

INT. APARTMENT BEDROOM - NIGHT

Above the door, letters spell out "LAUGH" and "LOVE". Where "LIVE" once was, a dusty outline remains.

The vibe is straight out of a 2001 Teen Beat Magazine: burnt CDs, a boombox, and Beanie Babies strewn about.

As we scan the room, two WOMEN talk off-screen:

WOMAN #1 (0.S.)

He picked Hemingway's.

WOMAN #2 (O.S.)

Ew. That bar?

WOMAN #1 (O.S.)

Don't worry, I have all my vaccinations.

WOMAN #2 (O.S.)

Men these days can't even buy dinner for a first date.

WOMAN #1 (O.S.)

Dinner? I'd settle for breadsticks.

A poster of *NSYNC hangs above the bed, but Justin Timberlake has been crudely ripped out.

WOMAN #2 (O.S.)

Well, I'm cooking so I can save you some if you'd like?

WOMAN #1 (0.S.)

Yes please. I'm working early tomorrow so I won't be late.

WOMAN #1 is CATHERINE REEVES (30, beautiful, petite, but her sturdy posture exudes confidence). She sits cross-legged on the floor, a silhouette before a full-length mirror, makeup scattered around.

Sitting in front of Catherine is our WOMAN #2, LILY (27, wideeyed and perpetually smiling), Catherine's roommate and best friend for life. She gleefully finishes Catherine's lipstick.

LILY

Surrreee, Catherine...

CATHERINE

(mumbling through the lipstick application) (MORE) CATHERINE (CONT'D)

You think I'd fuck a Hinge date on the first night?

T.TT.Y

Catherine.

CATHERINE

Ok. Don't answer that. But I won't. Promise.

LILY

Promise accepted. You're done. Gorgeous!

Lily pulls back and admires her work. Catherine examines herself in the mirror, she smacks her lips together.

CATHERINE

Stunning. Thank you, Lily Billy.

She uses the dresser to hoist herself up. There, a FRAMED PHOTO shows Young Lily and Young Catherine in matching school uniforms: Lily smiling, Catherine about to burst into tears.

LILY

And hey, if this guy doesn't want to spend forever with you, I do.

Catherine smiles and looks down at an open DIARY on her dresser. The bottom corner says:

"Going on a date with Stan tonight. He writes '2' instead of 'too' in texts... Gross."

She shuts the diary and stashes it in a drawer.

CATHERINE

Ok! Wish me luck!

LILY

You don't need it, hot stuff.

(Beat)

Be safe.

CATHERINE

Always.

Catherine walks out the front door. As it shuts, Lily's smile turns to concern.

EXT. PENROSE STREET - NIGHT

A mural reads: "PENROSE, COLORADO - THE CITY OF HOPE!"



PODCAST V.O. (CONT'D)

Best part is, they're discreet, kind of like The Tearer.

Stan's running on instinct and running out of it, too. They circle each other.

PODCAST V.O. (CONT'D)

And they accept most insurance providers! So no worries there.

With a final burst, Stan launches at Catherine. The whole of him flying, every last bit of energy.

But Catherine ducks Stan's drunken charge, and he crashes through the window behind her.

His body SLAMS into the cement driveway two stories below.

PODCAST V.O. (CONT'D)

Better Help pairs you with a licensed therapist so you can get your life going in the direction you want.

Catherine hears an OLD LADY's SHRIEK from below.

PODCAST V.O. (CONT'D)

Here's to a healthy, new outlook!

She creeps toward the broken window.

PODCAST V.O. (CONT'D)

To save 20% on your first session, go to betterhelp.com/TheTearer.

She sees the old lady scream again, standing just a few feet from Stan's mangled body, her DOG barking wildly.

PODCAST V.O. (CONT'D)

Now back to our episode.

CATHERINE

Fuck.

TITLE CARD

THE TEARER

INT. CATHERINE'S LIVING ROOM

Lily stands in front of a mirror with two expensive coats, switching them in front of her, back and forth.



