

# CIRCLING THE DRAIN

A Dark Comedy

pilot script  
russ woody  
how can I miss you?

## CIRCLING THE DRAIN

*"How Can I Miss You..."*

### PILOT

**FADE IN:**

**EXT. NUGATORY, NEVADA - DAY**

A small town juts up from the barren desert of Nevada, just far enough from Las Vegas for prostitution to be legal. Which explains the limousines and red Porches streaming into town on any given Friday night. But, while a story about prostitution would be fun, this story is about death. So it's different. But fun.

HARRY'S VOICE

Thank you, everyone, for being here.

An actual tumbleweed tumbles down the street past the front of the town's only hospital, where a neon sign says, "NUGATORY MEDICAL CENTER"... or used to. Now it says, "GATORY ME ENTER."

HARRY'S VOICE (CONT'D)

It's a testament to my father's  
legacy that there are so many of  
you here today to say good-bye before  
we... disconnect him.

**INT. HOSPITAL ROOM - SAME TIME**

Not really "so many." Maybe a handful of people. HARRY BITTER (40), nice looking, a reasonable guy, is standing in front of a bed where his elderly dad, FRED BITTER, lies unconscious, tubes running in and out of him like a '30s switchboard, a mechanical ventilator rises and falls, a HEART MONITOR BEEPS out a rhythmic chorus. Harry addresses those few attending.

HARRY

My father, as you know, was a stalwart man, a man who NEVER gave up. He took a struggling small-appliance repair shop and built it into a large small-appliance repair shop. All of this, despite the dwindling need for small-appliance repair. And, while it bankrupted the family and forced us to move here to Nugatory when I was in high school...

A DOCTOR pokes his head in.

DR. BOOKBINDER  
(nasally)  
Fred Bitter's room, right?

Harry looks to the doorway, sees DR. ERNEST BOOKBINDER,  
an older man with a ferocious wet cold.

HARRY  
Dr. Bookbinder. We were just saying  
a few last words.

DR. BOOKBINDER  
Oh, sure... go ahead.

He sneezes ferociously, rattling everyone.

HARRY  
(then)  
Anyway...

The doctor moves to the machinery, as Harry continues.

HARRY (CONT'D)  
He was persistent, my dad. I remember  
many years ago, we heard a mouse in  
the living room wall. So, after he  
tore out the drywall and caught it,  
he drove the little guy to an open  
field, let it go, got back in the  
car and ran it over...

# **EXT. OPEN FIELD - FLASHBACK**

FROM A DISTANCE, we see A CAR blasting across the field  
with a YOUNGER FRED BITTER choking the steering wheel.

YOUNGER FRED BITTER (O.C.)  
(yelling)  
Gahhh!

SCENE FREEZES:

HARRY (V.O.)  
Never one much for details, he was  
nearly killed by the tree he didn't  
notice on the other side of the  
mouse...

RESUME SCENE:

THE CAR SLAMS into a tree, airbag deploys, radiator steam.

**INT. FRED'S HOSPITAL ROOM - RESUME**

As before...

HARRY

And now my mom would like to say a few words. Mom?

A sweet elderly woman, WILMA BITTER (70), smiles a little and turns to the others.

WILMA

Fred was a wonderful man. And a persistent suitor. Which is why I got pregnant while I was engaged to Angus Bliss. Who committed suicide. Anyway, Fred was always surprising me in sweet and thoughtful ways. For my birthday one year...

DR. BOOKBINDER

Uh, excuse me?

WILMA

Dr. Spellbinder, question?

DR. BOOKBINDER

Bookbinder. Yeah, is this a LONG "sweet story," 'cause maybe I might run out and get another tissue?

WILMA

If it helps, I'm happy to rip through, lickety split.

DR. BOOKBINDER

No, no, I'll be okay. Go ahead.

WILMA

(resuming)

Anyway, for my birthday one year, Fred bought me an expensive fishing boat... so that I could enjoy fishing as much as he did. And when I reminded him that I was terrified of water, well, do you know, that wonderful man told me not to feel guilty or think of myself as a hurtful person. He said he'd find a way to make use of the boat.

She smiles fondly. Some looks exchanged.

HARRY

Okay, thanks, Mom. So, my sister,  
Suzanne Bitter-Comfort, would like  
to read a poem she's written.

SUZANNE BITTER-COMFORT (mid-40s) steps up. She's a  
dyspeptic psychiatrist with a low voice that bespeaks  
darkness and possibly self-annihilation.

SUZANNE

Yeah, I wrote this the other day...

Dr. Bookbinder hacks into his raggedy tissue. Then,

DR. BOOKBINDER

I'm good. Just, uh... dying here.

He blows his nose as Suzanne takes out the poem.

SUZANNE

(reads)

*Death. / Doorway to the Stygian  
void. / Swallower of souls, /  
Rendering pointless / The journey  
from suckled breast to infirmity  
and decay. / Useless bone and rotted  
flesh, / Succumb at last to the  
flames of a furnace. / And then...  
only ash. / Gray ash. / Flotsam at  
a cigarette's tip. / The black clutch  
of death, / Having snuffed out the  
last of God's light.*

No one is quite sure how to react. Finally Wilma steps  
up and hugs her tightly.

WILMA

Well, wasn't that beautiful, dear.  
So educated. All of it, so much like  
hope.

Wilma continues hugging her.

SUZANNE

Right... well, thanks for that.  
(enough hugging)  
Okay, okay...

Wilma releases her, as ALL SOUND FADES and CAMERA moves  
past them to Fred, where we glide slowly into the  
DARKNESS OF FRED'S EAR. Once inside, we hear the FAINT  
SOUND of SEAGULLS and far-off OCEAN WAVES...

**EXT. LUXURIOUS CARIBBEAN HOTEL - POOLSIDE - AFTERNOON**

DARKNESS slowly gives way to an expansive oceanside SWIMMING POOL, the Caribbean glinting beneath a blue sky in the distance... all of this deep inside Fred's brain. Sitting poolside, we see OLD FRED BITTER (quite alive) reclining in a chaise lounge, wearing a high-waisted/age-appropriate swimsuit. A WOMAN'S HAND proffers a margarita.

SEXY WOMAN'S VOICE

Hey, sexy. Margarita?

FRED BITTER

Stormy, honey, you're a gift from God.

Fred takes it. We see it's STORMY DANIELS who has handed the margarita to him. She, btw, is wearing a couple strands of yarn that we'll call a bikini. He drinks, as Stormy joins him and cuddles up. Fred tastes the margarita and smacks his lips, then,

FRED BITTER (CONT'D)

Uh, I believe asked for salt.

STORMY DANIELS

Sorry, Fred, but I licked it all off.

She moves her tongue across her upper lip.

FRED BITTER

Not a problem.

Stormy nuzzles him, as he smiles and leans back.

**INT. FRED'S HOSPITAL ROOM - RESUME**

A priest, FATHER CARL SAVAGE, 50s, and Sister Mary Margaret (SISTER MAGGIE), 22, plain but attractive. They are standing at Fred's side as Father Savage finishes the last rites. (Sister Maggie holds the aspergillum -- for administering Holy Water).

FATHER SAVAGE

"...and the Lord Jesus says, I will go prepare a place for you, and I will be here to take you myself."

(to Sister Maggie)

Sister... the aspergillum?

A beat. She shifts uncomfortably, not understanding.

SISTER MAGGIE

The what?

FATHER SAVAGE

(a sigh)

The holy water sprinkler.

SISTER MAGGIE

Oh, God, right. Duh...

She starts to hand it to him, but drops it.

SISTER MAGGIE (CONT'D)

Shit!

(quickly)

I didn't mean shit.

FATHER SAVAGE

Just get it.

Harry's sister Suzanne, however, has already picked it up. She hands it to Sister Maggie.

SISTER MAGGIE

Thank you.

(a whisper)

Sorry about the shit thing.

She turns, hands it to Father Savage, who turns to Fred.

FATHER SAVAGE

And The Lord be with you...

He sprinkles Holy Water over Fred, as some mourners wipe tears. Meanwhile, Dr. Bookbinder blows into what's left of his tissue, looks at it, disgusted, throws it away. As Father Savage finishes sprinkling water:

DR. BOOKBINDER

Okay then, everybody's done. So...

He steps over and unceremoniously yanks the cord from the wall. All of the machinery stops... except the HEART MONITOR. Everyone waits. And they wait. Harry shifts.

HARRY

(quietly to doctor)

Uh... how long does it usually take?

DR. BOOKBINDER

Always different.

Dr. Bookbinder feels a sneeze coming on, but has no more tissues, so he sneezes into his fist -- blasting a huge blob of mucous over it. He recovers and sees the horrific slime hanging from his hand.

DR. BOOKBINDER (CONT'D)

Jesus...

He EXITS. There's an awkward moment.

HARRY

So... I guess it's just a matter of time.

More crying. Some shifting. Everyone waits, as the heart monitor continues to monitor Fred's beating heart. More waiting. A couple of people decide to sit. As the MONITOR CONTINUES TO BEEP,

**DISSOLVE TO:**

**INT. FRED'S HOSPITAL ROOM - LATER**

The HEART MONITOR STILL BEEPING -- everyone is still waiting. Some are texting now. Someone is looking through a magazine. Suzanne stands.

SUZANNE

Harry? I'm just gonna run down to the cafeteria for a bite...

HARRY

Oh. Okay.

As she makes her way to the door,

MAN

You're going to the cafeteria, huh?

He joins her, along with a couple of others. Harry stays. The HEART MONITOR BEEPS THROUGH,

**DISSOLVE TO:**

**INT. FRED'S HOSPITAL ROOM - LATER STILL**

The MONITOR CONTINUES. Harry is now the only one in the room with his father. The monitor is lulling him to sleep as a JANITOR'S BUCKET rolls into the room, followed by AN ELDERLY BLACK JANITOR who drops a mop head on the floor and sloshes it back and forth.

**EXT. LUXURIOUS CARIBBEAN HOTEL - POOLSIDE - DAY**

Fred and Stormy are still on the chaise lounge together, their sunglasses turned to the sunshine.



FRED BITTER

Hey, Stormy. Kinda gettin' in the mood here to head back to the room.

STORMY DANIELS

You're an animal, Fred. But we don't have to go back to the room. I mean, we're in your head.

With that, Stormy takes off her sunglasses, smiles and turns her back to him.

STORMY DANIELS (CONT'D)

Pull that string, will you, honey...

Fred smiles and reaches for it.

**INT. FRED'S HOSPITAL ROOM - RESUME**

Harry is sound asleep. The janitor is mopping the floor around Fred's bed when he comes across an UNPLUGGED ELECTRICAL CORD. He picks it up...

**INT. LUXURIOUS CARIBBEAN HOTEL - POOLSIDE**

Stormy is strattling Fred like the horse she never had.

FRED BITTER

Aw God, Stormy! I'm, I'm...

**INT. FRED'S HOSPITAL ROOM - RESUME**

The janitor plugs the cord in -- the LIFE-SUPPORT MACHINES WHIR BACK TO LIFE -- and Fred bolts upright:

FRED BITTER

(yelling)

Holy mother of Uncle Bob!

Harry startles, as Fred drops back down. The janitor and Harry look on wide-eyed. Then Fred jolts back up again.

FRED BITTER (CONT'D)

Cape Cod, goddamnit!

Fred falls back again into his comatose state. Harry looks at the janitor. The janitor shrugs.

JANITOR

I been there. Nothin' but white people.

The janitor resumes mopping. Harry takes this in.

**INT. HOSPITAL CAFETERIA - A SHORT TIME LATER**

Long cafeteria tables, mostly empty. Some of the other "mourners" are eating. Harry is sitting with Suzanne. The man who left Fred's room with Suzanne sits nearby.

**FOCUS ON: HARRY AND SUZANNE**

SUZANNE

"Holy mother of Uncle Bob"?

HARRY

Yup. And Cape Cod.

SUZANNE

He doesn't have an Uncle Bob. And why Cape Cod?

HARRY

Why not?

SUZANNE

I'll tell you what it is, Harry.

HARRY

His brain is mush.

SUZANNE

His subconscious is dredging up a whole different family in Cape Cod to suppress his accumulated guilt for the chronic neglect of his only daughter.

HARRY

Or... his brain is mush.

His PHONE RINGS, he answers.

HARRY (CONT'D)

(into phone)

Jen, hi. No, no news. He's still... with us.

As Harry moves off to talk with his wife, the man who left the hospital room with Suzanne, turns to her.

MAN

You're a psychologist, huh?

SUZANNE

Psychiatrist.

MAN

Same thing.

SUZANNE

Not the same thing. Psychologists  
are bullshit wannabes. Who are you?

HUGO PLOUFFE

Hugo Plouffe. Fred's business partner.  
I wanted to talk to you about the  
five thousand dollars Fred borrowed.

(off her blank stare)

And... I wondered if you might help  
me get that money back?

She continues to stare at him. Then,

SUZANNE

Buddy, you need to see a psychologist.

**ANGLE ON: HARRY**

HARRY

(to phone)

Yeah, Suzanne's here. But my brother  
isn't. He and Dad didn't exactly  
see eye-to-eye on the "gay issue."  
So, how's our little Roger?

(then)

He tried to set the cat on fire, I  
see. Well, he's three, so... pretty  
smart he figured out how to work a  
lighter.

(then)

Yup, yup, see you as soon as things,  
you know, change. Love you too. Make  
sure the cat sleeps up high.

He hangs up and sees Suzanne has wandered over.

SUZANNE

Your kid take a crap on the patio  
again?

HARRY

Happy to say he's moved on.

Sister Maggie approaches, uneasy.

SISTER MAGGIE

Uh, hi. So, Father Savage was curious  
as to why you decided to put your father  
back on the... thing. The whoosh  
pumpy thing.

HARRY

The whoosher...

(then)

Right. Actually, Sister, it was more of a janitorial decision.

SISTER MAGGIE

Well, that explains it. Boy, this all must be so painful for you.

SUZANNE

Actually, my father was never emotionally available -- kinda puts the pain at just this side of a "one."

SISTER MAGGIE

Such a blessing.

(to Harry)

So, I guess you gotta unplug him again, huh?

HARRY

I suppose, yeah.

DARRYL (O.C.)

Hey, all! Guess whooooo-taloo!

They turn and see their brother DARRYL BITTER (35) -- attractive, slim, slightly effeminate. With him is a younger Black man, LAMONT, dyed hair, colorful outfit.

HARRY

Darryl?

They hug.

DARRYL

I meant to get here sooner, but the design show ran over, and then we were late to a wedding and, when I heard about --

LAMONT

Excuse me, Darryl. Our wedding...

DARRYL

Right. Our wedding, and then I found out Elegant Interiors is suing me for plagiarism because, they "claim," I stole the dwarf in their brochure! Which is crap, and they are horrible, vicious people!

SUZANNE

Seriously? You got married? 'Cause  
it mighta been nice if you'd  
mentioned it.

DARRYL

It was very impromptu. Just us two.

LAMONT takes Darryl's hand.

LAMONT

Hi, I'm Lamont.

DARRYL

(to Sister Maggie)

I hope you don't object to gay  
marriage.

SISTER MAGGIE

Oh, please, it's none of my business.  
I've never even dry humped.

They look at her, a little stunned. Then, Harry turns  
to Darryl and Lamont.

HARRY

So how long have you two been seeing  
each other?

DARRYL

Forever.

LAMONT

Almost two weeks.

SUZANNE

Two weeks? Well, you can never go  
wrong making a monumental life-  
altering commitment after "almost  
two weeks."

SISTER MAGGIE

(piping in)

That's what I did. With Jesus. Right  
out of high school. Bam.

DARRYL

(turning back)

Anyway, I'm sorry to have missed  
Dad's passing.

HARRY

Actually, Dad hasn't passed.

(MORE)

HARRY (CONT'D)

He was supposed to, but someone  
hooked him back up to life support.  
And now we have to unhook him again.

DARRYL

Hmmm. Oddly poetic, I guess.  
(off Harry's look)  
Plugging him in and out... Like a  
small appliance.

**EXT. LUXURIOUS CARIBBEAN HOTEL - POOLSIDE - LATER**

In the after-glow of sex, Fred and Stormy recline with  
near-empty margaritas.

FRED BITTER

Okay, you don't like Cape Cod. What  
about the Himalayas?

STORMY DANIELS

Mmmmmmm... that sounds good.

FRED BITTER

Settled. Next week, the Himalayas.

Stormy laughs and downs the rest of her margarita.

**INT. HOSPITAL ROOM - MOMENTS LATER**

Fred's HEART MONITOR is still at it. As are all the  
other machines. Everyone has assembled, again. Harry is  
addressing the group.

HARRY

So, I'm glad everyone could make  
it... again.

(noticing)

Except... Dr. Bookbinder.

A beat, everyone looks around.

HARRY (CONT'D)

Would someone please find Dr.  
Bookbinder?

HUGO PLOUFFE

I'll get him.

He EXITS. Suzanne steps up beside Harry.

SUZANNE

So, I guess I'll read my poem again.

HARRY

Oh. Actually, Suzanne, thank you,  
but it might be a little too painful.  
I mean, for you to go through that.  
Again.

WILMA

If you'd like, Harry, I can tell a  
nice story about the time your father  
almost took me to Yosemite.

HARRY

I think, Mom, we're good on that too.

DARRYL

I'd like to say something.

HARRY

You would? Okay.

DARRYL

(a deep breath)

Dad, you'll be soooo happy to know  
that I finally got married. To a  
wonderful MAN! Because *nowadays*,  
that's okay. And I know that has  
always been impossible for you to  
understand -- I mean, from the  
perspective of a conservative podunk  
small town small appliance person.  
But I want you to know... I always  
loved you. Even when you didn't  
love me.

Some tissues come out. Wilma puts her hand to her heart.

WILMA

That was beautiful. Very sensitive,  
honey. The kind of thing your people  
do so well.

Dr. Bookbinder APPEARS at the door, looking like shit.  
He blasts out another startling sneeze. Then,

DR. BOOKBINDER

So we're up again, huh? Lemme just  
get over there and --

He moves toward the bed, but stops for a ferocious  
cough/sneeze. Suddenly, his eyes widen in terror as his  
hand whips around to the seat of his pants.

DR. BOOKBINDER (CONT'D)

Goddamnit!

With all haste, he turns and RUN/WOBBLES OUT, holding his pants. As he goes,

DR. BOOKBINDER (CONT'D)

No no no...

**DISSOLVE TO:**

**EXT. HOSPITAL - DAY**

Establish.

SUZANNE'S VOICE

Okay... two days since we "re-dis-connected" him. What's going on, Harry?

**INT. HOSPITAL WAITING AREA - SAME TIME**

Suzanne, Darryl, Lamont and Wilma are sitting, Harry joins them.

HARRY

No idea, Suz. Sorry, I know you gotta get back to your practice.

SUZANNE

Nah, just bored. I'm Zooming all my patients. Frankly, it's a lot easier. In the office, it's practically impossible to get the broken weepy ones out. This way, time's up, shut the laptop.

HARRY

Uh-huh, so a time-saver.

SUZANNE

Don't judge me, Harry. A couple suicides does not a bad psychiatrist make.

**EXT. LUXURUS CARIBBEAN HOTEL - RESUME**

As Fred and Stormy continue to enjoy the sunshine, Fred realizes its light is suddenly blocked by someone. He looks up and sees DEATH -- complete with robe and scythe... and a clipboard that he double checks.

DEATH

Frederick Bitter?

FRED BITTER

Yeah?



DEATH

It's time.

FRED BITTER

Time for what?

DEATH

For death. You gotta come with me.

FRED BITTER

Why?

DEATH

Because it's time.

FRED BITTER

You said that. I don't know what that means.

DEATH

It means it's time for you go.

FRED BITTER

Lemme ask you this: Why would I leave this? Look around. Look at Stormy.

STORMY DANIELS

(smiles at Death)

Hello.

DEATH

Oh, hey.

FRED BITTER

You got nuthin' to offer could beat this.

DEATH

Not "offering." I'm telling you.

FRED BITTER

Well, I'm telling you -- no thanks.

DEATH

Aw, come on, man, don't do this. Nobody does this. You're not allowed to do this.

FRED BITTER

And who came up with this whole "it's time" thing? God?

DEATH

I'm not really religious.

FRED BITTER

Well, I need to know who's behind this or I'm not going anywhere.

DEATH

You're killing me here.

FRED BITTER

Tell you what -- come back with something signed by God. I'll consider your proposal.

Death glares at him. Then rubs his face.

DEATH

I gotta pain behind my eye.

FRED BITTER

Could be a tumor.

DEATH

So, I'm gonna go.

Fred and Stormy laugh. Death takes it in, musters bravado.

DEATH (CONT'D)

Yeah, okay, yeah, Mr. Big Laugherman!  
But I'll be back! In a red hot minute!

Death, pissed, glares at Fred and stomps away, momentarily stumbling on his robe. Fred watches him go,

FRED BITTER

Yeah, he won't be back.

STORMY DANIELS

You impress me, Fred.

She kisses him...

DEATH (O.C.)

(far off)

Oh, I'll be back, mister!

# **INT. HOSPITAL WAITING AREA - RESUME**

Harry, Suzanne, Wilma, Lamont and Darryl are there, as DR. EMMET KEVORKIAN, 30s, short, balding, approaches.

DR. KEVORKIAN

I'm looking for Harry Bitter?

HARRY

I'm Harry.

DR. KEVORKIAN

So, I'm your father's new doctor.

WILMA

New doctor? Where's Dr. Bookblender?

DR. KEVORKIAN

Binder. He passed away.

The others exchange looks.

DR. KEVORKIAN (CONT'D)

Last night. He probably shoulda  
seen somebody about that thing he  
had. Anyway, I'm Dr. Kevorkian, but  
you can call me Emmet.

DARRYL

Kevorkian?

DR. KEVORKIAN

Don't start. You're thinking of my  
dad's second cousin -- who destroyed  
our family name! But I can PROMISE  
you, I will do everything in my power  
to keep your father with us.

HARRY

You mean alive?

DR. KEVORKIAN

Yes. Frankly, this is a wonderful  
opportunity to restore my family's  
good name.

(thinking to add)

Oh, and to save a good man's life.

HARRY

Right, but we took him OFF life-support  
to STOP saving his life.

DR. KEVORKIAN

Yeah, I saw the DNR, and of course  
I'll respect it. But I'm sure you'll  
realize your mistake when you see him  
vibrant and back amongst us.

SUZANNE

You're an idiot.

DR. KEVORKIAN

I've got him on a multi-vitamin IV drip, put him back on his heart medication and started antibiotics, just to be safe.

DARRYL

And what if we request another doctor?

DR. KEVORKIAN

You mean Bookbinder? Feel free. Your other option is a proctologist on the second floor named Finger. Swear to God.

SUZANNE

What's his number?

DR. KEVORKIAN

On vacation.

Pleased with himself, Dr. Kevorkian smiles and EXITS.

**INT. HARRY'S MOTEL ROOM - NEXT DAY**

The type of motel room you'd expect to see in Nugatory. Twin beds with floral bedspreads. Priceless paintings -- *Starry Night* and *Waterlilies* -- screwed into the wall. Harry paces with his phone.

HARRY

Listen to me, "Owen." Tell your grandfather I want him to fix the water heater now! Today goddamnit!

(then)

Well, okay, yes, of course, after he changes his bag.

He slams the phone down. There's a quick rap on the door as it opens and Darryl ENTERS to sit on the bed, drop his head in his hands and sob.

HARRY (CONT'D)

Darryl?

DARRYL

I couldn't do it, Harry. I couldn't make love to Lamont.

HARRY

Well... look, that happens.

DARRYL

No, I mean like... like I... I'm not... not straight.

HARRY

You're not straight? I'm stunned.

DARRYL

No. I'm not... NOT straight.

HARRY

Not *not* straight? Two "not"s? You're saying you're straight?

DARRYL

(sniffing)

My whole life, all I ever wanted was to be gay. I memorized *Evita*. I put glitter in birthday cards.

HARRY

(remembering)

Yeah, thanks for that...

DARRYL

For God's sake, Harry, I drink apple martinis! Being gay is all I know. My friends are gay. My business. Who the hell respects a straight interior designer?

Harry sits with him.

HARRY

Okay, but... you've had sex with men before, right?

DARRYL

(drops his head)

No. Only women.

Harry is flabbergasted. Darryl wells up.

DARRYL (CONT'D)

I can't stop the urges. I roam Tinder and slink out in the dark of night, like a... a slinky thing. A slinky slug. Like a classless repulsive, disgusting heterosexual slug, no offense.

HARRY

Right.

DARRYL

I thought getting married to a man might push me over the edge. Then I'd have to be gay. I thought once I was married to a man, everything would fall into place. But it didn't. I'm so ashamed.

HARRY

And what about Lamont? You told him you're not... not straight?

DARRYL

I wanted to. But the whole idea -- heterosexuality -- it's so repugnant, so vile, no offense.

HARRY

Uh-huh.

DARRYL

Plus... Lamont's a bit of a gossip.

HARRY

Look, you have to tell him. It's the right thing to do.

DARRYL

I know, I know. I just hope he understands... and keeps his big yap shut.

Harry puts a comforting hand on Darryl's shoulder.

HARRY

He'll understand.

**INT. FRED'S HOSPITAL ROOM - LATER**

Wilma is alone, sitting at Fred's bedside.

WILMA

...and I know you worked all those late nights because you were determined to provide for the family.

Harry ENTERS, unseen by Wilma. He stops to listen.

WILMA (CONT'D)

Though I do wish you could've made it to a few of the holiday dinners...

HARRY

Mom?

She turns and sees him. He sits beside her.

HARRY (CONT'D)

You okay?

WILMA

(takes his hand)

Oh, I'm fine, honey. This is just a part of life. Dying. Except, it's the part of life where you die. So it's probably more a part of death than life. But death is something that will happen to a lot of us.

HARRY

Yes, a lot.

A WOMAN appears at the door. SELINA, 50s, slightly graying, a former Vegas showgirl, but looks like she could STILL do the defensive line of UNLV.

SELINA

Excuse me. I was told this is Fred Bitter's room.

WILMA

It is. But he's a vegetable now.

HARRY

(stands)

Did you know my father?

SELINA

(entering)

Yes. Yes. He repaired my toaster. And my can opener. My trash compactor. He was always very reasonable, his rates.

Harry notices she's starting to well up.

SELINA (CONT'D)

He was so dedicated, so...

(breaking)

Oh God, Fred, why...

She falls apart, dropping onto Fred, bawling. Harry takes note. Wilma sighs.

WILMA

The poor dear. It's so hard to find reliable small appliance repairmen.

HARRY

Okay, so, I'm just gonna move her  
out into the corridor...

Harry gently takes the woman off of Fred and out.

**EXT. FRED & WILMA'S HOUSE - DAY**

Establish. A modest home with a few distant neighbors  
on the monochromatic flatlands of Nugatory.

**INT. FRED & WILMA'S LIVING ROOM - DAY**

Tchotchkes and framed photos on doilies. A 300-pound  
TV. An old couch with a blanket over the back. The living  
room of old people. Harry ENTERS with Wilma. He closes  
the door and takes her coat.

WILMA

Thank you, dear. Are you hungry? I  
have Pop-Tarts.

HARRY

No, I'm good.  
(hangs up coat)  
So, Mom, you didn't find anything  
peculiar about that woman at the  
hospital? Her... excessive grief?

WILMA

Sweetheart, some people get very  
emotional about their appliances.  
Would you like some Cheez-its?

HARRY

No, thank you. I'm really not hungry.

WILMA

I think your father left a bag of  
turkey jerky in the kitchen?

HARRY

Mom, I'm not hungry.

WILMA

Well, honey, I just don't want the  
turkey jerky to go to waste because  
I'm not going to eat it and that  
brain-dead sonofabitch sure isn't.

HARRY

Right. Wait, what?



WILMA

What?

HARRY

What'd you say?

WILMA

I said your father isn't going to eat the turkey jerky.

HARRY

But, you said something else.

WILMA

Let me see if I can find a scrumptious treat for you.

As she EXITS into the kitchen,

HARRY

(calling after)

...not hungry.

There's a KNOCK at the door. Harry opens it to find Lamont, eyes red/wet.

LAMONT

I'm so sorry to bother you...

He ENTERS and moves to the couch.

HARRY

Please, come in.

LAMONT

(sits, welling)

He's gone. He left town. He left me.

Harry closes the door, turns to him.

HARRY

He left? But he told you what's going on, right? With him?

LAMONT

He just said good-bye. And he left.

Lamont breaks down crying. Harry sits.

HARRY

Look, you need to talk to him. Face-to-face.

LAMONT

I can't talk to him face-to-face if his face in another town.

HARRY

Well... if he's not here, maybe you could go there?

LAMONT

I'm not going back to L.A. Besides, I've decided to settle here in Nugatory.

HARRY

(stunned)

Nugatory? But you live in Los Angeles.

LAMONT

Not anymore. I can't afford it. Not on my own.

HARRY

But you don't know anyone here.

LAMONT

I know your mom. Your dad. I know you.

HARRY

Uh-huh. But see my mom isn't really looking to start another family. And my dad... wouldn't be a good choice. And I'm going home when my dad passes... if he passes.

LAMONT

(looking around)

You think she'd let me stay here?

HARRY

Not to mention, this area isn't all that receptive to... certain people.

LAMONT

Well, I've decided to see the glass as half full.

HARRY

Okay. But, see, this particular half-full glass might chain you to the back of a truck and drive down a gravel road.

LAMONT

(a beat)

I'm so alone, Harry...

He falls into Harry's chest, sobbing, as Wilma COMES OUT of the kitchen with a plate of food.

WILMA

Honey, I found some nice mac & cheese!

She sees Lamont embracing Harry, stops. Then,

WILMA (CONT'D)

Oh, dear. Well, I'll just get another plate.

(turning to exit)

I thought I only had one of those.

She EXITS back into the kitchen as Lamont continues to cry into Harry's chest.

**EXT. LUXURIOUS CARIBBEAN HOTEL - POOLSIDE - DAY**

Fred and Stormy, as before.

STORMY DANIELS

So, Fred, what do you think of a threesome?

FRED BITTER

Great. Wait. Two women, two men?

A VOICE (O.C.)

Fred Bitter?

Their attention is drawn to a LARGE MAN wearing a diaper and a sash across his sizable belly -- it says, "LIFE." (Remember Pat McCormick's "Baby New Year," if you're old enough.)

FRED BITTER

Aw, no. Who are you?

LIFE

Life.

FRED BITTER

And that's why you're dressed like a big baby?

LIFE

Look, if you're not going with Death, I gotta take you back to Life.

FRED BITTER

Life? Why would I do that?

LIFE

Because this isn't real. The hotel,  
Stormy Daniels. None of it is real.

(to Stormy)

Sorry.

STORMY DANIELS

I've heard worse.

FRED BITTER

(to Life)

Well, whatever this is, I like it.  
Next week, Stormy and I are gonna  
be hiking the Himalayas.

LIFE

So that's it then? I'm gonna have  
to kick your ass?

FRED BITTER

Uh-huh... this from a fat guy in a  
diaper. Good luck with that.

Life stares at him a moment. Then,

LIFE

Fuck you!

(pointing at him)

I'll be back, fuckin' fucker fuck!

Life EXITS. Stormy turns back to Fred.

STORMY DANIELS

So, what were we talki--

FRED BITTER

Threesomes.

# **INT. HOSPITAL CAFETERIA - DAY**

As Wilma sits eating some soup, a dapper older gentleman  
APPROACHES. He's LLOYD CULPEPPER.

LLOYD CULPEPPER

Hi.

WILMA

(looks up)

Oh. Hello.

LLOYD CULPEPPER

(sitting)

Haven't seen you around. I'm Lloyd.

WILMA

Hello, Lloyd. I'm Wilma.

LLOYD CULPEPPER

Wilma, what a spectacular name.

WILMA

Thank you.

LLOYD CULPEPPER

I hope you don't mind my saying this, Wilma, but you're a very attractive woman.

WILMA

Goodness. Well, thank you, Lloyd.

LLOYD CULPEPPER

You know, I'm one of the hospital administrators, and I'd be happy to take you on a little tour of our facilities. If you're not busy?

WILMA

(blushing)

Oh, my, thank you so much, but I don't think it would be appropriate. You see, I'm married.

LLOYD CULPEPPER

That's tragic news, Wilma.

(standing)

You're an intoxicating and well-groomed woman.

WILMA

Well, I do bathe quite often.

LLOYD CULPEPPER

Mmmm... the very thought.

He winks and turns to leave.

WILMA

You know, Lloyd...

He turns back.

WILMA (CONT'D)

...maybe check back tomorrow.

**ANGLE ON: HARRY AND LAMONT**

Harry ENTERS the cafeteria with Lamont, who seems to be feeling a little better.

LAMONT

Honestly? You never saw *Get Out*? That's cray. I was blown away when I finally realized the white people were just using the Black people to steal their bodies. I was thunderstruck.

HARRY

Well, at least now I never have to see it.

LAMONT

(looking off)

Okay, little boys' room is...

(sees it, to Harry)

Wait for me.

He MOVES OFF, as Darryl COMES UP behind Harry.

DARRYL

So, what's this? Why's he still here?

HARRY

I thought you "slinked" outta town like the lily-livered coward you are.

DARRYL

Yes, and then I slinked back into town. Why hasn't Lamont gone back to L.A.?

HARRY

He decided to settle down here.

DARRYL

Here? In Nugatory? He can't survive here. The only culture these people have is at the bottom of a petri dish.

HARRY

And you're here why? You decided to do the right thing? Talk to Lamont? You decided to *not* be a coward?

DARRYL

Actually, a great man once said it takes courage to be a coward.

HARRY

That was Noel Coward, so I'm not sure it counts.

DARRYL

Look, if you're being pissy about all this just because I missed Dad's funeral, I'm sorry.

HARRY

There hasn't been a funeral.

DARRYL

Why not?

HARRY

Well, we "family members" -- those of us who have the courage to stay here -- figured we'd wait for Dad to die first.

DARRYL

He hasn't died? Why not?

Harry stares at him.

DARRYL (CONT'D)

Okay, I'll stay. I'll wait. I'm glad your room has twin beds.

HARRY

Sure. And if Lamont stops by, you can hide under them.

DARRYL

(looking at restroom)

'Spose I oughta skedaddle before he gets back.

HARRY

Because you're a lily-livered heterosexual coward.

DARRYL

(still looking off)

Right. And he pees fast.

HARRY

Good to know.

Darryl TAKES OFF.

**INT. CORRIDOR - SAME TIME**

Darryl EXITS the cafeteria and runs smack into Sister Maggie, who's carrying a tray of tomato juice glasses. The juice splatters all down the front of Darryl.

SISTER MAGGIE

Oh, my gosh. I'm so sorry.

DARRYL

No, no, my fault. I wasn't looking...

SISTER MAGGIE

Let me clean you up.

She takes a napkin, begins to wipe the juice off his pants.

DARRYL

If it helps, I love tomato juice.

She smiles up at him. Then notices movement in a particular spot she's rubbing.

SISTER MAGGIE

Oh, my.

DARRYL

(embarrassed)

I'm so sorry. I just...

SISTER MAGGIE

No, no... it's okay.

**FADE OUT:**

**END OF SHOW**

032722