

INT. THERAPIST'S OFFICE - DAY

Scylla and Dave listen with folded arms to a smirking Dr. Breck, aka DR. B (50's), who himself appears a bit cuckoo.

DR. B

I don't like how the word "divorce" is creeping back into the conversation here. There's something else I'd like you to try. I'm writing you a prescription for good times.

Dr. B literally writes a prescription with a big smiley face on it.

DR. B (CONT'D)

I often find that day-to-day concerns can get in the way of reconciliation. You know, "Who's going to clean the hair out of the ice dispenser?" Or "We're out of the good enemas. Better run to the store." -- I prescribe that you get away from it all. Someplace without kids. Just the two of you.

SCYLLA

We don't have anyone to watch the kids, so that's impossible.

DR. B

Uh uh uh. Impossible is a no-no word.

Colorful cartoon "no-no words" are tacked to the wall.

DR. B (CONT'D)

At this juncture, I really feel this is critical. And Dave, I'd like you to be the one in charge of the planning.

Scylla frowns.

SCYLLA

(to Dave)

Not even for a moment should you consider Mom.

INT. KITCHEN - NIGHT

Scylla's mom, GRANDMA DORIS, wine glass in hand, sways in her colorful caftan as Scylla makes a list.

Jackson and Georgia hunt for snacks.

GRANDMA DORIS

(slurring)

I don't know why you need a sitter.
What, am I chopped liver?

SCYLLA

More like fatty liver.

GRANDMA DORIS

Kids, here. Have a chocolate.

Grandma Doris digs out liquor-filled chocolate bottles.

JACKSON

Do you have the orange ones?

Scylla grabs it away.

SCYLLA

No, that's not orange, it's
Cointreau. Wait for dinner.

Scylla waves the kids out.

SCYLLA (CONT'D)

Ugh, so much to do. I only have a
week to make a list and pack.

GRANDMA DORIS

You don't need a week to pack, darling.

SCYLLA

I don't want to forget anything.
Let's see. I need shoes to match my
nice dress.

GRANDMA DORIS

Mules, darling, they go with everything.

Grandma Doris flaunts her bejeweled shoes.

SCYLLA

No mules. They make my legs look
like tubes of polenta. Let's see...
purses, beauty supplies, emergency
medications.

Grandma Doris reads.

GRANDMA DORIS

Activated charcoal. You're planning
on being poisoned?

SCYLLA
You never know.

GRANDMA DORIS
You won't see Dave agonizing like this.

SCYLLA
Actually you will. I delegated and
gave him a long packing list
that'll keep him pretty busy.

MONTAGE - SCYLLA AND DAVE PREPARE FOR THE TRIP

- Scylla ponders the array of shoes in her closet.
- Dave kicks his flip flops into the closet. The only pair of shoes he owns.
- Scylla studies her list, adds new items.
- Dave looks at a list from Scylla, crumples it.
- Scylla places an array of vitamins, herbal supplements and cosmetic items into bags. It looks like she bought out Whole Foods and Sephora. She dabs on a bit of facial lotion.
- Dave wipes whipped cream off his scruffy chin, licks his finger, and finishes off a twinkie while he plays a PS4 game.
- Scylla lays out wardrobe choices and holds a coordinating scarf up to her neck.
- Dave, snoozing in a chair, pulls a blanket around his neck.
- Scylla struggles to close a suitcase. She stacks the case next to three other travel bags and looks satisfied.
- Dave throws a fistful of items into a tiny duffel bag. He considers t-shirts in the closet but smells the shirt he's wearing and is satisfied. He remembers to add a special comic book in a plastic sleeve.

END MONTAGE