

My Psycho Ex-Girlfriends  
Episode 1.01

"Pilot"

written by  
Ryan Paige

**EXT. MOCKINGBIRD STATION -- DAY**

After leaving the Angelika theater, a hip young couple strolls through the crowd holding hands. You couldn't pry the smiles off their faces as they enjoy each other's company. This is JACK STANLEY (30s) and ALISON LUNDERGAARD (30s).

ALISON  
I told you you wouldn't like it.

JACK  
I liked it just fine.

ALISON  
Right. Just fine. I know what that means.

JACK  
What? It means I liked it just fine.

ALISON  
No. It means you hated it.

JACK  
I didn't hate it.

ALISON  
Sure you did.

JACK  
I said I liked it.

ALISON  
You said you liked it just fine.

She does air quotes around the 'just fine'.

JACK  
You're crazy.

ALISON  
I know all your tricks.

JACK  
Tricks? You think I have tricks?

ALISON  
Don't try to play all innocent with me. I know every thought that goes through that pretty little head of yours.

JACK  
You think so?

ALISON

I do more than think. I know so.

Jack stops and faces Alison, looking deeply into her eyes.

JACK

So what am I thinking right now?

Alison smiles.

JACK

Oh my God. You do know. How do you know?

ALISON

I know every move before you even think to make it.

Jack shakes his head, impressed with his better half.

JACK

What am I going to do with you?

ALISON

I think you'd better get down on one knee, pull out that ring you've been carrying in your pocket all night and ask me to be your damn wife.

Jack laughs and does what he's told, bending down on one knee and holding forth an engagement ring to her.

They're silent for a moment.

JACK

So?

ALISON

No way, baby. You have to ask. You have to do it right.

Jack sighs, rearranges himself on the ground and starts again.

JACK

Alison Lundergaard. Best friend and love of my life, will you do me the great honor of being my wife and spending the rest of your life by my side?

Alison smiles as big as Texas.

ALISON

Yes. Yes, I will.

Jack jumps up and grabs Alison in a giant, hug, swinging her legs off the ground and literally sweeping her off her feet.

They kiss. Deeply, passionately.

JACK  
I love you.

ALISON  
I love you.

He slides the ring on her finger, and they kiss again.

Alison admires her ring for a moment, before whipping out her iPhone.

ALISON  
I'm calling Mom.

She takes a few steps away to begin her phone conversation.

Jack wanders over to a nearby bench and has a seat to people watch while his new fiancée happily squeals to her mother a few steps away.

As he looks through the crowd, his eyes fixate on a relatively tiny dark-haired woman who is staring daggers right back at him. This is HEATHER (20s).

His smile immediately vanishes as he jumps up from his spot with great alacrity.

She points to her eyes and then to him, signaling that she's got her eyes on him.

Jack looks over to his future wife and then back to where Heather had been standing, only now she's gone. He looks around, but she's disappeared, seemingly into thin air.

Jack's phone buzzes to indicate he's received a text message. He pulls it from his pocket to see a text from Heather.

It reads: "Catch You Later."

Jack nervously looks around again.

**INT. JACK'S HOUSE - BEDROOM/BATHROOM -- NIGHT**

Jack brushes his teeth in the bathroom while Alison readies the bed for sleep.

JACK  
I'm thinking about starting a cult,  
you know.

ALISON  
Like a Satanic cult?

JACK  
No. No. Nothing like that. Just,  
you know, a regular cult.

ALISON  
A regular cult?

JACK  
Yeah. I don't want to hang around  
with the kind of people who would  
worship the devil.

ALISON  
Because of your deep religious  
convictions?

JACK  
If I'm going to take the time and  
effort to get a whole cult up and  
running, I'm going to want everybody  
to worship me.

ALISON  
And what would worshipping you  
entail, exactly?

JACK  
You know, the usual stuff. Cleaning  
my house. Picking up my dry  
cleaning. Making sure I get to  
where I need to be on time. Stuff  
like that.

ALISON  
That sounds like a team of personal  
assistants, not a cult.

JACK  
Yeah, but you have to pay personal  
assistants. Cult members work for  
free.

ALISON  
So how are you planning on getting  
all these people together to worship  
you and do your bidding?

JACK  
What do you mean?

ALISON

Do you have a bunch of people lining up already waiting to worship and serve you?

JACK

Why would I? I haven't even started the cult yet.

ALISON

But you can't just put up a sign that says "CULT: JOIN HERE" in big letters and have a bunch of people sign up.

JACK

I don't see why not.

Jack's cellphone, sitting on the nightstand, goes off to signal receipt of a text.

ALISON

Your phone just beeped.

Alison walks over and picks up Jack's phone.

JACK

Plus, Cult Leader would probably look pretty good on my resume.

Alison leans in the doorway, Jack's cellphone in hand, concerned look on her face.

ALISON

Who is Heather?

Jack sighs.

JACK

Heather is nobody.

He rinses out his mouth, puts his toothbrush away and shuts off the lights to the bathroom before crossing over to the bed and laying down.

ALISON

Why is Heather Nobody texting you?

JACK

Seriously, it's nothing. Just forget about it.

ALISON

Fine.

Alison puts down Jack's phone and crawls into bed. The look on her face obviously says she's not at all fine.

JACK  
You wanna fool around?

Alison just turns the lights out and pulls the covers tighter over herself.

JACK  
C'mon. It's our engagement night.  
That's gotta be worth something.

Alison stays completely quiet.

JACK  
At least some over the clothes  
rubbing.

No response.

JACK  
At least...

Stone silence.

Jack flips the lights on.

JACK  
Fine. Heather is my ex-girlfriend.

Alison sits up.

ALISON  
And why is she texting you?

JACK  
Because she's psychotic.

Alison rolls her eyes.

JACK  
No. I'm serious. She's been leaving  
these weird notes on my windshield  
and putting these deranged collages  
of me and her on the tops of wedding  
cakes in my mailbox. All sorts of  
fucked up shit.

ALISON  
Like actual wedding cakes?

JACK  
Pictures of wedding cakes.

ALISON  
Why? Why would someone do that?

JACK  
Are you suggesting that I'm not  
worth stalking?

Another eye roll.

JACK  
I told you, she's a psycho.

ALISON  
And you are completely blameless.

JACK  
Completely.

Alison continues to stare, waiting for another shoe to drop.

JACK  
Oh wait. She might not have  
appreciated the way I broke up with  
her.

**FLASHBACK:**

**EXT. SUBURBAN HOUSE -- DAY**

Jack finds himself in front of a typical suburban home. He stops and takes a long look at the place before pulling out a Sharpie and a small notebook from his pocket.

He quickly scribbles "FUCK OFF" in big black letters on the notebook and rips out the page.

He then pulls a brick out of a plastic bag and attaches the note with a rubber band.

Once the note is attached, Jack takes the brick in his right hand and rears back as far as he can reach before he HURLS the brick directly toward the house.

The sound of glass SHATTERING fills the air as Jack surveys the damage. He's very pleased with himself.

**END FLASHBACK:**

**INT. JACK'S HOUSE - BEDROOM/BATHROOM -- NIGHT**

Alison just sits there, mouth agape. Jack is a little embarrassed by his actions.

JACK  
So yeah.



ALISON  
You actually did that?

JACK  
It seemed like the right way to  
handle the whole thing at the time.

ALISON  
No wonder she hates you. I think I  
might hate you a little bit after  
hearing that.

JACK  
Yeah. I wasn't always the nice and  
cuddly person you fell in love with.

ALISON  
You should apologize.

JACK  
Okay. I'm sorry.

ALISON  
Not to me. To her.

JACK  
Screw that. I'm not talking to  
her.

ALISON  
It's the right thing to do.

JACK  
You do not poke the crazy. Trust  
me.

ALISON  
Tomorrow morning. You find her,  
and you apologize.

JACK  
Fine. I'll send her a text.

ALISON  
No. You're going to apologize in  
person.

JACK  
I'm starting to think you're crazy,  
too.

ALISON  
What's the worst that can happen?

JACK

She slams me over the head with a baseball bat and buries me alive in her back yard.

ALISON

At least then she'd have closure.

Alison gives Jack a quick kiss before turning out the light and rolling over to go to sleep.

JACK

So where'd we land on the fooling around thing?

Alison doesn't say a word.

**EXT. STEVE'S HOUSE -- DAY**

Jack stands with a domestic-brand beer bottle in his hand next to a car with the hood propped open. Another suburbanite in t-shirt and chinos pokes at various parts under the hood. This is STEVE (30s).

STEVE

So I have this dream the other night that I was married to that one chick from that one show.

JACK

That narrows it down.

STEVE

You know the one I mean.

Jack just shakes his head.

STEVE

Anyway, the good looking famous chick from that one show and I were married, and we were hanging out at Northpark...

JACK

You were at the mall?

STEVE

What's so wrong with going to the mall?

JACK

Nothing... in 1985.

STEVE

If nobody went anymore, they'd have torn the place down.

JACK

Have you been there at any point in the last two decades?

STEVE

That's not the point. The point is that I was at Northpark with my famous good looking wife and we were minding our own business shopping at Sharper Image or whatever.

JACK

It really was 1985.

STEVE

And there was this midget there, and he was just pissing me off for some reason.

JACK

I don't believe that's the preferred nomenclature, but go on.

STEVE

So I keep telling him to shut up, but he won't shut up. So, finally I lean down and punch the little fucker right in his tiny midget face. He hits me back and before you know it, we're in a full blown, knock down, drag out fight.

JACK

You and the little person?

STEVE

Yeah.

JACK

At the mall?

STEVE

Yeah. And I'm winning the fight, of course, but my TV chick wife starts yelling at me about how I need to quit beating up on the midget because it would be really bad for her career if it was in the tabloids or whatever.

JACK  
Makes sense.

STEVE  
I don't know what happened next  
because I woke up, but I remember  
waking up pretty happy. Like it  
wouldn't be so bad to be married.

JACK  
Or to beat up a little person at  
the mall.

STEVE  
Exactly.

Steve takes a big swig from his beer bottle.

STEVE  
So wait. What were we talking about?

JACK  
I asked Alison to marry me.

STEVE  
Oh yeah. Right. Congratulations.

Steve holds out his beer bottle and Jack taps his beer bottle  
against Steve's in toast.

JACK  
If we ever really get married, that  
is.

STEVE  
She said yes, right?

JACK  
Yeah, but she wants me to apologize  
to Heather before she marries me.

STEVE  
Psycho Heather?

JACK  
The very same.

STEVE  
Man, I wouldn't get within five  
hundred feet of that girl.

JACK  
I hadn't planned to, either. But  
now...

Steve fiddles with some wires under the hood.

JACK

Do you even know what you're doing?

STEVE

I kind of thought if I opened up the hood, I'd be able to tell.

JACK

Like the broken part would be holding up a sign or something?

STEVE

Something like that.

Steve slams down the hood, giving up.

STEVE

Listen, if you need back-up, you call me. I'll be there for you, buddy.

JACK

I appreciate that. I'm going to try to go see her tomorrow.

STEVE

Oh no. I meant back-up when Alison dumps you because you won't apologize. I don't even like being in the same county as Psycho Heather.

JACK

Thanks. You're a prince.

**INT. JACK'S HOUSE - KITCHEN -- DAY**

Jack and Alison hurriedly eat breakfast over the sink as they prepare themselves for work.

ALISON

I'll stop on the way home and get dinner tonight, but it's going to be late.

JACK

I can get dinner.

ALISON

No. You've got other things to do.

JACK

You really want me to go through with that?

ALISON  
I insist you do. We are not getting  
married until you have apologized  
to this Heather girl.

JACK  
And I can't just text her?

ALISON  
Give me your phone.

Jack hands over his cellphone, and Alison takes it from him  
and begins typing.

After a few seconds, she hands the phone back.

ALISON  
There. I told her you wanted to  
see her.

Jack is more than mildly perturbed at this.

JACK  
You did what?

Jack frantically looks at his phone.

JACK  
She's going to take that the wrong  
way.

ALISON  
Don't be silly. It will be fine.

She leans in and kisses her fiancé.

JACK  
If you say so.

They walk out the front door, shutting off the light as they  
rush off to work.

**EXT. PARKING GARAGE -- DAY**

Jack parks and gets out of his car in the parking structure  
adjacent to the train station.

As he crosses through the lot, tires SQUEAL as one of those  
silly Kia Soul things comes rushing through the garage toward  
Jack.

Jack jumps out of the way just in the nick of time.

JACK  
What the fuck?

The Kia screeches to a halt at the end of the aisle.

The tinted window rolls down to reveal Heather snarling at Jack from behind the wheel.

HEATHER

I told you I'd catch you later.

Jack's eyes grow wide as she peels out again, going for a second run at Jack.

JACK

Shit.

Jack takes off running as fast as he can.

Focused on her target, Heather and her Soul keep after Jack.

The ridiculous little car rushes straight at Jack, missing him by mere inches when he dives between two parked cars.

Jack makes a break for it. He spots the nearby train station and runs full blast toward it.

In short order, Heather is behind him and bearing down again.

Just as he enters the train station, Jack collapses in exhaustion.

Heather's silly little car screeches to a halt at the end of the road, well short of Jack's spot in the station.

She hops out of her car and yells at Jack.

HEATHER

You think this is over?

Heather reaches into the back seat of her car and emerges with a surprisingly feminine pink and white aluminum baseball bat.

HEATHER

This is nowhere near over.

JACK

Oh dear lord.

Jack struggles to get to his feet as Heather approaches, bat in hand.

But no matter how hard he tries, his body has given out.

Jack rolls over onto his back as Heather reaches him.

HEATHER  
You are in horrible shape.

JACK  
I imagine being beaten to death is going to be an improvement over how I feel right this second, so go ahead and get started.

HEATHER  
I'm not going to beat you to death.

JACK  
That's strangely disappointing.

HEATHER  
I've got bigger plans for you.

As she looks Jack dead in the eyes, she rears back with the bat and swings right at his head with perfect form.

With a loud thunk, the world quickly fades to black.

**INT. HEATHER'S GARAGE -- DAY**

Cold water splashes into Jack's face immediately restoring him to the conscious world.

HEATHER  
Wake up, sleepyhead.

Jack blinks a few times as he tries to get his eyes to focus.

JACK  
Did you smack me in the head with a baseball bat?

Jack looks around to see a not-very-well kept garage, filled with boxes and junk and tools strewn about.

HEATHER  
It's actually a t-ball bat. I couldn't find a baseball bat I really liked.

Jack tries to pull his hands to his head only to find that his arms and legs have been duct taped to his chair, and his pants are missing.

He struggles at his restraints for a few seconds before giving up.

HEATHER  
But it seems like it does the trick well enough.



JACK

I know I recently suffered a pretty massive head injury and all, but I'm pretty sure I had pants on when I lost consciousness.

HEATHER

You don't need pants for what's about to happen to you.

JACK

I don't know whether to be excited or terrified.

HEATHER

You know, I am a little pissed that you threw a brick through my window.

JACK

Really? I thought we'd be looking back at that and laughing by now.

HEATHER

It was only a few months ago.

JACK

And you're not over it yet?

HEATHER

No. No. I'm not quite over it yet.

JACK

Give it another couple of hours, and we'll be laughing. I promise.

Heather grabs her bat and begins to circle Jack menacingly.

HEATHER

It wasn't just the brick.

JACK

Okay. I admit the note was a little terse.

HEATHER

Terse?

JACK

I'm sorry. Terse is a word that means...

HEATHER

I know what it means.

JACK

Then what are we arguing about?

Heather stops right behind Jack and leans in to whisper in his ear.

HEATHER

We're not arguing about anything.  
As a matter of fact, I'd say we're  
getting along great.

She walks over in front of gets on her knees in front of Jack.

Taking hold of his knees, she thrusts his legs apart.

JACK

Even though this seems to be heading  
in a pretty positive direction, I  
really have to go. I have a fiancée  
now, you know.

Heather reaches toward Jack's crotch, takes hold of his most sensitive of areas and begins a rhythmic motion.

Jack starts to breathe heavily and make a few pleasure noises.

JACK

I don't think she'd be too fond of  
what's happening here, and I love  
her very much.

HEATHER

Seems like I've heard those words  
before. Seems like just yesterday,  
as a matter of fact, we had that  
great Chinese take out and you looked  
me straight in the eye and said, "I  
love you, Heather."

Jack continues to make more and more pleasure sounds as Heather continues doing her magic.

HEATHER

And it's not like it was the first  
time you'd told me that. For months,  
you couldn't tell me enough how  
much you loved me.

Jack leans his head back and moans with delight.

As Heather continues, she gets increasingly angry.

HEATHER

I thought we were going to get married. I thought we were going to have kids. I thought we were going to have the perfect life together.

Jack is very clearly closing in on climax.

HEATHER

And then you threw a fucking brick through my window.

With one of the oddest looking "sex faces" ever, Jack finishes.

Heather grabs a nearby container and appears to fill it with Jack's manly essence.

HEATHER

I really wanted to have your babies, Jack.

She puts a lid on the container and hops up off her knees.

HEATHER

But hey, maybe I still can.

Heather pats Jack on the shoulder and disappears through the door behind him and into her house.

JACK

Can I at least have a cigarette?

The door slams shut, giving Jack his answer.

Alone now, Jack struggles at his restraints, but all he manages to do is knock himself over in the chair.

**INT. STEVE'S HOME OFFICE -- DAY**

Steve sits in an office chair in front of a computer. A bottle of lotion and some tissues are scattered on the desk in front of him and the sounds of pornography fill the room.

STEVE

Oh yeah. I've been waiting for this.

He squirts some lotion into his hand which then disappears below out of frame.

STEVE

Oh yeah.

A few strokes in, the phone begins to ring.

STEVE  
No. No. No. You've got to be  
kidding me.

He tries to ignore it for a few more strokes, but he just can't.

STEVE  
Dammit.

He grabs the phone from the cradle and answers it angrily.

STEVE  
This had better be really important.

JACK  
I need your help.

STEVE  
What?

JACK  
I need a ride. Come and get me.

STEVE  
I'm busy.

JACK  
Just come get me.

STEVE  
Just a second. Hold. On. Just.  
A. Second.

Jack waits in silence for a second.

JACK  
You were masturbating, weren't you?

STEVE  
Who says I stopped?

JACK  
Put your thing away and come get  
me.

**EXT. 7/11 CONVENIENCE STORE -- DAY**

Steve exits the store with a box of Band-Aids in his hand and sits down on the curb next to Jack, his face bloodied from his struggle to escape.

STEVE  
You know how much they wanted for a  
box of Band Aids?

JACK  
I don't care.

STEVE  
Six bucks! That's outrageous.

JACK  
I really don't care.

Steve opens the box of Band Aids and fishes around inside.

STEVE  
And there's only like four Band  
Aids in here.

JACK  
I don't care what they cost. Just  
please stop my face from bleeding.

STEVE  
That's a buck and a quarter each.  
Each!

Steve stands up and yells at the store.

STEVE  
I hope you get robbed!

Steve sits back down and looks at Jack's face.

STEVE  
So she just got down on her knees,  
and...

JACK  
Yep.

STEVE  
And then she...

JACK  
Yep.

STEVE  
And put it in a...

JACK  
Yep.

STEVE  
And you think she's going to...

JACK

Yep.

Steve ponders this for a moment.

STEVE

She stole your swimmers.

JACK

Yep.

STEVE

What... what... are you going to call the police? Is that what someone does when they're in this situation?

JACK

Oh yeah, I really want to walk into the police station and give a detailed statement describing what just happened to me.

Steve looks over Jack's wounds.

STEVE

It's really not that bad.

Tending to Jack's wounds, Steve licks his thumb and wipes some blood off Jack's cheek.

Jack pulls his head back in disgust.

JACK

Did you just lick your finger?

STEVE

My thumb. Yes.

JACK

So you just wiped your spit all over my cheek?

STEVE

I was wiping the blood away so I could put a Band Aid on your cheek.

JACK

That's like the grossest thing anyone has ever done to me.

STEVE

I doubt that's true.

Steve slaps a Band Aid on Jack's cheek.

JACK

You can't just swab your spit into my open wound. That's like asking for an infection.

STEVE

I didn't walk over to the other side of the park and get the saliva of some diseased prostitute to clean your cheek with.

JACK

It's still not very sanitary.

STEVE

I'd be more concerned about my thumb anyway.

JACK

What's that supposed to mean?

STEVE

My spit comes from my glands right into my mouth, but my thumb?

Steve starts waving his thumb around in the air.

STEVE

It's out here in the open getting into all sorts of trouble. Half the time I don't even know what it's doing. It's practically involuntary. For all I remember, I was scratching my ass with it while I was waiting in line to get ripped off buying these Band Aids.

JACK

Now I'm going to throw up.

Steve points to the side of the building.

STEVE

Do it over there. I don't want any of your gross bodily fluids getting on me.

Jack gets up and heads to the side of the building to puke.

**INT. JACK'S HOUSE - LIVING ROOM -- NIGHT**

Jack comes into the house. His hair and clothes are completely disheveled and he looks exhausted.

He comes in and plops down on the sofa.

Alison comes in from the kitchen with plates and sets them on the coffee table in front of Jack.

ALISON  
Hey, honey.

Jack can barely gather the energy to wave.

ALISON  
You look beat. Hard day?

JACK  
Something like that.

ALISON  
There was a message on the machine when I got home. From Heather.

Jack sits up at the mention of his tormenter's name.

JACK  
Oh yeah? What'd she have to say?

ALISON  
Not a lot. She sounded super nice.

Alison plops down on the couch next to Jack and hands him a plate of food before picking one up for herself.

ALISON  
I really think she wants to put everything behind us. Really get some closure on your relationship.

The level of fear on Jack's face continues to rise.

ALISON  
She said she wants to get together. With the both of us. Really soon.

Jack is silently panicking.

ALISON  
Catch you later. That's what she said. I thought it was really cute the way she said that. Catch you later.

Alison giggles to herself as she snuggles up next to the terrified Jack and digs in to her dinner.

**INT. SPERM BANK -- DAY**

Jack, casually dressed in his uniform of sunglasses, black t-shirt and khaki shorts, nervously ambles by the serene



paintings of beach scenes that dot the walls and through the maze of cool-colored waiting area chairs of the tastefully decorated sperm bank.

He tries his best to nonchalantly make his way to a stern young receptionist lording over him from behind a tall counter.

RECEPTIONIST

Donations are on Tuesdays only,  
sir.

Jack lifts his sunglasses onto the top of his head and stutters out a response.

JACK

I'm actually here for a withdrawal.

The receptionist looks up from her paperwork.

RECEPTIONIST

This is a semen cryobank, sir. We  
don't have anything you could  
withdraw.

JACK

It's okay. It's my sperm.

RECEPTIONIST

You made a donation?

JACK

Not voluntarily. No.

RECEPTIONIST

And yet your semen somehow found  
its way into our facility?

JACK

It was stolen.

RECEPTIONIST

Stolen?

JACK

Straight from the tap.

The receptionist just stares at Jack in disbelief.

JACK

So if you could just pack it up for  
me, I'd be on my way.

RECEPTIONIST

I'm not just going to give you a bag full of semen.

JACK

A box would be fine, too. Or a Tupperware if you've got one would be great.

The receptionist stares at him for a moment.

RECEPTIONIST

I'm just going to call the police now, so if you'd like to wait for them to come, arrest you and, hopefully, commit you to some sort of mental institution, there are plenty of comfy chairs in our waiting room.

The receptionist picks up the phone and begins to dial 911.

JACK

Oh come on. The police? I just want my stolen swimmers back.

RECEPTIONIST

(to phone)  
Hello, police?

JACK

Fine. I'll leave.

He turns and begins to leave.

JACK

But rest assured that I will be leaving a scathing review of this place on Yelp.

Jack stomps out of the clinic and into the street.