

SETTLING

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A hand types into an Instagram caption box:

*"The greatest gift you can offer the world is a healthy you."*

INT. GYNECOLOGISTS OFFICE - DAY

JESSY (33, a natural beauty frayed from unnatural treatment; a mane of bleached hair, heavily concealed eye-bags) sits on an examination table, wearing a paper gown.

She hits post. Then looks up at a watercolor of an anatomical vagina on the wall. A daisy sprouting from its opening. *"The greatest gift you can offer the world is a healthy you"* penned in cursive underneath.

Jessy takes in the daisy's white petals. Crisp and pure. She looks almost wistfully at them.

She bends forward between her legs, peeking under her paper gown, comparing.

DR. ESSIG (an animated, Jewish gynecologist) bustles in. Jessy snaps to.

He checks the name on his clipboard.

DR. ESSIG

Jessy Slade. Love the dress. Is it designer?

He's made this joke a hundred times. Jessy laughs anyway.

DR. ESSIG

Sorry about the wait, sweetie.  
Spring is a busy time for us.  
Flowers are blooming, romance is in the air and with romance comes, well STD's... sometimes. But I'm not worried. So anything in particular bring you in?

HARD CUT TO:

INT. BATHROOM - DAY (FLASHBACK)

Jessy on the toilet. She pulls out a tampon and examines it. The tiniest dot of blood on the very tip. Confused, she sticks her fingers between her legs and pulls them out. They're entirely clean.

BACK TO:

INT. GYNECOLOGISTS OFFICE - DAY

JESSY

Nothing... particular, no. I just-  
I guess I hadn't been to one of you  
in a while?

A flicker of judgment in Dr. Essig's face.

JESSY

I mean, I've been to doctors,  
*obviously*, dermatologists- and  
these are small-

Jessy gestures to her boobs

JESSY

So no cancer. And my friend Dasha-

DR. ESSIG

My friend Dasha!

JESSY

She says you're the best-

DR. ESSIG

That's because we treat you like  
family here, ok? I treat you like I  
would my own daughter.

JESSY

Well except for the metal speculum  
up the vagina, right?

Jessy laughs. Dr. Essig does not.

She stops laughing as he rifles through paperwork.

JESSY

You know, now that I think about  
it, my period has been a little bit  
*particular*... Maybe a little  
lighter?

DR. ESSIG

Have you tested for pregnancy?

Jessy stammers. She hadn't let herself consider this option.

DR. ESSIG

We'll take some blood. The lab's  
closed for the day, but I can get  
you results tomorrow.

(MORE)

DR. ESSIG (CONT'D)  
Looks like you missed a couple  
questions sweetheart-

Dr. Essig passes Jessy a page. She reads her unmarked  
question.

*How many drinks do you have per week?*

HARD CUT TO:

INT. BAR - NIGHT

Jessy turns to A FEMALE FRIEND, yelling over blaring music.

JESSY  
THE WORST PART OF NOT HAVING A JOB  
IS THERE'S LIKE NO CLEAR TIME TO  
CUT LOOSE-

She flags the BARTENDER.

JESSY  
CAN WE GET FOUR MORE SHOTS OF  
WHISKEY PLEASE?

BACK TO:

INT. GYNECOLOGISTS OFFICE - DAY

Jessy checks the box next to "two"

She looks at the next question:

*How often do you use recreational drugs?*

HARD CUT TO:

INT. GAUDY BEDROOM - NIGHT (FLASHBACK)

Jessy snorts a coke line off a PRETTY MAN'S chest through a  
tampon applicator. She wipes the residual powder from her  
nose.

JESSY  
Not ideal, but works fine.

She hands off the applicator.

BACK TO:

INT. GYNECOLOGISTS OFFICE - DAY

Jessy checks off "*occasionally*"

Next question. *Do you suffer from:*

Jessy marks quick "*no's*" next to various ailments (*fatigue, depression, irregular heart beat*). Then pauses, reading "*Intense mood swings*"

HARD CUT TO:

INT. GAUDY/UPSCALE MODERN HOME - LIVING ROOM- DAY (FLASHBACK)

Jessy now shouts at the Pretty Man, waving his cell at him.

JESSY  
THESE TEXTS WERE SENT DURING BRUNCH  
WITH MY FUCKING FATHER?! I'M SORRY  
I BROUGHT YOU TO A WHOLESOME  
RESTAURANT THAT DOESN'T SERVE  
SCRAMBLED, RANCID PUSSY-

BACK TO:

INT. GYNECOLOGISTS OFFICE - DAY

Jessy marks "*no.*" She flashes Dr. Essig a demure smile, handing him back the form.

DR. ESSIG  
Lie back and we'll take a look.

Jessy lays back.

C/U on her face, her mind racing with thoughts of pregnancy. We hear the rustle of her paper gown and immediately-

CUT TO:

INT. THERAPIST'S OFFICE - DAY

A MAN's face wearing a similarly anxious expression.

This is MAX (35, inescapably innocent look, resents being called vanilla, but he is).

MAX  
I tried the whole engaging more  
with the world thing?  
(MORE)

MAX (CONT'D)

Like we talked about? You know  
putting myself out there and stuff.

We pan out now and see that Max is laying on a sofa, speaking  
to a THERAPIST (an attractive woman in her 50's who's life's  
blood has drained out of her face)

MAX

And I actually had a flirty sort of  
exchange with an apple store  
employee-

INT. APPLE STORE - DAY (FLASHBACK)

An APPLE STORE EMPLOYEE turns, holding Max's phone.

APPLE STORE WOMAN

Can you enter your ID sweetie?

Max is thrown by the friendliness. Is she hitting on him?

He takes his phone, side eyeing her.

MAX

No peeking at it okay?

APPLE STORE WOMAN

Sorry?

Realizing she didn't hear the joke, Max panics and 180's.

MAX

Oh just it's supposed to be  
confidential right?

APPLE STORE WOMAN

Yeah, you want to keep your ID 100%  
confidential.

MAX

Okay, then um, can you stand over  
there?

She looks at Max like he's fucking weird.

BACK TO:

INT. THERAPIST'S OFFICE - DAY

MAX

But uh, we weren't really  
compatible.

Max looks at his Therapist who is totally consumed with writing in her notebook.

MAX

And I *did* think about going to that 80's themed party my friend was having that you thought could be fun, but um... an important project came up.

HARD CUT TO:

INT. MAX'S APARTMENT - NIGHT (FLASHBACK)

Max sits at his computer, mumbling to himself while he builds a Sim City.

MAX

I can't put a city hall next to a school, that doesn't make any sense.

BACK TO:

INT. THERAPISTS OFFICE - DAY

MAX

Hmmm.

Max glances at his Therapist again, who still scribbles, barely listening.

Max looks back at the ceiling.

MAX

Spontaneity... spontaneity, doing new things, hm-

We now see what's on the Therapist's notepad. A doodle of an earth worm with a written caption underneath: "Come and eat me already bird!"

MAX

I guess I wonder...is spontaneity doing things you wouldn't normally do? Or is it doing things you would normally do but just without all the thinking? There's this quote, this really great quote, by this novelist Effie Rowlands, "The best things in life are spontaneous because then they are sincere?"

Max notices his Therapist mouthed this phrase along with him.

MAX  
Sorry, have - have I told you this?

She looks at Max like he is insane for asking her this.

THERAPIST  
Yes.

MAX  
Oh.

Beat.

MAX  
So is it sincere if I *force* myself  
to do spontaneous things? Like this  
morning I did try to break out of  
my comfort zone-

CUT TO:

INT. MAX'S BATHROOM - DAY (FLASHBACK)

Max stands in front of his bathroom mirror, putting a  
baseball hat on his head.

MAX  
No.

He takes off the hat.

Beat.

He puts it back on.

MAX  
Horrible.

He takes it off.

BACK TO:

INT. THERAPISTS OFFICE - DAY

MAX  
But it felt pretty *insincere*. You  
know?

The Therapist crumples her doodle, throwing the wad of paper  
semi-aggressively at the ground.



Max isn't sure how this answers his question.

THERAPIST

How do you feel about what I just did? Confused?

Yes, but Max won't say it.

THERAPIST

Upset?

Max shakes his head.

Therapist pulls out a pack of cigarettes and retrieves one. Tapping it against the pack.

THERAPIST

What about now?

MAX

Um... I'm just not sure-

Therapist lights the cigarette.

MAX

Is there not a fire alarm in here?

Max scans the ceiling concerned.

THERAPIST

Spontaneity means reacting in real time to opportunity and events. It means living here-

She signals the room.

THERAPIST

Instead of here.

Therapist gestures to her brain.

She smokes, waiting for Max to make some kind of move.

MAX

I think maybe we should get back to talking about my subconscious fear?

THERAPIST

Okay, your subconscious fear has been that you will choose wrong. But it should be, if you don't get out of this cycle, that you will end up alone. So try doing something, *anything* impulsive.

Beat.

Therapist stares, waiting.

MAX

Sorry, should I be trying to do  
something impulsive or spontaneous?  
Cause those aren't the same thing,  
right?

The fire alarm goes off. Loud piercing beeps fill the room.

Therapist still waits.

MAX

Shall we pick back up here next  
week?

EXT. BRUNCH RESTAURANT - DAY

MEREDITH (Warm, a pleaser, 30's) leans empathetically across  
a brunch table.

MEREDITH

I think your therapist breaking up  
with you is a spiritual wake up  
call. Like, I have spiritual chills  
as you're telling me this. Don't  
you baby?

Meredith turns to GREG (30's, her boyfriend and Max's other  
best friend) who stabs a piece of his omelette.

GREG

Do I have spiritual chills? No. Do  
I have a wave of relief through my  
entire body that I don't have to  
hear about these useless sessions  
anymore? Yes. You keep saying you  
need a kick in the ass-

MAX

Do I say that?

MEREDITH

You say you need a change! And now  
everything is being stripped away  
so you have to change. When it was  
time for me to leave New York, the  
universe made it so clear. I lost  
my apartment, I got fired from  
Rosie's-

GREG

Well, you got fired from Rosie's because you drank champagne with one of your tables and then when you were fired you couldn't pay for your apartment.

Meredith looks at greg derisively.

GREG

What?

MEREDITH

That's the story you've created because you have limiting beliefs when it comes to magic.

Max cringes, waiting for their bicker to end.

MEREDITH

Anyway then I moved here, started life coaching, making 6 figures, met Greg. Trust me, this is a sign. Put yourself out there.

MAX

But how. Do I even do that.

GREG

Maybe by finally going out with one of Meredith's single hot friends?

Max glances at Greg. They both know he's doing this to please his girlfriend.

MEREDITH

I know so many women who are so ready for someone non-threatening and secure.

MAX

Am I secure?

GREG

You read secure. And I think you could for a while. At least long enough that by the time people realize you're not, it might be more trouble than its worth to end it so they make due. Like Meredith.

MEREDITH

Oh stop.

Meredith and Greg kiss. Their canoodling almost worse than the bickering. Meredith playfully pushes Greg away.

MEREDITH

Let me show you *one* profile of one  
very attractive, very lonely woman?

GREG

That's a sell, right?

Meredith navigates in her i-phone then hands it to Max.

Max scrolls through photos of a BRUNETTE WOMAN:

*-An artsy photo of Brunette Woman, her face reflected,  
but blurred in a subway car as it passes.*

*- A photo of Brunette Woman, her face reflected through a  
car's rear view mirror wearing sunglasses.*

Max looks up at Meredith.

MEREDITH

Isn't she so beautiful?

He's been gaslit into a nod. He looks at the next picture.

*-Brunette Woman now stands in a restaurant bathroom. Her face  
gazing down at the ground reflected now through a steel paper  
towel dispenser.*

MAX

Are there any pictures that show  
her face?

MEREDITH

Oh come on, Max!

GREG

Don't be so nit-picky!

MAX

How is that nitpicking?

Meredith defensively yanks her phone back.

GREG

What about Julia Boyd?

Meredith lights up.

MAX

Why, what, who is Julia Boyd-

GREG

A friend from Mer's work. You don't  
know her cause she hangs after 9pm.

MEREDITH

You are her perfect type. She loves blonde hair, blue eyes, a nondescript face.

Max flinches, trying not to take offense.

MEREDITH

Also, she just went to Spain and you love Spain.

MAX

Do I?

MEREDITH

You love afternoon naps. You always order like octopus and paella-

Meredith gestures to Max's paella brunch plate.

GREG

Isn't Julia going with us tomorrow?

MEREDITH

Yes! Oh my god, Max, before you say you don't want to go-

MAX

Where do I not want to go-

MEREDITH

Ketel Vissage.

MAX

Who is that?

Meredith and Greg stare at Max appalled.

MEREDITH

You're not serious. The ridiculous DJ?

GREG

Oh come on. Even you would know his face.

Meredith types into her phone then holds up an image of Ketel Vissage from his instagram page. Tears streaming down his face, which looks incredibly high and raw. Underneath the quote: *"the greatest gift to the world is a healthy you."*

Max cringes.

Greg starts laughing.

GREG

Is that seriously on his instagram? With that quote? What the fuck?

MEREDITH

It is so weird. Even for him. Max  
he's honestly so hilarious and fun-

MAX

Yeah, no, he looks... hilarious, I  
just, what kind of music? EDM? or-

Max can tell that no one wants to answer.

MAX

It's EDM. Go with my friends who  
are a couple and a girl I've never  
met to listen to EDM.

GREG

What are we 13? We won't be making  
out in a corner. We'll be with you  
all night.

MEREDITH

This is you putting yourself out  
there! It's you being spontaneous!

MAX

Okay, here's a question though. Is  
spontaneity doing things you  
wouldn't actually want to do or is  
it doing the things you-

GREG

It's doing *things*.

MAX

But I mean she's a friend of yours,  
right? So what if it doesn't work  
out and then she's at places and I  
go to that place and then that  
place, which would normally be an  
enjoyable place is now a menacing  
place-

MEREDITH

This is how people meet, Max.

MAX

But what if I was able to meet  
someone on my own?

Everyone including Max knows this will never happen.

MAX

Okay. I'll go.

Meredith squeaks in excitement.

MEREDITH

So, heads up, Julia's spirit animal is like a Victoria Beckham. You just gotta get past the first tiny bit of stiffness and then there is truly spice up your life potential.

Max tries to conceal that he's totally freaked.

BACK TO:

INT. DRUG STORE - AISLE - DAY

Pregnancy tests fill the aisle. Jessy scans. Every single one claiming to be 99% accurate.

She grabs her cell and types into the search engine: *How many pregnancy tests for 100% sure answer?*

Her cell starts vibrating. Incoming call: "Dasha"

JESSY

(answering)

Hey-

INTERCUT WITH:

INT. GYM STALL BATHROOM - DAY

DASHA (Ketel's PR person. Refined hair and eyebrows, but an unrefined personality) is holed up in a single stall bathroom wearing sexy, neon colored work out gear.

DASHA (O.S.)

What the fuck is that last picture of Ketel on his Insta? You can't post that shit Jessy.

Jessy flinches. Oh no, what did she do..

JESSY

I didn't post... Ket must've done it.

DASHA

But didn't you ask him if you take over his social?

JESSY

I didn't ask to take it over. He hired me to take it over because of my Journalism degree.

Dasha does not follow the logic, but moves on.

DASHA

Okay. Just get it removed ASAP. No one wants to see what a rock hard dick looks like when it's soft.

JESSY

Is it really that bad? I mean, I saw the pic and maybe it's humanizing? He's been getting comments about how he's "pretentious" and "self-obsessed." Maybe this shows his more sensitive side?

DASHA

His sensitive side reads as drug induced mania. People want emotional unraveling from high school enemies or ex-boyfriends, not someone who makes their clit spit. Sorry, I know he's your boyfriend. Just get it down before there's more negative comments.

JESSY

(suddenly anxious)  
There's negative comments?

DASHA

Only like 500 right now, not completely disastrous for a tone-deaf post. Honestly, thank god I went to pilates, otherwise I don't know when I would have checked my phone.

Dasha hears "goodbye's" happening outside the door.

DASHA

Shoot, I need to grab my mat. I really want to hear about the gyn though. I'll call you later.

Dasha hangs up.

Feeling overwhelmed, Jessy swipes five tests off the shelf and into her purse.



INT. DRUG STORE - CASHIER - CONTINUOUS

Jessy approaches the only open check out line, noticing it's being manned by a CASHIER wearing a hijab.

Suddenly self conscious, Jessy pulls out her phone, enacting a fake phone call as she approaches.

JESSY  
Hey, so just the pregnancy tests  
right?

Jessy glances at the Cashier, placing five tests on the conveyor.

JESSY  
(mouthing to her)  
Making sure my friend doesn't need  
anything else-

The Cashier looks at Jessy like she could give a shit.

EXT. MAX'S APARTMENT /JESSY AND KETEL'S HOME - NIGHT - SPLIT  
SCREEN

A key inserts into a lock.

A finger inputs a code into a keypad. A large wooden gate opens.

INT. MAX'S APARTMENT - CONTINUOUS

Max walks through the door of his blandly decorated, immaculate apartment.

His cell rings. He looks at the caller ID, clearly irked, though we don't see who it is.

He silences the call.

Jessy walks through, digging in her purse, approaching the house door. Her belongings clang, her face increasingly stressed.

She dumps her purse contents on the ground, gets on her hands and knees, patting around for her house-key.

INT. MAX'S KITCHEN - DUSK

Using his house-key, Max pops open a bottle of Pellegrino. He pours it over a glass of ice exactly one centimeter from the top.

His phone buzzes. He checks it.

*5 missed calls from "Mom"*

A text pings.

*Mom: Are you home?*

EXT. JESSY'S HOUSE - DUSK

On hands and knees, Jessy stares at her sent text:

*"Are you home?"*

She adds: *"I lost my key again"*

No response. Fuck.

She scans her poured out items, seeing a bobby pin. She pathetically starts straightening it into a tool.

INT. MAX'S BATHROOM - NIGHT

Max retrieves a dental tool; a sharp pick from the vanity drawer. He scrapes between his teeth, his mom's voicemail playing on speaker phone.

MAX'S MOM (V.O)

Hi honey, it's me again. I was calling to see if you happened to catch the Today's Show from this morning? Such a good show. I wish you would watch. They interviewed the sweetest guy and I wondered if you knew who he was. He lives in LA too. And he mentioned playing pickle ball! And I know you've played that before. His name was.. Brad? Or Sam? Oh hold on, I wrote it down..

Max leans closer to the mirror, noticing a stain on his tooth. He rubs it. Accidentally knocking his glass of Pellegrino off the vanity. We hear the SHATTER-

INT. JESSY'S HOME - NIGHT

Jessy, halfway inside a now windowless window, looks behind at the shattered pane on the ground. Oops.

INT. MAX'S BATHROOM - NIGHT

Max sweeps glass into a dustpan.

His Mom's voice chimes back in.

MOM (V.O.)

Neil. Patrick. Harris. Do you know this man? Anyway he talked about how he took dance when he was young, like you, except well you quit and he seems still pretty good at it. So I'm watching and I'm thinking gosh he and my son would really get along. So I thought what if you wrote the show and asked for his email? Or... would they list that? Maybe I can find a number.

Max dumps the glass into the trash.

INT. HALLWAY - CONTINUOUS

He walks into the hallway, opening a closet door-

INT. JESSY AND KETEL BEDROOM - CONTINUOUS

Jessy walks through the bedroom door, inadvertently kicking an empty bottle of Makers Mark in her path.

Her eyes shoot to the mound of covers. SNORES still BOOMING.

She creeps across the room-

INT. BATHROOM - CONTINUOUS

And sneaks into the adjoining bathroom. She shuts the door.

DARKNESS.

INT. MAX'S OFFICE - NIGHT

Then a light.

It's Max's lamp. He sits at his desk and opens his laptop.

MAX'S MOM (V.O.)  
Looks like there's a phone number  
on google. 212-664-4602. Ok! Love  
you. Call me.

PING. Max looks at his phone. A text.

*MOM: Just left you a voicemail. Listen when you can <3*

He exhales, repressing his annoyance.

INT. JESSY AND KETEL'S BATHROOM - NIGHT

Jessy exhales, fighting her nerves.

She looks down at the pregnancy test in her hands:

"RESULTS WITHIN 1 MINUTE."

Immediately overwhelmed, she shoves the tests in a drawer.

Feeling itchy, she grabs a nearly empty bottle of Patron from the vanity and swigs, finishing the last bit.

She wipes her mouth, taking in her face with a hint of observable shame.

Through the reflection behind her, she notices something. White briefs dangling from a towel bar.

They look artistic in the luminescent bathroom lighting. Abandoned. Provocative. Maybe and even a little sexy.

Jessy grabs her phone, orienting a shot of the undies through the mirror's reflection.

She snaps the photo. She checks. She clicks.

Now in Instagram, Jessy types a caption:

*"Ketel Vissage will make your clit spit."*

About to hit "publish," something in the image catches her eye. She zooms in.

Is that what it looks like?

She picks the underwear off the towel bar; verifying it is indeed a visible poop track.

INT. MAX'S OFFICE - NIGHT

Max edits footage of a Peloton-type workout video; a man biking through Hawaii's Kaneohe Bay. Coldplay's "*Something Just Like This*" playing over the section as he tinkers.

*Some superhero, some fairytale bliss*

*Just something I can turn to, Somebody I can kiss*

Max clicks. The section clips back.

*Some superhero, some fairytale bliss*

He clicks again.

*Some superhero, some fairytale bliss*

*Just something I can turn to, Somebody I can kiss*

He rubs his eyes, truly fed up of this same old life.

INT. KITCHEN - NIGHT

Max pours Pellegrino into a cup, once centimeter from the top. Muffled Coldplay leaking from his office.

*She said, where d'you wanna go? How much you wanna risk?*

But just as Max is about to sip, something stops him. The song lyrics echoing in his brain.

*Just something I can turn to*

*Somebody I can miss*

Suddenly he dumps the cup into the sink and chugs from the bottle.

He wipes his mouth as Jessy did hers, but with invigoration.

He looks resolutely back at his office.

EXT. LA RESIDENTIAL STREET - DAY

Greg and Max walk. Greg drinks coffee, Max drinks tea.

MAX

I think I'm starting to feel a  
little more bold.

GREG  
(skeptical)  
Yeah?

MAX  
I mean, I don't want to speak too soon, but I am feeling different. Like I'm finally done knowing every single thing I'm gonna do next-

GREG  
This is great!

MAX  
Yeah, so I'm mixing things up. Like poking the bear. Or like stroking the... cactus.

GREG  
I think we all have tendencies we have to get over in order to not live a lonely life. I mean look at me. I was so afraid of seeing women past the third date cause I was scared they'd want a commitment and now Meredith and I have been together for two years.

MAX  
Yeah and so what, you just told yourself to be different and it worked?

GREG  
No, Meredith coached me.

MAX  
What?

GREG  
Yeah, when I told her I didn't want to see her anymore she told me I had issues and offered me her coaching services.

MAX  
Isn't that a conflict of interest?

GREG  
Eh, it's basically role playing, but in real life.

Max's cell phone rings. He answers.

MAX

Hello? (to Greg) It's work- (back into phone) Yeah? Oh I um, I just thought I'd try something-

Greg watches Max's face sink.

MAX

No yeah I was just- no yeah that makes sense. Sorry. So sorry about that. So sorry.

Max hangs up. His quiet panic evident.

MAX

Shit.

GREG

What?

MAX

I was um trying to you know, mix it up, like, poke the bear?

GREG

What are you talking about?

MAX

So I changed a Coldplay song to a Snoop Dogg song over one of the workout videos?

GREG

Which one?

MAX

A biking, a cycling one.

GREG

No, which Snoop song?

MAX

"Young and Wild and Free?"

GREG

Max that has the n word in it-

MAX

What?

GREG

You didn't listen all the way through?

MAX

I thought if I listened too long  
I'd lose my spontaneous streak!

GREG

Is that spontaneous? That seems  
impulsive-

MAX

Well no one is explaining to me the  
difference between those two  
things! Shoot. Shit. Shoot.  
My therapist of 4 years dumped me.  
My job of 3 years is about to fire  
me. I'm gonna have no job, no  
girlfriend, I'm 35, halfway to 70-

GREG

Max, there are like two people in  
the world who have interest in  
editing workout videos. They need  
you. Just relax.

But Max can't. Greg tries snapping him out of it.

GREG

Hey, Hey, (singing the snoop song)  
tonight we get drunk, tonight we  
get high-

MAX

Please stop.

INT. KETEL VISSAGE AND JESSY HOME - DUSK

Jessy sits on the toilet, bracing herself. She picks a white  
plastic stick off the vanity, closes her eyes for a second  
then looks. A single line visible in the result window.

Big exhale. Thank fucking god.

The door knob jiggles.

JESSY

One sec!

Jessy throws the test into her purse.

KETEL VISSAGE

They're at war with my fucking  
fringe!!

She pulls up her panties and opens the door.



In the doorway stands KETEL VISSAGE (A metrosexual British man who feels himself hard). He's also the pretty man from her memory sequences. His energy is amped up.

KETEL VISSAGE  
Why are they doing it?

Jessy now notices Ket's sweating profusely.

JESSY  
Are you already rolling?

KETEL VISSAGE  
It hasn't kicked in yet, but I need  
it to. I'm fucking agitated.

He holds up his phone.

JESSY  
I thought we agreed you wouldn't  
read reddit posts any more?

KETEL VISSAGE  
Look at his fucking stupid name.  
Sexualdeviant69 (pronounced de-vy-  
ant) what even is a de-vy-ant? He's  
probably a teenager who has never  
seen a pussy in his life.

Ketel Vissage kisses Jessy with passion.

KETEL VISSAGE  
I can feel how much you love my  
mouth.

He walks into a bathroom. Jessy yells after him.

JESSY  
Where's the Molly? I'm ready to  
fucking party!

She goes into the kitchen.

INT. JESSY AND KETEL'S KITCHEN - CONTINUOUS

She finds Vissage's man purse and starts rummaging around.

JESSY  
(yelling off to him)  
KET! WHERE'S THE MOLLY?

Jessy spots a car pulling up outside the window.

JESSY

Shit.

She hurries to the bathroom with Ketel's purse.

INT. JESSY AND KETEL'S BATHROOM - CONTINUOUS

Standing at the vanity, Ketel runs his hands through his gelled hair, taking in his reflection with dilated pupils.

JESSY

The car's here. Where's the Molly?

Ketel studies the gel in his hands.

KETEL

It does look like semen, doesn't it.

Jessy gives up.

INT. JESSY AND KETEL'S KITCHEN - CONTINUOUS

Jessy dumps Ketel's purse contents onto the kitchen floor.

Her cell rings.

JESSY

(answering)

We're coming out in one sec.

DR. ESSIG (O.S.)

Jessy Slade?

Jessy is surprised to hear Dr. Essig's voice.

JESSY

Oh, yes, hi-

DR. ESSIG (O.S.)

So we got your results back and you're-

DR. ESSIG (O.S.)

Not pregnant

JESSY

Not pregnant, yeah, phew, right?

DR. ESSIG (O.S.)

We also tested your egg quality, which looks okay-

Jessy opens a cigarette box, a small tissue tucked inside. She opens the tissue, discovering pills engraved with smiley faces. She responds both to her success and to Dr. Essig.

JESSY

GREAT.

DR. ESSIG (O.S.)

But we do have some concerns about  
your hormone levels-

Jessy grabs one of the pills and starts filling a glass of water, barely listening.

JESSY

Uh huh-

DR. ESSIG (O.S.)

The estrogen level in your blood  
was at a 30 which is atypical to  
see in a woman your age-

JESSY

Okay-

DR. ESSIG (O.S.)

We usually don't see that level in  
women until roughly age 45 as it  
indicates perimenopause.

JESSY

Right-

DR. ESSIG

Which means you have about a year  
to have children. That is if you  
want them.

Jessy stops frozen.

JESSY

What?

INT. STREET - NIGHT

A Lyft Van pulls up to the curb where Max stands with his friends. Meredith visibly ignores the rest of the group and slides into the car.

GREG

(turning to Max)

I ordered you a car. It'll be here  
in two minutes.

MAX

What do you mean? There's four  
seats-

GREG

I fucked up. I need a minute with  
her. I'm sorry.

Greg climbs in after Meredith, leaving Max and JULIA (a  
resting despondent face) alone on the curb.

Max smiles at Julia awkwardly, trying to conceal that this is  
his nightmare.

INT. BLACK SUV - NIGHT

Through the view of the car window a little girl sleeps on  
her mother's shoulder in the backseat of an adjacent car.

Jessy stares through the window. Her brain running a mile a  
minute. Equal parts uncomfortable and wistful at this purity.

KETEL VISSAGE (O.S.)

It's finally hitting.

We pan out to reveal Ketel sitting next to Jessy, out of his  
body also, in a very different way.

Jessy takes in his sweaty high face. His chaotic-ness  
suddenly screamingly apparent.

KETEL

Yours hit yet?

Jessy doesn't tell him she's sober. She just shakes her head.

Ketel leans in, breathing heavily into her ear. Jessy can't  
help but pull away.

KETEL VISSAGE

You can touch me.

JESSY

What?

KETEL VISSAGE

I know you're on your period, but  
you can touch *me*.

Jessy tries to bury her disgust.

INT. LYFT - NIGHT

Max sits next to Julia in a Lyft, struggling to drum up any form of conversation.

MAX  
Meredith said you went to... Spain  
was it?

JULIA  
Barcelona.

MAX  
Very cool.

Beat.

MAX  
And what is there in Barcelona?

JULIA  
Food. Beach. Gaudi.

MAX  
Gaudi...

Max clearly doesn't know who that is.

JULIA  
(snobbishly)  
You don't know Gaudi?

Max shakes his head.

JULIA  
The Catalan architect and designer  
who makes extraordinarily famous  
structures-

MAX  
Oh okay. And did you have a  
favorite? Sculpture?

JULIA  
Oh I didn't go see them. Those  
lines are insane.

Max doesn't know how to proceed. Julia looks him up and down.

JULIA  
Are you a natural blonde?

EXT. BACKDOOR OF CLUB - NIGHT

Ketel and Jessy arrive at the back door of the club. Dasha is waiting for them outside.

DASHA  
You're half an hour late-

She opens the door for Kettle who rushes through. She stops Jessy in the doorway.

DASHA  
What happened at the gyn?

She senses hesitation.

DASHA  
Pregnant?

JESSY  
No.

DASHA  
Thank fucking god. Could you  
imagine having to deal with an  
abortion in the middle of  
organizing Ket's tour?

Dasha opens the door for Jessy to follow her inside.

JESSY  
I mean, if I was pregnant I might  
just have it.

Dasha scoffs.

DASHA  
Please. A baby with four arms and a  
tail, addicted to who knows what  
that's in your blood stream.

They head through the door-

INT. HALLWAY - CONTINUOUS

And toward the green room.

DASHA  
Dr. Essig is such a mensch, right?  
He cured the STD my last  
gynecologist gave me.

JESSY  
From having dirty hands?

DASHA  
No, from having a dirty dick.

INT. CLUB - NIGHT

Max watches Greg and Meredith make out on the dance floor.

He looks over at Julia who stares back at him while she lifelessly bounces.

INT. CLUB GREEN ROOM - NIGHT

A PA hooks up Ketel Vissage's mic.

KETEL VISSAGE  
(to the PA)  
You are divine. The way you  
maneuver. Breathtaking. Can I touch  
your hand?

Jessy sits smoking a cigarette in a chair in the corner of the room, unable to not focus on her negative pregnancy test visible in her open bag.

Ketel yells to her.

KETEL VISSAGE  
Babe? Babe?!

Jessy looks up.

KETEL  
Come hold my beer so I can touch  
this man's soft hand.

Jessy reluctantly puts out her cigarette and goes to him. She's quite ready for his hand-off of Guinness. It spills all over her white fur coat.

JESSY  
Shit. Paper towel please?

The PA keeps tending to Ket, barely looking at her.

PA  
On the kitchenette.

The PA nods to a kitchenette.

Jessy rushes over, grabs paper towel and blots.

EVENT COORDINATOR (genderless haircut, septum piercing)  
approaches and speaks in a clipped, patronizing tone.

EVENT COORDINATOR  
Ketel Vassage's girl?

JESSY  
I'm his new - I'm his social media  
manager.

The Event Coordinator doesn't have time for this.

EVENT COORDINATOR  
You're also his girlfriend, right?

JESSY  
Yeah.

EVENT COORDINATOR  
Look, it's fine if you hang back  
here, but just make sure no one  
comes through that door. And no  
smoking. Thanks.

Event Coordinator brusquely walks away.

Jessy throws her hopelessly stained coat onto the floor. She  
notices another open Guinness sitting on the kitchenette. She  
grabs it and b-lines for Ketel.

KETEL  
(to the PA)  
The cord feels like a slippery  
snake against my areola.

She hurls the Guinness all over him. Ketel stares aghast.

KETEL  
Have you gone completely insane?

PA  
(anxiously into his headset)  
I need another mic in the green  
room ASAP.

JESSY  
Even steven.

Jessy heads for the green room bathroom.



KETEL  
(yelling after her)  
You're a child! A complete child!

She goes in and shuts the door.

INT. CLUB - NIGHT

Max watches as Julia continues to bob, her eyes still fixated on him and freakishly dead. Is she trying to seduce him? Is she trying to repel him?

MAX  
(yelling to her over the music)  
I'M GONNA FIND A BATHROOM!

INT. CONCERT BATHROOM - NIGHT

Max enters a dirty, multi-stall bathroom, immediately seeing that he's walked in on an orgy against the line of sinks.

He swivels around and exits.

INT. GREEN ROOM BATHROOM - NIGHT

A plastic stick rests on the vanity. Jessy stares at it, her eyes welling at the sight of the single line result.

She swipes it in the trash, where we glimpse two other just used tests, both with the same negative result.

She opens the bathroom door.

INT. GREEN ROOM - CONTINUOUS

Jessy exits the bathroom, noticing a stranger standing in the entrance of the green room.

MAX  
Sorry, I know I'm probably not  
supposed to be down here, but... is  
there a bathroom where no one is  
having sex?

Jessy doesn't have it in her to stop this guy. She nods behind her.

JESSY  
No one's having sex in there.

MAX

Cool.

She moves out of the way and sits. Lighting a cigarette.

Max tries to ignore her clear upset, but can't.

MAX

Hey, are you okay?

Jessy looks up. Surprised he noticed- surprised to be asked.

MAX

You just look a little bit sad. I  
wasn't sure if you were... sad-

She snickers, but her vulnerability can't be masked.

MAX

Is that your jacket on the floor?

Max goes to Jessy's coat, retrieving it from the ground. He notices the stain.

MAX

Oh shoot, that's not real fur is  
it? Okay, um, that's okay, it  
just- is there seltzer down here?

Max rushes to the kitchenette, rummaging.

Jessy watches him dig, struck by his dorky kindness. His intense level of care.

MAX

This might do something-

Max pulls out a half lemon from the fridge.

MAX

And maybe just the tiniest bit of  
dish soap.

Max meticulously squeezes out an exact measurement of dish soap onto the paper towel.

He goes to Jessy, kneels at her coat and blots.

He looks up at her in her chair.

MAX

I like to also use a dab of baking  
soda, but it's probably  
unnecessary.

Jessy studies his earnest face. Is this what purity is? Is the kind of man one has a family with?

Max suddenly feels her studying. His blotting slows. Is she testing him? Is she clueing him?

She keeps looking, seemingly wanting him to notice. He stops blotting and meets her tender, wistful eyes.

Suddenly he grabs her and kisses her. It's oddly forceful, a bit clumsy and maybe even spontaneous.

The fire alarm starts beeping.

She kisses back. They keep kissing.

**TITLE CARD: SETTLING**