

FULPHILED

Pilot

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FADE IN:

EXT. RANCH-COMPANY PICNIC- DAY

It's the annual company picnic for "Snack&Gas". A fortune 100 gas station company. It's held at "Rebel's Ranch" on a beautiful midwestern summer day.

About 300-400 people show up to this event every year. There's various picnic activities going on.

PHIL(30ish), impulsive, energetic. JT(30ish), realistic, cautious. They both work at the warehouse as low-level managers ("Team Leaders").

Phil and JT are laying eggs on the ground.

JT

How do we get egg toss every year?

PHIL

It's better than pies to the face.

Camera goes to a long line of employees waiting to throw pies at CARL, Team Leader, 40ish, co-worker of JT and Phil. His head is sticking threw a piece of plywood.

One employee, DANE, looks like a body builder, walks up and grabs a pie.

CARL

Hey Dane, this is more for the kids.

DANE

Remember that vacation you denied me?

Dane stands 5 feet away from Carl and winds up like a pitcher.

CARL

(Terrified/stuttering)

Maybe we can work something out?

Camera goes back to JT and Phil. You hear a awful scream.

PHIL

Egg toss, not so bad.

JT
I guess, but Karen gets so pissed.

PHIL
Because we have egg toss?

JT points to his wife.

JT
That's why.

Camera goes to KAREN(JT's wife) trying to control three boys. She's holding an infant, while BOY 1 is peeing on a tree. BOY 2 is crying holding a plate of food.

BOY 2
I said I wanted Corndogs!

The boy chucks his plate at Karen. All eyes laser towards her as if she got caught shoplifting.

Camera goes back to JT and Phil.

JT
Yup, I'm fucked.

PHIL
When did she start wearing the pants?

JT
Hey, I'm the man of the house!

Camera on JT's wife staring at him like a angry bull.

JT looks like he'd just seen a ghost.

JT (CONT'D)
She just wears the pants.

PHIL
Well, go help her.

JT
I'm not leaving you hanging.

Phil points at a tree.

PHIL
Look at my family.

JT looks at the tree.

JT

What?

PHIL

Exactly, I don't have one. Now go!

JT

What are you waiting for anyway? I hear you can buy Russian Brides now.

PHIL

(Dryly says)

Ha, Ha.

(Then)

I don't have time for a family. I'm not sure how you do it.

JT

Yeah, I'm not sure how she does it either.

Camera goes to Karen. Her hair is a disaster and she has food graffiti covering her clothes. She looks possessed. The boys are having a food fight with ketchup bottles.

KAREN

I can't fucking do it!

JT

Maybe I should've gotten a Russian Bride.

PHIL

If you don't go now, you might be shopping for one.

JT smiles at Phil and sprints to rescue his wife from his monster children.

INT. RANCH- PAVILION- DAY

SAM BARON, Division Manager (head honcho), 50, has a professional look to him, but tactless. On a Podium in the Pavilion speaking to the employees. He's holding an envelope.

SAM

This next award is voted by you.
The bloodline of the business.

Sam opens the envelope.

(MORE)

SAM (CONT'D)
And this years most outstanding
employee is...

SAM (CONT'D)
Joey Dunn. Where you at Joey?

JOEY, 22, shy, nerdy. His eyes open wide like an Owl. He
walks to the podium, sniffing, brushing away tears of joy.

Sam squints at the paper one more time.

SAM (CONT'D)
Oh, wait a minute. This is for
most outstanding "House Keeper".
That's Interesting. Come on up.

Sam pulls out a trophy of a man on his knees cleaning a
toilet. Sam hands it to Joey.

You hear more whispers then clapping.

SAM (CONT'D)
Does the House Keeper of the year
have anything to say?

Joey speaks very softly into the microphone.

JOEY
It's actually, "Break Room
Administrator".

SAM
Alrighty, that's great. Moving on.

Joey walks off the stage defeated.

SAM (CONT'D)
OK, back to the important stuff.

Sam lifts another envelope and opens it.

SAM (CONT'D)
Ahh, OK. "Phil Majors", Warehouse
Team Leader.

Everybody starts clapping loudly looking for Phil.

SAM (CONT'D)
Phil, where you at buddy?

MEANWHILE

EXT. RANCH. DAY.

Phil is outside helping a 13 year old GIRL learn how to hit a softball. JT is running to Phil.

JT
(Shouting)
Phil!

Phil and Girl watches JT strangely run towards them.

PHIL
(to girl)
He doesn't do that very well, does he?

JT sits in front of them wheezing.

JT
Everybody's waiting for you! You won "most outstanding employee of the year"!

PHIL
I did, I am?!

JT
You did, you are. Now lets go.

PHIL
(To Girl)
I gotta run. You keep practicing. You're a natural.

You can see her confidence rise.

INT. RANCH- PAVILLION- DAY

As Phil approaches the podium the crowd starts clapping to recognize him for his achievement. Sam shakes his hand, and gives him a Trophy of a man cleaning a toilet, with another man standing over him giving him a thumbs up.

Camera goes to Joey.

JOEY
Not cool!

Camera goes back to the podium. Sam puts his arm around Phil.

SAM
Phil when you started with us 10
years ago did you expect to be
standing here accepting this award?

PHIL
Has it already been 10 years?

Sam laughs.

SAM
When you put in 70 hours a week, it
flies by!

PHIL
(to himself)
I work 70 hours a week?

SAM
That's probably why you haven't
started a family yet. That's right
ladies, he's single.

Sam puts his hand over the microphone, and leans over to
Phil.

SAM (CONT'D)
You do like girls, right? I don't
want to offend anybody.

Phil stares at the floor of the podium like he's being brain
washed. Sam holds the trophy up

SAM (CONT'D)
But look what you have to show for
it. You're the employee of the year
at one of the best companies in
America.

Everything around him starts to fade out.

INT. FUNERAL HOME- DAY

Phil's staring at his deceased mother lying in her casket.

His 2 aunts approach him. They look like 2 older southern
belles.

AUNT 2
Phil? How ya doin sweetie?

Phil doesn't let his eyes leave his mother.

PHIL
My mom's dead.

AUNT 1
I'm sorry, I know this is tough.

Phil gives his aunts a noticeable fake smile. He continues to stare deep at his motionless mother.

AUNT 2
Phil, honey, you've been distant all day. We're worried about ya.

PHIL
I'm never going to talk to my mother again.

AUNT 1
Did you talk to her before she passed?

Phil starts to choke up. He takes a deep breath and gathers himself.

Phil answers looking at his mother.

PHIL
She said, follow my dreams, and stay true to myself. She wished she had.

AUNT 2
Your mother was a wonderful woman.

PHIL
I know.

AUNT 2
Aw, honey, come give us a hug.

Phil is trapped while his aunts are holding him. One starts dry humping his leg and the other one starts licking his face.

FADE TO:

INT. HOUSE- DAWN

Phil is awakened from a dream by his dogs humping him and licking his face.

PHIL
Damn it, what the fuck!

Phil pushes his dogs off him. He looks at a clock that reads 7:10 am.

PHIL (CONT'D)
Shit, I'm going to be late!

Phil sprints around his room throwing clothes on.

Dog barks.

PHIL (CONT'D)
I can't stay home today. I have someone coming in for an interview.

Dog barks.

PHIL (CONT'D)
How about this. While I'm at work you 2 brainstorm on better ways to wake me up.

Dogs barks.

PHIL (CONT'D)
Yes! Like barking!

Dogs barks.

Yes, keep practicing. I would love to stay and snuggle, but I gotta go.

Phil grabs a pizza box off his dresser.

PHIL (CONT'D)
This is the least I can do for your wake-up services.

Phil throws the box on the floor, and storms out the door.

INT. CAR- DAWN

A love song comes on while sitting at a stop light. A couple in their 30s walk across the intersection holding hands, smiling, they look satisfied in life.

Phil brushes his eyes with a surprised look on his face.

PHIL
Am I crying?

He looks to his left and see's a older couple in a car, laughing, the lady leans over and gives her husband a kiss. You can see the words "I love you" come out of her mouth.

Phil wipes away unwanted tears, then punches the steering wheel.

PHIL (CONT'D)
Why am I fucking crying!

He looks to his right and sees two men move their faces into each other and start rubbing noses.

The music stops immediately.

PHIL (CONT'D)
Problem solved. Thank you.

The Light turns green and Phil drives off.

INT. WORK- DAWN

Phil and JT are conducting an interview with ALEX, who is fresh out of high school. Phil gazes out the window watching a woman in her late 20s arguing with a man in a tow truck.

She flings 2 car seats out the backseat of the car. It looks like a baseball manager and umpire arguing.

JT claps his hands at Phil.

JT
Phil!?

Phil's in a trance looking out the window.

JT turns to Alex and gives him a fake chuckle. JT spam clicks his pen at Phil.

JT (CONT'D)
Do you have any questions for Alex?

Phil caresses his chin as he continues to leer out the window.

PHIL
You think he enjoys his job?

JT tosses his pen on the table.

JT
What?

PHIL
He runs around all day taking
things from people. Like a, like a,
professional bully.

JT
What are you talking about?

Phil points out the window.

PHIL
The repo man.

Alex starts flipping through papers.

ALEX
(Whispers to JT)
Is this part of the interview?

Phil turns to Alex like he snapped out of the trance.

PHIL
Why do you want to work here Alex?

Alex clears his throat and sits up in his chair.

ALEX
That's easy, the pay is real good,
and you have great benefits.

JT
Sounds like you've done your
homework.

ALEX
That's what my parents told me to
say. I'm not even sure how benefits
work.

Phil swivels back and fourth in his chair with a shit eating
grin on his face.

PHIL
How old are you Alex?

JT
(Whispers to Phil)
You can't ask that.

ALEX
I'm 18.

Phil starts shaking his head with disappointment.

PHIL

Why the fuck would you want to work here at 18 years old?!

JT 's mouth drops to the floor, and starts stuttering random words.

Alex's eyes grow like a flower in fast forward.

PHIL (CONT'D)

You're 18 years old and all you can come up with for the rest of your life is waking up to your dogs licking and humping you...

JT and Alex look at Phil with shock and disgust.

PHIL (CONT'D)

Then come to work, and do the same thing, *over, and over, and over*. Then, when you finally realize how shitty your life has become, you're going to bitch to me every day about how you want to do something different, and how you need more money, better days off. And since I'm a Team Leader I get the joy to pretend I give a shit, on how shitty, your life is. Then, I'm going to give you shitty advice. You want to know why I'm going to give you shitty advice?

Phil stares at Alex impatiently, eyes bugged out, trembling.

ALEX

(tentatively)
Because *your* life is shitty?

Phil looks like a mad scientist.

PHIL

Exactly! How can I give someone advice on not to have a shitty life when my life is SHITTY!?

With a last effort to save the interview JT tries to cover up Phil's actions.

JT

Well, you did it! You passed the test!

ALEX

Test?

JT

Yeah, the stress test and you nailed it.

ALEX

I did?

JT

It's Phil's turn to be the bad guy, we rotate.

Alex smiles due to his success from the "stress test".

ALEX

That was the craziest test I've ever taken! He looked so serious.

PHIL

I was you fucking moron.

JT kicks Phil underneath the table.

JT

(fake laugh)

We're done with the stress test, you can stop acting like a total idiot.

Phil's face settles down like he came off a high.

PHIL

Well, you passed, you want the job?

ALEX

It's not really how I envisioned it, but I'll take it.

PHIL

We're truly happy to have your dumb ass working here.

ALEX

You're so good at that. I really believe you every time you do it.

JT

(Looking at Phil)

Yeah, sometimes I believe it too.

INT. WORK- DAY

At the hip JT and Phil burst through the interview room door and rush down the hallway.

JT
Hey! You wanna explain.

PHIL
Explain what?

JT
Hm, Well, you called Alex a
"fucking moron"! We can start with
that.

PHIL
I don't know, I was just trying to
help the kid.

JT
Help him? You have a weird way of
helping people.

PHIL
He doesn't want to do this for the
rest of his life. I tried saving
him from this nightmare.

JT
I saved you from a nightmare in
there.

PHIL
This place is like that sticky shit
you see flies get stuck to.

JT and Phil stop in the main entrance of the warehouse. The front desk is empty.

JT
A fly strip?

PHIL
Yeah, that's it! It looks great!
You see everybody hanging out
there, so you want to join the
action, you know, see what's going
on, then...

Phil takes one hand and flies it into the other and makes a splatter noise.

PHIL (CONT'D)
You're stuck!

JT
Shit, you just won employee of the
year!

PHIL
Who gives a shit about employee of
the year?!

JT
Who are you?

PHIL
That's what I'm trying to figure
out.

JT
You need to get laid? Is that it?
Need a girl to give you a good
stroking?

A GIRL in her 20s walks up to the desk that Phil and JT are standing by and sets an application down.

The girl uncomfortably starts walking towards the exit.

JT (CONT'D)
Excuse me. Um, where did you just
come from?

The girl stops and turns around like she got caught sneaking out.

GIRL 1
I was filling out an application
over there.

She points to the waiting room just around the corner, well within hearing distance.

JT
Well, that was our stress test!

GIRL
I'm sorry. I forgot, I'm going to
college.

The girl quickly runs through the doors.

JT

Strike fucking 2! You got me talking about your dick getting stroked in front of people.

A OLDER LADY in her 50's comes around the corner who was also filling out an application. She has a throttlly voice.

OLDER LADY

Everything sounds great. When can I start?

JT throws his arms in the air giving up.

JT

Oh for christ sakes!

INT. WAREHOUSE- AFTERNOON

Phil walks in the restroom and goes to a urinal and starts to relieve himself. His stomach starts to rumble.

Phil gets a sense of urgency and zips up quickly and runs to the toilet. He opens the door and finds Joey on his knees cleaning the toilet. Phil is standing over Joey.

After a couple seconds of staring at each other, Phil squints his face and awkwardly gives Joey a thumbs up while he shrugs his shoulders.

Joey shakes his head.

SAM (O.S.)

Phillip!

Phil leans back to see Sam. Phil walks over to wash his hands.

PHIL

Hey Sam.

SAM

I heard about the interview.

Phil starts stuttering.

PHIL

I'm sorry, I don't know--

SAM

JT said you killed it. He said you really sold him on our culture.

Phil starts rinsing his hands clean.

PHIL
It was all JT. He's really knows
how to improvise.

SAM
Listen, before you leave today I
want you to stop by my office.

PHIL
Sure, no problem.

Sam looks back at Joey as he's walking out of the stall in to
the next, and gives him a quick thumbs up.

SAM
Good job Joey!

As sam leaves the restroom Phil enters the freshly clean
stall.

JOEY (O.S.)
Not cool!

PHIL (O.S.)
Sorry Joey.

Phil starts to destroy Joey's just cleaned toilet.

JOEY (O.S.)
Really not cool!

INT. WAREHOUSE- DAY

TYLER and GRANT, Team Leaders, co-worker's of Phil are
standing in the warehouse next to a flight of stairs.

Tyler is tall, close to 6'6", but a gentle giant. Grant,
Hispanic, 5'5", but if asked, he's 5'9". Very aggressive
with a bad case of little guy syndrome.

Grant looks at his watch.

GRANT
He's going to miss it.

TYLER
Why are you so worried if he's
here?

GRANT
Because Kelly talks to us when he's
here. That's why.

TYLER
Who cares? We do it for the jiggle.

GRANT
There he is!

Phil approaches shaking his head with a smile on his face.

GRANT (CONT'D)
Sup playa? I knew you'd be here.

PHIL
You need to learn to start a
conversation without me.

GRANT
Whaaat, Na playa, I just like
kicking it with my homie.

A bell rings and they turn to the flight of stairs and 3
knockouts start walking down. (slow motion) For each step
they take down the stairs their chests look like they're
smuggling jell-O in their shirts.

Phil picks up a phone and pretends he's talking to somebody.

PHIL
(To Phone)
Yeah, the itching isn't going away,
I need more ointment.

Grant and Tyler make drool puddles while the girls walk by.

Grant looks back at Phil and turns into a jumping jack, fire
cracker.

GRANT
Why! Why!

Phil hangs the phone up.

TYLER
She was wearing the small shirt
today.

GRANT
Why! Why!

Smiling at Grant.

PHIL
Sorry man, but I don't have time
for that shit. I need to talk to
you guys about something.

GRANT
I thought we were homies.

TYLER
Hey, you're too scared to talk to
her anyway.

Grant tries to push Tyler, but he doesn't budge.

GRANT
(To Tyler)
Shut up dawg, always hatin.

TYLER
Why are you talking like that?!
Every time you get mad you turn
into "Gangsta Grant".

GRANT
I'll gangsta yo ass!

TYLER
What?!

Phil intervenes, and gains both of their attention.

PHIL
Hey! I came to you guys for advice,
and this is what I get?

Tyler straightens up.

TYLER
What's up Phil, why didn't you say
so?

Grant steps in front of Tyler

GRANT
Want homie to homie advice?

TYLER
You going to teach him how to
"gangsta" someone's ass?

Grant furiously takes his belt off and slams it to the floor.

GRANT
That's it you fucking pillar!

Grant jumps on Tyler's back and starts to choke him.

Phil sighs and shakes his head.

PHIL
(Shouting)
I cried on the way to work today!

Tyler stops with Grant still attached to his back. Tyler turns towards Phil, and Grant peeks around.

GRANT
Like, tears?

PHIL
No sperm, of course tears! And why did you take your fucking belt off!

Grant slides down Tyler like he's a stripper pole.

GRANT
When you take your belt off--

PHIL
Are you guys happy with how your lives turned out?

Grant and Tyler look at each other.

GRANT
I'm blessed that I have a job homie.

PHIL
That's not what I asked. Are you happy with how your lives turned out?

Tyler stares through Phil.

TYLER
I imagined myself racing in the Kentucky Derby.

PHIL
As a horse jockey?

Phil and Grant look at Tyler and verify his size.

TYLER
Yeah, but if you haven't noticed I have a flaw holding me back.

GRANT
I swear to god if this is a short
joke!

Tyler pulls his glasses out.

TYLER
I have bad eyes.

PHIL/GRANT
Of course. That's what I thought.

PHIL
Grant?

Grant stares in to space.

GRANT
I wanted to be a Pro Wrestler. I
even had a name picked out.

Grant flares his arms out.

GRANT (CONT'D)
"Pound Town", And my catch phrase
would be,
(Demonic)
"I'm taking you to pound town".

TYLER
Yeah, I wouldn't want you taking me
to "pound town".

GRANT
Pretty intimidating, huh? What
about you Phil?

PHIL
I have no idea.

Phil looks to one side of his brain.

PHIL (CONT'D)
I think I know what's happening to
me.

TYLER
What?

PHIL
I think I'm going through a mid-
life crisis.

TYLER

I'm pretty sure people go through that in their 40s. I think you have a few years left.

GRANT

Homie, go buy a Corvette and some Hookers!

PHIL

So, debt and herpes will fix my problem?

Tyler

My wife's dad went through a mid-life crisis and got so depressed he got a sex change.

PHIL

Depressed? You think I'm depressed? Wait, did you say sex change?

TYLER

Yeah, a full sex change.

PHIL

So he just runs around in drag at your family gatherings?

TYLER

No, 2 weeks after the operation he blew his brains out.

GRANT

(At Phil)

Debt and herpes?

(Then)

There's always the "EAP", employee assistant program? It's free.

PHIL

Oh yeah! Wait, they're going to send me to a shrink!

TYLER

It wouldn't hurt.

GRANT

A sex change and herpes would.

PHIL

I'm calling the "EAP". You guys are so helpful. I'm going to lunch. See you love birds later.

INT. CAR- PARK- DAY

Phil, sobbing, sitting in his car eating his "drive thru lunch" while watching people at the park. There are snotty tissues all over the front seat of the car.

Phil's phone rings. He brushes away a couple more tears with a tissue before he answers.

PHIL
(To phone)
Yeah, I'm here.

PHIL (CONT'D)
(To phone)
You can get me in today? That's great. 5:00, got it. Thanks so much.

Phil hangs the phone up and pumps his fist.

PHIL (CONT'D)
Yes!
(Then)
I can't believe I'm getting excited to see a counselor.

Phil picks up his large drink and spills it on his lap.

PHIL (CONT'D)
shit! shit! Shit! Fuck!

Phil grabs tissue and frantically scrubs at his crotch, as the tissue disintegrates in his hand. In a panic looking for a solution he finds sweats sitting in the back seat.

Phil quickly looks in all directions to make sure the coast is clear, then he starts taking his pants down.

PHIL (CONT'D)
Holy shit that's cold!

A police OFFICER taps on his window with his soaked pants to his knees.

Phil looks behind him and sees 2 cop cars.

PHIL (CONT'D)
What? I looked before! How did you?

Phil rolls his window down.

OFFICER 1
You having fun?

PHIL
I'm trying to change. I spilled my
drink all over me.

The cop looks at Phil's pants and the tissue.

OFFICER 1
(Into walkie talkie)
We got another one, and this one's
pretty bad.

Phil sees a group of women shaking their head pointing at his car. He turns quickly and sees the massive amount of balled up tissue. He looks at his pants down to his knees. He immediately looks at the officer.

FLASH BACK:

EXT. PARK- WOMAN'S P.O.V- PHIL'S CAR

A woman in her 30s walking with her young child glances over at Phil's car and thinks he's pleasuring himself from the rapid wiping. She shields her daughter and runs off in the other direction.

WOMAN
This worlds gone to shit!

You see 2 cop cars pull up.

BACK TO PRESENT

PHIL
Wait! No! I wasn't doing that! I've
been crying! I swear!

OFFICER 1
You always pull your pants down
when you cry?

PHIL
Listen! I spilled my drink on my
lap. I was trying to change real
quick! You gotta believe me!

The officer grabs one of the tissues and takes a whiff of it.

Another OFFICER walks up to the car.

OFFICER 1
(To officer 2)
Not our guy.

Officer 2 looks in the car.

OFFICER 2
Sure looks like our guy.

Officer 1 holds the tissue up.

OFFICER 1
It's tears and snot.

Officer 2 takes the tissue from him and sniffs it.

PHIL
(to himself)
What the fuck is wrong with these
guys?

A lady points to a man running while pulling his pants up.

LADY
(Yelling)
There he is.

The cops run after the man.

PHIL
What just happened!

INT. COUNSELORS- WAITING ROOM- DAY

Phil's sitting in the waiting room observing his surroundings when he notices a WOMAN get up and grab a magazine off the end table. She's dressed like a executive and is very, very, well put together.

PHIL
Why is she here?

Phil notices some magazines sitting in a chair next her.

PHIL (CONT'D)
Perfect.

Phil walks over to the chair and picks one of the magazines up.

PHIL (CONT'D)
Are you done with this?

She looks at the magazine and smiles at Phil.

GIRL
Are you having troubles with that?

PHIL
Excuse me?

GIRL
The magazine, is that why you're here?

Phil looks at the magazine cover. It has a towel folded up with a bottle of lotion on top of it. In the back ground is a computer screen. The title reads "Masturbation IS Addicting".

Phil's face get's red.

PHIL
What. No. Not again!

GIRL
Page 20 has a good article on it.

PHIL
I'll make a mental note.

A YOUNG MAN in his 20's, dirty, walks up. He looks like he's having withdraws.

YOUNG MAN
Either of you have a cigarette?

PHIL
Don't smoke.

Holds the magazine up.

PHIL (CONT'D)
My addiction.

The Young Man points at the magazine

YOUNG MAN
Can I see that for a second?

Phil hands him the magazine.

PHIL
Take it. Page 20 has a good read.

YOUNG MAN
I've already read it. I just forgot the lotion coupons.

The man rips through sticky pages. Phil makes disgusted faces realizing the mileage on the magazine. He tosses the magazine back in Phil's chest.

YOUNG MAN (CONT'D)

Thanks man!

The young man walks off asking other people for a cigarette.

TANK (O.S.)

Phil! What are you doing here?

Phil turns around and sees "TANK". He also works for "Snack&Gas". He's the size of the "Michelin Man".

PHIL

(disappointed)

Great.

GIRL

You're pretty popular.

Tank walks up to Phil and the Woman.

TANK

What is the employee of the year doing here?

Tank notices the magazine in Phil's hand.

TANK (CONT'D)

Oh, shit! You're a compulsive masturbator.

Tank evaluates Phil for a second then nods his head up and down.

TANK (CONT'D)

I can see it.

PHIL

What! No! I'm not here because of that.

The Young Man approaches again and taps on Phil's shoulder.

YOUNG MAN

Hey dude, I feel bad for taking all the lotion coupons. Here, have a couple.

Phil has steam coming out of his ears and starts to tremble.

PHIL
 (yelling)
 I'm fucking depressed, OK! I don't
 sit around playing with my dick all
 day at the park!

Camera shows a older lady with her children cuddled up like
 it's a bank robbery. "Tank" and the "Young Man" backpedal to
 their seat.

PHIL (CONT'D)
 (To everybody, smiling)
 Metaphorically speaking, you know,
 because I have other things to do
 besides--

The Girl smiles at Phil, and taps on the seat next to her.

GIRL
 Sit down. I'm Trish.

Phil sits down and stares across the room.

PHIL
 How embarrassing.

The counselor walks out, 50ish, grey hair.

COUNSELOR
 Phil Majors?

PHIL
 (To Trish)
 That's me, I'm Phil.

TRISH
 You wanna know why I'm here, don't
 you?

PHIL
 Well, I mean, you don't have to,
 but --

Trish hands Phil a card with her number on it.

TRISH
 Call me and find out.

PHIL
 Are you always interested in
 depressed, compulsive masturbators?

TRISH

You're funny. You better go, he hates waiting.

COUNSELOR

Phil Majors? Depression.

Phil looks at the counselor.

PHIL

Really?

INT. COUNSELORS OFFICE- DAY

It's your typical office. Phil sits on one side of the table and the counselor sits on his throne on the other side.

PHIL

That's when I woke up to my dogs taking advantage of me.

COUNSELOR

That's interesting.

PHIL

You think it was a sign?

COUNSELOR

No, dogs will latch on to anything if the time is right.

PHIL

What? No! Is my mother trying to tell me something?

COUNSELOR

It could be, or maybe, it's you trying to tell yourself something.

PHIL

Like what?

COUNSELOR

Do you get any satisfaction out of your job?

PHIL

I got employee of the year, and I hate it.

COUNSELOR

I take that as a no. Any activities outside of work?

PHIL
I don't have time. I apparently
work 70 hours a week.

COUNSELOR
If you were lying on your death bed
right now, would you be fulfilled?

PHIL
Fulfilled? What's that?

COUNSELOR
It's your dreams, it's your
passions, it's exploring, it's
getting off your ass and living.

PHIL
Huh?

COUNSELOR
That's what your mother or you was
trying to tell you. I would listen
or you'll be saying the same thing.

PHIL
I can't go like that! How do I find
my passion?! What's my dreams?!

COUNSELOR
I can't tell you that. Go explore!
Look for it! Try things.

PHIL
I don't have time!

The counselor starts writing on paper.

COUNSELOR
I'm putting you on FMLA. That
should give you about 70 days a
year you can miss.

PHIL
That's right! I'm salary, so I'll
still get paid!

COUNSELOR
Bingo! Now go find your passion!

PHIL
I feel refueled, like, like I have--

COUNSELOR
A purpose? A goal in life?

PHIL
Yeah! So what's your passion?

COUNSELOR
This right here. Helping people.
This is how I get fulfilled.

PHIL
I see. Off topic, you really need
to upgrade your magazines.

The counselor tilts his head like a dog and looks at Phil with a confused face.

INT. WAREHOUSE- DUSK

Phil enters warehouse. He's greeted by the night shift Team Leader.

PHIL
Hey Laura, by any chance is Sam
still here?

LAURA
No, he left a few minutes ago. Why,
everything OK?

PHIL
I hope so. I was supposed to see
him before I left.

LAURA
It can't be bad, "Employee of The
Year".

PHIL
Yeah, yeah, I know. Well, I spend
enough time here so I'm gonna jet.

It starts pouring down rain as Phil runs to his car.

INT. CAR- WORK PARKING LOT- DUSK

Phil's vision is blocked by the rain. He turns the wipers on and a GIRL appears out his front window. She is sitting, trying to shield herself from the rain. Phil then notices the two car seats.

Phil stares at her from his car.

PHIL
Screw it!

He pulls up next to her.

PHIL (CONT'D)
You know it's raining?

GIRL
What?

PHIL
You need a ride?

GIRL
Oh no, I'll be fine. Thanks anyway.

PHIL
Come on, let me give you a ride.
You're getting soaked!

GIRL
I'll be fine!

Phil gets out of his car and sprints to her. He puts his hand out to help her up.

PHIL
How can you turn down a ride from
the employee of the year?

She looks Phil up and down.

GIRL
Oh yeah, I remember you from the
picnic. You sure? I live in
Raytown?

PHIL
Come on, let's go!

Phil picks up her car seats and puts them in his backseat.

PHIL (CONT'D)
Am I just taking your car seats to
Raytown?

Surrendering, she gradually gets up.

GIRL
OK, I suppose.

INT. CAR- NIGHT- RAINING

PHIL
I'm Phil.

GIRL
Rebecca.

PHIL
You got a last name Rebecca?

REBECCA
Glass.

PHIL
Nice little drive to make everyday
"Rebecca Glass".

REBECCA
I can give you gas money when I get
paid!

PHIL
No! You don't have to give me
anything. I asked you.

REBECCA
Are you sure? I really do
appreciate it.

They take off down the road.

PHIL
You having car troubles or
something?

REBECCA
Yeah, you can say that.

PHIL
Do you always take your car seats
to work with you?

She gets emotionally upset.

REBECCA
I didn't ask to get interrogated.
You know what, let me out!

PHIL
I'm sorry! I didn't mean anything
by it. Listen, I saw what happened
today.

She starts breaking down, crying, totally losing it.

REBECCA
That low life asshole!

PHIL
I wouldn't think it's personal.

REBECCA
Not the repo man! I'm talking about
the piece of shit father my kids
have!

PHIL
What'd he do?

REBECCA
It's what he didn't do. He never
made the car payments like he said
he was.

PHIL
Aw, man, that's horrible. Are you
gonna get it back?

She turns in her seat to face Phil.

Tears roll down her cheek, while she screams with anger.

REBECCA
(Sniffling)
It's 6 months behind! I don't have
that kind of money! It's gone!
Fucking gone!

PHIL
Maybe he'll help you get it back?

REBECCA
Do you really think he cares!? In
case you haven't noticed, I've been
sitting outside for the last 3
hours!

PHIL
I feel sorry for him when you get
home.

She looks like Phil ripped her heart out of her chest. You
see Rebecca's body deflate.

REBECCA
He's gone. It's been a week since
I've heard from him. He's not
coming back.

PHIL
I'm so sorry. How old are your
children, and who's watching them?

REBECCA
 4 year old girl and 5 year
 old boy. My sisters
 watching them. (Pointing)
 Can you stop at the gas station. I
 need to use the bathroom.

PHIL
 Yeah, sure.

Phil pulls in the gas station and Rebecca runs in. Phil pulls
 his phone out and starts to text.

INT. CAR- NIGHT- 10 MINUTES LATER

Phil pulls in a Movie Theater parking lot.

REBECCA
 What are you doing? Oh, great, I'm
 getting raped and my car
 repossessed in the same day.

PHIL
 I'm not going to rape you.

Phil reaches over to get in the glove box and she jumps back
 in her seat.

REBECCA
 Oh, god, please don't kill me!

PHIL
 With what, paper cuts?

Phil signs the title of his car over to her. Pulls the keys
 out of the ignition.

PHIL (CONT'D)
 Here, take it.

REBECCA
 What?! Are you crazy?!

PHIL
 I did see a counselor today.

REBECCA
 I can't take your car.

PHIL
 Why not?

REBECCA
Because it's your car!

PHIL
No it's not.

Phil points to the back of his title

PHIL (CONT'D)
Your car.

REBECCA
Why are you doing this?

PHIL
I'm not sure, but it feels right.
You need it more than me. Look,
your car seats fit perfectly.

A car pulls up next to them.

PHIL (CONT'D)
Welp, my ride's here, I gotta go.

Phil steps out of the car.

REBECCA
Wait!

Rebecca jumps out and runs up to Phil. They're both getting drenched.

PHIL
Yeah?

REBECCA
Well, I don't know, this is so
bizarre. It's crazy!

PHIL
I know, but doesn't it feel good?
Thanks for helping me.

REBECCA
What?! Help you?

Phil walks next to the car that pulled up.

PHIL
Oh, by the way, the seat may be a
little sticky.

Phil smiles at Rebecca and jumps in the car.

REBECCA

What does that mean?! Is that why there's all those tissues?!

INT. JT'S CAR- NIGHT- RAINING

Phil's still soaked, but full of energy like he's on a new drug.

PHIL

Thanks a bunch! Nice Pajamas man!

Phil's car pulls off.

JT

Who was that and where's your car going?

PHIL

It's not my car.

JT

Dude, you're out of control today.

PHIL

That's Rebecca's car.

JT

Who's Rebecca?!

PHIL

That girl who got her car repossessed.

JT

You sold it to her?!

PHIL

(Laughing)

She can't afford to buy a car. I gave it to her.

JT starts driving.

JT

Have you lost your mind?!

PHIL

I think I found it! I need to get a new car tomorrow. Can you give me a ride?

JT

You know I'm always here to help,
but, I'm worried.

PHIL

Don't be, I'll get a good deal.

JT

Damn it, stop doing that, you know
what I mean!

PHIL

You know what, I love cooking.
Maybe I'll be a chef. Go on one of
those competition shows.

JT

What!?

PHIL

Wait, wait, Maybe I can be a
reporter! That would be so cool!

JT

What did you guys smoke?

PHIL

Oh shit, I always wanted to be an
actor. Remember that play we did in
high school?

JT

This isn't High School. You can't
just start acting. You have to know
people. And what's wrong with you?

PHIL

We'll meet people then! And don't
worry, I'm taking you with me.

JT pulls over.

JT

Seriously, tell me what's going on.
And where are you taking me?

PHIL

I don't know yet! It's going to be
a lot of trial and error, but we'll
find it.

JT

Find what? A new job?

PHIL

We can't, yet. We still have bills to pay.

JT

What's this WE business, and when will you have time for this fantasy?

PHIL

I got FMLA. I advise you to get depressed also.

JT

What for?! What's the purpose?! What happened to you, just say it! I'm done trying to figure you out!

Phil calms down a little.

PHIL

Let me ask you a question. What's your passion?

JT

My passion? My family I guess. I'd have to think about it. I know buying people cars isn't on the list!

PHIL

I'm getting rid of the old and on with the new. And she really needed a boost, like me.

Phil calms down and gets straight faced and looks JT in the eyes.

PHIL (CONT'D)

When we're lying on our death beds we can tell our children to follow their dreams, and stay true to themselves, and we're glad we DID! No regrets!

JT nodes his head up and down and smiles at Phil.

JT

OK Phil, we'll talk more about it tomorrow. Let's get you home.

PHIL

Yes! Tomorrow, we figure out what we'll be trying first. I have some research to do.

Shows JT and Phil driving off.

JT (O.S.)

A NFL scout would be pretty cool.

PHIL (O.S.)

Nice call! That sounds awesome.
What if we could--

Life-inspirational music starts playing.

EXT. REBECCA'S DRIVE WAY- NIGHT

Rebecca pulls in her drive way and 2 toddlers run out to greet her. They inspect the new car with excitement. She picks one up and swings her around, and they go inside the house.

INT. JT'S CAR- NIGHT-RAINING

Phil's smiling watching the rain pelt against his window.

FADE OUT.