



**UNT. LOUIS CK / SPIKE FERESTEN PROJECT**

“Pilot”

Written by

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COLD OPEN

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

(TO SELF) Expired 1963. Better not.

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.

RESET TO:

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 TWOINT. 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.

CUT TO:

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:

INT. LARCHMONT ARMS - HALLWAY - A FEW DAYS LATER  
FRED, ANNA, MITCH

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.

RESET TO:

INT. LARCHMONT ARMS - REC ROOM - CONTINUOUS  
FRED, ANNA, MITCH, LILY, RESIDENTS

THE GANG ENTERS THE REC ROOM. THEY STOP IN THEIR TRACKS. WE  
SEE THE ELDERLY RESIDENTS WEARING ANNA'S FUNERIAL TUXEDOES  
AND GOWNS. THEY MULL ABOUT LIKE ZOMBIES.

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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