

DEPRESSING DAVE:

IT WILL GET WORSE BEFORE IT NEVER GETS BETTER

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COLD OPEN

FADE IN:

INT/EXT. MINI COOPER - MORNING

A dented Mini-Cooper darts through Stockton, CA, narrowly missing collisions.

DAVE (late 20s) cringes at each near accident, as TAMI (mid 20s) texts behind the wheel.

DAVE
Tami, maybe you shouldn't text and drive.

TAMI
Don't be a backseat driver, Dave.

DAVE
It's just that, you already wrecked the other car and--

TAMI
Are you getting this?

DR. BIANCA SCHADENFREUDE (O.S.)
Yeah, I'm taking notes. He's smothering.

Dave looks around, confused at the booming voice.

DAVE
Dr. Schadenfreude?

INT. DR. BIANCA SCHADENFREUDE'S OFFICE - INTERCUT

DR. BIANCA SCHADENFREUDE, beautiful, but severe, sits on speakerphone in her vagina artwork adorned office.

DR. BIANCA SCHADENFREUDE
Tami conferenced me in, so I could hear how controlling and awful you are to her.

DAVE
But, you're my therapist. Aren't our sessions confidential?

DR. BIANCA SCHADENFREUDE
She's your fiancée. What are you trying to hide from her?

DAVE
What? No. Nothing.

TAMI

Do you have a second family
somewhere? Are you supporting them?

DAVE

No!

TAMI

Then why are all our credit cards
maxed out?

DR. BIANCA SCHADENFREUDE

Good questions, Tami. Stick to your
guns, girl.

DAVE

You're the only one that uses those
credit cards.

TAMI

Well, excuse me for trying to live
beyond our means.

DR. BIANCA SCHADENFREUDE

She's striving for a better life.

DAVE

Maybe we could afford that if, you
know, Tami got a job.

Audible GASPS from Bianca and Tami. Tami SLAMS on the BRAKES
in front of Dave's work, BUNCO ENTERPRISES.

TAMI

Dave, you know I have fibromyalgia.

DAVE

Well, I mean, self-diagnosed...

DR. BIANCA SCHADENFREUDE

Fibromyalgia, even though not
acknowledged by medical science, is a
serious condition. Tami, are you
okay?

TAMI

I don't know, Bianca. I'm just not
feeling very supported right now.

DR. BIANCA SCHADENFREUDE

That's well earned, Tami. Clearly,
Dave does not want you to be happy

DAVE

No, Tami's happiness is the most
important thing to me. This is
probably all my fault.

TAMI
Probably?

DR. BIANCA SCHADENFREUDE
I caught that too.

DAVE
Tami, I love you. I have ever since
the drunk hit and run. I support you
in everything you do. In fact, I'm
going to find some way to show you
just how much you mean to me.

Dave smiles, broad and genuine.

DAVE (CONT'D)
Well...do you love me, too?

Tami looks at Dave's kind eyes and her defenses melt.

TAMI
Of course I do, Dave. I--

DR. BIANCA SCHADENFREUDE
Sorry to interrupt. I have a 9:30
necrophiliac to prep for. Dave, I'll
bill you as usual. Just double, since
there are two of you.

DAVE
Oh, okay. Well, thank you. I-- Hello?

TAMI
She hung-up. Besides, you need to get
to work.

DAVE
Oh yeah.

Dave grabs his bag, hops out, then pokes his head back in.

DAVE (CONT'D)
You coming in to meet the gang?

TAMI
Bianca said that wasn't good for my
happiness quotient.

DAVE
Oh. Why's that?

TAMI
Because you're depressing, Dave.

Tami throws the car into gear and PEELS AWAY.

END OF COLD OPEN

ACT ONE

INT. BUNCO ENTERPRISES - MORNING

Frayed blinds, faded furnishings and a menagerie of dull co-workers. Dave strolls in, passing the receptionist, WINNIE (mid 20s; a deuce and a half when juicing).

DAVE
Hey there, Winnie.

Winnie grabs her phone.

WINNIE
(into phone)
HR? Yeah, I'm being sexually
harassed.

DICK CRANK (40s; VP shithead) enters in full cycling regalia.

DICK
What's going on here?

WINNIE
Dave made unsolicited sexual
advances.

DAVE
No, I didn't.

DICK
So, you're calling Winnie a liar?

DAVE
No, I just--

DICK
Just get upstairs, Dave. We have an
important meeting.

BUNCO ENTERPRISES BULLPEN

Dave passes a porno poster adorned cubicle. VANCE (20s; Guy Fieri on meth) works the phone.

VANCE
(into phone)
No sir, VHS and Laserdisc porn is
booming. Poor people also need in-
your-face desensitization to normal
human sexuality.

DAVE
Morning, Vance.

VANCE
Dave, my man!

Vance tosses Dave a VHS.

VANCE (CONT'D)
For the mid-day slump.

DAVE
Thanks!

Dave looks uneasily at tape titled "Sex In All Your Butts."

DAVE'S DESK

Dave takes a seat in his cube across from MILO (50s, nebbish).

DAVE
Morning, Milo. How's it going?

MILO
Not great. Mom's really crowding me.

DAVE
Well, maybe it's time to move out.

MILO
Dave, I'm not a millionaire playboy that can justify not sharing a room with his mother.

DAVE
Wait...you share a room with her?

MILO
I lived inside her womb for 12 months. It's the least I could do.

DAVE
12 months?!

MILO
(proudly nodding)
Inducing wouldn't even help. Guess I'm just a homebody.

RILEY (early 40s, Don Draper handsome) approaches.

DAVE
Good morning, Riley.

RILEY
Only if I was dead, Dave.

DAVE
Excuse me?

RILEY

I said hello and wished you luck in the fiscal quarter.

DAVE

Oh, okay. Because I thought you said--

RILEY

Hey, woah, what are you, a spy? Never mind "what I said". We have a meeting to get to.

INT. CONFERENCE ROOM - DAY

Dick Crank, clad in a black turtleneck, stands before Dave and the Bunco workers in contemplative repose. He's wearing a jawbone microphone and channeling Steve Jobs.

DICK

Bunco Enterprises is a place of innovation. A place where ideas matter. Where my ideas matter.

Dick starts to pace, but stops. He looks to Winnie, who's manning an A/V set-up.

DICK (CONT'D)

That's where the music cue is supposed to come in.

WINNIE

It says it's buffering.

DICK

Did you try the-- Actually, just hit the lights.

Winnie turns off the overhead fluorescents and clicks on a flashlight, spotlighting Dick as he continues on.

DICK (CONT'D)

At the forefront of innovative business practices, Bunco fosters an environment of creative freedom that has helped me discover such ground breaking concepts as the 8-day work week, work-cations and the merging of maternity leave with Take Your Child to Work Day.

An exhausted woman takes notes as she breastfeeds a baby.

DICK (CONT'D)

But as intrepid corporate explorers, we must keep our minds nimble and open to epiphany.

The lights click on and a fork lift barrels in, sending everyone scrambling, as it deposits a massive pallet of VHSs.

DICK (CONT'D)

And one such epiphany was me ordering 150,000 VHS copies of the 1989 film classic, "Roadhouse."

Enraptured by the presentation, Dave looks to Vance.

DAVE

I love Road House!

VANCE

I prefer the German porn parody, Chodehaus, but you have to watch it on an empty stomach.

DICK

What at first blush may seem like a ruinous fuck-up, is actually a stroke of genius.

Dick nods in self-admiration.

DICK (CONT'D)

But until "Roadhouse" is acknowledged as a masterpiece, you guys have to dump this load of worthless tapes.

Dave takes eager notes. Everyone else sighs in deep resignation.

DICK (CONT'D)

And, to highlight this amazing opportunity, I've pooled your year-end bonuses to offer an exciting sale incentive to the top seller: A 'some expenses paid' trip to Knott's Berry Farm!

Dave applauds, alone amongst his co-workers in his elation.

DICK (CONT'D)

So, with each order of 100 or more, you get to ring our famous sales gong to celebrate your success and pressure others to keep up. Winnie, sweetie...

Winnie gives Dick a wink and rings the gong. Dave looks to Riley, who's sketching gallows.

DAVE

A trip like that's just what I need to show Tami how much I love her.

RILEY

Love is just a chemical reaction to encourage breeding.

DAVE

I know! The mind and body are so amazing together!

DICK

Oh, and we have a little overflow from the warehouse and need some extra space...

Dick motions to forklifts crashing into cubicles, depositing pallets of Road House.

DICK (CONT'D)

Also, I'm laying off everyone on this side of the room.

Dick waves to the nameless group across from Dave.

DICK (CONT'D)

See Winnie for your severance packages.

Winnie waves a couple Road House VHSs.

INT. DAVE'S DESK - LATER

Dave eagerly writes out a to-do list: "1) call clients 2) make sales 3) call Tami with good news!"

Dave opens his store list to the "A" page. He dials.

DAVE

(into phone)

Hello, AAA video? My name's-- Oh, they're out of business. Tell them I'm sorry, will ya? Thanks.

Dials again.

DAVE (CONT'D)

Hello, A+ video, I'm Dave from Bunco Enterprises and-- Hello?

The GONG rings. Dave looks over to see Riley walking back.

DAVE (CONT'D)

Riley, you made a sale! Good job.

RILEY

Eh, what's it going to matter when we're worm food?

DAVE

Yeah, I guess, but I can't even get anyone on the phone.

RILEY

Dave, I have something to ask you. Something important.

Riley comes in close. Really close.

RILEY (CONT'D)

My son's having a birthday party this weekend. It's a big deal and I want you to be there.

DAVE

Oh wow. Thank you. That sounds great. How old is he?

RILEY

Seven, nine? Not sure. He wants a gun, Dave. You know a lot about guns, so I figured you could pick that up.

DAVE

I don't know anything about guns.

RILEY

Shotgun, hand gun, high caliber rifle. Any are fine. Do you have any mental health issues that could prevent you from obtaining a firearm?

DAVE

I'm just in love, ha ha.

Riley stares back, unblinking, then touches his headset.

RILEY

(into headset)

200 copies of Roadhouse. Okay.

(to Dave)

Sorry, Dave. I have to go ring that infernal Chinese bell again. Don't forget the party...and the gun.

Riley mopes to the gong. Dave dials.

DAVE

(into phone)

Hi, this is Dave at-- Hello?

INT. DR. BIANCA SCHADENFREUDE'S OFFICE - LATER

Dave sits on a leather couch. Bianca listens from her desk.

DAVE

When I heard about the Knott's Berry Farm trip, I just knew I had to win.

DR. BIANCA SCHADENFREUDE

Yeah, men tend to be selfish.

DAVE

No, I want to win for Tami. To show her how much I care about her.

DR. BIANCA SCHADENFREUDE

To buy her affections. Like a hooker.

DAVE

Uh, I don't think so.

DR. BIANCA SCHADENFREUDE

Just placate her with distractions, then run off to Mexico to hump some trollop on the beach while she works to pay off your student loans.

DAVE

Is this part of the therapy?

DR. BIANCA SCHADENFREUDE

Dave, there's little point in therapy for men. Women are better off seeking the kindness and sensual, probing fingers of other women. Are we done?

DAVE

Well, I wanted to talk a little bit about this sales contest at work.

TAMI (O.S.)

See what I mean? Always about him.

PULL BACK to reveal Tami sitting beside Dave on the couch.

DR. BIANCA SCHADENFREUDE

Pretty selfish of you, Dave.

DAVE

Is it normal to have someone else sit in on your therapy sessions?

DR. BIANCA SCHADENFREUDE

Well, it's not part of the normal fee, if that's what you're asking.

TAMI

I'm just not living the society life I was born to live. He's holding back my natural drive for success.

DAVE

I'm sorry, Tami. I didn't know you were trying to succeed at anything. That's good news!

TAMI

Dave, I dropped everything to be a stay at home girlfriend.

DAVE

You were half a unit from finishing chiropractic school!

TAMI

(to Bianca)

See how judgmental he gets?

DR. BIANCA SCHADENFREUDE

That's masculine trait.

DAVE

Tami, I support everything you do. I really just want to make you happy.

Tami sighs, smiling sweetly.

TAMI

I'm sorry. You are supportive of me. I just get frustrated with myself and end up taking it out on you--

DR. BIANCA SCHADENFREUDE

(irritated)

That's enough about Dave for today.

DAVE

It's only been a couple minutes. We never talked about my sales contest or my self-confidence.

DR. BIANCA SCHADENFREUDE

That's okay, Dave, you'll probably never get better, so it's best that I focus on Tami. In private. You can wait outside. I think I have a new Highlights magazine.

Bianca pushes Dave out. As the door shuts, Bianca struts toward Tami, unbuttoning her blouse.

DR. BIANCA SCHADENFREUDE (CONT'D)

Tami, have you heard of touch therapy?

WAITING ROOM

Dave flips through the Highlights magazine, stopping on a fold-out banner: "Believe in yourself!".

DAVE
I wish I could. I'm never gonna win
that contest.

BINKY BEAR (O.S.)
That's no way to think, Dave.

Dave peers down at the magazine, astonished to find a collection of adorable cartoon animals staring up: BINKY BEAR, SALLY SHREW and PING PANG PANDA.

SALLY SHREW
Yeah, Dave. Believe in yourself!

DAVE
Are you guys real?

BINKY BEAR
We're your subconscious, Dave, and we
want you to believe in yourself.

SALLY SHREW
Yeah, Dave, you can do whatever you
want if you just...

ANIMAL CHORUS
(singing)
Believe in yourself!

DAVE
Yeah, maybe you're right.
(slumps)
But what if I can't win?

PING PANG PANDA
That's just stinkin' thinkin', Dave.

ANIMAL CHORUS
(singing)
Stinkin' thinkin'!

PING PANG PANDA
You can do whatever you set your mind
to, if you believe in yourself.

DAVE
You're right, Panda.

PING PANG PANDA
Call me Ping Pang.

DAVE
You're right, Ping Pang. I just need
to...
(sings)
Believe in myself.

The animals CRINGE at Dave's awful, awkward voice.

DAVE (CONT'D)
(really jazzing it up)
No more stinkin' thinkin'--

The animals CHEER. Dave puffs out his chest, confident. MOANS from the office silence everyone.

DR. BIANCA SCHADENFREUDE (O.S.)
Do you like doing therapy with me?

TAMI (O.S.)
Yes. God, yes. Do therapy to me
harder.

Dave smiles innocently.

DAVE
Sounds like Tami's really...
(stands up and sings)
*Believing in herself, no more
stinkin' thinkin'...*

Off the cartoon animals sharing awkward, knowing glances.

END OF ACT ONE

ACT TWO

INT. BUNCO ENTERPRISES - DAY

Dave watches as people RING the GONG. He looks to the sales chart. He's dead last. Dave sighs. Riley walks over.

DAVE
Nice job, Riley. You're winning.

RILEY
Ah, it's nothing.

DAVE
How can you say that?

RILEY
I'm not being modest. All this adds up to nothing in the grand scheme of things. Life's just a house of cards.

DAVE
Hmm. You really think a lot. Maybe if I thought more then I wouldn't be tied in last place with Milo.

They look to Milo, who's talking on a phone with the cord dangling unconnected. Milo gives them an eager thumbs up.

RILEY
Anyway, are we still on for the birthday party?

DAVE
Yeah, sure. Who else will be there?

RILEY
The usual. Listen, Dave, I don't want to put you out. Don't bother wrapping the gun. A trash bag is good enough.

DAVE
I'm not sure about buying a gun for a kid.

RILEY
(aloof)
Yeah, the kid loves guns. And hollow point bullets. Get him some of those, too.
(into headset)
Hello, this is Riley.
(listens)
500 copies of Roadhouse? Sure, yeah. I guess I can sell you those.

Riley rolls his eyes and plods off to the gong.

RILEY (CONT'D)
The walk of shame!

Dave looks around to make sure nobody is watching, then pulls out his Highlights magazine, flipping to his cartoon buddies.

BINKY BEAR
You can do it, Dave!

Dave nods and dials with confidence.

CHUCK (O.S.)
Glumville Video, this is Chuck.

DAVE
(into phone)
Chuck, it's Dave at Bunco Enterprises.

SPLIT SCREEN: We see Chuck in his little shitty office, surrounded by prescription pill bottles. His eyes are red. He's obviously just been crying.

CHUCK
Dave! Nice to hear from you, buddy.

Dave's cartoon buddies urge him on.

DAVE
Listen, Chuck, what do you think about the film Roadhouse?

CHUCK
Roadhouse? Well... I guess I love it.

DAVE
This is good news because I'm ready to sell you as many copies as you want.

CHUCK
Wow! Like even...
(thinks)
10,000?

Dave pauses, astonished.

DAVE
...yeah...

CHUCK
Well, I have to take advantage of this, then. Can I buy 10,000 Copies of "Roadhouse: the Movie", please?

DAVE
Are you serious?

CHUCK
As colorectal cancer.

Chuck pulls out a pamphlet: "So Now You Have Colorectal Cancer". He looks at it, glumly.

CHUCK (CONT'D)
Only not as sad.

Dave's in shock. His cartoon buddies dance and cheer.

DAVE
That's great, Chuck. I'll get those ordered right away.

CHUCK
(suddenly realizes)
Oh, damn! Can we wait a few weeks? I just ordered some collectible NASCAR plates and I can't really validate two big, live-life-to-the-fullest purchases in one month.

DAVE
Oh, well, okay.

CHUCK
Anyway, I appreciate you lookin' out for me, Dave.
(a little teary-eyed)
I love you like a son.

DAVE
(taken aback)
Oh. Nice.

DICK'S OFFICE

Dick watches Winnie slide a banana in and out of her mouth.

DICK
God, you have gotten so much better at that.

Dave walks in.

DICK (CONT'D)
Not now, Dave. I'm running performance reviews.

DAVE
I got an order for 10,000 Roadhouse units, but for next month. Does it still count for the contest?

DICK
Do you hate the Jews?

DAVE
God, no! I totally tolerate them!

DICK
Then don't be a Nazi.

DAVE
(confused)
Okay. I won't.

DICK
That's not what I'm hearing. I'm hearing that you want to change all the rules to fit your needs. You know who else thought like that?

DAVE
The Nazis?

DICK
Think about that, Jew hater.

BULLPEN

Dave slumps past Vance's cube.

VANCE
(on the phone)
Traditional 'group em and shoot em' gangbangs belong on the DVD format. Listen, buddy, go get tested and we'll talk later.
(to Dave)
Davyboy. Why so glum, chum?

DAVE
Vance, I have a big order, but it's for next month.

VANCE
Listen, you just gotta know your customers. Some of mine buy products where the penis goes into the vagina. Others like products where the penis doesn't. It goes in a butt instead. Or a mouth, and then a butt. It's all about filling holes, Dave. Does that make sense?

DAVE
Not really.

VANCE
Just put the order in now. Hard and fast. If they notice, pretend you were drunk.

DAVE
That sounds unethical.

Vance nods confidently.

VANCE
Yeah.

DAVE'S CUBICLE

Dave slumps in his chair. He stares at the 10,000 unit order, but grabs his customer list instead and dials.

DAVE
(into phone)
This is Dave from Bunco
Enterprises...

DISSOLVE TO:

DAVE'S CUBICLE - LATER

Dave talks on the phone, visibly defeated.

DAVE
(into phone)
Yes, Point Break is the better film,
but-- Okay, thanks for your time.

Dave flips the customer list page, but he's at the end.

BINKY BEAR
Sorry, Dave.

DAVE
It's okay. I just wanted one sale--
Hey, where's Ping Pang Panda? He
always cheers me up.

The cartoons look down sadly.

BINKY BEAR
Oh... Died of a rare liver disease.

DAVE
Man, when it rains it pours.

Dave's phone rings; he and the cartoon buddies perk up.

DAVE (CONT'D)
(into phone)
Bunco Enterprises. We have a great
deal on Roadhouse VHSS today--

SPLIT SCREEN with Tami.

TAMI

I drained our bank account to buy into Mary Kay. We're gonna be rich.

DAVE

Can we talk about this later, Tami?

TAMI

No can do. Taking Bianca to the Le Vagin.

DAVE

That's the most expensive restaurant in town.

TAMI

It'll pay for itself. We're talking sales strategies.

DAVE

I do sales for a living. You should talk to me about sales strategies.

TAMI

But that's not exactly going so well for you. I'm in Bianca's hands on this one. Gotta go.

Dave hangs up and looks to the 10,000 unit order.

DAVE

(to himself)

I know sales strategies.

BINKY BEAR

Don't do it, Dave. What about your ethics?

SALLY SHREW

Ping Pang would be so disappointed.

DAVE

Not now, guys.

Dave closes the magazine and punches in the order. The moment he hits enter, his phone rings.

DAVE (CONT'D)

(into phone)

Hello?

CHUCK (O.S.)

Dave, it's Chuck. I changed my mind and was about to call you to order those Roadhouse VHSs when I saw that you already put them in. Such a betrayal, Dave.

CHUCK (O.S.) (CONT'D)
I-- I thought we were friends who
thought of themselves like father and
son.

DAVE
Wait, Chuck, no. I am your friend-
slash-son.

CHUCK
Goodbye forever, Dave.

DAVE
Don't say that, Chuck. Forever's a
long time.

CHUCK
Six-to-eight months, for me.

Chuck hangs up. Dave bangs his head on the desk.

MILO
Tough call?

DAVE
Not now, Milo.

MILO
I think I got a big order on the
line.

DAVE
Uh, Milo, you might want to plug your
phone in.

Milo plugs in the dangling cord. It rings instantly.

MILO
Good call. Thanks, Dave!

Vance and Riley come up to Dave's cubicle.

VANCE
Hey, we're going out to celebrate our
big sales day. Want to come out and
congratulate us?

DAVE
I don't know, guys. I'll never get
Tami's respect if I can't make a
single sale.

VANCE
You care what women think of you?

RILEY
As wrong as Vance is in his
reasoning, he unwittingly nailed it.

RILEY (CONT'D)
The less you care about something,
anything, the better.

Milo hops up, hooting and hollering.

MILO
I did it! I got a sale! 10,000 units!

DAVE
What? How?

MILO
It was your customer, Chuck. Boy, you
pissed him off somethin' fierce.

Dave's stunned.

MILO (CONT'D)
He had reception put him through to
anyone but you. I guess I fit the
description.

INT. CUCKOLDS BAR AND GRILL - NIGHT

Vance pours beers for Dave and Riley. Dave's distraught.

VANCE
I'm sure things will turn around for
you, Dave. Don't you think, Riley?

RILEY
(shrugs)
I suppose the illusion of change can
be momentarily calming.

A WAITRESS approaches.

WAITRESS
Can I get y'all something to eat?

VANCE
(flirting)
An oyster... with a hot dog in it...

WAITRESS
Fine. A number four.

RILEY
Grain alcohol. Bring the bottle.

DAVE
What's the cheapest thing on the
menu?

WAITRESS
Hard boiled egg.

DAVE
I'll take a half order.

VANCE
Really livin' it up, D-Train.

DAVE
Tami blew all our money on Mary Kay.

VANCE
Riley, your wife does Mary Kay,
right?

RILEY
Please, Vance, quit reminding me that
I'm married. I don't keep reminding
you that you avoid existential angst
and thoughts of the meaninglessness
of the universe by sexualizing every
goddamn thing, do I?

Vance stares blankly back a beat, then--

VANCE
BRB, dudes. Gotta rub one out before
din din.

RILEY
So, Dave, you'll be at the house this
weekend, right?

DAVE
Yeah, but I still have some concerns
about buying a gun for a little kid.

RILEY
Don't tell me how to raise my
daughter.

DAVE
I thought it was your son's birthday?

Riley stares back, unblinking.

RILEY
What's the difference? We're all ants
from a thousand miles away.

DAVE
True, I guess, but-

RILEY
I know you'll do the right thing.
Here's an invite with directions.

Dave looks at the hastily drawn invitation, then flips it
over to see it's written on a rat poison wrapper.

RILEY (CONT'D)
 Alright, I need go home and finish
 building the machine.

DAVE
 Machine?

RILEY
 Toy. I'm going to finish building the
 toy. See you at the house.

Riley grabs the grain alcohol bottle and chugs as he leaves.

INT. DAVE AND TAMI'S APARTMENT - NIGHT

Tami waves the crude birthday invitation in front of Dave.

TAMI
What the fuck? Why didn't you tell me
 that Riley and Susan Snyder invited
 us to their kid's birthday?

DAVE
 I didn't think it was a big deal.

TAMI
 It's Susan Snyder. She's the regional
 Mary Kay sales leader. She drives a
 pink Cadillac!!

Tami grabs Dave and gives him a huge kiss. Dave is ecstatic.

TAMI (CONT'D)
 This is our ticket to finally being
 with decent, rich people. We need a
 lavish gift.

DAVE
 Riley says his son or daughter wants
 a gun, but-

TAMI
 Shotgun? Rifle? Handgun?

DAVE
 I don't know about buying a gun for a
 child. Can we even afford it?

TAMI
 You have to spend money to make
 money. This is a big deal. I'm
 actually attracted to you sexually,
 right now.

DAVE
 So, we're going to have sex?!

TAMI
No, we're going shopping!

EXT. SUBURBAN STOCKTON NEIGHBORHOOD - DAY

Dave and Tami get out of the car. A lone balloon hovers over the mail box in front of Riley's McMansion.

TAMI
Can't believe you made me take back the .50 cal to get a BB gun. Nobody's ever killed any kind of a president with one of these.

DAVE
But did you need to buy the laser scope? We can't afford that.

TAMI
It's fine, Dave. Lots of people are draining their 401Ks.

Tami stops dead in her tracks.

TAMI (CONT'D)
Oh my god.

DAVE
Yeah, I know. This neighborhood is kind of a weird.

Dave looks around: Every house but Riley's is foreclosed and overgrown with weeds.

TAMI
No, they have a jetboat. What extravagance. What class. I need to be topless on that jetboat, Dave.

DAVE
Where's everyone parked?--
(perks up)
Topless?

Riley opens the door in an Adidas track suit.

RILEY
Dave, thank god, we don't have much--
(sees Tami)
Oh, I didn't know you'd bring a guest.

DAVE
Yeah, this is my fiancée, Tami.

RILEY
 Hmm...well, okay. Hurry in. Did you
 bring the gun?

Tami hands over the gun. Riley tears it open.

TAMI
 I wanted to get it wrapped, but Dave
 said you wanted it in a trash bag?

RILEY
 Yeah, yeah, whatever. It's fine--
 Wait. What is this? This a BB gun.

DAVE
 It seemed more "kid friendly".

RILEY
 (greatly disappointed)
 I guess we'll just have to make do.

TAMI
 Is Susan around?

RILEY
 Who?

TAMI
 Your wife.

RILEY
 You're right, she could be here
 anytime. Tami, can I borrow Dave for
 a spell?

INT. RILEY'S HOUSE - BEDROOM - MOMENTS LATER

Riley leads Dave into a nicely appointed bedroom. Everything
 is of sorts, save for an ominous piece of machinery that's
 somewhere between a Bow Flex and a lethal injection unit.

DAVE
 I thought this was supposed to be
 your son's birthday party?

RILEY
 Yes, Dave, it is.

DAVE
 But nobody's here.

RILEY
 Right. Anyway, I'm gonna need you to
 load the gun. Load it up all the way.

DAVE
 Then what?

RILEY

Don't skip ahead. First, I need you to hook me up to this suicide machine.

DAVE

Oh my god. A suicide machine? Riley, I can't kill you.

RILEY

Relax, Dave. It's not what it seems.

DAVE

Thank god.

RILEY

The machine'll do all the killing. I just need you to shoot me several dozen times with the BB gun to make sure I die.

DAVE

What? No. A BB gun won't do anything, anyway.

RILEY

That's why you're also going to stab me with this prison shank.

Riley brandishes a crude shiv, embroidered with "#1 Dad".

INT. RILEY'S HOUSE - LIVING ROOM - DAY

Tami looks through drawers, puts stuff in her purse. She spies the jetboat outside.

EXT. RILEY'S HOUSE - DAY

Tami rips off her shirt, taking topless selfies on the boat.

INT. RILEY'S HOUSE - BEDROOM - MOMENTS LATER

Riley makes adjustments to the suicide machine as Dave paces.

RILEY

This is it, old buddy. Just crank her up, then shoot and stab me repeatedly. If there's any juice left, feel free to use it on yourself.

DAVE

Why would I want to kill myself?

RILEY

Are you serious? My life's miserable, but it's nothing compared to yours.

DAVE

That's not true. I have an amazing job, I live in Stockton, California -- one of the greatest cities in the world -- and I have a fiancée that adores me.

RILEY

My God... you're right, Dave.
(Dave smiles)
You deserve to die first. Here, let me--

Riley grabs Dave.

DAVE

What? No. Stop that.

RILEY

Stop struggling, Dave. Just accept the gift of sweet release.

Wrestling on the suicide machine, they pause, noticing Susan, the kids and Tami, covering her bare breasts with her hands.

RILEY (CONT'D)

Hey, honey, this is Dave and Tami.

TAMI

Is now a good time to talk about Mary Kay?

EXT. RILEY'S HOUSE - DRIVEWAY - DAY

Riley belts the suicide machine into the backseat. Dave and Tami sit shellshocked in the front. A dubious Susan watches.

RILEY

Thanks for covering. We'll have you for dinner when things cool down.
(to Dave; whispering)
Keep her juiced up. We're in this together, Dave.

Riley shuts the door and taps the roof.

RILEY (CONT'D)

Nice seeing you two.
(to Susan)
What a lovely couple.

INT. DAVE'S CAR - DAY

Dave and Tami ride back in silence. Dave spies the suicide machine in the back seat...seemingly smiling back at him.

END OF ACT TWO

ACT THREE

INT. BUNCO ENTERPRISES - DAY

Dave sets his stuff down at his desk. There's commotion near the gong. Vance walks up.

VANCE
Davey Cock-it! Ya don't look so hot.

DAVE
Had a rough one, yesterday, Vance.
What's going on over there?

Milo pokes his head in.

MILO
The janitor sold some Road House
units.

A thrilled, homeless-looking JANITOR hits the gong with his mop.

DAVE
Am I the only person in the entire
company to not sell a single unit.

MILO
'Fraid so.

DAVE
Gosh.

An Asian family rings the gong.

DAVE (CONT'D)
Who are they?

VANCE
They were walking by the building and
somehow made a sale. Incredible.

Dick gets up to address the group. He hits the gong.

DICK
Home stretch, guys. Everyone but Dave
has done a great job, but we're
short. Anyway, I'll be in cleaning my
office. Just tidying up, so don't
assume anything else. Good luck with
your lives.

Everyone stands around, uncertain. A tear opens in Dave's cubicle. Riley stuffs his head through.

RILEY
Psst, Dave.

DAVE
Hey, Riley.

RILEY
Tough break on the contest.

DAVE
Yeah, it's really embarrassing.

RILEY
Embarrassing enough to make you
consider... drastic measures?

DAVE
No!

RILEY
Don't play coy with me. You better
not use all the juice on the machine
before I can get to it.

Dave moves his computer to block Riley. He hears MUFFLED
NOISES from his Highlights magazine, and flips it open.

BINKY BEAR
Hey, Dave. Do you believe in
yourself?

DAVE
I don't think so, Binky Bear.

Coworkers notice Dave talking to the magazine. Dick stops to
see what the crowd is watching.

WINNIE
Dave's losing it.

DICK
Can't believe it didn't happen
sooner.

RILEY
He's unstable. He tried to form a
suicide pact with me yesterday.

Dave looks back at the gathering crowd.

SALLY
Don't pay attention to them, Dave.
They're full of stinkin' thinkin'.

ANIMAL CHORUS
(singing)
*Stinkin' thinkin' -- believe in
yourself!*

Dave hangs his head.

DAVE
 Actually, I think believing in myself
is the stinkin' thinkin'.

The adorable animals becoming very serious.

BINKY BEAR
 You know, Dave, when the liver
 disease took Ping Pang Panda... he
 died slow. Painful.

SALLY
 Lost all control of his bowels.

BINKY
 I remember him, at the very end,
 laying there in the hospital,
 laboring for every breath.

SALLY
 Awash in his own filth. Shit
 everywhere.

BINKY
 His final words were: *I don't believe
 in Dave.*

DAVE
 Oh, God...

BINKY
 You know what else? Neither do we.
 (re: Dave's coworkers)
 And neither do they.

Across the room, Riley looks at the other employees.

RILEY
 When he starts shooting, get behind
 me. I'll shield you with my
 mortality.

Binky Bear and Sally Shrew get right in Dave's face.

BINKY BEAR
 You wanted to win that contest for
 everybody else, Dave. But here's the
 thing:

SALLY SHREW
Fuck everybody else.

BINKY BEAR
 You want people to believe in you?
 Then you gotta believe in yourself,
 and I mean *really* believe.

SALLY
Bloodthirsty, murderous belief in
yourself.

BINKY BEAR
Sure, you'll probably fail, but are
you gonna fail for us, or for you?

Dave looks at the gong, reinvigorated.

DAVE
For me.

Dave picks up the phone, determined.

DAVE (CONT'D)
(into phone)
Hello, this is Dave from Bunco
Enterprises and I believe in myself.

DICK
What's he doing?

MILO
I think he's selling Roadhouse VHSs.

DAVE
200 copies, yes sir.

Dave punches in the order, then marches to the gong, bangs it
and marches back to his desk to dial again.

Tami and Bianca enter amid the commotion.

DR. BIANCA SCHADENFREUDE
Be strong, Tami.

TAMI
Dave, we need to talk.
(notices the crowd)
What's going on?

DR. BIANCA SCHADENFREUDE
He's high on drugs, Tami

DAVE
(into phone)
150 copies? No, sir. I'm selling you
500 or nothing at all.

TAMI
Dave, are you okay?

Dave throws Tami on the desk, kissing her passionately and
playing with her boobies, as he dials with the other hand.
Bianca sighs.

TAMI (CONT'D)

Dave, I've never seen you like this.

DAVE

I believe in myself.

(into phone)

Hello? You're buying 1,000 Roadhouse
VHSs from me.

Call after call. Gong hit after gong hit. Dave's totals spike
and inventory plummets. Tami's enthralled and aroused.

DICK

I didn't think he had it in him.

RILEY

Dave's seen sadness we can only
imagine. He has nothing to lose.

The clock nears 5pm. Dave's nearly sold the entire lot.

TAMI

Dave, only 1,500 units more.

DAVE

Just one call left.

SPLIT SCREEN:

CHUCK

Glumville Video.

DAVE

(into phone)

Chuck, this is Dave. I messed up. I
made a stupid mistake with that
order.

CHUCK

That's big of you to admit, but--

DAVE

But, you're going to buy 1,500
Roadhouse VHSs from me right now.
Because I believe in myself.

CHUCK

Dave, you cheated me earlier and now
you're bullying me into 1,500 more?

DAVE

Yeah, because I believe in myself.

CHUCK

All right, damn you! 1500! Goddamn
it, I hate you and love you!

DAVE
Great! They're on their way!

Dave hangs up.

VANCE
Dave won!

The CROWD CHEERS. Dave's cartoon buddies flash a thumbs up.

INT. BUNCO ENTERPRISES - DAY

Everyone celebrates. Winnie unfurls a giant "GOING OUT OF BUSINESS" banner with "WE'RE NOT" scribbled over it.

VANCE
Wait, were we going out of business?

Everyone murmurs. Dick takes the stage.

DICK
Excellent job, guys. Me ordering those 150,000 Road House VHSs while high on mushrooms really paid off.

Tepid applause. Tami looks to Dave.

TAMI
What happened to you today? I've never seen you like that. It was strange and sexual.

DAVE
I wanted to get you that vacation to show you how much I love you.
(then, earnestly)
I just needed to believe in myself.

Bianca walks up.

DR. BIANCA SCHADENFREUDE
Guess my therapies paid off. Oh, there's my Highlights magazine. I need that back.

DAVE
NOOOOOOO!!!

The entire office turns as Dave snatches the magazine.

DAVE (CONT'D)
I mean, I bought this one myself.

DICK
Now, for the highest seller award. I think we can agree he definitely earned it. Please congratulate...

Dave marches toward the stage. Everyone pats him on the back.

DICK (CONT'D)

Me! I did it! It was my idea, so it turns out that nobody deserves this more than me. See you all in 6 weeks. Oh yeah, the prize has been expanded. Feel free to clap anytime.

EXT. BUNCO VIDEO - DAY

Dave exits with Tami.

DAVE

Sorry I didn't win the vacation.

TAMI

It's okay. I'm proud of you, Dave.

Riley approaches.

RILEY

I want to congratulate you, Dave.

DAVE

Thanks, Riley. I just wish I had won the vacation.

RILEY

Oh, not that. I'm talking about your ability to endure constant disappointment and regret.

Susan walks up with the kids, glaring at Dave as she leads Riley away. Bianca approaches.

DR. BIANCA SCHADENFREUDE

How about that Dick? What an alpha male. Anyway, he's taking me to Knott's Berry Farm and we want you to go with us.

DAVE

Oh, that's really nice.

DR. BIANCA SCHADENFREUDE

Just Tami. It will be a journey of personal growth and exploration. Sexual exploration.

TAMI

No thanks, Dr. Schadenfreude. I already have an alpha male.

Tami kisses Dave.

DR. BIANCA SCHADENFREUDE
Okay. I'll call in a prescription for
a powerful anti-depressant for when
you come down from whatever drug
you're on.

INT. DAVE'S CAR - DAY

Dave and Tami get into the car. The suicide machine is still
strapped into the backseat.

DAVE
Thanks for not going with Bianca.

TAMI
Whatever happens, you're my guy--

Dick and Bianca drive past towing a jetboat.

TAMI (CONT'D)
Oh my god, he has a jetboat!?!?!

Tami bolts from the car, ripping off her top as she chases
the boat.

TAMI (CONT'D)
Wait...I didn't know you had a
boat!!!

Dave sighs--

Riley BURSTS in, feverishly trying to hook himself up to the
suicide machine. He puts the BB gun in Dave's hand and FIRES.
The BB thumps harmlessly into Riley's chest.

RILEY
Hurry, Dave! Only five or six hundred
more shots!

CUT TO BLACK:

T H E E N D