

FADE IN:

EXT. STREETS - DAY

-- A palm tree lined street, blanketed by a slow rising pink sun. It's not quiet abandon, it's LA chill.

CLOSE ON LEAH, late 20s, just her versus the never changing STOPLIGHT, the glaring RED reflecting off her shades.

Despite her mucked up hair and the streaks of mascara on her cheeks, we can tell that she's a "good girl," something we'll get into later. Right now though, she needs that fucking light to change...

A car pulls up, two BROS, 20s, catcalling through downed windows. We can't hear them but by the looks on their faces, the way they laugh and leer, we can confidently assume that what they're yelling isn't nice.

Leah turns slowly, pulls down her shades to lock in on them with an unidentifiable smile just as they turn the corner.

WE HOLD on Leah from BEHIND, REVEAL the high ripped slit up the back of her BLACK bandeau SKIRT, her torn LACY UNDERWEAR, a FLASH of something falling from between her legs, landing with a SPLAT. She looks down, her gaze leading us to a used CONDOM, dangling off the platform of her LIME SCOOTER. Leah picks it up and holds it out before her, a mix of fear and confusion on her face. She looks back to the light, now GREEN, thumbs the throttle and slow-zips away.

EXT. ALLEYWAY - DAY

NAT, mid to late 30s, jogs down a graffitied alleyway, leaps over refuse, the craggy path. Up ahead, a MAN, 60s, awkwardly squatting against a wall. Nat squints to see what he's doing, slows to a stop as it becomes grossly clear that he's jerking off in his pants. He stares at her with lusty emptiness as he does his business while Nat coolly snaps a PIC of him and carries on.

INT. NAT'S HOUSE - CONTINUOUS

A modern one bedroom with high end fixtures. Nat grabs her LAPTOP from the counter, logs into her CRIME STOPPERS account and submits a TIP - the where and when of her handy encounter - and uploads the PHOTO of the masturbating perp. Once submitted, a TIP ID number appears.

She goes back to the PREVIOUS SCREEN and WE SEE her account history, ENTRY upon ENTRY of anonymous tips - both CLOSED and OPEN "cases." Do we have a citizen detective on our hands, or a straight-up Karen?

SLAM TO TITLE:

DO YOU KNOW DICK?

INT. LEAH'S BEDROOM - DAY

Leah stands over her nightstand, gaze locked and lost on the ZIP-LOCKED CONDOM within the drawer. A KNOCK at her door pulls her out of her stupor--

EMMA (O.S.)
Hey, I'm off to work.

Startled, Leah SLAMS the drawer shut, the motion shifting her entire demeanor into something more alert and present.

LEAH
(cheerily)
See you later!

EMMA (O.S.)
Will I? I mean, you've been in your room all weekend...

Leah moves to the mirror, plasters on a forced smile--

EMMA (O.S.) (CONT'D)
You OK?

LEAH
I'm so fine!

EMMA (O.S.)
Right... Well, have a good day.

LEAH
Yup! You too.

Leah's smile remains as she takes in her room - impeccably tidy - her eyes landing on a POSTCARD donning a giant orange: EUSTIS, FLORIDA

LEAH (CONT'D)
(sotto)
"The City of Bright Tomorrow's."

From here, she moves on to the BLACK SKIRT on the floor. Leah picks it up, examines the slit-rip with a hard eye, then unaffectedly splits the seam from top to bottom, opening it into one solid piece instead of tossing it out.

OFF LEAH, satisfaction, as she folds it into a perfect square, and puts it away.

INT. DR. CHANDRA'S OFFICE - DAY

Nat, annoyed, sits across from DR. ANILA CHANDRA, 60s, a calm listener with an uncanny ability to call out bullshit.

NAT

We really shouldn't keep meeting like this... How long is this probation supposed to last?

DR. CHANDRA

Until I'm confident that you truly comprehend the repercussions of your actions.

NAT

Look, I know I took things too far, but it was one incident months ago-- one incident in five years of practice.

DR. CHANDRA

Stalking a patient--

NAT

Verifying the truth.

DR. CHANDRA

-- Is completely unethical. And not unlike what happened with Megan.

Nat, on the defense, fires back--

NAT

Oh, come on. *That* was completely different.

DR. CHANDRA

(beat)

Nat, you took an oath. Do you understand what--

With undue vigor--

NAT

"I will not violate the physical boundaries of the client and will always provide a safe and trusting haven for healing."

DR. CHANDRA

Say it again.

NAT

(beat - softer)

"I will not violate the physical boundaries of the client and will always provide a safe and trusting haven for healing..."

Silence as Nat sits in the moment, then--

DR. CHANDRA

Megan is clearly still a trigger for you.

NAT

Anila, please. Can we not? What happened with Megan was-- I was a trainee, totally unprepared for...

Nat can't bring herself to say the words.

DR. CHANDRA

For her to take her life.

NAT

No. Well yes, but not just that. I wasn't *prepared* to come up against a system that didn't care if she was dead, or alive.

(beat)

That didn't care that her life was already taken from her before she took what was left of it from herself.

Chandra offers a kind smile to Nat, lost in the thought.

DR. CHANDRA

Now we're getting somewhere.

Nat snaps back to, fiercely determined.

NAT

I know you think I've relapsed or whatever, but I've come a long way.

(MORE)

NAT (CONT'D)

I have new outlets to channel my
"urges" now.

DR. CHANDRA

Tell me more.

The timer on Nat's phone begins to SOUND--

NAT

Next session. Time's up, doctor.

Nat smirks and stands, moves to the door.

DR. CHANDRA

We're not done here.

Nat salutes Dr. Chandra as she exits into--

INT. OFFICE HALLWAY - CONTINUOUS

A long, nondescript corridor flanked by doors on either side. She stops before one, DR. NATALIE JORDAN, CBT plaque'd on its front and enters into--

INT. NAT'S OFFICE - CONTINUOUS

A carbon copy of Chandra's, save for a few minor details. Nat opens ANOTHER door, making way for patient ELIZABETH, 20s, anxiety-ridden, to enter.

ELIZABETH

I am losing my shit!

Nat calmly sits, unbothered by Elizabeth's energy--

NAT

Last week I asked you to think
about where this distrust with
partners stems from. What did you
come up with?

ELIZABETH

Years of failed dating, obviously.

NAT

You've never had a relationship
that made you feel secure?

ELIZABETH

Oh sure, until we move in together.

NAT

Is it possible that your
insecurities create barriers that
hinder deeper connections?

ELIZABETH

What. Like, it's my fault they lie
and cheat and leave me?

NAT

Well, no, but it's natural to
create false narratives to protect
ourselves from getting hurt.

Elizabeth, seething, glares back with tears in her eyes.

ELIZABETH

And what about keeping secrets? A
lie is a false narrative, too.

Off Nat, touché.

NAT

So is thriving on invented chaos.
Facts, not feelings, lead to
truths.

ELIZABETH

I'm not a fucking psychic! If I had
the facts I wouldn't be here, would
I.

NAT

Put the emotions aside and make
space for honesty.
(beat - dryly)
If he doesn't give you what you
need, then just check his text
messages.

Elizabeth's eyes perk up. There's a thought...

NAT (CONT'D)

I'm kidding. You know I'm kidding,
right?

INT. THERAPIST OFFICE - NIGHT

Nat types up ELIZABETH'S session notes. WE SEE:

*General Anxiety Disorder. Persistent worrying coupled
with behavioral dysregulation. Next session,
challenge the irrational fears, validate the source.*

Nat takes a beat, then highlights VALIDATE THE SOURCE.

She picks up her PHONE, eyes darting between the closed door and her screen, a back and forth of silent debate until she opens INSTAGRAM. WE SEE her profile -- a photo that *isn't her*, the handle @MEGANSAYS. She lands on:

ELIZABETH'S GRID, scrolls through her PICS, clicks on tagged posts of her BOYFRIEND leading her to HIS page... Another beat here before returning to Elizabeth's file to snap a photo of her address: 2397 HOLSTER ROAD, LOS ANGELES CA 90036

INT. BITTER'S BAR - NIGHT

EMMA, 30s, sweet and insecure, relays--

EMMA

I thought we connected but then he texts and is all like, "you're cool and everything but I don't think you're the right fit for me." So I say, OK...what is the right fit for you and he writes back, "A size zero." Why do I keep attracting these men? What is wrong with me?

NAT

You assuming that you're the problem is more concerning than his superficiality.

EMMA

Easy for you to say-- you barely date.

NAT

I dabble-- to feel good, not to fill some empty part of me.
(beat - coyly)
Speaking of shallowness--lets play.

Emma cracks a sneaky smile and nods. They scour the room, land on a bored pouty-mouthed WOMAN, 20s.

NAT (CONT'D)

She uses face blindness as an excuse to ghost people.

Another woman, face buried in her phone--

EMMA

She collects Tinder matches like gold stars but has no intention of actually meeting up.

Nat lands on LEAH as she enters, bewilderment all over her face.

NAT

She still uses momma and poppa's midwest address to avoid paying California taxes.

Emma whips around to Nat, thrown--

NAT (CONT'D)

What? Oh, do you do that too?

EMMA

No, that's Leah, my roommate? You met at our housewarming?

NAT

I also met the gut-bucket that night so my memory's a bit foggy.

Leah approaches, all smiles, takes a seat.

EMMA

You made it. Was starting to think you were never coming out of your room.

LEAH

Yup. Here I am. Nat the therapist, right?

NAT

Right.

LEAH

Good to see you again. What'd I miss?

EMMA

We were just playing a stupid game--

LEAH

Yeah? What is it?

NAT

We go around the room and make unfounded judgments about people.

Leah jumps in without hesitation, lands on two female TWENTY-SOMETHING'S dressed in revealing clothing, unconsciously conscience of how they might look to others--

LEAH

Easy. They're just asking for it.

Off Nat and Emma, slight shock by her observation.

EMMA

I'll go get us a round...

Leah turns back to Nat, beaming.

LEAH

So, what did you say about me?

NAT

What?

LEAH

I saw you looking at me when I came in. I want to know what people see.

NAT

Or you could just tell me about yourself instead?

LEAH

No. Do me.

NAT

(relents)

OK...I just guessed that you're from somewhere in the midwest?

LEAH

That's it? WRONG!

Leah, excited to share, continues.

LEAH (CONT'D)

Eustis, Florida. Been in LA for a few months-- I work in HR recruitment. What else...well, outside of Emma and hopefully you one day, I don't have a lot of friends which is why I thought online dating would be a good way to meet people, but yikes was I ever wrong. Should I go on or?

Leah, on the brink of manic, continues before Nat can reply.

LEAH (CONT'D)

So, after a few fairly blah dates,
I finally meet a decent guy--

She hands Nat her phone. ON THE SCREEN, a DATING PROFILE for:

LEAH (CONT'D)

Jared. We go out and I *think* we
have a good time but I'm not
entirely sure because I got super
drunk, or roofied, which, in
hindsight, would totally explain
why I don't know how I got to his
place or what happened after. He
sent me home on a scooter, though.
I definitely remember that.

Nat low key snaps a pic of Jared's profile, saves it to her
phone.

LEAH (CONT'D)

You wanna know the craziest part? I
threw a rock through his window on
my way over. He literally lives
like a block from here.

Mounting concern, Nat softens, speaks with gentle caution.

NAT

Why do you think you did that?

Leah pulls out the zip-locked condom from her purse, plops it
down on the table.

LEAH

I guess because of this?

Nat sits back, mind blown by the last thirty seconds, then--

EMMA

(returning)

Who wants shots?!

EXT. STREET - NIGHT

Nat lands before a dark house, clocks the glass-smashed front
window. On the lawn, a LIME SCOOTER. She logs into her CRIME
STOPPERS account, nearly uploads JARED'S PROFILE PIC, but a
thoughtful beat sees her opening her @MEGANSAYS account
instead. She drops in the photo, the first and only post, and
types up a caption without hesitation-- DO YOU KNOW DICK?
followed by a slew of TAGS: #whatwereyouwearing, #sayhername,
#doxxhim, and so on...