

**INT. BE FREE THERAPY CLINIC MOLLY'S LOBBY- CONT.**

A black futon couch is in front of a glass coffee table with magazines and two chairs on each side. There's a desk next to Riley's office door. There's a bowl of mints and box of tissue on the countertop of the desk. Steven's briefcase and jacket are on the countertop.

MOLLY BANKS, 28, ~~████████████████████~~, receptionist sits behind her computer at the desk, and dips a tea bag into a mug.

Baker, Riley and Steven walk out of Riley's office.

BAKER

(raps)

*See you next week doc. Or should I  
say not doc. Now to go home and  
kick the shoes off. Take a couple  
drags and hit the snooze off.*

Baker licks his fingertips and smooths his eyebrows.

BAKER (CONT'D)

(raps)

*I keep my eyebrows on fleek. See  
you guys next week.*

MOLLY

Wow. What talent! I like how he rhymes just by using the same word again.

Steven Rolls his eyes.

STEVEN

**START →**

Ok, now that I have the two of you. Remember, I'm leaving for my "Tito Talks" conference for two days.

Riley and Molly look at each other, suspicious.

RILEY

Oh really? What's your big speech on this time? "The Meditative Practice of Slot Machines?"

MOLLY

"A Healing Weekend Without Clocks?"

STEVEN

No and no. It's on "The Managerial Skills Needed to Employ Incompetent Millennials."

RILEY

Ouch!

STEVEN

I'm serious. You can't leave everything up to Molly. You're the licensed therapist on call here. So if I receive any complaints or hear of any problems--

RILEY

Yah yah yah, I get it, I get it. We got this, go enjoy Vegas!

Riley puts on jacket.

STEVEN

It's Palm Springs and where are you going?

RILEY

I'm grabbing some smokes before my next appointment.

STEVEN

Egh... please don't let clients see you smoke.

RILEY

What? It makes them think that I'm one of them.

STEVEN

You are one of them.

Riley shrugs and exits. Steven turns to Molly.

STEVEN (CONT'D)

Molly!

Molly jumps, spilling tea onto the keyboard. She sops it up with some tissues.

MOLLY

Don't worry, it's a cleansing tea. My nutritionist recommended it.

STEVEN

For the keyboard?

MOLLY

No, for my liver.

Steven leans over Molly's desk.

STEVEN  
(softly)  
Has Riley been going to her AA  
meetings?

MOLLY  
I don't think it's my place to ask.

STEVEN  
I thought you two were getting all  
buddy-buddy.

MOLLY  
(gasps) Buddy-buddy? Do you think  
so?

STEVEN  
I don't care. Her court ordered  
meetings have ended at this point  
and if she's going to relapse it'll  
probably be soon.

MOLLY  
Got it.

Steven pulls out a To Do List from his briefcase. Molly takes  
the list and squints through her glasses.

STEVEN  
Also--

MOLLY  
AC off, lights off, curtains open,  
give out one tissue at a time--

STEVEN  
I know. I'm smart at saving money  
and the clients think it's some  
magical psychological bullshit.

Molly continues reading the list.

MOLLY  
Follow Riley around, and collect  
her Receipts?

STEVEN  
Just put it in these folders.

Molly pulls out a bunch of Riley's old receipts.

STEVEN (CONT'D)

Oh, also it's your month to go to a dentist office and have them "donate" some magazines.

He puts on his jacket.

MOLLY

No! I'm not stealing for you again! Can't you just buy some?

STEVEN

We are a government funded clinic Molly! Tax payer dollars should not be going to--

He picks up a magazine, opens to page that reads.

STEVEN (CONT'D)

(reads)

"Scientology- true healing without THERAPY." Molly?!

MOLLY

Riley got those. (beat) *For free.*

STEVEN

Throw these out. Also, while you're at it, throw out her "Daily Psychiatrist quote" calendar. I'm tired of her trying to be some "Hipster Frasier".

←END