

**UNDERWEAR ODYSSEY**

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FADE IN:

**INT. MARK & JANIE'S APARTMENT - NIGHT**

JANIE (23) is covering her eyes with her hands.

JANIE  
How long do I have to be like this?

MARK (O.S.)  
Just another moment.

JANIE  
You said that *several* moments ago.

MARK (O.S.)  
(beat)  
You're counting?

JANIE  
Mark, c'mon.

Janie is sitting on the couch. MARK (22) comes around and sits by her side with a WRAPPED GIFT in his hands.

MARK  
Okay, ready. Open your eyes.

Janie does. The gift is now on her lap. It's wrapped TERRIBLY. "**I LOVE YOU**" is written BIG on top of the box.

JANIE  
Whoa.

MARK  
Oh, wait.

Mark slaps a STICK-ON BOW onto the box.

MARK (CONT'D)  
Perfect.  
(then)  
Happy anniversary!

JANIE  
(laughs)  
Oh... wow.

MARK  
Wrapped it all myself.  
(beat)  
Try and act like you're not in total suspense right now.

Janie gives the gift a once-over.

JANIE

Well I'm not surprised by your wrapping skills. Is this from a TV manual?

MARK

Yeah, I ran out of wrapping paper.  
(beat)  
C'mon, open it. You'll love it.

Mark waits eagerly. Janie rips the "wrapping paper" off to find an UNOPENED AMAZON BOX.

JANIE

Ooo, an amazon box. Fancy.

MARK

Believe it or not - There's actually something inside.

Janie rips the tape from the box, opening it to reveal a PAIR OF BOXER SHORTS. She lifts them up to see that they're COVERED in HEARTS and PICTURES OF MARK'S DUMB, SMILING FACE.

Janie can't help but laugh.

JANIE

What... *the hell*.

Now Mark gets a look at them. Something's wrong.

MARK

Whoa, whoa - what??

Janie hands them to Mark. He inspects them.

MARK (CONT'D)

Wait a minute, these are boxers.

JANIE

(points)  
With your face on 'em.

MARK

I see that, but this isn't what I ordered.

JANIE

Was it supposed to be my face?

MARK  
 (sighs)  
 They were supposed to be, uh...

JANIE  
 For women?

MARK  
 Exactly! They must of messed up the  
 order. Damn.

JANIE  
 Mmhmm. But... *why* underwear with  
 your face on them?

MARK  
 Well I thought who is Janie's  
 favorite person in the world?

Janie thinks on it briefly.

JANIE  
 You... and *Steve Irwin*.

MARK  
 (laughs a little)  
 See, it was gonna be covered in his  
 face, but that felt a bit  
 disrespectful.

JANIE  
 True.

Mark runs a hand through his hair.

MARK  
 Look, I understand if you don't  
 like them...

Janie pats him on the head and smiles.

JANIE  
 Who said I didn't like them? I  
 absolutely love them. Best  
 Anniversary gift ever.

MARK  
 (touched)  
 Really?  
 (waves the boxers around)  
These??

Janie smirks and nods.

JANIE  
I mean, it sure beats what I got  
you.

MARK  
Are you kidding me?

He holds up a TOY CLAW GRABBER.

MARK (CONT'D)  
This is the greatest thing ever.

Mark uses the claw grabber to hand the boxers back to Janie.  
She takes them, looks into his eyes, then hugs him.

JANIE  
Thank you. I love them very much.  
They're what I've always wanted.

Mark smiles.

JANIE (CONT'D)  
But... you see, now you gotta try  
them on.

Mark laughs, expecting a joke. But Janie just gives a look.

MARK  
Oh word?

**LATER.**

Mark is off in another room. Janie waits eagerly on the  
couch. She pulls out her phone, starts looking at MUSIC.

MARK (O.S.) (CONT'D)  
Can I come out now?

JANIE  
One sec! Gotta find the right  
song...  
(finds it)  
Okay! Got it!

"That Lady Pt.1" by the Isley Brothers starts playing through  
a set of BLUETOOTH SPEAKERS.

JANIE (CONT'D)  
You can come out now!

Like a model, Mark steps around the corner, wearing nothing  
but a T-Shirt and the NEW BOXERS. Janie GASPS.

JANIE (CONT'D)  
Oh woooooow, look at you!

Mark does some poses.

MARK  
Call Clavin Klein, I'm ready for my  
cover shoot.

Mark starts dancing badly. Janie is wheeze-laughing.

He reaches out his hand to her. She takes it and they start dancing with each other. It's a sweet, romantic moment.

**INT. APARTMENT BATHROOM - MORNING**

Mark, YAWNING, comes in and drops his BOXERS. Stepping out of them, he throws them onto a small pile of dirty clothes. Off the sound of the SHOWER RUNNING...

**LATER.**

STEAM ON THE MIRROR is wiped away. A now-dressed Mark checks his hair. Mark smiles, then glances down to the pile of dirty laundry. Strangely, he doesn't see the boxers.

He kicks at the pile to see if it's under a towel... but it doesn't show itself. The boxers are GONE. Mark gives a slightly confused expression, then looks back to the mirror.

**INT. COFFEE SHOP - LATER THAT MORNING**

Quaint and charming. The groan of a coffee grinder. BARISTAS sweat away making orders. One of them calls out a name:

BARISTA  
Order for Ben! ...Ben!? Ben Dover-!  
(catching themselves)  
Goddamnit.

There's a short line of people waiting to order. We find Janie and Mark in the middle of the line, mid-conversation:

MARK  
You ever feel like things just  
disappear on you?

JANIE  
Like how?

MARK

Like one second, somethings there;  
the next, it's not.

JANIE

Okay, *Websters*.

MARK

But you get what I mean, right?

JANIE

Sure. It's not like I haven't  
misplaced the apartment keys from  
time to time. Or that scarf I had -  
I didn't see that thing for two  
months before it just "appeared"  
behind the headboard.

MARK

And that's what I'm saying happened  
to the boxers. They disappeared.

The line moves a little. Janie sighs, pats Mark on the  
shoulder.

JANIE

They'll turn up. I'm sure of it.

**MOMENTS LATER.**

Janie steps up to the REGISTER. She speaks with the Barista.  
Meanwhile, Mark is ZONING OUT. His gaze shifts to the CROWDED  
TABLES. *CLACK!* Some guy (BILL) drops his coffee.

Bill gets up from his table to pick up the spilt coffee. Mark  
watches, bored. But as Bill bends down, he accidentally  
EXPOSES HIS UNDERWEAR. Mark chuckles a little.

Then he spots something. Bill's underwear looks extremely  
familiar. From a distance... it appears that BILL IS WEARING  
MARK'S FACE-COVERED BOXER SHORTS.

Mark can't believe his eyes. He steps a little closer to see,  
but before he can get a better look at the boxers...

...Bill rises and takes a seat at his table, covering up his  
underwear. Bill returns to working on his LAPTOP.

Mark can only stare in utter disbelief.

MUFFLED VOICES echo in and out. Janie is trying to get Mark's  
attention. She shakes him and he SNAPS OUT OF IT.

MARK

Sorry?

JANIE

Americano, right?

MARK

Yeah... Yes, please.  
 (to the Barista)  
 Just black is fine.

Janie pays with a credit card. Mark looks back at Bill, who's just typing on his laptop. As Janie finishes up paying:

JANIE

You okay?

MARK

(distracted)  
 Hm? Yeah. I'm okay.

JANIE

Wanna find us a table?

The people seated at the table next to Bill get up and leave.

MARK

Yeah... I got you.

**MOMENTS LATER.**

Both Mark and Janie are sitting together. Janie is scrolling through Instagram. Her back is to Bill. Mark is looking over Janie's shoulder - Not taking his eyes off Bill for a second.

JANIE

Heard there was this flash mob thing downtown. Didn't even know those kind of things still happened. Makes me scared to go anywhere downtown. Imagine it. One second, you're trying to buy a giant pretzel by the Hollister store; the next you're fighting off Sacramento's 3rd place freestyle dance contest winner from 2013. It's a nightmare.  
 (then)  
 Would be fun to see though.

Mark isn't paying attention. She notices, looks over her shoulder real quick, then back to Mark.

JANIE (CONT'D)  
What are you looking at?

MARK  
Hm?  
(caught)  
Oh, nothing. Just thinking about  
what you said about...

She looks deep into his eyes.

MARK (CONT'D)  
...Sacramento?

JANIE  
That's bullshit.

MARK  
(laughing)  
You said the word Sacramento, I  
know that.

JANIE  
I'm genuinely curious what you find  
more interesting than my crippling  
fear of flash mobs.

Mark sighs, giving in.

MARK  
I'm looking at...  
(a whisper)  
Don't make it obvious - It's the  
guy behind you.

JANIE  
Oh.  
(then)  
Who, this guy?

Janie immediately turns around to look at Bill, who's still  
got his back to the couple.

MARK  
(whisper yelling)  
STOPSTOPSTOP- *Janie! Janie!*

She turns back, laughing. Bill is none the wiser.

JANIE  
Jesus. Must be serious.

Mark exhales, relieved.

JANIE (CONT'D)  
Do you know him?

MARK  
No, I don't, I...

JANIE  
What?

He tries to find the right words.

MARK  
Okay. So... this might sound weird-

JANIE  
Knowing you, it definitely will be.

MARK  
But... I swear to god, he's wearing  
the boxers. YOUR boxers.

Mark let's that sit with Janie. She chuckles, unsure.

JANIE  
(just to clarify)  
The, uh... the ones with your face?

Mark nods.

JANIE (CONT'D)  
How?

Mark throws his hands up in the air: "No idea!"

JANIE (CONT'D)  
No, how *do you know*?

MARK  
I saw them. Man had his crack out.  
And I saw my face near his crack.

She sneaks another look over her shoulder.

JANIE  
But that doesn't even make since.

MARK  
I know! But I saw what I saw,  
Janie.

JANIE  
So what - he broke into our  
apartment and stole ONLY the  
boxers?

MARK

Yeah, probably. They're awesome.

JANIE

Do you hear yourself?

MARK

Constantly. It's annoying.

(beat)

I'm not making this up, Janie. I don't know how exactly he did it, but I don't see any other option.

JANIE

I can see several, actually. One: that doesn't make since. Two- do I need to go further?

Suddenly, behind them, Bill stands and makes his way towards the RESTROOM. Mark watches. Then:

MARK

(an idea hit him)

I know how to prove it.

Janie shoots Mark a look:

JANIE

(knows what he's thinking)

No... Mark. NO.

But Mark stands and follows Bill. Janie nearly face-palms herself.

**INT. COFFEE SHOP RESTROOM - MOMENTS LATER**

Mark opens the door slowly. He steps inside... and spots Bill standing at one of the URINALS.

There's an EMPTY URINAL right next to Bill. Mark approaches and takes up the spot.

A long silence. Mark slowly looks over at Bill, staring at him like a crazy person. Bill senses this, meekly looking over at Mark. Mark adverts his eyes.

Mark tries to steal a look at Bill's underwear.

Bill notices and they make EYE CONTACT. Mark doesn't look away this time. Bill has no idea what to say. *This is weird.*

Mark stares daggers at Bill. Looking for a sign of guilt.

BILL  
Um. Hello.

Mark looks him up and down.

BILL (CONT'D)  
(painfully uncomfortable)  
Uh. Do I know you?

MARK  
Do you?

BILL  
No... sorry.

There's a long beat. Mark leans in.

MARK  
(pointed)  
You a boxers or briefs kind of guy?

Bill quickly zips his fly and tries to get out of there. As he does, Mark catches another small glimpse of the brim of Bill's underwear. An identical match.

MARK (CONT'D)  
Hey! Stop!

Mark follows close behind.

#### **INT. COFFEE SHOP - MOMENTS LATER**

Bill is speed-walking back to his table. Janie spots Mark close on Bill's tail. She tries to wave him away: "DON'T!".

But Mark has had enough.

MARK  
Dude! Stop!

Bill doesn't stop. Mark gains on him - impulsively going up behind him and PULLING HIS PANT DOWN.

MARK (CONT'D)  
Ah-hah!

Onlookers GASP at the man with his pant down by his ankles.

Janie's mortified face is unmoving.

Mark now gets a good look at Bill's boxers... but they're not what he expected. They're *almost* identical...

These boxers also have a collection of faces belonging to a vaguely similar looking young man. BUT IT'S NOT MARK'S FACE.

Bill turns around to face his attacker, embarrassed.

On the crotch of Bill's boxers is a message: "**IN LOVING MEMORY, THE BEST BROTHER IN THE WORLD**".

On Mark's petrified face as he realizes his mistake.

MARK (CONT'D)  
 (re: the face on the  
 boxers)  
 That's, uh, not... me.

BILL  
 What??

Mark points to Bill's underwear.

BILL (CONT'D)  
 (near tears)  
 It's my brother. He loved boxer  
 shorts. I make custom one's on  
 Etsy.

Bill pulls up his pants. Mark suddenly has an epiphany.

MARK  
 Wait...  
 (beat)  
 UndieWizard65?

BILL  
 (sniffles)  
 Yes.

MARK  
 Ohmygod, hey! I just ordered a pair  
 from you a week ago! Wow, small  
 world!  
 (then)  
 Hey, wait, you got my order wrong!

BILL  
 I'm sorry. The website messes up  
 sometimes.  
 (breaking down, seeing the  
 people staring at him)  
 My mother said it was disrespectful  
 to put Jerry's face on underwear...  
 but *I know my brother*... he would  
 of thought it was awesome.

Bill, crying, waddles away and leaves the coffee shop.

Everyone is staring at Mark. Rightfully so. He stands there, petrified, not knowing what to do or say. Thankfully, Janie comes up and grabs him.

JANIE

Let's go.

(as they leave)

Sorry everyone! My boyfriend is an idiot! It's a condition. Incurable.

And they leave the scene of the crime.

**INT. MARK & JANIE'S APARTMENT - DAY**

Like soldiers coming back from war, Mark and Janie enter.

**INT. APARTMENT BATHROOM - MOMENTS LATER**

Mark looks through the dirty pile of laundry. The REAL BOXERS have found themselves under a clump of towels.

He looks up to see a completely disappointed Janie standing in the doorway. She walks off.

On Mark as the embarrassment hits him...

**EXT. NEIGHBORHOOD STREET - LATER**

CREDITS ROLL. Over which:

Mark walks down the middle of the street, wearing only a shirt and the FACE-BOXERS. People stare, point, and laugh.

He just smiles and waves, continuing down the street.

BLACKOUT.