're actually a middle school guidance counselor?

JOEL

Yep. P.S. 622 in the Bronx.

*

LINDSAY

He's great at his job. The kids dedicated the yearbook to him three years running.

JOEL

I feel like they're gonna go for the chess coach this year.

ELLEN

Amazing. In ten seconds you took this scattered soul and gave him his purpose in life.

JOEL

I mean, I feel like I would've gotten there, but, yes, very helpful.

ELLEN

And Lindsay, was that the moment, right there in the registrar's office, that you fell in love with Joel?

Joel squeezes her hand. Smiles, confidently.

LINDSAY

No. For me it was at the Taj Mahal.

ELLEN

I can understand that. India is a magical place.

LINDSAY

Not, India. Atlantic City.

Joel's smile fades. His body tenses up.

JOEL

Are you kidding me! That was like two years into our relationship? I just told you I fell in love with you the moment we met!

ELLEN

Joel, you've had the floor. I'd like to hear from Lindsay now.

LINDSAY

We were there for Joel's father's third... no fourth wedding.

ELLEN

Hmm. Interesting...

Ellen clicks her pen as Joel rolls his eyes.

LINDSAY

It was the dead of winter, during
this crazy snowstorm...

5 INT. TAJ MAHAL BALLROOM - FLASHBACK - 2004 - NIGHT

5

A small, cheap ballroom with ornate decor. Slot machines RING in the distance. A tired-looking WAITER dumps a bag of frozen SHRIMP into a serving dish on the buffet line.

About FIFTY GUESTS in attendance. Joel's father STANLEY MOSS (50's) spins his new bride, JANET PARK (40's) across the dance floor as an Asian band finishes playing a Korean version of "CELEBRATION."

JOEL AND LINDSAY, ten years younger, sit at a table.

LINDSAY

(very stressed)

I cannot believe we're gonna be
snowed in.

JOEL

Have a little faith. I'm sure we
can make it back to the city by
tomorrow afternoon.

LINDSAY

Joel, I have the biggest job
interview of my life at 9 a.m. Why
is your dad even doing this? His
last wedding was like six months
ago.

JOEL

He likes the pageantry.

Stanley Moss takes the microphone and addresses the room.

STANLEY MOSS

Can we have a round of applause for
my child bride everyone? Janet
Park! Light of my life, my little
kimchi dumpling.

(some awkward looks, Stan
continues)

(MORE)

STANLEY MOSS (CONT'D)

Now, I'd like to introduce you to my best man, best friend and the only decent thing to come out of my first marriage... No. You know what, I'm not gonna go there tonight.

ON JOEL AND LINDSAY

JOEL

It's all gonna work out, I promise.

LINDSAY

How? They're not going to hire the candidate who shows up a day late for her interview.

JOEL

They haven't met you.

STANLEY MOSS

Give it up for my beautiful son, Joel Moss.

Joel grabs a champagne glass, makes his way to the dance floor. Stanley kisses him on the lips, withdraws, smacks Joel on the butt, coach-style, as he passes him the mic.

STANLEY MOSS (CONT'D)

Kill it.

JOEL

So, we find ourselves at yet another Stanley Moss wedding. I see a lot of familiar and, frankly, confused faces, wondering, what's the point? I mean, they met two months ago at a Pai Gow table, come on.

ON STANLEY MOSS, arms open: *"What the hell?"*

JOEL (CONT'D)

But who cares? Because tonight, neither of these beautiful people are thinking about the future. They're just focused on the moment. And, friends, family, random gamblers, I think there's a lesson to be learned in that. To express this in song, I'd like to call up my girlfriend, Lindsay Brooks, who has prepared a duet for the occasion.

ON LINDSAY: "WHAT THE FUCK?" An excited Stanley gently pushes her towards the bandstand. She approaches Joel, whispers...

LINDSAY

What the hell are you doing?!

And Joel breaks into an a capella version of Bob Marley's "THREE LITTLE BIRDS."

JOEL

*Don't worry. About a thing.
'Cause every little thing, is gonna
be alright.*

He hands Lindsay the mic. Beat. Is she going to join? Finally, very tentatively, she begins to sing.

LINDSAY

*Woke up this morning, smiled with
the rising sun. Three little
birds, on my doorstep...*

Joel backs away, leaving her alone. She glares at him. He motions for her to continue.

LINDSAY (CONT'D)

*Singing sweet songs. A melody pure
and true. This is my message to
you-hoo-hoo...*

Joel points to the band, who now kick in, playing the song with gusto while Lindsay continues to sing, actually getting into it, in spite of herself. She and Joel share a smile and we go back to...

6

INT. ELLEN'S OFFICE - PRESENT DAY

6

LINDSAY

...and for the rest of the night, I didn't think once about the job I didn't end up getting.

JOEL

By the way, she got the next job, which was even better.

LINDSAY

Very true. And the point is, Joel got me to chill out and relax.
(takes his hand)
Which is pretty much what he's been doing for me ever since.

JOEL

Thank you.

(then, quietly)

You didn't love me for two years?

LINDSAY

Sweetie, that's not what I said. She asked about the specific moment. I love you now. The hour's almost up. I want to hear Ellen's thoughts.

JOEL

Fine. That's our story. What do you think? Should we have a kid now or not?

ELLEN

Well, Lindsay, you're someone who tends to, perhaps, overthink every decision.

JOEL

(snaps, points to Ellen)

Yes!

ELLEN

While Joel, you sort of fly by the seat of your trousers, and trust that someone else will clean up the mess.

LINDSAY

(nodding)

Very insightful.

JOEL

Do not agree with that.

ELLEN

The point I'm making is, when you bring a child into this world, no matter what book you're reading, you need to be on the same page.

JOEL

Got it. So you're saying have a kid but just kind of make sure our chapters are lined up.

ELLEN

No, I'm afraid you've missed it.
With a decision like this, the more
work you put in, the faster the
results.

LINDSAY

Whatever it takes. Right, honey?

JOEL

What are we talking about? Pushing
through to dinner? Going another
forty-five?

ELLEN

Actually, until we get to the
bottom of this issue, I'd like to
see you twice a week.

JOEL

What?!

LINDSAY

Joel, we just agreed, whatever it
takes.

(then, to Ellen)

Can we do one day super early?
Like 7 am? Maybe even a Saturday?

*

Off Joel's panicked look...

END OF ACT ONE

ACT TWO

7 EXT. SUBURBAN HOUSE - DAY

7

Joel and Lindsay walk towards the front door of a comfortable home in Bronxville, NY. Balloons line the walkway. Lindsay holds a GIFT BAG from a toy store.

JOEL

It's bad enough she wants to see us twice a week, but if I'm going to agree to this, I just want to keep it between us, okay?

LINDSAY

Come on, it's just couples therapy. You're being ridiculous.

They get to the front door where a hand-drawn sign in kid's writing reads: "**Happy Birthday, Evan!**" Lindsay's about to enter when Joel stops her.

JOEL

I'm serious. I didn't even tell Seth. So, like, don't get into it with Andrea, or Sharon Misher -- if she finds out, it'll spread like wildfire--
(off Lindsay's look)
What?

LINDSAY

(feels a little guilty)
She's the one who referred me to Ellen.

Off Joel's unhappy look...

8 EXT. SUBURBAN HOUSE - BACKYARD - DAY

8

CLOSE ON SHARON MISHER -- she's that intrusive, annoying friend we all have.

SHARON MISHER

Soooo? How was therapy?

WIDEN TO REVEAL Joel and Lindsay at a FIVE YEAR OLD'S birthday party. Screaming KIDS play in the pool, there's a FACE-PAINTER, a guy making BALLOON ANIMALS.

LINDSAY

It was interesting.

SHARON MISHER
Ellen's incredible, right Joel?

JOEL
Sharon, I don't really want to talk about therapy with you.

SHARON MISHER
I get it. Mitch didn't want to get into it either. I don't know what your issues are, but ours were sexual in nature.

JOEL
("that's my cue")
Alrighty. You two catch up, I'm gonna go find Seth.

As he exits, Lindsay looks pleadingly at Joel ("Don't leave me!") He just shrugs as Sharon turns to Lindsay...

SHARON MISHER
Let's just say, Mitchell has an insatiable sexual appetite.

Sharon motions across the lawn to her husband, MITCH MISHER. He has the thousand yard stare of someone who may have been lobotomized.

LINDSAY
(shocked)
Really?

SHARON MISHER
Big problem. It's not his fault. Look at him, he's like a primate.

ON MITCH MISHER, staring off while eating a banana.

SHARON MISHER (CONT'D)
He's got the deep forehead. Hairy knuckles. Hunched over slightly. He can't control his urges because he hasn't fully evolved. But Ellen got him under control. Trust me, the woman is a miracle worker.

9 EXT. DIFFERENT AREA OF THE BACKYARD - DAY

9

Joel approaches SETH (early 30's), Joel's best and oldest friend, as he mans a giant gas grill.

Seth's THREE YOUNG KIDS assist their dad with his grilling.

JOEL
 (to EVAN, 5)
 What's up birthday boy?!

EVAN
 Uncle Joel!!!

They fist bump and blow it up -- clearly they're buddies.

SETH
 Joel, don't distract him, he's
 working. Evan, what did I tell
 you? Don't over-lather.

*
 *

Evan coughs as he holds a bandana to his mouth while smoke
 from the grill billows in his face. The other two kids, LILY
 (4), stirs the sauce, while MAX (7), spins the rotisserie.

*

LILY
 My wrist hurts, Daddy.

SETH
 That means you're doing it right,
 sweetie. Change directions now.

Seth's no-nonsense wife, ANDREA, walks over.

ANDREA
 Seth, what the hell is the matter
 with you? It's Evan's birthday
 party. Let Joel help you.

SETH
 No, he just started therapy. I
 need someone whose head is in the
 game.
 (to Max)
 Max, you gotta keep churning the
 rotisserie.

*
 *

JOEL
 First off, we're not in therapy.
 And how do you even know we're
 going?

ANDREA
 Sharon Misher Tweeted out that you
 were seeing her shrink.
 (off Joel's look)
 Relax, she only has like six
 followers. Kids, aprons off,
 shift's over.

*

Andrea exits with the kids, leaving Seth and Joel alone. *

JOEL *
Freakin' Sharon Misher. *

They spot Mitch Misher lifelessly swatting an unseen fly. *

SETH *
Poor Mitch. *

JOEL *
He used to be one of the greats. *

As they consider this, Seth turns to Joel... *

SETH *
Can I ask, why did you agree to
therapy? *

JOEL
I said I'd go to one session
because I thought it was the
fastest way to get Lindsay to have
a kid now.

SETH
I'm gonna stop you right there.
Joel, we've been friends our entire
lives, would you consider me to be
something of a wise person?

JOEL
No I would not.

SETH
Would you consider me to be someone
with above-average insight?

JOEL
No I would not.

SETH
Would you say that I make a
successful barbecue sauce?

JOEL
Yes. It can get a little vinegary,
but, I'll give that to you.

SETH
How many times... it is Carolina-
style! That is how it's meant to
taste.

(settling himself)
(MORE)

SETH (CONT'D)

My sauce, is literally all I have in this world. But, you Joel, have your whole life ahead of you. Why would you want to bring children into the equation?

JOEL

That's ridiculous. You love your kids. You made them those little aprons...

SETH

Yes! Once you have them, you love them! It's terrible.

(MORE)

SETH (CONT'D)

But you haven't crossed that point
of no return.

JOEL

Okay, but I want to. I'm thirty-
three years old. I feel like I'm
ready to start a family.

SETH

Joel, you get off work, at what,
three o'clock? Your wife's got the
same body she had in college and
she's an earner. You guys go out
to dinner, what, five, six nights a
week?

*
*
*

JOEL

Sometimes we grab something at home
if we're going to a concert or a
movie.

*
*
*
*

SETH

I have not been inside a movie
theater in five and a half years!
Your life is perfect. Why would
you want to destroy that?!

*
*
*

We hear a SCREAM and a ruckus in the pool where his kids are
swimming. Seth notices a brown stain in the water.

SETH (CONT'D)

Relax, everyone! It's not
diarrhea. Just pulled pork.

10 EXT. THE BACKYARD - MINUTES LATER

10 *

Andrea pours Lindsay and Sharon generous cups of chardonnay.

*

LINDSAY

...I mean, yeah, Joel was a little
reluctant at first, but the
important thing is, I feel we're
starting to develop a plan about
this kid thing.

*

Lindsay waves to Joel, who's almost done getting his face
painted like a lion. He gets off the make-up chair and ROARS
at a group of kids -- they love it.

*
*
*

ANDREA

I don't know, when it comes to kids, you gotta throw the plan out the window. I can't believe I had three with Seth let alone a fourth?

LINDSAY

What? You're pregnant again?

ANDREA

Honestly, I don't know how it happened. We haven't had sex for months. He must've had me when I was asleep.

*
*

SHARON MISHER

Is Seth fuh-reaking out?

ANDREA

Seth doesn't know yet.

Just then, Seth walks by. *

SETH

Hon, we have a situation. Turns
out it wasn't pulled pork.

(then)

What don't I know?

Beat. Andrea looks pleadingly at the ladies. Joel has now
joined the group. Then... *

SHARON MISHER

(blurting out)

Andrea's pregnant!

ANDREA

Sharon!

SHARON MISHER

It's not right! He deserved to
know!

SETH

Please tell me it's not mine.

Joel pats Seth's belly.

JOEL

Congrats, buddy. I know it's what
you always wanted.

Off Seth, devastated by his life...

11 INT. JOEL AND LINDSAY'S APARTMENT - LATE AFTERNOON

11

A small but comfortable one-bedroom. Exposed brick,
thoughtfully decorated -- more Lindsay's style than Joel's
but he's got some of his touches too -- collection of old
vinyl, his bicycle mounted to the wall.

As we PAN ACROSS a bookshelf, passing photos of Joel and
Lindsay's life together, we land on their WEDDING PHOTO.
There's a jolt and the wedding photo topples over.

WIDER -- having just walked in, Lindsay pushes Joel (still in
lion face-paint) against a wall, kissing him. *

JOEL

It's the King of the Jungle vibe,
right?

*
*

LINDSAY

I just want you to know, I feel really lucky to be married to you... and not some of the other options out there.

JOEL

Really? You don't want to be with Seth? The most fertile man in Westchester County. I always felt there was an unspoken chemistry.

LINDSAY

The crocs and that man purse he carries when we go out to dinner are sexy but... I love the guy I got.

JOEL

I love you, too.

More kissing.

JOEL (CONT'D)

I mean, your love is a bit fresher than mine, given what we learned in therapy--

LINDSAY

(laughing it off)
Would you come on...

JOEL

You had so many chances to fall in love with me in those two years. That trip to Machu Picchu where you twisted your ankle, I carried you down the mountain. Or how about when your grandfather was recovering from hip surgery... I literally gave the man a sponge bath. No love?

LINDSAY

That was a sweet... and somewhat awkward moment, but we were in college, I wasn't thinking about love. We weren't even exclusive that entire time.

Lindsay leans in to kiss him again. Joel retreats.

JOEL

What do you mean we weren't exclusive?

LINDSAY

Honey, I took that semester abroad in Florence. I thought we both agreed we'd see other people.

JOEL

Uh, no, I never agreed to that.

LINDSAY

I remember vividly, in the airport before I left you said something like "have fun."

JOEL

Yeah, I took an improv class. What did you take *have fun* to mean?

LINDSAY

This is ridiculous. It was twelve years ago.

JOEL

I know, who cares? Since it's come up, what, you went on a few dates?

LINDSAY

I... had a fling with my Art History professor.

JOEL

I knew there was something different about our sex life when you came back! You were much more adventurous. I thought it was because you missed me.

LINDSAY

I did...

JOEL

And? What?

He shrugs. *I can handle it.* Lindsay sighs, about to speak...

ELLEN

So it was in Italy when you finally understood what an orgasm was.

We REVERSE onto Lindsay and a pained-looking Joel.

LINDSAY

I thought I knew before, but--

ELLEN

No, I get it. It's a game-changer.

Joel buries his head in his hands.

ELLEN (CONT'D)

Joel, there's no reason to feel ashamed. Unsatisfying sex is an extremely common thing we talk about in here.

LINDSAY

Just to clarify, it's very satisfying now. This was a million years ago.

(turns to Joel, smiles)

I mean, honey, based on how we started, I think we're doing great.

ELLEN

How did you start?

JOEL

Here we go...

13 INT. LINDSAY'S DORM ROOM - FLASHBACK - 2002 - NIGHT 13

The lights are dimmed. A candle glows softly. "Drops of Jupiter" by Train plays softly on Lindsay's CD player.

A shirtless Joel, pants around his ankles rolls off of a confused Lindsay and simply states:

JOEL

I am so sorry.

14 INT. ELLEN'S OFFICE - PRESENT DAY 14

ELLEN

I'm not sure I'm following. So it was just an awkward first attempt at intercourse?

LINDSAY

I don't know that you could technically call what happened intercourse.

Joel steams silently on the couch.

ELLEN

I still don't...

JOEL

I Lewinsky'd her!

Ellen CHORTLES.

JOEL (CONT'D)

Yup! I did it on her dress, okay?!
Laugh it up!

LINDSAY

No one's laughing at you, honey.

JOEL

She just did!

ELLEN

No, I simply chortled at your phraseology.

JOEL

Why are we doing this? Before we came here, I was perfectly content thinking that you may have both loved me and been sexually satisfied for the entirety of our relationship!

LINDSAY

Joel, I do love you...

ELLEN

And you heard her say that your sex life is very engaging now.

JOEL

(to Ellen)

Okay, then aside from the obvious entertainment value, what's the point of digging up all this stupid stuff?

ELLEN

It's all part of the process, Joel.

JOEL

Is it? Or are you just trying to hook us for twenty more sessions?

ELLEN

Mmmm....

JOEL

You know, I've seen some of your miracle work, Ellen. Mitch and Sharon Misher? Wow. Impressive. You really stuck the landing on that one.

LINDSAY

Joel--

JOEL

Honey, please. I don't know what kind of Freudian voodoo spell you cast on him, but Mitch was a vibrant, energetic, vivacious man! Commissioner of our Fantasy Golf league. Brewed his own beer. The life of every dinner party.

LINDSAY

Never.

JOEL

(blowing past this)
Now he slumps around like an extra from THE WALKING DEAD! You're not gonna "Mitch Misher" me, sweetheart!

(turns to Lindsay)
Honey, let's go.

LINDSAY

Joel, there's still twenty minutes left in our session.

ELLEN

Joel, please sit down.

JOEL

Thank you, but I am officially done with couples therapy!

LINDSAY

Well, I'm not.

Awkward beat. Then...

JOEL
 Not the result I was expecting...
 (deep breath)
 I will see you at home.

Summoning whatever dignity he has left, Joel leaves.

15 INT. ELLEN'S WAITING ROOM - DUSK

15

As he exits, Joel stops short because sitting on the waiting room couch are... MITCH AND SHARON MISHER.

JOEL
 Oh, hey guys.

SHARON MISHER
 Door's not that thick. We heard everything.

JOEL
 Sorry, Mitch.

Mitch shrugs. Then, mumbles something inaudibly. Sharon stares daggers at him.

JOEL (CONT'D)
 What's that now?

MITCH MISHER
 (barely audible)
 I still brew.

Joel flashes Mitch an encouraging thumbs-up, gets the hell out of there.

END OF ACT TWO

ACT THREE

16 SCENE 16 OMITTED 16

17 EXT. SETH'S SUBURBAN HOUSE - NIGHT 17

Joel rings the doorbell. Waits. No answer. Weird. Lights are on. Music plays inside. He rings again. A beat later...

SETH ANSWERS THE DOOR. Wearing a bathrobe. The gentle sounds of Dave Matthews' "Crash Into Me" fill the air. He seems anxious, blocks Joel from entering.

SETH
What are you doing here?

JOEL
I blew my cool and walked out on couples therapy. Need a place to clear my head.
(peering behind Seth)
Where is everyone?

SETH
They are out.

JOEL
Candles. Bathrobe. Mid-career Dave Matthews.
(quietly)
Dude, are you with someone?!

SETH
What? No, it's my weekly date night. The kids are at gymnastics. Andrea's got her book club. These are literally the only two hours when I can be alone to pleasure myself in the comfort of my own home.

JOEL
Seth, I just spent thirty bucks on a cab. Can't you skip a week?

SETH
You realize I'm having a fourth child? Skipping a week is not an option.

(then)

(MORE)

SETH (CONT'D)

You know what, we lived together in college, I guess I can knock one out with you in the house.

(ushering him in)

There's a nice bottle of Shiraz open in the kitchen. Some Lunchables in the fridge. I'll see you in thirty.

And Seth exits towards his den.

18 INT. SETH'S HOUSE - KITCHEN - MINUTES LATER

18

Joel pours himself a glass of wine. Takes in all the family photos and kids drawings on the fridge door.

SETH'S WIFE ANDREA WALKS INTO THE KITCHEN.

ANDREA

Hello?

JOEL

Andrea, you scared me. What are you doing here? *

ANDREA

I live here, Joel. What about you?

JOEL

I stormed out of couple's therapy, came to hang with Seth.

(covering)

I think he's finishing some work stuff.

ANDREA

(starts to walk)

Okay, I'll go say hi.

JOEL

Whoa, whoa, whoa, let's give him a minute. He seemed pretty... laser-focused on what he was doing.

(then)

Actually, maybe I could pick your brain. You guys have such a solid marriage.

ANDREA

Really?

JOEL

Any advice that you could impart
would be very helpful?

She opens the fridge, takes out a jar of pickles.

ANDREA

I'm having a craving. Can't
believe this is happening again.
(then, munching a pickle)
Joel, you and Lindsay have the best
relationship of any couple I know.

JOEL

I totally agree. So why are we in
therapy? I'm getting my ass kicked
in there.

ANDREA

Honey, it's not about you. It's
what Lindsay needs to get
comfortable with the idea of having
a kid. Sometimes you do things in
marriage because that's what the
other person needs.

JOEL

Huh...

ANDREA

By way of example, while my husband
is in our family room pleasuring
himself with my fifty dollars a
bottle face cream, I wait in my car
and read GONE GIRL on my Kindle.

JOEL

So you know about his "date night?"

ANDREA

Of course. But I love Seth, so I
give him three hours every
Wednesday night. You love Lindsay,
so suck it up and see a shrink for
a couple of months.

As Joel considers, from O.S. we hear...

SETH (O.S.)

Wet-noodle, dude. I can't tug it
with you in the hou--

He arrives and freezes upon seeing Andrea.

SETH (CONT'D)
Hello, darling.

 ANDREA
Sweetheart.

 JOEL
She knows.

 SETH
 (deep breath; trying to
 keep it together)
For how long?

 ANDREA
Years.

Beat. Then, trying to maintain his dignity...

 SETH
I apologize and... you are out of
face cream.

And we go to...

19	SCENE 19 OMITTED	19
20	INT. ELLEN'S OFFICE - DAY	20

Ellen sits in her chair while Lindsay sits on the couch.

 ELLEN
Just you today, Lindsay?

 LINDSAY
Yep. I've been on a business trip
the past couple of days so Joel and
I haven't even seen each other.
Okay... how does this work?

 ELLEN
Well, let's start with your
feelings about Joel not being here.

 LINDSAY
Uh... disappointed and honestly...
kinda pissed.

ELLEN

Mmmm... you know, I was thinking about that story of when you first fell in love with Joel.

LINDSAY

I know, two years in--

ELLEN

No, I was thinking more about his father... this Stanley fellow.

LINDSAY

Honestly, we haven't even scratched the surface. You're gonna need a bigger pad.

ELLEN

That's just it. To be the son of a man who's been married four times--

LINDSAY

Remember, that was ten years ago. We'll be attending wedding number seven next month in Puerto Rico.

ELLEN

Quite the romantic. But to have a father who has failed so many times in marriage -- it's a miracle you even got Joel in the door.

LINDSAY

I don't understand.

ELLEN

You see for Joel to come to therapy is to him an admission of failure. It must be quite terrifying because his biggest fear is becoming... Stanley!

LINDSAY

Wow. I hadn't thought of that. Maybe I shouldn't have dragged him here.

ELLEN

In my experience, this process only works if both parties are fully committed.

Lindsay nods, processing this. Then...

LINDSAY

Right. Got it. Well, in that case, I guess I am going to leave.

ELLEN

I wish you nothing but luck. If things should change, my door is always open.

Suddenly, the door opens, revealing Joel holding a tray of coffees.

JOEL

Sorry, I'm late. Terrible barista.

Lindsay looks totally confused as Joel blows past her.

JOEL (CONT'D)

Lindsay, here's your triple iced Americano. Ellen, I got you options. Regular drip. Chai latte. Drink it or not, but I brought it because, that's who I am.

Beat. Then...

ELLEN

Which one's the Chai?

JOEL

(points to it)
I knew it. Enjoy.

As Ellen starts drinking the beverage, Joel resumes...

JOEL (CONT'D)

Now, I get that for this process to work, I can't hold back. So, in the spirit of full disclosure, the other night, I walked in on my best friend masturbating--

LINDSAY

Honey, where you going with this?

JOEL

Baby, don't worry, I'm gonna bring it all home. And it occurred to me, I withheld a piece of information from our initial sexual encounter that I'd like to share now.

With some difficulty, he confesses.

JOEL (CONT'D)

After our first date, because of Lindsay's insanely packed schedule there was a six week window before we went out again. During which time, I abstained from a practice I had been enjoying on a fairly continual basis since the sixth grade...

(deep breath)

I'm talking about masturbation.

ELLEN

I get it, Joel.

LINDSAY

We know, honey.

JOEL (CONT'D)

Oh, good. You see, to have done it while thinking of another woman would've felt like a betrayal, and to think of you while doing it seemed... distasteful. So, I may have been a tad bit rapid because I was playing with a loaded gun and said weapon accidentally discharged.

(beat)

I'm talking about my penis.

ELLEN/LINDSAY

We know, Joel.

Lindsay looks at him lovingly, takes his hand in hers...

ELLEN

Thank you for sharing.

JOEL

Bam. Drop the mic.

ELLEN

May I ask, coming off that first date, how was there ever a second?

LINDSAY

I'll take this one...

22

INT. LINDSAY'S COLLEGE DORM ROOM - FLASHBACK - 2002 - NIGHT 22

Lindsay sits on her bed talking with her roommate, a young Sharon Misher who wears flannel checkered pajama pants and a Juicy hoodie while she eats from a carton of Ben and Jerry's.

SHARON MISHER

I don't get it. So you did it or you didn't do it?

LINDSAY

He did it. All over my dress.

SHARON MISHER

Uch. You should have stayed in. Great episode of FRIENDS tonight. Very Ross and Rachel heavy.

LINDSAY

Actually, I had a good time. The five hours leading up to the seven seconds of disastrous sex were great.

SHARON MISHER

Hold on. You're not thinking about giving this guy another shot?

LINDSAY

I totally would. But he was so embarrassed, I doubt he'll ever call.

There's a knock on the door.

SHARON MISHER

If it's him, do not let that animal in the door.

Lindsay opens her door onto a UNIFORMED MAN.

MAN

Campus Dry Cleaning. A Joel Moss called, said you have a soiled garment.

Lindsay smiles, totally amused as we go to...

LINDSAY

Most guys send flowers and chocolates, mine sent out for dry-cleaning.

JOEL

Hey, it worked.

LINDSAY

Yes it did.

(beat, then)

You know, Ellen, as I think about it, I may have been wrong about something I said earlier. I'm pretty sure that's the moment I fell in love with Joel.

Ellen nods. She doesn't reveal much but it's pretty clear this pleases her. As it does Joel.

JOEL

(quietly confident)

I knew it. Two years in? That's ridiculous. And while we're clearing the air here, there is one other issue that needs resolving...

LINDSAY

The baby?

JOEL

No, we've got time Linz. With Ellen, we'll figure that out. I'm talking about this whole semester abroad business. Honey, you're not that good an actress. You definitely had an orgasm before you went to Italy.

Lindsay says nothing. An awkward silence fills the room...

ELLEN

Our time is up. Joel, Lindsay...

(with zeal)

Good session!

END OF ACT THREE

TAG

24 INT. ELLEN'S WAITING ROOM - MOMENTS LATER 24

Joel and Lindsay exit. Stop, frozen, staring at the loveseat because... sitting side-by-side are none other than...

SETH AND ANDREA.

An awkward moment passes as the two couples take each other in. Then...

SETH

Not a word.

25 SCENE 25 OMITTED 25

END OF PILOT