

THINGS YOU SHOULDN'T SAY PAST MIDNIGHT

EPISODE 1

Written by

Peter Ackerman

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In darkness, a first TITLE CARD is followed by a second:

TITLE CARD: **Things You Shouldn't Past Midnight**

TITLE CARD: **#1 - something horribly offensive**

We start to hear bickering as we FADE UP ON:

INT. MARK'S STUDIO APARTMENT/THERAPY OFFICE - MIDNIGHT

Ten characters (EVERYONE EXCEPT FOR DEAN BLACKMAN, PEDRO 1, AND GENE) are crowded into Mark's small, but tastefully designed apartment.

SUPERTITLE: **12:01 am**

Each person argues with another until a subtly commanding chime repeats and silences them. They turn to MARK, 30-ish, the thoughtful, cute, gay therapist in charge of the chime.

MARK

Hi. Oh, that worked so well. I'll have to thank Mrs. Prufrock. She gave it to me from her Malaysian adventure.

(they're looking at him)

Anyhoo. Thank you for coming. As you all know by now, I'm Mark, the Midnight Therapist. I believe these late hours can release an honesty and spontaneity that you don't find during the day. And though I generally do private sessions at just 60 dollars an hour-

MRS. ABRAMSON

50 minutes.

MARK

Thank you, Mrs. Abramson.

MRS. ABRAMSON

(to Mr. Abramson)

See that? He won't even call me *Estelle* anymore because of *you!*

MARK

Okay, okay, tempers are high, I know. That's why we're here. Last night was traumatic for us all. Some of us barely even know each other but fate brought us together.

(MORE)

MARK (CONT'D)

I'm hoping that coming here tonight can give us an opportunity to understand what happened and how we can all deal with it.

GRACE

(thumbs up; mouths)
You're doing great!

MARK

Thanks, Grace. So who's gonna go first?

(no response)

Come on. Don't be shy. That's what Midnight Therapy is all about. Let the subconscious just float on out there. Like a raft. A dingy. A...

LEO

Lily pad?

MARK

A lily pad.

NANCY

I'll go.

MARK

Great. Thanks, Nancy. Why don't you tell us how it started for you.

NANCY

Well some of you know, but Benjy and I--

BEN

Ben-- is fine.

NANCY

Had a great evening: dinner and a movie, then up to the roof of his office at UCLA to see the stars. But when we went *into* his office--

BEN

That's where things got a little ... dicey.

EXT. DOOR OF BEN'S OFFICE - NIGHT

The plaque on the door reads "Professor Benjamin Perlmutter, Assistant Professor of English."

NANCY (O.S.)
Come on, slip it in!

BEN (O.S.)
I'm trying!

SUPERTITLE: **The Night Before, 12:01 am**

NANCY (O.S.)
What's the problem?

BEN (O.S.)
It's dark.

NANCY (O.S.)
Let me.

BEN (O.S.)
I got it.

NANCY (O.S.)
I want it so bad.

BEN (O.S.)
So do I.

NANCY (O.S.)
Then put it in!

BEN (O.S.)
I am trying!

We hear a key scraping.

NANCY (O.S.)
What are you using? A medieval
dungeon key?

Then a key unlocks the door, which is pushed open by BEN, the
sweet, if nerdy young Jewish professor.

NANCY, his blonde, blue-eyed, younger girlfriend, pushes him
inside where he clicks on the desk-lamp.

NANCY (CONT'D)
I have fantasized about this since
back when I was your student.

BEN
You have?

NANCY

(sexy)

Yeahhh, Professor Perlmutter. All over your desk.

BEN

Oh. Wow. Why did I ever let you graduate?

NANCY

'Cause I wouldn't be here if you didn't.

BEN

Oh right.

NANCY

Now teach me some poetry.

As she closes the door on us...

BEN

But we gotta keep it down.

NANCY

Why? The building's empty.

BEN

I know, but still.

The door closes. Down the dimly lit hall past closed office and bathroom doors, we hear a bump from the stairwell.

LEO (O.S.)

Ow!

PHIL (O.S.)

Shh!

BACK TO GROUP THERAPY AT MARK'S

Mark addresses PHIL, Asian-American, and LEO, both 19 year old UCLA sophomores.

MARK

So you guys were already in the building?

LEO

I guess. Just past midnight?

MARK

What were you doing?

INT. STAIRWELL, UCLA - SIMULTANEOUS

Phil and Leo wearing hoodies and face-bandannas for disguise, struggle to lug a large fire extinguisher on a dolly up the stairs.

LEO
Ow! You almost broke my foot!

PHIL
Would you keep it down.

LEO
You said there's no one here.

PHIL
There's not, but just keep it down.

LEO
Well don't drop it on my foot.

PHIL
You're the one who's not listening to the count.

LEO
When you say three, do you mean on or *after*?

PHIL
On. 1-2-three.

LEO
Okay, let's try again.

PHIL
1-2-three!

LEO
OWW!!!

PHIL
You didn't lift.

LEO
I was thinking about something else.

PHIL
How about *you* count.

LEO
Okay, ready?

PHIL
Yes.

LEO
1-2...

Beat. Phil lifts. Leo doesn't.

LEO (CONT'D)
OWW!!! That was two!

PHIL
You paused!

LEO
I thought I was gonna sneeze.

PHIL
Let's count together and not so loud.

LEO
You said there's no one here.

PHIL
There's not, but *just in case*.

BACK TO MARK'S IN THE PRESENT

DAWN
I was there.

MARK
Okay. So, Dawn, where were you?

DAWN
In the basement.

MARK
And you were doing what exactly?

INT. BATHROOM, SAME BUILDING - SIMULTANEOUS

DAWN, the significantly-sized Security Guard, uses her nightstick to act out her own version of Travis Bickle in the mirror of a cramped basement bathroom.

DAWN
You wanna piece of me? Yeah? I'll bet you do, big boy. How about *this?*
(fierce hand karate chop)
And *this!*

(MORE)

DAWN (CONT'D)

(high karate kick)

You like that, don't you, 'cause of the--

(re: her open groin area)

How about *this*.

(grabs through to her ass)

I bet you want a piece of that, yes you do. That's a good piece. You can put your drainpipe in *that* piece. I can drain that drainpipe. Ooh, yeah.

(undoing belt and zipper)

Won't even be a drainpipe anymore. It'll just be a *pipe* and then I'll *pipe it!* How about these, huh?

(grabs breasts)

Thing 1 and Thing 2? Lefty and Righty? Lefty and Lucy? Lucy and Desi? Let's give 'em some air, shall we?

(unbuttons shirt)

Which one you like better? Tick? Tock. Wanna run your little mouse up *this* clock? I bet you do. How about if I go like ...

(shakes boobs with hands)

Oohbiddy, oohbiddy, ooh--

CRASH! Dawn freezes, shirt unbuttoned, belt and zipper open, holding her breasts in her bra, but alert, on the job. Something has fallen upstairs.

INT. BEN'S OFFICE - SIMULTANEOUS

Nancy, in a bra, no shirt, still wearing her skirt, has knocked over Ben's desk lamp, the only light in the room.

NANCY

Sorry.

BEN

It's okay.

Ben's shirt is half-unbuttoned, his belt undone.

NANCY

It's not broken.

BEN

Just turn it off.

NANCY

No, I like it. It's like an interrogation.

BEN

Oh. Okay.

NANCY

Now where were we?

BEN

I think you were cleaning my esophagus with your tongue.

NANCY

Oh right.

They start kissing, groping, getting hot.

NANCY (CONT'D)

Now turn me around.

BEN

Huh?

NANCY

Turn me around.

BEN

Well can't you just--

NANCY

Turn me around, Benjy!

BEN

Okay!

Ben turns her around so she's facing the desk. He's behind her, squeezing, kissing.

BEN (CONT'D)

Oh, you were right. Turned around is good.

NANCY

Now lift my skirt.

BEN

I know.

NANCY

Lift it!

He flips up her skirt.

NANCY (CONT'D)

Oohhh ...

BEN

Told you I knew.

NANCY

Now --

BEN

I know. I have Wikipedia.

He rips down her panties.

NANCY

Oohhh, Benjamin.

BEN

That's my name, don't wear it out.

NANCY

Come on, come on, come on.

BEN

I'm coming.

NANCY

(stops)

Wait. You --

BEN

No, no. I just--

NANCY

Oh.

He plunges in.

BEN AND NANCY

Ahhhhhh...

PHIL AND LEO (V.O.)

Unghh..

INT. STAIRWELL, UCLA - SIMULTANEOUS

Phil and Leo lug the fire extinguisher up the steps in synch, grunting rhythmically with each step, INTERCUT with Ben and Nancy:

BEN AND NANCY

Ohhhhhh...

PHIL AND LEO

Unghh...

BEN AND NANCY

Aaaaahh...

PHIL AND LEO

Ohhhhhh...

BEN AND NANCY

Unghh...

PHIL AND LEO

Aaaaahh...

BEN AND NANCY

Ohhhhhh...

INT. BASEMENT BATHROOM, UCLA - SIMULTANEOUS

Dawn briskly finishes buttoning up in front of the mirror.

DAWN

Ohhkay, Dawn Hightower. No one's messin' with you, girl. Not tonight. You screw me up, I screw you worse. Like a butterfly to a board.

(her buttons are wrong)

Wait. You go there. You there.

(she's set now)

Now.

(her Dirty Harry line)

Time for Dawn to come a'risin'.

Her eyes glitter psychotically. She turns sharply to march out, but - *CRASH* - trips over a mop pail and goes flying.

BACK TO MARK'S APARTMENT IN THE PRESENT

Dawn explains to everyone:

DAWN

That's my Dirty Harry line.

MARK

Great. So just to complete the picture, at that same time, Grace was having her session here with me. Remember what we were talking about, Grace?

GRACE

Ugh.

INT. MARK'S STUDIO APARTMENT/THERAPY OFFICE - **LAST NIGHT**

GRACE lounges back on the elegant divan.

GRACE

I can't live like this, Mark. It's been ten years: making excuses, working around it, saying it'll change. It won't. It doesn't. It's the same thing every day. I wake up and deal with it. Go to bed and deal with it. It's like a weight I can't get off my chest. A stone. I can't breathe. Can't inhale. I can't even smoke. Something has to be done.

MARK (O.S.)

Have you tried Design Within Reach?

REVEAL: MARK listening to his favorite patient.

GRACE

The room's a square, Mark. Their nicest table is a rectangle.

MARK

How about Pottery Barn?

GRACE

Uch. Are you kidding? That's not sexy. I need sexy.

MARK

Then why'd you get Crate and Barrel to begin with?

GRACE

Because it was *free!* Okay? Are you trying to humiliate me? Is this how you're gonna deal with your real clients?

MARK

We don't call them clients.

GRACE

I inherited it from my cousin who moved to Mexico when her boyfriend got caught embezzling money from her Dad's pager business.

MARK

(jotting it down)
Pagers, interesting.

GRACE

That's how old it is. I have a dining room table from the pager era.

MARK

Well I don't get what's holding you back from buying a new one.

GRACE

That's why I come to *you!*

MARK

Unfortunately your hour is up.

GRACE

Uch, you must be kidding me!

MARK

You shouldn't wait until the last minute to bring up important issues.

GRACE

I thought that was the whole point of Midnight Therapy. Spontaneity.

MARK

Maybe a little earlier in the session though.

GRACE

Can't I just lie here? It's so cozy.

MARK

I have another patient.

GRACE

You do?

MARK

Don't act shocked.

GRACE

You never have another patient.

MARK

Tonight I do.

GRACE

Wait, another *patient*? Or a gentleman caller.

MARK

Why do you feel the need to ask me that?

GRACE

Don't get shrinky on me.

MARK

Well I am a professional.

GRACE

Yeah and I'm a chiropodist.

MARK

A what?

GRACE

Chiropodist.

MARK

What's that?

GRACE

A foot doctor.

MARK

You mean a podiatrist.

GRACE

No, a chiropodist.

MARK

Wanna bet?

GRACE

Ten thousand.

MARK

How about ten?

GRACE

You're on!

They both whip out their i-phones and search. Mark finds ...

MARK

Podiatrist.

GRACE

Wait, wait, wait for it ...

(reads)

"The first society of *chiropodists*
now known as *podiatrists*--"

MARK

Good. We both win.

GRACE

Technically I do, because mine was
first. It's older. Like my table.
But not my men!

She cackles, while gathering her stuff.

MARK

What's that supposed to mean?

GRACE

What?

MARK

"Not your men."

GRACE

It's just a joke.

MARK

Well, Freud says--

GRACE

(stands with outerwear)

Uh, uh, uh. My hour is up.

MARK

We still have a few minutes.

GRACE

To talk about *my* men but not yours?

MARK

You're always making these little
jokes when you leave.

GRACE

'Cause I'm adorable.

MARK

Why do you think that is?

GRACE

It's just natural charm I guess.

MARK

Grace.

GRACE

Mark.

He looks at her.

GRACE (CONT'D)

I don't know, 'cause I don't want to talk about it?

MARK

Why?

GRACE

Why does *anyone* like young men? They're *young!* They're *men!*

MARK

Then what's the problem?

GRACE

I didn't say there was one.

MARK

But.

GRACE

Oh I don't know, I guess when they say Maroon 5 and I think it's a paint color it's a little weird.

MARK

Now we're getting somewhere.

GRACE

Too late. My hour's up.

MARK

What's the problem with not having the same reference points?

GRACE

I don't know. I guess sometimes it would be nice to be with a grown-up, not have to make all the decisions myself: choose the restaurants, foot the bill...

MARK

It gets old.

GRACE

It makes *me* feel like the grown-up, which is exactly what I *don't* want to feel like. And then...

MARK

What?

GRACE

I don't know, whatever happened to the John Waynes, you know? My Dad was like that. He was in the war, but he never talked about it. He just did it. Now you get all these idiots talking so much 'cause they don't actually *do* anything. I used to sit for hours with my Dad saying nothing at all, but I knew I was *with* someone who'd done more than update his Facebook page.

MARK

There are still men like that.

GRACE

Yeah? With more body hair than I have?

MARK

I didn't know you were so hairy.

GRACE

Like an ape.

Mark chuckles, but seems like he's thinking something.

GRACE (CONT'D)

What?

MARK

Well. I've sort of been waiting for you to get to this point.

GRACE

Why? What are you talking about?
(off his coy smile)
Wait. Don't tell me you're ...
setting me up with someone!

RING - Mark's phone.

MARK

Excuse me.

GRACE

Are you kidding me?

MARK

(holds up finger)

Hour's up. I'll talk to you tomorrow.

GRACE

Mark!

MARK

(answering phone)

Mark Dibonno, Midnight therapist.

JUMPCUT TO MARK AND EVERYONE *TONIGHT*

MRS. ABRAMSON

Was that me? Was that me on the phone?

MARK

Yes, Mrs. Abramson.

MRS. ABRAMSON

I knew it! I knew that was me!

MARK

Okay, but let's get these guys looped in.

He gestures to the unlikely pair of Mr. Abramson and Pedro 2.

EXT. ABRAMSON'S CARPETING WAREHOUSE - ESTABLISHING SHOT

Supertitle: **Last night, same time, elsewhere in LA, say...
12:18 am ... ish**

MR. ABRAMSON (V.O.)

Sorry to make you work this late, boys.

INT. CORNER OF ABRAMSON'S CARPETING WAREHOUSE - SIMULTANEOUS

We see the ends of rolled-up carpets under a banner on the wall that reads "*Abramsons! You got floor? We got carpet!*"

MR. ABRAMSON, 75, enters with two Mexican laborers - PEDRO 1 and PEDRO 2 - brothers (possibly twins).

MR. ABRAMSON

The shipment got held up at customs. There was nothing I could do. But you'll get double-time. Or time and a half. Or maybe a quarter. Depends on how you do. Could be an eighth if it's not so good. And I'm not talkin' time and an eighth. I'm talkin' an *eighth*. What are your names?

PEDRO 1

Pedro.

MR. ABRAMSON

(to the other)

And you?

PEDRO 2

Pedro.

He looks at them.

MR. ABRAMSON

You're both named Pedro?

(they nod)

You friends? Amigos?

PEDRO 1

Hermanos.

MR. ABRAMSON

Hermanos? You mean *brothers*?

(they nod)

And you're both named Pedro?

(they nod)

Jesus, what a country. You got more hermanos? Más hermanos?

PEDRO 1

Seis.

MR. ABRAMSON

Seis hermanos?! Don't tell me they're all named Pedro.

PEDRO 1

Sí.

MR. ABRAMSON

Oh Jesus Christ, are you kidding me? *All named Pedro?!*

(they nod)

Why would your mother do that?

(MORE)

MR. ABRAMSON (CONT'D)
Saves on nametags. You got
sisters? Hermanas?

PEDRO 1
Una.

MR. ABRAMSON
Don't tell me her name is Pedro.

PEDRO 1
Tammy.

Mr. Abramson nods, thinks.

MR. ABRAMSON
Eight Pedros and a Tammy. You're
like a circus act. You in the
circus? El Circolo? Tightrope?
Human cannon ball?
(blank looks)
You'll get back to me. Here's what
you gotta do.

A cellphone starts quacking like a duck. Mr. Abramson looks
around, confused.

MR. ABRAMSON (CONT'D)
What? What is that?

PEDRO 2
Un pato.

MR. ABRAMSON
What?

PEDRO 1
Su phone.

MR. ABRAMSON
Huh?

PEDRO 1
Teléfono. Usted. Su cell.

MR. ABRAMSON
Huh? Oh. Oh.
(takes out i-phone)
It's my wife. She keeps changing
the sound. The other day it was a
machine gun. I thought they were
shooting me. I dove under my desk.
It took 45 minutes to get up.

He's trying to finger-swipe his i-phone. It keeps quacking.

MR. ABRAMSON (CONT'D)
What is this? What's happening?

Pedro 1 helps him.

MR. ABRAMSON (CONT'D)
Oh. Thank you.
(into phone)
Hello?

We hear a woman screaming at him.

MR. ABRAMSON (CONT'D)
Too loud.
(more screaming)
Just talk. I'm right here. The
phone comes all the way to my ear.
(beat)
Yes I'm at the warehouse! Of
course I'm at the warehouse. Where
the hell else would I be?
(she's screaming)
I'm gonna take my hearing aid out
if you don't stop screaming.
(she speaks more calmly)
No, that'll disconnect us.
(beat)
Oh for Chrissake, hold on.
(to Pedros)
Can you make this so I can see her?
She says there's a button. Do you
know what I'm talking about?
Comprendo? Button? Face to face?

Pedro 1 takes the i-phone, pushes a button, and hands it back
to Mr. Abramson. Mr. Abramson looks at his i-phone and sees
MRS. ABRAMSON.

MR. ABRAMSON (CONT'D)
Oh. Look at that.

MRS. ABRAMSON (IN I-PHONE)
Show me the warehouse.

MR. ABRAMSON
What?

MRS. ABRAMSON
The warehouse. I wanna see it.

MR. ABRAMSON
Why?

MRS. ABRAMSON
*Just show me the warehouse so I
know you're there, Donald!*

MR. ABRAMSON
Oh for chrissake.

He holds up the phone and waves it so she can see everything.

MR. ABRAMSON (CONT'D)
There? Are you happy?

MRS. ABRAMSON
Who are they?

MR. ABRAMSON
Pedro and Pedro.

MRS. ABRAMSON
They have the same name?

MR. ABRAMSON
They're brothers.

MRS. ABRAMSON
What?

MR. ABRAMSON
Like the Flying Wallendas.

MRS. ABRAMSON
Wallenda is a *last* name.

MR. ABRAMSON
What can I tell you? This is what
you needed to see my face for? So
I can tell you about the Flying
Pedros? They got six other Pedros
and a Tammy.

MRS. ABRAMSON
You missed your appointment.

MR. ABRAMSON
What?

MRS. ABRAMSON
With the Midnight Therapist.

MR. ABRAMSON
Oh for...

MRS. ABRAMSON
You promised.

MR. ABRAMSON
We had a late shipment.

MRS. ABRAMSON
At midnight?

MR. ABRAMSON
You think I'm here for my jollies?

MRS. ABRAMSON
You're certainly not here for *mine*.

MR. ABRAMSON
Don't start that, Estelle.
Something came up.

MRS. ABRAMSON
Something never comes up here.

Mr. Abramson, embarrassed, turns to the Pedros, who are staring at him.

MR. ABRAMSON
Would you excuse me for a moment?

He turns his back on them to talk to his wife, supposedly quietly, but not really.

MR. ABRAMSON (CONT'D)
What's the matter with you? You want to embarrass me in front of the Pedros?

MRS. ABRAMSON
I am a woman, Donald.

MR. ABRAMSON
(mutters)
That's debatable.

MRS. ABRAMSON
I heard that. No matter how old you think I am--

MR. ABRAMSON
I *know* how old you are.

MRS. ABRAMSON
--I have needs that have not been met for far too long. And I am unwilling to go to my grave in this fashion.

(MORE)

MRS. ABRAMSON (CONT'D)
Now either you step up and hit the
ball that I have been waiting to
catch or so help me god I will go
on *J-Date!*

Mr. Abramson turns the phone over and gives it the finger.
We hear Mrs. Abramson:

MRS. ABRAMSON (O.S.) (CONT'D)
What. What am I looking at? Is
that the floor? What's happening?

Mr. Abramson turns the phone right-side up and tries to be
nice.

MR. ABRAMSON
Estelle ...

MRS. ABRAMSON
Don't Estelle me. He's a smart
young man who works late to
accommodate schedules just like
yours. And he says the late hours
facilitate the subconscious.

MR. ABRAMSON
I'll bet.

MRS. ABRAMSON
I just talked to him. He's
finishing up with a patient --

MR. ABRAMSON
Now?!

MRS. ABRAMSON
He can see you next. Pico and
Crescent Heights like I wrote in
your book.

MR. ABRAMSON
It's after midnight!

MRS. ABRAMSON
It'll take fifteen minutes to get
there. And maybe when you get
home, for the first time in a long
while, I won't need artificial
sweetener to go to sleep. You know
what I mean by that, Donald?
Artificial sweetener?

Mr. Abramson looks at the Pedros who look at him.

MRS. ABRAMSON (CONT'D)
Don't look at the Pedros. I see
you looking at them. This has
nothing to do with the Pedros.

MR. ABRAMSON
Lucky Pedros.

MRS. ABRAMSON
We are not dead yet, Donald. I am
a living, breathing human being.
But this anger you are trapping us
in is killing us. So go to the
nice young man, *like you promised*
and I'll stop hukkin' ya'. Now I
gotta go. There's a re-run of
Oprah. They're talking about young
people and how sexual they are.

She's out. Mr. Abramson turns to the Pedros, who look at him.

INT. BEN'S OFFICE - SIMULTANEOUS

Nancy leans against the desk while Ben takes her from behind.

NANCY
Do me, do me, do me.

BEN
Yeah, yeah, yeah.

NANCY
Do me, do me, do me.

BEN
Yeah, yeah.

NANCY
Do me.

BEN
Yeah.

NANCY
Do me.

BEN
Yeah.

NANCY
Do me, do me, do me, do me, do me.

INT. TOP OF STAIRWELL - SIMULTANEOUS

Leo and Phil successfully lug their contraption to the top step.

LEO

Yeah!

INT. BOTTOM OF STAIRWELL - SIMULTANEOUS

Dawn hears the loud "*Yeah!*" and throws herself back against the wall, nightstick out, panting.

DAWN

Stay calm. This is what you're paid for. You'll take care of it. Everything's fine.

(looks up stairwell)

You want to get it on, perp? Let's get it *aowhnnn*.

She leaps to race up the stairs, but SLIPS!

DAWN (CONT'D)

Ahh!

She flips over, the nightstick out in both hands! She looks down, sees what she slipped on, picks it up: a *receipt*. She holds it up like a clue in a suspense thriller.

DAWN (CONT'D)

Starbucks.

INT. BEN'S OFFICE - SIMULTANEOUS

Ben and Nancy are frozen in their humping. Ben, in particular, is listening alertly.

BEN

You didn't hear that?

NANCY

No.

BEN

It was like a "*yeah!*"

NANCY

I think *you* said yeah.

BEN

No, from outside.

NANCY

The building?

BEN

No, the room. *In* the building.

NANCY

I didn't hear, Benjy, but if we stop now I'm gonna explode.

BEN

Oh, okay.

Ben starts moving again.

NANCY

Oh yeah, baby, do me. Do me ...

EXT. DEAN BLACKMAN'S OFFICE - CONTINUOUS

Leo and Phil have wheeled their fire extinguisher to the big door marked "Dean Dean Blackman." They are unaware that far behind them, at the other end of the hall, light seeps out of the bottom of Ben's door. Phil puts a key in the Dean's door.

INT. DEAN BLACKMAN'S OFFICE - NIGHT

Phil and Leo enter, pulling the large fire extinguisher on the dolly into the room, lit only by outside light spilling through the large windows. Leo flips on the lights.

PHIL

No! Stop! Turn it off!

Phil jumps to turn off the light, then closes the door, then the curtains, before turning the lights back on.

PHIL (CONT'D)

We can't have lights on in the Dean's office after midnight. Are you crazy? What if someone sees from outside?

LEO

But why close the door? You said we're the only ones in the building.

PHIL

We are, but *just in case*.

INT. BEN'S OFFICE - SIMULTANEOUS

Ben and Nancy are peaking.

NANCY
Yeah oh yeah oh yeah oh yeah oh--

BEN
Huh. Huh. Huh. Huh.

NANCY
Do me, do me, do me--

BEN
Yes, yes.

NANCY
Do me, do me--

BEN
Yes.

NANCY
Do me.

BEN
Doing.

NANCY
Do me!

BEN
Doing.

NANCY
DO ME YOU HOOK-NOSED JEW!!!

Ben freezes.

BEN
What?

INT. MARK'S STUDIO APARTMENT/THERAPY OFFICE - PRESENT

Everyone looks at Nancy.

MARK
I think we should take a short
break.

Music. End-credits.

END OF EPISODE ONE