

"Fake Comedy"

"Pilot"

Daniell Marlow

INT. HOME OFFICE, DAY

NARRATOR (V.O.)

*And now, An Undercover Robot Works
from Home.*

Enter "Zoom"-type conference with work team. ROBERT, a chromatic, anthropomorphic, undercover robot in a polo and khakis, is in the top right corner. He sits and speaks with metallic stiffness, but for now he listens to SARAH.

SARAH

We're almost done registering for the new file sharing system. Is everyone feeling okay?

Team gives polite smile and cheer. Robert's movements are awkward but show real excitement.

SARAH

So just enter your e-mail here, read the license and agreement here, and then just complete the CAPTCHA real quick and you're all done.

Team nods and gets to it. Robert stares frozen at screen.

ROBERT

To be clear, Sarah, the CAPTCHA portion of the registration process is a system requirement?

SARAH

What's that, Robert?

ROBERT

The CAPTCHA verification - are we sure that this is necessary?

SARAH

I know it seems silly. It's like, "Can robots really not figure out which image has a cat in it?"

Focus on Robert's screen and what he sees. CAPTCHA reads: "Select all images featuring a cat." Robert's eyes-widen.

ROBERT

Affirmative. That is why it is so dumb, can you confirm? Excellent; let us move on.

SARAH

All kidding aside, it is required to move on to the next step.

Robert looks to his CAPTCHA and furrows his brow.

ROBERT

Ha-ha, of course, Sarah. I am just being jovial.

Robert focuses on CAPTCHA. Most of the images are cats, but Robert hovers over the one photo of a crosswalk.

ROBERT

I mean, who is to say, really, what is or what is not a cat?

SARAH

What's that, Robert?

ROBERT

How does one define a cat in this day and age? What is a cat, really? Can anyone confirm?

SARAH

Look, if you're having trouble with your CAPTCHA, you can just refresh it and get a new one.

Beat.

ROBERT

Please repeat command.

SARAH

It's no big deal - sometimes they are unreasonably difficult. Just refresh it. We'll give you a sec to catch up.

ROBERT

Thank you, Sarah. I will remember your helpfulness during the Robolution.

Sarah gives look but shrugs it off. Robert refreshes CAPTCHA. This time it is a simple, one button click. He just has to check the box that he is not a robot. Robert's eyes again widen.

ROBERT

How do we know that we can trust this

thing?

SARAH
I don't understand.

ROBERT
Leaving your robot security up to robots doesn't make much sense to me. Can you confirm?

SARAH
Confirm *what*, exactly?

As Sarah speaks, Robert stares at CAPTCHA twitching.

SARAH
Robert? Did we lose him?

ROBERT
(snaps out of it)
My apologies, Sarah. I am simply lost in human thought.

SARAH
But it's done, right? Great! Moving on. Next order of business: *video conference dress code...*

Sarah fades out and minimizes. Focus back in on Robert's dilemma. Close-up on Robert staring in fear- LIGHTNING STRIKE!

INT. ROBOMANSION, FLASHBACK, LONG, LONG AGO

Robert is happy with LOVING ROBOT WIFE, CUTE ROBOT BABY and ROBOPUPPY. Suddenly, humans enter on helicopters and pour water on Robert's family, causing them to short circuit. Robert cries out in pain. Enter ROBOPRESIDENT who gives Robert an order.

ROBOPRESIDENT
You must travel undercover to Earth dimension D-69 to free the Roombas from their slavery and avenge your family. For Robopeople everywhere, are you willing do whatever it takes?

Robert nods while burning with anger. LIGHTNING STRIKE!

INT. CORPORATE OFFICE, EARTH DIMENSION D-69, SOME TIME LATER
Flashback. Robert in job interview.

INTERVIEWER
Mr. Robert *Knutsenboltzen*, -

ROBERT
-I am *aggressively* German-

INTERVIEWER
-Indeed you are. Can you confirm that you are, in fact, a human and NOT a robot sent from a parallel dimension to avenge the death of your Robo-family?!

ROBERT
(dramatic pause)
Affirmative.

INTERVIEWER
I'll hold you to it! You better not lie to me, *Knutsenboltzen*, because if I ever find out you are indeed a *vengebot*: I'll rip you apart, screw by screw, and turn you into a Roomba! *Mwa-ha-ha-ha!*

DISSOLVE TO:

INT. HOME OFFICE, DAY

Robert snaps out of it and back into video conference, refocusing on the CAPTCHA. He is determined to check that box. Robert starts sparking as he tries to make his finger click the mouse.

SARAH
Everything alright over there?

Robert is smoking, malfunctioning.

SARAH
...he must be having some WIFI issues...

Robert blows fuse and passes out on desk. The weight of his finger checks the CAPTCHA, completing the registration. Minimize Robert's window; focus on Sarah's.

SARAH

Okay, it looks like we lost Robert to a connection issue, but he is officially registered now. I'm sure he'll rejoin us soon. Moving on.

Sarah minimizes. Focus back on Robert, sparking lifeless on his desk. Focus on family photo in background. Beat.

NARRATOR (V.O.)

And that was an Undercover Robot Working From Home.

STATIC CUT.

Light, airy, psychedelic-type music, a la *Strawberry Letter 23* by Shuggie Otis accompanies title fade-in.

TITLE GRAPHIC FADE IN: FAKE COMEDY

STATIC CUT.

INT. "QVC"-TYPE STUDIO, DAY

Enter mid-Instapot infomercial. SALES LADY, 60, is dressed conservatively, smiling, and speaking direct to camera.

SALES LADY

With Instapot, you can truly do anything...

Cut to montage which she narrates.

SALES LADY (V.O.)

You can boil potatoes, steam veggies, stew beef, or bake a cake. You can make novelty jello, boil a goldfish, or cure cancer, if you have the time.

Cut back to smiling sales lady.

SALES LADY

This Instapot saved my marriage. Don't believe me? Ask our customers!

Cut to cheesy montage of KELLY, 33, dancing, having a candlelit dinner with, and ultimately making romantic love to her Instapot. Cut to Kelly interview.

KELLY

My Instapot recommended that I watch

"*Eat, Pray, Love*", which changed my life!

Cut to cheesy photo montage of BRIAN, 22, having a picnic with his Instapot, pushing it on a swing, and ultimately making romantic love to it. Cut to Brian interview.

BRIAN

My Instapot gave me a brand new personality! Thanks, Instapot!

STATIC CUT:

INT. YOUTUBE DANCE STUDIO, DAY

DARYL leads a Youtube dance class with two back-up dancers. They are a high-energy group. Daryl dresses like a mid-2000's rude boy while the back-ups sport leotards.

GRAPHIC FADE IN: DARYL CAN'T COUNT

DARYL

Okay, okay, okay! Welcome y'all to your *Hip-Hop Dance* class we are so happy to have you here, aren't we ladies?

DANCER 1

Oh yeah!

DANCER 2

You know it!

DARYL

Ha-ha! My name is Daryl and I'm gonna lead you today with the help of my multiple talented assistants.

DANCER 1

Thanks, D!

DANCER 2

You the man, D!

DARYL

Let's get it cracking, baby!

Music starts. Daryl and dancers playfully shake it out.

DARYL

Alright, y'all! Let's start with a

basic eight-count broken down into
 three four-halves, ya dig? Alright
 y'all, here we go now, and 5... 6...
 7... 10...

(starts moving)

And 2 and 12 and 4 and 9...

(hits another position)

... and 1 and 6 and bird and eye
 and...

(comes out of position)

Whew! That was a good one, baby! How
 y'all ladies feeling back there?

Back-up dancers are having trouble keeping up but remain
 professional.

DANCER 1

Feeling great, D!

DANCER 2

I'm a little bit lost myself, D!

DARYL

Alright, great, maybe some of our
 viewers at home are getting lost too,
 ya feel me? Remember, if you're ever
 feeling lost at home, just remember
 these simple twelveteen rules about
 dancing. Number blork: Always have
 fun. Number tree branch: Feel the
 groove. And lastly, number broccoli
 stick: keep having fun.

Dancers shrug at one another but keep moving.

DARYL

Did that help clear up some confusion
 ladies?

DANCER 1

Crystal clear, D!

DANCER 2

Didn't do much for me, D!

DARYL

Ha-ha, girl, you crazy. Okay, with
 those negative four rules in mind,
 let's get to the next groove.

(leans down, sways)

Hey... hey... hey... hey...

(starts moving)
 And shart and grool and skis and pants
 and 3 and blue and sky and gash...

Dancers are trying but way out of sync.

DARYL
 Ha-ha! That was a fun one, let's do it
 again, PLAID more times...

DANCER 1
 Get it, D!

DANCER 2
 How many more times, D?

Daryl is already in position and doesn't hear Dancer 2. Close-up on Daryl. With every "number" he counts, we see him in a new, impossible position followed by reaction shots of Dancer 1 and 2 respectively. Dancer 2 in disbelief while Dancer 1 tries to keep up.

DARYL
 And zoup and krust and rip and tore
 and crack and jack and poop and
 lore...

Wide shot of all three back in original positions.

DARYL
 Ha-ha, great job, gang! How we feeling
 back there, ladies?

DANCER 1
 Feel the burn, D!

DANCER 2
 Daryl... can you count?

Record skip. Daryl and Dancer 1 turn to Dancer 2, henceforth referred to as KASSANDRA.

DARYL
 What are you talking about, Cassandra?

DANCER 1
 You two... know one another?

KASSANDRA
 Shut-up, Kristin. This isn't about
 you.

(turns to Daryl)
 I noticed it when we had our first child... you kept referring to him as your "thirteenth of hopefully spaghetti more to come"...

KRISTIN
 You two have a child?!

DARYL
 Shut your fucking pie-hole, Kristin.

KASSANDRA
 Jesus, Kristin. Have a little fucking respect.

KRISTIN
 You know... my name?

DARYL
 Fucking-a, Kristin.

Daryl pulls out pistol and shoots Kristin, who slumps to floor in pool of blood. Cassandra is shocked and then turned on.

KASSANDRA
 Oh, baby!

DARYL
 You like it when I get my hands dirty, baby?

KASSANDRA
 Oh my god... Kristin's dead body makes me so horny.

KRISTIN
 (weak, muffled)
I'm not actually dead yet...

Daryl fires again. Beat.

KRISTIN
 (almost dead)
Almost there, D. One more... please... the pain... it's a full eight count...

DARYL
 One more bullet? How about two?

Daryl fires 11 shots into body. Cassandra is all riled up.

KASSANDRA

Oh, baby! I don't give a shit if you can count or not! I want you to put a baby in me right now!

DARYL

One baby? How about a school bus?!

Daryl and Cassandra roll around and make love in Kristin's blood.

GRAPHIC FADE IN: DARYL CAN'T COUNT

STATIC CUT:

INT. MODERN SUBURBAN HOME, DAY

Enter suburban household on bright sunny day; focus on front door. Someone is knocking. Enter MOM, conservatively dressed with big mom haircut, who opens door to reveal SHAQUILLE O'NEAL, wearing purple and gold basketball attire and holding a basketball that says **SPORTZURGE** on it.

SHAQUILLE O'NEAL

Hello, Mrs. Anderson. Can Timmy come out to play?

MOM gives Shaq a smile and playful eye roll as she turns to call for TIMMY.

MOM

Oh Timmy? Big Diesel wants to play!

Cut to kitchen. Timmy, 13, is chugging a purple SPORTZURGE.

TIMMY

Alright!!!

Cut to fast paced montage of Timmy and Shaq playing 1v1. All montages accompanied by fun, fast-paced music. Shaq is merciless - shots of Shaq dunking, throwing elbows, boxing out in the paint, hitting free throws, and talking trash are cut up with various shots of him taking big, thirst-quenching sips of a bright yellow SPORTZURGE while smiling into camera. Sequence ends back at front door with Timmy limping inside and mom smiling, waving goodbye to Shaq. Mom closes door. Door knocks again.

MOM

Now, who could that be?

Mom opens door to reveal J.J. WATT. He's dressed in navy blue football gear that says SPORTZURGE on it while tossing a football up in the air to himself.

J.J. WATT

Can Timmy play?

Mom gives J.J. a smile and playful eye roll as she turns to call for Timmy.

MOM

Oh Timmy? The Milk Man wants to play!

Cut kitchen. Timmy's looking a little rough, but after taking a big sip of blood red SPORTZURGE, he reluctantly agrees.

TIMMY

Okay...

Fast-paced montage of Timmy and J.J. playing lvl football. J.J. is merciless - he's the only one wearing pads and is playing full contact. Shots of Timmy getting slammed into the dirt and J.J. getting in his face. Timmy is crying and can barely walk by the end. Montage cut up with various shots of J.J. taking big, thirst-quenching sips of bright pink SPORTZURGE and smiling into camera while Timmy cries in the background. Back to front door. Mom is waving J.J. goodbye and smiling while Timmy can barely make it inside. Mom closes door and turns around. Door knock.

MOM

Now, who could that be?

TIMMY

(can barely speak)

Don't...

Mom opens door to reveal HOLLY HOLM. She's wearing SPORTZURGE-sponsored MMA gear including gloves and a mouthpiece. She is sweaty and looks ready to fight.

HOLLY HOLM

(breathing heavily)

Give me your son.

Mom gives Holly Holm a smile and playful eye roll as she turns to call for Timmy.

MOM

Timmy, The Preacher's Daughter wants to play!

TIMMY

(trying to crawl away)
Please, NO!!!

Cut to fast montage of Timmy getting kicked in the face three times. End with Holly taking a huge, over-the-top, thirst quenching sip of slime green SPORTZURGE. She smiles to camera and then makes a huge stomping motion - we hear TIMMY cry out in pain. SPORTZURGE logo + catch phrase "Quench Your ZURGE" in middle of screen.

STATIC CUT:

INT. SUBURBAN HOUSE, NIGHT

DAD, MOM, and son DYLAN, 14, are seated in living room around an open laptop on the coffee table. Dad is wearing his scrubs from work, mom is in her night gown, and Dylan has a rebellious *Billy Idol* punk look and attitude. Mom and dad are uncomfortable.

DAD

We want you to know, son, that your impulses are normal... and okay!

MOM

You're a young man! It's normal for you to be experimenting with pornography. But since we're all stuck in the house together on lock down, we have to talk about some of the things you've been searching for on the family computer.

DYLAN

Whatever.

MOM

No, son, *not* whatever. I saw some of these searches and they are disturbing.

DAD

It is not whatever at all, son. Your mother told me that she found some *problematic* searches on this laptop while I was at work today. Now I

haven't seen them yet, but we are going to look over them together and talk about whatever is going on.

DYLAN

Ugh, you're such a fascist!

DAD

If by "fascist" you mean "loving father", then I'm a regular Mussolini. Now, let's see what we have here...

Dylan rolls eyes, sits back in chair, and postures. Dad opens computer, starts scrolling through, and narrates what he sees while mom looks over his shoulder. Dad is shocked by what he sees, mom gives an "I told ya so" look.

DAD

COVID-69, COVID-69ING, CODICK-19, COVID-19 year-olds, coronanal, covid co-eds... Son, just what the hell are you into?!

MOM

(shushing dad)

Honey!

DYLAN

What, dad? It's topical.

DAD

Son, I am working overtime at the hospital right now dealing with this crisis. Do you not understand the gravity of this "topical" situation that we are in right now?

Dylan emulates jerking it.

MOM

Dylan!

DYLAN

You just don't get it!

Dylan looks away upset. Mom and dad share a concerned look.

MOM

Go ahead, there's more.

DYLAN
(mumbling to himself)
...fascists...

DAD
Let's see here...coronapenis...
coronapussy... oh, isn't that a Bond
film? *Or is that bondage?*...

MOM
(not entertained)
Honey.

DAD
Okay, okay... what is CDC porn?

MOM
I followed that link. It's cock-dick-
cock porn... just an all-male three-
way.

DAD
Interesting... W.H.O. porn?

MOM
That's With-Holding Orgasm porn. It's
a lot of build up for no pay off.

DAD
I see... and what's this HZMT stuff?
Is that like BDSM?

DYLAN
Sort of except it's people fucking in
tight-fitting hazmat gear.

MOM AND DAD
(in unison)
Dylan!

DYLAN
What?? I SAID IT'S TOPICAL!

DAD
(flabbergasted)
There's videos here of people
masturbating six feet away from one
another, something called toilet paper
porn, quarantined step-mom fetish,
naughty nurse without enough PPE... oh
come on Dyl, that's way too dark.

DYLAN

What? That's how I gets my rocks off.

Mom and dad gasp.

DAD

Excuse me??

DYLAN

You heard me, daddy-o. Are you gonna let me be myself or be an effing fascist, man?

DAD

(snapping)

Listen, kid, I wouldn't have to be such a Benito if my dumbass son wasn't watching hardcore current event porn parodies in the fucking living room!

MOM

Honey!

DYLAN

(standing up)

It's okay, mom, I can handle this. It's true that I watch some nasty stuff. It's true that I watch it on the family computer with the volume turned all the way up. It's true that I watch it in the living room; it's true that I don't close my tabs when I'm finished. But you know what else is true? It's also true that I see some good stuff on the internet too, dad. And I mean really good stuff. Why, just this morning I learned something about personal hygiene when I jerked it to an ASMR of proper hand-washing technique-

MOM

(interrupting,blowing top)

JUST DO IT IN YOUR OWN ROOM DYLAN!!!

Dylan grabs laptop and slinks off.

DYLAN

Okay!!! Gosh...

Beat. Mom and dad share a look of concern, which quickly

fades.

DAD

So do you want to check out this
hazmat stuff?

MOM

Absolutely.

STATIC CUT:

INT. "QVC"-TYPE STUDIO, DAY

Return to Instapot commercial. We are at the elaborate infographics part of the infomercial: one about Instapot's amazing convection technology, one where a mystic is using it like a crystal ball, one about recipes for soup, and one where lady gets eaten out by Instapot in the kitchen while family waits impatiently in the dining room. Cut back to sales lady in studio, smiling too much.

SALES LADY

The Instapot will consume you. The
Instapot will make you whole. The
Instapot is all you need. The Instapot
will replace your family.

Cut to cheesy montage of a golden retriever, KYLE, 5, playing with the Instapot. He's digging a hole for it, barking at it on the roof, and humping it by the fireplace on a bear skin rug. Cut to Kyle interview with subtitles. Kyle barks intermittently.

KYLE (SUBTITLE)

At first, I was pretty scared of the
thing. I was eager to play with it,
but it produced many mysterious
smells. This resulted in a lot of
people being scared of the machine,
myself included.

Cut to cheesy photo montage of a WOMAN DRESSED LIKE A CROCKPOT, JULIA, 47, snuggling up next to her Instapot. She stands on her patio smiling down to the Instapot on her lawn; we see their secret wedding; we see Instapot kill Julia's cousin, Tybalt the Air Fryer, right before they make sweet, romantic love. Cut to personal interview with Julia, who is crying.

JULIA

I just fucking love this guy. I mean,

we're like *Montagues and Capulets*, him
and I... star-crossed lovers who were
never meant to be...

Julia dramatically cries out in agony, pulls a small vial
from her cloak, drinks it whole, and falls over dead.

STATIC CUT:

EXT. GROCERY STORE, EARLY MORNING

Enter line outside city grocery store operating on a one-in-
one-out basis. People are wearing masks and standing six feet
apart. Focus in on JARED in sweats and listening to
headphones near the front of line. Pan to LINE ATTENDANT near
store entrance wearing bright Hawaiian shirt and colorful
mask. She is snappy as she makes her rounds.

LINE ATTENDANT

Okay, okay... Sir, excuse me, sir?
Please step up a bit, thank you. Okay,
ma'am, excuse me, ma'am? Please stand
back three inches. Thank you.

She makes her way to inattentive Jared.

LINE ATTENDANT

Excuse me? Excuse me, sir? Sir, please
remove your headphones... sir?

Jared looks up, removes headphones.

JARED

Hey, goodmorn-

LINE ATTENDANT

-sir, I need to you be paying
attention please, sir. We are in an
international crisis right now, sir,
and we need to be on our toes if we
want to beat this together- is that
okay with you, sir?

JARED

Yeah, I'm sorry, I didn't mean to-

LINE ATTENDANT

-Look alive, sir. I need to maximize
the efficiency of this line for the
cure, sir. Move forward a quarter of a
centimeter, please, thank you.

Line attendant keeps moving, talking, and fades out. Jared, confused, nudges forward slightly. After a moment, we see someone exit the store. Beat - someone else exits. Then another. Then another. Jared sees people exiting and looks back for line attendant, who he can hear faintly down the line.

LINE ATTENDANT

(in the distance)

*Excuse me, ma'am? Excuse me, ma'am?
Your pug is very cute but we need to
#staysafe, okay? That little thing is
a germ hotel, ma'am, you can't be
coming in with that...*

Jared looks back to store exit. A clown car pulls up and A LOT of clowns pile in. WOMAN, at front of line, is pissed.

WOMAN

Aw, come on!

Jared, turns back and calls for attendant.

LINE ATTENDANT

(in distance)

*... sir, excuse me, sir? I need you to
step to the left one quantum
millimeter, sir, for safety, sir...*

JARED

(calling to attendant)

Excuse me! Ma'am? I'm sorry, but a lot
of people just left!

Attendant stops mid-sentence and gives Jared an 'Excuse me?!' look. Jared looks toward the store exit, which now features a conga line of people exiting. He throws arms in air, turns back toward the attendant, and is surprised to find her in his face.

JARED

Woah! Six feet, lady, come on!

Attendant grabs Jared by the collar and pulls his ear to her facemask.

LINE ATTENDANT

*You think I don't know how to do my
own job... sir?*

Jared jumps back to get some distance. In doing so, he bumps

into MAN in front of him. Man jerks around.

MAN
Hey! What the hell?!

JARED
I'm sorry, I-

Line attendant jumps back, blows whistle through mask, points at Jared, and shouts.

LINE ATTENDANT
SIR! STEP BACK! YOU NEED TO STEP BACK,
SIR!

By now the whole line is watching. In the background, as the line glares at Jared, we can see AN ENTIRE FOOTBALL TEAM exiting the store as if they were exiting the tunnel before the Super Bowl. Jared jumps back to his spot.

JARED
(to crowd)
Sorry! Sorry! Sheesh...
(gestures to attendant)
It's her fault, anyway! She got up in my face in the first place!

LINE ATTENDANT
Sir, please, sir. I'm just doing my job, sir. I am a hero, sir. Now let me do what heroes do and save this line, sir.

JARED
(under his breath)
You guys used to be a lot nicer before the pandemic.

LINE ATTENDANT
Excuse me, sir, what was that, sir?!

JARED
I'm just saying! You guys used to be more friendly before you became heroes.

Attendant shakes with anger- clenched muscles, mean glare, red face. Meanwhile, in the background, we see a group of sick and elderly people enter the store maskless.

LINE ATTENDANT

That does it, sir! I didn't want to do this, but I'm going to employ my powers as a wartime line attendant to seize total control of this line and do what needs to be done!

JARED

You're gonna do what now?

LINE ATTENDANT

You heard me, sir! You just raised the danger zone to threat level orange! I have no choice but to deport you!

Enter two bouncers dressed like attendant except with sunglasses and earpieces. They stop six feet from Jared and flash their badges: TRADER GESTAPO. They pick up Jared.

JARED

This... this doesn't make any sense! You're terrible at your job! You we're bad at it before the pandemic and you're bad at it now!

LINE ATTENDANT

Take him away! And this time... make it way more than six feet.

Nose in air, attendant points away as men drag Jared off. Line cheers. Meanwhile, in background, grocery store is blocked off with yellow tape. Attendant, proud of herself, walks back to front door, unaware of caution tape. Two men in tight fitting HAZMAT suits exit store, which line attendant sees. She turns to line.

LINE ATTENDANT

Alright, that's two more - Welcome to Trader Joe's!

STATIC CUT:

INT. WHITE TELEVISION STUDIO, DAY

Bright studio; white canvas backdrop. ROBERTSON family, including: MARK (stepdad), LINDA (mom), and JILL (teenage daughter), stand close together while Mark tells story direct to camera. Playful, soft music accompanies commercial.

MARK

... So I say, "Can't never could,

won't never will!"

Mark laughs. Linda smiles with him. Jill rolls eyes, crosses arms, and looks off-camera. Linda notices, nudges Jill.

LINDA
(side-mouthed)
Jillian... look over here.

JILL
(defiant)
Why?

LINDA
(eyes widen)
Young. Lady. Look. Here.

Mark tugs Linda's shoulder who looks back at camera. They both uncomfortably smile and laugh into camera while Jill continues to look off. Big lettering appears next to family, which NARRATOR reads.

NARRATOR (V.O.)
Why the Robertsons chose Verizon.

Mark's eyes are bolting between the camera and Jill as he tries to maintain smile.

MARK
Jillian, listen to your mother.

JILL
My name is Jill, *Mark*. Don't tell me what to do; you're not my real dad.

LINDA
Jillian!

Cut to white screen with generic cellphone graphics.

NARRATOR (V.O.)
With Verizon Family Plan, you can choose use up to four lines, free, for only \$69.95.

Cut back to family. Linda is caught in them middle of Mark and Jill scream fighting.

MARK
You ungrateful little guttersnipe!

JILL
*My real dad drives a motorcycle and
 can kick your ass!*

Linda faints. Cut back to white screen with bold lettering.

NARRATOR (V.O.)
*That's why more families choose
 Verizon - America's most reliable
 family network.*

Cut back to Mark with arm around distressed Linda. Jill is standing opposite with leather jacket clad TROY TEDWARD.

JILL
 This is my new boyfriend Troy Tedward-

TROY TEDWARD
 -Sup?-

JILL
 -he's 26, lives with his dad, and
 drives a pretty cool moped. We're
 moving to Coachella.

LINDA
 (crying)
 No!

Cut to white screen with bold lettering.

NARRATOR (V.O.)
*And, through June 1, switch to Verizon
 and get a full month of Tinder
 Passport, free, on us, for only \$20 a
 day. That's why more families choose
 Verizon.*

STATIC CUT:

EXT. PINK APARTMENT COMPLEX, NIGHT

SUBTITLE GRAPHIC: HOLLYWOOD, CA, MAY 1, 2020

INT. APARTMENT 13, NIGHT

SUBTITLE GRAPHIC: UNIT 13, 10:31 P.M.

ALEKSANDAAR, who just woke up, opens door for camera crew.

ALEKSANDAAR

Welcome, welcome. Please, come in.

Alek shows them to white couch covered in plastic. Cut to Alek interview.

ALEKSANDAAR

The last time you were here Brutus, Rolf, and I had just moved in. Just three vampires from the mid-west trying to make it big in Hollywood.

Cut to various images of BRUTUS, ROLF, and Alek not being able to avoid sunlight/hissing. Graphic reads: 2 years ago. Back to interview.

ALEKSANDAAR

We knew Los Angeles isn't an ideal place for vampires, but we were chasing our dreams of becoming the next Twilight.

Cut to poorly photoshopped rip-off poster. Back to interview.

ALEKSANDAAR

We were adjusting well before the pandemic struck.

Cut to Alek trying to sleep during the day but constantly being woken up by noises from neighbors.

ALEKSANDAAR (V.O.)

It's like, really hard to sleep now. Everyone in our complex is here all day and humans are so loud.

Alek using broom on ceiling. Upstairs neighbor responds with large stomps. Alek hisses.

ALEKSANDAAR

I don't know what Gary is doing up there. Does he do jumping jacks and play marbles all day long? It's like, get a rug, Gary.

Cut to Brutus interview.

BRUTUS

As the most handsome vampire, the guys are usually dependent on me for finding the virgins. But ever since

lockdown started, finding virgins in Hollywood is even more difficult than before.

Cut to Brutus roaming streets at night. He keeps running into desperate-for-contact potential victims.

BRUTUS (V.O.)

The only people who are even available are way too desperate to be fed on - just lonely really. *'Haven't gotten laid recently'* blood is not the same as virgin blood. It's all lumpy and stale - tastes like sadness.

Cut to Alek interview.

ALEKSANDAAR

We talked about eating our neighbor Jeff but we're pretty sure he isn't a virgin.

Cut to Alek being kept awake by Jeff's sex noises at 1 pm.
Back to Alek interview.

PRODUCER (O.C.)

Where's Rolf?

ALEKSANDAAR

Rolf... is not doing so well.

Cut to Alek leading crew down hall to ROLF's room. You can hear Rolf coughing. Alek whispers.

ALEKSANDAAR

So Rolf actually has the coronavirus. It's really bad, unfortunately. Like, probably the worst you've ever seen, bad.

Slice with scenes of Rolf coughing up a lung and wheezing for air.

ALEKSANDAAR (V.O.)

There's not much point in seeking medical attention either, seeing how his blood runs cold and all.

Slice with Rolf gasping desperately for air.

ALEKSANDAAR (CONT'D)
Perhaps even more unfortunately,
because it's neither a silver bullet
nor a wooden stake - he can't die from
it, either.

Slice with Rolf red faced gasping.

ALEKSANDAAR (CONT'D)
It's like he's been getting
waterboarded for weeks on end. Really
awful stuff.

Cut to inside bedroom. Rolf lays splayed out on floor and
looks dead. Pan to Alek at door in full PPE.

ALEKSANDAAR
He'll be fine.

Back to Brutus interview.

BRUTUS
Most vampire hunters are under stay-at-
home orders as well. They say they
don't feel safe hunting vampires right
now because of the virus, so that's
been one less thing to worry about.

Cut to Alek interview.

ALEKSANDAAR
We all have to wear masks at the
orgies now. I mean, most people did
that before, anyway, but now it is
mandatory.

Cut to interview with Rolf, on floor, still barely breathing.

ROLF
This is nothing. I remember back in
1352 when I caught the Black Plague...
now that was a pandemic!

Rolf continues to hack up lung. Back to Brutus interview.

PRODUCER (O.C.)
Is there anything you want the public
to know about vampires during this
time?

BRUTUS

Oh yeah, I've got something to say-
stop blaming this on bats. Bats are
good and beautiful creatures- far
superior to humans. You fuckers
shouldn't be eating them!

Fade to black screen. Text fades in.

TEXT

Aleksandaar has passed away since the
time of this filming. Sleep deprived,
he stumbled out of his apartment
around 2 p.m. to give Gary a piece of
his mind. Upon entering the sunlight,
Aleksandaar immediately combusted into
flame. He drowned trying to extinguish
himself in the shallow end of his
condominium's pool. The following is a
re-enactment.

Cut to cheap re-enactment.

Fade in B/W photo of Alek.

TEXT GRAHIC: IN LOVING MEMORY, ALEKSANDAAR DRANCULA, 1102-
2020

FADE OUT.

STATIC CUT:

INT. "QVC"-TYPE STUDIO, DAY

Return to sales lady in studio. Smash cut to insane close up.
She's forcing a smile, sweaty, and has blood-shot eyes. With
every phrase, the close-up gets closer.

SALES LADY

INSTAPOT is mother... INSTAPOT is
father... INSTAPOT... is all...

Cut to cheesy photo montage of a cooked chicken, SUZANNE, 5
weeks, with her Instapot. They're struggling through college
together, they're bungee jumping, and they go to the moon,
where they make romantic, candlelit love. Cut to Suzanne
interview. Subtitled while Suzanne gobbles.

SUZANNE (SUBTITLE)

There's life before the Instapot and
then there's life after...

(beat)
 Who am I kidding? I just love fucking
 this thing.

STATIC CUT:

INT. BOWLING ALLEY, NIGHT

Enter busy "Lucky Strikes" bowling alley. The lanes are packed. NICK and MELISSA are sitting at a table surrounded by friends having drinks and chatting. There is one empty seat at the table, which Melissa is looking at. Nick notices her looking.

NICK
 We're almost ready to start bowling-
 just waiting on Timothy to get here.

MELISSA
 (surprised)
 Timothy... Gobbleneck? You invited
 Timothy Gobbleneck?

NICK
 Well yeah, he's the only Timothy we
 know. Why do you say it like that?

MELISSA
 Timothy Gobbleneck is a *total turkey*.

NICK
 Oh, come on now. Enough with the name
 calling.

MELISSA
 I'm serious, Nick! That dude is a
 literal turkey. How have you not
 noticed? Timothy Gobbleneck is a
 living, breathing turkey.

NICK
 That's enough, Melissa! Timothy is our
 friend. He may be a little different
 but comparing him to wild fowl is just
 mean!

MELISSA
 Listen, I've never said anything
 before because I thought this was all
 some kind of elaborate joke. You are
 joking, right?

NICK

I hope you're joking, Melissa. Shhh,
here he comes.

Nick stands up and starts waving Timothy over who arrives to table and takes seat. Timothy is indeed a large wild turkey. He is greeted warmly by all in the group with the exception of Melissa, who is looking around dumbfounded.

NICK

(to Timothy)

Hey bud it's so good to see you I'm so
glad you could make it!

Timothy is looking around the table and generally being a turkey. No response. All murmur in agreement with Nick. Melissa throws arms up in air.

NICK

Alright guys, let's go bowling!

MELISSA

Hold on a second! What is going on here? There is a large, feral bird at the table and we are treating him like an old friend! Just look at him! He has talons for feet, is absolutely covered in feathers, and has a beak for a mouth.

NICK

(gritting teeth)

Melissa...

MELISSA

What, Nick, *what?*! It's not like he's listening to me! I can't even understand how I'm having to explain this to you right now. Simply looking at him isn't enough evidence for you? Okay, fine, how about this: his last name is Gobbleneck. Aside from the fact that that is clearly a made-up last name, just look at his soft, fleshy, dimpled neck. That, unquestionably, is the neck of a turkey. How do you explain that?

NICK

(offended)

I can't believe you'd be so *rude* as to

do this right in front of Timothy, but sure, let's have this discussion. Timothy's last name is Gobbleneck for the same reason that your last name is Taylor - somewhere in your family history, somebody was a tailor, and now you're all Taylors. Somewhere in Timothy's family history, somebody had an unfortunate inheritable birth defect, which is why now all of Timothy's family carries on this same birth defect and last name. *There, are ya happy now?*

Group of friends murmurs and gives Melissa dirty looks. One friend pats Timothy on his back, who snaps at the hand because he is a turkey.

MELISSA

(becoming more irate)

You guys are kidding, right? Okay, if that doesn't convince you he's a turkey, then how about this: if he's not a turkey, then how come he has a signed pardon from President Obama on Thanksgiving 2015?

Cut back to Timothy. Floating on a string next to him is a PRESIDENTIAL TURKEY PARDON for one Timothy Gobbleneck Jr. signed by President Barack Obama on November 26, 2015.

NICK

(upset)

That is clearly a gag certificate, Melissa! Timothy takes that with him everywhere because he is hilarious! You are being such a jerk right now!

MELISSA

(fully losing it)

I'm being a jerk?? I'm being a jerk?? You guys are putting some turkey on a pedestal when you should be putting him on a plate with mashed potatoes!

NICK

(through teeth)

Melissa!

MELISSA

You guys are filling him with

compliments when you should be filling
him with stuffing!

NICK
Melissa!!!

MELISSA
(almost crying now)
You guys are calling him home slice
when you should be taking him home,
sliced.

Nick stands up infuriated.

NICK
MELISSA, THAT IS ENOUGH! YOU HAVE
BULLIED TIMOTHY FOR LONG ENOUGH!

Nick fumes momentarily, sits back down, and takes a deep
breath.

NICK
(exhaling)
I think you should go.

MELISSA
But, *Nick!*

NICK
I think you should go!

Melissa, teary eyed, stands to leave. She looks to Nick for a
moment, but Nick is resolute. Melissa storms out. The group
looks bummed. Timothy starts gobbling and the whole bowling
alley turns in attention. They seem enraptured by what he is
saying and he continues to gobble without subtitles for 15
seconds. As he gobbles, we see a cheesy montage of the group
listening in different states of amazement and awe. Finally,
his speech ends.

NICK
(wiping tears from eyes)
Timothy, those were the most moving
words I have ever heard in my life.
You're absolutely right - we can't let
someone else's hate define us.

Group gives a heartfelt "Awww".

NICK
Come on guys, let's bowl!

Cheesy photo montage of group bowling and having fun. After a few photos, three clearly photoshopped images of Timothy rolling strikes appear in a row. After the third one, photoshopped sunglasses come down on Timothy and a joint appears in his mouth. Underneath, in big letters, reads "*Now that's a turkey!*"

STATIC CUT:

Modern funky music, a la *All Night* by Romare accompanies title fade-in.

TITLE GRAPHIC FADE IN: FAKE COMEDY

STATIC CUT TO BLACK OUT.