

I DON'T WORK HERE

"NO-FATHERS DAY"

Written by

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INT. APARTMENT - LIVING ROOM - DAY

Inside of a nice Brooklyn apartment. Nothing too fancy-- the owner has some money and taste. The SOUNDS of a COUPLE, man and woman, having sex, good sex, can be heard coming from another room.

Typical furniture occupies the living room. A loveseat couch, coffee table, mounted TV, side tables. Framed photographs are scattered throughout.

The SOUNDS OF ECSTASY continue.

One woman appears in every photo. TERRY. This is her apartment. From the looks of it, she's in her mid to late 40s, pretty, and happy. Despite her age she exudes a kind of physical youth that comes with skincare routines and never having children.

The SOUNDS OF ECSTASY continue. The woman's gets louder, almost drowning out the man's grunts and gasps for air.

Framed on the wall are Terry's DEGREES and ACCOLADES. A Masters Degree of Psychology stands proud on the wall. Next to it is a Doctorate in Psychology from Stanford.

Next to her degrees is a framed photo of Terry in her office--she sits in a chair holding a notebook, while BARACK OBAMA lies in a feinting chair across from her.

The woman audibly CLIMAXES in the next room.

INT. APARTMENT - BEDROOM - DAY

TERRY buttons up her blouse, her hair a mess. RICK (m/30), dark but ethnically ambiguous, is still in bed panting.

RICK
Wow. That was good.

TERRY
Yeah.

RICK
Like, really good.

TERRY
Mhm.

RICK
That was a big O you had back there.

(CONTINUED)

CONTINUED:

TERRY

Oh yeah.

RICK

I didn't get to, um--do you wanna keep going? I'm, like, right there.

TERRY

No, thats okay.

Rick gets out of bed and sensually puts his hands on her shoulders.

TERRY

I already got mine. Here.

She tosses a small towel on the bed.

TERRY

I have to go to work. You can finish yourself off on this.

RICK

Is everything okay? Did I do something?

TERRY

I'm just running late. I have a client coming in and I need to freshen up the office.

RICK

(examining the towel)
This isn't, like, important or anything? Its pretty nice.

TERRY

Nope. That's what its used for.

RICK

Oh. Okay. I guess--do you mind turning around?

TERRY

Are you serious?

RICK

I know. But, um, that, for me, it's a private endeavor.

TERRY

Either do it or don't. But you have to go.

(CONTINUED)

CONTINUED: (2)

RICK

Its okay. I can just turn around
then,

Rick turns around. Before he starts, he checks to see if Terry is looking. He may as well be invisible.

TITLE CARD: I DON'T WORK HERE

INT. THERAPIST'S OFFICE - DAY

Rick sits, almost sinks, into a large plush couch.

RICK

I just feel like sometimes I have nowhere to go. I feel like I don't have any options and I'm not gonna make it. And no matter how hard I try I'm always going to be alone. I mean, I obviously can't join the Aryan Brotherhood. And the Latin Kings--I don't speak Spanish and that just feels like a betrayal. I can't do that to them. Is there, like, a Jewish gang or something? Because I've got that down pat. I'd be willing to converting to Islam too if that seems like a viable option.

Terry sits across from Rick in a chair that looks more like a throne. Her face blank.

TERRY

(startled)

Hm? Sorry. I spaced out for a second. There's this girl who comes in right after you. Thursdays. You probably see her out in the waiting room.

RICK

Okay?

TERRY

She spent most of her life living in an end-of-the-world death cult.

RICK

Oh my god. That's awful.

(CONTINUED)

CONTINUED:

TERRY

Now she's the CEO of a Fortune 500 company. She's got demons. But you-- thinking about what gang to join if you go to prison. Is that seriously what keeps you up at night?

RICK

Well, I think you might be oversimplifying things a--

TERRY

(throws her hands up)
I can't listen to this anymore. I can't.

RICK

What? But its your job. I pay you.

TERRY

You're on a sliding scale. This may as well be a Make-a-Wish. You're not a bad guy. Its just that I honestly can't stand you. God, that feels so good to say.

RICK

What? But what about, like, the sex?

TERRY

(pantomiming)
It used to be that hearing you speak was down here. Okay? And sleeping with you was up here. But then you coming here every week just got to be--

Her "listening to you" hand moves down further and further, while her "sleeping with you" hand stays in place.

TERRY

See what I mean?

RICK

Okay, but look how high up the sex is now.

TERRY

The gap is too big. They don't cancel each other out anymore.

(CONTINUED)

CONTINUED: (2)

RICK

So you're just gonna leave me?

TERRY

No. I'm just relieving you of my services. I'm doing us both a favor. Mostly me.

(relieved)

I feel like I just took the biggest shit.

RICK

But we can still, you know, *do it*, right?

She puts her hands up again.

TERRY

Remember what I just said? And I can't risk you telling me your made up problems after.

RICK

So what am I supposed to do?

TERRY

If you want I can recommend you to some grad students.

RICK

For sex?

INT. CAFE - DAY

Rick sits at a round table with his friends, GIL (m/30) and ISAAC (m/30). They're drinking coffee.

ISAAC

So you were sleeping with your therapist?

Rick shrugs.

GIL

I just can't believe you got dumped.

RICK

I think its a good thing, though. This kind of starts a new chapter in my life where I figure shit out on my own. I want to solve my problems on my own.

(MORE)

(CONTINUED)

CONTINUED:

RICK (CONT'D)
(patting his heart)
I've got the tools right here.

GIL
Yeah, says the guy who called his
mom after he stubbed his toe.

RICK
I thought I broke it! I couldn't
move it!

GIL
Okay, but wasn't it your pinky
toe? Nobody can move that one.

ISAAC
I move my pinky toe all the time.

RICK
On its own?

ISAAC
On its own. I'm doing it right
now.
(scrunching his face)
Left. Right. Both.

GIL
Prove it.

RICK
Maybe not at a restaurant.

GIL
What's everyone doing tonight?
Wanna get some No-Fathers Day
beers?

RICK
I can't tonight. I've gotta
babysit.

His friends laugh at him.

GIL
You're still doing that?

RICK
I need the cash.

GIL
How's that whole thing going?

(CONTINUED)

CONTINUED: (2)

RICK

I'm this close to moving in with my mom.

GIL

Yikes, man.

RICK

I feel like a failure. I just want to be able to take care of myself.

GIL

I'm sure it'll work itself out?

ISAAC

Its that same family down in Red Hook?

Rick nods.

ISAAC

They pay well, though, right?

RICK

Very. It's not rent, but it's good. And the kid's dad lets me smoke his pot.

GIL

They let you smoke the kid's pot?

Rick flashes a look--*ha-ha very funny.*

RICK

But I'm kind of freaking out a little. Like, I don't know what I'm gonna do.

ISAAC

You'll figure it out.

RICK

You guys don't know anyone who's hiring right now?

Isaac and Gil shake their head.

GIL

What're you gonna do?

(CONTINUED)

CONTINUED: (3)

RICK

Throw everything in storage. I'm pretty much packed. My whole room is like a fort of boxes right now.

GIL

I hear that. Moving sucks. I've been in my place for three years and half of my shit is still in boxes.

RICK

What's in them?

GIL

Porn.

ISAAC

Porn?

GIL

Yeah. Magazines, DVDs, some VHS tapes.

RICK

You know all of that is free on the internet, right?

GIL

But what happens when the internet goes out?

RICK

(miming)
Just unplug it, plug it back in.

GIL

No. See, you're thinking too small. I'm talking globally. Post-apocalyptic even. If we're attacked, the first thing they're gonna do is clip our internet.

ISAAC

America's internet?

GIL

The whole United grid of America. If I were about to invade us that's what I would do. Turn it off permanently. Cut off communication and information.

(CONTINUED)

CONTINUED: (4)

ISAAC

I--I guess? I mean, that does make some sense.

RICK

Yeah. A lot, actually.

GIL

Of course it does!

RICK

But that doesn't explain the boxes of porn.

GIL

No internet means no porn. That is, unless you have boxes of the physical stuff. It'll become the new gold. The porn standard.

RICK

And so you're gonna profit off of war?

GIL

If I survive the first wave. Yeah.

RICK

The first wave.

Their server, CLAIRE, (f/late 20s), comes with three plates of food.

CLAIRE

Hey, guys. This should be easy. I've got bacon, eggs, and toast all around.

She hands them off one at a time.

CLAIRE

Best customers I've had all day. Anything else I can grab for you?

RICK

Yeah. The sign outside said there's a free Old Fashioned for Fathers Day. Could we get those?

CLAIRE

Oh, those are just for the dads.

They all look around. They're surrounded by YOUNG PEOPLE treating their FATHERS to breakfast.

(CONTINUED)

CONTINUED: (5)

Everyone looks so happy, and each dad has what looks like the greatest Old Fashioned ever made in their hand.

CLAIRE

If you had brought your dads--

GIL

Yikes.

RICK

Yeah. See, we're actually celebrating No-Fathers Day.

CLAIRE

No-Fathers Day? What is that?

ISAAC

We made it up. Its this thing we do every year cause--

GIL

Our dads are dead.

Isaac nods in agreement.

CLAIRE

Thats dark.

RICK

Well not mine. I mean, he's dead to me. Kinda. We don't know each other. He could be in here right now and I wouldn't even know it.

Claire scans the room for a family resemblance.

THE MANAGER (f/late 30s) enter the fray.

MANAGER

Is everything okay?

CLAIRE

Yeah. We were just--they wanted to know about the Fathers Day drinks.

GIL

Apparently because our dads are dead we will not be served.

RICK

Well thats not, like, *verbatim* what happened, but--

(CONTINUED)

CONTINUED: (6)

MANAGER

(shocked)

I am so sorry, you guys.

(to Claire)

Can I talk to you for a second?

Claire starts to move away from the table but The Manager stays put.

CLAIRE

Oh, just right here?

MANAGER

(barely whispering)

What's going on? First Mothers Day and now this?

CLAIRE

I didn't work Mothers Day.

MANAGER

(barely whispering)

Look, Claire, you're a good kid, but these people are in need.

The three friends stare in amazement.

MANAGER

(barely whispering)

And I am so fucking dedicated to helping people that I can't have someone like you on the team trying to drag me down with them.

RICK

I wouldn't really say we're *in need*.

ISAAC

Well I miss my dad.

MANAGER

(barely whispering)

Just get out of here. Turn in your apron and go.

CLAIRE

What?

MANAGER

You're fired! Please don't cause a scene.

(CONTINUED)

CONTINUED: (7)

ISAAC

Thats a little extreme. Don't you think?

Claire starts crying and walks away with her head in her hands.

MANAGER

Again, my deepest apologies. And your meal today is on us.

ISAAC

Well, its won't bring our fathers back but its a start.

MANAGER

And I'll be right back with those drinks.

The three friends share a tense moment of silence. They break it with laughter.

GIL

That was messed up.

RICK

Should we try and get her her job back?

ISAAC

Well looks like this place is hiring.

They notice someone else has approached them. Its DAD #1. He's got an Old Fashioned in his hand.

DAD #1

I heard what you boys said. My dad died when I was 15. He'd want you to have this.

He puts his drink down on their table. Another man, DAD #2, comes to the table with drink in hand.

DAD #2

I don't know what I'd do if my pop wasn't around.

He puts his drink on their table. Rick, Gil, and Isaac look around the cafe--EVERY DAD is standing up from their seats as if to proclaim, "I am Spartacus".

DAD #3

Its going to be okay, my sons.

(CONTINUED)

CONTINUED: (8)

DAD #4

If you ever need anything--

DAD #5

My dad is a dick. I wish he died.

The Manager comes back holding a tray of thee Old Fahsioneds. She stops short in amazement of the scene.

The three friends all take up a glass and raise them in the middle.

RICH

Happy No-Fathers Day.

GIL

Happy No-Fathers Day.

ISAAC

Happy No-Fathers Day.

EXT. CAFE - DAY

Gil and Isaac stumble out of the front door. They're wasted. Rick follows behind, slightly sober.

RICK

I gotta go and get ready for tonight. I'll catch you guys tomorrow?

Gil gives him a rough thumbs up.

GIL

Yes.

Isaac walks to the curb and raises his hand.

ISAAC

Taxi! Taxi!

Rick gently lowers Isaac's arm.

RICK

Don't do that. Nobody does that.

ISAAC

I'm old school. I'm from Woody Allen's New York.

RICK

Mm, maybe don't scream that.

ISAAC

Bobby De Niro's New York!

(CONTINUED)

CONTINUED:

RICK

Less Italian. More Jewish.

ISAAC

Fran Lebowitz's New York!

RICK

Better.

INT. NEIL & ZACK'S HOUSE - EVENING

Rick stands in the living room of a swanky but bohemian Brooklyn apartment with NEIL and ZACK. The decor and layout screams new-money.

A beautiful young black Labrador Retriever, KAREN, patters her way up to the three of them. Rick bends down to pet her.

NEIL

For dinner you can just cut up the chicken thats in the fridge. There's potatoes and green beans for her. And then for Aiden theres some easy mac-and-cheese.

ZACK

Because we god forbid we save the good stuff for our child. You remember where the treats are. Right?

RICK

Yeah, I thinks so.

NEIL

(handing Rick a piece of paper)

Here's a list of emergency contacts just in case. Fire department, obviously 9-1-1.

Rick nods with each piece of instruction.

ZACK

Honey, he's done this a thousand times before. I think he'll be okay.

RICK

Yeah, we'll be--

(CONTINUED)

CONTINUED:

NEIL

And make sure you let her run a little bit tonight. She needs to let that energy out.

RICK

Aiden or the dog?

NEIL

Oh! He's funny!

ZACK

Nice one. They'll be *fine*. Come on.

Zack takes Neil by the shoulders and leads him to the front door.

ZACK

And thank you so much for doing this so last minute. God forbid we miss a Fathers Day.

NEIL

(defiant)

Let me say goodbye to him! Aiden!

An eight-year-old boy comes down the stairs. He's their son, AIDEN.

NEIL

Give me kissy before we go.

Neil bends down to hug his son.

AIDEN

Bye-bye, Daddy. Bye-bye Poppa.

Zack gives him a kiss.

ZACK

Make sure you listen to Rick. Okay? He's in charge. And make sure you read before bed.

(to Rick)

Make sure he reads before bed.

RICH

I will.

AIDEN

I will.

Neil opens the front door. He and Zack are just about out.

(CONTINUED)

CONTINUED: (2)

ZACK

Oh, and we let him watch whatever
he wants.

Neil starts to shut the door.

Aiden walks away without a word. Rick lets himself about
the house and finds obvious children's artwork on the
walls. Lots of coloring outside the lines.

Rick's attention goes to an amazing work of art at the
end. It must have been expensive.

AIDEN

I made that.

Rick is startled.

RICK

This one?

AIDEN

Yeah. When I was in second grade.
I painted it in art class.

RICK

What about the rest of them?

AIDEN

I did those, too.

Rick is doing a double-take.

RICK

And when did you make these?

AIDEN

Last month.

Beat.

RICK

Are you hungry?

AIDEN

Yeah!

RICK

Okay. Well, do you wanna meet me
in the kitchen? And then after we
can watch a movie?

AIDEN

Yeah!

INT. KITCHEN - NIGHT

Rick is making some boxed mac-and-cheese. He's got a pot of water boiling on the stove.

AIDEN

How come you're not with your daddy today?

RICK

Well, it's complicated.

AIDEN

Why?

RICK

We don't talk to each other.

AIDEN

Why?

RICK

Because we don't know each other.

AIDEN

Why?

Almost as if to stop him from asking why again--

RICK

Because he met my mom when she was young and he was, like, 15 years older than her, and he weaseled her way into her bed while she still lived at home, got her pregnant, realized he hated responsibility, so he left. I'm not having Fathers Day with my dad because I don't have one.

Beat.

Aiden starts to laugh.

RICK

What's so funny?

AIDEN

You don't have a day! I have two dads and you have zero! That's funny. I beat you.

RICK

It's not a competition.

(CONTINUED)

CONTINUED:

AIDEN

Yes it is. I have a daddy *and* a poppa.

RICK

Oh yeah? Well how many moms do you have?

AIDEN

My birth mommy.

RICK

Fine. How did you--like, how did you know who's daddy and who's poppa?

AIDEN

Because one is daddy and one is poppa.

RICK

Of course. So how's school then. What grade are you in?

AIDEN

Third.

RICK

And you like the teacher?

AIDEN

Yeah! Because every time she bends down, I can see her boobies.

RICK

Oh. Okay. Well--uh, maybe you shouldn't be looking them?

AIDEN

She has long nipples.

Rick almost drops what he's doing.

AIDEN

They're, like, red almost. I bet yours are brown.

RICK

Okay! Dinner's ready!

Rick sets a bowl down in front of Aiden.

RICK

So what movie are we gonna watch?

INT. NEIL & ZACK'S HOUSE - NIGHT

Rick and Aiden sit on the couch together. Both of their mouths are agape at the final scene of the movie: Jack Nicholson's eyes roll into the back of his frozen head sticking out of the snow.

Rick looks at his phone.

RICK

Okay. Movie's over. Time for bed.

AIDEN

Can you read my book with me?

RICK

Yeah, of course. Start without me, though. I'll be right there. Just let me walk the dog.

AIDEN

Okay.

Aiden leaves for his room. Rick flips through the contacts on his phone. He calls the one named GRANDPA.

INT. JERRY'S APARTMENT - NIGHT

JERRY (m/80s/Caucasian) sits at his kitchen counter that's older than him. The wallpaper hasn't been changed since 1970 and the fridge behind him is covered in school photos of children from every decade.

He watches the small and somehow still black and white TV, eating apple sauce straight from the jar.

His wall-mounted rotary phone rings.

JERRY

Yello?

INTERCUT - JERRY/RICK

RICK

(imitating Jerry)
Yello? It's me.

JERRY

Me? Who is me?
(to himself)
Me, me, me?

(CONTINUED)

CONTINUED:

RICK

Your grandson.

JERRY

My grandson! Of course! Which one?

RICK

The favorite.

JERRY

(laughing)

Yes. How are you, big guy?

RICK

I'm good. I just wanted to call
and say happy Fathers Day.

JERRY

Is it Fathers Day? I guess that
explains all the cards.

RICK

Did you get mine?

JERRY

Hold on just a moment.

Jerry clenches the phone between his ear and shoulder. He looks through some cards he's got. He opens one and there's a five-dollar bill in it.

JERRY

Here it is!

(reading)

Grandpa and I would have been home
sooner but we stopped to smell the
roses. Very nice. Thank you.

RICK

Yeah but did you get the five
bucks?

JERRY

(laughing)

I did. Thank you very much. I'll
make sure not to spend it all in
one place.

RICK

I thought you might need it more
than I do. But I was wrong. So if
you could get that back to me next
time I see you that would be
great.

(CONTINUED)

CONTINUED: (2)

JERRY

(still laughing)

Okay. I'll have to write down to bring it, otherwise, I'll forget it/ O have to write everything down these days. I'm looking through my cards here--I keep all these cards that are sent to me. You know this about me.

Jerry is flipping through decades worth of Fathers Day cards. He stops on a small plaque of glued-together popsicle sticks.

JERRY

I have one here. I think you started writing 'Grandpa', but it looks like you stopped.

INT. CLASSROOM - DAY

MS. KATZ (f/40s) stands at the head of the classroom. She's holding a black popsicle plaque--the same Jerry has.

MS. KATZ

So what we're gonna do is I'm gonna give each of you beans. You can use them to write 'Dad'. And then you can give this to Dad on Fathers Day. He's gonna love it. Trust me.

Amidst the FIRST GRADERS in the room as an adult Rick, barely fitting into a child's desk. He raises his hand.

MS. KATZ

What?

RICK

What if you don't have a dad?

MS. KATZ

(thinking)

Then just write 'Grandpa'. I don't give a crap.

There's a collective GASP from the class.

MS. KATZ

Sorry. I didn't mean that. What I meant to say was that I don't give a *shit*.

INT. CLASSROOM - MOMENTS LATER

The First Graders are all gluing their beans to the popsicle stick plaque as best they can. Ms. Kats sits at her desk, feet up, head raised to the sky, eyes closed, with a cigarette.

Move over to Rick--covered in glue and beans, he's run out of room after 'Gran'. He looks defeated.

INT. NEIL & ZACK'S HOUSE - NIGHT

Rick is still on the phone with Jerry.

RICK

Yeah, I remember that one.

Rick is putting his shoes on and gets Karen's leash on. As soon as he opens the front door, she bolts.

RICK

Karen! Shit! I have to call you back!

Rick hangs up the phone, shuts the door behind him. And chases after her. She's gone. Rick stands with his hands on his head in distress.

Beat.

He starts jogging.

EXT. DOG PARK - EVENING

Panting, Rick comes to a dog park. He finds a lone DOG OWNER.

RICK

(out of breath)

Excuse me. Sorry. Have you seen a black Lab run by here?

DOG OWNER

Sorry?

RICK

My dog--she ran out of the house. I know this is kind of her park, so I thought maybe--

DOG OWNER

Like, she owns it?

(CONTINUED)

CONTINUED:

RICK

Sorry?

Dog Owner points to the sign. It reads "Peter Stuyvesant Park".

DOG OWNER

Your dog is Peter Stuyvesant? That guy's a colonizer. He was a total asshole.

RICK

What? No! Her name's Karen. She lives, like, down the street.

DOG OWNER

Oh, Karen! Yeah, I know Karen. Oh my god, that's awful.

RICK

Have you seen her?

DOG OWNER

Maybe.

RICK

Maybe? No, I mean, did you see her or not?

DOG OWNER

(holding out their hand)

Five bucks.

RICK

Come on, man!

DOG OWNER

I'm a consultant. Freelance. That's my fee.

RICK

But we're just talking.

DOG OWNER

My job is to tell people things, and right now you're asking me to work. For you. You wanna know where Karen went or not?

Rick takes out his wallet.

(CONTINUED)

CONTINUED: (2)

RICK

Dude, all is have is three bucks.
Please.

Dog Owner thinks for a moment.

RICK

Please.

DOG OWNER

We'll work something out.

Dog Owner takes the cash.

DOG OWNER

I haven't seen her. Sorry, man.

RICK

What? Gimme the money back then!

DOG OWNER

You agreed. Here.

From out of nowhere, Dog Owner hands Rick a thick paper packet.

DOG OWNER

Last page.

Rick skims through to the last page.

RICK

(to himself)
Consultant fee...non-refundable.
My soul? What is this?

DOG OWNER

Bottom of the page.

Rick checks. It's his signature and the date/

DOG OWNER

Every minute you waste trying to
breach the contract is another
minute your dog is out there
somewhere.

Rick runs off, letting the packet fall to the ground It catches fire and the Dog Owner laughs maniacally.

INT. NEIL & ZACK'S HOUSE - AIDEN'S ROOM - CONTINUOUS

Aiden sits upright in bed with his book.

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CONTINUED:

AIDEN

Rick! Rick!

He waits for a moment.

INT. NEIL & ZACK'S HOUSE - OFFICE - MOMENTS LATER

Aiden is sitting at the computer. He's on Google. He starts to type--

The cursor moves as he types 'b-o-o-b-e-e-s'. The cursor moves backwards to delete. It moves forward again-- 'b-i-g-b-o-o-b-e-e-s.

EXT. STREET - CONTINUOUS

Rick is roaming the streets. He's out of breath.

RICK

Karen! Karen!

TWO MEN around Rick's age across the street take notice. They're drinking.

MAN #1

Karen!

They laugh at him.

MAN #2

(mocking)

Karen!

They keep laughing. Rick keeps walking.

MAN #1

Where you going, Karen?

Rick starts to move a little faster now.

MAN #2

Come on, Karen!

Rick turns the corner and runs into the Two Men.

RICK

Come on, guys. I don't want any trouble.

MAN #2

Well then you shouldn't be screaming.

(CONTINUED)

CONTINUED:

MAN #1

This is a nice neighborhood.
Families are sleeping.

RICK

I'm sorry. It's just I'm dog
sitting and she ran away. I gotta
get her before--

MAN #1

Whoa. I'm sorry, man. We had no
idea.

MAN #2

No idea. What kind of dog?

RICK

A black Lab. You haven't seen her,
have you?

MAN #2

No, but have you called the
owners? Maybe they've got one of
those chips inside it?

MAN #1

Tracking chip. Not Lays.

RICK

Yeah, but I'm doing this thing
right now--I'm going through
something and I'm trying to take
care of my problems without any
help. On my own.

MAN #1

Respect. I like that.

MAN #2

Thats an opportunity for growth
right there.

RICK

Right? Thanks.

MAN #1

But you're asking us for help
right now.

RICK

Damn.

(CONTINUED)

CONTINUED: (2)

MAN #2

But knowing when to ask for help,
man, that's a growth opportunity
as well.

MAN #1

Truth.

RICK

So its kind of like...I'm...always
growing?

MAN #1

Woo!

MAN #2

But adopting the 'look before you
ask' mentality is the most mature.

MAN #1

Easily.

RICK

(wheels are turning)
Okay. So I'm looking for a dog
now.

MAN #1

Yeah...

RICK

And now I'm asking questions?

MAN #2

You got it.

RICK

Wow. I can literally feel the
emotional growth already.

MAN #1

Who you were two minutes ago--

MAN #2

A scared man.

RICK

I wouldn't say I was scared, but--

MAN #1

He's gone.

MAN #2

Sayonara.

(CONTINUED)

CONTINUED: (3)

RICK

Okay.

MAN #2

And you know what I see here?

RICK

Another opportunity for growth?

MAN #2

Thats right!

MAN #1

I want to apologize--

MAN #2

For the both of us.

MAN #1

--for being a little crazy back there. Its Fathers day and me and my brother here--

MAN #2

Its a tough day for us, man. We don't know our dad.

RICK

What? No way! Same!

MAN #2

Damn. So you get it. Always having to write 'grandpa' on t he cards at school but the paper is never big enough to fit such a big word.

MAN #2

(shaking his head)
It never fits.

RICK

My friends and I call it No-Fathers Day.

MAN #2

No-Fathers Day?

MAN #1

Thats dark, bro. No-Fathers Day.

RICK

I mean--

(CONTINUED)

CONTINUED: (4)

MAN #1

But I like that! Man, we were meant to meet tonight.

MAN #2

(motioning to himself and his brother)

Aries.

MAN #1

And this dog--he's not our fathers. He's not running out on us.

RICK

She. Karen.

MAN #1

Right, right. A she-dog. She has that inherent mother instinct then.

MAN #2

Yeah. She's probably back at home, man.

MAN #1

Circled back.

RICK

You think so?

MAN #1

Hell yeah.

Rick starts to go.

MAN #2

Hey!

MAN #1

Happy No-Fathers Day!

MAN #2

Happy No-Fathers Day!

RICK

(turns around)

Happy No-Fathers Day!

The Two Men are alone on the street.

MAN #1

What'd he say that dog's name was? Karen?

(CONTINUED)

CONTINUED: (5)

MAN #2

That's a pretty white name for a
black dog.

INT. NEIL & ZACK'S HOUSE - OFFICE - CONTINUOUS

Aiden is staring wide-eyed at the computer screen. He starts to type again.

The cursor moves forward--'k-i-s-s-i-n-g'. ENTER.

He scrolls through the results.

The cursor moves again--'w-e-e-n-e-r-s'. ENTER.

Aiden looks disappointed.

The cursor moves again--'p-e-n-i-s'. ENTER.

Aiden's eyes shoot open. A strong wind comes from the computer and his chair is pushed back against the wall. He watches the computer, looks down in his lap, back at the computer, back down in his lap.

EXT. NEIL & ZACK'S HOUSE - CONTINUOUS

Karen sits patiently but panting at the front door. Rick runs and she runs into his arms.

RICK

Oh my god! You scared the shit out
of me!

She's licking the sweat from his face.

NEIL (O.S.)

Someone looks happy.

Rick turns around. Neil and Zack are back.

RICK

Hey.

NEIL

How'd it go?

RICK

Great. So great. How was dinner?

ZACK

It was okay. Did you two go for a
run or something?

(CONTINUED)

CONTINUED:

RICK

Yeah. You know, just had to get in that quick cardio.

Rick checks his pulse on his neck.

RICK

Yeah. Good--uh, good levels. Feels about right.

He does the same thing on Karen's neck.

RICK

She's got a great heart rate. Strong.

ZACK

And how was Aiden?

RICK

He was great. He's really easy. He wanted to watch The Shining though?

NEIL

Oh my god.

ZACK

Its okay. He's a weird kid. Let's go inside.

INT. NEIL & ZACK'S HOUSE - OFFICE - CONTINUOUS

Aiden is on the computer sill. His ears perk up when he hears the front door UNLOCKING and his parent's VOICES.

He runs back upstairs.

Rick, Zack, Neil, and Karen walk in--he beat them by a fraction of a second.

NEIL

Well, this is for you.

Neil hands Rick a decent sized stack of twenties.

RICK

(pockets the cash)
Thanks.

ZACK

No. Thank you. This was a huge help.

(CONTINUED)

CONTINUED:

NEIL

I think we got it from here.

RICK

Okay, well, have a great night then. Tell Aiden I said goodbye.

Rick gets down to pet Karen.

RICK

And I'll see you soon, I hope.

(whispers)

If you tell them, I'll kill you.

Rick opens the door.

NEIL

Take care!

ZACK

Bye!

Rick leaves, shutting the door behind him.

NEIL

I'm gonna check on him.

INT. NEIL & ZACK'S HOUSE - OFFICE - CONTINUOUS

Zach walks into the office. The computer is still on. His eyes widen when he sees the screen.

ZACK

(to himself)

Does he seriously still call them boobies? My god, he can't even spell it right.

INT. RICK'S BEDROOM - NIGHT

Rick is alone in his room. Everything is in boxes except for a mattress on the ground.

He opens up a box and starts sifting through whatever is inside. He takes something out--an unframed photo. He looks at it for a moment.

The man in the photo shares an uncanny resemblance to Rick.

Rick takes a lighter from his pocket and sets the picture on fire. He throws it out of his open window.

NEIGHBOR (O.S.)

Shit! Who did that?

(CONTINUED)

CONTINUED:

Rick shuts the window as fast as he can and crouches down to hide. His phone BUZZES.

Its a text from a new phone number. It reads: "Hey. R U Rickard? I'm UR sister Stephanie. Ed Figueroa is our dad. Would luv 2 talk sometime."

He stares at the phone.

Beat.

He starts typing.

END