

UNTITLED SARAH SILVERMAN/IMAGINE/NBC - 2011

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EXT/INT. A CAB TRAVELING THROUGH MANHATTAN - DAY

SUSAN FARROW rides in a cab traversing lengthwise across Manhattan. She looks BEATIFIC.

We shift through DIFFERENT ANGLES on Susan and her CABBIE who have a lively discussion throughout the journey:

-Susan laughs, the cabbie laughs.

-Susan gesticulates dramatically, expressing a passionate belief about something. The cabbie nods and gives this thoughtful consideration.

-Susan waves him off as if to say, "You're crazy, man, you're deluding yourself!" The cabbie animatedly defends his position, but all in good humor.

-Susan's ranting about something, but in a clearly comedic way that is cracking the cabbie up.

-Susan pays the cabbie. The cabbie deferentially kisses Susan's hand (not in creepy way, but as one might with royalty). Susan gives a theatrical expression of delight, touching her heart with her other hand. She exits the cab with her BOX OF BELONGINGS.

INT. THE ATRIUM - DAY

As Susan prepares to cross the threshold, she takes a deep breath - this is a big moment. Then in she strides to the ELEGANT ATRIUM LOBBY OF A MANHATTAN APARTMENT BUILDING. She carries just a BOX, and the wondrous smile of, say, a person seeing Paris for the first time. She approaches the FRONT DESK ATTENDANT.

SUSAN

(unbridled cheer)

Good morning! I'm Susan Farrow,
802. I would like the key to my
apartment, please.

FRONT DESK ATTENDANT

Of course, Ms. Farrow. I'll go
grab it.

SUSAN

Yay! You're an angel!

The attendant exits. Another tenant, TIG (40, looks like a tiny Tom Cruise), and her 4 YEAR OLD DAUGHTER, MARTHA, join Susan at the front desk.

TIG

(re: Susan's box)
I've had to carry that box. I'm
sorry you lost your job.

SUSAN

Oh, thank you, that is so sweet.
But actually, I just broke up with
my boyfriend. We were living at
his place in Connecticut.

TIG

Oh, then I'm sorry for *that*. How
long were you together?

SUSAN

(beaming)
Ten years. From 2002 up until
about 7:45 this morning.

Martha runs across the lobby to play with an elderly man she
knows from the building, MR. KILPATRICK.

TIG

(to Susan)
Are you feeling okay?

SUSAN

Very much so.

TIG

I ask because you're smiling.

SUSAN

(still smiling)
Yes. I know.

A beat.

TIG

So just to get a sense of your
range, what would your face look
like if, say, you just learned your
parents were killed in a car
accident?

SUSAN

Oh. Good question.
(thinks it through)
Hmm...
(then)
I think this:

Susan makes a GOOFY/ANGRY face. Tig LAUGHS.

TIG
 Interesting. Interesting.
 (then)
 And what if say, an obese postal
 worker injected your golden
 retriever puppy with syphilis?

Susan makes a STOIC/CONTEMPLATIVE FACE. Tig LAUGHS again.

TIG (CONT'D)
 Well the breakup must have been
 your boyfriend's fault because I
 can't see a thing wrong with you.

SUSAN
 I know I seem weird. But I'm - I
 feel *excited*. I feel like I was a
 kid 10 years ago, and now here I
 am, I'm about to experience adult
 life for the first time.

TIG
 Maybe it hasn't fully hit you yet.

SUSAN
 Oh, I *know* it hasn't. But I'm
 excited about that *too*. I'm
 excited to feel *all* the feelings,
 and just ride them like waves.

TIG
 You make it sound fun. You make it
 sound like a peyote ritual.

SUSAN
 See?

TIG
 Yeah, I almost wish *my* life was
 completely falling apart.

Susan's suddenly aware that Martha is playing with the bottom
 of her coat. Susan beams even brighter at the sight of this
 adorable little girl.

SUSAN
 Well hello, madame! How old are
 you?

MARTHA
 Four.

SUSAN
 And what do you do for a living?

MARTHA
 (laughs)
 I'm just a kid!

SUSAN
 (getting "serious")
 Listen, can I tell you a secret?

Martha nods excitedly.

SUSAN (CONT'D)
 Okay, but you can't tell anyone
 because I could get in a lot of
 trouble. It's a *secret*.

Martha nods even more excitedly.

SUSAN (CONT'D)
 Okay.
 (kneels beside her, sotto)
 I'm a *princess*.

Martha's EYES NEARLY POP OUT.

SUSAN (CONT'D)
 (sotto)
 I dress normal so that other people
 treat me regular. I'm telling *you*
 because I can see that you're
 special. Not as special as *me*, but
 still, an impressive amount for
 your age.

Martha trembles with excitement and the urge to tell her mom.

TIG
 (to Susan)
 Thank you, she's just the right age
 to keep secrets with strangers.

SUSAN
 (laughs, extends her hand)
 I'm Susan.

TIG
 (shaking)
 Tig. She's Martha. And congrats
 again on the failed relationship.
 If you kept an apartment here for
 the whole 10 years, and you two
 never married, it must have been a
 very special connection.

SUSAN

I feel you chipping away,
 (points to her own smile)
 but I'm still wearing this.

A friendship is born. Susan marches goofily off to the elevator.

BLACK TRANSITION. (*Between some scenes, we would like a plain black card to reset us. Think Frasier, but a bit quicker and without the clever titles.*)

INT. 8TH FLOOR BALCONY - DAY

Susan looks peacefully reflective. She hasn't opened her front door yet, and she's already made a new friend. As she moves to insert her key into her lock, she stops. Almost as if afraid to lose this moment. She looks ACROSS THE ATRIUM to another apartment. Susan then marches across the balcony to that apartment.

Just before she knocks on the door, an idea: Susan CRUMPLES HERSELF on the floor, making herself look like a dead body. She then knocks with her foot. The door opens. A woman, mid-30s, attractive opens it. This is CHELSEA. Chelsea looks at "dead" Susan in bewilderment. Susan waits for a reaction, but hears nothing.

SUSAN

(finally opens her eyes)
 It's me! Hi!

The joke is not playing. Chelsea is stoic. Susan awkwardly gets up.

SUSAN (CONT'D)

Nothing?
 (then)
 Hey, you look amazing!
 (uncertain)
 Your hair is different.

A beat.

CHELSEA

Well, I am *ten years older* since the last time you saw me. Could it be that?

A beat.

SUSAN

Maybe.

Chelsea starts to shut the door--

SUSAN (CONT'D)

Okay. I know I haven't called in a while. But you have to understand, I was in a very intense, all-consuming relationship. It was hard to keep in touch, even with my best friends. You'll see. When you find someone, someone who deserves how amazing you are, you'll see what I mean.

CHELSEA

(re: a GUY walking behind her, five feet away)
That's Brooks. Remember him? We've been together for twelve years? Does that ring a bell at all?

SUSAN

Oh my God -- Hi, Brooks!
(to Chelsea)
That's so weird. How could I forget that?

CHELSEA

Uch. Good-bye, Susan.

Chelsea starts to shut the door, but stops and looks at Susan with curiosity:

CHELSEA (CONT'D)

(re: Susan's shirt)
Is that from Top Shop?

SUSAN

Yeah, I just got it.

CHELSEA

I saw it there, and I was like, "Hmmm..." but I didn't end up getting it.

Chelsea then returns to anger, and starts to shut the door.

SUSAN

No, wait!

Chelsea waits with little patience. Susan's running low on options. A hail Mary pass:

SUSAN (CONT'D)
You wanna get high?

CHELSEA
I'm sober now.

SUSAN
Oh.

Susan thinks again.

SUSAN (CONT'D)
You wanna just lie in bed and watch TV?

CHELSEA
I don't want to do anything with you, Susan.

SUSAN
Okay. I understand. I get it.

CHELSEA
I don't even care if you get it.

SUSAN
Got it.

Chelsea shuts the door in her face. Susan marches back to her apartment, humbled, but by no means discouraged.

INT. 8TH FLOOR BALCONY - DAY

Susan, still bright and breezy, is about to enter her apartment when she hears:

VOICE
Are you Susan Farrow?

Susan turns around to see HARRIS WITTELS, 27, short, hipster.

SUSAN
Do I know you?

HARRIS
No, I'm nobody. But I'm a huge fan of your songs.

SUSAN
(skeptical)
Really.

HARRIS

Is that okay?

SUSAN

Sure. I just find it unlikely. I had one LP in the late 90's, and at the age you must have been then, it's hard to picture you listening to an adult contemporary female singer-songwriter album called "Curtains Drawn."

HARRIS

Okay, it was my older sister's album, but I loved it.

SUSAN

Really? Oh, thank you! That makes me so happy!

HARRIS

You're so talented. I totally followed you. I remember when you started dating Benny Burnet, I was like, "Man with a mega producer like that as a boyfriend, she's gonna be *huge*," but instead you sorta just disapp...

(catches himself)

I mean...

Harris is paralyzed.

SUSAN

(blowing past it)

What's your favorite song of mine?

HARRIS

Oh, definitely "Late Night Gambles." It's got a groove. It makes my hips go all circle-y.

SUSAN

You know where I wrote it?

(re: where Harris stands)

Right there.

HARRIS

Get out. You get out right now. I want you to exit.

SUSAN

I willn't. I live here.

HARRIS

(points to his feet)
You wrote it right here?

SUSAN

My friend and I were standing here, staring down at that weird lobby garden, and I just took off my shirt and tossed it down. For no reason at all, just pure inspiration. We started tossing all of our clothes over the balcony until there was nothing left. Then we got in the elevator completely naked, rode down, got dressed, then rode back up. We were laughing our HEADS off.

HARRIS

That's genius.

SUSAN

Then we did it again. ELEVEN more times. Each time it got funnier. The more repetitive and stupid and obnoxious it became made it that much more hilarious. I've never laughed that hard and for that long in my entire life.

HARRIS

And then you wrote the song?

SUSAN

In like five seconds.

HARRIS

I had no idea that's what the song was about. I'm standing on history.

SUSAN

If not pubes.

HARRIS

If not pubes, indeed.

(then)

I can't believe I'm doing this, but
(takes out his iPhone)
can I get a picture?

Susan grabs the phone, reaches behind her, snaps a photo of her BUTT, then gives it back.

HARRIS (CONT'D)

Oh man, wait 'til I tell my sister
this is Susan Farrow's ass.

SUSAN

It was nice to meet you--

HARRIS

Harris. Apartment 806. If you
ever need anything, please knock.
I don't have anything, but the guy
in 810 has everything, and I can
show you where he lives.

Harris takes off, Susan opens her apartment door.

INT. SUSAN'S APARTMENT - DAY

Susan enters. The apartment is spacious and gorgeous. She happily drinks in the silence. For the first time in the new life she started today, she's alone.

Susan grabs a glass from the cabinet, and turns the tap on the kitchen sink. NOTHING COMES OUT. It's a complete shock. Very rapidly, Susan's emotional house of cards tumbles, and she begins to SOB. The seal is broken. Her sobs grow deeper and deeper...

Finally, Susan takes a break from sobbing to catch her breath. Forgetting the original cause of her meltdown, she starts to rinse her face off in the sink and is reminded: NO WATER. She SOBS again... We FREEZE on her UGLIEST FACE.

INT. LIMBO

Susan is on a STRIPPED-DOWN STAGE, sitting in a comfortable chair. She's partially surrounded by an intimate AUDIENCE. Next to Susan is a MONITOR bearing the FROZEN IMAGE of Susan's ugly sobbing face that closed the previous scene. Susan turns away from the monitor and to the audience:

SUSAN

Wow. Pretty intense stuff, huh?
We're looking at a woman who is
grieving. She entered a
relationship strong and independent
and now staggers out of it, 10
years later, weak, confused,
frightened. Sure she still has
spunk, and hope, and really great
skin, but she now finds herself
alone, and a decade older.

(MORE)

SUSAN (CONT'D)

She grieves. Perhaps for lost time, lost youth, lost friendships. But I would argue that Susan grieves for something even greater. I would argue that Susan grieves for the loss of her essence, her very sense of self.

ANGLE ON THE AUDIENCE. There are 30 or so VERY CONFUSED-LOOKING PEOPLE. Finally, one bold man RAISES HIS HAND.

SUSAN (CONT'D)

You have a question?

MAN #1

Yes. I'm just wondering if you think we're stupid. We were watching the same thing you were. Isn't the point of any artistic expression for the viewer to glean from the context of his own experience what the story means to *him*?

SUSAN

(excited)

And look at the ball I've got rolling! Really provocative ideas there.

(points)

You sir.

MAN #2

Yeah, my question is: what *is* this?

(re: everyone and everything)

I mean, what is this *whole thing*?

SUSAN

Ah. *Great* question. And the answer is: what do you think it is, (winking at Man #1) in the context of *your own* experience?

Man #2 looks confused and dissatisfied.

SUSAN (CONT'D)

I know - it's a lot to handle, this freedom of interpretation. In some ways, limitations are easier, aren't they? I love this! Let's get UNCOMFORTABLE!

(MORE)

SUSAN (CONT'D)

(then)

You, ma'am.

MIDDLE-AGED WOMAN

I have a thought I'd like to share about the Susan character.

SUSAN

Oh, excellent! I'm excited to hear your take!

WOMAN

I don't think she's likable.

A beat.

SUSAN

Oh. Well, that's... an interesting perspective. But just so we're working with all the information, I think we should first explore the possibility that you're suffering from some kind of... not *head trauma*, but like, something that might impair your ability to comprehend nuance?

MIDDLE-AGED WOMAN

She just wallows in self-pity. She's young and pretty and has this great apartment, and it's like boo-hoo, I broke up with my rich boyfriend. I mean, when we get back to the next part of the story, she's not gonna do *more* complaining and feeling sorry for herself is she?

Several beats.

SUSAN

You know what's interesting? You're *complaining* about her *complaining*. I'm gonna go with an instinct here and guess that you're actually not so happy with *yourself*.

MIDDLE-AGED WOMAN

That's not... you're twisting my--

SUSAN

Come on. Is it *possible* that you hate Susan because every revolting thing about her - the helplessness, the self-absorption, the childish whining - are exactly the things you most hate *about you*?

A Beat. Then the woman EXPLODES with SOBS AND TEARS.

SUSAN (CONT'D)

(sympathetic, touched)

Ohhh, I'll take that as a yes.

As the woman continues to sob, a FREEZE FRAME of the her UGLIEST CRYING FACE appears SIDE-BY-SIDE with Susan's ugly crying face pic on the monitor.

SUSAN (CONT'D)

Yeesh. I have to say, I'm really proving my own point to myself. Because not two minutes ago, I was crying

(re: woman)

just like that. Now I can see how off-putting it is.

Susan walks into the audience and HOLDS the woman tenderly as she sobs.

SUSAN (CONT'D)

Shhhh. Shhhh...

INT. 7TH FLOOR BALCONY - DAY

Tig opens her apartment door to find Susan, her face SWOLLEN from hours of sobbing.

TIG

Ah, there it is. I figured it wouldn't happen 'til you got into bed alone for the first time.

Susan tries to smile, but fails.

SUSAN

There's no water in my apartment.

TIG

Okay, and...?

SUSAN

And I have no idea who to call. I literally don't know how to make water come from my sink.

Tig looks at her quizzically for a beat.

TIG

Just for thoroughness' sake, you turned the knob right? You didn't try to just "think" it on, did you?

SUSAN

Yes, I turned the knob.

TIG

Good. So here's the--

(then)

And I'm sorry, just remind me again how it is that you could not know the answer to this?

Susan doesn't answer - Tig can see the very question is pushing Susan to the brink of more tears.

TIG (CONT'D)

Right. Well, this is an easy problem to solve. In fact, allow a four year old child to help.

(to Martha)

Sweetie, tell Susan how things get fixed in an apartment building.

SUSAN

No! I'm a grown woman. I'm old enough to know how to get water from a sink.

(then)

And yet I *don't*. I'm *atrophied*. Ten years of being taken care of has left me functionally atrophied.

(re: phone in her hand)

I don't even know what cell service I have.

TIG

It should say on the upper left corner of your phone.

Susan looks.

SUSAN

Oh. AT&T.

TIG

Listen, for whatever it's worth...
 I was married to a man for 15
 years. Deep down, I knew I was
 gay. His touch repelled me, and
 the fact that I couldn't be a wife
 to him in that way tortured me with
 guilt. The combined stress of
 revulsion and self-hatred and
 denial of my deepest desires caused
 me so many medical problems that I
 was hospitalized for months and
 nearly died of organ failure. When
 I finally told my family I was gay,
 they disowned me. My husband sued
 me for emotional distress and left
 me bankrupt and homeless, so I had
 to live in a women's shelter for
 two years. Anyway, I don't really
 know what my point is, but I'm just
 saying, I hear you - breakups are
 pooppy.

Susan has no idea what to say now.

TIG (CONT'D)

I'll talk to you later.
 (points to Martha)
 I gotta feed *this*.

Tig awkwardly closes her door. From inside we hear:

MARTHA (O.S.)

She doesn't know how to fix things
 because she's a princess.

INT. 8TH FLOOR BALCONY

Susan lumbers back to her apartment. She gets to her door,
 turns the knob, and... it's LOCKED. She reaches into her
 pocket and immediately realizes she has locked herself out.

SUSAN

You HAVE GOT TO BE KIDDING ME!

VOICE (O.S.)

I'm behind you.

Susan turns to see that Harris is standing there, awkwardly.

HARRIS

I'm sorry. I came over to talk to you, but then you were having this moment, and I just wanted you to not be surprised, and to know I was behind you. Not metaphorically, just literally.

(then)

But also metaphorically.

SUSAN

I don't have the key.

A beat.

HARRIS

Metaphori--

SUSAN

Literally. I'm locked out.

HARRIS

Anyone have a spare?

SUSAN

Two people. My ex-boyfriend, and what I've just learned is my *ex-friend*. So yeah, no.

HARRIS

You think Polish food could help?

SUSAN

I don't know, but it sounds like this is more about you...

INT. 2ND AVE POLISH DINER - LATER

Susan and Harris are in a BOOTH, eating dinner.

SUSAN

She ruined my ability to complain with her stupid story about living in a homeless shelter.

HARRIS

And she calls herself a friend?

SUSAN

I'm not sure. We met this morning.

(then)

I'm stuck.

(MORE)

SUSAN (CONT'D)

I feel hopeless and miserable, and yet I have no right to be. It's like being a child of holocaust survivors. No feelings you have are ever valid compared to Mom and Dad's horror.

HARRIS

You know what? I completely relate.

SUSAN

Really?

HARRIS

Yeah. There's stuff about my life that bums me out, but I feel like no one would understand.

SUSAN

Try me.

HARRIS

Well...

(overcoming shyness)

My parents love me. I'm talking like *worship*. They've supported everything I've ever said and done.

Susan looks confused.

SUSAN

If you say that's awful, then I'll back you on it. But to be honest, in some ways, it almost seems--

HARRIS

No, of course. But in terms of my future greatness, I'm screwed. Successful people come from damage, pain -- they overcome adversity. They've got this burning need for redemption and victory. But there's no big reservoir of sadness and anger in me. I'm just kinda... *fine*, you know?

SUSAN

(nodding thoughtfully)

Okay, I get that. Your parents denied you the motivational tools of neglect and disapproval. That's something.

HARRIS

Right? But to complain about that to most people? Forget it.

SUSAN

Exactly! Like, I'm not sleeping in a lice-infested bunk awaiting a gas chamber--

HARRIS

No, of course not--

SUSAN

But my life still *sucks* right now.

HARRIS

Completely.

SUSAN

I'm, like, practically middle-aged, I'm alone, I have no idea how to manage the most basic task of hydrating myself, much less paying my bills and taxes, much less navigating the dating world, or even just sleeping alone in a bed.

(then, sad)

I have no one to list as an emergency contact, no one to look for me if there's an earthquake.

Harris smiles.

HARRIS

(fondly)

I could listen to you complain all night.

SUSAN

(flattered)

Really?

(waves him off, bashful)

Come on.

HARRIS

So what do you *do* now if you're not making albums?

SUSAN

Jingles.

HARRIS

Get out. Like for commercials?

SUSAN

It pays shockingly well, and I'm
freaking *amazing* at it. I can
write a jingle about *anything*,
anytime, anywhere. They explode
out of me.

Harris looks around, then grabs the SALT SHAKER, and plops it
in front of Susan. Susan takes a moment, then sings a
perfect jingle:

SUSAN (CONT'D)

Saaalt!
When you're looking for that
savory.
'T releases food from slavery.
The flave of pride and bravery.
Saaalt!

Harris APPLAUDS, as do many PATRONS. Susan bows, humbly.

INT. 8TH FLOOR BALCONY - NIGHT

Harris and Susan get off the elevator, time to part ways.

SUSAN

Well thanks for keeping me company.

HARRIS

My pleasure!

Facing the abyss, Susan's smile begins to fade.

SUSAN

(re: reality)

Ugh. Here I go.

Harris can see Susan's not ready to go back to her life just
yet. He thinks, then: inspiration. He TOSSES HIS SHOE over
the balcony. Susan watches it thoughtfully as it plummets
into the lobby garden. Susan then gamely DROPS HER SHOE over
too. Harris drops a little ANKLE SOCK over.

SUSAN (CONT'D)

That is the daintiest sock I've
ever seen on a male.

HARRIS

You know what I bet's not dainty?
Your bra. By that, I'm implying
that you have big breasts.

SUSAN

How dare you.

Susan then TAKES HER SHIRT OFF, and tosses it over the side. Harris, in what seems like almost one fluid move, PULLS HIS PANTS, UNDERWEAR, REMAINING SHOE AND SHIRT OFF. He is naked.

Susan LAUGHS in shock and amazement.

HARRIS

What? Is this not where we were going?

SUSAN

No, of course it is. Your pacing is just a little... young.

Susan quickly SHEDS the rest of her clothing. At last, THEY'RE BOTH NAKED.

As they quickly walk to the elevator and press the call button:

SUSAN (CONT'D)

Holy crap, I'm naked with some weird, mumbly guy I met like an hour ago!

HARRIS

We're living in an age of tumult.

The ELEVATOR DOORS OPEN, and they step in.

INT. ELEVATOR - CONTINUOUS

Susan and Harris look totally pleased with themselves - they think they're *hilarious*.

DING. The elevator stops on the *next* floor.

HARRIS

No no no no no...

SUSAN

Oh no oh no oh no oh no...

CHELSEA GETS ON. She takes in the sight of Harris and Susan naked for a moment. It's very quiet. Finally:

CHELSEA

I have some things I need to say to you.

Susan takes a deep breath to steel herself for punishment.

SUSAN

Okay.

CHELSEA

Well, first of all, when you and I did this,

(re: nakedness)

we were 27 and adorable. But when you're in your late 30's, it just looks like a woman trying to come off like she's in her late 20's. Also, when we did this, it was three in the morning, not ten at night.

SUSAN

Okay, I hear that. You're making really valid points. And thank you for the honesty.

CHELSEA

You're welcome.

(then)

Look, I don't know what you've learned in the past ten years - at the moment, the evidence suggests absolutely nothing. But what I've learned is that, as trite as it may sound, life is short. It's short, and holding grudges doesn't make it longer.

(then)

Also your breasts have held up nicely.

Susan hugs Chelsea. Chelsea accepts it but gives little back. She's still tentative.

SUSAN

Chelsea, have you met Harris?

HARRIS

(shakes her hand,
mindlessly uncovering his
genitals)

Hi, 806. Pleasure to meet you.

CHELSEA

Nice penis and balls.

HARRIS

There's more where that came from.

CHELSEA

Really?

HARRIS

Well, no, this is kinda it.

CHELSEA

(to Susan, re: Harris'
penis and balls)

They're like Larry, Darryl and
Darryl.

SUSAN

But the crazy thing is, *Darryl* is
his penis, and Larry and the other
Darryl are his balls.

CHELSEA

That *is* crazy, because one would
assume that Larry would be the
penis, and the two Darryls would be
the balls.

SUSAN

Hey, you still have my spare key?

CHELSEA

(playful)

Oof, sorry. I flushed it after the
first eight years of your emotional
abandonment.

SUSAN

Oh, alright.

(then)

But that makes us even.

CHELSEA

Of course.

Some comfort seems to be returning to this relationship...

INT. LIMBO

Susan's now sitting on stage with the CRYING WOMAN from the
previous limbo. She's drying her eyes.

SUSAN

This is Janice. She and I have
come a long way since last you saw
us. I was pretty rough on her, and
in the end, I had to admit it was
because she touched a nerve.

(MORE)

SUSAN (CONT'D)

If you're just tuning in, she called me "unlikeable" and it turned into a whole thing.

The house LIGHTS SLOWLY DIM, as a SPOT comes up on Susan.

SUSAN (CONT'D)

Janice, and Tig, and Chelsea, have all taught me something important. It's a good position to be in when *other people* feel bad for you. They're nicer to you, they're more forgiving of your sins. Even huge sins like not calling your best friend for 10 years. But when you feel bad for *yourself*, it's like, gross - it's *unattractive*. Did I waste the final years of my youth with the wrong man? Will finding love in my late 30's be more difficult? Maybe. But the more I think about *myself*, and speak of my own problems, it reveals how little I think of *others*. Others with problems far more serious than mine. Think of the man with no arms and legs who is also blind and deaf.

SPOTLIGHT ON A MAN WITH NO ARMS AND LEGS, WEARING SUNGLASSES AND HOLDING A BLIND MAN'S CANE rolls onto the stage in a MOTORIZED WHEELCHAIR.

SUSAN (CONT'D)

Think of the man with no arms and legs who is blind and deaf and also *homeless*.

Another man with no arms, legs, etc., BUT WEARING A *FILTHY TRENCH COAT* rolls onto the stage from the other side in a motorized wheelchair.

SUSAN (CONT'D)

Or the woman from a Taliban-controlled province in Afghanistan who can't vote or drive and receives the death penalty for *getting raped*.

A FULLY-BURKA'D WOMAN is LOWERED ONTO THE STAGE by a WINCH.

SUSAN (CONT'D)

Or the guy with an incredibly small penis who works at a T-Mobile store.

A SKINNY, DEJECTED-LOOKING GUY lumbers onto the stage.

SUSAN (CONT'D)

Or the part black, part Jewish, homosexual teenager who lives in rural Georgia.

A BLACK, JEWISH KID WITH BUSHY HAIR IN HIPSTER-ISH CLOTHES ROLLERBLADES onto the stage.

SUSAN (CONT'D)

(stands up, rhetoric soaring)

I say to you now, don't pity Janice. Don't pity me. Instead, look upon *these* wretched souls, and cast your sorrow upon them.

ANGLE ON THE HOMELESS QUADRUPLE AMPUTEE. TEARS stream down his face. It's a heartbreaking sight. Finally, he turns to Susan:

HOMELESS QUADRUPLE AMPUTEE

(devastated)

Ten years of your life, your *heart* - and it all ends over *breakfast*? Now what? Find someone else and go through the whole tragic opera again? To what *end*?

SUSAN

(annoyed)

I *just* said don't pity me. I would've appreciated this at *any* other time. But at the moment you're ruining my whole--

HOMELESS QUADRUPLE AMPUTEE

Sorry.

SUSAN

Thank you.

(resuming speech)

Don't pity Janice. Don't pity me. Find the joy in your own lives by the very suckiness of *theirs*.

(re: hard luck cases)

(MORE)

SUSAN (CONT'D)

These people, who have been given *nothing*, are themselves a gift to *us*. The gift of knowing it could all be so much worse. Thank you.
(then to the pity cases:)
And thank *you*.

The studio audience APPLAUDS - as we see there is an APPLAUSE LIGHT flashing. Susan bows, humbly.

INT. LOBBY - NIGHT

Sarah and Harris finish re-dressing in the lobby garden.

SUSAN

(tapping the elevator button repeatedly)
Ugh. Why isn't the elevator coming? I really have to pee?

Harris turns to Susan with a strange look. He reaches out, PLACES HIS HAND ON HER RIGHT BREAST, and gives her a look of, "What do you say?" Susan's stunned.

SUSAN (CONT'D)

Harris, I just got out of a 10 year relationship.

HARRIS

Wait... this whole night isn't leading to sex?

SUSAN

That's correct.

HARRIS

I got naked in front of you. I mean, I showed you my penis without even proving that it gets bigger.

SUSAN

Harris. I'm sure it gets bigger. I mean... it *has* to.

(then)

By the way, does that generally work for you? The random, wide-eyed boob grab?

HARRIS

Actually, yeah. It's just so super awkward that I think girls sort of pity me. They think they're gonna rock my world for the first time.

(MORE)

HARRIS (CONT'D)
 So I end up getting my
 (air quotes)
 "world rocked" a lot.

SUSAN
 Oh. Well then, nice move.

HARRIS
 Nice boob.

SUSAN
 There's more where that came from.
 (then)
 Well, one more.
 (then, re: elevator)
 Ugh. It's obviously broken.
 (re: bladder)
 I'm dying.

HARRIS
 We can just knock on 117's door.
 That dude is always home.

Susan's game. They cross to 117, and she KNOCKS.

VOICE (O.S.)
 Yeah?

Susan enters, leaving Harris behind.

INT. APARTMENT 117 - CONTINUOUS

It's mostly dark. A MAN WRAPPED IN A BLANKET is illuminated by the glow of his television.

SUSAN
 Hi. I'm so sorry. The elevator's stuck, and I have to pee. Can I use your bathroom?

The man POINTS to a door. Susan crosses and enters the bathroom.

INT. BATHROOM - MOMENTS LATER

Susan talks through the door as she pees.

SUSAN
 You're a life saver. I'm locked out of my apartment, which incidentally has no running water.
 (MORE)

SUSAN (CONT'D)

I won't bore you with the details,
but suffice it to say, it's
catapulted me into a spiritual
crisis. It's funny - you take for
granted that love is complicated,
friendship is complicated, breakups
are complicated. But then you
realize, just maintaining the space
you live in is complicated. It's
been so long since I've been on my
own... my problem solving skills
are... rusty.

(closes her eyes, almost
in prayer)

I just wish everything wasn't such
a struggle.

MAN (O.S.)

Two doors down.

SUSAN

Excuse me?

MAN (O.S.)

The super's apartment.

Susan's blown away. Then quietly embarrassed.

SUSAN

(to herself)

The super. The super. God I am
such a moron.

After a moment of reflection, Susan tries her luck again:

SUSAN (CONT'D)

How about emptiness and despair?
What's your fix for that?

MAN (O.S.)

Discovery Channel.

This man is a genius.

INT. APARTMENT 117 - MOMENTS LATER

When Susan steps out of the bathroom, the man is RIGHT THERE,
one inch from her face. The air between them is filled with
chemistry. He OPENS HIS BLANKET for Susan to step inside.
As she does, we cut to:

INT. LOBBY - NIGHT

Susan returns to Harris. She looks dazed.

HARRIS
God, what took so long?

SUSAN
I just had sex with that guy.

HARRIS
What?!

Susan shrugs, sheepishly.

HARRIS (CONT'D)
Are you kidding me? How could you do that??

SUSAN
I don't know. How can I strip in an apartment building atrium? I guess it's a manifestation of being a newly independent woman. Even if it means having impulsive sex with... with...

HARRIS
Gene. The man you just had sexual intercourse with is named Gene.

SUSAN
Gene - oh, that's cute. Gene. Oh - and he told me how to get my water fixed! The super! Duh! I know what you're thinking, the second someone solves my problems for me, I drop my pants, which in a way, is extremely *not* independent, but that's just the not the way I--

With nothing to lose, Harris takes a shot again, and PUTS HIS HAND ON HER BOOB. Susan looks at him like he's crazy.

SUSAN (CONT'D)
Harris. I *just* had sex!

HARRIS
Arrgh! This is ridiculous. We just had this totally fun night together. Why is it that some other guy gets to have sex with you and not me? It's not fair.

(MORE)

HARRIS (CONT'D)

This whole night would have been a fairy tale come true if it had ended with us hooking up.

SUSAN

Harris. I had the most amazing night with you. You made me realize that there's a life out there waiting for me. And I just know we're going to be friends forever. *Friends*. So look me in the eyes, and hear me: we are never, ever going to have sex.

Harris says nothing.

SUSAN (CONT'D)

Do you have anything to say to that?

Harris thinks for a moment, then lifts up his right butt cheek, and rips a LONG, SQUEAKY FART, after which he looks greatly relieved. Susan smiles, her heart warmed. As if on cue, the elevator door opens for them. They chummily get up and step in. BEHIND THE ELEVATOR DOORS, we hear

HARRIS (O.S.)

I was holding it in all night because I thought there was a ch--

SUSAN (O.S.)

No, I get why you farted. It was crystal clear.

HARRIS (O.S.)

Okay. I just never want there to be miscommunications between us.

INT. LIMBO

Susan sits at a piano. About to serenade the audience.

SUSAN

Well, everybody, that's our story. I hope you've learned something.

Susan notices an AUDIENCE MEMBER raising his hand. Annoyed by the interruption, she begrudgingly points to him.

AUDIENCE MEMBER

I'm sorry, but I still don't get why he farted.

SUSAN

(sarcastic)

Oh, you're not supposed to. It's like "Lost." You'll find out at the end of the series.

Susan shakes off her irritation, then finds her head space again.

SUSAN (CONT'D)

It's been an intense 19 or so minutes for me, I can tell you that much.

(eases into the prelude of a ballad)

I made a few friends...

Cried a few tears...

Had somewhat mechanical sex with a stranger but suspect if we keep doing it the experience will become more satisfying for both parrt-nerrrs...

But the road is so long, when you're out on your own--

VOICE (O.S.)

Nice, Susan! You're just *gliding* off those consonants.

BENNY (JEFF GOLDBLUM) has walked on onstage. He's confident, dashing.

SUSAN

Benny, what are you doing here?

BENNY

I'm not letting you go without a fight.

SUSAN

Benny...

BENNY

Listen, I've done a lot of thinking since you've been gone. I mean a lot.

SUSAN

I only left this morning.

BENNY

And you know how deep into my own head I can get.

(re: his head)

(MORE)

BENNY (CONT'D)

I went round the world five times
before *lunch*.

(then, proud of himself)

Susan, I'm here to say you were
right! I'm sorry, I'm *apologizing*.

SUSAN

That's it? You're sorry? I said
you systematically suffocated my
spirit, my self-esteem and my
independence for the past ten
years, and that you've separated me
from all things that define my
reason to exist.

BENNY

(flirty)

Oooh, you're such a wordy-nerdy. I
love that.

SUSAN

I'm sorry, Benny, it's over. I
hope you understand. But even if
you don't, I'm moving on.

BENNY

(still flirty, unfazed)

You didn't already sleep with
someone else, did you?

A beat.

SUSAN

Of course not.

Benny comes and sits next to Susan at the piano. He starts
to play a little.

BENNY

Are you sure? Did you find
"paradise" out there without me?

SUSAN

(coy)

Maybe.

BENNY

(dips his toe into song,
on the piano)

*Oh, I've been to Georgia,
and California...*

Susan resists at first, but then can't help herself:

SUSAN
... And anywhere I could run.

A beat.

<p>SUSAN (CONT'D) <i>Took the hand of a preacher man, And we made love in the sun. But I ran out of places And friendly faces Because I had to be free I've been to paradise, But I've never been to me.</i></p>	<p>BENNY <i>Took the hand of a preacher man, And we made love in the sun. But I ran out of places And friendly faces Because I had to be free I've been to paradise, But I've never been to me.</i></p>
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The song ends, and we see that Susan is alone at the piano.
Benny is gone. (Was he ever there?)

INT. SUSAN'S APARTMENT - DAY

The SUPERINTENDENT gathers his tools (this is the man Martha said hello to in the first scene), and exits. Susan turns on her faucet. The water runs BROWN, but it's progress.

Susan turns to HARRIS, CHELSEA and TIG - who have been watching this - as if to say, "Eh? Eh?" Harris, Chelsea and Tig break into hearty APPLAUSE. Susan BOWS, as if she has just accomplished something impressive.

THE END