

Forever Together



a pilot script
by
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FOREVER TOGETHER

"Breaking Up is Fucking Hard to Do"

COLD OPEN

FADE IN: 010118

INT. A VERY NICE RESTAURANT - EARLY EVENING

Trish and Phil are being seated at a table in a posh restaurant somewhere less embarrassing than the valley. Each is given a menu.

TRISH

This is lovely, Phil.

PHIL

Well, I wanted to take you
someplace nice... and public.

TRISH

It seems kind of soon, but it makes
me very happy.

A waiter shows up with two piping hot plates.

WAITER

For Madam. The Branzino Filet.

He puts the plate in front of Trish.

WAITER

And the gentleman had the salmon.

He puts the other plate in front of Phil.

PHIL

Excuse me. We haven't ordered yet.

WAITER

Yes, you have.

PHIL

No, we haven't.

WAITER

Yes.

PHIL

No.

A beat, the waiter studies the plates, then, quickly picks them up and moves off.

TRISH

Now, you had an important question you wanted to ask me.

PHIL

Yes, but it's not really a question.

TRISH

You want to ask me something that's not a question?

PHIL

No, I want to tell you something that's a statement.

TRISH

And you don't want me to answer your "statement"?

PHIL

Well, I suppose you can answer, but it's a statement, not a question.

TRISH

A statement I can answer, if I want?

PHIL

Okay, yes.

TRISH

Well, the answer to your statement, Phil, is a resounding yes, yes!

PHIL

No, no! Please let me ask the statement -- make the statement.

TRISH

(standing)

Hey, everyone! We're getting married!

A round of applause from the other patrons, as Trish sits back down. The waiter returns as Trish sits back down.

WAITER

Now then, what would you like?

PHIL

I think I'll have the salmon.

TRISH

And I'd like the Branzino Filet.

The waiter mumbles "assholes" and moves off.

PHIL

Okay, Trish, I don't think you're understanding what I'm saying.

TRISH

Oh, I think I am, Phil. I mean, what else could it be?

PHIL

Well, it could be a number of things like: The stock market is up 100 points. Or... Dogs eat grass for their digestive systems. Or...
(pointed)
...I think we should break up.

TRISH

The stock market is up 100 points? 'Cause this morning it was down 300. So that's great news. Okay, I've got a question for you.

PHIL

Actually, that wasn't what --

TRISH

Would you rather honeymoon right away, or wait until summer?

PHIL

Honeymoon, no. No honeymoon.

TRISH

Well, if we're going to get married we've got to have a honeymoon. This is something I'm going to stand firm on. Oh, Phil, you've made me so happy.

She takes his hand. The patrons applaud,

CUT TO:

MAIN TITLES

ACT ONE

INT. APARTMENT - DAY

Phil enters looking for his roommate.

PHIL
Hey, Larry?

LARRY (O.C.)
Yo!

PHIL
Gotta talk to you!

Phil rounds the corner into the kitchen and finds Larry concentrating on a TV show through squinty eyes and a lingering fog, a bong in his hand.

LARRY
Next commercial break, dude.

PHIL
I'm in trouble.

LARRY
What'd I just say?

PHIL
It went bad with Trish.

LARRY
Please, Phil, try to respect my desire to watch this program in peace.

A beat. Phil looks over at the "TV."

PHIL
Larry, that's the microwave.

LARRY
Well, huh.

There's a KNOCK ON THE DOOR, it swings open and neighbor Denise enters.

DENISE
Hey, guys. I need to borrow your doormat and a Skillsaw.

PHIL

One we don't have, the other you
can't borrow.

DENISE

(heading out)

Okay, well, your ridiculous
manifesto aside, one of them is
already in front of my door.

She exits. Phil turns back to Larry.

PHIL

So, anyway... guess who got engaged
last night.

LARRY

It wasn't me.

(then)

Wait, was it?

PHIL

It was me.

LARRY

I thought you were going to break
up with her?

PHIL

Well, I tried to break up, but I
got engaged instead.

LARRY

You understand, those two things
are vastly different. One is where
you live separate happy lives, the
other is where you don't.

PHIL

She confused me.

LARRY

Forgive me if this sounds
simplistic, Phil, but how 'bout you
tell her you don't want to be
engaged?

(looks around)

Hang on. Where'd my bong go?

PHIL

In your hand.

LARRY

(sees it)

Thank God.

PHIL

I tried to tell her I wanted to
break up. Didn't work. What else
you got?

Larry is looking down the tube of the bong.

LARRY

Maybe if you ask her to marry you,
she'll say you should break up.

PHIL

I see that backfiring.

LARRY

(re: bong)
There's my keys.

PHIL

Larry.

LARRY

(looks up, then)
Okay, surefire method. But I gotta
feeling you'll puss out.

PHIL

You don't know that.

LARRY

All right, you're gonna need
kerosine, a blow torch and some
duct tape.

PHIL

Yeah, I'm pussing out.

Larry moves to the sink, pours the bong water into it.

LARRY

(looking into sink)
You could tell her you're already
married. You'll be un-engaged at
the speed of a left hook.

PHIL

No, I'm gonna be direct, tell her
the truth. First thing tomorrow.

LARRY

Not tomorrow. Tonight. A-S-R-P.

Larry tries to work his hand into the garbage disposal.

PHIL
Okay, okay. Tonight.

Larry takes his hand out of the garbage disposal. Nothing.

LARRY
Can't get my hand in there. Crap.
Now I gotta borrow the neighbor's
kid again.

EXT. BIG HOUSE - FRONT DOOR - NIGHT

Phil stands in front of massive front doors of a massive house, way more expensive than anything you could buy. He rings the doorbell. A middle aged woman (OLIVIA) opens the door with a highball in one hand, a cigarette in the other.

OLIVIA
Yes?

PHIL
Does Trish Pritzker live here?

OLIVIA
She lives here, but only until the
drug addict moves out of her condo.
(then)
Hold on. Are you the fiancé?

PHIL
No, that was a misunder --

OLIVIA
Come in, come in.

Phil steps into the living room.

INT. LIVING ROOM - CONTINUOUS

As he enters, he sees the room HAS BEEN VIOLENTLY TRASHED: broken vase, paintings torn down, dishes shattered, a lamp and an empty bird cage on the floor. All in sharp contrast to a warm and glowing fire in the fireplace.

PHIL
Am I interrupting something?

OLIVIA
Huh, oh, the mister and I were just
discussing the insatiable
wanderlust of his genitalia.

(MORE)

OLIVIA (CONT'D)
(turns, yells)
Carl! Come out here! We got
company!

Carl sticks his head out from the kitchen.

CARL
I'm looking for your stupid bird.
Now you want me to entertain your
goddamn company?

OLIVIA
(to Phil)
Pinky is not a "stupid bird." He's
a wonderful cockatoo. An angel. A
beautiful angel.

Carl steps out with a highball in hand.

OLIVIA
Carl, this is Trish's fiiii-ancé.

PHIL
Actually, that's not... no.

CARL
Strapping on the old ball-n-chain,
huh? A decision you'll never
regret.

OLIVIA
Please, have a seat. Trish should
be home soon. Or not.
(then)
Would you like a gin and tonic?

PHIL
No thank you.

OLIVIA
I was kidding about the tonic.

PHIL
Still, no thank you.

OLIVIA
All right. Well, I'm going to bed.

She starts up stairway, then stops.

OLIVIA
By the way, Carl, until we resolve
the panties-in-your-pocket issue,
you're sleeping down here.

Carl watches her exit upstairs. Then,

CARL

Forty years I've been married to that woman, and I gotta say... it's like living in pit of tar.

(then to Phil)

Marrying Trish, huh? If you have a helmet and a cup, they might come in handy.

Carl laughs as Pinky the cockatoo lands on Phil's shoulder.

CARL

Holy cow. Stay still. Pinky's on your shoulder.

PHIL

(frozen)

What... should I do?

CARL

Stay where you are. I'm gonna try to sneak up behind it.

Phil sits stock still, as Carl tip-toes to the bird. But Pinky gets wind of what's going on and, terrified, leaps from Phil's shoulder, flapping its wings and flying straight into the fireplace where it bursts into flames.

Both Phil and Carl stare, dumbfounded. Then,

CARL

Well, he's never done that before.

PHIL

Seems like odd behavior.

CARL

Okay, I think we should just tell Oliva he flew out the window. Simple as that.

PHIL

Why don't we just tell her Pinky flew into the fireplace?

CARL

'Cause I'll be the one on my hands and knees, digging his charred carcass outta there. It'll be a whole deal, trust me. Sometimes a lie works way better than "the truth."

(MORE)

CARL (CONT'D)

(sitting)

It's a lot like running a business.
A successful business. Did you know
I run the largest swivel pinion
company southwest of Fresno.
Maudlin Swivel Pinion. It's in
Wikipedia.

PHIL

I'm sorry, what's a swivel pinion?

CARL

It's the little do-hicky that goes
on the inside of the carburetor in
a helicopter. You been living under
a rock? Hey, you know, we're
looking for someone now. You went
to college, right?

PHIL

Yeah.

CARL

G.P.A.?

PHIL

Uh... 3.8.

CARL

You employed?

PHIL

Yes. Baxter and Kline Investments.

CARL

Pissants. You happy there?

PHIL

Happy? No, not exactly, Carl. But
the pay's pretty good.

CARL

What do they pay you?

PHIL

Excuse me.

CARL

Not a tough question.

PHIL

Forty-five.

CARL

Thousand? You panhandle on the side? What would you say if I offered you a job at Maudlin?

PHIL

I don't think I'd take it, Carl. I'm hoping to move up at Baxter and Kline. So, I'm not sure I should just walk away.

CARL

A hundred and thirty thousand.

PHIL

'Course I don't really owe them anything. They don't even have a snack machine.

CARL

We don't have a snack machine.

PHIL

Nobody cares about snack machines, Carl.

CARL

Then I'll count you in. Welcome aboard. You start tomorrow.

They shake hands.

INT. APARTMENT - LATER

Larry is behind the (real) TV dismantling it with a screw driver. Tiny parts everywhere. The door opens, Phil enters.

PHIL

Larry! Larry!

LARRY

Dude, I'm right here. Stop with the screaming.

PHIL

You'll never guess what -- what are you doing?

LARRY

Fixing the TV.

(then)

You still getting married?

PHIL

There's nothing wrong with the TV.

LARRY

Oh yeah. I spent a half an hour trying to turn the damn thing on. Nothing. Blank screen.

PHIL

Because you took the batteries out of the remote last week. Remember, you needed them for the flashlight.

(sits)

Meanwhile, guess who got a job at a hundred and thirty grand a year.

LARRY

Okay, gimme a minute. Living or dead?

PHIL

I did! So I went into Baxter and Klein and told them to kiss my ass.

PHIL

Wait a minute. A hundred and thirty K. That's more than I make panhandling. Maybe they'd give me a job?

PHIL

I don't think you'd want it. They start every morning at 8 a.m.

LARRY

For a lousy 130K? Suck it.

INT. THE BULLPEN - MORNING

High tech, spacious, plenty of room for the desks and cubicles scattered here and there. Oh, and there's a large glass brick sculpture sitting on a pedestal near the entrance that says, "Maudlin."

An attractive 30-something woman (RACHEL) walks Phil into the bullpen.

RACHEL

Everybody, listen up! I'd like you to meet our new vice president of Marketing Distribution. Mr. Phil Anderson. Let's give him a rousing Maudlin Swivel Pinion welcome!

Listless applause and some lifeless attempts at yay.

PHIL

Thank you, everyone.

The workers all go back to what they were doing.

RACHEL

I've never seen them this excited.

An employee enters the bullpen and announces:

EMPLOYEE

Satan alert! Heads up! Look busy!

Trish enters with a piece of paper, beelines for a woman at a desk.

TRISH

So, Shirley, you want to leave work early to visit your deaf, blind and dumb grandma? Why don't you just get her a pinball machine and be done with it.

(sees Phil)

Oh my God, Phil? What're you doing here? You came to visit me?

She moves to him, hugs and kisses him.

PHIL

I didn't know you were here.

TRISH

(stops confused)

Well, that makes no sense.

PHIL

Your dad hired me.

TRISH

Neither does that.

(nervous)

So what're you gonna do here?
What's your job?

PHIL

(with pride)

Well, I'm the new vice president of Marketing Distribution.

TRISH

Oh, whew, that's nothing.

PHIL
What'd you mean nothing? Vice
president is pretty good.

Trish turns to the room.

TRISH
(yells)
Who here's a vice president?

Everyone raises their hand, including the guy mopping the
floor. Trish turns back to Phil.

PHIL
So, you're a vice president too?

TRISH
(laughs)
God, no. I'm District Supervisor. A
job that's not embarrassing to say
out loud.

PHIL
That means... you're my boss?

TRISH
And lover.
(to the room)
Everyone! I want you to meet my
fiancé, Phil. The wedding is in
three weeks and, don't worry, some
of you will be invited.

On Phil's horrified look,

CUT TO:

END OF ACT ONE

ACT TWO**INT. OFFICE BULLPEN - A MOMENT LATER**

All are as we left them. Phil leans in Trish's direction and more or less mumbles:

PHIL
Trish? Can I talk to you in
private?

INT. TRISH'S OFFICE - ALMOST CONTINUOUS

The office is filled to capacity with wedding dresses, books of wedding cakes and various other wedding paraphernalia. There's a seamstress, Rhonda, trying to organize the dresses as Trish and Phil enter.

TRISH
Rhonda. Beat it.

Rhonda quickly scurries out, Trish closes the door and turns back to Phil.

TRISH
I'm glad you're here, Phil. I
wanted to get your opinion on a
dress.

PHIL
No, I can't do this.

TRISH
Oh, Phil, it's just a dress.

PHIL
No, it's not.

TRISH
Yes it is. Look, legs stick out
here, boobs go here.

PHIL
It's not just the dress. It's
everything. Everything.

TRISH
Everything? In the world? 'Cause
that's a lot to be upset about.

PHIL
No, it's the wedding. I can't do
it.

TRISH

Right. Okay. Well, no problem.

PHIL

Really?

TRISH

Sure. You wanna elope, I'm down with that. I just need some of that jet-lag gum.

PHIL

No, no eloping, Trish. I have to make you understand something, as painful as it may be.

TRISH

Oh my God, no! This can't be happening.

PHIL

I'm sorry, Trish.

TRISH

It's that mole, isn't it? The one on the back of your neck. I knew it. Jesus, as if I wasn't busy enough, now I gotta plan a wedding and a funeral.

PHIL

Look, this whole thing was a misunderstanding. I don't want to marry you.

She stops, stunned.

TRISH

Really? You're serious?

(then)

Well, this is just humiliating! Now I'll look like a fool to all the pleebs.

PHIL

The pleebs?

TRISH

Yeah, those people out there. The ones who eat out of paper bags.

PHIL

Well, I'm really sorry, Trish.

TRISH

I can never forgive you for this.

PHIL

I'm sure, in time, you'll see this is for the best.

TRISH

Get out! Out! Get out of my office!
(mocking)
"For the best." Where'd you get that? Oprah? Go on, get out, walk away! Just walk away, Phil!

Phil realizes he can't reason his way out of this, exits.

INT. BULLPEN - CONTINUOUS

All eyes turn to Phil as he enters. He doesn't know however that Trish is right behind him wielding a silver CAKE KNIFE.

TRISH

Fine! Just walk away! You made a commitment to me and now you just walk away!

PHIL

You told me to walk away.

She throws the cake knife, just missing Phil and hitting Orson -- a heavysset employee.

ORSON

Ow.

PHIL

Trish, this may not be the best way to resolve our differences.

Trish sees a letter opener on the desk beside her. She picks it up and throws it, missing Phil and hitting Orson again.

ORSON

Ow! Goddamnit!

Carl enters.

CARL

Hello, cupcake. How goes it?

TRISH

Well, Phil here just stabbed me in the back. Says he wants to back out of the wedding.

Trish picks up a stapler, as Phil starts backing up.

CARL

Gee, Phil, is that true? I'm a mildly disappointed in you.

PHIL

Actually, I never proposed.

TRISH

If you didn't propose, then you certainly implied it. Which is just cruel.

PHIL

What? I didn't imply it.

TRISH

You may not have implied it, but you certainly lead me to believe we were getting married.

PHIL

No, I didn't.

TRISH

If you didn't lead me to believe we were getting married, then you hinted about a wedding.

PHIL

No, that's crazy.

TRISH

Okay, no hints about a wedding, but you certainly indicated as much with your eyes.

PHIL

Not true.

TRISH

Fine. Nothing with your eyes, but you were selling marriage like all get-out. And that's just wrong, Phil!

Trish winds up and lets the stapler fly. Phil dives to the left, crashing into the pedestal that supports the huge glass brick sculpture in the middle of the entry. It teeters precariously for a moment as a man rounds the corner walking toward it. It falls to the floor with a thundering crash, right in front of the guy. Glass everywhere. Everyone is shocked.

SOME GUY

Your glass thing fell over. Boy, my chest feels tight. Tight, tight...

He clutches his chest and topples over, face down. The others slowly make their way to him to get a better look.

RACHEL

That's what's his name.

TRISH

No it's not.

ORSON

I think he works in the electrical department.

EMPLOYEE

No, he works in shipping.

RACHEL

Nah, office supplies.

SHIRLEY

It's Chet from accounting. I'd stake my life on it.

RACHEL

His name tag says Barry.

SHIRLEY

Okay, maybe not my life.

TRISH

Barry? I don't know a Barry.

ORSON

Neither do I. And now he's dead.

CARL

Trish? You wanna take care of this.

TRISH

Me?

(then)

Okay, let's call 911 and the police. Phil, you're the primary suspect, so stick around.

Trish exits for her office.

INT. PHIL'S APARTMENT - LATER

Phil is dressed in a suit, looking for something under the couch and between the cushions, while he talks to Larry, who's in the other room.

PHIL
(calling out)
I don't think I'll be more than a couple of hours. And don't forget, it's your turn to do the dishes.

LARRY (O.S.)
I did 'em.

PHIL
You washed the dishes?

LARRY (O.S.)
Oh, wash 'em?

PHIL
You haven't seen my blue and red tie, have you?

Larry comes out of the back, tying a blue and red tie, and dressed in a suit that's a little too big for him.

PHIL
(seeing him)
Larry, that's my tie.

LARRY
(looking)
I thought this was my tie.

PHIL
You don't have a tie.

LARRY
Well, I gotta wear something to the funeral.

Larry starts untying the tie.

PHIL
You're going to the funeral? Why?

LARRY
I wanna meet Carl. See if he's got any jobs at a reasonable hour.

He hands Phil the tie.

LARRY

I really like that tie, if it means anything to you.

PHIL

Means nothing to me.

LARRY

Your underwear though. Binds like crazy.

As Larry reaches back to pick the underwear out of his butt,

EXT. GRAVEYARD - AFTERNOON

A small crowd is gathering around the suspended coffin. Trish finds Phil and moves to him.

TRISH

Phil! Phil!

PHIL

Hello, Trish.

TRISH

Listen, I just talked to the priest. He said he needs someone to speak for the company, and that's you.

PHIL

I'm speaking for the company? I don't even know where the bathroom is.

TRISH

Come on, you were the one who killed Barry.

PHIL

I didn't kill Barry. Besides I don't know these people. Especially Barry. So, I'm not making a speech.

Phil gives her a hard stare, then,

TRISH

Oh, and try to squeeze out a tear or two. Just to sell it.

Trish moves off.

ANGLE ON: LARRY

Makes his way through the crowd when he hears someone say:

FUNERAL GOER
Hey, Carl. Come here, we need your
opinion.

A man (who isn't our Carl) walks toward the group, but Larry
steps in his way.

LARRY
You're Carl?

CARL TWO
Yeah.

LARRY
I'm Larry. And I think your company
needs me.

CARL TWO
Really?

LARRY
Lemme start by showing you my
resume and credentials.

He takes out a tattered piece of paper from his coat pocket
and hands it to Carl Two.

CARL TWO
(looking at it)
Boy, kind of a mess.

LARRY
The resume of someone with
confidence.

CARL TWO
(putting it in his
pocket)
Well, thank you.

LARRY
Just so you know -- I'm willing to
start work anytime in the late
morning.

CARL TWO
We start at six.

LARRY

Even better. I'm usually up by mid-afternoon.

EXT. GRAVEYARD - MOMENTS LATER

With all around the casket, the priest, at the head of it, finishes the obsequies.

PRIEST

...that I may submit to death in punishment of my sins, and so enter into thy kingdom of love. Amen.

(then)

Now we will hear from Mr. Phil Anderson, a dear friend of Barry's.

TRISH

(leans to Phil)

Representing the company.

Trish gives Phil a little nudge. Phil steps up to speak.

PHIL

(after a beat)

Barry, our beloved Barry. Barry... today we bury Barry. He was unfortunately taken from us much too soon in a tragic accident, that was no one's fault. He will be missed by everyone who will... miss him. Especially by his wife?

Phil looks at a woman he assumes is Barry's wife. She nods to affirm that's who she is.

PHIL

Yes, we will all miss Barry. There were so many wonderful things about him. He... hated injustice, and litter. He hated when children are swept away by heavy rains and flooding. And he hated the cruelty of the Nazis. He didn't like having surgery, he hated getting a severe burn and pain. He hated pain.

Suddenly an effeminate looking man breaks down sobbing, and rushes to the casket to hug it. Everyone is fairly confused by this, Phil tries to pick it up.

PHIL
I don't think any of us realized
how deeply and profoundly Barry
touched people.

SOBBING GUY
(to casket)
My life is over.

ANGLE ON: Two Employees.

EMPLOYEE #1
So... Barry was gay? Who'da seen
that comin'?

EMPLOYEE #2
Oh, come on, Lloyd. He had
playbills all over his office.

Back to Phil.

PHIL
And so today we say good-bye.

Oddly, those attending, in unison, say, "Good-bye, Barry."
Phil is a little thrown by this, but recovers.

PHIL
Anyway, thank you. And enjoy the
rest of the funeral.
(then)
Not enjoy.

As the priest retakes his place at the head of the casket,

PRIEST
Thank you, Mr. Anderson.
(to the crowd)
The Lord will welcome Barry into His
Kingdom. So it's time to extract
that young homosexual from Barry's
coffin before we lower it into the
ground.

As the priest continues talking,

ANGLE ON: Olivia and Carl

OLIVIA
(wiping a tear)
How beautiful... I hope that priest
is available for your funeral.

CARL

Maybe he'll do a two-for-one, 'cause
I'm takin' you with me.

Phil moves back into the crowd, as Trish grabs his arm and drags him away.

TRISH

Something's not right here.

PHIL

Lotta things aren't right here.

TRISH

The people. They're pleebs, yes,
but I don't think they're our
pleebs. Are we sure Barry worked
for us?

PHIL

Trish, I spent 15 minutes in the
office. So, a little difficult to
say.

TRISH

Well, since you're the one who
killed Barry, I think you should
find out if these people work for
Maudlin or not.

She ushers Phil over to a couple of the unknowns, then walks away. The two employees stare at Phil.

PHIL

Hey, guys. Damn shame about poor
Barry.

EMPLOYEE #2

Yeah, never be another one like
Barry.

EMPLOYEE #1

Actually, Murray over in receiving --
he's a lot like Barry.

EMPLOYEE #2

No, not really.

EMPLOYEE #1

Look at the facts, Myron. They're
both bald and short.

EMPLOYEE #2

Yeah.

EMPLOYEE #1
They both have a lazy eye.

EMPLOYEE #2
Okay.

EMPLOYEE #1
They both live in Reseda.

PHIL
Uh, guys, excuse me.

EMPLOYEE #1
They both got dachshunds with liver problems. Hell, they're practically the same person.

PHIL
Excuse me, guys? I need to ask you a question.

EMPLOYEE #2
Fire away, open book here.

PHIL
The company you work for is what?

EMPLOYEE #1
Fantastic. They've got a comprehensive health plan and a stationary bike in the lobby.

PHIL
Okay, but what's the name of the company? This company?

EMPLOYEE #2
(looks around, then)
Well, it's Hillside Memorial. Says so right out front.

PHIL
No, not the... Okay, lemme try this: What company did Barry work for?

EMPLOYEE #1
Same as us.

PHIL
(pissed)
Are you just...
(then)
Okay. Who issues your paycheck?

EMPLOYEE #2

Little chubby guy in accounting.

PHIL

Goddamnit! There's a sign in front of your building. What's it say?

EMPLOYEE #1

"Stop"?

EMPLOYEE #2

There's another one says, "yield."

PHIL

You know what! Fine. Cannot thank you enough. Or at all.

Phil moves off, finds Trish.

TRISH

Any luck?

PHIL

Maybe if I had a couple of thumbscrews.

TRISH

Okay, lemme try these guys.

Trish approaches two older men.

TRISH

How are you, gentlemen?

MAN

Well, we work for Scardino Sheetmetal so what could be bad?

TRISH

And Barry... did Barry work for Scardino Sheetmetal?

MAN

Oh sure. He was a cutter. Been with the company 15 years --

Trish has gotten what she wanted, turns and yells.

TRISH

Maudlin Spindle Pinion people! Back to work!

And as everyone from Maudlin extricates themselves from the real mourners,

INT. APARTMENT - NEXT MORNING

Larry's is in the kitchen looking for something when there's a knock at the door.

LARRY

Open!

Denise enters.

DENISE

Larry, do you have blender?

LARRY

Somewhere in the kitchen.

DENISE

Don't need it that bad.

(then)

You're out of bed early.

LARRYS

I'm going back to bed, soon as I find my Invisalign.

Phil enters, dressed for work.

DENISE

Hi, Phil. You look nice. Nice tie. Here, let me fix it for you.

She moves to straighten his tie.

PHIL

Larry, it's your turn to clean the kitchen, like it's been for a week.

Denise tightens the tie very tight, pats the front of it.

DENISE

There ya go, Phil. Now you look even more handsome... as if possible. And the super red complexion, hot.

PHIL

(squeaky voice)

Thanks, Denise. Not sure if we need to go that tight on the tie.

(loosens tie, then)

Larry, aren't you late for work?

LARRY

My boss said I don't start till six.

PHIL

I'm pretty sure he meant six in the morning.

LARRY

In the morning? That can't be right. That's not right. That's insane. No, no, I'm gonna have to tell those guys to take a flying heap.

DENISE

Actually, it's "leap," not heap.

LARRY

What is?

DENISE

You "take a flying leap," not "a flying heap."

LARRY

Good God, I feel like a blimbecile.

INT. BULLPEN - NEXT DAY

Everyone is there, business as usual, while Trish is looking over a company financial spreadsheet, the work of an employee.

TRISH

Wow, Beth, I haven't seen work like this in years.

BETH

Thank you.

TRISH

Don't thank me. This stinks to high heaven. You said you went to college -- was it just for a lunch?

Phil enters out of breath, approaches Trish.

PHIL

Sorry, I'm late. I don't have a parking space, so I had to park four blocks away. Bad neighborhood. But I made it, ready to work. Well, except I'm at a twenty minute meter, so I can't stay long...

TRISH

I have something to show you. Come on.

INT. OFFICE HALLWAY - A MOMENT LATER

Trish is almost giddy as she leads Phil to his "new office." She opens the door with a flourish and Phil sees that it's more of a converted supply closet than an office. There are still a couple of shelves with sheaths of paper on them. A desk that almost takes up the entirety of the room.

PHIL

You're kidding, right? This is a joke.

TRISH

A joke? No. A joke needs to be funny to be a joke, Phil. That's one of the fundamentals of comedy.

PHIL

Well, this is a joke that's not funny.

TRISH

Okay, you wouldn't think I'd have to explain this, but if something is not funny, it's unfunny and can't be not unfunny. You understand, right?

PHIL

Can we talk about my office? 'Cause it's too small.

TRISH

Define small, 'cause I know half a dozen plebs who'd skin their children to have this office.

PHIL

Well, whoever takes it, they should probably be circus performers?

TRISH

I don't get it. Why should they be circus performers?

PHIL

A bunch of them could fit in this office.

TRISH

I hope you're not talking about clowns,
because their feet are enormous.

PHIL

Yeah, but a whole bunch of 'em get
in a tiny car.

TRISH

Why would they get in a tiny car?

PHIL

It's what they do.

TRISH

Well, I've never seen it. And,
frankly, it doesn't make any sense.

PHIL

What were we talking about?

TRISH

Clowns.

PHIL

No. We were talking about my tiny
office.

TRISH

I have a headache. You've given me a
headache. You killed Barry and you've
given me a headache. Okay, okay, we'll
move you next door.

PHIL

Next door?

TRISH

Huge office with a bathroom. I was
saving it for someone special, but
you can have it.

She exits, as Phil watches her leave, wondering if 130K is
worth it.

FADE OUT:

END OF ACT TWO