

LIFE'S A MITCH

Pilot

"Hey! Dildo!"

Written by

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Story by

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COLD OPENING

EXT. GRAND GRINDS COFFEEHOUSE - NIGHT

MITCH (slovenly handsome, like a poverty-stricken Garth Brooks) loiters outside a coffeehouse, an acoustic guitar strapped over his shoulder. Even in the crisp air, Mitch sweats profusely. He tries to cool off by waving his arms and blowing down the front of his black t-shirt.

NARRATOR

Why do bad things seem to happen to
good people?

Mitch starts to play and sing a very emotional version of Leonard Coen's "Hallelujah".

Onlookers begin to gather, girls swoon as he belts out the chorus.

A car SCREECHES around the corner. The passenger-side window rolls down, an arm swings out and throws a purple, two-headed dildo at Mitch.

PASSENGER

Hey! Dildo!

The aforementioned sex toy bounces off Mitch's sizable forehead, twirling majestically off into the night. The SCENE FREEZES.

NARRATOR

It's because just under the
surface, they're really bad people.

The SCENE RESUMES and Mitch falls to the ground, a penis-shaped welt rises on his drive-in theater screen forehead.

The WYME radio van speeds by and HONKS.

NARRATOR (CONT'D)

And sometimes, life's a Mitch.

CREDIT SEQUENCE

EXT. GRAND GRINDS COFFEEHOUSE - MOMENTS LATER

Mitch is down and dazed. His giant box-kite-of-a-head is cradled in the lap of SANDY (20s), a co-ed at nearby South Atlantic College (SAC), an institution Mitch commonly refers to as "The Sack".

A police cruiser sits nearby, lights flashing.

SANDY

Oh my god, are you okay?

Mitch's eyes flutter open.

MITCH

What happened? Am I in heaven?

SANDY

You were hit in the head by a
(whispers) dildo.

In the background, OFFICER DONALD JOHNSON bags and tags the dildo for evidence.

MITCH

Again? My head must be some sort of-

VOICE FROM THE CROWD

-giant-

MITCH

-dildo magnet.
(to the officer)
Make sure you dust it for prints.

OFFICER JOHNSON

Sure thing, Rockford.

SANDY

You should go home and rest.

NARRATOR

And here they are, the puppy dog eyes. Walt Disney himself couldn't have drawn them more pathetic and at the same time, unsettling. Like something from Pepe the Frog's Wild Ride.

Mitch looks up at Sandy, a WHIMPER bubbling up his throat.

MITCH

I... I have no home. My landlord kicked me out because I was playing my guitar, trying to make this world a better place for all humans.

Mitch notices a "Scorpio astrology pendant" on a silver chain around Sandy's neck.

MITCH (CONT'D)

Maybe it's because i'm a Sagittarius and he's a Virgo. You know how *that* is. Oh there I go again, assuming that everyone is into astrology. I don't suppose you-

SANDY

Oh my god, I need to do your cards. (BEAT) I have herbal tea back at my place. Have you had your chakra aligned?

Mitch looks down at his crotch.

MITCH

It cleared up by itself. You'd be amazed what an entire bottle of Flintstone's vitamins can cure.

SANDY

Is that safe?

Mitch shrugs.

SANDY (CONT'D)

You really shouldn't be on your own. Why don't you stay with me tonight.

MITCH

(as if he is dying)

That *cough* would wonderful. I'm Mitch, by the way.

SANDY

I'm Sandy.

Mitch's hand trembles as he feebly shakes hers.

NARRATOR

He's like a stray dog, full of fleas and destined to shit the bed, but some people can't turn away from a wounded animal.

MITCH

Can we stop for beer? It helps me with my headaches.

SANDY

Uh, sure.

MITCH
 (suddenly lucid)
 The good stuff, not that swill
 Belgian monks piss into barrels.

SANDY
 No problem.

MITCH
 High Life. Get it?

SANDY
 Got it.

MITCH
 Good.

Mitch jumps up, brushes the dirt and grass off him, and grabs his guitar.

Sandy is surprised by his change in demeanor.

MITCH (CONT'D)
 Well?

SANDY
 Uh, right. My car's over here.

He follows her to a pink Cabriolet. Mitch runs his grubby hands along the Volkswagen convertible toward the rear of the car.

MITCH
 Cabriolet... sweet.

He throws his guitar into back seat by skidding it across the trunk.

MITCH (CONT'D)
 Hole-in-one! Augusta goes wild!

He then unsuccessfully jumps into the passenger seat.

He yells back to the crowd as the car pulls away.

MITCH (CONT'D)
 Later, cu-!

DISSOLVE TO:

INT. SANDY'S APARTMENT - MORNING

Mitch is rudely awakened by his latest benefactor as she repeatedly taps him on his sizable forehead.

SUPER: Two Weeks Later

He wakes and grunts unintelligible curses from his crust-covered mouth as he rolls over on the futon, a beer bottle and pizza crusts stuck to his black shirt.

SANDY

I have to get to class, so you
gotta go.

She throws the covers off him. He's not wearing pants. He covers himself, ashamed of his extremely small penis. Even through the digitally-blurred genitals, we can tell. We hear a tiny DING, like the bell on a cat's collar.

MITCH

Are you using that?!

He grabs the covers back, wraps himself in them, stands and heads to the bathroom.

Sandy goes to follow but he slams the door behind him.

BATHROOM

Mitch drops the sheet and sits down on the toilet.

BEDROOM

Sandy knocks on the bathroom door.

SANDY

Mitch? Last night was fun and all,
I mean, the thing with the chicken
wings was messed-up, and my
roommate is gonna be pissed you ate
all his pizza. You know, he bought
a pizza stone and everything. (she
listens at the door for a moment)
Have you looked for a place yet?

MITCH

(through the door)
Would you *please* shut up! You know
I need complete and utter silence
to perform.

Sandy bangs on the door.

BATHROOM

Mitch's face turns red as he strains.

SANDY
 (through the door)
 OHMYGOD Mitch! I don't have time
 for this. Just let yourself out.

MITCH
 No problemo, I have the key.

SANDY
 What?

MITCH
 What?

SANDY
 You have my key?

MITCH
 What? No, I said I have to pee.

BEDROOM

From the bathroom, we hear JANGLING, like a million sleigh bells.

SANDY
 Whatever.

Sandy departs.

BATHROOM

Mitch still squats on the toilet, perched like a gargoyle. He scratches his crotch with one hand and holds a giant, jailer's keyring in the other, dozens of keys of all shapes and sizes dangle.

He admires the key ring, how shiny it is. So... shiny.

MITCH
 (sotto)
 Did someone call a cocksmith?

NARRATOR
 The fabled "Ring Of Fire". Funny
 story...

FLASHBACK BEGINS

INT. TAWNY'S BEACH HOUSE - AFTERNOON

Mitch showers with TAWNY (40s), an ex-Motley Crüe groupie, and Jazzercise instructor.

He steps out of the expansive, posh shower with an empty Buffalo wings basket in his hand. His lips and fingers are stained red with hot sauce.

MITCH

I'll be right back, babe, just gonna freshen up our basket.

He goes to kiss her and she pushes him away.

TAWNY

Ewww, your face is covered in hot sauce.

MITCH

(strange voice)
The spice must flow!

He almost slips on the tile floor.

His genitals are blurred, but it's so obvious he's hung like a field mouse. DING!

BEDROOM

Mitch opens his guitar case and retrieves a small box, inside of which is a bed of clay. He sneaks over to Tawny's purse, takes her house key and presses it into the clay. It leaves a perfect impression of the key.

From the bathroom, we hear Tawny hitting the chorus of John Denver's "Rocky Mountain High".

Mitch replaces the key and moves off to the...

KITCHEN

He transfers some wings from a take-out container to his basket and squirts more hot sauce on them.

MITCH (CONT'D)

(yells to Tawny)
I'm gonna grab a beer, thanks!

He opens the fridge and is blinded by the amount of food. His knees almost give out. The deli meats alone cause him to tremble like a hamster.

His unsteady hand grabs a beer. He presses it lovingly to his lips, then a kiss on the sweating bottle.

He stares at a package of fresh ribeye steaks.

MITCH (CONT'D)

What's that? (turns his head as if the steaks are speaking to him) You want to come home with me? (Looks around for anyone listening) Wait here.

He slams the fridge door.

BATHROOM

Mitch steps back into the shower.

MITCH (CONT'D)

So, you said something about going out of town? Who's housesitting?

TAWNY

This nice college girl named Sandy.

MITCH

(disappointed)

Oh yeah? Where does she hang out?

TAWNY

I think she goes to that coffeeshop on Grand.

MITCH

Grand, you say?

TAWNY

Yeah, why?

MITCH

Oh, nothing. (BEAT) I guess I could come by and check up on her for you.

TAWNY

(nonplused)

That's ok, I think she can handle it.

MITCH

You don't trust me?

TAWNY

It's not that. She's a good girl.

MITCH

And what am I, some sort of rapist?

TAWNY

Don't overreact.

MITCH

I don't *believe* this.

TAWNY

Mitch.

He tosses the basket in the air, wings go flying.

TAWNY (CONT'D)

MITCH!

FLASHBACK ENDS

INT. SANDY'S APARTMENT, BATHROOM

Mitch squats on his porcelain throne, admires the keychain, farts and scratches again.

MITCH

Welp, time to start the day.

FLUSH!

LIVING ROOM

Time speeds up, it's an afternoon-in-the-life. Hours and hours of Mitch sitting on the couch, playing video games, masturbating, crying, playing guitar, with many breaks for food: pizza rolls, cheese puffs, fish sticks, massive sub sandwiches, seemingly anything he can do to eat Sandy out of house and home. And always, the ever-present can of cheap beer.

BEDROOM

Time slows down, it is now EVENING. Sandy returns from classes and her part-time job.

Mitch is passed-out exactly where she woke him up in the morning, his face covered in cheese puff dust, still pantless.

He's wrapped around his guitar in a loving embrace.

SANDY

What. The. Hell. MITCH!

Mitch can barely sit up, his belly distended with egg rolls and beer.

MITCH

What, babe?

SANDY

Did you go to work?

MITCH

Of course, in the office of the mind.

SANDY

Oh really? What do you have to show for it, besides eating all my roommate's cheese puffs?

MITCH

I *could* tell you what I did all day, or...

Mitch readies to play his guitar.

NARRATOR

Here's the thing about Mitch, for all of his short-comings, (DING!) he does have a flare for one particular thing, a particular talent that seems to be more valuable than rent, wearing a condom, or buying his own food.

Mitch strums a single, sad chord.

SANDY

Not again, Mitch.

He strums another chord even sadder than the last. His eyes get bigger, like dirty saucers.

SANDY (CONT'D)

Nope. Not this time.

Another chord, his eyes widen... wait, is that a tear?

SANDY (CONT'D)

Mitch...

He breaks into an original song. Despite the cheesy title of "My Swarovski Heart", it is surprisingly beautiful.

MITCH

Étourdissant is how you say / the
word of love / if I may / She
always says / What are you doing
home / Well, I just couldn't stay
away from my girl / And she says /
Where are all the flowers / Well,
all I have is this pearl / Ohhhh,
there are five men that the judges
have been looking at / And they're
the ones that everyone expects to
win / Now, even if I'm as good as
they are / they're gonna win, win,
win

Sandy's angry demeanor starts to fade. She falling for it.

MITCH (CONT'D)

Because the judges are gonna think
I'm a flash in the pan / A has-been
fan of your sweet soul / She says,
if you're not tough enough / You're
never gonna make it / And it all
comes down to / My Swarovski heart
/ Have no fear, girl / You'll
always be able to (pause for
effect) break it

He hits the last chord and falls back on the bed,
exhausted... wasted... spent. He has given his gift to the
cosmos.

Sandy sobs and kneels next to him.

SANDY

You're such a beautiful man.

Mitch pulls her toward him as he throws the covers off to
expose his blurred but still clearly and ridiculously small
penis. DING! He pushes her head toward it as he reaches over
to the nightstand.

MITCH

Hurry up, I gotta get to the
slaveship.

He grabs the last handful of cheese puffs and stuffs his
mouth. The CRUNCH is deafening.

SANDY

Are you eating?

MITCH

Shhhhhh.

Orange dust sprays into her hair.

He reaches over and hits play on his iPod. His own cover version of "A Beautiful Mess" by Jason Mraz leaks out.

MITCH (CONT'D)

(sotto)

That's right, cu-

KITCHEN

Sandy's roommate RANDY (20s) opens the fridge and sees nothing but empty containers of food and beer.

RANDY

That mother fu-

EXT./INT. MITCH'S CAR - NIGHT

Mitch looks for an address while he drives down a bustling main street filled with shops, bars and restaurants. A sticker rests on the bottom right of his windshield: the letters "PUA" stylized as a logo on a badge.

He's dressed like a 12-year-old skateboarder: cargo shorts, Etnies and a black t-shirt, "F.B.I." on the back, "Female Body Inspector" on the front. His guitar sits out of its case on the passenger seat.

NARRATOR

If you think Mitch never works, think again. He drives for "Pick-Up Artists", an independent car service. It allows him a flexible schedule, and provides plenty of research. Mitch is, what you might call, a student of human nature, an emotional savant, or spiritual vampire. It all depends on whether or not you have a Y-chromosome.

EXT. PROFESSOR FUN'S PIZZA EMPORIUM - NIGHT

Mitch pulls over in front of a children's theme restaurant and waits until BRENDA (30s) and her son MAVRIK (8) get in the back seat. They have to brush hamburger wrappers and Mary Kay products to the floor. Brenda inspects her hand, looking for something sticky.

Mother and son wait for the typical pleasantries, perhaps a friendly "Where to, ma'am?" Instead, Mitch stares straight ahead, his arm over the passenger seat.

After a moment...

BRENDA
Um, 3400 NW 20th Street. You can just drop us off in front of the building.

No reaction from Mitch.

BRENDA (CONT'D)
Did you hear m-

MITCH
Do I get a hello?

BRENDA
Oh, I'm sorry. Hello.

MAVRIK
Hello!

MITCH
I'm not a driving monkey, nor am I an emotionless automaton. I'm human, like you and everyone else on this rolling planet. (digs under his seat for something) You might want to read this.

Mitch tosses a copy of "Tyra's Beauty Inside & Out" at Brenda's head.

BRENDA
Tyra Banks?

MITCH
Huh?

He digs again and throws another book at her. She holds up "You Mean I'm Not Lazy, Stupid or Crazy?!".

BRENDA
(sotto)
Are you sure?

MITCH
What?

MAVRIK
 (to Brenda)
 It spins.

BRENDA
 What, dear?

MAVRIK
 The Earth, it doesn't roll, it spins.

MITCH
 Listen, Neal MY ASS Tyson, it's the same thing, bro.

MAVRIK
 But Mom...

BRENDA
 Shh.

MITCH
 Whatever.

The car pulls away from the curb. We see a "Support Local Music" and "PEROT'92" sticker on the dented bumper.

MITCH (CONT'D)
 So, Professor Fun's Pizza Emporium, huh?

MAVRIK
 It was so much fun! I got this microphone.

Mitch looks into the rearview. Mavrik holds up a child's, plastic microphone.

MITCH
 (sarcastic)
 Yeah, real pro. I have an SM-58. You probably don't know about that 'cause you're not a stage performer.

MAVRIK
 But the clown said it would make me sound like a little angel.

MITCH
 Oh, you mean Cuddles? Yeah, he should know, he was the men's chorus leader at Wilmont Penitentiary for 15 years.

MAVRIK
(stage whisper)
What's a penny century?

BRENDA
Nothing, Mavrik.

MITCH
Mavrik?! Jesus. Did you bang Jerry
Bruckheimer?

BRENDA
I've had just about enough-

MITCH
I'm sorry you got yourself
offended, miss. I'm just trying to
lay some science on the kid. I used
to work at Professor Fun's. I've
seen some shit.

BRENDA
(concerned)
Like what?

MITCH
You don't want to know.

BRENDA
Yes. I do.

MITCH
Let's just say it ain't called the
ball pit for nuthin'.

NARRATOR
And just when you think he's dug
himself another vocational grave...

MITCH
(to Brenda)
You ever "do it" in a ball pit?
It's like zero-G, like you're
banging in space.
(sotto)
I'd be like an astronaut and you'd
be my hot secretary or one of those
women who know good math.

MAVRIK
(stage whisper)
He's mean. And smells funny, like
Tanner from homeroom.

BRENDA
 (stage whisper)
 Maybe they both wet themselves
 after nap-time.

Mitch has heard every word. He turns around in his seat while he drives.

MITCH
 First off, a weak bladder is a sign
 of virility, ok? Everyone knows
 that!

BRENDA
 So is a receding hairline.

Pedestrians leap out of the way as Mitch's car weaves through traffic. Mavrik holds his nose and makes a stink face.

MITCH
 You don't know what a bad smell is,
 kid. Were you in Vietnam?

MAVRIK
 My parents took me on vacation
 there. I caught a fish. When were
 you there?

MITCH
 You think you're better than me?
 'Cause you're not!

Mitch spins forward and slams a cassette tape into the car's player. Phil Collins' "In The Air Tonight" spills out. Mitch speeds down the road, and takes deep swigs from a beer in a brown bag.

He suddenly slows down, as if a force he can't see slows time. He looks to his right and sees a pawnshop called "Mike Hocks". In the front display window is a GLOCKENSPIEL, illuminated like the Christ-child.

A single, dirty tear runs down his pumpkiny™ cheek.

BRENDA
 What's wrong?

Mitch wipes away the tear and inserts a new cassette tape. An original song of his seeps from the speakers.

MITCH
 (sotto)
 I'm a broke... I mean, broken man.

Time speeds up and the glockenspiel is but a memory.

BRENDA

This is a nice song, who is it?

He doesn't answer, instead, he throws the cassette case at her head.

Brenda looks at the cassette label. Crudely written in Mitch's hamfisted, childlike scrawl is a primitive drawing of a pair of breasts next to the song's title, "Invisible Genius".

BRENDA (CONT'D)

So, you wrote this?

MITCH

I didn't shit it, sugar nips.

MAVRIK

What's sugar nips?

BRENDA

Reminds me a little of Duncan Sheik.

Mitch slams on the brakes causing Brenda and Mavrik to hit their faces on the back of the seats. Cheese puffs, chicken wing bones, and guitar picks fly everywhere.

MITCH

Get out!

Brenda takes Mavrik by the hand and starts to lead him out of the car. Mitch's monkey paw-like hand extends toward Brenda.

MITCH (CONT'D)

Tip?

BRENDA

Where are we? I don't recognize this part of town.

MITCH

Tip, cu-

Brenda throws a few dollars at him.

BRENDA

Your boss will be hearing from me.

Mitch motions to the kid.

MITCH

Come here.

Brenda follows.

MITCH (CONT'D)

Not you!

Mavrik peeks over the passenger side window. Mitch opens the glove compartment. More guitar picks and pregnancy tests fall out. He moves a Jim Rockford bobble-head doll to the side and retrieves a DVD case. He hands it to Mavrik, but doesn't let go when the kid grabs it.

MITCH (CONT'D)

Learn to have a good life, boy.
Hardships await you. High school
will be hell for a kid like you.

MAVRIK

I was the MVP of my little league
world series.

MITCH

You'll face bullying, ignorance-

MAVRIK

I was accepted into a school for
gifted kids.

MITCH

You think you're better than me?
(to Brenda) You got a real winner
here. Definite bass player.

Mitch lets go of the DVD case, peels out and speeds off down the street, middle finger extended over the roof.

Mavrik inspects the DVD case.

MAVRIK

What's a Murphy Brown?

Brenda grabs the DVD case.

BRENDA

She was a bitch, Mavrik.

MAVRIK

Cool!

Brenda throws the DVD case into the street. The WYME promo van runs it over.

MAVRIK (CONT'D)

Awwwww!

EST. PICK-UP ARTISTS - NIGHT

Mitch parks his car in a reserved lot outside a brick, converted warehouse, the headquarters of Pick-Up Artists.

Written in chalk on a sandwich board are the weekly events:

MON - POETRY SLAM!, TUES - \$1 CUP O'JOE, WED - MAGIC NIGHT!, THURS - OPEN MIC W/ MITCH, FRI - BAND SHOWCASE, SAT - LASER SHOW, SUN - JAZZ BRUNCH!

Where it says "Mitch" the "M" has been hastily rubbed away and replaced by a "B" in black marker.

INT. PICK-UP ARTISTS, DISPATCH LOUNGE - CONTINUOUS

The main gathering spot for Pick-Up Artists drivers is a large, open room. A bohemian respite for drivers and "civilians" alike.

The interior is hipster decor: bookshelves with old, hardcover books, vinyl records as art, kitschy knick-knacks. Mood lighting, bad paintings and tattooed staff with asymmetrical everything.

In the middle, folks mingle on comfy couches, bean bag chairs.

On the left side is an antiquated taxi dispatch cage that holds the curmudgeonly JOE SIENKIEWICZ (50s). Behind that is a glass wall that separates the lounge from the customer service workstations.

To the far right is a coffee/tea/beer/wine bar where MELODY NELSON (late-20s) calls out drink orders. A menu written in cursive chalk sits above on the wall behind the counter advertising coffee drinks and organic, vegetarian sandwiches/snacks. A few small, two-person tables sit to the side.

At the expansive back wall, facing the half circle of couches is an area strewn with carpets and "backline" music instruments; ratty drum set, a couple of cheap amps, a P.A. and a single microphone in front.

Three young, tattooed hipsters lounge on the couch, laughing and talking loudly.

INT. PICK-UP ARTISTS, DISPATCH CAGE

Mitch walks up to the dispatcher's cage.

MITCH

Yo, Mr. Sin!

JOE SIENKIEWICZ

(Eastern European
accent)

I told you, My name is SIN-KEV-ITCH, not Sin. Your familiarity makes me want to curse you, but I imagine you will die soon enough from a coronary considering how many chicken wings from Buffalo you consume daily. Which reminds me, you have a tab with Melody. I suggest you take care of it before I have to dock your pay.

MITCH

I barely make enough as it is with all my child support payments!

The place erupts in laughter.

MITCH (CONT'D)

(to the crowd)

I'm working on it!

JOE SIENKIEWICZ

You are, what we call in the old country, uh, how do you say, a piece of crap. I'm transferring your wages to your account, now go and pay your bill.

Mitch slinks away toward the coffee bar. Joe yells after him.

JOE SIENKIEWICZ (CONT'D)

And clean out your car! Hepatitis is not part of our service!

INT. PICK-UP ARTISTS, COFFEE BAR

Melody steams some milk as Mitch slides up.

MELODY NELSON

Well, look what the antibiotics dragged in.

MITCH

I guess I need to pay my tab.

Melody goes to the high-tech touchscreen system, prints out Mitch's bill and hands it to him. Mitch reads it...

...and loses his shit.

MITCH (CONT'D)

For ten bottles of wine? Really?

MELODY NELSON

And the thirty cups of espresso.
Plus, the baskets of hot wings
every night, and we don't even have
them on the menu. Remind me again
why we make them for you?

FLASHBACK

Mitch is in the performance area of the lounge, near the end of a deeply heartfelt song.

MITCH

Breathe into my mouth / You will
taste / What you need in me /
Abduct my fingers / Lace them into
your hands / And hide me in plain
sight on your sleeve / Don't tell
me not to die for you / When I died
the first moment I laid eyes on you
/ Your revenge of your beauty is a
knife / That slices me to ribbons /
And ties me in a bow around your
heart / Cages your flesh / You
better take cover / I will always
be guilty / I am your first degree
lover

Mitch finishes on a very sad chord. The owner of Pick-Up Artists, SVEN WANKMEN (late-30s), claps enthusiastically, a tear in his eye.

He walks up to Mitch, wraps an arm around him.

SVEN WANKMEN

(vaguely Scandinavian
accent)

That was marvelous, my boy.
Marvelous! Can I get you anything,
anything at all?

MITCH

I don't swing that way, guy.

SVEN WANKMEN

What? Oh, ha, no. I own Pick-Up Artists. I am, what you might call, a supporter of the arts.

MITCH

Well, in that case, (nods toward Melody at the bar) I'll take her phone number, and a basket of hot wings.

SVEN WANKMEN

Well, the number I might be able to acquire, though, I'm not sure about the ethical ramifications, but I try to promote healthy eating here, so we don't have hot wings at the-

MITCH

(puppy dog eyes)
But you said I could have anything, anything at all.

SVEN WANKMEN

Damn your sugar heart. (to Melody)
Melody! A basket of, uh-

MITCH

Hot wings, with extra wings.

SVEN WANKMEN

(to Melody)
Hot wings, with extra wings!

Melody shrugs with that "What the fuck?!" look.

Sven responds with the "Just do it!" look, then pats Mitch on the head.

END FLASHBACK

Mitch has crumpled the bill and buried his face in it.

MITCH

Fine, fine! Here.

Mitch hands her his Pick-Up Artists I.D./debit card. Melody swipes it and a very loud REJECTION BUZZ echoes through the lounge.

MELODY NELSON

You don't have enough.

MITCH

Whatever, just take what you can, you vampire. I guess no wings for me tonight. (sotto) I've gone to bed hungry before.

His puppy dog eyes are ineffectual, Melody has seen it (and been tricked by it) before.

A hand clamps down on Mitch's shoulder. He whirls around, incensed.

MITCH (CONT'D)

That's my money-maker, you cu-!

It's Sven, his usual grin and general look of optimism plastered on his pale face. The fact that he's a billionaire with not a care in the world helps.

SVEN WANKMEN

Mitch, my boy! It's Thursday evening, and you know what *that* means.

MELODY NELSON

Bath night?

FLASHBACK

Mitch is at a do-it-yourself car wash. Two HOMELESS MEN hose down his naked body. The water jet hits his crotch. DING! DING! DING! like the sound of someone walking into an old timey candy store.

END FLASHBACK

Back at the lounge...

SVEN WANKMEN

The open mic! I can't wait.

MITCH

Some people around here appreciate true talent. It's getting harder and harder to find a safe, creative space in a world that demands men subjugate themselves for the sake of the antiquated notion of *family*. Right, Sven?

Even Sven isn't buying it.

SVEN WANKMEN

Uhhhh... Well, you always have a safe space here, my boy. Anything new for me, tonight?

MITCH

I got a little something.

VOICE FROM THE CROWD

You sure do!

DING!

SVEN WANKMEN

Excellent! (to Melody) A basket of your finest hot wings, my good lady. (to Mitch) On the house!

MITCH

You are a true friend of the arts, Sven! There's nothing I wouldn't give for my creative soul.

MELODY NELSON

(under her breath)

Including chlamydia.

SVEN WANKMEN & MITCH

Hm?

MELODY NELSON

Hm?

INT. PICK-UP ARTISTS, PERFORMANCE AREA - LATER

Mitch stands next to the corner of the bar, at the side of the performance area. He prepares the night's open-mic list, a running order for the performers. He has a pen, but nothing to write on.

He grabs a very old looking copy of "Romeo & Juliet" from one of the bookshelves that line the walls behind the performance area. He tears out the title page and begins to write numbers from 1 to 20 on the back. He writes his own name at intervals.

As he replaces the damaged book, Sven slides up out of nowhere.

SVEN WANKMEN

So, you found her.

MITCH

She said she was 18.

SVEN WANKMEN

Who?

MITCH

Those military I.D.s look real.

SVEN WANKMEN

No, no. The book you were perusing. It's a first folio edition of Romeo and Juliet. Took me years to find it. Cost me almost two million dollars from a private seller. I thought it would be a hoot to mix it in with the regular books. I guess artists are drawn to art. Well done, my boy!

Sven pats him on the shoulder, Mitch winces and rubs it.

As soon as Sven leaves, MATT "GOLDY" GOLDSTEIN (30) and PHILLIP "PHIL" STONE (24) approach Mitch, both holding guitar cases. Goldy is a regular, Phil is a newcomer, therefore, he is ignored.

MITCH

Hey, Goldy.

GOLDY

Hey, Mitch. You need help setting up the P.A.?

Mitch looks around to see the sound system completely set-up and ready to go.

MITCH

Uh, no.

GOLDY

Need a drink? Something to eat?

MITCH

Nah... well, I could go for some wings, I mean, as long as you're going to eat.

GOLDY

I wasn't, but yeah sure, I'll order some.

MITCH
Awesome, bro. Get an extra order,
breakfast is only 20 hours away.

Goldy sets his guitar case down and runs off. Mitch kicks it aside. Phil remains, staring dully at the sign-up list.

PHIL
So, what do I have to do to get a
good time slot?

Mitch tears a string from his ragged jeans. He begins flossing his teeth with it.

MITCH
Uh, what?

PHIL
See, where I come from, a farm in
Virginia-

MITCH
You think you're better than me?

PHIL
What? No.

MITCH
Good. Number one.

Mitch writes "Fill" in the number one slot.

PHIL
Come on, man.

Mitch stands on his tip-toes and bellies up to Phil.

MITCH
You wanna go? We can take this
outside.

PHIL
What? I don't want to fight you.

MITCH
Then chill out, bro.

PHIL
I'm fine.

Phil extends his hand for a friendly, cornfed handshake. Mitch is wary, but finally returns the handshake.

The gesture is tender but Mitch acts as if his hand has been crushed.

MITCH

Goddammit! This hand is like cut-crystal! Like Einstein's brain! Do you know what happens if this hand can't play music? Can't speak for the gods?

NARRATOR

Can't touch girls in gross places.

Mitch flexes his hand, opens and closes his meatlovers' fist.

PHIL

Dude, come on. Just tryin' to be neighborly.

MITCH

OHMYGOD I want to punch you.

PHIL

Calm down. Try to smile.

MITCH

Fuck you, petticoat!

Mitch punches the wall behind him and immediately doubles over in pain, clutching his shelled crab claw of a hand.

MITCH (CONT'D)

Look what you made me do!

Phil walks away, confused, like the time he kissed his sister on the hayride that time.

JACKIE LYNN (20s) walks over, concerned.

JACKIE LYNN

Mitch! Oh my god, what happened?

MITCH

That turd burglar made me bust up my hand.

JACKIE LYNN

Oh baby.

She takes his hand and lovingly kisses it. He SCREAMS in pain.

MITCH

CU-!!!! Just go get me a drink.

JACKIE LYNN

Sure, baby.

(stage whisper)

Do you need a peck on the lower deck?

Mitch suddenly stops whining.

MITCH

Meet me in the bathroom, five minutes.

Jackie walks away.

MITCH (CONT'D)

And don't forget the drink!

DISSOLVE TO:

INT. PICK-UP ARTISTS, PERFORMACE AREA - LATER

The open-mic is in full swing. BETH (20s) a waifish ingenue, sings a song about her cat. The lilt in her voice is impossibly quiet, drowned out by the three tattooed hipsters on the couch directly in front of her.

Mitch is in a slow burn. His piggy eyes laser holes in the heads of the three hipsters. He can't take it anymore.

MITCH

(to Beth)

Hold on, honey.

He gets on the mic and talks to the three guys.

MITCH (CONT'D)

Hey, Green Day. How 'bout some respect for the artist? If you can't shut your mouths, I can shut 'em for you.

The crowd is divided: one half gasps, expecting a fight, the other half is well aware of Mitch's modus operandi as this happens every week.

TATTOOED HIPSTER #1

Fuck this. Let's hit Chipole-tea.

The three men leave the bar together.

MITCH

Anyone else want to test me?

The bar is dead silent except for a QUIET FART in the background.

Mitch is about to walk away from the mic, then steps back.

MITCH (CONT'D)
 Anyone seen Goldy? Or more
 importantly, a basket of wings?
 Lemme know.

Beth starts singing again while Mitch takes a seat on the couch. Sandy sits down next to him. Mitch is startled, like a pigeon launching off of Jell-O.

MITCH (CONT'D)
 Oh jeez.

SANDY
 Hello to you, too, Mitch.

MITCH
 What are you doing here, I'm trying
 to work.

SANDY
 I brought you something.

Sandy reaches into her purse and takes out a friendship bracelet. She holds up her other hand and shows Mitch a matching version.

SANDY (CONT'D)
 My friend does engraving at Sears.
 She made them for me.

Sandy looks over to a plump, homely girl standing in the corner. They wave to each other. Sandy motions for her friend to come over.

SANDY (CONT'D)
 This is Shelley, but everyone calls
 her "Rank".

The girls share a laugh. Mitch can't help but stare at Shelley's asscrack above her low-slung jeans as she walks past.

MITCH
 Got a nickel for the jukebox?

Sandy digs into her purse and takes out a coin. Mitch grabs it like Gollum lunging for the one true ring and drops it down the crack of Shelley's butt.

SHELLEY

It's cold!

SANDY

Mitch!

Beth finishes her song and exits. Mitch has a hard time getting up from the couch, but finally rolls off like a drunk chimp. He addresses the mic.

MITCH

That was Beth.

No one applauds.

MITCH (CONT'D)

Show your appreciation, we're not doing this for your entertainment.

VOICE FROM THE CROWD

Yes you are.

Mitch checks the list.

MITCH

Next up we have Joel The Troll.

A greasy metal-head walks up to the mic. He plugs into a small amp and begins to play the longest heavy metal solo in history.

INT. PICK-UP ARTISTS, BATHROOM - LATER

Mitch perches on the pot, grunting out his last free meal.

Someone knocks on the door.

MITCH

OccuPADO!

SHELLEY

(loud whisper)

It's me.

MITCH

Me, who?

SHELLEY

I brought your nickel back.

MITCH

I don't listen to that shit!

SHELLEY

What?

The door knob jiggles, then a PICKING sound and soon the door opens. Shelley dashes in and closes it behind her. She closes a small case with professional lock picks and stuffs it into her bra.

Mitch is unfazed by the intrusion and releases a meager fart as proof.

SHELLEY (CONT'D)

Here.

She hands him the nickel he dropped down the back of her pants.

Mitch slaps it out of her hand.

MITCH

Ew!

Just then, another voice from outside.

JACKIE LYNN

Psst! PSST! Mitch. I'm coming in.

The door opens and Jackie dashes in with a beer for Mitch. Just as she's closing the door, Sandy squeezes in behind her.

All three women stare at each other, then at Mitch.

MITCH

You ladies up for a clam jam?

From outside the bathroom, we hear the sounds of ARMAGEDDON and the occasional TINKLE of a tiny, tiny bell.

INT. PICK-UP ARTISTS, PERFORMANCE AREA

Goldy returns with the wings. When he doesn't see Mitch, he addresses the mic and talks over the guitar solo.

GOLDY

Mitch? Anyone seen Mitch? I have his wings. (BEAT) Mitch?

EXT. SUBURBAN STREET - NIGHT

Mitch stumbles down an empty street lined with new-construction homes.

His hair is a mess and his clothes are ripped from the struggle earlier.

He veers up a driveway, enters an open garage and settles in the stripped living room.

INT. HOME UNDER CONSTRUCTION - NIGHT

Mitch builds a nest from bundles of pink insulation. He hasn't had a beer or hot wings in several hours. Sweat beads on his pasty body. The paper on the back of the insulation sticks to him like glue, surrounding him in a hot pink fur coat.

His cold turkey shakes rock him to sleep.

DREAM SEQUENCE

Mitch operates the separator in a chicken wing processing plant. He throws a lever that sends whole chickens down a conveyor belt and into a vat. BUZZSAW and BONE CRACKING sounds rise from the grinder.

Mitch pours a bucket of hot sauce in after them.

He licks his lips in anticipation of all the juicy wings he can throw down his gullet.

The tie from his factory uniform gets caught on something in the vat. It begins to pull him in.

Mitch struggles, then tries to take off his tie, but no luck. He's pulled over the edge and drops into the vat.

We hear SCREAMS with more BUZZSAW and BONE CRACKING noises.

At the end of a conveyor belt, cooked hot wings roll out. Right behind them, Mitch's body parts follow, deep fried and slathered in hot sauce.

Bringing up the rear is his block head, eyes open, somehow still alive, taking the fright show in.

The conveyor belt drops the wings (and Mitch) onto a massive platter in front of hungry people seated at a long table.

He recognizes the ravenous diners: there's Sven, and Melody, Goldy, Sandy, Mr. Sienkiewicz with a stained bib around his bulbous neck. They all pound on the table with their knives and forks.

The platter is heaped with chicken and Mitch parts. The hungry group slides it to the center of the table, then descend upon it like starved zombies.

Mitch watches in horror as they consume his body parts.

Melody picks Mitch's deep-fried DRIVER'S LICENSE from the pile of food. She reads it aloud.

MELODY NELSON
Height: 5-foot 4-inches?!

MITCH'S HEAD
Noooooooooooo!!!!!!

Sven grabs the weather balloon of a head, and just before biting into Mitch's face, says...

ZOMBIE SVEN
Not much nutritional value in that brain, but the fat content, *slurp* Oh, the marbling!

CHOMP!

END DREAM SEQUENCE

Mitch snaps awake, terrified. The pink insulation is stuck to his skin as he bolts up and runs from the house.

MITCH
They made me take my shoes off for the photo!

EXT. GURD FAMILY HOME, BACKYARD - NIGHT

Mitch stumbles through a hedge and emerges in the back yard of an occupied home. The effort has him breathing heavily and GRUNTING.

He trips over a tricycle, falls on his face and hits the trike's bell. DING!

INT. GURD FAMILY HOME, ROBERTA'S ROOM - CONTINUOUS

A little girl, ROBERTA GURD (8) is awakened by the sound of her trike's bell. She rubs her eyes and slides off her bed toward the window that looks out on the back yard.

What she sees freezes her solid with fear.

ROBERTA GURD
(whisper)
Mommy? Daddy?

She watches the pink monster wrestle with her trike.

ROBERTA GURD (CONT'D)
 (a little louder)
 Mommy?!

The pink beast pauses and looks right at her.

ROBERTA GURD (CONT'D)
 (yells)
 DADDY!!!!!!!!!!

EXT. GURD FAMILY HOME, BACKYARD

Mitch hears the girl's SCREAM and sees lights turning on around the house.

He lunges forward, one foot still stuck in the tricycle. He limps toward the hedge on the far side of the backyard, GRUNTING and MOANING.

A sliding glass door opens and BRONSON GURD (36) steps out, tobacco pipe jutting majestically from his mouth, shotgun in his arms.

BRONSON GURD
 Hey there, sir! I say, hey there!

He raises the gun, just as Mitch enters the hedge.

BLAM!

Mitch is thrown through the hedge as rock salt peppers his ass.

SARAH GURD (30s) joins her husband. She snaps a picture with her phone just before the pink terror disappears beyond the hedge.

They hear WHIMPERING as Mitch escapes.

SARAH GURD
 What was it, dear?

BRONSON GURD
 I have no idea, my love. Something truly horrible. A slap to the face of God. I pity whatever nightmare that creature sprang from and sincerely hope it dies a merciful death, gaining some semblance of peace.

SARAH GURD
 This world is terrifying.

A mournful HOWL echoes through the empty streets.

THE END.