

HOUSEBANDS

"PILOT"

Written by

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Based on a story By

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FADE IN:

INT. FRED'S SANDWICH SHOPPE - DINING AREA - DAY

Four late thirty something men, STEVE, TOM, BOB, and FRED, are sitting at a booth inside a rather large sandwich shop. The place is completely empty save for the four men, in the single booth, munching on sandwiches.

STEVE

We've been doing this same thing since Fred opened this sandwich shop up.

TOM

Doing what?

STEVE

We meet here daily and have lunch. This is just like "Seinfeld."

BOB

Oh my God.

STEVE

No, really. Hear me out. They would always end up in that one diner. In the booth.

FRED

I think it was a coffee shop.

STEVE

What?

FRED

I think it was a coffee shop, not a diner.

STEVE

Shut up, Fred. It was a diner.

(pauses)

Maybe it was a coffee shop...

TOM

I think you are confusing Seinfeld and Friends.

BOB

Would you get on with it.

STEVE

Ok, anyway, this is just like Seinfeld.

BEAT. They all look at each other for a moment.

TOM

And...

STEVE

And what?

BOB

That's it?

STEVE

I made the point.

BOB

It would be similar to this situation, except that (a), we're not funny...

TOM

(interrupting)

Neither was Seinfeld.

Steve gasps.

BOB

(b), all of us are married, and (c), we don't have a woman with us.

Bob turns to Fred.

BOB (CONT'D)

Unless you count Fred, whose balls haven't dropped yet.

FRED

Shut up. I make you all free sandwiches, day in and day out.

TOM

(with mouth full)

Thanks, by the way. Again.

STEVE

Whatever, I'm just making conversation.

BOB

Steve, with all this Hollywood knowledge, I thought you would be an industry big shot by now.

STEVE

Don't patronize my career choice. What the hell are you all doing?

They all eat.

BOB
What?

STEVE
I rest my case.

BOB
Well, Fred here owns this fine sandwich establishment.

TOM
Which I may add is aptly named.

FLASH TO:

EXT. SAME

The sign outside reads "Fred's Sandwich Shoppe."

FLASH TO:

INT. SAME

TOM
How much did the wife pay for this place, Fred?

FRED
I don't know, my wife handles the finances.

TOM
Ouch man.

STEVE
I'm sorry Fred, but I was trying to make a point.

FRED
Oh no Steve, I don't mind. Just let me know when your first movie comes out so I can ask how much your wife paid for it.

STEVE
(turning away, quietly)
Touche.

Tom looks at his Apple watch and stands up, wiping his mouth.

TOM

Thanks for the sandwich Fred. I gotta roll, guys.

(others laugh, Tom stops cold)

What? What's funny?

BOB

You're leaving us, your real life friends, to go invade imaginary dungeons with twelve year boys online?

TOM

You would be surprised by how many adults play online games.

They laugh even more.

TOM (CONT'D)

Whatever. I don't have to explain myself to you guys. I'm thirty eight years old!

BEAT.

STEVE

That's OK, Tom. You are right. But we've already made our own assumptions.

Tom shakes his head and exits the store. As he walks out, a WOMAN enters. Tom gives a surprised look as she enters.

BOB

(to the guys)

That is the only place where a man can play with a twelve year old and not go to jail.

STEVE

Not just one twelve year old, many.

The woman is shocked.

FRED

(desperately scrambling to get up)

Ah -- welcome to Fred's, ma'am!

Fred stumbles to the counter.

STEVE

(quietly to Bob)

Dude, not cool! This is Fred's first customer of the day.

Bob shrugs his shoulders.

FRED
How can I help you?

WOMAN
Hi. What do you have?

Fred points to the small menu next to the cash register and glares over at his friends, rolling his eyes at the woman's apparent incompetence.

His friend's give him sarcastic smiles.

The woman notices.

WOMAN (CONT'D)
(short)
I'm sorry. I've never been here before.

The woman looks down at the menu and begins examining her choices.

FRED
(mouthing quietly)
Oh. My. God.

WOMAN
(still looking at the menu)
Do you have any specials?

FRED
(mouthing quietly)
Oh. My. God.

The woman spots him this time and storms out of the shop.

FRED (CONT'D)
Ah! Wait, the specials are labeled on the menu -- under specials --
(deadass)
What a bitch.

Fred rejoins his friends at the table.

STEVE
That, my friend, is customer service done right.

BOB
Seriously, Fred. You have got to be the worst Restaurant owner of all time. Plus, no offense buddy, but you're sandwiches suck.

Bob throws his sandwich on the plate. Steve nods as if this was common knowledge.

FRED

Wait, what do you mean? You guys and Tom eat lunch here every day, for free I might add, right here at this table.

BOB

As you pointed out, the food is free.

STEVE

No wonder all your businesses keep going -- out of -- business. You give your best customers, your only customers, free stuff. I've still got a bunch of magnets and cups from the tanning place you ran.

BOB

This place has given me the meat sweats everyday for weeks now. I think I have the start of skin cancer on my leg too from the tanning place.

STEVE

I don't think man was supposed to eat this many cold cuts.

Fred just shakes his head.

FRED

What are you guys doing tonight?

STEVE

The wife wants me to go out to dinner with her.

BOB

Screw that, we're totally going mini-golfing. I'm going to destroy that damn windmill this time.

STEVE

Oh man. I wish I could. My wife has been all over me since she realized I was writing an erotic screenplay about her and another woman. I gotta put out that fire.

FRED

I can't go either. My wife wants me --

Bob interrupts Fred with a whipping sound.

BOB

Listen to you man. Can we go get your balls that are buried in the back yard in some sort of glass jar.

STEVE

Speaking of which, I saw a dude on the internet break a glass jar --

BOB

(interrupting swiftly)

Dude! Unnecessary! I'm trying to council Fred here.

Steve puts up his hands.

FRED

She wants to go through the previous businesses credit card state --

BOB

(interrupting Fred again)

Wait. Wait. Back the hell up.

(turns to Steve)

Did you say erotic screenplay? Are you freaking kidding me?

STEVE

Yea, one minute I was writing a space opera, then I see this shampoo commercial on TV. The script just changed organically.

BOB

OK, let me get this straight. You are now writing a sci-fi erotica screenplay that involves scenes of a lesbian nature and your wife?

STEVE

Yes, that sums it up.

BOB

I get laid on a quarterly basis. I will pay you to read that script.

STEVE

No need, my friend. I keep it right here on my thumb drive.

Steve pulls out a USB drive and shows it to everyone. It's a cartoon character. He gets up and walks over to the counter. Steve unsheathes the USB stick, the legs are removable to expose the socket.

Fred and Bob follow.

Steve puts the USB drive, crotch side first, into the PC being used as a register.

STEVE (CONT'D)
Fred, is this the same PC from the pet store?

FRED
Yeah. I bought it for the computer repair shop.

STEVE
Looks good still.

Fred nods approvingly.

STEVE (CONT'D)
Are you prepared Gentlemen?

BOB
This is a childhood fantasy coming true for me.

FRED
Do I want to see this?
(Bob and Steve look at Fred)
Yes, yes I do.

Steve begins clicking around the screen.

INT. TOM'S HOUSE - DEN

Tom is playing "World of Warcraft" intently on a computer with a microphone headset on.

He logs into Discord. He flips to the game and logs in.

TOM
Hey guys, what's up?

A NASALLY VOICE comes over the computer speakers.

NASALLY VOICE
(V.O.)
Hey, Helmspoggle! We haven't seen you for awhile.

TOM
Yeah, sorry I was leveling my alt.

NASALLY VOICE

(V.O.)

Oh, totally dude.

Tom's wife, VICKY, enters the den.

VICKY

(peeved)

Are you playing that damn game again?

TOM

No, honey this is a different game.

VICKY

Oh, OK. I'm headed back to work. Don't forget I want to watch "The Bachelor" tonight.

TOM

It's streaming. We don't have to watch it at a specific time each week.

VICKY

(sternly)

That's not the point!

TOM

(frustrated)

Alright! Alright. Of course we're going to watch it together.

Vicky shakes her head and leaves the house. Tom continues unabated.

NASALLY VOICE

(V.O.)

You still there, Helmspoggle?

TOM

Yeah, sorry man. The wife agro is killing me.

NASALLY VOICE

(V.O.)

I totally understand.

Beat.

TOM

No you don't. You're twelve.

NASALLY VOICE

(V.O., saddened)

I know.

A high pitched, YOUNG VOICE comes over the computer.

YOUNG VOICE

(V.O.)

Helmspoggle! My favorite Mage! I haven't seen you in so long!

TOM

Yeah.

YOUNG VOICE

(v.o.)

I thought you had to stay away cause I kicked your ass in that duel.

An ADULT WOMAN's voice comes over the computer from the young voice's microphone.

ADULT WOMAN

(v.o. muffled)

Jacob, I don't want to hear that type of language. Get off the damn computer and do your homework.

Tom plays on, unphased.

YOUNG VOICE

(v.o. begging)

Mom, no! I just got into a raid group!

ADULT WOMAN

(V.O. louder, but still muffled)

Pause the damn thing!

YOUNG VOICE

(V.O.)

It doesn't pause!

TOM

What a bitch.

NASALLY VOICE

(V.O.)

Totally.

ADULT WOMAN

(V.O.)

What did they just say?

TOM

Awe, Linaloth. Use the headphones, dude.

YOUNG VOICE

(V.O.)

Nothing! Nothing!

ADULT WOMAN

(V.O. Shouting now)

Get off that damned computer right now!

Discord dings, indicating someone has left.

TOM

Damn dude.

NASALLY VOICE

Totally!

Tom chuckles, unflinching from his gaming.

NASALLY VOICE (CONT'D)

(V.O.)

Hey, you ever gonna send those nudes of your wife?

TOM

Yeah, bro. They're in your snapchat DM'S.

NASALLY VOICE

(V.O.)

Really!?

TOM

No, you're twelve.

INT. FRED'S SANDWICH SHOPPE - DINING AREA

Steve, Bob, and Fred are huddled closely around the register monitor.

STEVE

Look, don't steal this stuff. I'm all paranoid and secretive like M. Night Shyamalan.

Bob starts laughing.

BOB

(reading from the script)

She walks into the space bar and all the space aliens can't keep their numerous eyes off of her.

Fred laughs.

BOB (CONT'D)

Oh man, this is better than Christmas...

(continuing to read)

The girl slowly took off her futuristic space pants. As they slid off, my wife Lindsey was getting the phaser ready.

Bob looks over at Steve.

BOB (CONT'D)

What the hell? Why do you have to preface every noun with space?

STEVE

It's the future, you know, in space. It's an interesting visual.

FRED

Why call it a phaser? Is it because it takes place in the future?

STEVE

(deadpan)

I was trying to create a world that was exclusive unto itself. Laser is so overused. I wanted to make sure the story had limited ties to today's realities.

FRED

Cool, like Star Wars?

BOB

Yeah, just like Star Wars, but with porn!

FRED

I think I like this better.

Bob continues to read from the script aloud. We can't tell if it's disbelief or amazement.

BOB

(reading)

The women felt vulnerable as the massive space ape watched them through the fogged up glass dome helmet over his head. My wife Lindsey was embarrassed, but couldn't stop because the passion was so intense.

BEAT

BOB (CONT'D)

This sounds like a novel? Aren't you supposed to be telling us what's going on, not providing, you know, an inner monologue?

STEVE

I'm setting the mood for the reader.

BOB

No one will actually see that on screen.

FRED

What's with the monkey?

STEVE

(factually)

Those are the space apes from Nebulon Seven. Their planet was destroyed by deforestation and global warming. Those of their kind that survived were scattered across space, most becoming bounty hunters.

FRED

Wow! Nice on the environmental message.

STEVE

Thanks, I'm trying to be an advocate for change.

BOB

How did your wife find out about this?

STEVE

I showed it to her.

BOB

What!?

STEVE

I thought she would like to be a part of my world. See if she could understand how I feel about screenwriting, get her involved.

BOB

Really?

STEVE

No, I thought she might read it and get so aroused that she would think... maybe?

FRED

I had a threesome with two girls one time.

STEVE

(casually shooting Fred down)
No you didn't.

Fred shakes his head no.

BOB

What in your right mind would make you believe that your wife would consider having a lesbian encounter while reading about the space ape watching her and some other woman go at it?

STEVE

You don't find that whole scene I laid out erotic?

Bob pushes Steve out of the way. He begins clicking around. We hear a laser printer underneath the counter begin to warm up with a hum.

STEVE (CONT'D)

(appalled)
What are you doing?

BOB

I want to see if my wife will think about a Lesbian encounter after reading this.

FRED

(panicked)
Come on guys, toner isn't cheap!

Bob pulls the script pages off the printer, the script is as thick as a pamphlet.

BOB

This is it? What is this fifteen pages? You already have sex in the script? Who are these people? I can't invest my emotions this early.

STEVE

(defensive)
I'm still working on it.

BOB

I'm taking this home. I'll see you guys tomorrow.

(MORE)

BOB (CONT'D)
(Bob swiftly exits, laughing)
Space ape.

Fred and Steve stare at each other.

STEVE
So, are you going to stay open for the
rest of the day?

FRED
Are you staying?

STEVE
No, I'm going to go home to write.

Fred looks around.

FRED
Uh, screw it. I'm going home too. You
want to help me clean the meat cutter?

Fred looks back to where Steve was.

STEVE
(leaving)
I'll see you, Fred.

INT. STEVE'S HOUSE - LIVING ROOM - NIGHT

Steve is sitting on the sofa watching a large TV. The Bob Ross channel plays on Samsung TV Plus. His wife, LINDSEY, enters the room.

STEVE
Sweetie, where is the remote?

LINDSEY
How did you get the TV on?

STEVE
I turned it on as I walked in, but I
haven't been able to change the channel.

LINDSEY
Did you check with the space apes?

STEVE
Mock me, that's fine.

Lindsey sits on the sofa.

LINDSEY

I'm sorry, work sucked today. We're prepping for court next week. I'll probably have to stay late for a few days.

Steve still watches TV.

STEVE

OK.

LINDSEY

I'm sure you're heartbroken.

They both pause to watch Bob Ross talk while painting.

LINDSEY (CONT'D)

So, I was thinking about your screenplay.

Steve perks up.

STEVE

Oh yeah?

LINDSEY

I think you need to get a job.

Steve grimaces in disappointment.

STEVE

What? What do you mean a job?

LINDSEY

Like, a job. Something to fill your time. You sit around the house and do nothing, or eating sandwiches at Fred's.

STEVE

I thought you said I could spend time writing?

LINDSEY

You could, except you don't write. You just do nothing all day. There is literally a shitload of dog shit in the backyard and you can't even clean that up.

STEVE

That's the dog's toilet. They don't come in here and clean my toilet.

LINDSEY

The dogs don't have apposable thumbs. Wait, why am I indulging this? Steve, Jingles and Trixie are Pomeranians. They can't do anything.

STEVE

They certainly shit a lot.

The dogs sit in a small bed on the floor.

LINDSEY

Maybe, you can think of it as getting some inspiration for your writing?

STEVE

You don't think space apes is inspired? What about the global warming?

LINDSEY

That's all well and good. I'm glad you are being creative, but I think you need a measurable goal.

STEVE

What's a measurable goal?

LINDSEY

You barely write, let alone finish something. I think you have forty, ten page scripts in your office that have all gone no where.

STEVE

I'm just trying to find the right idea.

LINDSEY

You need to get some accomplishments under your belt. Something to say, "I finished that" and to build up your confidence. You are in your mid-thirties and you don't have much to show for yourself. You've got to -- you know grow and get yourself right before you can say something with your writing.

STEVE

(taken aback)

Alright, alright.

LINDSEY

Good, so, let's go out to dinner like you promised.

STEVE
 (lost in tv again)
 Eh -- I would, but I'm on this diet.

Lindsey looks over a slender Steve.

LINDSEY
 No you aren't. You're just mad at me now.
 She stares at him. He looks over after a brief moment.

STEVE
 Fine. You want to go to Mcdonald's or something? We can go get some milk shakes and fish sandwiches.

LINDSEY
 Ugh, no! I want to go somewhere nice.

STEVE
 Arbys?

LINDSEY
 Not fast food.

STEVE
 Wendys?

LINDSEY
 No damn it. I want to sit down?

STEVE
 Applebees?

LINDSEY
 Damn it, just get off your ass. Let's go.

Steve lets out a deep sigh.

STEVE
 (defeated)
 I'll go get dressed.

INT. FRED'S SANDWICH SHOPPE - DINING AREA - NEXT DAY

All four guys are seated at the same table as the previous day, already engaged in conversation.

BOB
 (Mouth full)
 Get a job? Who does she think she is?

STEVE

So we go to Chili's and she's all --
(Changing to a high pitched
voice)
You've got to focus on measurable goals.

TOM

Whoa. Did she get fired?

STEVE

I thought that at first too, but she
didn't. She said something about wanting
to get me out of the house.

TOM

What kind of crap is that?

STEVE

I know, right!?

BOB

It might have something to do with you
writing space porn about her while she's
making a living for your lazy ass.

TOM

Space porn?

BOB

(to Tom)

I printed it out, I'll make you a copy.

STEVE

Dude! Not cool. I told you I was
paranoid.

TOM

I guess I left too early yesterday.

Bob gives Tom a reassuring look that he'll receive a
copy.

STEVE

I doubt it's that. She's been kind of
hinting at this for awhile. I don't think
she'll let up anytime soon.

FRED

We already have the sandwich shop. You
need to start a different business.

STEVE

Start a business? What the hell? Do you
think my wife is made of money?

FRED
Your wife is a high profile lawyer.

STEVE
Yeah, but we aren't hundred millionaires like your wife, Fred.

FRED
(fired up)
Then you have to work at a place we can get a discount! I'm tired of being the hangee. I want to be a hanger, damnit!

BOB
Damn, Fred, chill out.

TOM
Yeah! Can Wal-Mart greeters get a discount for their friends?

STEVE
I have no clue what I'm going to do.

BOB
Wait. I've got an idea of what will get her mind off of this job nonsense.
(They all wait for the idea)
You can re-write your screenplay into a story about you doing another guy!

STEVE
What!? No! That compromises my artistic vision.

BOB
Listen dude. Here are the facts. Fact number one, women love gay dudes. It's almost a stereotype now. Fact number two, she'll be worried about you actually turning gay and be afraid she'll lose her husband. She won't even remember asking you to get a job.

Steve ponders.

FRED
So, she will either go antiquing with him, or freak out that he might be having sex with other guys?

TOM
Yeah, what the hell? Those facts were completely unrelated.

(MORE)

TOM (CONT'D)

How can she simultaneously love gay people and be worried he's going to turn gay?

BOB

That's women, man. They don't know up from down in situations like this.

FRED

That's just idiotic.

They all pause to think of something else.

STEVE

It just might work!

BOB

Alright, you go home and work on that. I've got some stuff to do anyway. Tom, go play with the twelve year olds. Fred, we'll see you tomorrow.

Everyone gets up and all but Fred exit. Fred looks around the empty restaurant and sighs. He looks back at the clean meat cutter.

Right then a large group of people from off a bus enter the restaurant.

He looks back at the clean meat cutter.

FRED

I'm sorry, we're all closed up for the day!

INT. STEVE'S HOUSE - LIVING ROOM - NIGHT

Lindsey, still in her outfit from work, looks up from the interior of Steve's screenplay which we can see is titled "Space Erotica (Working Title)." She shoots him a fierce glance.

LINDSEY

Is this a joke?

STEVE

A joke? What? No, I did it for you. I wanted to, you know, even things up a bit.

LINDSEY

How does this make things even? This script doesn't even make sense now.

STEVE

What do you mean?

LINDSEY

You just replaced "My wife Lindsey" with "me, Steve." The other female part was replaced by "some dude." The replacements don't even make sense. The tense is all messed up. It's like you just did an automatic find and replace.

STEVE

What? No -- sweetie, you deserve better than that.

LINDSEY

Look right here.

She shows him the script page.

LINDSEY (CONT'D)

It says right here,
(reading from the script)
The some dude slowly took off her futuristic space pants. As they slid off, me Steve was getting the phaser ready.

STEVE

What's wrong with that? It's the future.

LINDSEY

I thought phaser was space talk for a penis or vibrator or something?

STEVE

What? No! This was a purely sapphic work of space erotica! They have no phallic desires.

LINDSEY

You're not gay, why did you change it?

STEVE

Obviously, but that didn't even come up as an option when you read the original version.

LINDSEY

I never said I didn't like the lesbian parts, just your writing needs work.

STEVE

What!?

Steve shakes his head at what he perceives to be his missed opportunity.

LINDSEY

Is this about me asking you to get a job?

STEVE

No -- no!

LINDSEY

Are you trying to get me to have sex with you?

STEVE

No! Wait. Why? Do you want to?

LINDSEY

Steve, I've had a long, frustrating day, please tell me what this is about.

STEVE

I just thought maybe you were mad because I wrote about two women and wanted me to get a job because of that.

LINDSEY

Two women? No, Steve, you're a man. You have weird thoughts. That part is fine. But, sweetheart -- the script just isn't that good.

STEVE

(hurt)

I can write something else.

LINDSEY

(sorry)

I have no doubt of that, but you have nothing to show for all the time you put in. You told me screenplays need to be one hundred and twenty pages or else some Hollywood asshole won't make it. So, in essence you have nothing that could be bought, sold, or made, which is the point of all this, right?

STEVE

Yeah, I guess.

LINDSEY

What's your end goal?

STEVE

I dunno. I want to write movies. I guess.

LINDSEY

That's the problem then, you aren't writing movies. You are just writing ideas. Remember watching that documentary about the guy telling that writer to add in a bunch of weird shit to the movie they were making, a giant spider or something? You're just that guy without Hollywood power or lines of coke.

STEVE

It takes time to get better.

LINDSEY

I know, trust me I know. I write more or less for a living. I know what it takes to write well. I just, don't think you have it in you. I want to see you succeed, but you need to find something to do in the meantime. Absence makes the heart grow fonder as they say.

STEVE

(clearly hurt)

Yeah.

LINDSEY

I wasn't trying to upset you.

STEVE

Well, mission failed, Lindsey.

LINDSEY

I'm sorry, hon.

Lindsey sighs and puts the screenplay on the sofa and walks upstairs. Steve looks over at the script laying with it's back cover exposed. Doodled on the bottom back cover are poorly drawn naked women and rudimentary concepts for the space apes.

STEVE

Damn it.

INT. BOB'S HOUSE - KITCHEN - EVENING

Bob is finishing loading the dishwasher. He is on the phone with Tom.

BOB

Steve called. He said my idea didn't work. I guess his wife really let him have it.

TOM (V.O.)

(Phone)

No kidding. I could have told you that.
In fact, I think I did.

Bob closes the dishwasher and starts it.

BOB

Well, it was worth a shot. We have to
figure out how we are going to help him.

Bob pulls the garbage bag out of the kitchen trash can
and ties it up.

TOM (V.O.)

(Phone)

Yeah. Maybe he needs to have a job so he
can get us a discount, like Fred said.

BOB

I don't think Fred's restaurant is going
to last much longer.

TOM (V.O.)

(Phone)

Me either. I wonder what he'll do next?

Bob's wife, DONNA, comes into the kitchen. Bob gives her
a kiss. He puts a hand over the phone.

BOB

I'll be in to sit down and watch Gilmore
Girls in a sec. I gotta run upstairs and
do one last thing.

Donna smiles and takes the garbage bag from him.

DONNA

No problem, babe.

Bob runs up the stairs.

TOM (V.O.)

(Phone)

You still there?

BOB

Yeah, sorry, the old lady is bothering
me. What are you doing?

The sound of Tom BEATING on his keyboard comes through
over the phone.

TOM (V.O.)
 (Phone)
 Playing a game.

Bob walks down a hallway.

BOB
 Dude, you are playing Dungeons and
 Dragons with twelve year olds. You gotta
 grow up dude!

Bob walks into a large bonus room. The room is covered in
 wall to wall shelves containing sorted Lego elements. In
 the center is a table with his latest creation on it.

TOM (V.O.)
 (Phone)
 It's not Dungeons and -- You know what,
 whatever. You're a bitch.

BOB
 You too. Think about Steve, alright? We
 gotta figure this out.

TOM (V.O.)
 (Phone)
 Yeah, man. Talk tomorrow.

BOB
 Night.

Bob hangs up the phone and pulls an element from one of
 the bins. He places it on his creation and moves it over
 to a small photography table with a photo booth and an
 iMac.

INT. TOM'S HOUSE - DEN - NIGHT

Tom is focused on his computer and has the microphone
 headset on. Different voices come over the computer
 speakers.

VOICE 1
 Innervate me, please!

We hear Tom click.

VOICE 1 (CONT'D)
 Thanks!

TOM
 No Problem.

VOICE 2
You're the best, Hotpocket.

INT. STEVE'S HOUSE - DAY

Steve is walking around his backyard with a small shovel and an old plastic bag. The sun is bright and brutal. Steve is walking slowly across the backyard in a grid like search pattern.

Bob, Fred, and Tom all sit in three way beach chairs under the comfort of his porch, beers in hand, watching him clean dog droppings out of the lawn.

STEVE
Jesus, it is hot as hell out here.

BOB
Why the hell would you choose today to do this?

STEVE
Lindsey said I have to. She gave me chores to do until I get a job.

TOM
Chores?

STEVE
Yeah, I have to clean up the yard, mow it, take care of the garden, walk the dogs, take out the trash...

TOM
Are you nine? I don't even make my kid do that stuff yet.

BOB
Why aren't you doing this stuff normally? Does she do it all the time?

Steve stops for a moment to think.

STEVE
I mean, I guess. Yeah. I never thought about it. I come downstairs after she leaves for work and the dishwasher is empty. I never really questioned if there were dishes in it before that or not.

The guys groan at him.

STEVE (CONT'D)

What?

TOM

I'm not even that bad, man.

BOB

Yeah, that's kind of pathetic.

FRED

So, what are you going to do about the job?

Steve zeros in on a small dropping.

STEVE

I'm not sure. Should I get my resume together?

FRED

Do you have a resume?

STEVE

No.

BOB

So, by get together, you meant create from thin air.

STEVE

I have to carefully weigh the achievements I've made in my previous careers.

FRED

A career shouldn't be plural.

Steve leans down and uses the shovel to get at the dropping, but it's underneath the grass.

STEVE

Jobs, but still. I've got to get something going here. I'm in the doghouse.

BOB

What's the doghouse like for you?

STEVE

She took my laptop.

FRED

That's it?

STEVE

It has my screen writing program on it.

Steve can't get the stubborn turd off the ground.

BOB

Why don't you just use word or something?

Steve chuckles, still fussing.

STEVE

(arrogantly)

Formatting, Bob. If you aren't formatted correctly, you look like an amateur.

TOM

No wonder they keep putting out crappy films, everyone is worried about formatting.

STEVE

(to himself)

Come on turd!?

Steve finally gets the dropping off the ground. He moves the shovel to the bag and drops it in, but he misses and it rolls down the side, and lays on the loose handle.

STEVE (CONT'D)

Son of a bitch.

The guys just watch him struggle.

Steve tries to use the shovel to hit the dropping back into the bag, but knocks it back onto the ground instead.

He lets out a groan.

Steve kneels back down after it and picks it up again, but part of it falls onto the ground. He goes after it again, taking two or three tries to get it all on the small shovel.

He moves to put it in the bag. The wind catches the bag and he drops the turd back on the ground.

Steve stands, staring down at the dropping.

TOM

Did you ever get me a copy of Steve's script.

BOB

Yeah, I e-mailed it to you.

Steve kneels down and manages to get the dropping in one swoop. He moves it to the bag.

The guys watch.

He turns the shovel to drop the turd in.

It falls to the ground.

Steve screams and throws the bag, full of dog feces across the lawn. The shovel goes the other direction.

Steve screams and starts lashing out at the air.

The guys still watch.

FRED

He's going to have a tough time finding a job.

The guys nod, sipping on their beers. The neighbors, across the way stare in awe.

Bob waves with a smile.

EXT. FRED'S SANDWICH SHOPPE

The sign on the door says "Sorry, We're Closed."

A GUY walks up and sees the sign. They look at the hours on the door. Clearly the door should be unlocked.

The person puts his hands and face up to the door to look inside.

INT. FRED'S SANDWICH SHOPPE - DINING AREA - DAY

The restaurant is buttoned up, all the windows are closed it's dark inside.

Bob, Tom, Steve, and Fred sit huddled around the register computer, all with sandwiches, illuminated by the monitor's glow only.

The guy at the door has his face pressed up against the glass, almost a smear of a human, clearly seeing the four of them inside.

GUY

(muffled)

Hello? Are you open?

The four look at the door together.

FRED
(quietly)
He'll go away eventually.

TOM
(quietly)
The door says closed, right?

FRED
Yeah, I don't even turn the sign around anymore.

GUY
(muffled)
Hello? I can see you eating those sandwiches in there.

BOB
Are you serious with this, Fred?

Fred shakes his head and gets up to go to the door.

FRED
We're closed!

GUY
(still pressed up against the window)
Your hours say you are supposed to be open. I just want a sandwich.

TOM
(quietly)
This guy is making me uncomfortable.

FRED
We're fumigating. Go away.

GUY
(muffled)
There aren't any fumes, you guys clearly have sandwiches.

FRED
This is a private party. Come back tomorrow.

The guy backs off the window, satisfied.

GUY
Oh, why didn't you say so? I'll be back tomorrow, then.

Fred closes the blinds on the door.

BOB

Finally.

TOM

Ok, so I was thinking about this all last night. We need to look through the jobs and see what companies are looking for in a job you want, then build up a resume around that.

Steve is scrolling through jobs on Monster.com.

STEVE

Accountant. Mechanical Engineer. Software Engineer. Licensed Mental Health Counselor. Regional Sales Manager. I could be a regional sales manager.

Steve clicks on the job.

BOB

What does a regional sales manager do?

STEVE

(reading)

You support the sales team by delivering product solutions that help our customers realize their business goals -- who wrote this?

TOM

Good, God. That person sounds like a soulless automaton.

STEVE

Au-to-ma-ton. That's a cool word, I might put that in my script.

Steve writes it down on his scratch sheet of copy paper.

BOB

Do you have a bachelor's degree?

STEVE

Yeah. Lindsey and I met in college.

TOM

Probably early, that's why she married you.

STEVE

Mostly.

BOB

Ok, do you have five plus years of sales management and or sales manager experience with proven field sales experience results?

STEVE

I -- I don't know. I managed a Blockbuster Video when I was in high school.

FRED

Oh! I bet that was a fun job.

STEVE

Yeah, free movies man. It was awesome.

FRED

I miss video stores.

BOB

Ok, so this is above your expertise level most likely.

FRED

Well, like I said, why don't you look for a job that gives a discount? What kind of discount are you going to get from being a regional sales manager?

BOB

I don't see any mention of discounts. But they have a five percent match in their four oh one kay.

TOM

Who cares about that?

BOB

Ok, so maybe we need to think a rung down the ladder. What are some places that would give us all a cool discount?

They all ponder a moment.

STEVE

How about the comic book store?

TOM

No, man. I tried. That place is locked up tighter than the mafia. You have to be a blood relative to work there, or a smoking hot college girl.

BOB

Ok, so lesson learned there, locally owned businesses are rampant with nepotism. So we need larger.

FRED

How about electronics stores?

BOB

Hey, now that's an idea. Good thinking, Fred!

Fred beams.

TOM

Oh man, I've been thinking about building a home theater in the basement!

The energy between them all becomes palpable.

STEVE

I could get another laptop!

BOB

You could buy a ton of laptops. I bet they are like fifty percent off!

STEVE

Oh man, I could finally get an Apple laptop! I could really be taken seriously as a screenwriter, then!

BOB

Oh yeah, I bet those are incredibly marked up. Greedy bastards!

TOM

We could swim around in laptops like Scrooge McDuck swims in gold coins.

FRED

I wish money came in gold coins.

The energy begins to dwindle.

BOB

We all do.

TOM

(trying to amp things up again)

Ok, so let's build this damn resume!

BOB

Ok, so how do we build a resume?

The energy is dead.

FRED

Do you not know how to build a resume?

They all look blankly at Fred.

FRED (CONT'D)

Ok, so type in your name, address, telephone, e-mail, and any of your web sites at the top.

STEVE

Websites, like the places I like to visit?

Steve types it all in.

FRED

No, do you have a portfolio for your screenplays you want to put up?

STEVE

Uh. No. I don't have anything to post yet.

TOM

Probably a good reason why you're wife doesn't think you are going to do it, bro.

FRED

Ok, so don't worry about that. It probably wouldn't be relevant to the job anyway. So, next, what is the goal you want to attain by applying for a job at an electronics store?

STEVE

Fred, you said it: to get a discount. Come on, man.

Steve laughs.

TOM

That's good, but you can't tell them that.

FRED

Yeah, like how does this job get you to the next place you want to be in life?

BOB

What? How does helping people pick out a TV get anyone anywhere they want to be in life?

FRED

I know, it's silly, but this is what useless people with useless degrees has gotten us in the job industry. You have to justify your existence to every person now, even at McDonalds.

STEVE

I'm so screwed.

Steve puts his head on the counter, resolved to failure.

MONTAGE

- the four guys help Steve type up his resume.
- Steve types on the computer, lost in concentration.
- Fred cuts more meat and cheese on his deli cutter.
- Bob and Tom are asleep in a booth. Plates, cups, chip bags, and sandwich debris are cluttering the table.
- Fred stands over Steve's shoulder, helping him.
- Steve scrolls on Best Buy's careers page.
- Fry's electronics jobs page.
- Apple's retail jobs page
- Conn's jobs page
- Gamestop's jobs page
- Micro Center's jobs page

BACK TO SCENE

STEVE (CONT'D)

Alright! Done! Yes!

FRED

See, that wasn't so bad.

BOB

(waking from sleep)

What's going on?

FRED

Steve finished his resume and applied to over a dozen jobs.

BOB

Well, hot damn.

TOM

That took a ridiculous amount of time.

STEVE

Nah, it wasn't that long.

Tom pulls the shade of the Window up, revealing its now night outside.

TOM

It took awhile.

STEVE

What time is it?

(looks at his watch, it says
eight twenty two)

Oh damn, Lindsey is going to kill me.

BOB

Naw, man. Just tell her what you were doing.

STEVE

Hanging out at the sandwich shop?

TOM

No, you were doing exactly what she wanted you to. It will be fine.

STEVE

Ok, I'm going to get home then. Thanks, Fred!

Steve heads for the door.

FRED

Yeah, no problem. Night.

STEVE

Night.

The door jingles as Steve runs out.

BOB

(motioning between himself
and Tom)

What about how we helped, asshole?

Tom gets out the booth and stretches. Bob shakes his head.

TOM

I'm going too, I got stuff to do.

BOB

Yeah, I gotta get home and -- beat my kids or something.

(Tom and Bob leave together)

Night, Fred.

The door jingles as they leave.

Fred looks around his shop, uncleaned.

FRED

This would be a great time for an arson to take place.

He sighs and gets up to start cleaning.

GUY (O.S.)

Are you open now?

Fred looks over and sees the guy from earlier, face smashed up against the window. Breathe fogging up the window.

FRED

(yelling, emotionally)

Tomorrow!

The guy squeals and runs off as Fred yells.

CUT TO BLACK.

THE END