UNT. LOUIS CK / SPIKE FERESTEN PROJECT

“Pilot”

Written by

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INT. LARCHMONT ARMS RETIREMENT VILLAGE - APARTMENT
FRED, MITCH

FRED, a 25 YEAR OLD BRIGHT BROKE FILM EDITOR WHO CAN’T STAND STUPIDITY AND HYPOCRISY, BUT TRIES TO REMAIN OPTIMISTIC AND MITCH, HIS STONER MUSICIAN ROOMMATE (ALSO 25), ARE IN THE KITCHEN OF THEIR COZY APARTMENT IN A BROOKLYN RETIREMENT BUILDING. THE APARTMENT HAS BEEN MADE MORE CHEERFUL AND HOMEY WITH PERSONAL TOUCHES. FRED PREPARES A DISH WITH CHIPS AND NOODLES.

FRED
Hey, Mitch. You know what I’ve been noticing on TV lately that’s really bothering me?

MITCH
What’s that, Fred?

FRED
The closing bell on Wall Street. Those people up there applauding and smiling. What the hell is that?

MITCH
Maybe they’re happy that they just screwed America, again. Every time a bell rings an angel’s house goes into foreclosure.

FRED
Oh man. I can see you’re still hanging with those Occupy Wall Street people.
MITCH
Yes, I’m taking part in the most vital movement in American history.

FRED
Plus they have girls in tents and it’s in a park so they sell weed.

MITCH
Also there is that. One stop shopping.

FRED
As long as you’re being honest about that.

FRED PUTS HIS CHIP NOODLE CREATION ON THE TABLE.

MITCH
Aw my favorite. Doritos Ramen Noodle Salad. What are we celebrating?

FRED
Well, for the first time in two years... Since I moved to New York City... I have money left in my checking account after paying bills.

MITCH
So it’s an account balance party?

FRED
Damn straight.

MITCH
How much are we talking about Mr. Zuckerberg?
FRED
Nineteen dollars. But it feels like a million.

MITCH
That doesn’t even feel like a twenty.

FRED
All I know is I came here with nothing but a gut feeling I could direct cool indie films someday and today I was paid to direct alongside Steven Soderbergh.

MITCH
Alongside?

FRED
Ok, three blocks away from Steven Soderbergh.

MITCH
What kind of directing is done that far from the set?

FRED
Traffic mostly. And keeping hobos away from the food table.

MITCH
Fred the hobo wrangler. It’s a start.

FRED
I feel so good in fact, I’m going to ask Anna out.
MITCH

Our Anna?

FRED

You know I’ve always liked her. It’s the nineteen dollars. I suddenly feel worthy.

MITCH

She’s a real catch. That girl’s going to be the next Donna Karan.

FRED

Who?

MITCH

I have no idea. That’s what she says.

FRED

I’m taking her to that new ping pong joint. Nineteen dollars is exactly enough for one match and two bags of pretzels.

MITCH

Ah yes, the one-percentary lifestyle. Well, you’re not the only one with good news. I am getting hired to write music today.

FRED

That’s amazing, Mitch. Where?
MITCH

The very same place I found you and this apartment. Craigslist. I saw an ad. Composer Needed.

FRED

And?

MITCH

That's it. I'm answering the ad today.

FRED

Dude, be careful with that.

MITCH

I know. But it could lead to something.

FRED

Right like you in a motel room with a gag in your mouth, the police taking pictures and your mom crying.

MITCH

What about my dad?

FRED

Your dad can't cry. He just can't cry.

MITCH

Poor dad.

MITCH CROSSES TO THE DOOR TO EXIT.

MITCH (CONT'D)

Hey can you do me one favor?
FRED

What’s that?

MITCH

Can you lend me nineteen dollars?

CUT TO:
ACT ONE

INT. LARCHMONT - APARTMENT - A LITTLE LATER
FRED, ANNA, LILY

FRED SEARCHES HIS FRIDGE FOR SOMETHING TO EAT. HE PULLS OUT A JAR.

FRED


Maybe one...

FRED’S FRIEND ANNA, AN INTELLIGENT ASSERTIVE VINTAGE CLOTHING SELLER IN HER TWENTIES, ENTERS DRAGGING A BIG BOX.

ANNA

Hey.

FRED

Hi Anna. You like retro things.

Vintage olive?

ANNA

So, here’s the box. Thanks for letting me put it in your storage room.

FRED

It’s not going to start to smell is it?

ANNA

They’re shoes.

FRED

That’s a big pair of shoes.

ANNA

(OPENS BOX) Check’em out. They’re shoes for the dead.
FRED
You’re joking.

ANNA
No. Funeral homes have special shoes made for corpses to be buried in.
These are those shoes.

FRED
Because you’re burying bodies now?

ANNA
I’m selling them at the flea market, silly. Funeral home shoes, shirts, suits and gowns. They’ll sell out fast.

FRED
Right, to hipster downtown skinny kids who want to go... (MOCKING) Isn’t it hilarious? I’m wearing dead people clothes! Duh! I’m an idiot.

ANNA
Why do you hate the young?

FRED
That’s not youth, that’s brain damage.

ANNA
(LAUGHS) Storage room?

FRED
Right this way.
INT. HALLWAY - CONTINUOUS

FRED CARRIES THE BOX FOR ANNA. ELDERLY RESIDENTS SIT IN THE HALLWAY.

    ANNA
    You really don’t mind living in
    housing for the elderly?

    FRED
    Not with the rent I’m paying.

    ANNA
    So it’s rent controlled too.

    FRED
    Yep. When my grandmother died, I
    responded like a true New Yorker. I
    mourned the loss then swiftly took
    over the lease.

    ANNA
    They haven’t noticed you’re a little
    young?

    FRED
    They don’t care because the residents
    love me. I’m like Superman. I can lift
    stuff. I know what day it is.

    ANNA
    (LAUGHS) If you’re Superman, then who
    is Mitch? A really stoned Jimmy Olsen?

FRED STOPS TO ASK ANNA OUT.

    FRED
    So Anna, I want to ask you something.
ANNA

Shoot.

FRED’S NEIGHBOR LILY, A PINT-SIZED OLD WOMAN WITH A THICK GERMAN ACCENT, INTERRUPTS.

LILY

Fred!

FRED

(SLIGHTLY ANNOYED) Hi Lily.

LILY

I must ask you something.

FRED

I’m kind of busy.

LILY

In private.

ANNA

I’ll leave you two alone.

ANNA TAKES HER BOX DOWN THE HALL.

LILY

Did you throw your garbage all over the place in the basement?

FRED

No.

LILY

I knew it. I told them as much.

FRED

Told who?
LILY
Everyone in the building. They’re all blaming you. But I knew it wasn’t you.

FRED
Thanks, Lily. I’ll see you later.

LILY
You know how I knew?

FRED
How?

LILY
Cause I did it. Yes, that’s right, me. I was drunk. So look if anyone asks...

FRED
I won’t say a word.

LILY
Thanks, pal, And here’s a little something for keeping your mouth shut.

FRED
You don’t have to.

LILY HANDS HIM A SMALL PACKET.

LILY
It’s stain remover. There’s enough in there for one stain. (WAGS FINGER MENACINGLY) Choose wisely.

LILY EXITS. ANNA RETURNS.

ANNA
Ok, I’m out of here. Thanks again.
FRED
Wait. Friday night. Let’s you and me go out.

ANNA
Sure. We can meet up with everybody.

FRED
No, I mean just you and me.

ANNA
(SURPRISED) Oh. Just us, huh? Okay.

FRED
Unless you don’t want to.

ANNA
No. I mean yes. Sorry, it’s been a while since anyone asked me that. Yes, I’d love to.

FRED
Great. Friday night then.

ANNA
Friday night. What’s all over your hand?

FRED
(LOOKS AT PACKET) Ahh, it’s an open ketchup. Lily!

CUT TO:
INT. METROBANK - THE NEXT DAY
FRED, BANK TELLER, IMPATIENT GUY, EXTRAS

FRED IS IN THE TELLER LINE. THERE IS AN ARROW THAT LIGHTS
WITH A "BING" AS THE NEXT TELLER BECOMES AVAILABLE. AN
IMPATIENT GUY STANDING IN FRONT OF FRED IS YELLING AT PEOPLE
AS SOON AS THE LIGHT GOES ON.

IMPATIENT GUY

Go. (BING) Go!

THE IMPATIENT GUY IS NEXT. FRED ROLLS UP HIS NEWSPAPER,
WAITING.

FRED

(BING) Go!

FRED SWATS THE GUY IN THE HEAD WITH HIS PAPER. (BING) FRED
GOES TO THE NEXT AVAILABLE TELLER.

BANK TELLER

May I help you?

FRED

I'd like to make a withdrawal.

BANK TELLER

(READS SLIP) For nineteen dollars?

FRED

I have a date.

BANK TELLER

(ALL BUSINESS) Good for you. Punch in
your pin number.

FRED PUNCHES WHAT IS CLEARLY ALL ONE NUMBER. THE TELLER
REACTS.

BANK TELLER (CONT’D)

Sir, your balance is only four
dollars.
FRED
What? No I have nineteen.

BANK TELLER
No sir, you have four.

FRED
What happened to the other fifteen?

BANK TELLER
Another big date?

FRED
Just check, please.

BANK TELLER
(TYPES INTO COMPUTER) You didn’t keep the minimum balance in your account so the bank applied a fee.

FRED
You mean they charged me money for not having enough money?

BANK TELLER
Yes.

FRED
So because I’m broke, I have to pay you?

BANK TELLER
That’s our new policy.

WE HEAR A “BOOP” FROM HER COMPUTER.

FRED
What was that?
BANK TELLER
Well you can’t have just four dollars
so we charged you twenty.

FRED
So now I have nothing?

BANK TELLER
No, no. You have negative sixteen
dollars.

FRED
Negative sixteen. Well I want it.

THE TELLER PRESSES HER BUTTON. THE CUSTOMER ARROW ILLUMINATES
WITH A “BING”

BANK TELLER
Next.

FRED
Hey!

FRED CRUSHES THE BING LIGHT WITH HIS FIST. REALIZING WHAT
HE’S DONE, HE RUNS OUT OF THE BANK.

CUT TO:
INT. LARCHMONT ARMS - APARTMENT
FRED, MITCH

MITCH ON THE COUCH WITH HIS LAPTOP AND A MIDI KEYBOARD. FRED PACES.

MITCH
You smashed the bing light?

FRED
I’m so embarrassed.

MITCH
That’s great, man. I hate the bing light. I like to figure out for myself when I am next.

FRED
That’s not the worst of it. Now my balance is negative sixteen dollars.

MITCH
I thought being broke was the lowest you could go.

FRED
I wish I was broke. I have to cancel my date with Anna.

MITCH
I’ll loan you the money. But half is on my Starbucks card.

FRED
Thanks pal, but my confidence is gone.

MITCH
What are you going to tell her?
FRED
Not the truth. Money problems are so embarrassing. I’ll just tell her I caught diabetes or something.

MITCH
Well I better get back to work.

FRED
The composing job came through?

MITCH
Yes sir. And it’s for a movie.

FRED
That’s great. What movie?

MITCH
It’s called Money Balls.

FRED
Money Ball?

MITCH
Money “Balls”, plural as in testicles.

FRED
Ok. By any chance is this a, uh...

MITCH
Working title? Don’t know.

FRED
I was going to say adult movie.
MITCH
That too. It’s a parody of the Oscar
nominated baseball film with
gratuitous sex.

FRED
I gathered.

MITCH
And I need your help.

FRED
You need Dr. Drew’s help.

MITCH
Seriously. You want to be a film
director? Give me some direction.

MITCH PUTS A DVD INTO THE PLAYER.

FRED
What’s that?

MITCH
Scenes from the movie.

FRED
I’m not going to sit here and watch
this with you.

MITCH
Please.

FRED SITS ON THE COUCH. MITCH PRESSES PLAY THEN MANS HIS MIDI
PRO KEYBOARD. WE HEAR MOANING COMING FROM THE TV.

FRED
Ah, geez.
MITCH PLAYS ACTION MUSIC A LA “MISSION IMPOSSIBLE” ON HIS KEYBOARD.

FRED (CONT’D)
Mitch, they’re having sex. He’s not kicking a gun out of her hand.

MITCH
Good point. Ok, check this out.

MITCH PLAYS A MORE PORN-APPROPRIATE GROOVE. FRED STARTS BOBBING HIS HEAD, GETTING INTO IT.

FRED
Yeah, see? See how that matches her... thing there? That’s good.

MITCH
(SINGS) It’s opening day at the ball park. And she sat down on my lap.

FRED
What’s that?

MITCH
The lyrics.

FRED
There are no lyrics in porn. It’s about guys... taking batting practice.

MITCH
Words and music baby. They go hand in hand.

FRED
These hands have other business!

CUT TO:
INT. SOHO BUILDING - INDOOR FLEA MARKET
ANNA, PETRA, FRED, CUSTOMER, EXTRAS

PETRA, ANNA’S BEAUTIFUL SARCASTIC ASSISTANT (EARLY 20’S), SETS UP THE BOOTH AT NYC’S POP UP FLEA, AN INDOOR VINTAGE CLOTHING SALE. ANNA RUSHES IN.

ANNA

Sorry, I’m late. I was at the salon.

PETRA

Getting your eyebrows done I see.

ANNA

You can tell?

PETRA

Yes, there’s no longer a brush fire hazard on your forehead. And a cut, color and no downtime peel?

ANNA

You are good.

PETRA

Taking a new passport photo?

ANNA

I have a date.

PETRA

That’s not it. You lost a bet with your mom?

ANNA

Is it so hard to believe I have a date?

PETRA

Yes, it is. You’re all business.
ANNA
Well, all work and no play...

PETRA
...doesn’t get a girl laid. I hear ya.
So who is he?

ANNA
His name is Fred.

PETRA
How unfortunate.

ANNA
Aw, he’s sweet. We’ve been friends for about a year. He went to high school with my friend, Lucy. She introduced us. I feel so girly all of a sudden.

PETRA
Coming out of a multi year sexual hibernation does that.

ANNA
Try and remember I’m the boss and you’re the assistant.

A HIPSTER EXAMINES A PAIR OF THE FUNERAL SHOES

HIPSTER
So these are dead people shoes?

ANNA
Yep.

HIPSTER
That’s hilarious. I want’em.
ANNA

(TO PETRA) Cha-ching. We’re in business.

PETRA HELPS THE HIPSTER. FRED ENTERS.

FRED

Hey Anna.

ANNA

Hi Fred. What are you doing here?

FRED

Well, it’s about Friday.

ANNA

(GIRLY) Fri-day. I’m ex-cii-ted.

FRED

You said that funny.

ANNA

(REGRETFUL) I heard it too. Sorry, I don’t know what came over me.

FRED

Don’t apologize. I was at Papaya King yesterday and out of nowhere I said *dee-lish!* I blame Bravo’s Andy Cohen.

ANNA

Well I am excited about Friday night.

FRED

You are huh?

ANNA

You’re not?
FRED

(UNCONVINCING) No I am.

ANNA

Are you sure? (PROBING) If you want to call it off...

FRED SEES HOW EXCITED ANNA IS AND CAN’T BREAK OFF THE DATE.

FRED

I really don’t. Not even catching diabetes could keep me away from you.

ANNA REACTS CONFUSED.

FRED (CONT’D)

I’ve got to get to the bank before it closes.

ANNA

There’s an ATM right over there.

FRED

I can’t throw myself on the mercy of a machine. (GIRLY) Bub-bye! (UNDER HIS BREATH) Damn you, Cohen.

CUT TO:
INT. METROBANK - LATER THAT DAY
FRED, BANK TELLER, BANK EMPLOYEE, EXTRAS

FRED IN LINE. THE “BING” LIGHT HAS BEEN REPLACED BY A BANK
EMPLOYEE WHO POINTS TO THE NEXT OPEN TELLER.

BANK EMPLOYEE

(POINTS) Bing. (POINTS) Bing.

IT’S FRED’S TURN

BANK EMPLOYEE (CONT’D)

Bing.

FRED DOESN’T GO.

BANK EMPLOYEE (CONT’D)

(IMPATIENTLY) Bing!

FRED

I’m waiting to see her.

FRED’S TELLER IS OPEN. HE APPROACHES SHYLY.

FRED (CONT’D)

Hi. Do you remember me?

BANK TELLER

Certainly. You’re the gentlemen who
smashed our bing light.

FRED

Right. I want to say I’m sorry. I had
no right to act that way.

BANK TELLER

Oh, that’s alright.

FRED

Really? Hey, thanks. I also have a
favor to ask.
BANK TELLER

I’m married.

FRED

I think you should give me my money back. See you guys never told me about any minimum balance fee.

BANK TELLER

You would have been notified by mail. (TYPES ON COMPUTER) At the Bridgewater Mass address.

FRED

Ok see. That’s my parent’s address. I live in Brooklyn now. Please.

BANK TELLER

Ok. I’m going to undo the fees and credit you back your nineteen dollars. Mostly to get rid of you.

FRED

You’re awesome. Thanks. Can I have the nineteen dollars now?

BANK TELLER

Oh there’s no money.

FRED

What do you mean?

BANK TELLER

The bank charged you for the bing light.
FRED
You can’t charge me without some sort of legal notification.

BANK TELLER
It went certified to the Massachusetts address... (RE: SCREEN) ...and your dad signed for it.

FRED
So my balance...

BANK TELLER
Negative three hundred and fifteen dollars.

FRED IS STUNNED. AFTER A MOMENT, HE ANGRILY PULLS HER PEN OFF THE CHAIN AND POCKETS IT.

FRED
Well, put this on my tab too!

BANK TELLER
Yes sir. Will there be anything else?

FRED
Go bing yourself!

FADE OUT:
ACT TWO

INT. LARCHMONT - APARTMENT
FRED, MITCH, LILY

FRED AND MITCH IN THE LIVING ROOM.

MITCH

Negative three hundred and fifteen dollars? If this keeps up, you’ll be a negative millionaire soon. Just imagine all the money you won’t have.

FRED

I feel like turning in my subway card and going back to Massachusetts.

MITCH

And give up on directing?

FRED

I’ve been here two years. The only directing I’ve done is a local mattress commercial and your Making The Band audition tape.

MITCH

Lighting the bongos on fire was brilliant.

FRED

If I go back home I can work in my dad’s store. Sell flat screen TV’s, get fat and die.
MITCH
C’mon Fred. We’re here because we want something more out of life. It’s why we became friends, remember?

FRED
I remember.

MITCH
I’m never going back to being the church organist.

FRED
No you’re not. You played Great Balls of Fire during communion.

MITCH
Amen brother. Just try and remember there are more important things in life than money.

FRED
You’re wrong.

THE FRONT DOOR OPENS AND LILY WALKS IN. SHE SEES THEM AND SHRIEKS.

LILY
(ACCUSATORY) What are you doing in my home?

FRED
It’s us, Lily. You live across the hall, remember?

LILY
When did I move?
FRED
Hey Lily, you've been alive for a long time. Let me ask you. Are there more important things in life than money?

LILY
Of course not. Don’t be an idiot.

LILY SLAMS THE DOOR AND LEAVES.

FRED
See?

MITCH
She’s crazy.

LILY O.C.
I heard that!

FRED
Well I have one Hail Mary pass left. A guy I work with told me the Film Center is looking for freelance editors so I signed up.

MITCH
You can edit too? I’m impressed.

FRED
Don’t be. These days every nine year old with an iPhone can cut tape. Who knows? Maybe I’ll get lucky and get a gig.
MITCH
You will. I feel it. Sit back and let the universe handle the details.

FRED
That’s very Zen for a pornographer. How’s that going?

MITCH
Not well. I had a disagreement with the producer, Daddy Rugmuncher.

FRED
That’s gotta be his porn name, right?

MITCH
Yeah how’d you know?

FRED
Wild guess.

MITCH
Anyway, Rugmuncher loves the idea of lyrics. He just wants them to be dirty lyrics.

FRED
Makes sense.

MITCH
No. I’m not letting anyone violate my beautiful music with obscenities.

FRED
Even though it’s played under violations and obscenities?
MITCH
So we compromised. All I have to do is work the title into one of the songs.

FRED
So it all worked out.

MITCH
And I’m going to sing a little for you right now.

FRED
Please don’t.

MITCH PLAYS A BALLAD ON HIS MIDI KEYBOARD AND SINGS EMOTIONALLY A LA CHRIS MARTIN OF COLDPLAY.

MITCH

(VERSE) Take me out to the ball game, so my soul it can be healed. I love the smell of fresh cut grass as our home team takes the field. (CHORUS) I want to see your Money Balls. Let me touch your Money Balls right now. Time to lick your Money Balls, yeah, yeah.

FRED
I honestly don’t know what to say.

MITCH
It’s beautiful right?

FRED
The non-testicular parts.

FRED’S PHONE RINGS.
FRED (CONT’D)

(INTO PHONE) It’s Fred. That’s great.
I’ll be right over. (HANGS UP) An
editor called in sick. I got a gig.

MITCH

Now who has money balls?

OFF FRED’S CONFUSED LOOK.

CUT TO:
INT. KOREAN NAIL SALON – THAT DAY
ANNA, KOREAN NAIL LADY, PETRA

ANNA SINKS INTO THE CHAIR AS SHE GETS HER NAILS DONE.

ANNA
This is so nice. It’s been a while.

KOREAN NAIL LADY
You telling me. It looks like you dig
yourself out of prison.

ANNA’S PHONE RINGS. SHE CHECKS THE NUMBER.

ANNA
(INTO PHONE) What’s up?

INT. INDOOR FLEA MARKET – CONTINUOUS

PETRA IS SWAMPED WITH UNHAPPY HIPSTERS.

PETRA
Where are you?

INTERCUT BETWEEN ANNA AND PETRA.

ANNA
Uh. Checking a shipment in Koreatown.

PETRA
We have a problem. The funeral clothes
are defective. Our customers are
demanding refunds.

ANNA
It’s the flea market. There’s no
returns.
PETRA
I’m only the assistant. I’ll let you
deliver that (SO CUSTOMERS HEAR HER)
good news.

ANNA
For heavens sakes. I’ll be right down.

THE CALL ENDS.

ANNA (CONT’D)
I’m sorry I have to go.

ANNA REACHES INTO HER PURSE.

KOREAN NAIL LADY
No charge. Just don’t tell anyone you
my customer. Not with those monkey
paws.

ANNA DASHES OFF.

CUT TO:
INT. FILM CENTER - EDIT ROOM - LATER
FRED, SCHEDULING GUY, BANK EXEC, AD REP, BANK CUSTOMER, ANNOUNCER V.O.

FRED AT AN EDITING CONSOLE, PREPPING.

FRED

(SINGS QUIETLY) ...I want to see your
Money Balls.

THE DOOR OPENS AND THE FILM CENTER SCHEDULING GUY ENTERS FOLLOWED BY TWO MEN IN SUITS.

SCHEDULING GUY

Gentlemen this is your editing suite
and that is your editor, Fred.

FRED

Hello.

SCHEDULING GUY

Fred, this is Mike Taylor from Ogilvy
and Mr. Krantz from Metro Bank.

FRED

Metro Bank?

BANK EXEC

Are you one of our happy customers?

FRED

(TO SCHEDULING GUY) Can I talk to you?

FRED PULLS HIM ASIDE.

FRED (CONT’D)

I need a different assignment?

SCHEDULING GUY

Why?
FRED
Metro Bank screwed me. Me working for them is like getting hit by a car and then buying the guy new tires.

SCHEDULING GUY
There’s nothing else. Do you want the gig or not?

FRED
Yes, but I’m going to need Valium.

THE SCHEDULER LEAVES. FRED SITS.

FRED (CONT’D)
Okay. What are we calling the finished spots?

AD REP
Call them Metro Bank Special Care Moments.

BANK EXEC
They’re testimonials about our award winning customer service.

FRED
Righty-O. Let’s watch the first one down.

FRED PLAYS THE FIRST SPOT. THE RAW FOOTAGE RUNS ON A LARGE MONITOR IN FRONT OF THE CONSOLE.

PRE-TAPE OF A REAL CUSTOMER TELLING HIS STORY TO CAMERA.

ANNOUNCER V.O.
Here at Metro Bank we care about more than your business, we care about you.
FRED
(SOTTO) No you don’t.

BANK CUSTOMER
(TO CAMERA) He handed me my receipt and I said what I could really use was an umbrella. It was pouring rain. The bank teller closed his window and offered me a ride home.

FRED
(TURNS) You didn’t tell me this was science fiction.

BANK CUSTOMER
I thought he was joking, but that beautiful man drove me all the way to Queens.

END OF VT. FRED SHAKES HIS HEAD IN DISBELIEF.

AD REP
Is there something wrong?

FRED
With what I just watched? Yeah everything.

BANK EXEC
We’re open to your input.

FRED
Really? Well, since you asked. No one is giving anyone a ride home.
BANK EXEC

Why not?

FRED

Because that’s not the real Metro Bank. If you want to show the truth, you should have the teller lady punch the guy in the face then burn his house down.

AD REP

Burn his house down?

FRED

Or, just spit balling here, how about she drives the dude home and strangles his cat. Then charges him a fifty dollar cat-strangling fee?

THEY STARE AT FRED IN DISBELIEF.

FRED (CONT’D)

Too real?

CUT TO:
INT. INDOOR FLEA MARKET - LATER
ANNA, PETRA, HIPSTERS

ANNA AND PETRA DEALING WITH DISGRUNTLED HIPSTER CUSTOMERS.

ANNA

What’s the problem?

HIPSTER #1

My dead people shirt ripped apart.

ANNA

What happened?

HIPSTER #1

(DOUCHEY) Well, I was at an old gas station where they have an after hours poetry slam slash snowball fight. And this dude dressed like Shakespeare grabs my collar and blammo...

ANNA

Take your money. Use it to buy a life.

THE HIPSTER #1 LEAVES. OTHERS WAIT FOR THEIR MONEY BACK.

ANNA (CONT’D)

I’ll be right with the rest of you.

Take a clove cigarette break.

THE HIPSTERS ALL BREAK OUT SMOKES.

ANNA (CONT’D)

(TO PETRA) We’re in trouble.

PETRA

You’ll ride it out.
ANNA
You don’t understand. Yesterday I
doubled down on funeral clothes. I
used all my cash to buy a truckload of
the stuff.

PETRA
Well, it’s back to the escort service
for me.

ANNA
I should have seen this coming.

PETRA
You have been a little distracted this
week.

ANNA SINGLES OUT A HIPSTER WEARING SHREDDED PANTS.

ANNA
I better help you next.

HIPSTER #2
That’s okay. They’re ahead of me.

ANNA
Yeah, but your hipster junk is hanging
out.

HIPSTER #2
(LOOKS DOWN) True dat.

OFF ANNA’S REACTION.
INT. EDIT ROOM

FRED, THE AD REP AND THE BANK EXEC. THE SESSION HAS STOPPED.

FRED

Hey, look. I’m not trying to cause trouble. Honestly, I want to help.

BANK EXEC

By calling us mafioso extortionists?

FRED

I’m being straight with you. You’ve lost your way. You’ve forgotten banks are supposed to help people not drain them of every penny like greedy money sucking vampires.

AD REP

Now we’re money-sucking vampires.

BANK EXEC

Look, kid. Banks are in the business of making a profit. Period. Enough with the sanctimonious BS.

AD REP

And if you are interested in making a profit, I suggest we get back to work.

FRED

Sorry. I’m not going to help you lie to people.

AD REP

Then you’re fired.
FRED

I guess I am. I’ll have the front desk find you someone else.

FRED CROSSES TO THE DOOR.

BANK EXEC

Good luck out there. I’m sure there’s plenty of work for loud mouthed, anti-capitalist deadbeats like yourself.

THE BANK EXEC LAUGHS. FRED STOPS AND RETURNS. HE GRABS A PEN AND A PAD AND STARTS WRITING.

FRED

Whoops. I almost forgot to invoice you for my work.

AD REP

Invoice?

BANK EXEC

You’ve only been here ten minutes?

FRED

Thanks. (SPEAKS AS HE WRITES) Ten minutes of editing fee at ten dollars a minute. That’s um, one hundred dollars. Early termination fee. That’s another, say, hundred. What else? (POINTS AT BANK EXEC) Client bad breath fee. Two hundred. You ate garlic so there’s a garlic fee...

CUT TO:
INT. LARCHMONT - APARTMENT  
MITCH, FRED, ANNA, LILY  

MITCH AND FRED IN THE LIVING ROOM.  

MITCH  
A commercial for Metro Bank? That’s insane.  

FRED  
You said the universe would handle the details. Instead it kicked me in the quasars.  

MITCH  
Me too. Daddy Rugmuncher didn’t like my song. He said it was too emotional.  

FRED  
Hey, emotional is a good thing. And that song is catchy. It took five ibuprofen to get it out of my head.  

MITCH  
I’m disappointed I didn’t get to share it with the world.  

FRED  
You don’t want to share things with the porno world. Be patient. You’ll have your moment.  

MITCH  
Thanks Fred. I guess we’re still paying our dues.
FRED

I guess so, man.

MITCH EXITS TO HIS BEDROOM. THERE’S A KNOCK AT THE DOOR. ANNA COMES IN.

FRED (CONT’D)

Hey, Anna. Thanks for coming by.

ANNA

Of course. What’s up?

FRED

I can’t take you out tomorrow night.

ANNA

This is a first. A break up that precedes the dating.

FRED

No. It’s hard to admit this but...
Let’s just say I have a surplus of negative cash.

ANNA

Huh?

FRED

I can’t afford to take you out.

ANNA

Oh. Ok. Seems we’re both in the same boat.

FRED

What do you mean?
ANNA
The funeral home clothes I’ve been selling are defective. They fall apart in like a day.

FRED
They’re not defective, Anna. See the dead don’t walk. Except for zombies.

ANNA
That’s why zombie clothes are always shredded.

FRED
Exactly.

ANNA
Problem is I’m sitting on a mountain of the stuff. I feel like the guy who invested his life savings in Beanie Babies.

FRED
Who did that?

ANNA
Nicholas Cage.

FRED
So that’s what happened.

ANNA
And now it’s happening to me.
FRED
C’mon, Anna. You’re the most successful person I know. I mean, you can sell anything. Remember the big and tall socks?

ANNA
I sold them as argyle baby swaddles.

FRED
Genius.

ANNA
But where will I find customers who want clothes, but don’t move a lot?

FRED
You’ve just described everyone in this building.

ANNA
Hey, that’s a brilliant idea.

FRED
What?

ANNA
The elderly. They love to get dressed up and go nowhere.

FRED
No, they’ll get their funeral clothes soon enough.
ANNA
But my clothes are perfect. They’re lightweight, elegant and cheap.

LILY MISTAKENLY ENTERS THE APARTMENT AGAIN.

LILY
What are you doing in my bathroom?!

ANNA
Say Lily, tell me what you think of this sweater.

ANNA PULLS A SWEATER OUT OF HER BAG AND HANDS IT TO LILY. SHE EXAMINES IT.

LILY
It’s beautiful. How much?

ANNA
Five dollars.

LILY
Only five? Did you steal it?

ANNA
Try it on.

LILY SITS ON THE COUCH WHILE ANNA PUTS THE SOFT SWEATER ON HER.

LILY
Oh it’s wonderful. I’m so toasty. I could just lie back and...

LILY RECLINES ON THE COUCH WITH HER ARMS CROSSED. SHE DOZES OFF OPEN-MOUTHEd AND LOOKS DEAD.

FRED
Oh god--geez...

CUT TO:
FRED, ANNA AND MITCH WALK AND TALK.

FRED
You sold out completely?

ANNA
Lily told everyone in the building. Tuxedos, gowns, wigs and eyebrows. All gone.

MITCH
Too bad. I’ve always wanted a new left eyebrow.

FRED
It’s still kind of creepy don’t you think?

ANNA
I told them the clothes were for corpses. They didn’t care.

FRED
I guess I’m wrong.
ANNA

(UNCOMFORTABLE) I see what you’re talking about now. It’s like The Shining in here.

MITCH

(LAUGHS) Yeah and Fred is the caretaker. (LIKE THE CREEPY BUTLER) You’ve always been the caretaker.

LILY WALKS UP IN A PURPLE GOWN AND A BLONDE WIG.

LILY

Well Anna, your clothes are a hit. Mr. Peterson died this morning and they put him right in the box.

FRED

Poor Mr. Peterson.

LILY

He was our pianist. I guess now we’ll just whistle and pass gas.

MITCH

I play piano.

LILY

Do you know any Wagner?

MITCH

Only that he murdered Natalie Wood.

LILY AND MITCH LEAVE FOR THE PIANO. ANNA HANDS FRED A WAD OF CASH.

FRED

What’s this?
ANNA
Your cut of the proceeds.

FRED
I can’t take your money.

ANNA
Fred, you saved my business. It’s the least I can do.

FRED COUNTS THE MONEY.

FRED
Wow. With this I’m almost broke again.
Thanks Anna.

ANNA
(CONFUSED) Good.

FRED
Hey, about our date. I was thinking.
How about a free film at the library? There’s a zombie movie playing next week.

ANNA
I’d love that. But can we go as friends?

FRED
(CAUGHT OFF GUARD) Oh, sure.

ANNA
I need to focus on my business right now. Dating is a distraction for me.

(MORE)
ANNA (CONT'D)
I almost lost my business this week.
I’m sorry, Fred.

FRED
Look, I get it. We’re in New York City to chase our dreams, not to chase tail. (CRINGES) Not that you’re tail.

ANNA
I believe we’re both “tail” using your analogy.

FRED
I’m cool with that.

ANNA
Then so am I.

WE HEAR MITCH YELLING INTO A CHEAP MICROPHONE AND SPEAKER.

MITCH O.C.
(LIKE SHINING KID) Redrum! Redrum!

EVERYONE STOPS. WE SEE MITCH AT THE PIANO.

MITCH
Now that I have your attention. My first song this evening was written for a new feature film. Who here likes baseball? How about threeways?

FRED
(TO ANNA) You better put on your batting helmet.

MITCH PLAYS PIANO AND SINGS.
MITCH

I want to see your Money Balls. Let me
touch your Money Balls right now. Your
incredible Money Balls.

THE RESIDENTS CLAP ALONG TO THE MUSIC. SOME CUDDLE. OFF
FRED’S REACTION.

END OF SHOW

FADE OUT:

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