

INT. UPSCALE THERAPIST'S OFFICE - DAY

A very serious ELLIE peers over her clipboard at JORDAN, who sits nervously before her.

ELLIE

And how long have you been experiencing these quote unquote "panic attacks"?

JORDAN

About three months - you know, you seem awfully young to have your own practice.

ELLIE

I'm extremely experienced.

She stares him down with wise, confident eyes until he looks away.

JORDAN

...Right. So...

ELLIE

(examining notes, very serious)

Well - judging by this, I think that you're probably a narcissistic sociopath.

Jordan looks horrified. Ellie breaks into laughter.

ELLIE (CONT'D)

Kidding! Ohmygod you should've seen your face! No, it's obvious to me - and should be to you - that you've got a super classic combination anxious-depressive disorder. Or, as I like to call it, "Bummer City".

JORDAN

Uh - okay, so, should I - is there any *treatment*, or...?

ELLIE

Snaps for you - he's like, 'Give me my prescription!' Well, I'm what they call a pan-neuro-naturopathic practitioner, so I prefer a non-medication route whenever possible.

(handing him a paper)

I call it "YASSIFY YOURSELF". Step one - have you tried Kondoing?

JORDAN

Okay - what the heck are you
talking about?

Ellie tenses up as an offscreen voice begins calling her
name.

ELLIE

(hiding her clipboard)
Crap. I gotta run.
(instructing him)
You've been waiting alone for ten
minutes, and you and I have never
met. 'Kay?

JORDAN

Dr. Cain - what is going on?!

ELLIE

(hissing)
I'm not Dr. Cain, I'm her secretary
- also sorry but we don't accept
your insurance. Enjoy your session,
bye!

Ellie zips out of the room, leaving Jordan sitting there, jaw
agape.