

INT. PETER'S APARTMENT, BATHROOM -- MORNING

Peter (20s) and Joe (fit, 30s) look down at the scale Peter is standing on. Joe brushes his teeth while Peter steps off, waits, and steps back on.

JOE
We can fix this.

Peter continues getting on and off the scale while Joe spits into the sink, reapplies toothpaste, and hands the toothbrush back to Peter.

JOE
Just a little extra work is all.

Hesitantly, Peter takes the toothbrush, puts it down on the sink, and continues fiddling with the scale.

JOE
Come on, cheer up, all right? We'll get ya back on track.

PETER
Yeah. I know. Thanks, Joe.

JOE
So... gym tonight? What time do --

ALEX (OUTSIDE DOOR)
Pete?

Peter freezes.

PETER
Yeah?

ALEX (OUTSIDE DOOR)
Are you showering or?

PETER
Yeah, about to. I'll be quick

ALEX (OUTSIDE DOOR)
Let me jump in with you. I've gotta be in early.

PETER
Oh... yeah, sure.

Peter turns back, hides the scale, and opens the door. Alex

Peter and makes a face.

ALEX

Bleh, bleh. Brush your teeth.

PETER

What? Like yours is any better?

Peter laughs, picks up his toothbrush, and starts brushing his teeth. Alex turns on the shower, waits for it to heat up, and starts undressing. Joe wolf whistles.

JOE

Wow. Just... wow, you know? Why'd she move in with you?

Peter spits into the sink, then looks at himself in the mirror. Joe stands at his side, also looking at Peter's reflection. Slowly, Joe grabs at Peter's stomach. Alex catches Peter looking at himself.

ALEX

Baby. Stop.

PETER

What?

ALEX

Whatever you're doing.

PETER

I'm not doing anything. An awkward pause.

ALEX

Okay... you coming or what?

Alex heads into the shower, leaving Peter and Joe staring at the mirror.

INT. OFFICE, PETER'S DESK -- LATE AFTERNOON

Peter sits at his desk, totally spaced out. The clock on his desktop reads 6:55pm. After a moment, he returns to his work but quickly loses interest. He minimizes the file, brings up Google, and types in "juice cleanses," scrolling intensely through the results.

Laughter and loud chatter come from a conference room nearby. It's a going-away party for Kelly. People are drinking beer and wine, eating pizza and cake. Peter looks at the party, pats his stomach, and returns to reading. Rick suddenly appears with a slice of pizza.

RICK
You're missing Kelly's party.

Peter immediately closes the tabs about juice cleanses.

PETER
Rick, hey! Yeah. Kinda behind on things this week.

RICK
C'mon. Close up shop, grab some pizza. It's her last day.

Peter looks at the party. just as Kelly catches his glance. She glares at him, causing him to look back at Rick. Suddenly, Joe appears, shirtless, and grabs Rick's pizza. He takes a huge bite and puts it back.

JOE
Uh uh. you haven't earned this. Tell him to fuck off.

PETER
Maybe if I get a little more done.

JOE
What? I said tell him to fuck off.

RICK
Dude, save it for tomorrow. The pizza's almost gone but there's --

JOE
Maybe you didn't hear me, but this disgusting piece of shit --

RICK
-- this bomb-ass Brooklyn blackout
cake from the Upper East Side --

JOE
-- is how bad it gets, Pete. Is this
what you want?

RICK
-- which is kinda funny when you think
about it. Like, shouldn't it be a
"Manhattan" blackout cake? Feel free

to use that, by the way.

JOE
You wanna be tubby buddies with Rick
here? Huh? Do you? Do you?

RICK
But trust me -- it is so SO good.

PETER
No!

Peter realizes he's been acting weird in front of Rick.

PETER
Sorry, I just --

RICK
All right, fine, your loss.

Rick starts to leave.

RICK
And not for nothing, but boss-man has
definitely noticed you, you know, not
showing up to shit. So. Just FYI.

Rick heads back to the party, where Kelly is whispering to an
older coworker, who nods and looks at Peter.

JOE
You're doing great. Keep it up, boss-
man!

Joe catches up to Rick and grabs his pizza before leaving.