

NOAH

Well, I disagree. And you know what? You guys constantly criticize the way I am in relationships, and this time is no different. All I've gotten is judgment. Judgement for daring to see a future with the girl I love and now judgement for not wanting to let her go. I'm tired of it.

WYATT

For what it's worth, I was all for you seeing things through with Alicia.

NOAH

Please, you can't relate with your perfect marriage, so your "support" just comes across as pity.

WYATT

Wow. It's like that?! Well, for your information--

Just then, a heavy metal bands starts PLAYING LOUDLY. Finally, Nicky breaks the silence.

NICKY

Back to the drawing board.

INT. SHERM & ANTHONY'S APARTMENT - LATER

Sherm watches *Terrace House*. In the kitchen, Anthony notices that Sherm still hasn't replaced his kombucha. He's furious and goes to the living room to confront Sherm.

ANTHONY

You need to get me my damn kombucha.

SHERM

Whoa. Who do you think you're talking to? I'll get it when I get it.

ANTHONY

Typical.

Sherm stands up to confront Anthony.

SHERM

Typical what?

ANTHONY

Typical you, taking your sweet time.

SHERM

And typical you getting single ply toilet paper. It's like wiping your butt with cotton candy.

ANTHONY

Again with the toilet paper?! Here we go!

Just then, Anthony throws up his hands and accidentally smacks Sherm in the face. Sherm looks back at him in disbelief. Anthony is too proud to apologize. Beat.

SHERM

Oh, you trying to slap box now? You're too soft for all of that.

ANTHONY

I ain't soft. Let's box then!

They square up and start juking, throwing out slap punches. Eventually Sherm connects with Anthony's face. SLAP! Then, Anthony connects with Sherm's face. SLAP! They're both equally matched and keep connecting with slaps on one another. SLAP! SLAP! SLAP! SLAP! SLAP! SLAP! SLAP! Both of their faces hurt badly. They both clearly don't want to smack each other anymore. After a beat, Sherm lowers his guard.

SHERM

Aight, my hands hurt from hitting you too much. I'm done with this.

ANTHONY

Yeah, my hands hurt too. That's the only reason I'm stopping as well.

Another beat.

SHERM

I just feel like sometimes you look down on me because I didn't go to college like the rest of y'all. And that I didn't grow up all upper class like you did.

ANTHONY

I grew up middle class.  
(off his look)  
Okay, upper middle class.

SHERM

And I'm smart too, my G. I read hella books. I be on that Tolstoy, Descartes, even Ishiguro. College wasn't for me, but I got a 1580 on my SAT.

ANTHONY

Really? Damn.

SHERM

Yeah, I'm a dope ass test-taker, breh. And I may not be a fancy analyst like you, but I do well for myself -- well enough to help my mom out too.

ANTHONY

Look, you're one of the smartest people I know. I mean, I didn't know you got a 1580, that's... wow...

(then)

It's just... Sometimes I feel like you do things to provoke me. Like, I know my hairline is jacked up. You don't think I want stronger follicles? And I like big sweaters and Lifetime movies, but that doesn't mean I'm any less black than you.

SHERM

Aight aight. Now that I hear it, I was on one too. I'm sorry I made you feel that way, my dude. You're definitely black. Lord knows you slap box like it.

They both share a laugh.

ANTHONY

I'm sorry too. I didn't mean to make you feel belittled.

(beat, then)

We cool?

Anthony reaches out his hand for a dap. After a beat, Sherm extends his hand, and they dap into a bro-hug.

SHERM

Love you, breh.

ANTHONY (CONT'D)

Love you too, bro.

Over each of their shoulders, we see that they've both started to tear up. They separate quickly and wipe their eyes, not letting their emotions completely overwhelm them.

ANTHONY (CONT'D)

So are we good to sign this lease now?

SHERM

Nah.

(beat, then)

I gotta go get some kombucha first.