

written by
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1 **EXT. NEW YORK CITY, CHINATOWN - DAWN** 1

A brutalist high rise looms over Chinatown. Slowly, we creep towards the somehow menacing building.

If we're paying close attention, we might notice commercial signage, affixed to the 33rd floor. In warm, corporate type it reads: GENTLR.

2 **INT. BROOKLYN APARTMENT - LIVING ROOM - MORNING** 2

JARED lays on the living room sofa just moments after waking up. He's un-showered and already lost to his phone.

We hear and briefly see the living room's TV which JARED ignores.

 TV NEWSCASTER
 "...another jobs report is in and
 the outlook is bleak. Unemployment
 surges to a staggering 10.9%"

BLAIR, dressed for in-office knowledge work, prepares a protein shake in the apartment's tiny kitchen.

BLAIR finishes making a second protein shake and places it on the kitchen counter. We see two protein shakes, side by side: one labeled "MORNING" and one labeled "AFTER GYM."

 BLAIR
 (leaning into the living
 room to shout to JARED)
 Hey babe. When you see that we're
 about to be out of protein, tell
 me? Okay?

JARED does not turn to look.

 JARED
 Yeah. Yep. I know, I will --

That's when something catches JARED's eye. On their otherwise blank white wall is a new digital picture frame. Photos of JARED and BLAIR cycle past. Jared sits up.

 JARED (CONT'D)
 (voice raised enough to be
 heard)
 Blair? When did we get --

JARED turns to look back towards the kitchen. BLAIR reappears almost instantly in the middle of the living room. BLAIR sips at her "MORNING" protein shake.

BLAIR
You're gonna like it!

The picture frame can't be larger than 6" x 9" inches. As the lone object hanging dead center on a surprisingly large white wall, it looks...out of place. Or like an altar.

JARED
Okay -- okay.

BLAIR
Come on!

JARED
It's -- it's a nice idea.

BLAIR
Don't you want to be reminded of me?

JARED
It's -- maybe -- a little small, though? For, like, the wall?

BLAIR looks at it as if for the first time. She sips at her AM protein shake.

BLAIR
Is it?

JARED
And you, like, you hooked it up --

JARED looks back to the bedroom where BLAIR was standing. She is not there and does not hear him.

JARED (CONT'D)
(trailing off)
yourself?

Photos of JARED and BLAIR cycle through the teeny color screen. JARED stares, transfixed. We see from the perspective of the digital picture frame, nearly a security camera angle.

BLAIR returns to beside him, breaking his hypnotic stare. BLAIR now has her work bag over her shoulder and chorded headphones in hand. She's about to leave.

BLAIR
You have a plan for today?

JARED
Yeah. For sure.

BLAIR
Laundry? So you're ready for the
interview you are going to get?

JARED
Yep.

BLAIR
And after applying, making some
content can help.

JARED
I know. I'm gonna post.

BLAIR
People need to see you --

BLAIR leans in and kisses JARED's cheek.

BLAIR (CONT'D)
to hire you. Right, babe?

BLAIR walks to the door. JARED watches her go.

BLAIR (OFF SCREEN)
Bye!

JARED
(eyes on the closing door)
Okay. Bye.

We hear the door slam shut. JARED's face changes immediately.
He studies the picture frame. We slowly zoom in on the
picture frame, as photos of JARED and BLAIR flicker past.

JARED V.O.
11 days ago I realized my
girlfriend has been replaced by a
stranger.

ON SCREEN TITLES: THE REPLICA

3 **EXT. NEW YORK CITY, CHINATOWN - HOURS LATER** 3

JARED walks alone through Chinatown, dragging two large,
awkward-to-carry laundry bags. He stops repeatedly to
reposition the laundry bags or tap at his phone throughout
his beleaguered march. Credits appear.

4 **INT. BROOKLYN APARTMENT - VARIOUS - MORNING TO AFTERNOON** 4

ON SCREEN TITLES: MONDAY. DAY 12. 10:10 AM

4A - BEDROOM

JARED slumps on his bed, scrolling. He stares at and we see a barrage of TikTok slop: a shakily captured fist fight outside of a Jimmy Johns; an OnlyFans girl does her makeup in the driver's seat of her truck...

After a beat, JARED sits up and reaches for something stuffed under the mattress on his side of the bed. JARED pulls out a small plastic bag containing prescription pills.

He spills out a few white Xanax (1 mg) and blue Adderall (10 mg) tablets into his hand. He considers for a moment, trying to decide what to take. After deliberation, he swallows one Adderall and one Xanax without water.

JARED V.O.

All day long. I think about it.
About her. And then don't think
about. Because it's stupid. It's
very uncomfortable -- to believe a
thing and absolutely not believe a
thing at the same time. My
girlfriend is my girlfriend. Blair
is Blair. I love Blair and Blair is
the woman in my apartment. But
there is another part of me. The
uncertainly-fine-part that keeps
thinking one thought: she is too
nice.

4B - LIVING ROOM

JARED sits on the sofa and scrolls LinkedIn wearily. We see his "Open to Work" badge. We watch as JARED likes a post. We watch as JARED comments "Congrats, Becca!!" on a post. He reconsiders and removes one exclamation point.

4C - LIVING ROOM

JARED paces the living room, vape in hand.

4D - LIVING ROOM

JARED calls out to his cat, MONA, while holding treats.

JARED

Mona! Come here, sweetie.

4E - BEDROOM

JARED, in the bedroom, hunched over. We can see enough to identify Pornhub on his laptop. JARED masturbates furtively.

4F - LIVING ROOM

JARED is showered and neatly dressed in a collared shirt. He sits at the living room desk with his laptop open. Beside him is a notebook, a pen and a glass of water. JARED is the picture of organized ambition. The door opens and BLAIR walks in from work.

BLAIR (OFF SCREEN)
Hey. I'm home!

BLAIR steps into frame, still holding her work bags. She sees JARED.

BLAIR
(sweetly)
Look at my little striver.

JARED
(removing headphones)
Oh hey babe. I'll be done in a minute.

5

INT. BROOKLYN APARTMENT - BEDROOM - AFTERNOON

5

ON SCREEN TITLES: TUESDAY. DAY 13.

JARED sits at the desk in their bedroom, talking to KEVIN, his therapist, on Zoom. KEVIN, a man in his early 70s, wears a thick patterned sweater and holds a mug of hot coffee.

JARED
...like I apply to, I don't know,
20, 30 jobs, literally, everyday.
And still. Never even an email.
It's just -- flinging resumes into
the void.
(sighs)
But I guess like everyone I know is
looking for work?
(beat)
I don't know. I'm fine. It's
actually fine.

KEVIN
But that wasn't what I asked -- was
it?

JARED
Okay, sure. Yes.

A beat as KEVIN waits.

JARED (CONT'D)
The answer was like implied.

KEVIN sips patiently at his coffee. Letting the silence grow.

JARED (CONT'D)
No. I am -- I am not having
symptoms.

KEVIN
Okay. Well, good. And, as we know,
it would be okay if you were.
(so light, no judgement)
Because you are not your symptoms.

JARED nods reluctantly. He's heard all this before.

JARED
I know, I know.

KEVIN
(moving on)
What about Blair. Where is she in
all of this?

JARED looks away.

JARED
(lying)
She's good. Really good.

KEVIN
Alright.

KEVIN waits for more.

JARED
But maybe -- different? A little
different?

KEVIN
We are all always changing, right?
What does different mean to you?

JARED
I guess she seems -- like she might
be --

JARED is almost ready to say it. And then he chickens out. He
can't say what he's thinking out loud.

JARED (CONT'D)
-- more supportive than ever. She's
really there for me.

6

INT. BROOKLYN APARTMENT - LIVING ROOM - 9 PM

6

JARED and BLAIR in their living room, lit only by the glow of Netflix. BLAIR lays on the couch in pajamas. JARED sits on the ground, scrolling.

A delivery bag, sushi containers, soy sauce, crumpled napkins and two sparkling water bottles litter the coffee table.

BLAIR laughs a loose, full-body laugh.

JARED
(Barely looking up from
his phone)
Look at this slop. I saw a reel and
apparently this whole movie was
generated.
(pause)
No one even notices.

Blair turns. Concerned.

BLAIR
Should I -- would you like to watch
something else?

JARED looks up from his phone. It's jarring how ready she is to turn off a movie she's obviously enjoying.

JARED
(baffled)
What?

BLAIR
(not sure what the right
answer is)
We could watch --

JARED
(somehow annoyed by her
eagerness)
No. No. It's whatever. It's --
content.

The movie plays on. BLAIR laughs happily.

JARED (CONT'D)
(thinking, still looking
at his phone)
Okay, remember when I first came to
your place on Clay, for like date
three?

BLAIR continues to laugh adorably.

JARED (CONT'D)
And I brought over five King-Sized
Snickers.

BLAIR's laughing slows as she turns to him. She sits up.
BLAIR is looking at him now.

BLAIR
Um, yes.
(beat)
It's like central to our lore?

JARED
(leading her)
And you go --

BLAIR
(quoting)
"I am deathly allergic to peanuts
and each one of those is a bullet."

BLAIR looks at him sweetly but confused.

JARED
-- and then you --

BLAIR wearily plays along.

BLAIR
(frowning now)
I made you double wrap them in
Duane Reade bags and put them in
the hall.

JARED
(nodding)
And then creepy neighbor Craig
stole them.

BLAIR
(verging on annoyed now)
Yeah, no, I *remember*.
(beat)
It's our most famous story?
(beat)
Why are you being weird?

A beat. BLAIR is laughing again. JARED turns to make real eye
contact.

JARED
I'm trying to think -- was that the
night it really snowed too?

BLAIR seems to pause. Her face reads blank for a bit too long. Processing. And then she turns brightly.

BLAIR
Of course it was, babe.

7 **OMMITTED**

7

JARED, wet from the shower, wears a towel around his waist in their dated bathroom. Steam fills the room.

8 **INT. BROOKLYN APARTMENT - VARIOUS - CONTINUOUS**

8

ON SCREEN TITLES: WEDNESDAY. DAY 14.

JARED taps out two and a half tablets. He dry swallows.

JARED (to ChatGPT VoiceMode)
Hey so, I'm concerned, I guess
about my girlfriend? And I'd like
to log some things I'm noticing,
with you. Can you help with that?

CHATGPT
Got it, Jared. What are you seeing?

JARED spirals. He moves in a druggy haze through the apartment. He consumes content. He smokes his vape. He takes an extra pill. (We see our "Spike Lee shot" as he wanders through the space.) He lays down on the bed. Phone on his chest.

9 **INT. BROOKLYN APARTMENT - BEDROOM - CONTINUOUS**

9

The light has changed just enough to hint that he has been lost in his phone for some time. JARED is on the bed, laying atop the covers, scrolling through the worst of TikTok again.

We pan from JARED, to find BLAIR, who peeks out playfully from behind the wall that separates the living room from the bedroom. JARED is shocked to see her; she should be at work.

BLAIR
Hey babe.

JARED
(baffled, embarrassed)
Oh! Hi? When did you --

Just then, a second BLAIR appears, on the other side of the entry to the bedroom.

JARED screams.

BLAIR 2
How can I help?

And then a third.

BLAIR 3
Do you know how much I love you?

BLAIR 2
Me too.

ALL BLAIRS (IN UNISON)
We all do.

JARED panics. More guttural screams.

CUT TO:

The light is different. JARED slowly opens his eyes. His phone rests on his chest. JARED has been sleeping.

10

INT. BROOKLYN APARTMENT - HALLWAY CLOSET - MORNING

10

ON SCREEN TITLES: THURSDAY. DAY 15.

JARED stands in the kitchen hallway, inspecting BLAIR's clothes in their closet.

In his right hand, JARED holds his phone. He swipes through his favorited photos of BLAIR.

JARED slides away another tasteful beige top to reveal an ancient, faded BOSTON COLLEGE hoodie. It's the same sweatshirt we recall seeing in the digital picture frame earlier.

JARED tugs at the fabric with his thumb and forefinger. That's when he notices the paper tag stapled to the sweatshirt.

We see an insert of the tag:

7 of 17 / HIGH VALUE (SENTIMENTAL) / SEND ON

JARED stares. He pulls out his vape. We slowly zoom in on JARED's face as he processes. His mind churns. And then:

BRRRRRRNNNNNNNG

JARED's iPhone screams to life. An incoming FaceTime from BLAIR. JARED fans away the vape smoke. He prepares his face by practicing a smile.

BLAIR (via FACETIME)
Hey there. What are you doing?

11 INT. BROOKLYN APARTMENT - BEDROOM - MIDNIGHT

11

We hear the showy moans before we see them. There are no lights on in the bedroom. MONA, the cat, stands sentry, watching the bed. BLAIR and JARED are having sex. JARED, on top, thrusts desperately.

BLAIR grips his neck, directing his face towards hers. We can see marks she's made on his neck. She moans directly into his ear.

BLAIR
you're a king

BLAIR (CONT'D)
you're my king

JARED clenches a pillow beside BLAIR. He drags it nearer. In it's new position it occasionally blocks JARED's view of BLAIR's face. JARED opens his mouth and thrusts frantically.

12 INT. BROOKLYN APARTMENT - KITCHEN - MORNING

12

ON SCREEN TITLES: FRIDAY. DAY 16

JARED pads into the living room with an Amazon package under his arm, holding BLAIR's "AFTER GYM" smoothie. He sets both down at the small table by the street-side window.

JARED opens the box and peers into the box tentatively. Inside, we see a jar of Planter's Peanuts and a Chinese-grade Amazon Basics mortar and pestle. We slowly zoom in on the box's objects.

JARED methodically mashes the peanuts into a fine powder. Just as carefully, he pours the entirety of the peanut powder into BLAIR's smoothie. He stirs the combination with a fork. JARED examines the smoothie, making sure that there isn't evidence of the peanut powder anywhere on the tumbler.

CUT TO:

JARED, seated at the same table, stares at the smoothie that sits in front of him. We zoom in slowly on the smoothie. The "AFTER GYM" label in BLAIR's handwriting glowers at us.

JARED (to CHATGPT)
In the case of an emergency, like
an allergic reaction, can you
remind me how to use an EpiPen?

CHATGPT
You've got it, Jared...

13

INT. BROOKLYN APARTMENT - KITCHEN - 6 PM

13

BLAIR glides into the apartment, clutching a gym bag, and backpack. BLAIR is still in her gym attire.

JARED
(working hard to keep his
voice normal)
You -- did you have a good class?

JARED surreptitiously pulls out an EpiPen from his sweatpants pocket. JARED grips it tightly as he taps repeatedly at his thigh.

BLAIR opens the fridge. Unceremoniously, she pulls out her pre-made smoothie. We note the "AFTER GYM" label.

BLAIR
(looking in the fridge)
Foundations, 60 minutes -- which is
my nemesis.
(turns)
You already eat, babe?

JARED tracks the smoothie as BLAIR moves through the apartment like she's carrying the nuclear football.

BLAIR (CONT'D)
Jare? I could cook if --

BLAIR removes the lid of the smoothie. We watch in close up as she, raises the smoothie but pauses before taking a sip.

JARED steps forward and grips the smoothie. For a weird moment, both of them are holding the smoothie. JARED slowly removes the smoothie from BLAIR's hand and takes a big sip while making very direct eye contact.

BLAIR (CONT'D)
Um. Okay. Would you like --

Just as quickly, JARED spins and spits the smoothie out into the sink. Gagging and coughing theatrically.

JARED
(grimacing, spitting)
Oh god. Something is not -- I think
it's bad?

Before BLAIR can protest he has poured the smoothie into the sink and is running the faucet. BLAIR is baffled.

BLAIR
What the fuck was that?

14 INT. BROOKLYN APARTMENT - LIVING ROOM - MORNING

14

ON SCREEN TITLES: SATURDAY. DAY 17

Physically, JARED looks more ragged still. JARED looks towards the wall and the digital photo frame seems to mock him.

We see the now familiar photo: BLAIR, wearing her BOSTON COLLEGE sweatshirt, beside a glowing JARED. But now JARED isn't in the image at all. It's just BLAIR.

JARED walks toward the wall. He stands just inches from it. He presses his face right up to the frame. We see the pixelated image in CU.

JARED
(to himself)
What the fuck?

JARED feels like he's truly losing his mind. It's all too much. He rips the frame off the wall. We watch a CU of JARED as he sees it first.

The frame conceals a hole in the wall: a precisely cut 4" x 4" inch square of missing wall. And within it, a Ring-style consumer-grade camera. He pulls at the camera and a trail of green wiring comes with it. *Feet of green wiring.*

JARED holds the camera in his hand. In an insert, we see a detail of the branding on the camera. It reads: GENTLR.

We watch JARED process.

15 INT. BROOKLYN APARTMENT - LIVING ROOM - CONTINUOUS

15

KNOCK KNOCK!

Two authoritative thuds issue from the front door. JARED spins in that direction with wide eyes. He's still holding the camera which is tethered to the wall's innards by white cabling. *There's someone at the door.*

JARED's disoriented. Somehow, he feels guilty, too. A criminal caught in the act.

Slowly, JARED opens the door just enough to peer out.

JARED finds MITCHELL, 56, clean cut but not handsome. He wafts a warm, practiced salesman's energy.

We may or may not notice that he's wearing a tasteful half-zip with the Gentlr logo embroidered on it. He holds an iPad.

MITCHELL

Jared. Hey.

JARED tries to look past MITCHELL to see if there are others in the apartment's hallway.

MITCHELL (CONT'D)

Would it be cool if I came in?

MITCHELL calmly walks into the apartment. It's not aggressive but he's not waiting for an answer either.

JARED

(watching him walk past)

Who are you --

MITCHELL

Sure. I will absolutely get into that.

MITCHELL puts a hand to the ear piece we're just now noticing he's wearing. He speaks into it.

MITCHELL (INTO EAR PIECE)

(quietly)

Okay. I'm inside.

JARED sits down on the couch.

JARED

(childlike, gesturing to the wall)

I -- I found this?

MITCHELL walks confidently towards the bedroom.

MITCHELL

(calling back to JARED as he walks)

I know, JARED.

MITCHELL, now collecting a glass of water, shouts from the kitchen.

MITCHELL (CONT'D)

(shouting pleasantly)

I know you have many questions. I really do.

MITCHELL returns to the living room with a chair for himself and hands the water to JARED.

After a beat to compose himself, he begins. MITCHELL takes all the time he needs.

MITCHELL (CONT'D)
Jared. I'm from a company called
Gentlr. Perhaps you've seen our
ads? We run quite a few of them on
Instagram.
(He chuckles warmly)
We provide a bridge experience for
couples. For those experiencing
dissolution.

JARED looks at him blankly.

MITCHELL (CONT'D)
Blair, your girlfriend -- she's a
subscriber.

JARED
Okay. Can I -- I'm going to call
Blair.

JARED reaches for his phone. MITCHELL nods. MITCHELL understands.

MITCHELL
Yes, of course. You absolutely can
call Blair.

MITCHELL (CONT'D)
(delivering the news)
She is in Oakland. *California.*

JARED
Oakland?

MITCHELL
Yes. That's one of the things I'm
here to explain.

JARED
What is this?

MITCHELL reaches for JARED's TV remote.

MITCHELL
At this point, it's often useful to
watch a video. May I play you a
video, Jared?

JARED
Uhh -- okay?

MITCHELL turns to watch along with JARED. A tasteful, stylish BRAND FILM begins to play on JARED's TV.

BRAND FILM V.O.

Technology, through the years, has changed how people find love. But when a relationship ends, we still rely on a centuries old model: Rupture. Grief. Recovery. At Gentlr, we asked: What if technology could upgrade the breakup?

JARED, mouth agape.

BRAND FILM V.O. (CONT'D)

Our Continuity Partners are trained in our proprietary soft-landing protocols. Allowing a bridge period, between dissolution and true aloneness. And they don't just reduce the pain of separation. They use feedback from your Initiating Partner to curate a list of practical life skills that you may have lacked -- and then coach you into acquiring them. Perhaps, let's say, you're an underperforming lover...Gentlr. The goodbye you didn't have to hear...

JARED

Where the fuck is BLAIR?

MITCHELL

The woman you've been living with -- let's call her "BLAIR 2" for ease -- is just outside. She's ready to come upstairs. To be here, and sit in this with you, Jared.

JARED

No -- no, no, NO! *Real* BLAIR. Where the fuck is BLAIR?

MITCHELL

As I mentioned, she has moved. She's *moved on*, Jared. She lives in Oakland. *California*.

(beat)

She's been there for --

He looks down at his iPad, annoyed that he can't remember.

MITCHELL (CONT'D)
She's been there for -- 61 days.

JARED stands so fast it's violent. He's spiraling for real now. Possibly crying.

JARED
FUCK.

MITCHELL
You should know that this reaction
-- what you're experiencing -- is
perfectly normal. It's valid.
(beat)
And it's *important*.

JARED
FUCK YOU. Get -- I need you to
leave.

Not standing. Just as happy as Buddha.

MITCHELL
I will, Jared. I will.
(beat)
Just after I tell you that she --
BLAIR, the original -- did take the
cat. The cat is with her.

JARED closes his eyes. Stuck silent.

JARED
How does this even work -- like how
do you find people who --

MITCHELL interrupts.

MITCHELL
It's better, we've found, at this
stage, if you don't think too hard
about the specifics. For now.

Even bigger.

JARED
GO! FUCKING LEAVE!

MITCHELL stands.

MITCHELL
Of course, Jared. I'm on my way.

MITCHELL is so light, so pleasant. He trades positions with JARED, placing his hands on JARED's shoulders. It's nearly a hug.

MITCHELL (CONT'D)
(fatherly)
But before I do, I should mention,
that if, for instance, you'd like
to continue convalescing with
"BLAIR 2."

We slowly zoom in on MITCHELL. He beams.

MITCHELL (CONT'D)
We do have a subscription for that.

THE END.