

I Think You Should Leave Spec

written by

Devin Beckwith & Louis Hillegass IV

Address
Phone
E-mail

BUSCH OFF

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INT. ARCADE

1

An aura of neon and LCD screens light up the arcade. A row of racing machines named "Drag Race at the Drive-in" line the wall. TIM, [40 years old, either works here or lives here] enters his initials into the leader board. Every position has his name on it.

TIM

Finally! Which game will I conquer next?

JOEY, a 9 year old kid, gets in an empty seat and puts a token in the machine. His feet barely reach the gas pedal.

TIM (CONT'D)

You gotta be a lot taller than that if you're gonna play this game, kid.

The kid looks over at Tim, looks back to the screen, shifts his throttle into high gear and hits start on the race.

TIM (CONT'D)

Woah, looks like you might know a thing or two about these lil' 'ol machines. I'm Tim, put it there!

Tim offers his hand. Joey maintains his focus on the game.

TIM (CONT'D)

Okay, okay, not gonna fall for an easy distraction. You're actually off to a decent start. Steering's a bit sloppy.

Joey moves his body with each turn. He's got skills.

TIM (CONT'D)

Woah man! You can't be driving like that! There are rules here! You're not allowed to use your body to turn. That's like tilting a pinball machine!

JOEY

Eat my dust.

TIM

You know what, it doesn't matter. I've already got every spot on the leader board, and you're going way too slow to beat any of my high scores. You may as well stop playing right now.

(CONTINUED)

As Joey makes a turn, he slides down the seat to push the gas pedal all the way down.

TIM (CONT'D)

You can't do that! Your butt is off the seat! You're not even in your chair. IT'S NOT DRIVING IF YOUR CHEEKS AREN'T IN THE SEAT.

JOEY

I'm coming up on first place.

TIM

Not bad for a cheater.

JOEY

I'm not a cheater.

Joey continues to slide up and down the chair as he finishes the race in first.

TIM

You may have beat the race, but you'll never beat my records.

JOEY

Whatever.

TIM

These beauties are finely tuned simulations. Maybe if you cared less about cheating and more about technique, you'd actually have a shot against me.

JOEY

Fuck off old man.

Joey runs over to his family and hugs his father, Joel. Tim watches, boils with rage, and heads over to the dad.

TIM

I'm sorry to interrupt this nice family evening your having sir, but we have to talk about your child.

JOEL

Oh? Did he do something wrong?

TIM

He can't reach the gas! He's using the machines however he wants. He can't do that. Stuff. It's like, there are rules.

(CONTINUED)

JOEL

I'm not sure I understand-

TIM

He cheated. His body moved while he turned. His butt wasn't in the seat. I mean, what's the point of an honor system if no one honors it?

JOEL

Listen, I don't know what "rules" you're talking about dude. It's just a game.

TIM

Just a game? This is an arcade! It's not a place for games.

JOEL

Alright, buddy, just leave us alone.

TIM

You know what- I'm gonna grab a soda. My blood pressure is through the roof! If this is the way you raise your son, I pity you. Just keep your scummy family-man hands off my machines.

Tim leaves their area of the arcade.

JOEL

You should've told me you couldn't reach the gas. You wanna try a race on my lap?

JOEY

That sounds fun!

Joey and Joel take their positions, put in a token and start the game. They are doing way better. This kid is a savant.

JOEY (CONT'D)

I think we might get a high score!

Tim returns, his world is falling apart. He drops his soda.

TIM

What are you doing?

JOEL

We're playing the game.

TIM

You're supposed to race against each other. You can't play together. This isn't a team event.

(MORE)

(CONTINUED)

TIM (CONT'D)

If you want to race as a couple you have to use the tandem bike. That's what it's there for.

Tim gestures to a racing game that uses a tandem bicycle. Heavy metal blares from the machine.

JOEL

We're going to play how we want.

TIM

Those aren't the rules. Look right on the cabinet. It clearly says, "Can YOU beat the Speed Demon?" not, "Can you and your dad beat the Speed Demon?"

Joey take his hands off the wheel to address Tim directly.

JOEY

Nobody cares about your stupid rules.

TIM

They're not MY rules. They're Arcade rules. I'm just the one making sure idiots like you actually adhere to them.

Joey flips off Tim and then ignores him.

TIM (CONT'D)

You're not even playing the game! Your dad is doing all the steering and all pedal work. Is this how you want to raise your child? Spoon feed him his accomplishments like he's a baby?

Joey and Joel finish the race, not only are they in first but they have beaten the high score.

JOEY

We did it!

TIM

Well technically you didn't do it, your dad did it.

JOEL

Put your name in Joey!

Joel gives Joey control of the wheel. Joey steers for the J.

TIM

Wait! He can't do that! He wasn't the one driving, so he doesn't get to put his name on the leader board.

(CONTINUED)

Joey enters the J.

TIM (CONT'D)
This isn't how these leader boards work.
The high scores are monuments to the
greats that came before us. You're
turning them into lists of lies.

Joey gets to the O for the second letter and clicks enter.

TIM (CONT'D)
Hey everybody! Apparently now it doesn't
matter who plays "Drag Race", as long as
you're sitting in their lap you get to
enter in YOUR name into the leader
board. We're in the wild west now!

Joey gets to the E for the third letter and clicks enter.

TIM (CONT'D)
That's it! You leave me no choice! I
challenge you to a race off! Your car vs
my car. Tomorrow night. Five o'clock.

JOEY
You're on. Loser never steps foot in an
Arcade again.

TIM
Fine. That was going to be what I said.

JOEY
Then we're on.

JOEL
Sounds like fun. I actually have a
meeting tomorrow night, I can't make it.

TIM
He already agreed! Once you agree to a
race off you're not allowed to back out.
Those are the rules!

Tim gets in Joey's face.

TIM (CONT'D)
I'm going to beat you so bad, you're
gonna wish your mom and dad never met.

A large crowd is gathered around the racing machines. Joey
sits in his seat alone, wearing massive platform shoes so he
can reach the pedal while sitting.

(CONTINUED)

Tim sits on the lap of NASCAR champion Kyle Busch, in his full yellow M&M race suit. Tim is wearing a matching race suit. It's mid race. Kyle is doing all of the work as Tim is too busy cheering himself on.

ANNOUNCER

It's the final lap! It's anybody's game- they're neck-and-neck, and ahead of the fastest time. It all comes down to who crosses the finish first.

TIM

Nobody can beat me!! Especially when I have two-time NASCAR champion Kyle Busch on my side!

Joey's car passes Tim. The crowd goes wild.

TIM (CONT'D)

No! What are you doing, Kyle?! I thought you were a professional!

KYLE BUSCH

I'll get us there.

Kyle now tails Joey.

TIM

If you lose this for me I'm gonna go Daytona on your ass!

Kyle maneuvers to pass Joey.

TIM (CONT'D)

That's right! Make way for the greatest race car driver in arcade history!

Kyle finishes in first place, setting a new fastest time.

ANNOUNCER

Ladies and gentlemen we have a new record holder!

Tim pops an over-sized champagne bottle and sprays it all over the audience, Kyle humbly acknowledges them.

TIM

Yes! I did it! I finally have the high score again! Don't count on ever stepping foot in the arcade, Joey!

KYLE BUSCH

Hey man, be cool.

(CONTINUED)

Joey kicks off his platform shoes in frustration.

TIM

Okay- lets enter my name! Quick! Before
it times us out! T! I! M! Quick! Quick!

Tim gets back on Kyle's lap and enters the letters, when a crowd member interrupts.

CROWD GUY

You can't enter your name! You didn't do
the work! You were sitting on his lap!

The crowd is in complete agreement.

ANNOUNCER

It looks like Tim was under the
impression he was going to get to put in
his own name. Unfortunately, the rules
clearly state the the person whose butt
is in the seat gets to enter their name.
This is going to be a tough recovery for
Tim. Let's see how he proceeds.

TIM

No but Joey did this same thing
yesterday!

KYLE BUSCH

It just says Joe.

TIM

Yeah, Joe, for Joey!

JOEY

My dad's name is Joel, if that helps.

ANNOUNCER

Our records show that both Joey and his
dad, Joel, share the same first three
letters of their names.

TIM

What?! But Joey said he was putting in
his name! Don't listen to them Kyle! Put
in my name! Put in my name or you won't
get paid!

KYLE BUSCH

Sorry, buddy. Them's the rules

Kyle enters "KYB" into the leader board.

(CONTINUED)

TIM

I will literally kill you, two-time
NASCAR champion Kyle Busch.

ANNOUNCER

I'm being told that due to Kyle Busch's
victory, Tim is a loser and can never
come back to an arcade again.

TIM

What?! This is not how the rules work! I
was in the winning seat!

ANNOUNCER

Sorry, buddy. Them's the rules.

The crowd bombards Tim, throwing him out of the arcade, as
Kyle Busch stands in the doorway.

KYLE BUSCH

Don't count on ever coming back to the
arcade, Tim.

Kyle slams the door on Tim, who longingly looks at the arcade
with tears in his eyes.

CLOWNING AROUND

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EXT. FANCY HOUSE

3

A children's birthday party. Two parents set up a piñata outside, as a line of kids waits nearby. Other parents clean up a table scattered with pizza crust and paper plates. A pile of shoes lay outside the entrance to the house. A sign reads "No shoes inside please!"

A large, 7 foot man kicks off his red Nike's as he enters the home. A crowd of parents are inside. TIM, a man with big curly hair, wears a colorful suit as he puts candles on a tall triple layered cake. AARON is talking by the fruit bowl.

AARON

I'm telling you: he loves it. Yo Tim!

Aaron tosses an apple to Tim, who catches it in his mouth. Everyone cheers.

AARON (CONT'D)

No one catches fruit like my man Timmy!!

Tim takes the Apple out of his mouth.

TIM

I don't know, Spud's a pretty good catch too. Here boy!

Tim throws the Apple to his dog, Spud, who catches it. Everyone cheers.

TIM (CONT'D)

Spud hasn't missed a single catch since college!

AARON

Neither has Tim!

Tim picks up the cake. It's big. Kayden, nearby, interjects.

KAYDEN

Woah, you need help with that cake, man?

TIM

Don't worry, they call me "The Cake Man" around here. I got this.

Tim takes two steps towards the door and trips over his dog, still eating the apple. He catches his fall, but goes face-first into the cake. His face is covered in white frosting.

(CONTINUED)

AARON

Oh no, not the frosting! Let me help you out there man.

TIM

I'm fine, I can do this in my sleep!
I'll just smooth out the frosting.

Tim rubs his hand over the top of the cake, trying to fix it.

AARON

I think you're making it worse.

TIM

Please- I'm The Cake Man! I've literally done this in my sleep! Now, I just need to slip on my outside shoes...

Tim feels around with his feet, landing in the big red shoes.

KAYDEN

Those definitely aren't your shoes. Can you even see through all that frosting?

TIM

Trust me, there's nothing to worry about. I sleepwalk through this every night.

AARON

At least let me wipe away some of that frosting so you can see.

Tim, unable to see, walks through the crowd of kids, straight towards the piñata. Just as Tim walks under it, a child breaks it open. Rainbow confetti falls onto Tim's hair forming different colored stripes.

KAYDEN

Wow, he might actually make it to the dessert table.

AARON

Well if he's got it under control...

Aaron picks up a tomato from the fruit bowl.

AARON (CONT'D)

Yo Tim!

Tim turns his head, mouth wide open, towards Aaron who tosses the tomato at Tim's mouth. Tim goes for the tomato.

(CONTINUED)

KAYDEN

There's no way.

Tim doesn't catch the tomato, instead it hits his nose, which pokes through the tomato, keeping it in place.

AARON

That counts! It still counts!

TIM

Still the champ!

KAYDEN

This guy is unbelievable.

Tim puts the cake down on the table.

TIM

Alright, now who wants some cake!

The kids cheer with excitement, rushing over to the cake.

TIM (CONT'D)

Settle down! Now, rules are rules. This first piece is for the birthday boy.

BIRTHDAY BOY

Ew, that's a gross cake Clown Man.

TIM

I'm not Clown Man, I'm Cake Man!

As Tim looks at the birthday boy. BOZO, the hired birthday clown, angrily sprints towards Tim.

BOZO

What do you think you're doing buddy?
This is my turf!

Bozo grabs the serving knife from the table and tackles Tim to the ground. The tomato on Tim's nose goes flying in the air. Bozo pulls back the knife to strike Tim. Everyone is in shock. Tim focuses on catching the tomato, as Bozo brings the knife down. Tim catches the tomato in his mouth, just as Bozo pierces through the tomato. Tomato juice splatters everywhere. Bozo, amazed by Tim's skills, lets go of the knife.

BOZO (CONT'D)

He caught it.

Tim grabs the knife and waves it in the air, with the tomato still attached. The party cheers!

(CONTINUED)

TIM

Still got it!

BOZO

I don't believe it. You bested me. I've finally been out-clowned.

TIM

Oh, uh. I'm sorry?

BOZO

Don't be sorry. Be honored. You saved me. You are the new Bozo the Clown.

Bozo removes his costume, and dresses Tim in the old costume.

BOZO (CONT'D)

Fifty years ago, I was at a circus with my parents. Bozo the Clown walked up to me and asked me if I wanted to play. Just then, a fruit cart fell on me, burying me in a pile of bananas. Being the banana lover that I am, I decided to eat one. I was hungry for another, so I tossed the banana peel beside me. As I stepped out of the pile, I slipped on that peel and fell back into the pile of bananas. Bozo laughed so hard, he choked on his spit, and died. From that moment I knew I was destined to fill his shoes until someone else came along. Someone who could out-clown me. My search ends today. As the new Bozo The Clown, you will follow that same path. Continue this legacy, until one day, you discover the next heir to Bozo the Clown.

Bozo, now in his socks and underwear, walks to the front door. On his way out, he grabs a banana from the fruit bowl. He peels it, tosses it to the ground, and slips right over it. Before he has the chance to hit the floor, a beam of light shines down on him. He ascends to the heavens as he waves down to Tim.

BOZO (CONT'D)

Clown well, young Bozo, Clown well.

BUT WHAT IF?

4

INT. TOWN HALL

4

BETH sits at an elevated table with two other elected officials. A crowd of people sit in front of them.

BETH

Now we turn the Town Hall over to you.
What kind of things do you want to see
in our community center? We start
drafting up plans in two weeks!

CONNER, 40 and still living with his mom, stands up.

BETH (CONT'D)

And no Conner, we will not add a twenty
foot water slide to the community pool.

Conner, disappointed, sits back down while Paul stands up.

PAUL

I'm all for whatever the community
wants, as long as the center is welcome
to everybody!

The crowd likes this idea. Tim stands up to speak.

TIM

There definitely needs to be a lot of
parking. Like make sure the roof is flat
enough to park all the way up there.

PAUL

A town of six hundred people does not
need roof parking.

TIM

The roof parking is just in case any
aliens fly by and wanna hang out! Also a
spaceship charger. It's a long trip and
aliens always forget to charge their
ship before they leave the house.

Gary, weirded out, stands up.

GARY

I think I speak for everyone: we'd love
some good 'ol American football.

The crowd cheers wildly while eight shirtless people stand up
from the front row with letters painted on their chest
spelling "GO LIONS". Tim stands up again.

(CONTINUED)

TIM

Yeah, go Lions! Haha. No! Aliens don't really like American football. They actually prefer soccer. Sensitive hands. But they landed in Europe first so they do call it football instead of soccer.

The crowd falls completely silent.

BETH

We'll look into a multi-purpose field. Whose next?

Zoey stands up.

ZOEY

We should have a stage, that way anyone can put on a production!

The crowd is glad to hear a normal idea again.

TIM

Of course! We'll put together a show so we can finally welcome the aliens. They love live entertainment! Great idea!

ZOEY

Oh, Alien: The Musical, I'm in!

BETH

We'll never get the rights to Alien: The Musical. We don't have that kind of talent.

ZOEY

Not with that attitude we don't.

TIM

Look, this is all I'm saying: what if aliens showed up and were like, super chill? Like what! I mean, what would we even say? Would it be cool to, I don't know, go see a movie or take a walk?

PAUL

I ain't sitting in a dark theatre with something that may or may not come in peace!

TIM

No, no, no. These aliens would be, like, super chill. They totally come in peace.

(CONTINUED)

PAUL

Well, I might be interested if they're playing a Spielberg film.

TIM

Spielberg's off limits. Aliens are real worked up about how he depicted them in *Close Encounters of the Third Kind*.

PAUL

Okay, well what about E.T.?

TIM

Just forget about Spielberg, man! It ain't gonna happen!

PAUL

These aliens suck.

TIM

Maybe we're more interested in Dungeon's and Dragons? Aliens love playing games. Plus, they need a Dungeon Master, bad.

BETH

We already have a board game café.

TIM

Where aliens are totally allowed no questions asked?

BETH

Anyone ages 5-95 is welcome!

TIM

Seriously? It takes a whole light year just to get here!

BETH

Why are you so invested in aliens?

TIM

I just feel like, it'd be really cool if we all got along and just hung out. Like, I bet the aliens would love that.

ZOEY

If they were here and wanted to hang out, wouldn't they tell us?

TIM

Yeah- but maybe they don't want to put themselves out there due to a fear of rejection. Aliens have feelings too!

(CONTINUED)

BETH

So you're saying aliens want to make contact, just not the first move?

TIM

Yes, you get it! So it's settled. We'll put together something that says, "Warmest welcome to our planet, aliens, you can reveal yourselves! We'd love to meet you and hang out and do fun earth stuff together, just the two of us!"

BETH

We're designing a community center, not welcoming aliens. Now please, sit down and leave the bad ideas to Conner.

Conner excitedly stands up again, ready with another idea.

BETH (CONT'D)

No Conner, we cannot add a giant trampoline big enough for the whole town to jump on at the same time.

Conner, disappointed yet again, sits back down.

TIM

I'm just trying to get a straight answer: would we be down to chill?

BETH

Alright, get this guy out of here.

Two security guards grab Tim and escort him out.

TIM

Wait wait wait! What if they let us on their space ship? And it was like, super decked out? What if we all hung out on a space ship like we were astronauts?

The crowd is silent, as the guards escort Tim out.

TIM (CONT'D)

So nobody here- nobody ANYWHERE is down to chill with aliens?

As Tim is in the doorway, Conner stands up.

CONNER

I would.

BETH

What?

(CONTINUED)

CONNER

My answer. I would be down to chill.

Tim's eyes light up while Conner joins him.

CONNER (CONT'D)

All my life, I've wanted to chill, but
no one is ever down. If aliens wanted to
hang out, I'd be best friends with them.

Conner gives Tim a huge hug as the security guards close the
door on them.

TIM

Finally someone is down. We've got to
find other people like you.

CONNER

That's the problem, no one likes me.
I've always been alone, my whole life.

TIM

Not even one person?

CONNER

Well except for you. And my mom.

ALIEN

Well? Do they want to hang out?

TIM

Not at all! I think they're afraid of
commitment or something.

ALIEN

Man, we're never going to find someone
to play drums on Rock Band.

TIM

Well, there was one guy.

ALIEN

Beaming right up!

The alien beams up Conner.

CONNER

Woah is that Rock Band? I call drums!

Tim and the Alien look at each other with approval.

"BACK OFF"

6

INT. BOXING ARENA

6

A packed stadium centered around a glorious boxing ring. The ref uses the drop down mic in the middle of the ring to introduce the two boxers.

REF

Make some noise for the fifth annual
back-off!

The crowd goes bonkers.

REF (CONT'D)

In the blue corner we have the greatest
back to ever come out of Western
Missouri, truly a back to be feared:
The Archinator!!

THE ARCHINATOR takes off his robe to reveal his St. Louis
themed shorts. He points at his back with two thumbs. The
crowd goes wild.

REF (CONT'D)

And back in black is the man whose back
has been broken over 12 times. The
sexiest man to ever come out of Gary,
Indiana: The Serial Spiller

THE SERIAL SPILLER takes off his robe to reveal his Kellogg's
themed shorts. His trainer rubs oil on his back. The crowd
goes berserk, holding up cardboard cutouts of backs.

REF (CONT'D)

Gentlemen, take your places!

Our two competitors stare each other down and touch gloves.

REF (CONT'D)

3...2...1...BACK OFF!

Both competitors immediately put their hands in the air and
slowly back away from one another.

(CONTINUED)

THE SERIAL SPILLER

Woah man. Hey, I wasn't tryna front. That one's on me. I'll turn it down a notch. I don't want any trouble. Just put down those fists and we can all stay calm. Let's just finish this game of billiards. I don't even care that you bumped the table and knocked in the winning ball. My money's on the table. Just take the cash and I will slowly walk out of this building with my hands in the air until I get back to my apartment where I will go straight to bed, with my hands in the air. It's what I do.

THE ARCHINATOR

Hey man, I don't wanna fight. I didn't mean to cause any trouble. I wasn't paying attention and I promise it won't happen again. Look I'll buy you a cab, sorry if I made you late. You wanna grab a coffee? Nah, that's stupid. Why would you wanna be friends. Unless you wanna be friends? I don't like to fight. I'm a lover not a fighter. My mother always said I was a good fighter, I always said "MA I don't wanna fight, I wanna love" Sheesh. Try havin' that for a motha'. But I love her. It's what I do.

REF

Gear up folks, looks like this is gonna be a long one.

The two men continue to murmur as they cower in their respective corners.

LAWYERED

7

INT. CONFERENCE ROOM

7

TIM and CONNER sit across each other in a conference room. There is a mug sitting on the table.

CONNER

Thanks for showing up, my man.

TIM

Yeah, of course, my man, anything for my man. So what's on your mind, my man?

CONNER

It's- I've been so busy I haven't had time to work on my miniatures.

TIM

That must be tough, I know how much you love working on those, my man.

Tim takes a sip from the mug.

CONNER

Did you really just drink out of my mug?

TIM

What? Did I? Haha oops, silly mistake! I must not have been paying attention.

CONNER

My man, that is not okay. That was my coffee and now its got your saliva swimmin all around inside!

TIM

It's not that big of a deal.

CONNER

Not that big of a deal? I'm in the middle of bearing my soul to you and this is how you treat me?

TIM

I'll get you another one.

CONNER

Get me another one? You can't replace it. I was enjoying this coffee, and now it's stuck, in your stomach. I have to grab a whole new mug and start all over!

Tim grabs a mug from the cabinet.

(CONTINUED)

TIM

Don't worry about it, I'll make you a new cup right now.

CONNER

No! I hate that mug! You can't do this to me! I'm suing you!

TIM

What? Are you crazy?! You can't sue me!

CONNER

I'm calling my lawyer right now!

Conner dials his phone. Tim's phone rings.

TIM

Go for Timmy.

CONNER

I need to lawyer up!

TIM

I love a piping hot case! Who's the guy?

CONNER

My best friend.

TIM

Youch, that's a hot one! Lay it on me.

CONNER

He drank out of my coffee mug, now I have to start all over with a new mug!

TIM

What a scum! His mother must be ashamed. We're gonna take this fucker down!

CONNER

Hell yea!

TIM

We're gonna sue this guy for everything he's got!!

Tim hangs up and hands Conner a fresh coffee.

TIM (CONT'D)

Excuse me, I need to make a call.

Tim dials, Conner's phone rings.

(CONTINUED)

CONNER

Go for Con!

TIM

I need your help, I'm getting sued up my ass. They got a good lawyer!

CONNER

Sue you?! They can't do this to you. You're my best client!

TIM

He says I ruined his coffee!

CONNER

I don't buy it!

TIM

I took one sip! That's it!

CONNER

He's a monster!

TIM

My lips didn't even touch the mug!

CONNER

He's a criminal!

TIM

I water-falled!

CONNER

You know what we're gonna do!

TIM

Lay it on me!

CONNER

We're gonna prove your innocence.

TIM

Let's hit this fucker where it hurts!

Tim hangs up his phone. Conner hangs up his phone.

CONNER

You sack of human horse shit.

TIM

I'll eat your babies.

8

INT. COURT ROOM

8

Tim stands at the prosecutor table while Conner presides over the defendant table. Both have an empty chair, for their clients, sitting next to them.

TIM

You have to understand, Your Honor, that my client. Loves coffee. When he drinks Coffee, it's an experience.

CONNER

Objection your honor! His client exclusively drinks decaf Keurig pods!

HIS HONOR

Hmm, not even light roast? This isn't looking good for your case, Timmy.

TIM

I object to that objection: decaf proves that it's more about the experience than the caffeine.

CONNER

Objection!

HIS HONOR

Overruled. Watch yourselves gentlemen.

TIM

I motion to call my only witness to testify.

HIS HONOR

I'll allow it.

Tim dials a number on his phone. Conner's phone rings.

CONNER

Oh, sorry! Thought I turned that off...
Go for Con!

TIM

I'm gonna need you to testify, Conner, my man. This thing is neck and neck.

CONNER

Dang. That lawyer's good! Alright, I'll be there as soon as I can.

Conner takes the stand. Tim stands in the center of the room.

(CONTINUED)

TIM

Mr. Conner, please explain to us what was going on in your head while your beloved coffee was brutally massacred.

Dramatic music swells under Conner's monologue.

CONNER

I've never felt so betrayed. My guard was down. It always was around Tim. He grabbed my cup, I thought he was doing a funny bit. Then the cup got closer.

It starts raining on Conner.

CONNER (CONT'D)

I thought what's a smell, it's a free country! But he kept going. Right before he took a sip, he looked me in the eye. Like he was thinking, "yeah, this is my cup now." I fell cold. He took a sip. Then he had the audacity to try and cover it up, LIKE HE DIDN'T KNOW, EXACTLY, WHAT HE WAS DOING, ALL ALONG!

TIM

No further questions!

It stops raining.

HIS HONNOR

Conner, call your witness.

Conner dials his phone, Tim's phone starts ringing.

TIM

Oops! Swore that was on silent... Go for Timmy!

CONNER

Listen, my man, they're killing us here. I need a witness and I need it stat.

TIM

I'm on it. We won't let this guy win just cause he has a rockstar legal team!

Tim takes the stand. Conner stands in the middle of the room.

CONNER

Tim, I'm not gonna lie. We're all a little rattled by what we heard today. Stories of greed. Betrayal. Now its time we hear the real story. Your story.

(CONTINUED)

TIM

Conner finished drinking his coffee by the time I showed up. It was just sitting on the table, not even lukewarm.

HIS HONOR

Not even lukewarm?

CONNER

Not. Even. Lukewarm. Please, proceed.

TIM

We've shared drinks before during the coffee shortage of '93. Now the office is abound with varieties of single-serve pods. If he wanted a good coffee experience, it wasn't going to be with that cup!

CONNER

Exactly. My client, did the responsible thing, and disposed of the contents of the mug in his dumpster belly.

TIM

It turned out to be warmer than I thought.

CONNER

It was still a warm beverage?

HIS HONOR

I believe that's an admission of guilt.

TIM

Yeah, it was warmer than I thought. It was an accident! But it doesn't even matter, because it wasn't a good cup of coffee to begin with, too bitter!

CONNER

You really shouldn't have said that.

TIM

But I'm right.

HIS HONOR

I'm sorry son, but that's just not the way the law works. We have an honorable system here. For willingly defiling another man's coffee, I'm sentencing you to a lifetime of community service.

(CONTINUED)

8 CONTINUED: (3)

8

TIM

Oh rats.

9 EXT. HIGHWAY

9

Tim is picking up trash on the shoulder of a littered highway. All of the trash is different Keurig cups. A coffee cup is thrown out the window of a passing car. Tim picks up the cup, shakes it, and takes a drink. Tires screech.

SARAH

I was still drinking that!

TIM

Not again!

Tim throws the cup at the car in frustration.

SARAH

I'll see you in court!

Sarah speeds off. Her license plate reads D3CAF. Bumper sticker reads "Make Cold Brew, Not War".