SLACKERS

"PILOT"

Written by

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COLD OPEN

EXT. HOUSE - DAY

INT. HOUSE - LIVING ROOM - CONTINUOUS

Devon lays on the couch while Bly lays upside down in a longer chair.

BLY
What do you call a day when you get up after you can’t sleep anymore, then lounge around till you fall asleep again?

DEVON
Tuesday.

They both give a simultaneous laze sigh. The doorbell rings and the two give each other a look of surprise. It rings again, they now look confused and conflicted.

BLY
(calling out) Come in!

It rings again.

BLY (CONT’D)
(calling out) Come in!

Another ring.

BLY (CONT’D)
Who is it?!

A knock on the door. Then another. Bly looks at Devon for an answer. Another knock.

DEVON (LOUD)
WHO IS IT!

Finally.

DELIVERY GUY (O.S.)
Got a package.

DEVON
That took him long enough.

BLY
Did you order a package?
I don’t think so.

Me either. (delivery guy) Just leave it!

Gotta sign.

Bly and Devon give each other another concerned look.

What do we do?

Let’s be rational here. Who would send us a package and would it be worth getting up for?

Maybe it’s from a girl. (delivery guy) Who’s it for?

Devon Avery.

Not from a girl.

(defensive) It could be from a girl.

Bly give him a “come on” look.

It could be from my mom.

There’s a better chance it’s from a girl.

She did give me the house.

Yes, thanks mom for the tax write-off.

Can someone come to the door. I think it’s starting to rain.
DEVON
Oh yeah. So what do we do?

BLY
I don’t know.

DEVON (exited)
What if the package has food?

BLY
I am hungry.

DEVON
But what if it doesn’t have food?

They give a simultaneous conflicted sign. Back to square one. Devon perks up with an idea.

DEVON (CONT’D)
Mr. Delivery man?

DELIVERY GUY (O.S.)
(annoyed) What?

DEVON
Can you open the package and tell us if their is any food inside?

A long pause. Finally...

DELIVERY GUY (O.S.)
I’m going to go now.

BLY
Wait!

DELIVERY GUY (O.S.)
(exremely annoyed) What!

BLY
Do you have any food?

They wait. No answer.

BLY (CONT’D)
Mr. Delivery man?

They hear tires squeal outside.

END COLD OPEN
INT. OFFICE - CUBICAL - DAY

Devon listens to someone ramble on his headset as he eats packets of Sweet & Low.

DEVON
(into the phone) That’s very tragic.

DEVON (CONT’D)
I’m sorry for your loss.

DEVON (CONT’D)
Yes, well that is a risk during bear season.

DEVON (CONT’D)
I am sure there is a puppy heaven.

DEVON (CONT’D)
No Mrs. White. It’s not your fault. It could have found him even if you hadn’t spilled that barbecue sauce on him. No, I got a clear picture of the story the first... okay...

He mutes the call. In the cubical across from him a pack of guys talk. Devon listens in.

NOTE: Everyone in the pack has matching pattern shirts and pants with fro-haws. The leader, Tony, has a slightly different pattern and the largest fro-hawk.

TONY
So I tell her; You think that’s big? Wait till you the other side!

The pack laughs.

TONY (CONT’D)
Then I showed her. Knocked her off her pole!

They laugh some more. Trisha, the office hotty walks bye.

TRISHA
Hey Tony.

Tony nods. Devon looks on in expressionless hatred. As he stares Tony’s voice fades out till he is mute, we only see his gestures of mimicking strange sex positions. We fade to:

DAYDREAM SEQUENCE
SLOW MOTION

Tony and is flock stand around the water cooler. They sip water (somewhat like animals, gazelle at a watering hole) as Tony tells another story. Suddenly Devon pops up from behind a cubical wall decked out in hunting fatigues (office supplies stuck to his fatigues for extra cameo) and a dart gun.

One flock member spots him and his eyes go wide. He starts to dart away but catches a dart in the neck instead. The group scatters like deer who have spotted a predator as Devon unleashes darts like a mad man.

Devon stands over an unconscious Tony with his gun beside him. He lifts Tony’s head up by his fro-hawk for a trophy picture. Trisha takes the picture and everyone in the office claps.

END DAYDREAM SEQUENCE

Devon is snapped out of his dream by his boss, Mr. Spelling.

MR. SPELLING
Devon! Are you in there!

DEVON
Huh? Yes. Yes sir, I agree.

MR. SPELLING
So you agree you’re worthless?

DEVON
Oh, no sir. I though you said birthless. Like, unable to give birth. I though it was obvious, but...

MR. SPELLING
You work here ten hours a week Mr. Avery. How is it eight of those ten hours you are daydreaming and the other two you are stealing condiments from the break room.

DEVON
I though that was community P&J.

MR. SPELLING
Why do I keep you here?

DEVON
I figure I class the place up, sir.
MR. SPELLING
Do me a favor and do some work.
Now!

He walks away. Devon turns around and looks at his phone despairingly.

DEVON
(to himself) Bet Bly’s having fun at least.

INT. SUBURBAN HOUSE - CHILDS ROOM - SAME TIME

Bly sits on the edge of young kids bed wearing a robe, the young boy does not look amused. A long beat...

BLY
Just because I’m wearing you dad’s robe does not mean I’m here to replace your dad. I don’t even know if your dad is alive. Is he? His he big? That doesn’t matter. What matters is he abandoned you and your mother but I will never do that because after today you’ll never see me again. But you don’t have to worry because knowing your mom, which I don’t... Well I know her, you know? Anyway, I think you’ll have plenty of different father figures in your life that will take your fathers place. Just not me. Do you understand?

BOY
Get the (bleep) out of me room.

BLY
Okay, good talk.

Bly exits.

EXT. HOUSE - EVENING

INT. HOUSE - LIVING ROOM - CONTINUOUS

Bly enters. Devon is watching TV on the couch and eating a sandwich.

BLY
Hey.
DEVON
Hey.

Devon hangs up his coat and sits down.

BLY
That tuna?

DEVON
Yep.

BLY
I thought you hated tuna.

DEVON
Yeah, well we can’t afford peanut butter and jelly.

BLY
I thought your work...

DEVON
Don’t even get me started.

A pause.

DEVON (CONT’D)
Hey, can you do something for me?

BLY
Okay, I looked once, alright. That was a favor. If it hasn’t cleared up by now...

DEVON
No, not that. And it has. I need to ask you something else. Non rash related.

BLY
Then shoot. Wait, just for curiosities sake, what did you use to, huh... Never mind. What was your question?

DEVON
I was just wondering why I’m just a lonely, pathetic loser.

BLY
Devon... Their are so many reasons.

DEVON
Like...
BLY
Well, you just... You’re weird.

DEVON
Weird? I’m weird. I’m...

He starts to do a strange, uncomfortable fake laugh.

BLY
Proved me wrong.

DEVON
How am I weird?

BLY
Well, you’re a hypochondriac.

DEVON
No, I am not.

BLY
Devon, you’re home page is webmd.

DEVON
Continue.

BLY
You’re always drifting off to God knows where. You neurotic. Uh...

DEVON
Wow, you know what neurotic means.

BLY
Oh, condescending.

DEVON
(sarcastic) Oh yeah, I’m condescending.

BLY
Sarcastic.

DEVON
Fine. But you know what? You are a loser to. You don’t do anything around here or even get a job and that’s why I have to eat tuna sandwiches and steal basic cable from the Anderson’s!

He gets up to leave.
Vindictive

Enough!

He slams his bedroom door.

BLY
(calling out) Bad temper.

EXT. HOUSE - DAY

INT. HOUSE - LIVING ROOM - CONTINUOUS

Devon enters and sees a young man, Jake sitting on their couch.

DEVON
(confused) Bly!

Bly enters.

BLY
What’s up.

DEVON
I’d like to know.

BLY
Oh, yeah. So I was thinking about what you had said last night and you were right. I don’t do enough to earn money around here. So...

Devon looks at Jake, innocently and nervously sitting on the couch as if it’s a doctors waiting room and he’s about to hear the bad news. Then back to Bly. Back to Jake, then Bly again.

DEVON
Oh, Bly. I know we need money, but not like this.

BLY
What? No! I... He’s our new roommate. Josh.

JAKE
(to nobody in particular) Jake.
DEVON
A roommate.

BLY
Yeah, to help us with our rent.

DEVON
But we don’t have any r... reason
to not have a roommate.

BLY
Yeah!

DEVON

Jake stands.

JAKE
(quietly) Jake. (exited) This is
going to be so cool, guys. We can
build box forts in the living room.
And sit around a coffee shop and
talk about how funny our lives are.

DEVON
Yay.

JAKE
I call top bunk!

He runs into Devons room.

DEVON
(to Bly) Bunk?

Devon gives Bly a vicious look.

END.