

Okay Cry-Baby

By

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Pilot episode

EXT. LOS ANGELES - TENNIS COURT - DAY

A tennis ball flies over the net and hits a tennis racket: SMACK! It flies back again: SMACK!

Mike (30s) David (30s) both wearing white on white tennis gear: Shorts, T-Shirts, Head bands, wrist bands, shoes.

They dress like pros, however, they can't play for shit.

Mike lobs the ball. David swings hard, sailing it over a large chain link fence surrounding the court. He drops his racket, throws his hands in the air, runs towards an imaginary first base.

DAVID

High fly ball into right field,
she... is... GONE!

The ball lands beyond the fence and joins a hundred others.

Annoyed, Mike checks his smart phone.

MIKE

Let's get some food, I'm hungry.

David finishes running the bases.

DAVID

One more.

Mike pulls another ball from his pocket.

He serves, SMACK!

David swings HARD, sends the ball over the fence. Drops the racket, hands in the air, runs the bases.

Mike is done.

MIKE

I'll be in the car.

CUT TO:

EXT. GELSONS GROCERY STORE - LATER

David and Mike exit the store, still dressed in tennis gear, now with a SALAD.

EXT. PARK BENCH - MOMENTS LATER

After his first bite:

DAVID
Gelson's has the best Deli.

MIKE
It's good but so expensive.

DAVID
Worth every cent. Remember last
year, I had a head cold for three
months?

Mike shakes his head.

DAVID CON'T
I went through four bottles of
nasal spray.

Mike's BEEPER goes off, he looks at the message.

DAVID CON'T
Remember? I stayed in bed, watched
the entire series of Sex In The
City.

Mike shakes his head, doesn't remember.

DAVID CON'T
Come on...

Mike motions - time to go. They pack up and walk towards
the car.

MIKE
I knew a guy once, burned a hole in
the back of his nose cause he
overdosed on nasal spray.

CUT TO:

INT. MIKE'S SUV - LATER

Conversation picks up as Mike drives.

DAVID
First I tried a Neddy pot and salt
water.

MIKE
A remedy only a grandmother could
love.

DAVID
Didn't work.

MIKE
Not surprised.

DAVID
So I tried eucalyptus oil.

MIKE
What is that gonna do?

DAVID
Vapors open the eustachian tubes,
helps drain fluid. But it didn't
work either, I mean this thing was
so bad I thought maybe even my
chakras were out of alignment.

MIKE SLAMS ON THE BRAKES. An old woman crosses the street in front of them. They patiently wait.

MIKE
Or maybe you had a cold? A common cold that a million people get every year.

DAVID
It went on for three months.

MIKE
Go to a doctor.

DAVID
Let me finish my story.

The woman clears the bumper and Mike drives on.

CUT TO:

EXT. SUBURBAN HOME - LATER

They pull into the drive way.

DAVID
I decide to go to Gelson's grocery store and get some good old fashioned chicken noodle soup.

They get out of the car, go round to the trunk, take out a **DUFFLE BAG**. Walk towards the house.

DAVID CON'T
I fill up their biggest container.
Get it up to the cashier, she
weighs it on the scale and says
'that'll be nineteen fifty'.

MIKE
Twenty bucks for soup!?

DAVID
Take out my wallet.

MIKE
Way too much money.

DAVID
Lemme finish.

MIKE
I hope you turned around and walked
out, cause 20 bucks-

DAVID
Let me finish. There was a line of
people behind me.

MIKE
Fuck em.

Beat.

MIKE CON'T
Sorry, go ahead.

DAVID
Bottom line, I bought the soup.

MIKE
For twenty bucks?

DAVID
Are you listening?

MIKE CON'T
What a rip off.

DAVID
Not the point, I would have paid 40
cause let me tell you something.

MIKE

Best soup you ever had? cleared
your sinuses? Healthy again?

Beat.

DAVID

Why do you always have to finish my
stories?

MIKE

Why do they always have to be so
fucking predictable?

David shakes his head in disgust.

DAVID

You insensitive motherfucker.

MIKE

Oh, come on.

DAVID

I don't tell you that tale so you
can crap on my story telling
technique, I don't care if you like
it. What I do care about is your
health. I want you to have the
benefit of my experience, so next
time you get a head cold, you might
consider my wisdom and think to
yourself, *I'll go to Gelson's for
the world's best chicken noodle
soup.*

David turns away and walks to the front door. Mike shakes his head and follows.

They stand in silence for a moment.

David rings the bell.

Beat.

The front door swings open to BRI-ANNE (30s). She greets them with a familiar:

BRI-ANNE

What's up!

And they respond:

DAVID
Motherfucker!

MIKE
Motherfucker!

As they enter Bri-Anne cautiously looks down the street both directions.

INT. LIVING ROOM - CONTINUOUS

On the other side of the room, SILVIA (30s) smoking a cigarette.

DAVID
Silvia, what's shaken beeeaaach?

She looks up. Her mascara cascades down her cheeks in a mixture of **red and black** looking both crazed and demonic.

DAVID
Holy shit!?

MIKE
Silvia?

She doesn't respond.

BRI-ANNE
Silvia, honey. The medicine has arrived.

She doesn't speak.

MIKE
(to Brian)
What's wrong with her?

BRI-ANNE
It's been a rather traumatic day.

Mike approaches.

MIKE
Silvia, you okay?

Nothing.

DAVID
Maybe she's possessed by the devil.

Silvia snaps her head towards David.

SILVIA

I'm not possessed by the devil you imbecile.

DAVID

Well why didn't you speak when-

SILVIA

Cause maybe I'm having a bad fucking day!

DAVID

Okay, I'm sorry, I was just being polite.

SILVIA

Suck my dick.

DAVID

Does your bad day explain everything going on here?

David indicates Silvia's red and black mascara.

DAVID CON'T

You look like maybe you had your period all over your face.

SILVIA

What the fuck did you say?

DAVID

(slowly, louder)

I said, it looks like you had your period-

Silvia POUNCES! Throws her hands around David's neck, tries to strangle him to death.

Bri-Anne and Mike pull her off.

DAVID

(choking)

What the fuck!?

BRI-ANNE

Silvia!

SILVIA

(to Bri-Anne)

Oh fuck you Cable Guy fucker!

Bri-Anne throws her hands up, conceding.

MIKE
(to Bri-Anne)
What can we do for you?

BRI-ANNE
Obviously something to calm us the
fuck down. Something that is the
opposite of paranoid.

MIKE
Okay.

Mike motions to David. He needs the **DUFFEL BAG**.

INSIDE THE BAG: A WIDE ASSORTMENT OF MARIJUANA. Little
plastic bottles named:

'HENCHMEN' 'BULLDOZER' 'PILE DRIVER' 'ZOMBIE'

Mike picks a bottle called '**OKAY CRY BABY**'

MIKE
This is a very special Indica. It's
a pleasant body buzz, stress
relief, overall calm serenity.

Bri-Anne takes it, with a thankful nod.

MIKE CON'T
(quietly to Bri-Anne)
Is everything cool?

She hesitates.

BRI-ANNE
Follow me.

INT. BATHROOM - MOMENTS LATER

Standing in the doorway: Brian, Mike, David and Silvia look
down onto the bathroom floor.

DAVID
Holy Fuck.

Reverse to a 30's Male handcuffed, gagged, blood pooled
around his head. A CLAW HAMMER nearby.

MIKE
Who is he?

SILVIA
The Cable Guy.

DAVID
(realizing)
Oh I get it. Cable Guy fucker. You called her a Cable Guy fucker.

Beat.

MIKE
What happened?

SILVIA
I heard them in the shower. He tried to make a run for it. The hammer was already on it's way into his face when I realized I probably should have laid down plastic.

They all look down at the blood.

SILVIA
Seriously, is that going to stain the grout between the tiles?

Beat.

DAVID
Why the fuck are you showing us?

BRI-ANNE
You asked.

DAVID
Excuse me, no. You can show us a dead dog or a dead cat, or even a case of the fucking clap but not a dead person.

Mike acknowledges the body and shuts the door.

MIKE
Why don't we... respect.

INT. MASTER BEDROOM - MOMENTS LATER

David tries to leave.

DAVID

Okay we're gonna go, good luck with
your homicide.

Beat. Bri-Anne looks to Mike.

BRI-ANNE

You know somebody who can help?

DAVID

Yeah the police.

SILVIA

I don't want to go to prison.

DAVID

You wont go to prison, you'll go
straight to the electric chair.

Silvia is frightened. Mike reassures her.

MIKE

It wont come to that.

Beat.

SILVIA

He got what he deserved.

DAVID

*Him? What the fuck did he do? It's
this chick who lied to you.*

BRI-ANNE

Hey.

DAVID

When you got married, you made a
promise. It's called the 'I wont
fuck other people' promise. And
unfortunately the asshole who broke
that promise is standing right here
in front of you.

BRI-ANNE

Hey!

DAVID
No offense.
(to Silvia)
You deserve better.

BRI-ANNE
Fuck You.

DAVID
Cheater Cheater, pussy eater, Still
sucks cock cause she knows it's
beater. Better. You know what I
mean.

Beat.

MIKE
I know somebody we can call.

BRI-ANNE
Whatever it costs, I'll pay it.

MIKE
That's good to know.

David hesitates.

DAVID
(to Mike)
Can I talk to you?

David and Mike go into the bathroom and shut the door.

INT. BATHROOM CONTINUOUS

As they hover over the dead body.

DAVID
Dead Cable Guy disposal is not a
part of our job description.

MIKE
So?

DAVID
It's not our responsibility.

MIKE
No. However, it's in our best
interest to protect our client
relationship. Dealers like us are a
dying breed. We have to ensure our
(MORE)

MIKE (cont'd)
longevity even if it means helping somebody get rid of a dead body. Consider it our own special brand of hospitality. It may not be ideal, but it's the right thing to do. Bri-Anne and Silvia have always been reliable. They're like family.

DAVID
Silvia hates my guts.

MIKE
Sibling rivalry.

DAVID
Any other reason?

MIKE
It's the nice thing to do?

DAVID
(not convinced)
And?

MIKE CON'T
The money?

DAVID

Mike looks David square in the eye, with conviction.

MIKE
It's like they got a cold and we
are the chicken noodle soup.

David smiles.

EXT = HOUSE = LATER

Doorbell rings.

Mike opens the door to BILL and TED.

MIKE

BILL TED
Motherfucker! Motherfucker!

Mike ushers the two men into the house.

INT. BATHROOM MOMENTS LATER.

Bill and Ted take a look at the Cable Guy. Mike and Bri-Anne look in from the door.

BILL
What a waste.

MIKE
I know, she was...

TED
IS... Beautiful.

Ted pushes some hair away from the Nanny's face.

BILL
Stupid, stupid, stupid.

TED
*'When the cold rains kept on and
killed the spring, it was as though
a young person had died for no
reason'*

MIKE
Faulkner?

BILL
Hemingway.

MIKE
Ahh. So... How much?

Beat.

BILL
Fifty grand.

BRI-ANNE
Fifty? Five Zero? Thousand? I had
no idea it was gonna be that much!

TED
Now it's Sixty thousand.

BRI-ANNE
What!? What the fuck, I thought
You said these guys were cool.

Bill is insulted, approaches Bri-Anne.

BILL

Hey fuck donkey, I'm an artist, you insult me and my partner again and we will walk the fuck outta here.

MIKE

Come on, Bill have a heart, it's her first murder, she has no idea what to expect.

Beat

MIKE CON'T

Look, fifty thousand, that's fare. You guys do your work, we'll be downstairs.

Mike pushes Bri-Anne out. Bill and Ted put on coveralls, take out their tools, including an electric **bone carving saw**.

INT. LIVING ROOM - MOMENTS LATER

David, Mike, Bri-Anne and Silvia sit in the living room smoking a bowl.

The SCREAM of the bone saw begins to howl.

SILVIA

I think I should get to fuck somebody too.

BRI-ANNE

What!?

SILVIA

It's not fair that you got to fuck the dead Cable Guy and I don't get to fuck anybody.

BRI-ANNE

Fuck no! And for the record, he wasn't dead when we...

Silvia cuts her down with a look.

BRI-ANNE CON'T

It just sounded... the way you said it... But I get your point.

She waits for an answer.

Bri-Anne nods 'OKAY'

SILVIA

Good, I choose David.

David coughs, shaking his head.

DAVID

No fucking way.

SILVIA

Yes, now.

She stands.

SILVIA CON'T

The guest room hasn't been used all year.

David looks to Bri-Anne.

SILVIA CON'T

It's not up to her, so don't waste your time looking for approval.

Bri-Anne shrugs to David.

BRIAN

If it's gonna be anybody...

DAVID

I don't want to do it...

BRIAN

... I want it to be you.

DAVID

...please don't make me do it.

SILVIA

I said now mother fucker.

David looks to Mike. Mike shrugs.

LONG BEAT.

DAVID

Fuck it.

Silvia leads David into the guest bedroom.

The guest room door closes as the bone carving saw SCREAMS in the distance.

The end