

CORD CUTTERS

"Pilot"

Written by

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COLD OPEN

EXT. VILLAGE APARTMENTS - ESTABLISHING

A mid-sized apartment complex nestled comfortably under thick, heavy foliage.

INT. APARTMENT - NEESHA'S BEDROOM - MORNING

NEESHA DOUGLAS (21) is dead asleep. The face buried in her pillow, ass up in the air kind of a sleep.

<BZZZZZ>!

She startles, lazily reaching for her phone. She smiles when she sees it's a text from "Boo <3."

NEESHA

(reading)

"Neesh. My girl. You and me both know... this isn't working out."

(beat, growing emotional)

"Calling it quits. Been real though. Peace."

She drops the phone and shoves her face back into her pillow.

NEESHA (CONT'D)

(muffled)

Just a bad dream. That's all.

A beat. She looks at her phone again.

NEESHA (CONT'D)

Fuuuhhhh--

CUT TO:

INT. APARTMENT - KITCHEN - MOMENTS LATER

Neesha drags herself into the kitchen as roommates MARISSA ("RISS") MOORE (24) and TONY WU (22) argue.

RISS

Lower body strength is so much harder to get. End of story.

TONY

(laughing)

Are you kidding me, Riss?

(MORE)

TONY (CONT'D)

Have you seen these things? Like,
actually seen them??

He flexes his bulging arms inches from her eyeballs.

TONY (CONT'D)

These take mornings, afternoons,
and evenings of hard work. And
sometimes that isn't even enough.

He fawns over his biceps like you would a newborn.

TONY (CONT'D)

They're a lifelong commitment, and
I'm raising 'em right.

Riss winces before noticing Neesha. She's eating from the
sorriest looking bowl of cereal, shoveling literal sugar
cubes into her mouth.

RISS

Everything okay over there?

NEESHA

(mouth full)

Just peachy.

Tony heads for the door, backpack slung around his shoulder.

TONY

Gotta head to class. Riss, we'll
continue this later.

RISS

No need. I made my case and won.

NEESHA

(swallows)

See ya, Tony.

Tony exits. Riss' head snaps back to Neesha.

RISS

Dish.

NEESHA

(slightly defensive)

Dish what? I've got nothing to
dish. Everything's dish-free by me.

RISS

Riiiiight. I've known you a long
time, Neesh. Too long. Tony can't
read the room, but I can. So dish.

NEESHA
I'm gonna be late for class.

Riss menacingly holds up Neesha's phone, screen unlocked.

NEESHA (CONT'D)
How did you... ? What?!

RISS
Do you wanna tell me, or should I
go through your phone?

Neesha weighs her options. Sighs.

NEESHA
Deep dish in exchange for a ride?

Riss sets the phone on the counter. Slides it towards Neesha.

RISS
Deal. But I get to blast
Nickelback. *Unironically.*

NEESHA
(cringes)
Just no "Rockstar," please.

END OF COLD OPEN

ACT ONE**INT. RISS' CAR - MOMENTS LATER**

Nickelback's "Rockstar" <BLASTS> through the speakers. Riss headbangs to it while Neesha covers her ears.

RISS

You're crazy for not liking this song. It's an absolute BANGER!

NEESHA

(shouting)

I hope it was worth it because you broke our deal.

RISS

Deal schmeal. I already saw Mark's message. Bummer, dude.

NEESHA

(surprised)

You did?! Why go through this whole charade if you already knew??

RISS

I don't know. Wanted to spend more time with you, I guess.

(beat, seriously)

How you holding up?

Neesha shakes her head, rubbing her face with both hands.

NEESHA

Horrible. But also... weirdly okay? Is this how I'm supposed to feel after being dumped over text?

RISS

You're supposed to feel however you want to feel. Can't say I'm sorry though. I knew that guy was a b-hole the minute I met him.

NEESHA

Oh really? 'Cause I distinctly remember you telling me he was "the one."

RISS

Huh. Must've been seconds before I figured out he was a b-hole.

NEESHA

Well... good riddance, I guess. He was only holding me back, you know? I don't need someone like that in my life, not when I have so many other things going for me.

RISS

Yeah, like a dead end job, worthless degree--
(off Neesha's glare)
Whoops, just pulled a Tony. Man, he's getting in my head.

Neesha suddenly smirks, seeing an opportunity.

NEESHA

Yeah, so... what's going on there? You and Tony?

RISS

(suddenly uncomfortable)
Nothing. What would be going on there? Tony's an idiot with big, stupid biceps.

She slaps her thighs.

RISS (CONT'D)

Thighs are better guys anyway.

NEESHA

Idiot, huh? Like "your" loveable idiot?

Riss suddenly brake checks really hard. Neesha's head smacks right into the dashboard.

NEESHA (CONT'D)

(clutching her forehead)
What the hell, Riss?!

RISS

(shrugs)
My thighs are wild stallions, Neesh. Untamable. Untrainable.

EXT. BOISE STATE UNIVERSITY - MOMENTS LATER

Riss' car pulls up to the curb of the Education Building.

RISS
I love and miss you already. Now
get out.

Neesha rolls her eyes as she exits.

NEESHA
Bye. Thanks for the ride.

Riss waves through the window before speeding off.

NEESHA (CONT'D)
(under her breath)
Never leaving my phone near you
again.

INT. EDUCATION BUILDING - AUDITORIUM - MOMENTS LATER

Neesha enters her "Intro to Ethics" class and takes a seat in the large auditorium. PROFESSOR SANDERSON begins her lecture.

PROFESSOR SANDERSON
Good morning, class! Today, we're
talking ethics. Well, we talk
ethics every day, but today, we're
going to get ethical about ethics.

No one reacts. Sanderson looks out at the crowd. Frowns.

PROFESSOR SANDERSON (CONT'D)
Looks like everyone's still asleep.
Love that for me. Just open up to
page 47: "The Ethics of Lying."

Neesha fishes out her laptop as Sanderson continues.

PROFESSOR SANDERSON (CONT'D)
Lying. Bad. Or is it ever good?
Open to your thoughts.

No one volunteers to speak.

PROFESSOR SANDERSON (CONT'D)
Don't raise your hands all at once!

More silence. It hurts.

PROFESSOR SANDERSON (CONT'D)
Tough crowd.
(beat)
Come on, can at least one person
venture an opinion?
(MORE)

PROFESSOR SANDERSON (CONT'D)

There are no right or wrong answers. This is simply a conversation starter.

Still silence.

PROFESSOR SANDERSON (CONT'D)

You know what? I'm glad no one volunteers. It gives me a chance to use this.

She pulls out a BINGO CAGE from underneath the podium. Wrinkled scraps of paper are stuffed inside. She rotates the crank a few times before drawing out a name.

PROFESSOR SANDERSON (CONT'D)

Nooshu?

No one responds. She reads it again, correcting herself.

PROFESSOR SANDERSON (CONT'D)

Neesha?

(to self)

Is there a Neesha in this class?

Neesha timidly raises her hand.

PROFESSOR SANDERSON (CONT'D)

Oh! Neesha. That Neesha. Of course! Please share with the class an instance where you think lying might be ethical.

NEESHA

I don't really think lying is ever ethical.

(rethinking)

Well, I mean, *maybe* there are some exceptions. But lying should never be the standard.

PROFESSOR SANDERSON

Solid reasoning. Let me throw a hypothetical your way. What if your husband promised he wasn't seeing your sister anymore? Would you lie to him and say you sent nudes to his brother?

NEESHA

I... what? Is that a real scenario?

PROFESSOR SANDERSON
Just trying to mix it up, give you
something new to work with. Roll
with it.

Neesha tries to read Sanderson... but can't.

NEESHA
I guess I'd... lie?

PROFESSOR SANDERSON
(claps)
Good, good! Now why?

NEESHA
Honestly? Kinda felt like that's
what you wanted me to say.

PROFESSOR SANDERSON
(slightly annoyed)
Well, Neesha, let me educate you on
ethics. You see...

As Sanderson <DRONES> on in the background, the STUDENT next
to Neesha leans over.

STUDENT
This class is whack.

NEESHA
Yeah... Sadly, that's not the
weirdest question she's asked me.

The Student shuffles in his seat before changing the subject.

STUDENT
So... heard you dumped Mark.

Neesha jumps at her ex's name.

NEESHA
Where'd you hear that?

STUDENT
You really don't remember me? Mark
and I go way back.

Neesha's instantly uncomfortable.

NEESHA
No, sorry. Can't say I do.

Her eyes drift towards the exit, contemplating her escape.

STUDENT

About time. Mark's a wreck. How'd you dump him? Text? Call? In person?

NEESHA

I... didn't. Um, hey, I have to leave now?

She gathers her things. Sanderson notices.

PROFESSOR SANDERSON

Excuse me, am I boring you?

NEESHA

No, no, of course not! I just have, uh-- something came up, so I--

PROFESSOR SANDERSON

(slightly desperate)

If it is boring, you can lie to me. I'd consider that ethical.

Neesha wordlessly rushes out. Sanderson looks on, hurt.

INT. DIRTY DENIM - LATER

Neesha enters a small hole-in-the-wall clothing store to clock in for her shift.

OWNER

You're late.
(doing a double take)
And you look like shit.

Neesha's makeup is smeared (clearly from crying). She rubs her eyes, as if that'll help.

OWNER (CONT'D)

Oh, no. That just made it worse. Go wash it off. Wash it aaaaall off.

NEESHA

Yes, ma'am.

OWNER

Please. You know my stance on "ma'am." It's reserved for women over 50. Do I look over 50 to you?

The Owner's clearly pushing 80. Maybe 90?

NEESHA
No... m'lady.

OWNER
That's more like it. Now wash that
off before you scare everyone away.

Neesha nods and heads toward the--

INT. DIRTY DENIM - BATHROOM - CONT.

She tries to rub off the residue, but without any makeup
remover, the best she can do is fade the smears.

She shrugs at her reflection. Good enough, right?

INT. DIRTY DENIM - MOMENTS LATER

Neesha heads back out to the floor and spots the Student from
class accompanied by two of his FRIENDS. They're grabbing
pairs of jeans and throwing them at each other, <LAUGHING>.

The Owner slides up next to Neesha, startling her.

OWNER
God, your face got worse. But those
hooligans have to be dealt with.

She point-snaps toward them. Neesha's heart sinks.

NEESHA
Is there any chance you could talk
to them? I'm, I'm not comfortable.

OWNER
<BOISTEROUS LAUGH> Why do you think
I hired you?

Neesha <SIGHS> and slowly approaches the rowdy boys.

NEESHA
Hey, guys...

STUDENT
Oh shit! It's Neesha. This is the
girl I was telling you about.

The Friends give her a knowing look. She blushes.

NEESHA
Could you... not throw jeans in the
store?

(MORE)

NEESHA (CONT'D)

Unless you're, like, throwing them
onto your bodies to try on?

STUDENT

Whoa, no need to get so uptight. Is
this why you called it off with
Mark? He threw his jeans too?

He throws another pair of jeans on the floor to demonstrate.

NEESHA

What? No, I already told you. I
didn't call it off. He... you know
what, it doesn't matter. Can you
guys leave before my boss fires me?

STUDENT

It's a free country. I can do what
I want when I want.

(throws another pair of
jeans)

This'll keep happening.

(another pair)

Unless you go out with me.

NEESHA

You're Mark's friend AND you're
making a mess of the store. Get
out. Now!

She tries to use her size to intimidate these dude bros, but
she's a solid 5'5" compared to these freakish 6'3"s.

STUDENT

C'mon. What Mark doesn't know won't
hurt him.

(throws another pair)

It's not like he didn't have a
little somethin' somethin' on the
side too, you know?

Just as he goes to throw another pair, Neesha snatches the
jeans from his hands and hurls them right at his face.

STUDENT (CONT'D)

(recoiling)

Did you just throw jeans at me????

Neesha's face drops as the Owner menacingly glides into view.

INT. DIRTY DENIM - BACK OFFICE - MOMENTS LATER

Neesha sits across from the Owner, who rubs anti-aging cream into her sagging skin.

OWNER

I have good news and bad news. What do you want to hear first?

NEESHA

The bad news?

OWNER

I lied. They're both bad news. The customer you assaulted promised not to take legal action in exchange for a lifetime discount on jeans.

NEESHA

<RELIEVED SIGH> That kinda sounds like pretty decent news to me.

OWNER

It's not. With that discount, I can no longer afford to pay you. So, you're fired. Effective immediately.

NEESHA

What?! Just like that? After everything I've done for this job??

OWNER

You threw our product at a customer's face -- one's most valuable property.

The Owner finishes rubbing in her cream. Streaks of white everywhere.

OWNER (CONT'D)

Letting you go is a kindness.

INT. APARTMENT - KITCHEN - NIGHT

Riss and Tony flank PILES OF FOOD on the counter like hungry hyenas. Neesha's stunned by the sight when she walks in.

NEESHA

Whose birthday did I forget?

TONY

Riss said you'd be in the mood for food once you got home. But I didn't know what kind, so I, uh, kind of went all out.

RISS

Classic Tony.

He gives a cheesy grin as he lists off the food items.

TONY

We've got pizza, chicken wings, breadsticks, chips, Jell-O, hot dogs, meatballs, sausage rolls, potato skins, truffles-- wait, why are you crying?

RISS

It's the truffles. Why would you get truffles?!

NEESHA

(through tears)

I'm sorry. These are happy tears, I promise. I'm just... so glad you guys are my roommates. Today has been the worst day of my life.

TONY

What happened?

NEESHA

(through tears)

After Mark broke up with me, a guy harassed me at work. Then I was fired for throwing jeans at him.

TONY

Woah. You weren't kidding about it being the worst day of your life.

Riss shoots him a look. Good going, genius. He frowns.

NEESHA

I really needed that job. Without it, I'm totally broke. I've spent money I don't even have yet. And now? It's money I'll never get.

RISS

We... already knew that.

(nods to Neesha's phone)

(MORE)

RISS (CONT'D)

You should really take a sec and
password protect that thing.

NEESHA

(angry)

Why do you keep looking at it?!

Tony puts a comforting hand on Neesha's shoulder. Spots his
bicep. Flexes for sec.

TONY

Hey, it'll be all right. If you
want, I can talk to my manager and
put in a good word.

NEESHA

Really, Tony? That would actually
mean a lot to me.

TONY

Of course! So today wasn't your
day. Happens to the best of us.
Before you know it, you'll be back
on your feet in no time.

All three smile at each other until--

RISS

Dibs on those truffles.

INT. EDUCATION BUILDING - CLASSROOM - NEXT DAY

Neesha heads to her "Intro to Logic" class and takes a seat
in front of MARIANA KIM (23). Marianna pokes Neesha
repeatedly in the back.

MARIANA

Neesh. Listen to me. Listen. Hey,
Neesh. Can you listen?

NEESHA

(warily turning around)

Hey, Mariana. What's up?

MARIANA

It's HIM. My boyfriend. Again,
right? He doesn't even keep up with
my hourly Instagram posts anymore.
Can you believe that?

NEESHA

No...

MARIANA

And what's with sending "k" back as a response to every text I send? He knows there are, like, 23 other letters, right?!

NEESHA

(correcting her)

25.

MARIANA

Whatever. I don't have time to count the alphabet when I have to deal with texts like these.

NEESHA

Mariana, I think class is about to--

MARIANA

(reading)

"Hey babe, can't come over for hot, smoking, sticky sex tonight. Forgot to pick up cat food."

(looks at Neesha)

Well what about food for my...

(whispers)

Crotch kitty?

NEESHA

Okay, really Mariana, I don't think I should be--

MARIANA

There's more.

(reading)

"Babe. Can't do the sex--"

(interrupts)

By the way, who says "do the sex?"

(back to reading)

"Can't do the sex cuz I have a shelf to build."

She lowers her phone to look straight at Neesha.

MARIANA (CONT'D)

What about building our lives together? Ever think about that?

NEESHA

(uncomfortable)

I don't know....

MARIANA

Uggghhh. I want to break up with him, but like, who wants to put in that kind of effort?

Neesha tries to turn back around and ignore Mariana, but suddenly, the latter has an epiphany.

MARIANA (CONT'D)

You know what, Neesh? You're surprisingly good at giving people bad news. What if you broke up with my boyfriend for me?

NEESHA

Let me stop you right there.
(beat)

No.

MARIANA

Why not? This would solve all our problems!

NEESHA

This would actually create more problems than I had before. And I've enough going on right now.

MARIANA

If you break up with him for me... I'll pay you.

NEESHA

No way. You can't be serious.
(beat, curious)
How much?

END OF ACT ONE

ACT TWO**INT. APARTMENT - RISS' BEDROOM - AFTERNOON**

Riss stares incredulously at Neesha.

RISS

Sit down.

(Neesha does)

No, stand up.

(she does)

Sit down again.

NEESHA

Riss!

RISS

Sorry, but I'm a little confused.
Someone *wants* to pay you to break
up with their boyfriend? What's the
problem?

NEESHA

Breaking up someone's relationship
is the problem! It's unethical.

RISS

Oh boy, here we go...

NEESHA

I can't go around breaking people
up just because they pay me.

RISS

No, that is exactly why you go
around breaking people up: cold,
hard cash.

NEESHA

I need to talk to someone else
about this. Someone rational.

Neesha and Riss both lunge for the door.

NEESHA/RISS

Tony!

INT. APARTMENT - TONY'S BEDROOM - CONTINUOUS

Neesha and Riss spill into the room. The guy is mid push up.

TONY
Uh, can I help you?

RISS
When are you *not* working out?

TONY
(re: biceps)
Told you these babies get 24/7
attention.

NEESHA
Ignore her. I need a second
opinion. So there's this girl...

TONY
Oh?

NEESHA
Not like that. There's this girl,
and she wants me to break up with
her boyfriend. For money.

Tony slips, slamming into the floor.

TONY
Why are you coming to me with this?
I don't want to weigh in on this.

RISS
But the floor -- you'll weigh in on
that, huh?

Tony shoots her a look, but Neesha continues.

NEESHA
Riss says I should do it, but I
want... no, need to be talked out
of it.

(remembering)
Hey, whatever happened with your
manager? Did you talk him?

TONY
Not yet. You don't have to do this,
Neesh. It's beneath you.

RISS
Oh, get off your high horse. This
girl clearly doesn't care about the
guy or his feelings. Maybe "hiring"
Neesh to break the news is the best
way to let him down.

Neesha looks between the two of them, torn.

INT. APARTMENT - NEESHA'S BEDROOM - LATER

Neesha sits at her desk, surrounded by numerous "breakup" options (e.g. a handwritten letter, a cake that says, "Eat and Forget," etc.).

Riss pushes in through the open door.

RISS

(excited)

So glad you finally came around.
How's it going? You decide on a
method yet?

NEESHA

No! There is no easy way to do
this! Why did I listen to you?

RISS

Because you know I'm right. Why not
keep it simple? Meet the guy in
person and tell him his
girlfriend's terrible. Bada bing,
bada boom.

NEESHA

Are you nuts? What if the guy's a
raging lunatic? Do you want to get
me murdered?

RISS

Set up a meet at Bluejay's during
Tony's shift. That way, if the guy
does try to kill you, Tony can stop
it. Bada bing, bada boom.

Neesha shakes her head.

NEESHA

Oh, I'm gonna die.

RISS

You wanted Tony to talk to his
manager, right? Two bird, one stone
this shit. Meet Tony's manager, get
some cash for the breakup. Bada
bing, bada--

NEESHA

Stop that.

(contemplating)

(MORE)

NEESHA (CONT'D)
<SIGHS> I guess I could meet his
manager tomorrow...

She picks up her phone to text Mariana... only to see that Riss has already sent her message. Neesha glares at Riss, who mouths "no password."

INT. BLUEJAY'S - DAY

Neesha waits at a booth in Bluejay's (a cooler and bluer Red Robin type of food joint). Tony stops by to refill her glass.

TONY
You doing okay?

Neesha grips the table with both hands.

NEESHA
Yeah. Why wouldn't I be? I'm just
about to meet a total stranger and
give him heart-shattering news.
(on edge)
Is your manager in yet?

TONY
No. Dude's always late. He's... not
really a great manager.

NEESHA
<SIGHS> Be honest. Do you think I'm
crazy? Doing this?

TONY
Not crazy. Eccentric, maybe? I
mean, at least you'll give this guy
some closure.

NEESHA
Thanks. That makes me feel a little
better.

Suddenly, she spots MARK, her ex-boyfriend, at the front of the restaurant.

NEESHA (CONT'D)
JK. I'm gonna hurl.

Tony looks at his water pitcher, accusatory.

TONY
Tap water.

Neesha points toward the door.

TONY (CONT'D)
Oh. Crap.

<BZZZZZ>!

"UNKNOWN CALLER" flashes on Neesha's phone screen.

NEESHA (INTO PHONE)
H-hello?

MARK (VIA PHONE)
Hey! Is this Mariana's friend?

Her head whips back to Mark, who's now walking towards her.

MARK (VIA PHONE) (CONT'D)
Sorry, she told me your name, but I didn't catch it. That girl talks a mile a minute.

NEESHA (INTO VOICE)
(in a deep voice)
Mariana? Nope, don't know anyone by that name. Don't call again.

She throws her phone into her purse and rushes toward the exit until--

NEESHA (CONT'D)
(like Tommy Wiseau)
Oh hi, Mark.

CUT TO:

INT. BLUEJAY'S - MOMENTS LATER

Neesha and Mark sit at a booth. Tony hovers nearby.

MARK
What's going on, Neesh? What are you doing here?

Neesha picks up her fork, nervously fiddling with it.

NEESHA
You tell me. A second number?

MARK
(clarifying)
Second phone.

He shows her the second phone like it's a souvenir. Neesha winces as her fork digs into her palm.

NEESHA

(rising anger)

Look, I'm not going to cause a scene since we're in public, but I actually came here to dump you... on Mariana's behalf.

MARK

That's ridiculous. You expect me to believe that?

NEESHA

Honestly, I don't care what you believe, but we're through.

(thinking)

And I guess so are you and Mariana.

Mark suddenly grabs Neesha's fork out of her hand. Is he about to stab her??

Tony rushes over.

TONY

Sir! Sir! Can I help you with anything?

Mark sets the fork down.

MARK

No. I'm outta here.

With that, Mark storms out of the restaurant.

TONY

Neesha, are you all right?

NEESHA

(grin forming)

I'm better than all right. I'm AMAZING.

INT. COFFEE SHOP - NEXT DAY

Neesha and Riss sit at a table with Mariana.

MARIANA

He texted me last night in full, complete "k"-less sentences. He was sooo angry with me... yet so passionate. Thanks, Neesh Neesh! I should've done this ages ago.

NEESHA

Uhh, okay. So about the money...

Mariana quickly Venmo's Neesha the cash.

NEESHA (CONT'D)

\$150?! This is way more than what we agreed on.

MARIANA

Yeah, but like, the more I thought about it, the more I realized this was a big ask. You deserve it.

(beat)

You know... I have tons of girlfriends with deadweight boyfriends and deep pockets.

NEESHA

No thanks. This was a one-and-done kind of thing. Never again.

But Riss interjects herself.

RISS

Buuuut if your friends are interested, we have business cards.

She hands Mariana a couple of cards. Neesha's appalled.

MARIANA

"Cord Cutters?" Oh how cute! I'll def pass these along.

She abruptly stands to leave.

MARIANA (CONT'D)

Sorry to rush out, but I just matched with a hunk on Tinder.

(winks)

And who knows? Maybe you'll break up with him too.

Neesha stares at Riss, who waves Mariana farewell.

INT. RISS' CAR - LATER

Neesha and Riss drive back to their apartment. The mood is tense until--

NEESHA

Business cards. Are you kidding me with this.

RISS

You saw the kind of money our clients roll with. We have to capitalize.

NEESHA

"Our" clients? No, this is not a business, Riss. We don't have business cards.

RISS

Well, Neesh, we do. And we also have a website.

CUT TO:

INT. APARTMENT - RISS' BEDROOM - LATER

Neesha stares slack jaw at a website on Riss' laptop: **"CUT THE CORD: WE CUT WHAT YOU CAN'T!"**

NEESHA

Where do I even begin with this?

RISS

Just say yes. I've done the legwork already.

NEESHA

How do you know how to do all this? Matter of fact, I don't think I've ever seen you attend school here.

RISS

None of that matters. Have you already forgotten who you just broke up with? Without Cord Cutters, you never would have confronted that b-hole and gotten paid for it!

NEESHA

I don't think "Cord Cutters" had anything to do with that...

RISS

Of course it did! And just think. There are so many sad saps out there that need to get out of bad relationships but can't.

NEESHA

And there are millions of Marianas
with too much money on their hands
and no soul.

RISS

Either way, you get paid. It's a
win-win.

NEESHA

<SIGHS> Okay. Let's say,
hypothetically, I agreed to do this
with you. What are the rules? Have
you thought about the ethical
implications?

RISS

No, but as Head of Ethics, I'm sure
you'd figure it out. I'll follow
whatever rules you lay down, lady.

Riss extends her hand, ready to do this.

NEESHA

And if it ever went too far... we
could shut it down?

RISS

(nodding)

At any point.

Neesha timidly takes Riss' hand. They shake on it.

END OF ACT TWO

ACT THREE**INT. APARTMENT - LIVING ROOM - DAY**

Neesha and Riss interview their first client JULIE.

NEESHA

Go ahead and start with your name, age, and reason for the requested breakup.

JULIE

Julie Prescott, 24 years old, and my boyfriend is a negligent jerk. I've been trying to break up with him for weeks, but he begs me to come back every time. At this point, I just need a professional.

RISS

Did you bring the paperwork and photos we asked for?

Julie nods, hands them over.

NEESHA

My colleague and I will need a moment to discuss, if you don't mind.

JULIE

Sure, go ahead.

Neesha and Riss turn to each other.

NEESHA

(whispering)

She seem legit to you?

RISS

(whispering)

Maybe? I just want to tell her POS boyfriend goodbye.

NEESHA

(whispering)

<GROANS> Good talk.

They turn back.

NEESHA (CONT'D)

After careful review, we'll take on your case.

Julie fist pumps as Riss hands her a pamphlet.

RISS

So our basic package is your standard, run-of-the-mill text message. But after a small fee, we can customize it however you like. Now the standard package includes--

Tony suddenly walks through the door. All three women freeze, caught red-handed.

TONY

Am I interrupting something?

NEESHA

W-we thought you weren't going to be home for a while. But, uh, we were just wrapping up, right Riss?

RISS

(playing along)

Oh yeah, it was great catching up with you, Jules, but now it's time to bounce.

(whispers)

I'll call you.

JULIE

Oh, uh. Okay.

Riss shoves her out the door.

TONY

Aww, you didn't need to kick your friend out. She was kind of cute.

RISS

No she wasn't.

NEESHA

Well, doesn't matter. She's never coming back here again.

Neesha shoots Riss a look. Riss makes a face.

CUT TO:

EXT. BOISE RIVER GREENBELT - BRIDGE - NEXT MORNING

Neesha and Riss mull around on the bridge. Waiting. Riss throws a stone that loudly <KERPLUNKS> into the water below.

RISS

Where is this guy? Julie said he jogs this way every morning at 8am. On the dot.

NEESHA

(yawning)

I'm sure he's on his way... we just have to be patient.

Suddenly, they hear footsteps <POUND> against the pavement.

NEESHA (CONT'D)

Is that him?! Oh my god, what's the plan? Why didn't we come up with a plan?!

RISS

Okay, I can jump out and block him. Then you pin him down and smash his head into the dirt.

NEESHA

No, that's a horrible plan! We're not doing that!

As the MAN approaches, Riss moves into position.

RISS

Ready?

NEESHA

No!

Neesha grabs her by the waist and holds her back.

RISS

Neesha! Lemme go!

As they <STRUGGLE>--

CARLOS

Everything okay here?

The two women straighten themselves out.

NEESHA

<CLEARS THROAT> Yep, all good. Uh, weird question, but are you by chance Carlos?

He pulls out his AirPods.

CARLOS
(confused)
Yeah... do I know you?

NEESHA
Hi. Um, I'm Neesha. This is Riss.

RISS
Sup.

NEESHA
There's no easy way to say this, so
I'm just gonna blurt it out.
(beat)
You're not prone to violence, are
you?

CARLOS
No?

NEESHA
Okay. Good. So your girlfriend,
Julie--

Carlos begins to <BREATHE HEAVY>. Neesha and Riss exchange
worried glances.

CARLOS
Go on.

The women take a few precautionary steps back.

NEESHA
So your girlfriend. Julie. She, uh--

RISS
(blurting out)
She's breaking up with you because
your body gets more attention than
she does!
(beat)
It's paying off though. You look
great.

Carlos doesn't respond. Instead, he slowly walks toward the
ledge of the bridge.

CARLOS
If what you're saying is true --
besides the part about me looking
good -- then what's the point of
going on without Julie?

NEESHA

Wait a sec. Let's talk about this
away from that scary ledge.

CARLOS

(entranced)

The river. So beautiful. She's
calling me home.

NEESHA

Oh god.

Tony suddenly appears out of nowhere, rushing towards Carlos.
He bear hugs him and drags him away from the ledge.

TONY

Not today, man! We talk about our
feelings, not drown in them.

Carlos starts to sob into Tony's manly chest.

CARLOS

(through tears)

I know I'm not a great boyfriend,
but I can't lose her. She's my
everything.

Tony cradles Carlos in his arms. Neesha and Riss can only
watch, stunned.

TONY

There, there. Good things shrivel
and die if we don't take care of
them. You and I should know. We're
fit AF.

CARLOS

I feel so alone.

TONY

You're never alone.

After a very long hug, Carlos finally pulls away and turns
toward Neesha and Riss.

CARLOS

Sorry about that. Kind of lost my
cool for a second.

Riss waves it off.

RISS

It happens.

CARLOS

Maybe don't confront a guy on a bridge about his breakup?

NEESHA

Noted.

TONY

Hey, man. Lemme give you my digits. Call me if you need to talk. We'll work through this together.

As Tony and Carlos exchange numbers, Riss turns to Neesha.

RISS

Wow! Our first success story!

NEESHA

Riss, we nearly killed someone.

RISS

Yeah, but we didn't. You could say we saved a life.

(beat)

Or... Tony's biceps did. Damn. I guess upper body strength really is superior.

(another beat)

Don't tell Tony I said that.

Carlos takes off, waving goodbye to the trio.

TONY

You're lucky I saw that text from your cute friend. If not, who knows what would have happened.

NEESHA

You read my texts too??

TONY

We keep telling you to lock your phone.

NEESHA

I can't believe it. Is nothing in my phone private anymore?!

TONY

(shrugs)

I can't believe you almost drove a guy off a bridge.

RISS

And I can't believe you pulled that guy back. Literally. You were really something, Tony.

She blushes a little as Tony rubs his head.

TONY

Was I? Felt good to help him out.

RISS

After today's events, I think Cord Cutters could use your talents.

TONY

How do you mean?

Neesha gets where Riss is headed.

NEESHA

Riss might actually be onto something. You could help us retrain and rehabilitate these dumpees. That way, when they're released back into the dating pool, they won't be repeat offenders.

TONY

Does your Cord Cutting company offer paid time off? Benefits? Career pathing?

RISS

No. But we have a website.

TONY

(beat)
I'll do it.

INT. THE TATE - LATER

The trio celebrate at The Tate, a quaint, local joint that specializes in all things potato.

NEESHA

It's crazy to think this is my life now, but all I can think about is how I finally have money to eat a real meal.

RISS

Is a potato a meal though?

Tony shoves a whole potato in his mouth. <SWALLOWS>.

TONY
Sure tastes good.

NEESHA
As long as we're helping people...
I'm willing to give this a shot.

RISS
Hear, hear!

The three <CLINK> their glasses together.

NEESHA
We should talk about discretion
though. If this business takes off,
I don't want it to harm our
attendance at Boise State.

<BZZZZZ>!

Riss checks her phone. Her face drops.

RISS
Uh, Neesh?

She shows Neesha the latest Cord Cutting inquiry. It's from
Karin Sanderson, her ethics professor!

Off their worried looks...

END OF EPISODE