INT. FITNESS BY SAL - DAY

The BATHROOM door opens. Sal -- a huge, musclebound PERSONAL TRAINER -- comes out blowing his nose...he's been crying...and has a huge shiner on his eye.

TODD

What's up, dude? Things okay with Tammy?

SAL

No. Told her all my feelings. She punched me in the face and canceled the wedding.

FRANCHI

(whispers to Todd)
You motherfucker.

TODD

Well, I'm excited for you. I've often found breakups to be the most wonderful times for self-growth.

FRANCHI

Let's work out, huh? We're ready for you to kick our asses. Core day or should we wail our lats?

Sal stares off into the distance...then starts BAWLING.

INT. TODD'S CAR

Todd drives. Franchi is furious. Like beyond furious.

SIL

FRANCHI

Do you know how many times Hillary and I had sex last year?

TODD

I don't have the data in front of me.

FRANCHI

One time. Once! On my birthday! Then I started seeing this genius. I was pear shaped but he was tough. He motivated me, he gave me the hip things from Fight Club, and boom! Once a week we're ordering Thai, watching The Bachelorette and doing the nae nae.

TODD

You selfish Italian bastard! His heart is broken. He shouldn't even be at work. He should be holding himself with lovingkindness!

FRANCHI

He was tough and you brainwashed him! You turned a dick into a pussy!

TODD

Just find us another trainer until his heart heals!

FRANCHI

I can't! I just bought us another twenty pack!

TODD

Argh! What they really need is a good therapist.

FRANCHI

Michael can't afford therapy!

TODD

Therapy's their only chance!

FRANCHI

Then you do it! You do the therapy!

Todd SLAMS on the brakes and pulls off the road.

TODD

(so so flattered)

Oh, Kenny. You really think I could be a therapist?

FRANCHI

You've seen enough of them. Weren't you going to two different ones at the same time?

TODD

We were working on my commitment issues.

(thinks)

I suppose I have cultivated a sense of presence and a deep reservoir of compassion but -- I can't.

FRANCHI

Yes! Yes you can and you will!

SCIL

INT. THE FRANCHI'S HOME

Franchi walks in. Hillary is singing a lullaby to a sleeping Fogel.

FRANCHI

Hi.

HILLARY

Shhh. He's finally asleep.

Franchi sits down next to her. Hill continues rocking Fogel.

FRANCHI

God. You're really good at this.

HILLARY

Good at what?

FRANCHI

Taking care of this person who looks like a human but can't take care of himself.

He looks at her.

FRANCHI (CONT'D)

Hill? Why don't you want to have a baby with me?

Hillary looks away. Her facade cracking...

HILLARY

I'm scared.

FRANCHI

Of what?

HILLARY

I don't know. Everything.

FRANCHI

Hill --

(and this is hard for him) I'm scared too.

HILLARY

But you always act like everything's fine.

FRANCHI

I wanna be strong for you.

HILLARY

-- Ken? I don't need you to be strong for me. Why don't we just stop pretending we're fine all the time and be scared shitless together?

FRANCHI

Yeah. Okay.

HILLARY

Vulnerability is strength.

FRANCHI

(laughing)
Don't start.

Hillary leans in and kisses the shit out of him.

HILLARY

Take me upstairs.