

WE'RE SEEING SOMEONE

Season One

Episodes 1 - 7

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WE'RE SEEING SOMEONE - EPISODE ONE

INT. TRIG'S BEDROOM - DAY

The room looks like a dorm room hit by a tornado.

The sound of a woman moaning erupts amidst the mess.

TRIG, 30, pokes his head out from beneath the pile of clothes on his bed. Reaches for his phone on the floor, the source of the sound. Next to the phone is a digital clock radio that blares 2:13 PM. Resting underneath it is a flyer that reads: "Want more Sex? I'll help you find your match!"

TRIG  
(groggy/sexy)  
This is the Trig man.

When nobody responds, Trig looks at the phone. It's a text. He looks at the screen, which reads, "From: Dr. Love...532 South Avenue, 7:00, Dress to Impress."

A grin appears on Trig's face as the image FREEZES.

Words being to appear next to Trig's face, the penmanship a little messy but clear, "Trig: Bravado of a lion...maturity of a firefly."

INT. JUNE'S APARTMENT - DAY

The studio apartment is covered with moving boxes amidst the furniture.

JUNE, 30, looking too dressy and presentational for a day at home, is talking on her phone and cutting an image out of a magazine.

JUNE  
...and I just don't get why he was so upset. I mean, all I did was tell him a house without a powder room isn't a house...powder room...a room with a sink and a mirror...God, Laurie, don't go middle class on me. Anyway, I've got a go. Big plans tonight...bye.

June hangs up the phone and puts it on a moving box next to the same flyer we saw in Trig's room.

FLYER TEXT: "The average man not good enough for you? I'll help you find your match."

Her phone rings--blasting the sound of an old cash register.

JUNE, 30, looks at the text on her screen, which reads, "From: Dr. Johnson...532 South Avenue, 7:00, Dress to Impress." She sighs and puts the phone down.

June places the image of "Jason Smith, Millionaire Exercise Video Instructor" on the wealth chart on her wall, in between two other executives and their eligibility.

June studies her chart as the image FREEZES.

The same penmanship appears, just like Trig's. "June: Only cares about what's in a man's pants...his wallet."

INT. SEATTLE'S BEDROOM - DAY

It looks like a tacky inspiration gift shop threw up in here. Posters, bumper stickers and signs adorned with positive sayings cover the walls. The flyer hangs amongst them.

FLYER READS: "Love life? Want a partner who does, too? I'll help you find your match."

SEATTLE, 30, stands in front of her television following a Jason Smith exercise video with an overabundance of energy.

JASON SMITH (O.S.)

Ten more. Yeah, that's it. Jason Smith didn't get this body without some good hard work. Now push it!

Her cell phone rings. Her voice is the ring tone.

SEATTLE (O.S.)

Conversation is the instrument of interaction. Conversation is the instrument...

Seattle races to the phone and looks at the text, which reads, "Dr. Awesome...532 South Avenue, 7:00, Dress to Impress."

Seattle gives the biggest excited smile she can muster as the image FREEZES. The writing returns: "Seattle: Full of s--- Full of energy."

INT. REAPER'S BEDROOM - DAY

Dark walls, shock metal, guitars, offensive posters, and a bookcase full of poetry and classic literary novels. The flyer rests on the bookshelf.

FLYER TEXT: "Most dates too shallow? I'll help you find your match."

REAPER  
(soft/pop singing voice)  
I want to hold you in my arms,  
And comfort the tears you've shed,

Reaper switches into full on metal mode.

REAPER  
(metal voice)  
But you slept with my best friend,  
And now you can drop dead...

A blood-curdling scream permeates the room--it's a cell phone ring. REAPER, 30, Marilyn Manson without the charm, reads the text, "From: Dr. Pointless...532 South Avenue, Dress to Impress."

Reaper looks up to the sky as the image FREEZES. The writing says: "Reaper: Too much rage, angst and guyliner."

INT. IZZIE'S LIVING ROOM - DAY

IZZIE, 30, sits at a large desk surrounded by three computers, each with different screens: Warquest, FaceSpace, and a website she's designing. She deftly swivels between each computer like a pro. Her shirt says: "I'm chaotic evil in bed."

A message pops up on FaceSpace from WzrdLuvr. "I'd love to cast a spell on you one of these days."

Izzie replies as Elvnhottie: "Your magic's no match for my armor."

A plain cell phone rings out. Izzie looks at the text, "From: Dr. Know-It-All...532 South Avenue, 7:00, Dress to Impress."

Izzie puts the phone down and she grabs the flyer on her desk.

FLYER TEXT: "Misunderstood? Lonely? I'll help you find your match."

The panic on Izzie's face spreads quickly as the image freezes. The writing says: "Izzie: Doesn't like to talk. When she does, most people wish she wouldn't."

BEGIN FLASHBACK

INT. DR. JOHNSON'S OFFICE - DAY

SUPER: YESTERDAY

An annoyingly supportive psychiatrist's office. Tissues strategically placed, diploma prominent, from a good school, not a great one. Bookshelf full of positive reading material.

DR. JOHNSON, 40's, hides his impatience behind a strained smile. A pad rests on his lap that he is hastily scribbling notes on. He finishes the line "most people wish she wouldn't." The pad has all the notes that were seen before.

Trig, Izzie, June, Reaper and Seattle sit across from him.

DR. JOHNSON

Okay. So, before I send you all out on this "scavenger hunt for love," so to speak, I'd like to hear from each of you why you seem to struggle in maintaining a relationship. Who wants to start?

Seattle, her unmatched clothes only moderately strange compared to her huge, excited grin, barely lets Dr. Johnson finish his question when she starts talking.

SEATTLE

My guru says that the quest for love can only be completed by taking chances, so I guess I have to do that. It reminds me of that song from Gabrielle, "Taking My Chances..."

Seattle takes in a breath.

SEATTLE

(singing)

Soaring above the hopes beneath me,  
Throwing my caution to the wind,  
Taking my chances to be free,  
Taking my chances to be me.

FREEZE on Seattle's twisted singing face: "This is a terrible song."

The group stares at her, confused and perturbed.

Trig sits on his chair backwards, his arms resting across the top.

TRIG

My problem's simple, doc. I can't find a woman who can keep up with the Trig Man. It's like I'm a record breaking swimmer and they're still at the diving board...in their bikini top...and a thong...

Trig zones out as the rest of the group stares at him. He snaps back, wiping the orgasmic look off his face.

Reaper sits on a love seat by himself. His leather outfit has chains attached about, makeup applied, dreds in perfect formation.

REAPER

I'm not the one with the problem. The problem is I'm not into women who worry too much about what guys look like, as if that's what really matters. I'm not that shallow.

June sits like she's posing for Cosmopolitan. Her simple, yet elegant outfit clearly outclasses everyone in the room.

JUNE

My problem is most men are just too focused on settling for mediocrity. And mediocrity is just another word for poor, and as you can tell, I don't do poor.

She folds her arms, exposing her ring finger with three engagement rings fitted to it. Points to each one as she announces their names.

JUNE

Westfield. Morton. Prince.

Izzie looks around the room sizing everyone up, hair covering most of her face, clothes plain and uninteresting. She takes an excruciatingly long time to put a sentence together.

IZZIE

My problem...is...men suck.

Dr. Johnson scribbles a couple of notes on his pad, all the while rolling his eyes.

DR. JOHNSON  
Alright, good. Now, tomorrow I'll text you the address and instructions for your dating location. We'll reconvene next week to discuss how things went. Any questions?

The group remains silent.

DR. JOHNSON  
Great. See you next week.

As they file out...

TRIG  
(to June)  
Can I get your phone number?

June shoots him a darting, disgusted look and continues out.

DR. JOHNSON  
No dating one another, Trig.

TRIG  
Nice c-block, doc.

DR. JOHNSON  
And remember...finding love makes you realize that there's this piece inside you that's always been missing, but you never noticed it until the right person comes along to fill it.

Once they're gone, Dr. Johnson sits behind his desk. His phone beeps.

DR. JOHNSON  
Yes, Michelle.

MICHELLE (O.S.)  
Your divorce lawyer's on the phone.

Dr. Johnson sighs and picks up the phone.

END FLASHBACK

END OF EPISODE ONE

WE'RE SEEING SOMEONE - EPISODE TWO

A ten second recap of what happened in the previous episode.

INT. TRIG'S BEDROOM - DAY

Trig looks at himself in the mirror like his wrinkled shirt and jeans are impressive.

He grabs a pair of balled-up socks and stuffs them down his pants. After reviewing himself again in the mirror, he grabs another pair and stuffs them down.

INT. JUNE'S BEDROOM - DAY

June stares into her small closet searching for the right outfit. Her clothes are categorized: Millionaire, Multi-Millionaire, Celebrity, etc.

She opens the lone jewelry case on her night stand and grabs the beautiful necklace. She puts it on and stares at herself in the mirror.

INT. IZZIE'S BEDROOM - DAY

Izzie stares blankly into the mirror. Her face slowly contorts, struggling as she opens her mouth to speak.

IZZIE

Heh...

She is almost wincing in pain as she tries again.

IZZIE

Heh...Hel...Hello.

Izzie lets out a deep breath, exhausted from her vocal olympics.

INT. SEATTLE'S BEDROOM - DAY

Seattle stares at her dressed up self like she looks fantastic. None of her clothes match. She gives herself a high five in the mirror.



INT. REAPER'S BEDROOM - DAY

Reaper practices romance with his hand in the mirror. He pets his hand like he's brushing back a woman's hair, then kisses it gently.

He stops and realizes what he's doing. Launches into a full metal scream at himself in the mirror.

INT. DR. JOHNSON'S OFFICE - DAY

Dr. Johnson takes a swig from a cocktail glass as he sits behind his desk with his tape recorder.

DR. JOHNSON

(annoyed)

Right about now, they all should be arriving at their dating location. I'm sure the surprise... (beat) I can't believe she's doing this? Why Penny? Was it the snoring? The alphabetized pantry? The tweed? Cuz I don't have to do tweed!

Dr. Johnson stops the recorder. Pours a larger glass of scotch.

EXT. PARKING LOT - DAY

Trig pulls into the parking lot, where Izzie, June and Reaper are all waiting. Parks and gets out of the car.

Izzie's shirt reads "My online boyfriend is cuter than you."

JUNE

I can't believe we're doing this. Anyone see who drove that Jag?

TRIG

Sorry I'm late. Had to pick up some of Trojan's finest on the way.

REAPER

What's that guy staring at?

IZZIE

Probably you.

Seattle runs into the parking lot, super excited.

SEATTLE

Oh my god, you guys. This is gonna be the best thing ever. I know I shouldn't have peeked, but wait until you guys see inside! I cannot wait to get started!

JUNE

Who wound her up?

TRIG

Can I get a ride?

They all follow Seattle towards the building.

INT. LOOKING FOR LOVE EXPRESS - DAY

The quintet set foot into the café as a large sign greets them: "Seven dates in one night!"

A bubbly HOSTESS approaches them.

HOSTESS

Hello, and welcome to Looking For Love Express, where love can be found in 3 minutes or less.

Seattle is dumbstruck with excitement.

Reaper looks ready to rip someone's arm off.

June clutches her necklace as if someone's about to steal it.

Trig grins as he pulls out and starts counting his condoms.

Izzie pulls her hair in front of her face as she feels sick.

INT. DR. JOHNSON'S OFFICE - DAY

Dr. Johnson sits at his desk. The bottle's empty and his face shows it. A SUDDEN PHONE RING grabs his attention. He answers, trying to play off his drunkenness.

DR. JOHNSON

This is Quentin.

A silky, commanding voice emanates from the phone.

PENNY (O.S.)

Quentin, it's Penny.

DR. JOHNSON

Darling--.

PENNY (O.S.)

I'm not your darling, I'm supposed to be your ex-wife. Please sign the papers.

DR. JOHNSON

It's on my To Do list.

SHOW Dr. Johnson's TO DO LIST next to him. Item number one is: "Change Penny's mind."

PENNY (O.S.)

And I also want you to stop.

DR. JOHNSON

Stop what?

PENNY (O.S.)

The calls...the texts...all of it. And stop singing smarmy love songs on my voicemail. Who is this Gabrielle, anyway? Just sign the divorce papers and let's finish this.

She hangs up.

DR. JOHNSON

(singing)

Soaring above the hopes beneath me,  
Taking my chances to be free...

Dr. Johnson throws up under his desk.

END OF EPISODE TWO

WE'RE SEEING SOMEONE - EPISODE THREE

INT. DR. JOHNSON'S OFFICE - DAY

Dr. Johnson sits across from his group, much like he did at the first meeting, pad in hand, along with an envelope.

DR. JOHNSON

Well, the results are in, but before I share them with you, let's talk about what happened on the speed dating. Who wants to go first?

Seattle nearly explodes at Dr. J, and shoves a stack of wildy-scribbled-on papers at him.

SEATTLE

I wrote everything down so I wouldn't forget!!

Seattle stands in front of the group.

FREEZE ON Seattle smiling and holding her notes in front of her: "Note to self, analyze this handwriting sample for signs of schizophrenia."

SEATTLE

I was so excited about the chace to meet so many new people, because my guru says meeting new people increases the number of people you know.

FADE TO:

INT. LOOKING FOR LOVE EXPRESS - EVENING

Seattle sits across from STEVEN, a nice guy.

SEATTLE

Hi, I'm Seattle. Nice to meet you.

STEVEN

Nice to meet you, too, I'm Steven. You go first.

SEATTLE

Okay! I was born in Seattle, which is where I got my name obviously.

(MORE)

SEATTLE(cont'd)

I'm an only child. I really wished I had a brother or sister, but my mom told me I was so special that she couldn't have any more children after me, and dad always loved calling me his beautiful disaster.

ON STEVEN who looks shocked.

FADE TO:

INT. LFL EXPRESS - A BIT LATER

SEATTLE

So, no siblings for me, but my guru says there's no crying over spilt semen.

REVEAL that Seattle is now talking to a BIKER GUY who opens his mouth to speak, but is cut off by Seattle's endless stream of words.

SEATTLE

It was great growing up in a big city. I remember when I was six, my mom bought me a ticket to see Muppets on Ice, but she couldn't come with me because she was prepping dad's funeral. So, she just put me on the bus and off I went. Funny thing was she forgot to give me money for a return trip...

BIKER GUY balls his fists and cracks his knuckles.

FADE TO:

INT. LFL EXPRESS - A BIT LATER

NERDY GUY winces in pain as he rubs his temples.

SEATTLE

...and now I work as an assistant to one of the most magnificent motivational speakers in the world!!!

TWO DATERS next to Seattle jump at her sudden outburst and scoot their chairs farther from her.

Nerdy Guy shrugs an "I'm sorry" at the two daters.

SEATTLE

I have learned so many things from him, like how to really listen to the world and those around you, and how to take what you learn and apply it to your own life.

A bell rings. Nerdy Guy is awash with relief.

SEATTLE

Wow. That was three minutes already? It keeps going by so fast. Well, it was really great meeting you. I think this went fantastic.

INT. DR. JOHNSON'S OFFICE - DAY

Seattle smiles, convinced her report's been perfect.

SEATTLE

I really think we made a connection.

REAPER

After that, I bet those guys made connections with some sharp objects.

DR. JOHNSON

Seattle, can you name one thing each of these men told you about themselves?

SEATTLE

Well...the first guy seemed shy. The second guy, he looked like he liked motorcycles. And I think the third guy has allergies because he had tears in his eyes.

DR. JOHNSON

Seattle, can you name something they like that they actually told you.

SEATTLE

Well...um...

DR. JOHNSON

Do you see where I'm going with this?

Seattle stares at him blankly.

JUNE

You didn't give any of those losers  
a chance to tell you what kind of  
loser they were.

DR. JOHNSON

That's not how I would phrase it,  
but...yeah.

Seattle seems confused for moment, then it clicks.

SEATTLE

Oh. My guru says that losers...just  
haven't gotten their chance to win.

END OF EPISODE THREE

WE'RE SEEING SOMEONE - EPISODE FOUR

INT. DR. JOHNSON'S OFFICE - DAY

Dr. Johnson looks around the room.

DR. JOHNSON  
Who wants to give their speed  
dating recap next?

The group is silent for a moment. Finally, June relents.

JUNE  
Fine. I didn't have any particular  
expectations for the evening,  
mostly because I can smell a loser  
right away.

DR. JOHNSON  
Can you?

JUNE  
Yes. Items purchased on sale smell  
distinctly of packing peanuts,  
storage room cleaner and regret.

FREEZE ON June's prissy face as she grabs a tissue: "I bought those tissues on sale. They smell just fine."

June places the tissue to her nose, sniffs it like a bloodhound, and tosses it aside. She reaches into her pocket and pulls out tissues of her own.

INT. LOOKING FOR LOVE EXPRESS - EVENING

June leans over to the PRETTY BRUNETTE at the next table.

JUNE  
Do you know who's Jag that is  
there?

Steven sits in front of June, interrupting her query.

STEVEN  
Hi. I'm Steven.

JUNE  
Is that your Jaguar outside?

STEVEN  
No, I drive a Kia.



JUNE

Hmmm.

STEVEN

So I'm a teacher, I work with kids  
with learning disabilities--

But June isn't paying attention. She's texting on her iPhone.

JUNE

Can you tell the waitress I need  
another vodka tonic when she comes  
over.

DING.

INT. LOOKING FOR LOVE EXPRESS - A BIT LATER

Biker Guy is in mid sentence.

BIKER GUY

--so after I finished the Peace  
Corps I set up a small non-profit  
here in LA and started riding  
Harleys.

JUNE

Right. So while you were in Africa,  
you had access to the biggest  
diamond mines in the world.

BIKER GUY

Yeah, we worked really hard to shut  
those bastards down.

June almost jumps out of her seat in fright.

JUNE

Oh my god.

June starts to cry.

BIKER GUY

I know it's sad. When I think of  
all those blood diamond orphans.

JUNE

So, that's not your Jaguar is it?

BIKER GUY

Are you kidding? I've seen what fossil fuel exploitation does. My Harley's a hybrid.

June cries harder.

INT. DR. JOHNSON'S OFFICE

June uses her tissue from before to stop her tears.

JUNE

It was the saddest story I'd ever heard.

DR. JOHNSON

You know June, there are more important things in the world than diamonds.

JUNE

I know, I get how important investment properties are.

DR. JOHNSON

Do you think it's possible that you are using too narrow of a lens through which to consider a mate?

JUNE

I know what you're thinking.

IZZIE

You can't know for certain, you can only make an educated guess based on empirical evidence and non verbal clues.

TRIG

If you knew what I was thinking, all you ladies would be sliding off your chairs.

SEATTLE

I once lost my bikini bottom on a waterslide at Aqualand. It could have been embarrassing, but a nice guy traded it back to me for a churro, and he eventually became my guru.

The whole group pauses to give Seattle their "you're crazy" looks.

REAPER

Your obsession kind of reminds me of a song I wrote last year: "Gold-digging Whores Can Rot In Hell."

JUNE

I want to be secure. I want to be able to stay in my house. And keep the lights on.

(off their confused looks)

And I want the shop clerks on Rodeo to know me by first name. I want that Jaguar. It was an advanced release.

DR. JOHNSON

So, did you ever find out who owned the car?

The others in the room laugh and snicker.

DR. JOHNSON

I'll take that as a yes.

INT. LFL EXPRESS - DAY

June is in front of another potential date.

NERDY GUY

--and our guild usually goes out and helps the homeless at Christmas, so we give them our old handbooks and sorcerer robes. They seems to really appreciate the robes.

JUNE

Excuse me.

June walks over to the hostess's microphone and grabs it.

At Trig's table, Trig courts a HOT BLONDE. She's actually giggling at him.

As the Hostess is about the object to June...

JUNE

There is a silver Jaguar coupe in the parking lot with its lights on.

Hot Blonde jumps up.

HOT BLONDE

Oh! That's me! I left my lights on?

JUNE

No.

She steps down.

END OF EPISODE FOUR

WE'RE SEEING SOMEONE - EPISODE FIVE

INT. DR. JOHNSON'S OFFICE

Dr. Johnson scribble a few notes on his pad.

DR. JOHNSON  
Okay. Let's move on. Volunteer?

TRIG  
I'll go, since you all could use a lesson from the Trig man.

June huffs in disgust.

DR. JOHNSON  
All right, Trig. You have the floor.

TRIG  
Okay, so I couldn't imagine a better situation. I mean, three minutes with each woman in the room. It was like my wettest dream come true.

INT. LFL EXPRESS - DAY

Trig sits down at the first table in front of a PRETTY GIRL. He flashes an arrogant grin.

TRIG  
Girl, what do you say we get in my car and I let you shift my gears?

Revolted by the comment, she slaps Trig in the face.

DING.

Trig looks at his next conquest.

TRIG  
Name's Trigger, and I'd like you to squeeze mine over and over...

Slap.

DING.

Trig sits in front of Izzie.

IZZIE  
Aren't you going to hit on me?

TRIG  
Nah. Why bother.

Izzie is crushed by his comment.

INT. DR. JOHNSON'S OFFICE - DAY

Reaper stands up.

REAPER  
I'd like permission to kick his  
ass, if you all don't mind.

FREEZE ON Reaper rearing back: "Consider this throwdown as a  
potential alternate therapy...and put all money on Reaper."

TRIG  
For what?

REAPER  
For being an arrogant, self-  
centered prick who picks on shy  
defenseless women like Izzie.

IZZIE  
I'm not defenseless. I know  
Capioera. I can dance fight.

FREEZE ON Izzie: "Check that, put all money on Izzie."

DR. JOHNSON  
Settle down, Reaper. (beat) Trig,  
you need to understand that it's  
not okay to be rude to women.

TRIG  
I know, doc, but you did say we  
couldn't date each other.

DR. JOHNSON  
Let's continue.

Trig smiles at Reaper the way a student would when he got  
away with something behind the teacher's back.

INT. LFL EXPRESS - DAY

Trig sits across from the pretty brunette, HEIDI.

HEIDI

...well, I had to start my own firm when they tried to fire me for playing X-Box 360 during a phone conference. Excuse me, but how can I get through a boring ass meeting without a little GTA Four and Left For Dead.

TRIG

That's so hot, Heidi.

HEIDI

And c'mon...making Sims have fetish sex during a teleconference...how is that not EPIC??

TRIG

That's hotter.

HEIDI

Yeah, but in terms of men, I wanna be a one game girl now. I wanna settle down...go head-to-head instead of multiplayer. Be in a real relationship.

Trig's face pales when he hears the word "relationship". He squirms in his seat.

TRIG

That's...not hot.

DING.

A relieved Trig gets up and rushes to the next table, leaving a confused Heidi behind. A CUTE REDHEAD greets him.

TRIG

Hi, I'm...

CUTE REDHEAD

Screw your name. I just came here to have sex.

Trig lights up as he pulls out his condoms.

TRIG

There's a bathroom in the back.

Cute Redhead smiles. They leave the table.

FADE TO:

INT. LFL EXPRESS - MINUTES LATER

DING.

June waits impatiently for her next man to appear. She looks at the table next to her, where Biker Guy is also wondering where his date is.

Trig walks up to June's table and sits down, his shirt half on.

JUNE  
What did you do?

TRIG  
That redhead from the next table.

JUNE  
You're revolting.

Trig flashes his cocky grin as he adjusts his shirt.

INT. DR. JOHNSON'S OFFICE

Trig sports the same cocky grin.

DR. JOHNSON  
Let's focus in on one of your dates, Trig.

TRIG  
Okay, because that Redhead could do a lot in three minutes.

DR. JOHNSON  
Actually, I wanted to talk about Heidi. What turned you off to her?

Trig's face begins to lose its color again.

TRIG  
Oh...she just wasn't my type.

REAPER  
Legs didn't bend far enough?

JUNE  
Hair wasn't bleached?

SEATTLE  
She was very pretty.



TRIG

Then you date her.

DR. JOHNSON

Trig, you might not want to hear this, but I think you're afraid.

TRIG

Afraid all those ladies just won't be able to handle the Trig man.

IZZIE

You're obsessed with sex because you're afraid to connect emotionally with a woman.

DR. JOHNSON

Exactly.

Reaper and June start laughing. For the first time, Trig is embarrassed, but tries to play it off.

TRIG

Connecting things is easy. Just insert tab A into slot B...right?

END OF EPISODE FIVE

WE'RE SEEING SOMEONE - EPISODE SIX

INT. DR. JOHNSON'S OFFICE - DAY

Dr. Johnson scribbles some notes down.

DR. JOHNSON  
Why don't we move on to Reaper.

Reaper stops laughing.

REAPER  
Fine, but before I start, you should all know that I don't believe in mass gatherings probably invented by some David Koresh wannabe cult leader forcing you to follow their rules to find a companion. It's completely asinine.

INT. LFL EXPRESS

Reaper sits with Heidi. She looks him over and a slight tinge of fear creeps onto her face. Reaper picks up on it.

REAPER  
What?

HEIDI  
Nothing.

REAPER  
My name's Reaper.

FREEZE ON Reaper's snarl: "His name is actually Wallace Krinkle. I'd go by Reaper, too."

Her fear intensifies.

REAPER  
Aren't you at least going to introduce yourself?

HEIDI  
I don't want to.

REAPER  
Why? You think I'm gonna stalk you, burn a doll made of your hair and kill you American Psycho style?

Heidi looks away. Bingo. Reaper appears satisfied with her response.

REAPER  
I probably would.

Heidi tenses up even more.

DING.

INT. LOOKING FOR LOVE EXPRESS - LATER

Reaper sits in front of GINA, a hot blonde.

GINA  
I am so totally into guys like you.

REAPER  
What do you mean, guys like me?

GINA  
You know...dark...and seriously dangerous.

REAPER  
You think I'm dangerous?

GINA  
Uh huh.

REAPER  
I'm in a band, too.

GINA  
Ooh. Sing me a song.

Reaper leans over. Gina leans towards him.

REAPER  
(metal voice)  
I'M GONNA RIP YOUR HEART OUT AND  
SHOVE IT DOWN YOUR THROAT,

The Hostess rushes over to the bell.

REAPER  
(metal voice)  
THEN SIT BACK AND WATCH YOU AS YOU  
CHOKE, CHOKE, CHOKE, MOTHER-(DING)-  
ER,  
CHOKE, CHOKE, CHOKE, MOTHER-(DING)-  
ER!

The room falls silent as all eyes turn to Reaper.

Under Gina's chair, we see a trickle of fluid splatter on the floor.

DING.

INT. DR. JOHNSON'S OFFICE - DAY

June looks at Reaper, disgusted.

JUNE

Is that the puddle I stepped in  
when I went to the bathroom?

Reaper grins and nods.

JUNE

You owe me a pair of Chanel's.

REAPER

You'd probably be just as  
comfortable in a pair of Keds.

JUNE

Keds give you cancer.

REAPER

Yeah, well money gives you herpes.

DR. JOHNSON

Reaper, why did feel the need to  
scare her? She seemed interested in  
you.

REAPER

No she wasn't. She thought that she  
would get a rush by dating someone  
like me...someone "dangerous".

Everyone ignores Seattle's comment.

DR. JOHNSON

Were all the women scared of you?

INT. LFL EXPRESS - DAY

Reaper sits across from Cute Redhead.

CUTE REDHEAD

Screw my name. I just came here to have sex.

REAPER

Seriously? You'd have sex with me?

CUTE REDHEAD

Why not?

REAPER

Don't you think I'm gonna stalk you, burn a doll made of your hair and kill you American Psycho style?

Cute Redhead studies Reaper a moment.

CUTE REDHEAD

No.

REAPER

I probably would.

CUTE REDHEAD

No you wouldn't. You're totally harmless.

Reaper is thrown off by the comment.

REAPER

No I'm not.

He sits back in his chair, dejected.

INT. DR. JOHNSON'S OFFICE - DAY

Dr. Johnson scribbles down some notes.

DR. JOHNSON

Why did this upset you?

REAPER

I dunno. Aren't you supposed to be the expert here?

DR. JOHNSON

I am, but I think you already know what your problem is.

REAPER

And what's that?

DR. JOHNSON

I think you are...uncomfortable with your true identity, which is not the one you're currently portraying.

TRIG

Ha! So he's wearing makeup and leather to cover who he really is? What are you really...a ballerina?

Trig can't stop laughing. Reaper gets up again, enraged.

REAPER

If you don't shut up right now, I'm gonna...

IZZIE

You're fear inducing methods further support your attempts to hide behind this persona. It's sad, really.

DR. JOHNSON

I think Izzie's right...um, except for the sad part. Until you're comfortable in your own skin, you'll keep pushing women away.

Reaper appears ready to lash out another angry response, but looks around the room and recoils.

JUNE

Yeah, it's like with me. I used to only feel safe dating men with a eight figure bank account. I've learned to adjust...now they only need seven.

REAPER

Maybe.

SEATTLE

Yeah, like my guru always says--

JUNE

Your what? What are you saying?

SEATTLE

Guru.

IZZIE  
(over pronouncing  
correctly)  
You mean gu-ru? Say it right and  
stop alienating the rest of us.

SEATTLE  
I am saying it right and respecting  
the culture. Like "karaoke" or  
"Tejas."

REAPER  
Here's one: inane.

SEATTLE  
And it's like my guru says: you  
have to put a little of yourself in  
to get a whole lot out.

TRIG  
I know that's right. Putting a  
little of yourself in only makes  
them want more.

Everyone rolls their eyes at Trig.

END OF EPISODE SIX

WE'RE SEEING SOMEONE - EPISODE SEVEN

INT. DR. JOHNSON'S OFFICE - DAY

Everyone turns their attention to Izzie.

DR. JOHNSON  
Izzie...you're the only one left.

Izzie stares back through her hair. She's quiet. For a while.

DR. JOHNSON  
Were you happy with your dates?

INT. LFL EXPRESS - DAY

Steven sits across from Izzie.

STEVEN  
I never tell anyone this, but,  
well, I was adopted and my foster  
mom had that same pretty blonde  
hair. So, I've always kinda liked  
blondes.

IZZIE  
So you have an Oedipus complex.

STEVEN  
She's dead.

IZZIE  
So you're incestuous and into  
necrophilia. Anything else?

Steven stares at Izzie's judgmental stare, slack-jawed.

DING.

INT. DR. JOHNSON'S OFFICE - DAY

Dr. Johnson leans in, trying to be kind.

DR. JOHNSON  
Why did you react that way to him?

IZZIE  
I don't like guys in love with  
their mothers.



DR. JOHNSON  
I don't think that's what he was  
implying. At all.

IZZIE  
That's not what Freud would say.

Dr. Johnson sighs in frustration as he feels his buttons  
being pushed.

DR. JOHNSON  
Did you find it easier to have  
conversations on any of the other  
dates?

INT. LFL EXPRESS - DAY

Reaper sits in front of Izzie.

REAPER  
I could totally dred that pretty  
hair for you. Wrap it around my  
fingers and weave a symphony.

IZZIE  
Dreds are closer to knitting than  
weaving.

REAPER  
It's actually more like crochet.

For a moment, they appear to connect, until...

IZZIE  
No self-respecting guy should know  
that.

Reaper glares at her. Izzie covers her face with her hair.

DING.

INT. LOOKING FOR LOVE EXPRESS - A BIT LATER

Nerdy Guy sits in front of Izzie.

NERDY GUY  
So, what do you do for fun?

IZZIE  
Kill my enemies and ransom their  
friends.

NERDY GUY  
You're a gamer, cool, me too.

IZZIE  
That was supposed to be deflection.

NERDY GUY  
Do you play Warquest?

IZZIE  
Yeah.

NERDY GUY  
What's your handle?

IZZIE  
Elven hottie.

NERDY GUY  
Seriously?

She nods.

NERDY GUY  
It's me...Wizard lover.

INT. DR. JOHNSON'S OFFICE - DAY

Dr. Johnson looks hopeful.

DR. JOHNSON  
Great. Sounds like you made a  
connection.

IZZIE  
No.

INT. LFL EXPRESS - DAY

Izzie looks at Wzrdluvr in disgust.

IZZIE  
Sorry. I don't date guys who are  
lawful good.

FREEZE ON Izzie: "Lawful good - A term used in role playing  
games to describe an honorable character who follows the  
rules...I know my way around an RPG."

Wzrdluvr is crushed by the rejection.

WZRDLUVR

Nerds usually know better than to  
be this mean.

He gets up and leaves the restaurant.

INT. DR. JOHNSON'S OFFICE

Dr. Johnson rubs his temples in frustration.

JUNE

I have a great accu-hypno-therapist  
if you need help for that migraine.

DR. JOHNSON

I'll feel better when I know I've  
done my job. So, who can give us  
some insight into Izzie?

SEATTLE

Well, my guru tells me that insults  
are just complements inside-out.

IZZIE

Does your guru ever tell you that  
it's better to keep quiet and be  
thought a fool than to speak and  
leave no doubt.

REAPER

How about this for a quote: you're  
way too judgmental.

IZZIE

Am not.

TRIG

I hate to agree with the guy  
wearing makeup, but he-she's right.  
You need to let go...hit some  
parties...get that cherry popped.

DR. JOHNSON

Reaper and Trig are making valid  
points here, Izzie. Your social  
awkwardness causes you to search  
for reasons to reject men.

IZZIE

They present very good reasons.

JUNE

I agree with Izzie. None of those guys were worth talking to anyway.

SEATTLE

I had great conversations.

DR. JOHNSON

No you didn't. We've been over that.

REAPER

You can't tell her what to believe about her past.

DR. JOHNSON

Actually, I can. That's why you pay me.

TRIG

When I pay someone, she gives me exactly what I want.

JUNE

The clap?

TRIG

Two words: Penny Cillin.

Dr. Johnson hears the word "Penny" and begins to think about her. He looks over at her picture on his desk, which is just in view.

IZZIE

Penicillin is one word.

The group argues with one another. Dr. Johnson looks from Penny to the group, desperate and angry, until...

DR. JOHNSON

THAT'S ENOUGH!

The group quiets down as Dr. Johnson pants in frustration and holds up the envelope.

DR. JOHNSON

Are you interested in the results of your speed dating or not?

JUNE

Of course I am. I need to know who to avoid at the market.

SEATTLE

My guru says...

DR. JOHNSON

Nevermind your guru, Seattle. What do YOU say?

Seattle is confused by the question.

SEATTLE

My...um...I...

She flashes her big grin.

TRIG

Give us the results. Gotta know how many boxes of condoms to grab.

REAPER

"Yes," "no," "I like you," "I don't like you." What do any of those things actually mean.

IZZIE

Is that rhetorical, 'cuz otherwise, you're dumb.

JUNE

Wait, if one of the unwashed mass is interested in us, does that mean we don't have to come back to therapy?

DR. JOHNSON

Well, you would have met your goals, so you would have no need to come back.

June points to the second engagement ring on her finger.

JUNE

Perfect, because I have to get one of the studs fixed on Morton next week this time.

Dr. Johnson pulls out five print outs of an email from a folder.

DR. JOHNSON

You're going to have to reschedule that appointment.

Dr. Johnson hands out the emails and everyone reads.

JUNE

Not even one? That's what you get  
for talking to the middle class.

TRIG

That's alright. They didn't look  
like they could handle the Trig man  
anyway.

SEATTLE

My guru says rejection is really  
just acceptance turned inside out.

REAPER

Did they have to say "no" with a  
smiley face after.

IZZIE

I like that it's in an email.

DR. JOHNSON

So, same time next week?

The looks on everyone's faces are genuinely upset.

END OF EPISODE SEVEN