

MY VILLAIN ARC

written by

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FADE IN:

INT. DIVE BAR - NIGHT

SPENSER DODGE (20s) stands on one side of a barrel, his hands clutching a foam rod behind his back. He has the body of a Mister Olympia Classic Physique competitor and the face of someone who would argue about sub versus dub for the obscure Japanese anime "Kaiketsu Zorro."

His eyes scan the crowd. BIKERS, CRIMINALS, and BLUE COLLAR WORKERS surround a dance floor, dead quiet. DESTINY (30s, stripper) pushes her way to the front. She's an All-American Blonde with obvious plastic surgery... and winks at him.

A DJ is in the booth, cursing his life's choices

Spenser turns and gives a thumbs up to a REFEREE.

The Referee motions to the large, burly man opposite Spenser. This is AXEL... and he's covered in prison tattoos.

Axel slaps Spenser so hard that his ancestors feel it.

Spenser hits the ground with authority. The left side of his face instantly swells up. The foam rod bounces away from him.

The crowd explodes in cheers.

The Referee loudly counts to ten. The crowd chants along.

Spenser tries to stand up. *He can't.*

The DJ plays something like "Baba O'Riley" by The Who.

SPENSER (V.O.)

Can I get something less cliché?

The DJ changes it to something like "Miami" by Will Smith.

EXT. MIAMI, FLORIDA - DAY

Establishing.

Large corporate buildings overlook the beach.

SPENSER (V.O.)

Your internet brain is expecting me to say something like--

(mock teenager voice)

You're probably wondering how I got here, right? It's a long story.

INT. COMPUTER FLOOR - DAY

A large cube farm as far as the eye can see at a large, multi-national corporation.

COMPUTER ENGINEERS of all experience levels code.

Spenser is in the middle of all of this at a cube, coding. He's skinny, almost frail-looking, and listening to music through older Air Pods in his ears.

Anime posters and figures are all over his cubicle. A framed photo of him and his longtime girlfriend EMILY JENKINS (20s) is on his desk, next to his phone.

She's an All-American blonde.

Spenser's cell phone is on his desk. The wallpaper is of Spenser's dog, RAYLAN (small, fluffy).

A woman's hand taps him on the shoulder.

Spenser pauses the music, takes his AirPods out and turns to see PURVI KHATRA (20s) leaning over from her chair in the cubicle next to him.

She has long, dark hair and soul-piercing eyes.

Her cube is filled with Wisconsin sports memorabilia.

There's a light, unspoken attraction between them.

PURVI

It's giving me an error.

SPENSER

It's not you.

He motions to a large office.

Spenser's manager LOGAN (40s) is passed out at his desk. He looks older than he is and reeks of cheap booze with a large dose of disappointment.

PURVI

Do you want to wake him or--

Spenser quickly logs into a separate program. He searches for "Fuck123" and clicks enter.

The screen quickly goes there.

Spenser quickly types.

PURVI (CONT'D)
How did you know?

SPENSER
That's what he puts in so he can
find it later.

Her phone buzzes with a notification from a dating app. She
opens it up. Her eyes quickly scan it.

SPENSER (CONT'D)
Who's today's winner?

PURVI
He said something more than "yo."

SPENSER
Did he ask you if Purvi is short
for pervert?

She playfully hits him.

PURVI
Do you happen to know what Zyzz
Nation is?

Spenser shrugs.

PURVI (CONT'D)
He's a founding member.

SPENSER
Let's see.

Purvi hands him her phone.

He looks at it for a moment.

SPENSER (CONT'D)
His cologne has to be a combination
of Drakkar Noir and date rape.

PURVI
He could be harmless.

SPENSER
Just don't leave your drink alone
with him, OK?

PURVI
What if the whole Zyzz Nation is a
silly thing, like your cartoons?

Spenser hands Purvi her phone. He pulls up a video streaming service on his computer and types in "Zyzz Nation."

A plethora of results come up. The first one is "Get Bitches, Make Money."

Its creator is Manosphere influencer ZYZZ (20s). He's got feathered hair, an impossibly jacked physique, and wears tiny shorts with an outrageous Australian accent.

His profile photo has him posing awkwardly in front of an expensive sports car with several INSTAGRAM MODELS with bored looks on their faces.

Spenser looks at the videos. His eyes focus on "How to properly handle your female."

SPENSER

This guy seems fun.

He clicks on it.

Zyzz works out in an expensive garage gym.

ZYZZ (V.O.)

Hey Zyzz Nation... I swear I wake up in a good mood and then I see you functional retards in the comments who all ask the same god-damn question.

(effeminate voice)

Oh Zyzz, how do I handle this female who's not being right?

(normal voice)

Just do what I do. Slap, choke, shut up bitch, and then I fuck her.

He pauses it.

Purvi immediately unmatched him.

Logan walks up to the two.

LOGAN

I need one of you two to stay late tonight and monitor the error check on the program.

SPENSER

Anything that comes up we can handle tomorrow, right?

LOGAN

My wife has a thing and corporate
is breathing down my neck.

PURVI

I've got a date.

Spenser glares at Purvi.

PURVI (CONT'D)

He's got interesting opinions on
male-female relationships and I'd
like to hear more about them.

LOGAN

(to Spenser)

It'll be a couple of hours.

SPENSER

I'll handle it.

LOGAN

I appreciate you!

EXT. APARTMENT PARKING LOT - NIGHT

A large apartment complex looms in the distance.

An older, rusty sedan parks in a spot far from the entrance.

Spenser exits and looks around. His eyes focus on an older
American muscle car for a moment.

SPENSER

In another life, right?

He walks to the front door.

INT. APARTMENT - NIGHT

One bedroom with an open layout.

Cheap furniture and framed replicas of famous paintings are
on the wall.

Emily cooks stir-fry.

Raylan stares at the door.

Her phone is on the kitchen counter. It buzzes with a text
from "Spam Caller."

"Can you come over tonight?"

Emily looks at the message, then at the door, and then back to the phone. She quickly texts back: "I wish."

The door opens, revealing Spenser.

Raylan sprints up to him, jumping all over him in pure, unbridled happiness.

Spenser pets him.

EMILY

I almost started without you.

SPENSER

Logan made me stay late to monitor his shitty code.

(beat)

How was your day?

EMILY

Tina wanted to go out for lunch.

SPENSER

Sounds fun.

EMILY

She assumes that because I work from home I can just take a couple of hours off to grab lunch at Nate's.

SPENSER

Nate's is worth it.

BARK!

SPENSER (CONT'D)

When was the last time he was out?

EMILY

Noon?

Spenser grabs the leash and puts it on Raylan.

EMILY (CONT'D)

He doesn't need it.

SPENSER

It's a fifty-dollar ticket.

Spenser and Raylan leave.

INT. APARTMENT LOBBY - NIGHT

The elevator opens up, revealing Spenser and Raylan.

MERCEDES HERNANDEZ (20s, lawyer) sprints in from outside, covered in sweat. She's tall with jet-black hair.

Their eyes connect.

She smiles.

Raylan jumps up and barks excitedly.

She runs over and pets him.

MERCEDES
Hello, you little handsome man!

SPENSER
He only does this for you.

MERCEDES
I doubt it.

They both chuckle.

SPENSER
How's your mother doing?

Mercedes groans.

MERCEDES
Her doctor wants her to do another round of chemo and my sister wants her to go see some guy in Mexico who can pull the cancer out of her.

SPENSER
She knows it's just chicken, right?

MERCEDES
Gloria is convinced that he's the real deal and Mom is starting to agree with her.

BARK!

SPENSER
Take it easy.

Mercedes gets into the elevator and presses up.

Spenser and Raylan leave.

EXT. CITY STREET - NIGHT

PEOPLE shuffle about their day.

Spenser and Raylan walk.

SPENSER (V.O.)

Thoreau wrote once about the mass
of men who live their lives in what
he called quiet desperation.

Spenser looks across the street. An OLDER MAN who's a dead ringer for Spenser is walking a dog that looks like an older version of Raylan. Sheer misery is all over the man's face.

SPENSER (V.O.) (CONT'D)

Joe Rogan talked about it too. Men
will look at their lives and just
want to run away from them but do
not because they have shit they
just can't walk away from.

Spencer looks at them for a long moment.

SPENSER (V.O.) (CONT'D)

I had the chance to work at a
start-up right out of college.

(beat)

Then this offer came, we got the
dog and now I couldn't live on what
they were offering me.

BARK!

Spenser and Raylan walk.

SPENSER (V.O.) (CONT'D)

That job came up on my LinkedIn the
other day and I thought about
applying again.

(beat)

Right before I pressed apply it
became Emily... and Raylan... and
then health insurance, my 401k, and
everything else about my life that
I couldn't just walk away from.

(beat)

I wonder what kind of guy would.

The Older Man and his Dog walk in the opposite direction from
Spencer and Raylan.

INT. APARTMENT - NIGHT

Dinner is on the table.

Emily's phone buzzes with a text from "Spam Caller." Her fingers open it.

The door opens up, revealing Spenser and Raylan.

She places her phone upside down.

INT. COMPUTER FLOOR - DAY

Spenser quickly types on his laptop.

Purvi taps him on the shoulder.

PURVI

I'm ready.

He stops typing.

She types quickly on her computer.

A flashing screen indicating "compiling" comes up.

Spenser looks to Logan's office.

It's empty.

His eyes turn to Purvi's screen.

SPENSER

Must be nice, right?

It'll take three hours to finish.

PURVI

Nate's has a margarita special.

SPENSER

Emily was just talking about lunch there last night.

PURVI

We could be back before it's done.

SPENSER

Do you know if they do takeout?

EXT. APARTMENT PARKING LOT - DAY

A moving truck is in front of the apartment building

Emily carries a box towards it.

Spenser's sedan parks. He exits with a large bag of takeout in his hands. His eyes spot Emily.

EXT. APARTMENT BUILDING - DAY

Emily spots Spenser running towards her.

She places the box inside the van.

Everything of hers is inside it.

Emily slams the truck door shut.

SPENSER

What the hell?

EMILY

You never come home for lunch.

SPENSER

I got Nate's.

Beat.

EMILY

I met someone else.

SPENSER

What?

EMILY

I wasn't expecting it and--

SPENSER

Why couldn't you just tell me?

EMILY

I don't know.

SPENSER

What was I supposed to do, just show up to an empty place?

EMILY

I thought it'd be easier this way.

SPENSER

Why him?

EMILY

I wanted to be with someone bigger.

SPENSER

You said it was a good size!

EMILY

It's not that.

SPENSER

Then what is it?

EMILY

Can we just end this without a
fight in public?

SPENSER

After everything I deserve--

EMILY

Take care of yourself.

Emily gets inside the van.

SPENSER

So this is how it ends?

(beat)

Seriously?

The van starts up.

Spenser walks inside, dejected.

INT. APARTMENT - DAY

The walls are bare. Raylan's things are gone.

Spenser walks in and looks around.

SPENSER

Raylan?

Spenser looks in the bathroom and then the bedroom.

SPENSER (CONT'D)

Raylan?

(looks around)

Raylan?

His hand places the food on the end table. His eyes turn to where the TV used to be.

It's gone.

He walks to the couch and sobs uncontrollably.

INT. APARTMENT HALLWAY - LATER

Mercedes walks up to his door. She goes to knock but stops.

INT. APARTMENT - NIGHT

Spenser lies on the couch, numb.

KNOCK KNOCK!

Silence.

Spenser is jostled back into reality.

 SPENSER
Who is it?

 MERCEDES (O.S.)
Are you OK?

 SPENSER
No.

Mercedes walks in with a six-pack of beer.

Spenser sits up and looks at her.

 MERCEDES
Donna told me.

Mercedes sits down next to him and hands him a beer.

He takes a long swig.

 SPENSER
I got some Nate's as a surprise.

Mercedes looks over to the kitchen table.

The takeout bag is there, unopened.

SPENSER (CONT'D)

I don't know what's worse: that she didn't think enough of me to say goodbye in the first place or that she took my dog.

(takes a long swig)

Do you take cash or a check for a retainer?

MERCEDES

You don't want to go down this road, Spenser.

SPENSER

He's my dog!

MERCEDES

You'd be pissing away twenty grand.

SPENSER

It's just money.

MERCEDES

Who officially adopted him?

SPENSER

We both did.

MERCEDES

Walk me through the whole process.

Spenser thinks for a moment.

SPENSER

We went to the shelter and Raylan came up to me. She thought he was the one and handled the rest while I played with him.

MERCEDES

Did you sign anything?

He thinks.

SPENSER

I gave her a check for half of what the adoption fees were.

Silence.

MERCEDES

A judge will probably say that since she took him with her the dog is hers.

SPENSER
I walked him and--

MERCEDES
My boss would say to take your
money and half-ass it.

SPENSER
What do you think?

MERCEDES
It'll take at least two years to
get in front of a judge.

SPENSER
What are my odds he does me a
solid?

MERCEDES
Normally I'd say to you that every
case has a fifty-fifty shot but--

SPENSER
But this is a loser case.

MERCEDES
I'm not saying that this survives a
dismissal but I wouldn't bet your
401k on it, either.

Spenser slams his drink.

MERCEDES (CONT'D)
There are other dogs who you could
go and adopt.

SPENSER
They're not him.

MERCEDES
What'd you get at Nate's?

SPENSER
At this point, who cares?

MERCEDES
A minute in the microwave and it'll
be good to go.

SPENSER
You can have it.

MERCEDES

In a couple of hours you'll get
hungry and--

SPENSER

Doubtful.

MERCEDES

You should take a walk. Some fresh
air could help.

Spenser cracks open another beer.

Mercedes stands up.

MERCEDES (CONT'D)

Call me if you need anything, OK?

He takes a swig.

She leaves.

Spenser puts on some anime on his phone.

INT. APARTMENT - DAWN

Spenser's phone plays random videos from a streaming website.

Lots of empty beer cans are on the table.

Spenser is on the couch. He wakes up and looks around. His
eyes dance all over, blood-shot, landing on his phone. He
pulls up his email and quickly types out a message to the HR
Department of his employer.

"Not coming in today. Under the weather."

Spenser pulls up a video streaming service.

A Zyzz video comes up.

Zyzz stands in front of a group of random MODELS.

ZYZZ (V.O.)

I get asked this all the time.

(effeminate male's voice)

Oh Zyzz, how did you get that body
and that life?

Spenser closes the app. He takes a deep breath and opens it
up. His finger presses play on the same video.

ZYZZ (V.O.) (CONT'D)
 I earned both by working my ass off
 like a real fucking man.

Spenser's eyes focus on it intensely.

ZYZZ (V.O.) (CONT'D)
 Weak men look at hardship and just
 cry. What does a strong man do? He
 gets off his ass, gets into the
 gym, and moves some god-damn iron
 like a mother fucking legend.

Spenser is enthralled.

ZYZZ (V.O.) (CONT'D)
 Are you depressed? The bitch left?
 Get under a barbell and move that
 bitch until you can't anymore.

He searches for a gym on his phone.

EXT. CITY STREET - DAY

Spenser walks, his eyes spotting the gym. He stares at it for
 a long moment. He goes to walk away but stops himself.

SPENSER
 If you don't like it, just say no.

His eyes look at the gym and then around. He takes a step
 away but stops. He handstake his phone out and pull up
 Zyzz's YouTube channel.

SPENSER (CONT'D)
 Why am I listening to this idiot?

Spenser searches for "Getting over a breakup."

The first video is "Why women leave shitty men."

The second video is "Breakups are always the man's fault.
 ALWAYS AND FOREVER."

Spenser scrolls down for a moment. It's more of the same.

His fingers type in "Zyzz Nation."

A video called "Killing the bitch inside of you" comes up.

His finger hovers over close for a moment.

Deep breath.

Spenser presses play.

ZYZZ (V.O.)

Short but sweet video, Zyzz Nation.

(beat)

We're all this way once. You stand outside the precipice of greatness and a little voice comes up and tells you that it's stupid. That there are better things to do with your time and life.

(beat)

It's a little bitch and the first step to being a real god-damn man is killing that shit. Do it with iron and fire if you have to.

A fire lights inside of Spenser.

He walks inside.

INT. GYM LOBBY - DAY

Everything is obscenely clean.

A current hit pop song plays through the P.A.

The gym's head trainer, BRADLEY (50s) stands behind a check-in desk, wiping the desk down with a cloth. He's tall and athletically built.

Spenser walks in.

Bradley perks up.

BRADLEY

Welcome to Flex-Sport.

SPENSER

I was walking past and wanted to take a look.

BRADLEY

Let me show you around.

Spenser looks around.

SPENSER

OK.

INT. GYM - DAY

GYM RATS work out on pristine equipment all over.

VICTOR (mid-40s) does heavy cable crossovers in the middle of the gym, screaming after each rep. He's well over six feet tall, impossibly muscular, and shredded to the bone in an unnatural way.

Bradley walks around, Spenser behind him.

BRADLEY

Have you ever belonged to a gym before?

SPENSER

When I was a kid my dad made me and my brother work out because he was convinced we were going to be in the NFL.

BRADLEY

I take it you don't play for the Dolphins, huh?

Spenser spots Victor.

BRADLEY (CONT'D)

What made you walk inside? Not here, the micro level, but more of the macro level?

Spenser thinks for a long moment.

SPENSER

My ex left me and I just... I don't know anything anymore.

BRADLEY

It's better than Zyzz.

Spenser shrugs.

BRADLEY (CONT'D)

Your generation is more lost than inspired. I like to think part of the appeal of a gym is that it's a sort of island for misfit toys.

Victor lets go of the handles.

The weights slam to the bottom hard.

Victor screams.

SPENSER

What toy box did he get lost from?

BRADLEY

People think you touch a weight and you turn into that.

SPENSER

What does it do?

BRADLEY

It's the first step of turning your body into something you like more.

SPENSER

I don't even know what that is.

BRADLEY

You don't have to, either. Just the process of being here, putting in the time, and shutting off all of the bullshit of your life can do wonders for the soul.

Spenser smiles.

INT. POSING ROOM - DAY

Mirrors are on every wall.

Spenser and Bradley walk inside.

BRADLEY

This is our world-famous posing room... during contest season we have to have a schedule for people to come in here.

SPENSER

And when it isn't?

BRADLEY

You could sleep in here and no one would bother you for a month.

Spenser looks at himself in the mirror. He feels small, weak... **and puny!**

SPENSER

This is stupid.

BRADLEY

I remember thinking the same thing
when my ex left with my kid.

SPENSER

What did you do?

BRADLEY

I grabbed some iron and forgot
about it for an hour a day.

SPENSER

That doesn't sound healthy.

BRADLEY

I saw someone, too, but having a
place that was mine helped me get
through it all.

Zyzz appears in the mirror, staring back at Spenser.

*Note: When Zyzz appears in the real world he is nothing but a
figment of Spenser's imagination and no one else sees or
acknowledges his presence.*

Bradley keeps speaking but Spenser doesn't hear him.

ZYZZ

Do it, pussy!

SPENSER

Who are you?

ZYZZ

I'm Zyzz, your own personal Legion
of the Damned, and I'm here to save
the mother fucking day.

Spenser doesn't know what that is.

ZYZZ (CONT'D)

You're like the poster child for
guys who paint Warhammer 40k.

SPENSER

I couldn't get into it.

ZYZZ

OK, short version: when all hope is
lost, I appear to inspire weak
cunts like you to get in that gym.

SPENSER

Do you have to use that word? It's a little, you know--

ZYZZ

At the end of the day bro you got to listen to this: if you're a fucking shredded sick cunt you can get away with anything bro. If your some fat cunt making this shit up people won't give a fuck man.

SPENSER

What?

Zyzz disappears in the mirror.

Spenser looks at himself. *He doesn't like what he sees.* His mind wanders for a moment.

SPENSER (CONT'D)

So how does this work?

BRADLEY

You can sign up, you can do a free training session... it depends on how much time you have.

SPENSER

Let's do the free session.

BRADLEY

We can do a general workout and kind of assess your overall fitness levels, to see where you are.

SPENSER

I don't have any clothes.

BRADLEY

I've got some stuff you can use.

INT. GYM - LATER

Spenser walks in, gym clothes on. He looks around, unsure.

Bradley is at a lat pull-down machine.

Spenser walks over to him.

Bradley sets the weight at 30 pounds.

Spenser sits down on it.

BRADLEY

I want you to grab the bar at a comfortable spot and then slowly pull it to your chest.

Spenser grabs the bar and pulls it down. He struggles to finish a rep and promptly lets go.

Bradley drops the weight to 20 pounds.

Spenser looks around, disappointed.

BRADLEY (CONT'D)

There's no shame in being weak. The shame is in staying that way.

INT. BEDROOM - NIGHT

Spenser lies in bed. He looks to the other side.

No one is there.

Spenser rolls onto his back. His eyes stare at the ceiling. He grabs his phone and pulls up Reddit. His fingers pull up a relationship Subreddit and goes to submit a text post.

The title is "She left and I don't know why."

Spenser types: "So my girlfriend just left me for someone else and I don't know what to do."

He looks at it for a long moment. His fingers type more, quickly, leaving 500 words about them. He presses submit.

INT. COMPUTER FLOOR - DAY

Spenser walks to his desk.

Every movement is agonizing.

He sits down and lets out a sigh of relief. His fingers take out his phone and pulls up Reddit.

His post has several hundred responses.

Spenser clicks on the most popular.

"She didn't want to tell you goodbye because you're a loser who deserved it." --RetroGod69

"Any man who cries about a relationship like this really should just cut his dick off." --MaryAnne38

"If I had a vagina, it'd be drier than the Sahara over this guy. For real." --StormCloud47

Spenser keeps scrolling.

The comments are worse and worse.

SPENSER (V.O.)
I kept thinking about what she said
to me before she left.

His eyes turn to the photo of him and Emily.

Her eyes turn to him and look at him dismissively. She shoves him out of the photo.

Social Media Influencer and Emily's new boyfriend TANK walks into it and passionately kisses her. He's in his 20s, tall, thin, and handsome in a punchable way.

EMILY (V.O.)
I wanted to be with someone bigger.

Spenser places the photo into a drawer.

An email from Bradley comes up on his phone. The subject reads "Thanks for taking the time the other day."

Spenser responds: "It was great but I don't think this is for me, honestly."

He goes to press send. His finger stops.

ZYZZ (O.S.)
I wouldn't do that if I were you.

Zyzz is in Purvi's chair.

ZYZZ (CONT'D)
Good day, cunt!

Spenser is startled. He looks around.

No one notices Zyzz.

ZYZZ (CONT'D)
Who's got two thumbs and is about
to make a huge fucking mistake?

Zyzz points to Spenser.

SPENSER
I think I'm either having mental
issues or it's a tumor.

ZYZZ
I'm your jacked lift-father.

SPENSER
Why am I the only one who can see
you?

ZYZZ
Legion of the Damned?

SPENSER
You can keep saying something I
have never heard of and--

ZYZZ
I appear to those in need and none
of these cunts are in need.

SPENSER
Do you have to use that word?

ZYZZ
I'm Australian, get over it.

SPENSER
I just don't think--

ZYZZ
Look around you.

Spenser does.

ZYZZ (CONT'D)
Is this making you happy, cunt?

SPENSER
It's a job, you know?

Spenser turns to his computer. Five emails all marked
"Urgent" are in his inbox from Logan.

Spenser looks over to Logan's office. It's empty.

ZYZZ
And doing your boss's work is more
important than being a sick cunt?

Spenser looks at Zyzz and then at his computer.

Zyzz disappears.

Purvi sits down in her chair and looks over to Spenser. She
notices the photo is gone.

PURVI
Is everything OK?

SPENSER
She left.

PURVI
I'm sorry.
(beat)
If you need to talk, you know?

SPENSER
Thanks.

He takes his phone out and pulls up Bradley's email. Spencer replies "I'm in. Let's do this" and sends it.

SPENSER (V.O.)
I was going to show her big.

INT. GYM - NIGHT

Bradley and Spenser walk in.

Bradley walks over to a lat pull-down machine. He sets the weight at 20 pounds.

Spenser sits down on the machine. His eyes look at the weight for a long moment. He groans.

BRADLEY
Don't worry about the number. Worry
about how it feels.

SPENSER
Everything hurts, that's how it
feels.

BRADLEY
That's normal.

Spenser doesn't believe him.

BRADLEY (CONT'D)
You keep doing this and twenty
pounds will become easy.

Spenser grabs the lat pull-down bar. He struggles to do several reps. He slowly lets the weight down and looks around.

Several Gym Rats hide their snickers.

SPENSER

Is there any way to make this less embarrassing? I'm so--

BRADLEY

Fuck what anyone has to say or what the number on that weight says.

BRADLEY (CONT'D)

It is all about how it feels and how you feel, OK?

(taps the bar)

Let's go.

INT. APARTMENT - LATER

Spenser opens the fridge and looks inside.

It's full of beer and takeout boxes.

His hand reaches for a beer and stops.

Spenser opens a cabinet and takes out a garbage bag. He goes through the fridge, throwing it all out.

INT. GYM - NIGHT

Spenser does bench presses with two small dumbbells.

Bradley spots him.

Spenser finishes and places the weights down.

A TINY WOMAN on the bench next to him does the same exercise but with a much heavier weight.

Spenser sighs.

BRADLEY

Do you know how you get from here to there, Spenser?

Spenser doesn't know.

SMASH CUT TO:

INT. APARTMENT - LATER

Spenser eats chicken and rice.

One of Zyzzy's videos is on his TV.

ZYZZ (V.O.)
You get your bitch ass in there
every god-damn day and don't quit
until you get your Zyzz moment.

Spenser doesn't know what that is.

ZYZZ (V.O.) (CONT'D)
For those of us under twelve, it's
that time at the gym when you go
from bitch weight to real weight.
The beat will drop and it will be
fucking glorious!

INT. GYM - NIGHT (MONTAGE)

Spenser goes from very light weight to heavier weight over
several months of working out.

Loud, bass-heavy music pulsates.

He adds muscle quickly, going from skinny to average-sized.

The weight on the lat pull-down goes from 20 to 90 pounds.

One day Bradley puts it at 100.

Several of the Gym Rats turn to watch.

Spenser grabs it and does several reps.

Zyzz appears, staring intensely.

The beat drops.

Bradley and Spenser high-five each other.

Zyzz dances in the background.

Spenser turns and sees him.

Zyzz gives him a cheesy thumbs-up.

INT. GYM - NIGHT (THREE MONTHS LATER)

Bradley puts the weight at 150 pounds.

A pair of big meaty hands grab the lat pull-down bar.

Spenser cranks out reps. He's much more muscular now.

Bradley watches him closely and smiles.

Spenser finishes and looks around.

The same Gym Rats look on with respect.

SPENSER
I'm stuck on eight reps.

BRADLEY
This is normal. You get massive gains because you've never done it before and then it slows down.

SPENSER
What if I didn't want to slow down?

Bradley looks in either direction.

SPENSER (CONT'D)
Do I have to say it?

BRADLEY
How much research have you done?

SPENSER
None.

BRADLEY
If you're looking for some chemical help, I can hook you up but do not jump in without doing your due diligence.

Spenser thinks for a moment.

SPENSER
So what if I say yes?

BRADLEY
We'll talk prices and figure it out from there.

Spenser sighs.

BRADLEY (CONT'D)
Were you expecting to meet someone in an alley or something?

SPENSER
I assumed you had a guy who did that for you.

BRADLEY

I've got child support, alimony,
and a mortgage for a house I don't
even live in anymore. If I didn't
do this I'd be sleeping in my
office.

BRADLEY (CONT'D)

(moves the weight selector
to 180 pounds)

You did four reps last time. Let's
see if we can make it five.

Spenser's hands grab the bar.

INT. APARTMENT - LATER

A new, cheap TV is the only new thing in there.

Spenser walks in, a shaker that contains the remnant of a
protein shake in one hand. He heads straight to the fridge
and opens it up.

The inside looks like he robbed a Whole Foods.

Spenser reaches in and takes out a meal prep container. He
places it in the microwave and heats it. His hand takes his
phone out and pulls up an internet browser.

His fingers quickly type in "Steroids."

Hundreds of results come up.

The first result is in large print and is why you won't
achieve what you want with them.

Spenser quickly scrolls down.

It's nothing but the negatives about steroids.

DING!

His phone buzzes.

Zyzz has released a new video.

Spenser pulls it up on his TV.

"Average is your enemy."

Zyzz is on a private jet, drinking champagne with Models.

ZYZZ (V.O.)
 Do you know where I'm going today?
 (beat)
 Dubai, bitches!

ZYZZ (V.O.) (CONT'D)
 (drinks champagne)
 You know how you get to be like me,
 flying with all this premium tail
 to do whatever the fuck I want?
 (beat)
 By not settling for average.
 (drinks champagne)
 Do you know who likes average? Guys
 that are happy with bench pressing
 one plate while jerking off to guys
 like me fucking bitches like this.
 (points all around him)
 No self-respecting member of Zyzz
 nation would ever settle for
 fucking average anything.

INT. COMPUTER FLOOR - DAY

A gym bag is in Spenser's cube.

A mainframe screen is up.

Spenser types on it.

Purvi looks over at his screen. Her hand touches his
 shoulder. Her eyes open wide in shock for a moment.

PURVI
 I think we're ready.

Spenser types some more.

Logan walks up to the two.

LOGAN
 I just uploaded everything on my
 end, so it's on you guys.

Spenser types some more.

Logan's eyes spot Spenser's gym bag. He looks Spenser up and
 down.

LOGAN (CONT'D)
 You'll be all swole, some day, so
 keep at it.

Spenser presses enter emphatically. He groans.

SPENSER
There's a bug.

LOGAN
I've got a meeting so if you can
handle it, I'd appreciate it.

SPENSER
It's not--

LOGAN
Just have it done before the end of
business today.

Logan walks back to his office.

Purvi turns back to her screen.

Spenser looks over Logan's code. His eyes turn to his phone.
He sends Bradley a text: "How much does \$500 buy?"

Bradley texts back: "Enough for a good starter cycle."

Spenser texts back: "Cash or check?"

INT. LOCKER ROOM - NIGHT

Spenser walks up to a mirror. He's freshly showered, clad in
nothing but a towel. He looks into it, flexing.

His physique is athletic with the beginning of six-pack abs.

He's disappointed.

Bradley approaches Spenser, a small brown bag in his hand.

Spenser spots him and reaches into his locker. He takes out
an envelope full of cash.

BRADLEY
Are you sure?

SPENSER
It's just once, you know?

Bradley takes the cash and hands Spenser the steroids.

BRADLEY
Just don't do it here, OK?

Spenser nods.

INT. APARTMENT BATHROOM - NIGHT

Bottles of steroids and several needles are on the counter.

Bradley's instructions are nearby.

Spenser looks at them and then himself in the mirror.

SPENSER

It's just one cycle, right?

Zyzz appears next to him and flexes.

ZYZZ

A little bit of pinning and you can get close to this, you--

SPENSER

Don't.

ZYZZ

Americans have zero issues with graphic violence but a little naughty word and you act like little school girls.

Zyzz flexes.

SPENSER

Holy shit.

ZYZZ

Do you want to be a puny little girly man or do you want to have the body of a fucking God?

Spenser injects himself with steroids. He looks into the mirror.

Zyzz is gone.

Spenser looks around and then into the mirror. He flexes.... and nothing changes. His eyes look to the ceiling.

SPENSER

I have the power?

His eyes turn back to the mirror. Nothing.

SPENSER (CONT'D)

Alpha, Mike, Foxtrot?

Nothing.

SPENSER (CONT'D)
Klaatu, barada... necktie?

Nothing.

Spenser looks at the needles. He goes to inject more steroids but stops.

SPENSER (CONT'D)
Just follow what Bradley said.

INT. GYM - NIGHT

Spenser works out on the lat pull-down.

Bradley eyes 150 pounds moving up and down.

Spenser finishes.

SPENSER
I think I used them wrong.

BRADLEY
What?

SPENSER
I thought it'd be like go-go gadget muscles and I'm still the same.

BRADLEY
It doesn't work like that.

SPENSER
So what... more sets?

Bradley sets the weight to 170.

SPENSER (CONT'D)
More sets.

INT. APARTMENT LOBBY - NIGHT (TWO MONTHS LATER)

Spenser walks in and heads straight to his mailbox. His tank top hangs off his bulging muscles. He opens the mailbox.

Nothing but junk mail.

The elevator door opens up, revealing Mercedes.

Mercedes looks the back of Spenser's body over. She has to stop herself from gawking.

Spenser turns.

They catch eyes.

MERCEDES
Spenser?

SPENSER
Hey stranger.

MERCEDES
What happened to you?

SPENSER
I went for a walk.

MERCEDES
That's a hell of a walk.

He smiles.

SPENSER
How's your mom?

MERCEDES
Long story.

SPENSER
You should tell me over dinner.
(beat)
Shake's, Friday, seven?

MERCEDES
Sure.

INT. GYM - NIGHT

Spenser is on the elliptical, covered in sweat.

A WOMAN walks past him. She's a dead ringer for Emily.

Spenser's fingers pull up Emily's social media. Photos of her and Tank dominate her timeline. He scrolls down and sees a photo of Raylan. His fingers pull up Emily on his speed dial.

He calls her. Straight to voicemail.

He hangs up. His fingers pull up a video streaming service.

Zyzz's latest video, "Suck it up, bitch boy" is recommended.

Spenser clicks on it.

Zyzz is in the gym, lifting weights.

ZYZZ (V.O.)

I start the day off in a good mood,
I swear to Christ, and then I read
the stupid shit you idiots put in
the comment section and it always
finds a way to piss me off.

Spenser turns up the difficulty on his machine.

ZYZZ (V.O.) (CONT'D)

(mock female voice)

Whaa whaa whaa, my ex won't get
back with me and I don't know what
to do Zyzz. You know what you do?

ZYZZ (V.O.) (CONT'D)

Find the next girl and fuck her so
hard your ex feels it!

Spenser's fingers pull up Emily on his speed dial. He deletes it. He texts Bradley: "I need to add some more to my order."

INT. COMPUTER FLOOR - DAY

Spenser types for a moment. He looks over at Logan's office.

Logan isn't in it.

SPENSER

Did he send you his code?

Purvi looks over.

PURVI

What do you think?

SPENSER

Now I've got fuck all to do until
he does.

Her phone buzzes with a notification from a dating app.

SPENSER (CONT'D)

Any luck?

PURVI

No Zyzz fans this week, so I got
that going for me.

Spenser looks both ways.

SPENSER

So what exactly do you talk about
on a first date?

She looks at him oddly.

SPENSER (CONT'D)

So I asked out this girl in my
building and we're having dinner.

PURVI

That's great!

SPENSER

I haven't been on a first date
since I was in college.

PURVI

Just turn off your internet brain.

He doesn't know what she means.

PURVI (CONT'D)

When she asks you what you like to
do, what would you say?

SPENSER

I like to work out, I watch anime--

Purvi gives him a thumbs down.

SPENSER (CONT'D)

What?

PURVI

Never mention anime on a first
date. Or a third. Or ever.

SPENSER

Why not?

PURVI

A first date is supposed to be fun.

SPENSER

What if she likes anime?

PURVI

Do you know for sure?

He doesn't.

PURVI (CONT'D)
Just ask her about her shoes and
let it go from there.

SPENSER
Her shoes?

PURVI
We're conditioned because of social
media to overshare in person and--

Her phone buzzes. She looks at it and sighs. Her fingers pull
it up and show it to Spenser.

His eyes look at it. A message says "Hey, it's Billy from
Tinder" with a photo of Billy's average-sized penis.

SPENSER
What the fuck?

She puts the phone down.

PURVI
Don't do that.

SPENSER
I wasn't planning on doing that but
why wouldn't I talk about the sort
of stuff? I thought you were
supposed to figure out what you
have in common first.

PURVI
This is internet brain thinking--
(mock male voice)
--if you're upfront with what you
want, she'll send nudes and want to
just cut to the chase.
(normal voice)
Start by asking about her day and
then actually give a shit about the
answer.

SPENSER
That's... smart.

Purvi's computer buzzes. Her eyes turn to it.

PURVI
God-damn error-riddled mess!

SPENSER
I'll check Logan's new code.

Spenser's phone buzzes with a text from Bradley.

"My guy gave me a deal on some Deca. If you're looking for a little more size, let me know."

Spenser quickly types "Deca" into an internet search engine.

The first result is "Maximizing your gains won't happen without a little Deca in your life."

Spenser texts Bradley: "Sounds good."

INT. SPORTS BAR - NIGHT

Mercedes and Spenser sit in a booth.

Appetizers and half-full drinks are in front of them.

SPENSER

The only thing missing is Raylan.

MERCEDES

Have you heard from her?

He shrugs.

SPENSER

I just hope she's happy and he's doing well.

MERCEDES

That's very mature of you.

SPENSER

Like you said... I can either spend a lot of time and money trying to hold on or I can move on, create something new.

MERCEDES

I didn't say that.

SPENSER

You implied it.

Both take a drink.

Silence.

SPENSER (CONT'D)

So how was your day?

MERCEDES

My mother is starting to listen to
my sister.

SPENSER

What'd she say?

MERCEDES

It's not what but more how.

(beat)

Think Alex Jones but with a thick
Mexican accent.

He doesn't know.

MERCEDES (CONT'D)

(mimicking Alex Jones but
with a pronounced
Hispanic accent)

They're turning the god-damn frogs
gay! Do you understand that?

(frantic motions with
hands)

FROGS! GAY!

Spenser laughs his ass off.

MERCEDES (CONT'D)

I had to convince her and Gloria
that Denzel Washington is an actor
and not a CIA assassin.

SPENSER

He's not?

She playfully swings at him.

He laughs.

INT. ELEVATOR - LATER

Mercedes and Spenser get in.

They press buttons for their respective floors.

She's on the eighth floor, he's on the fifth.

He turns and looks at her for a long moment.

Mercedes grabs his hand.

He pulls her in and they make out passionately.

INT. APARTMENT HALLWAY - NIGHT

Spenser's apartment is close to the elevator door.

The elevator opens.

Mercedes and Spenser passionately make out.

The elevator closes.

After a moment it opens back up.

Clothing is partially removed.

Spenser stops for a moment and grabs her hand.

They sprint into Spenser's apartment.

The door slams shut behind them.

INT. BEDROOM - FOUR HOURS LATER

A half dozen condom wrappers are on the floor.

A path of clothing leads to Spenser's bed.

Mercedes and Spenser are curled up under the covers. They make out for a long moment.

MERCEDES

I'm not this kind of girl.

SPENSER

Me either.

She laughs.

SPENSER (CONT'D)

I want to see you again.

She rolls away from him.

SPENSER (CONT'D)

What?

MERCEDES

My mom needs someone there full time and Gloria can't anymore.

SPENSER

Can't you hire someone who does that for a living?

MERCEDES
My mom ran off the last three
people we tried.

SPENSER
I'd say keep trying but--

MERCEDES
She's blacklisted from a couple of
those services.

Spenser sighs.

SPENSER
What about your job?

MERCEDES
I'll be working remotely out there.

Beat.

SPENSER
This is great timing, huh?

MERCEDES
I didn't expect this.

SPENSER
Me either.

MERCEDES
Can we just kind of keep things
casual until I figure out my end?

SPENSER
Sure.

They make love.

INT. COMPUTER FLOOR - DAY

Spenser types on his computer.

Purvi groans.

He turns to her.

SPENSER
My code wasn't that bad.

PURVI
It's HR.

SPENSER

What'd you do?

PURVI

I'm applying for my green card and they keep screwing it up. Every single error means my lawyer calls and that's another billable hour and... fuck this.

Purvi gets up and leaves.

Spenser's phone buzzes. He looks at it.

Zyzz has posted a new video.

Spenser puts his earbuds in and clicks "Play."

A video of Zyzz lounging in a pool with garish-looking sunglasses comes up.

ZYZZ (V.O.)

What's up Zyzz nation? I saw this great article the other day and I thought I'd share it with you. It's about one of my favorite topics to discuss... Hoeflation.

Spenser looks at his computer. A screen indicates a dozen errors. He looks down the aisle.

Logan isn't in his office.

ZYZZ (V.O.) (CONT'D)

The average man has to work five times as hard as his grandfather did for women who aren't worth a quarter of the woman his grandmother was.

Spenser pauses it. His phone buzzes with a text from Mercedes: "Can we reschedule tonight? Work."

ZYZZ (V.O.) (CONT'D)

Have you ever had a woman lead you on and then tell you she just wants to keep it quote-unquote casual?

Spenser soaks this in.

ZYZZ (V.O.) (CONT'D)
I'll tell you exactly how it works.
She shows just enough interest to
keep you in her friend zone but
right now, she has to stay late at
work or some vaguely plausible
excuse to blow you off.

Spenser nods.

ZYZZ (V.O.) (CONT'D)
Right now she views you as a branch
to leap on to the next guy who has
a better car, a better job, and a
better everything. Right now the
woman you are trying to date has
her eyes set on someone else. And
as soon as she finds him, she will
cancel on you to fuck him.
(takes his sunglasses off)
You will never be with her in any
meaningful way.
(stares directly into the
camera)
This is just your turn.

Spenser pulls up the App Store on his phone. He searches for
"Dating App."

A plethora of choices come up.

He downloads all of them.

INT. GYM - DAY

Victor cranks out reps of 405 on the bench. He racks the
weight. His eyes turn to see Spenser doing heavy curls.

VICTOR
Stick boy.

Spenser turns.

VICTOR (CONT'D)
Give me a spot.

Spenser nods and hustles over.

Victor unracks 405 and cranks out reps.

Spenser's eyes open wide.

Victor racks the weight.

VICTOR (CONT'D)

Thanks.

SPENSER

I didn't do anything.

Victor looks him over.

VICTOR

You need to eat more.

SPENSER

What?

VICTOR

You'd be a lot bigger if you ate as hard as you trained. How many calories are you consuming?

SPENSER

Bradley thinks I'm eating enough.

VICTOR

You're not.

Spenser thinks for a long moment.

INT. SEDAN - NIGHT (DRIVING)

Spenser is behind the wheel.

A large sub sandwich is on his passenger seat.

His phone buzzes with a notification from a dating app.

Zyzz appears in the back seat. He grabs Spenser's phone and pulls it up.

Spenser has matched with a RANDOM WOMAN (20s, redhead, cute).

She messages him: "It's late and I'm horny. You game?"

ZYZZ

That's what I'm talking about.

Spenser looks to see Zyzz going through her photos.

SPENSER

I thought you were supposed to be my lift-father, not my life coach.

ZYZZ

Technically I'm not real.

SPENSER

I don't get why you're here and not at the gym.

ZYZZ

Sometimes you need to be pointed in the right direction and--

(points to Spenser's phone)

--that's the right direction.

SPENSER

It feels wrong.

ZYZZ

Maybe a lot of wrong is what you need in your life--

(beat)

--cunt.

Spenser groans.

SPENSER

I hardly think that's the case.

ZYZZ

Have I been wrong so far?

Spenser thinks for a moment.

ZYZZ (CONT'D)

Let's see if Mercedes is calling you or not.

Zyzz pulls up Spenser's text messages. Mercedes has barely responded over several weeks.

SPENSER

She's got stuff to do with her mom.

ZYZZ

Or you're just a branch, stick boy.

Zyzz responds to her: "Your place or mine?"

INT. BEDROOM - NIGHT

Spenser and the Random Woman have sex.

SPENSER (V.O.)

After that it was easy: no strings, no bullshit, and just sex.

INT. APARTMENT LOBBY - NIGHT (MONTAGE)

A Congo line of young WOMEN dance enters into the elevator and exits through the front door.

SPENSER (V.O.)

After a while, it became a pattern.
They would write about wanting
their knight in shining armor in
their profile but would make a
beeline to my bedroom as soon as
they saw my abs.

Zyzz appears and high-fives the women.

SPENSER (V.O.) (CONT'D)

There's supposed to be a point
where it feels meaningless and
shallow but... I never got there.

INT. LOCKER ROOM - NIGHT (THREE MONTHS LATER)

Spenser flexes and stares at himself in the mirror. His upper body is in terrific shape. He doesn't like what he sees.

Bradley walks in with a small bag.

BRADLEY

You look--

SPENSER

Like shit.

BRADLEY

Do you remember where you started?

Spenser points to his hips.

SPENSER

I've been trying to get the cum
gutters to come in but--

BRADLEY

Do more cardio.

SPENSER

I don't have the time.

Bradley doesn't believe him.

Spenser's phone buzzes with a notification from a dating app.

BRADLEY
To be young again.

SPENSER
Do you know what the best part of a woman's dating profile is?

BRADLEY
I met my wife at church.

SPENSER
When she says she isn't looking for a guy with a shirtless photo.

Bradley doesn't know what that means.

SPENSER (CONT'D)
They say they want an emotional connection but they swipe right because deep inside every woman who claims to just want monogamy just wants to fuck mister wrong.

BRADLEY
This is... quite the change.

SPENSER
The real me is coming out.

BRADLEY
He's kind of an asshole.

SPENSER
If this was dice I would be rolling twenty-four, you know?

Bradley doesn't.

SPENSER (CONT'D)
Women want someone who's six feet tall, packs six inches, has a six-pack and a six-figure salary.

BRADLEY
Or someone nice, maybe.

SPENSER
All I'm saying is that in my wake there is a sea of alpha widows--

BRADLEY
What in the actual fuck have you been listening to?

SPENSER

I found some podcasts to help
expand my life.

BRADLEY

Can't you just listen to Joe Rogan
like the rest of us?

SPENSER

You should try Zyzz Nation. One
episode and my life changed.

BRADLEY

I'll pass.

Bradley places the bag on the counter.

Spenser opens up his banking app and sends Bradley \$500.

Bradley's phone buzzes.

BRADLEY (CONT'D)

I thought this was supposed to be
just one cycle.

SPENSER

When I get big enough, then I'll
stop. Until then, you know?

BRADLEY

I don't want to look a gift horse
in the mouth but maybe cycling off
and reevaluating things isn't the
worst thing in the world.

SPENSER

Maybe later.

Bradley leaves.

Spenser's phone buzzes with a notification from a dating app.

He smiles.

INT. APARTMENT ELEVATOR - DAWN

Mercedes walks in with several boxes. She looks into the
hallway for a moment. Her eyes focus on her door.

MERCEDES

This is all for the best, right?

Mercedes presses the lobby button.

The elevator goes down, stopping on the fifth floor.

Her eyes focus on the door.

It opens, revealing two EASY WOMEN (20s) walking in from Spenser's apartment. They're barely dressed and covered in sweat.

She barely conceals her disappointment.

INT. COMPUTER FLOOR - DAY

Spenser's phone buzzes with a notification from Zyzz.

Zyzz's newest video is live and titled "One day you'll go to sleep and tomorrow won't be there: a guide to living life to your full potential."

Spenser's fingers go to click on it.

His work phone buzzes. He answers it.

LOGAN (V.O.)
Hey, champ.

SPENSER
What's up?

LOGAN (V.O.)
We need to chat. Now.

Logan hangs up.

Spenser walks to Logan's office.

INT. LOGAN'S OFFICE - DAY

A handful of personnel files are on Logan's desk.

Spenser sits down across from Logan.

LOGAN
The mainframe upgrade... how much longer do you think it'll take?

SPENSER
End of the week, tops.

LOGAN
Could you finish it today?

Spenser's eyes look at the folders and then at Logan.

SPENSER

If you and Purvi are here, we could have it done in a couple of hours.

Silence.

LOGAN

I've never done this before.

SPENSER

This is the only job I've had since I graduated from college.

Logan grabs a sheet of paper from his desk.

LOGAN

(reading)

The company is doing a layoff because of the low-interest rate environment and an unexpected slow period, we're consolidating the workforce into--

SPENSER

I'm being fired.

Logan puts the paper down.

LOGAN

Laid off, technically.

SPENSER

What's the difference?

LOGAN

Dad always says that one person losing their job is a tragedy but three thousand is a statistic.

SPENSER

Great.

Logan takes a deep breath.

LOGAN

I didn't have a say.

(points to the folder)

It's a month's salary for every year you were here.

SPENSER

Well... it was a pleasure, I'll clean out my desk and leave.

LOGAN

Would you mind staying to the end
of the day?

SPENSER

Excuse me?

LOGAN

The C.I.O wants that project done
by the end of the week and--

SPENSER

That sounds like a "you" problem,
not a "me" problem.

LOGAN

What are you going to do that's
more important than this?

SPENSER

Legs.

Logan sighs.

SPENSER (CONT'D)

I do calf raises all the time and
they're still so tiny.

LOGAN

It's only a couple of hours.

SPENSER

It's my time now, not yours.

LOGAN

Come on, man, I need this.

SPENSER

Again, I no longer work here.

LOGAN

I'll buy dinner if you stay.

SPENSER

I'm not sticking around to feast on
something from a dollar menu.

LOGAN

I'll get HR to double what's in
that offer.

SPENSER

And dinner from Nate's.

Logan grumbles.

LOGAN

Fine.

Spenser leaves.

INT. COMPUTER FLOOR - NIGHT

Spenser stares at this computer screen. A banner is on it:
"100% compiled, zero errors."

Purvi is behind him, her arms on his shoulders.

PURVI

I feel like we should celebrate.

SPENSER

I'd settle for dinner.

They look around.

Wrappers from vending machine candy and several empty sodas
are on Spenser's desk.

Purvi's hands let go.

PURVI

He said he was grabbing takeout
from Nate's two hours ago.

SPENSER

I thought he'd want to be here.

They look to Logan's office. It's empty.

PURVI

He probably said whatever he could
to get this done.

SPENSER

Why do I think there's a bonus for
him for it?

PURVI

You should change your password and
go home.

SPENSER

It'd take them a couple of days to
figure it out.

PURVI
But he'd look like a real asshole.

SPENSER
And there'd go our six months'
worth of severance.

PURVI
Six?

SPENSER
I made him go to HR.

PURVI
I held out for eight.

They laugh.

SPENSER
Here goes nothing.

Spenser's cursor goes to click "submit."

Her hand goes to the mouse.

They look at each other, longing in their eyes.

Spenser lightly kisses her.

She kisses him back.

They stare into each other's eyes for a moment.

Spenser stands up and grabs her hand.

She looks to Logan's office and smiles.

They spring into Logan's office. Spenser tosses everything off the desk and puts her on it. She passionately kisses him and they quickly have intense, passionate sex.

INT. COMPUTER FLOOR - TWO HOURS LATER

The door to Logan's office is closed.

The sounds of passionate sex pierce the air.

A JANITOR pushes a garbage can into the room, a large headset blocking out the noise. He looks around and takes his headset off. His eyes turn to the office. He shrugs, puts the headset on, and leaves.

INT. COMPUTER FLOOR - TWO HOURS LATER

Purvi and Spenser exit Logan's office.

Both are covered in sweat.

SPENSER

Do you think he'll notice?

They turn and look inside. Logan's office is wrecked.

PURVI

Probably not.

They both laugh.

SPENSER

What do we do now?

PURVI

I need to get home and start
working on my resume.

Spenser looks at Purvi's desk. All of her things are in a box. His eyes turn to his desk.

All of his possessions are there. A cardboard box is on the floor next to it.

Purvi grabs Spenser and passionately kisses him.

SPENSER

How do we--

PURVI

Take care of yourself.

Beat.

SPENSER

You too.

She grabs her box and walks out.

Spenser watches as she leaves. He turns to his desk. His eyes look at his stuff. He puts a figure into the box.

SPENSER (V.O.)

When Cortez arrived in the new
world, he burned his boats to let
his troops know that there was no
turning back.

Spenser grabs the garbage can and pulls it to his desk. He throws everything into it. His hands open up a drawer, revealing the photo of Spenser and Emily. His eyes look at it for a long moment.

SPENSER (V.O.) (CONT'D)
There was no turning back.

Spenser snaps it in half and then tosses it into the garbage. He walks out.

A moment later, the Janitor walks in. He looks into Logan's office and sighs.

JANITOR
They don't pay me enough for that.

The Janitor leaves.

INT. GYM - DAY

Spenser walks in. His eyes spot Victor pulling the whole stack with ease on the lat pull-down machine.

Victor cranks out reps of the full stack.

Spenser walks up to him.

Victor finishes and looks Spenser over.

VICTOR
What's up, branch boy?

SPENSER
I thought it was Stick Boy.

VICTOR
Eventually, one day, you'll be normal-sized.

Victor chuckles.

Spenser looks in either direction.

Note: The next conversation is hushed.

SPENSER
I need a little bit more to grow
but I'm using everything they say
you should.

VICTOR
Have you thought about Tren?

Spenser doesn't know what that is.

VICTOR (CONT'D)
I stopped being puny once I started using it.

SPENSER
I already use test and--

VICTOR
This stuff is steroids for your steroids. I don't know the science but adding Tren in made everything else just work better.

Spenser nods.

INT. LOCKER ROOM - LATER

Spenser is freshly showered, towel around his waist. He looks in the mirror and flexes. His face turns into a frown.

BRADLEY (O.S.)
Looking big, champ!

Spenser spots Bradley approaching him.

BRADLEY (CONT'D)
It's not the weekend.

SPENSER
I've got extra time on my hands.

BRADLEY
If you've got the energy--

SPENSER
It's your other services I want to talk about.

BRADLEY
You can't just stop cold turkey. When you stop using, you need to do post-cycle therapy so your body--

SPENSER
Victor said Tren was what really--

BRADLEY
Victor would inject horse semen into his eyeballs if he thought it would make him bigger.

SPENSER

Look at him.

BRADLEY

Tren's a whole other beast. Guys
can become real madmen on it.

SPENSER

Or I could have the same zero side
effects happen to me and get pure,
unfiltered gains.

BRADLEY

Just do your research and then talk
to me about it, OK?

Bradley walks away.

Spenser thinks for a moment. He turns to see Zyzzy appear.

ZYZZY

Now we're talking, cunt!

SPENSER

Bradley never says anything and
then this is his line?

ZYZZY

Everyone's got a little bit of the
gains goblin in them.

SPENSER

But he--

ZYZZY

They wouldn't give Tren to cows and
people if it wasn't safe, right?

Spenser takes a deep breath.

INT. APARTMENT BATHROOM - NIGHT

A bottle of Trenbolone is in front of Spenser.

SPENSER (V.O.)

Trenbolone was never designed for
human use. Its use was originally
to help add muscle to cattle.

He fills up the needle with the drug.

SPENSER (V.O.) (CONT'D)
Anecdotally, Tren has been known
for tremendous muscle growth with
concurrent use of testosterone.

Spenser looks at the needle for a long moment.

SPENSER (V.O.) (CONT'D)
It also provides a mindset change
when you're on it that isn't for
the weak of heart.

He injects himself.

INT. GYM - DAY

Spenser is noticeably bigger. He moves 250 pounds on the lat pull-down casually.

Bradley watches him closely.

Spenser finishes up.

BRADLEY
Jesus.

SPENSER
I didn't get the cough or anything.

Spenser loads more weight onto the lat pull-down.

SPENSER (CONT'D)
The gains are just insane but a
stiff breeze... you know?

BRADLEY
I warned you.

Spenser's phone buzzes.

Bradley looks at Spenser's cell phone. He pulls up Spenser's text messages.

SPENSER
That's a privacy violation!

BRADLEY
You know the rules.

Bradley's jaw drops.

Spenser laughs.

SPENSER

She had just gotten out of prison.

BRADLEY

What?

SPENSER

I'm assuming you're looking at the pics of the girl I fucked last night in the bathroom at Nate's.

BRADLEY

What is wrong with you?

SPENSER

A woman spends three years inside and she'll go down on you like it's the only thing--

BRADLEY

Aren't you a computer guy?

SPENSER

Yeah.

Bradley takes a deep breath.

BRADLEY

Maybe you should aim higher than a woman who just served time in jail.

SPENSER

It was a federal prison.

BRADLEY

It doesn't make it better.

SPENSER

There's a difference.

BRADLEY

I can't imagine there is.

SPENSER

She borrowed her mom's Prius. There is nothing like saving the world one blowjob at a time.

BRADLEY

And here I thought my kid brother looking for recently divorced women on Facebook dating was bad.

SPENSER

They're the best and the worst.

BRADLEY

I don't think I want to--

SPENSER

They think they want to be fucked so hard that their ancestors feel it but in reality, all they do is just cry.

Spenser cranks out several reps.

BRADLEY

That was it.

Spenser spots CHELSEA (40s) on a treadmill. She's short, red-headed, and trying to get back into shape.

His eyes size her up like a lion sizing up its next meal.

SPENSER

I could use some more cardio.

Bradley's eyes follow Spenser's.

BRADLEY

Your order should be here soon.

Spenser walks up to a treadmill and gets on.

He and Chelsea look at each other.

Spenser walks at a brisk pace.

She slows down.

CHELSEA

Hey.

SPENSER

I like working out during the day more than social hours.

CHELSEA

It's so much easier to get in and out, you know.

SPENSER

I'm Spenser with a pair of S's.

CHELSEA

Like the poet.

SPENSER

My dad was a fan of the TV show.

She laughs.

SPENSER (CONT'D)

He told everyone it was the poet to
make it easier on me.

CHELSEA

I'm Chelsea.

They continue to talk but we don't hear them.

SPENSER (V.O.)

Before Tren, she was not my type.
She's somebody's type but
definitely not mine.

Chelsea is now a 20-something fitness model in skimpy
clothes, drenched in sweat.

SPENSER (V.O.) (CONT'D)

After Tren, all I heard was--

CHELSEA

I want to have your abortion.

SMASH CUT TO:

INT. POSING ROOM - DAY

Spenser and younger Chelsea have passionate sex on the floor.

His eyes look into the mirror. They focus on her hands
gripping his back. A wedding band is on her ring finger.

Chelsea turns back into the 40s version.

Spenser looks away.

SPENSER (V.O.)

It was like I was on autopilot.

He finishes.

She goes to kiss him.

He pushes her down and walks away.

SPENSER (V.O.) (CONT'D)

Smash and move on.

INT. APARTMENT - DAY

Spenser places some clothes into his gym bag.

A Zyzz video is on Spenser's TV.

ZYZZ (V.O.)
Today's lesson, Zyzz Nation, is
about how regret is for beta girls.

Spenser nods.

ZYZZ (V.O.) (CONT'D)
You either learn something in life
or you just did something awesome.

His phone rings.

Spenser pauses the video.

SPENSER
Hello.

REGGIE (V.O.)
Can I speak to Spenser Dodge?

INT. RECRUITER'S OFFICE - DAY

Nearly identical to Logan's office.

REGGIE (30s, recruiter) behind the desk. He's short with a punchable face.

SPENSER
You got him.

INTERCUT BETWEEN REGGIE AND SPENSER

REGGIE
I'm Reggie Majors and I'm the head
recruiter here at Bayonne Finance.

SPENSER
Nice to meet you.

REGGIE
Purvi Khatra and I just connected
on LinkedIn. She recommended you
for a position opening we have.

SPENSER
I've got a moment.

EXT. PARK - DAY

Spenser is covered in sweat. His eyes look around.

FAMILIES are all over, enjoying themselves.

BARK!

He looks down and sees Raylan.

SPENSER

No way.

BARK!

Spenser's face breaks out in pure happiness. He pets the dog.

His eyes focus on Raylan's neck.

He doesn't have a leash on.

Spenser groans.

BARK!

SPENSER (CONT'D)

You need to be on your leash.

BARK!

Spenser looks around and spots Emily. She throws a football to Tank's outstretched hands.

The football bounces off them.

SPENSER (CONT'D)

Let's go back to your mom.

BARK!

Raylan and Spenser walk over to Tank and Emily.

Her eyes spot Spenser... and wander over his body.

Tank notices.

SPENSER (CONT'D)

He needs to be on a leash.

EMILY

He's so good off it.

(beat)

You've changed.

SPENSER
You were right... I needed to grow
up a little.

EMILY
I didn't--

SPENSER
It's the past and we can be adults
about this, right?

BARK!

EMILY
He misses you.

Tank coughs.

EMILY (CONT'D)
Where are my manners?
(points to Tank)
This is Tank, my boyfriend.

TANK
You must be Spenser with an S, like
after the poet.

They shake hands.

SPENSER
Someone must be overcompensating.

TANK
Pardon?

SPENSER
If your name is Tank then, you
know, you probably have a lifted
pickup truck with nuts on it.

Spenser lightly taps Emily on the shoulder.

SPENSER (CONT'D)
Thank God she's not a size queen,
am I right?

Tank looks at Emily oddly.

SPENSER (CONT'D)
What are you guys doing?

TANK
The football catch challenge.

Spenser has no clue.

EMILY
Tank is a TikTok influencer.

TANK
I've got eight million subscribers.

SPENSER
Is that a lot?

TANK
I'm the fourth most subscribed
person on the platform.

SPENSER
What's this challenge?

TANK
You catch the football and then you
do something to one-up the last
person.

EMILY
Tank played soccer.

SPENSER
It's not that hard.

Tank throws the ball to Spenser.

Spenser catches it perfectly. He thinks for a long moment.

SPENSER (CONT'D)
Do you know how you can raise the
bar?

TANK
I'm listening.

SPENSER
Emily could always catch a ball
from my old man. If you put her on
your shoulders and I throw it, she
can catch it and then spike it.

TANK
That's kind of brilliant.

EMILY
We wouldn't want to impose.

TANK
This will be fun.

Tank walks over and presses the record button on his phone.

SPENSER
Or I can try tossing it to you.

TANK
I know I can get this.

Emily gets on Spenser's shoulders, piggyback style.

Tank is wobbly but then steadies himself.

Spenser gives him a thumbs up.

Tank looks at the phone.

TANK (CONT'D)
Hey guys, you know me!
(beat)
Welcome to the football catch
challenge!

Spenser's eyes look at Tank's hands. His hand winds up.

The football flies out of his hand... and connects with
Tank's crotch.

Tank falls to the ground.

Emily falls off his shoulders and hits the ground hard.

Both moan in pain.

Spenser laughs like a madman.

SPENSER
Hope you go viral, Tank!

Spenser casually jogs away.

EMILY
Asshole!

BARK!

INT. APARTMENT - DAY

Spenser walks in, covered in sweat. His eyes turn to his phone. He has a dozen new voice messages from an unknown number. His finger presses listen on the first.

TANK (V.O.)

You think that was funny, huh? I will make sure you go viral. I've got eight million reasons everyone will know who you are.

Spenser's hand puts the phone down. He quickly texts the unknown number: "I'm sorry, I don't know what came over me."

His phone buzzes with a notification: Zyzz has a new video.

Spenser presses play. His eyes focus on Zyzz in front of a sea of luxury vehicles.

ZYZZ (V.O.)

I saw one of the funniest god-damn things on TikTok and just had to make a video on it.

A video of Tank being hit in the nuts comes up.

TANK (V.O.)

This is what happens when an insecure guy can't handle the fact that someone didn't choose him.

Zyzz reappears, laughing.

ZYZZ (V.O.)

It's also not an alpha move to post this and cry. You know what would've been?

Spenser shrugs.

ZYZZ (V.O.) (CONT'D)

To find the guy and throw hands.

(throws punches)

It is a bitch move to go--

(mock woman's voice)

--that bad man hurt me!

(normal voice)

Anything less just shows that you are one hundred percent bitch made.

Spenser deletes the text. His phone buzzes with an email from Reggie. It's a confirmation for an interview tomorrow.

SPENSER (V.O.)

In any sane existence, I would be in jail for assault. In this one, I wind up thinking that was a good thing to do.

INT. SEDAN - DAY (DRIVING)

Spenser is in a shirt and tie. He looks into the rearview mirror and smiles.

SPENSER

You got this.

His eyes turn to his phone. His GPS is up and Spenser has ten minutes until he reaches his destination.

The engine of his car sputters and dies.

He pulls up the Recruiter's info on his phone and emails him.

"My car just died and I have to cancel. Can we reschedule?"

Spenser looks around. His eyes focus on something.

EXT. SEDAN - DAY

Spenser exits the sedan and walks towards a car dealership. His eyes focus on a brand-new Dodge Charger. It's orange with racing stripes.

SPENSER

That's probably too much car.

(beat)

Way too much car.

He spots a sedan that's similar to his current car.

SPENSER (CONT'D)

That's more me... right?

His eyes turn back to the Charger.

SPENSER (V.O.)

You stand outside the precipice of greatness and a little voice comes up and tells you that it's stupid.

Spenser walks over to the dealership.

INT. CAR DEALERSHIP - DAY

Several SALES REPS mill about, drinking coffee.

Spenser walks up to the Charger, looking at it.

Zyzz approaches him. He's wearing an expensive suit.

ZYZZ

Now this is the proper car for a sick cunt!

SPENSER

It's too much, right?

ZYZZ

You could buy an SUV and take the kids to soccer practice.

SPENSER

This costs more than--

ZYZZ

Excuses, excuses, excuses.

EXT. APARTMENT PARKING LOT - LATER

The Charger parks in Spenser's spot.

Spenser exits, smiling. His phone buzzes with a notification from a dating app. He opens it up.

He has a message from Destiny. "I know a good way to burn some calories, if you're interested."

Spenser goes to unmatched her. He stops.

SPENSER

Either you learn or you do something awesome.

(looks at her photo)

What's the worst that happens?

Spenser messages her back.

INT. DIVE BAR - NIGHT

Spenser sits at the bar. Most of a beer is in front of him.

Spenser's eyes look all over, landing on a banner.

"Ultra SlapFight Championship: \$500 grand prize" is written in faux 90s style edgy lettering.

Destiny walks over to Spenser. She looks exhausted.

They embrace.

SPENSER

Long day?

DESTINY
Night, technically.
(yawn)
If you'll excuse me for a moment.

She walks to the bathroom.

Axel sits down next to him and motions to the BARTENDER.

A crowd gathers around the barrel.

SPENSER
Is this a pro wrestling thing?

AXEL
It's the newest sport.

Spenser doesn't know what he's talking about.

AXEL (CONT'D)
Two guys walk up, one walks away.

SPENSER
So like the UFC?

AXEL
Yeah... it's about toughness and
who can take a shot like a man.

SPENSER
That sounds like CTE for peanuts.

AXEL
Just watch it and you'll see why
it's fucking awesome!

SPENSER
I'm OK not slapping a defenseless
human being in front of all of
these fine human beings.
(beat)
For money.

Axel looks him over.

AXEL
You bought those muscles but you
didn't get the balls that go with
them.

SPENSER
Give me one good reason why I
should slap you for money.

AXEL
They're scouting for the national
slapfight league.

SPENSER
Seriously?

AXEL
PowerSlap is on Rumble and--

SPENSER
What's next, choking someone out in
a car for money?

AXEL
Car jitsu is a big sport in Eastern
Europe now.

Destiny walks over to Spenser. She's full of energy. Her
hands go around him.

SPENSER
They're going to slap each other
here for money.

DESTINY
That sounds kind of hot.

AXEL
Your boyfriend thinks it's silly.

DESTINY
I think you should do it.

SPENSER
I'll pass.

She whispers something into his ear.

SPENSER (CONT'D)
Fuck it, why not?

Spenser and Axel walk up to the barrel. The referee shrugs.

FADE OUT:

Over Black:

The cheers of the crowd fade in and out.

ZYZZ (V.O.)
Get up, cunt.

FADE IN:

INT. DIVE BAR - LATER

Axel turns back to the barrel.

Spenser grabs the barrel and pulls himself up.

The Referee stops counting at nine.

REFEREE

Are you good?

Spenser nods and smiles.

Axel smiles and slaps his chest.

AXEL

Come on!

Spenser measures Axel and then slaps him.

It sounds like a cannon going off.

Axel staggers and then stops.

Spenser smiles.

Axel walks up to the barrel.

Spenser nods.

SLAP!

Spenser shakes it off.

SLAP!

Axel hits the ground.

His face swells up.

Spenser screams like a maniac.

Axel gets to his feet and screams at Spenser.

Spenser's hands grip the towel.

SLAP!

Spenser staggers and shakes his head.

Axel motions for him to throw.

SLAP!

Axel smiles.

The crowd loses their shit.

The Referee looks at the two.

REFEREE

Final round, gents.

Axel and Spenser touch knuckles.

Axel measures Spenser and then slaps him.

Spenser stumbles, nearly falling down. He catches himself and then gives a thumbs-up to the Referee. Deep breath.

SLAP!

Axel hits the ground, unconscious.

The Referee checks on Axel for a moment. He goes over and raises Spenser's hand.

The crowd explodes.

Spenser looks through them.

Zyzz high-fives everyone. "Just Slap" is painted on his chest in neon colors.

Spenser walks over to the bar.

Destiny is wide awake with a mischievous smile on her face.

He sits down next to her.

The Bartender places \$500 on the counter.

Destiny smiles seductively.

SPENSER

Where were we?

She places his hand on his thigh and slowly works her way up.

DESTINY

I forgot.

SPENSER

Me too.

INT. DIVE BAR BATHROOM - LATER

Destiny puts some cocaine on the counter.

Spenser snorts it. It hits him right away.

SPENSER

Holy shit.

DESTINY

Wait a moment.

Beat.

Pure euphoria comes over his face.

SPENSER

Holy shit.

She grabs his hand and drags him into a stall.

They have sex.

INT. APARTMENT - DAY

Spenser goes through his mail. It's nothing but bills.

Bradley texts him: "I got your goods, just need the \$1500."

Spencer takes his phone out and pulls up his bank account. He has \$1600 in his checking. His eyes look at his bills and then at the text.

An email pops up from his property management company. His rent has been overdue for several months.

Spenser texts Bradley: "See you at the gym."

A notification pops up: "Interview." It's soon.

Spenser curses under his breath and sprints to his bedroom.

INT. DODGE CHARGER - DAY (DRIVING)

Spenser pulls up to a red light. His eyes turn to his phone. A GPS app is up and he's 20 minutes away. His foot taps the ground impatiently.

The light turns green.

A pickup truck cuts in front of Spenser.

The DRIVER flips Spenser off as the truck accelerates past.

In the truck's passenger seat is JAVIER (20s), a low-level drug dealer.

Pure rage comes over Spenser's face. He pushes down on the accelerator.

The Charger lurches forward.

Spenser drives past the truck and then cuts him off.

EXT. LARGE STREET - DAY

Spenser exits the Charger and storms over to the truck.

DRIVER

Fuck you!

Spenser reaches into the truck and pulls him out. His fists are quickly buried into the man.

Javier exits and tries to pull Spenser off. He can't.

Spenser grabs Javier and throws him into the truck.

Javier bounces off it and hits the ground hard.

Spenser picks him up and punches him several times. He screams at him in a primal way. He lets go.

Javier collapses to the ground, barely conscious. He moans in pain.

Spenser looks inside the truck. A Duffel Bag is inside. He grabs it and tosses it into the Charger. His hand opens the door. Spenser gets back inside and drives away.

INT. APARTMENT - DAY

Spenser sprints inside and locks the door behind him. He tosses the Duffel bag on the couch and sits down. His hand grabs a remote turns on the TV to local news.

It's nothing but local sports.

Spenser takes a deep breath and opens the Duffel bag.

Bricks of cocaine, stacks of hundred-dollar bills, and a pistol are inside.

SPENSER

Holy shit, holy shit, holy shit.

Spenser looks around. His eyes spot a chair. He places it under the doorknob. His eyes turn back to the local news.

The weather for tomorrow is up.

SPENSER (V.O.)

Part of me thought the police would
be here any second, waiting to take
me to jail.

Spenser's phone buzzes with a call from the Recruiter. He sends it to voicemail. His hand grabs the gun and places it next to him. His eyes turn to the door.

SPENSER (V.O.) (CONT'D)

Then I realized that someone with
this in his trunk doesn't call the
cops when he gets robbed.

Spenser looks at the chair. Nothing is moving.

MATCH CUT TO:

INT. APARTMENT - LATER

Spenser stares at the door.

A sitcom is on television.

SPENSER (V.O.)

He finds the guy who did it and
handles it himself. Now it was just
a matter of time, right?

MATCH CUT TO:

INT. APARTMENT - NIGHT

Spenser stares at the door.

The news is on the TV.

Spenser turns to it.

A story about crime ends.

The weather comes up.

Spenser relaxes.

SPENSER (V.O.)

A normal person would've used a moment like this to get their life back in order, quit everything cold turkey, and maybe find God.

Spenser's phone buzzes with a notification from a dating app. He opens it up.

A very attractive SEX WORKER solicits him.

Spenser grabs several stacks of cash out of the bag. He messages her back: "Can you bring a couple of friends?"

INT. GYM - DAY

Spenser does heavy squats.

Bradley's eyes follow him as he goes down.

BRADLEY

You're not hitting depth.

Spenser racks the bar and turns to Bradley.

SPENSER

I was.

Bradley shakes his head.

BRADLEY

What did you do last night?

SPENSER

What's it called when it's you and three women? I'd say it's a foursome but one of them was a midget. Is it three and a half or--

Bradley sighs.

SPENSER (CONT'D)

I did like an ungodly amount of Coke and then had some issues. They brought some of those little blue pills and another girl and then--

BRADLEY

You never responded to my Venmo request, big man.

SPENSER

I've got cash on me, right now.

Bradley nods.

SPENSER (CONT'D)
Just don't ask where I got it, OK?

BRADLEY
It's nothing illegal, right?

SPENSER
Right.

Bradley doesn't believe him.

EXT. CITY STREET - DAY

Spenser jogs.

BARK!

He looks over and spots Raylan on the other side.

Raylan doesn't have a leash on.

Tank is behind him, not paying attention.

Raylan sprints to Spenser.

SPENSER
Stop!

Tank turns to see:

WHAM!

A large truck hits Raylan, killing him instantly.

Spenser sprints over to Raylan's corpse, tears in his eyes.

TANK
I'm so sorry.

Spenser turns and sees Tank. His hand turns into a fist.

Tank spots the fist.

Fear comes across his face.

Spenser throws Tank to the ground and savagely assaults him.

The TRUCK DRIVER exits. He looks at Spenser and then Raylan.

Spenser stops.

Tank is a bloody, bruised mess, crying for his mother.

Spenser turns and sees the driver.

SPENSER

You.

TRUCK DRIVER

I'm so sorry, I didn't see the dog
and I don't--

Spenser drops the Truck Driver with a right hand.

The Truck Driver bounces off the ground, barely conscious.

Spenser walks over and casually kicks him in the face.

Blood and teeth fly out of the man's mouth.

Spencer goes to punch him when two POLICE OFFICERS taze him.
He hits the ground, twitching. He looks up to see Zyzz on the
side of the street, giving him a cheesy thumbs up.

ZYZZ

Proper sick cunt!

Spenser passes out.

INT. POLICE INTERROGATION ROOM - NIGHT

A cup of coffee is on the table.

Spenser looks around, sheer panic all over his face.

Tank's attorney JAMES WEST (attorney, 40s) walks in. Sleaze
oozes off of him. He sits down across from Spenser.

SPENSER

Please tell me you're not the
district attorney.

JAMES

Tank overplayed the gorilla angle.
(extends his hand)
I'm James West and I'm hoping you
can help me make this disappear.

Spenser shakes his hand.

SPENSER

I don't know what came over me.

JAMES

We all have these moments when we are younger men.

SPENSER

I'm not this kind of guy, you have to believe me.

JAMES

I've believed worse.

SPENSER

What can I do to make this right?

JAMES

Tank called and asked if I could help make this go away.

SPENSER

I need to apologize to him.

JAMES

I've already spoken to him and he'd be amenable to an apology but--

SPENSER

(under his breath)
There's always a "but."

JAMES

-he would like to be compensated for refusing to testify and helping make this all go away.

(beat)

All in, for just the one-time price of fifty-thousand dollars, you get a clean criminal record and--

SPENSER

Fine.

JAMES

Wonderful!

SPENSER

Are you ok with cash?

INT. APARTMENT - LATER

A small stack of hundred dollar bills and twenty kilos of cocaine are on the floor.

Spenser seals a large envelope with the rest of the cash from the Duffel bag. He takes his phone out and pulls up his banking app. His account has \$20 in it.

Purvi texts him: "You got a minute?"

He smiles and responds: "Of course."

INT. SPORTS BAR - NIGHT

Spenser is in a booth.

Several empty beers are in front of him.

Purvi walks over and sits down.

A WAITRESS walks over.

WAITRESS
Can I get you something?

PURVI
Just a glass of water, please.

The Waitress walks away.

PURVI (CONT'D)
Sorry about being late.

SPENSER
How've things been?

PURVI
I swear I'm qualified for every job
I apply to but as soon as they see
my H1B, you know?

SPENSER
I thought you were working on that.

PURVI
Welcome to the joys of the United
States immigration system.

The Waitress drops off a glass of water.

WAITRESS
Can I get you something to start?

PURVI
I'm fine.

SPENSER

Me too.

The Waitress walks away.

PURVI

I never thought I'd see you again.

SPENSER

It's good to see you too.

PURVI

No... fuck... why does this have to be so difficult?

SPENSER

My car's got plenty of room if--

PURVI

Excuse me!

SPENSER

I just assumed you wanted to--

PURVI

I'm pregnant.

Images of their night together flash through Spenser's mind.

Spenser looks around.

SPENSER (V.O.)

The one time I needed him and he's not here.

Silence.

PURVI

Are you going to say something?

SPENSER

Do you want to get married? I don't have a ring but I can get one.

PURVI

That's OK... I still haven't told my parents yet, so that's going to be a fun Zoom chat.

SPENSER

What do you need? I'll be here for you and him. It's a boy, maybe?

She nods.

SPENSER (CONT'D)

Why didn't you tell me as soon as you found out?

PURVI

I wasn't sure if I was ready for all of this.

SPENSER

Tell me what you need me to do.

PURVI

Do you know anyone who's hiring?

Spenser shrugs.

PURVI (CONT'D)

Cobra doesn't cover half of my prenatal tests, too.

SPENSER

Don't worry about the money. I'll get you as much as you need.

INT. APARTMENT - NIGHT

Spenser stares at his laptop. He's searched for "How much does it cost to raise a child?" on a search engine.

The answer is \$375,000 from 0-18.

Zyzz appears, dressed in a tweed suit with patches on the elbows and a pipe in his mouth.

ZYZZ

Did you expect kids to be cheap?

SPENSER

I just thought--

ZYZZ

You weren't thinking with the big head, all I'm saying.

Spenser sighs.

SPENSER

When you look at the total amount it's way worse than if you break it down, year by year.

ZYZZ

The good thing is you knocked up
the right chick, at least.

Spenser looks up. His eyes focus on Zyzz's outfit.

ZYZZ (CONT'D)

I'm Professor Zyzz and--

SPENSER

This is the exact wrong time for
your usual level of fuckery.

ZYZZ

I don't see Linked In or Indeed up
in another tab, Spenser.

SPENSER

It'll take me at least six months
to find a job.

ZYZZ

Well, it is what it is at this
point my friend.

SPENSER

I'll look tomorrow... everything
good in my life always happens
after a pump.

Spenser walks into his bedroom.

INT. LOCKER ROOM - DAY

Spenser walks to his locker. He's got a pump, freshly
showered, and clad in only a towel.

A JERK stands in front of Spenser's locker, talking to his
FRIEND.

JERK

So I tell this bitch that it's
equal rights and equal lefts!

Both of them laugh.

SPENSER

You're in front of my locker.

The Jerk looks at Spenser and then back to his friend.

JERK

The look on her--

SPENSER
Seriously, man.

JERK
You can go around me.

Spenser looks in both directions.

SPENSER (V.O.)
There are things we want to do but
don't because polite society says
we need to act a certain way.

His hand turns into a fist.

SPENSER (V.O.) (CONT'D)
Welcome to the **fuck that** part of my
life, ladies and gentlemen.

Spenser lands a quick 1-2 combination on the Jerk.

The Jerk hits the ground.

The Friend raises his hands.

Spenser drops him with an uppercut. He looks around and then
takes out both men's wallets. His hands open them up, his
eyes looking inside.

Both have large amounts of cash in it.

Spenser takes it out and grips it tightly.

SPENSER (V.O.) (CONT'D)
Equal rights and lefts, indeed.

Spenser opens his locker and quickly gets dressed. He places
the cash into his wallet.

SPENSER (V.O.) (CONT'D)
It was all of the thrill of casual
sex... cranked up to 100.

BEGIN MONTAGE:

Spenser commits all sorts of petty crimes, from muggings to
smash and grab style robberies. In between he's at the gym,
breaking into people's lockers and taking their cash.

END MONTAGE

INT. APARTMENT - NIGHT

Spenser looks at his table. \$5,000 in cash is on it. He looks at the Duffel bag.

SPENSER (V.O.)

After two months I realized the risk versus reward was too much to keep doing what I'm doing. I needed a big score and I needed it now.

His eyes focus on the drugs. He takes his phone out and calls Bradley.

SPENSER

I need some help.

SMASH CUT TO:

INT. LOCKER ROOM - DAY

Bradley looks into the Duffel bag and then around.

BRADLEY

Why me?

SPENSER

I can't just go on the street and be all--

(old-timey voice)

--get your cocaine here, one brick at a time.

BRADLEY

This is outside my expertise.

SPENSER

What about the guy you get your stuff from?

BRADLEY

He might know someone.

SPENSER

I appreciate it.

Beat.

BRADLEY

This is real jail time.

SPENSER

If I had any other choice--

BRADLEY
You always have a choice.

SPENSER
That sounds like something my dad
would tell me.

BRADLEY
Just think about it, OK?

Bradley leaves.

Zyzz appears.

SPENSER
You're here to tell me this is a
good idea, right?

ZYZZ
It's historically stupid.

SPENSER
What?

ZYZZ
There's a difference between a
proper ass-kicking to someone who
deserved it and... this.

SPENSER
Do you have any other ideas?

Zyzz shrugs.

INT. APARTMENT - NIGHT

Spenser's phone buzzes with a text from Destiny: "You free?"

He texts back: "Only if you're naked."

She texts back: "Way ahead of you"

Spenser's head turns to the side. He gets up and sprints out.

SPENSER (V.O.)
I know what you're thinking but the
big head wasn't in control.
(beat)
At all.

INT. DODGE CHARGER - NIGHT (DRIVING)

Spenser looks around.

His car beeps.

His eyes look to the dash. The "Low Fuel" light is on.

Spenser looks around and spots a gas station.

EXT. GAS STATION - NIGHT

The Charger parks.

Spenser goes to fill up his car. He places the pump into the Charger. His hand grabs his wallet and takes it out.

His debit card is rejected.

His credit card is rejected.

Spenser looks inside his wallet. He's got \$50 in cash.

Spenser presses a button for cash. It accepts it.

He fills up the car.

A van pulls up and parks far from it. Several CRIMINALS are inside.

Spenser taps his foot.

The pump stops. He owes \$45.

Spenser takes a deep breath and walks inside.

INT. GAS STATION - NIGHT

Spenser walks over to the pharmaceutical aisle.

There are no condoms.

Spenser looks around. He spots boxes of condoms behind the counter.

A CLERK watches a small TV on it.

The Criminals burst into the store.

All wear ski masks and are armed with pistols.

CRIMINAL
This is a robbery!

Spenser bends over, out of sight.

GAS CLERK
Come on, man, there's like no money
in the register.

CRIMINAL
I don't care, open the safe!

GAS CLERK
I don't have access to it.

CRIMINAL
Open it up or you'll get shot!

GAS CLERK
A bullet hole isn't going to
magically open it, jackass.

One of the Criminals aims his gun at the Clerk.

BANG!

The Criminal falls to the ground, dead.

Spenser looks to the door as gunfire rings out.

It stops all of a sudden.

Spenser stands up and looks around. His eyes spot the dead bodies. He mouths "Holy shit" and walks up to the counter. He grabs several boxes of condoms. His eyes look at one of the Criminals. He takes the man's wallet out and opens it up.

It has \$100 in cash in it.

Spenser places some cash on the counter and tosses the wallet to the ground. He leaves.

INT. DODGE CHARGER - NIGHT

Spenser gets in and goes to start the engine. He stops.

SPENSER (V.O.)
I couldn't just leave this for some
other guy to find, right?

Spencer's eyes dart to his phone. His phone has an unread text from Destiny on it. He mouths "Wow" and starts the engine. The Charger roars to life.

EXT. ROW HOME - NIGHT

Spenser walks up to the door and knocks.

Destiny opens up. She's in nothing but a bathrobe.

DESTINY
Perfect timing.

Destiny pulls him inside.

Moments later the sounds of passionate sex pierce the air.

INT. GYM - DAY

Spenser stares at himself in the mirror as he does heavy dumbbell shrugs.

Bradley watches him closely.

Spenser drops the weight.

Bradley looks in either direction.

BRADLEY
A friend of a friend said he could
help you out.

SPENSER
Is it all of it or just--

BRADLEY
I don't want to know, OK?

Spenser nods.

BRADLEY (CONT'D)
Just ask for Felipe.

INT. APARTMENT - NIGHT

Several eviction notices are on the floor.

Spenser looks inside the Duffel bag and counts how many bricks of cocaine are in there. He grabs his laptop and types up "Jail time for 30 kilograms of cocaine."

The US penal code comes up: "Felony possession with intent to distribute."

He clicks on the penalty. His jaw drops. His phone buzzes with an email.

The subject line reads "Job opportunity."

His ears perk up.

SPENSER (V.O.)

I did the math in my head. Even if I got the same salary as before, it would be sixty days before I would be even on my rent... assuming I could avoid eating, lifting, or doing anything else besides giving all of my money to some soulless property management corporation.

His eyes turn to his car keys. He quickly pulls up a vehicle valuation website.

Spenser's fingers type in his license plate number.

SPENSER (V.O.) (CONT'D)

It was maybe half of what I paid for it... and even then, it would be a band-aid on a bullet wound and I needed something to drive.

Spenser takes out a small sheet of paper.

SPENSER (V.O.) (CONT'D)

The plan was to do this once and then I get a job, get off the gear, and go back to being who I was.

An address for Felipe is on it. He types Felipe's address into a map website. It's in the middle of the worst neighborhood in Miami.

DISSOLVE TO:

EXT. DRUG STREET - LATER

A pair of UNDERCOVER COPS are discreetly parked.

Spenser's Charger parks in the distance.

They perk up and focus their attention on him.

Spenser walks to the trunk and takes out his Duffel Bag. His eyes look all over, settling on a Trap House. He walks up to it.

EXT. TRAP HOUSE - DAY

Spenser knocks on the door.

It opens, revealing low-level drug dealer FELIPE (teenager).

Felipe looks at Spenser.

FELIPE

You must be the white boy.

Spenser motions to the bag.

Felipe motions for him to come inside.

INT. TRAP HOUSE - DAY

Spenser places the Duffel Bag on the floor.

FELIPE

It's not too often I get a call
from the gym rat about some bricks.

SPENSER

He didn't talk about a price.

Felipe whistles.

FELIPE

Does forty a key sound good?

Javier walks in with a bag of cash. His face is heavily
bandaged.

SPENSER

Sure.

JAVIER

Hello--

Javier drops the bag and pulls a gun on Spenser.

BHAM!

Felipe looks to see Spenser standing there with his pistol.

Javier is on the ground, dead. A bullet hole is in his head.

Felipe looks around and sprints outside.

Spenser grabs both bags and leaves.

EXT. DRUG STREET - DAY

Spenser sprints to the Charger.

Several GANGBANGERS rush out of their homes, guns drawn.

The Police Officers exit, flashing badges.

Gunfire erupts from all sides.

Spenser tosses both bags into the Charger.

A bullet shatters the rear window.

Spenser gets inside and starts the engine.

INT. DODGE CHARGER - DAY (DRIVING)

Spenser pushes the gas pedal as hard as he can. His eyes glance to the rearview.

The police are in close pursuit.

Spenser looks around.

The light turns red.

Spenser screams as his car drives through the intersection. He looks in the mirror.

The police are still there.

Spenser's eyes dart all over. He makes a hard turn left. His eyes look into the rearview.

No one is behind him for a moment.

The sound of a police siren roars in the background.

Spenser makes a hard right turn past several lanes of oncoming traffic. He looks into the rearview.

No one is behind him.

Spencer's eyes spot a parking garage in the distance. He drives towards it and parks. He turns to the entrance.

Police cars drive past it.

Spenser exits the Charger.

EXT. PARKING GARAGE - DAY

Spenser reaches into the backseat. He takes out the Duffel Bags. His eyes catch a glimpse of himself in the window of a nearby luxury SUV. His arm flexes.

SPENSER (V.O.)
Every thought should've been that I
needed to get out of town, change
my name, and get a new life.

He frowns.

SPENSER (V.O.) (CONT'D)
I'm tiny.

Spenser flexes harder. His frown grows.

SPENSER
You think better with a pump.

INT. GYM - DAY

Gym rats everywhere.

Spenser walks up to the pull-up bar in the double pulley weight set. He cranks out some pull-ups. His eyes look into the mirror.

Still small.

Spencer grabs a weight belt with a chain on it. He puts a 45-pound plate on it. His hands grip the bar, cranking out six pull-ups with ease.

Still small!

Spencer adds another 45. His hands grip the bar and he cranks out six more pull-ups. His eyes turn to the mirror.

Still god-damn small!

INT. GYM - LATER

Spenser does weighted pull ups with four 45 pound plates. He drops off the pull up bar and looks into the mirror. His body is impossibly pumped up, a pool of sweat underneath him. He smiles, his eyes looking around.

A dozen SWAT OFFICERS armed with machine guns approach him.

Spenser raises his hands.

An Officer tries to cuff Spenser.
Spenser's arms can't get behind his back.
The Officer zip ties his hands in front of him.
Another Officer reads Spenser his rights.
Spenser looks at himself in the mirror. He smiles.

Finally BIG!!!!!!

The SWAT team leads him away.

INT. POLICE SEDAN - DAY (DRIVING)

Two Police Officers are in the front.
Spenser looks around.
The Gym disappears into the rearview mirror.

SPENSER

Have you ever arrested someone as
big as me?

The Officer looks him over.

POLICE OFFICER

We've arrested bigger.

SPENSER

Really?

The officer nods.

Spenser's face deflates.

A Pickup Truck comes barreling towards them on the opposite
side of Spenser's door.

Spenser's eyes turn to see it right as it collides with them.

EXT. ACCIDENT STREET - DAY

The police car spins all over the road.
The pickup truck goes in the opposite direction.
The police car slams into a light pole and stops.
Both Police Officers are unconscious.

WHAM!

Spenser kicks the door.

It falls off the car's body.

Spenser gets out. His face is bruised up. He looks around and spots a Waffle House.

SPENSER (V.O.)
I was due a cheat day and well...
why not, right?

Spenser walks to the Waffle House.

INT. WAFFLE HOUSE - DAY

Spenser walks in and sits down at a booth.

A WAITER with a pot of coffee comes up to Spenser.

Spencer presses his wrists together, bears down a 1/4 beat, and POPS his wrists apart, SNAPPING the ties.

Plastic falls to the ground.

The Waiter shrugs.

Spencer picks them up and hands them to the Waiter.

SPENSER
Would you mind throwing this in the
recycling bin for me?

The Waiter grabs the zip tie.

Spenser flips the coffee mug over.

The Waiter looks Spenser over.

SPENSER (CONT'D)
Can I get two waffles, a side of
bacon, and an order of hash browns?

He shrugs and fills up Spenser's coffee cup.

WAITER
You got it.

Beat.

SPENSER

I've got at least two hours before
anyone gives a shit, right?

WAITER

Probably.

The Waiter walks away.

Spenser takes a long drink.

Zyzz walks over and sits down across from Spenser.

ZYZZ

This is classic.

SPENSER

How bad is it?

ZYZZ

You're probably going to spend a
lot of time in federal "pound me in
the ass" prison.

SPENSER

So this is probably the last hot
meal I'm going to have for a while.

The Waiter brings over Spenser's order.

Zyzz grabs a piece of bacon off of it and takes a bite.

It's not that good.

ZYZZ

You could do worse.

SPENSER

Probably.

ZYZZ

Imagine being the guy who's waiting
in line at Mackers and then the
cops just fucking tackle him.

Spenser looks at him oddly.

ZYZZ (CONT'D)

That's what we call McDonald's down
under, mate.

Spenser's eyes wander around.

SPENSER

I wonder what'll happen to Bradley.

ZYZZ

He's going to the same place you are. Miami's cops may be a lot of things but even they can figure this one out.

SPENSER

It's my fault.

ZYZZ

He could've done a lot of things differently. So could've you.

Spenser spots Purvi and Reggie at a table. Purvi's SON (5) is across from them. He's a spitting image of Spenser.

Spenser observes them for a moment. They're happy.

SPENSER

Thank God he looks like her, right?

ZYZZ

You'll meet him right after he graduates from college.

Spenser looks away.

ZYZZ (CONT'D)

Welcome to being the biological father and nothing else.

SPENSER

What's that supposed to mean?

ZYZZ

No child calls you their biological parent out of affection.

SPENSER

So it's what... obligation?

ZYZZ

Courtesy, maybe.

Spenser spots Tank and Emily walking in. An expensive engagement ring is on her ring finger.

ZYZZ (CONT'D)

They seem happy.

SPENSER

She said she wanted someone bigger.

Zyzz looks him over.

ZYZZ

You're way bigger than him.

SPENSER

Now.

Zyzz grabs another piece of bacon and devours it.

ZYZZ

She probably meant someone with a bigger goal in life.

SPENSER

He fucking makes stupid videos on Communist spyware for a living.

ZYZZ

And you did what, exactly?

SPENSER

I had a steady job that had a 401k AND health insurance.

ZYZZ

What were you doing to improve your lot in life?

Spenser sighs.

SPENSER

It's still bullshit.

ZYZZ

You watched all my videos and forgot to hear the parts where I say you need to improve yourself on a bigger scale, too.

SPENSER

Those parts were boring.

Zyzz grabs another piece of bacon.

Spenser takes it from him and takes a bit out of it.

SPENSER (CONT'D)

I'm going to miss our chats.

(beat)

So what happens from here?

Zyzz shrugs.

Several SWAT POLICE OFFICERS run through the front door and sprint directly across from Spenser. They grab a MAN from inside a booth and arrest him.

Spenser looks at him closely. *It's him!*

INT. JAIL CELL PHONE BANK - NIGHT

INMATES are in line, waiting to make phone calls.

Spenser is on a phone. He calls Bradley.

BRADLEY (V.O.)
I saw you on the news.

SPENSER
How'd I look?

BRADLEY (V.O.)
I think I'm the wrong person for
you to be calling right now.

SPENSER
Do you know any good workouts I can
do in here? I don't want to--

Bradley hangs up.

Spenser spots a mirror nearby. He looks at himself for a long moment, sighing.

INT. JAIL CELL - NIGHT

Spenser puts his feet up on his cot and cranks out push-ups.

SPENSER (V.O.)
The talk with Bradley got me
thinking about a lot of things.

Several lamps illuminate RAPISTS, MURDERERS, and other assorted CRIMINALS all over, watching Spenser exercise.

SPENSER (V.O.) (CONT'D)
The biggest one was that I'd never
be this small again.

FADE OUT.