

Sports Fan Chronicles
Pilot
Episode 1

by
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INT. INDIANAPOLIS ARENA -- INDIANAPOLIS, IN -- EVENING

RUNNING THROUGH THE HALLS OF THE NEARLY EMPTY ARENA, BRIAN IS TRAILED CLOSELY BY TWELVE SECURITY OFFICERS.

SWITCH TO

INT. JAIL

Kurt stands up from the bench he'd been using as a cot and looks at Bernie, who was sharing a jail cell with him and ten other inmates. A prison guard approaches the bars of the cell.

PRISON GUARD

You, Weichert. You can make your call now.

KURT

We're innocent, we didn't start that riot.

PRISON GUARD

Well, you can tell that to the judge yourself.

The guard walks Kurt down the hallway but stops by another jail cell.

PRISON GUARD (CONT'D)

For your friend's sake I hope you can find someone to post bail tonight.

The guard points to Chuck in the other cell. Chuck is pinned against the wall by a couple of big inmates, his underpants yanked up as high as his neck in the mother of all atomic wedgies. Chuck, his eyes crossed and his voice now two octaves higher, turns and looks to Kurt for help.

CHUCK

Kurtis, you can't let this happen. You've got to stop it now.

PRISON GUARD

They know he's the one who distracted Indianapolis players last shot.

The guard, growing weary of the night's entertainment, offered some relief by yelling at the other inmates.

PRISON GUARD (CONT'D)

Okay you guys, leave him alone. No funny stuff on my shift.

Chuck runs up to the bars in his torn underwear.

CHUCK

Kurt they said that they are going to shank me later tonight.

PRISON GUARD

Give him his pants back and leave him alone.

The guard grabs Kurt by the arm.

PRISON GUARD (CONT'D)

Listen, pal. He'll be safe enough on my shift but a word of caution: I get off in four hours and my relief is not going to be as sympathetic as I am. Those guards are diehard basketball fans and word is getting out about what happened.

Kurt looks at the guard and then at Chuck, who was trying in vain to find the elastic that had once been attached to his underwear.

KURT

So what you're saying is I better get someone to bail us out quickly or Chuck is going to be in trouble tonight?

PRISON GUARD

Yup.

INT. VICTOR'S HOTEL ROOM

Back at the hotel, Victor is alone with Candy but his usual moves aren't working.

CANDY

I can't believe we lost that game. I heard some guys from Chicago distracted our player on his last shot with a laser pointer.

Victor jumps but doesn't let on what he had seen.

FLASHBACK:

INT. INDIANAPOLIS ARENA -- INDIANAPOLIS, IN -- GAME JUST ENDED.

As Pacers fans were screaming to security about the Bulls fan now running across the court, Victor, looks up to see Brian hurdling over security guards and heading straight for him. Brian is waving the laser pointer at his face, trying to get his attention. Victor shifts his gaze in time to see Kurt, Bernie, and Chuck being hauled away by security guards.

Victor, who wants no part of the madness, quickly throws his hotel key card to his date Candy the Pacer cheerleader and makes a break for the exit.

SWITCH BACK TO VICTOR'S HOTEL ROOM

INT. VICTOR'S HOTEL ROOM

VICTOR (ITALIAN ACCENT)
I hope they catch the crazy men who did this.

Victor moves closer to Candy, who is sitting on the bed next to him.

INT. ARENA

NARRATOR (V.O.)
Back at the arena, the drama is still unfolding. A two-hour manhunt for Brian, who had escaped the initial capture, is drawing to an end. Running through the halls of the nearly empty arena, Brian is trailed closely by twelve security officers. He hadn't thought to toss the laser pointer still protruding from the top of his shirt pocket.

Brian has no place to run anymore.

NARRATOR (V.O.)
Cornered, Brian reaches the edge of a balcony on a upper level of the arena and looks down. He looks back at the only officer with him- the others have run out of breath.

(MORE)

NARRATOR (V.O.) (CONT'D)
Brian remembers what Harrison Ford did in the movie The Fugitive.

SECURITY GUARD
Put the laser pointer down on the floor and turn around slowly.

BRIAN
I'm innocent! I did not point this thing. It was the one-armed man.

SECURITY GUARD
I don't care.

Brian puts his hands in the air as if he's going to surrender, but he decides instead to jump off the balcony. Brian lands safely and runs down a tunnel and out of the arena.

INT. JAIL TELEPHONE

NARRATOR
Back at the jail, Kurt was mulling his options. He could call his fiancée, Darci, and get an earful about hanging out with idiots, or he could call... Frank. Picking up the phone in the security guard's office, Kurt rang Darci only to get her answering machine.

KURT
Hey, Darci, this is Kurt. Um, just wanted to say hi and tell you I love you. We might be a bit late getting back to Chicago. Chuck is feeling ill.

NARRATOR
Realizing he couldn't possibly explain in a message Chuck's instigating a riot, and not wanting to do so in front of the guards, Kurt had no other options.

Kurt calls Pointy Foods office.

INT. POINTY FOODS SALES OFFICE

NARRATOR (V.O.)
Back in the office, Frank's face is flush with anger.
(MORE)

NARRATOR (V.O.) (CONT'D)

One customer after another was complaining about running low on supplies and threatening to end their relationship with Pointy Foods.

Frank is throwing things across the office.

NARRATOR (V.O.)

Each afternoon was grievance time as Frank slipped farther away from sobriety and reason. His door would fling open and he would make a beeline for whichever salesman was struggling that week.

Flashback to Frank's childhood.

EXT. FRANK'S GRANDMOTHERS DRIVEWAY

NARRATOR (V.O.)

At thirty-five Frank looked as if he were forty-five. A smoker since the age of twelve, when he had bummed a cigarette off his grandmother.

Frank is sitting at his desk taking a drink out of a flask.

INT. POINTY FOODS SALES OFFICE

NARRATOR (V.O.)

Frank also had a strong relationship with many of the five-dollar whiskeys. The alcohol was taking hold and he paid a physical penalty for his intense anger. The penalties were adding up.

FRANK

Pointy Foods, this is Frrrrrank.

KURT

Jesus, he's drunk.

Frank is sitting at his desk, shoulders slumped, his head a dead weight on the keyboard, with one hand on the phone, the other holding a glass that was most decidedly not half full.

KURT (CONT'D)

Frank, it's Kurt. You're still there—

FRANK

Of course I'm still here, ya
jackass.

He seems to have found a moment of clarity through his anger.

FRANK (CONT'D)

You and Brian chose not to check
your v-v-voicemail and I just f-f-
finished servicing your customers.
What the hell do you w-w-want?

KURT

Frank, my friend, we can talk about
that later. It was all a
misunderstanding. We're in jail in
Indianapolis and we need you to
bail us out.

FRANK

Kurt, I'm touched you called me.
This is wonderful. I hope you and
Brian rot there.

KURT

Frank, this is not about Brian and
me. This is about saving the
company's bacon.

FRANK

What are you talking about?

KURT

Brian is not in jail, Frank. Bernie
Winslow and Chuck Jennings are in
here with me. You remember them?
Two of the company's best
customers?

Frank was no longer smiling.

FRANK

What happened?

KURT

Frank, I'm short on time. Just get
up to the jail next to the
Indianapolis arena. We have to get
bailed out tonight. My time is up.
Goodbye.

FRANK

You better have a good explanation
when I get there! You son of a—

Frank slams the phone into his computer monitor, breaking it and spilling his drink on the floor at the same time. Looking down at the shattered glass and wasted booze, he almost cries.

FRANK (CONT'D)

Oh, my sweet nectar, what have I done to you?

INT. VICTOR'S HOTEL ROOM

NARRATOR (V.O.)

Back at the hotel, Victor is pulling out all the stops to soothe Candy.

VICTOR (ITALIAN ACCENT)

Oh, my sweet darling, we're almost there. The bra, it doesn't like my fingers.

NARRATOR (V.O.)

Victor struggles mightily against Candy's bra, which has four clasps, indicative of her prodigious chest. He had to see them once more.

VICTOR (ITALIAN ACCENT)

Aha! Success!

NARRATOR (V.O.)

Victor wastes no time enjoying the spoils of war, but just as he is about to head south a massive clang rang out in the hallway. The lock to the door clicks open and Brian barges in.

BRIAN

Victor, I need you to go to the jail and bail the guys out. They were arrested when Chuck distracted the Indiana players on his last shot.

Brian points the laser pointer at Victor.

CANDY

You! You were the guys who distracted our player with the laser pointer and made him miss that last shot.

Candy grabs her bag and heads for the door.

CANDY (CONT'D)

Victor, I never want to see or hear from you again!

VICTOR (ITALIAN ACCENT)

Wait, don't go. I've never seen this man before in my life. It's all a big mistake.

INT. FITNESS CENTER -- CONVENTION -- EARLY MORNING

NARRATOR

The next day the friends, bailed out by Victor, are warming up at Kurt's brother's, Sergeant Ken's bootcamp fitness convention being held in Chicago that week.

BRIAN

Thank God they never caught me with the laser pointer or else we'd be up a creek.

KURT

So true, with no evidence the judge will have to dismiss the charges.

VICTOR

You guys ruined my chances with Candy.

BRIAN

Chuck definitely ruined your date last night, with a beautiful cheerleader no less. By the way, Victor, have I told you how much I hate you?

VICTOR (ITALIAN ACCENT)

Two years ago she was one of my waitresses. I nurtured her, usually in the stock room, and I always knew that woman would go on to bigger things.

BRIAN

Yeah, she went on to bigger things all right.

Brian is cupping his hands over his chest.

BRIAN (CONT'D)

Did you finance those as an investment in your own love life?

KURT

Hey Chuck had a date last night. What was your giant cell mate's name?

CHUCK

Very funny, Kurt. Bubbles, by the way. His name was Bubbles. I don't want to talk about it.

KURT

When I went to make a phone call, Chuck was being chased around his cell in his underwear.

CHUCK

I thought they were going to kill me.

KURT

I heard some things, like maybe you and Bubbles are pen pals now.

Sergeant Ken greets the large crowd.

SGT KEN

Are you fired up!

The crowd shouts!

CROWD

Hooah!

SGT KEN

I can't hear you!

The crowd shouts even louder!

CROWD

Hooah!

SGT KEN

Let's warm up! Start marching in place!

The men start marching in place as Ken walks up and down the aisle.

KURT

Hey brother!

Sergeant Ken leans in and gives each one a high five and a quick hug.

SGT KEN
Glad you guys made it!

KURT
Go easy on us we had rough night
last night.

SGT KEN
Some things never change.

SGT Ken yells to the crowd.

SGT KEN (CONT'D)
These four want me to go easy on
them. Well I don't think so.

CROWD
Hooah!

Sergeant Ken points at them and yells.

SGT KEN (CONT'D)
You four drop to the floor and give
me 20 push-ups.

SGT Ken walks toward the other side of the crowd. Kurt turns to Chuck, Brian and Victor.

BRIAN
You had to say something to your
brother didn't you. He's going to
be picking on us all morning.

Kurt pauses his push up and looks over to his friends.

KURT
I'm actually more curious about
whether or not Frank ever made it
up to Indianapolis.

INT. JAIL

NARRATOR
Sitting in a jail cell with
Bubbles, Frank stared at the floor,
so angry and so drunk his hands
were shaking.

(MORE)

NARRATOR (CONT'D)

Arrested for public intoxication upon entering the jail, he had tried calling Kurt's house only to get an answering machine. The same for Brian's house and for the office, where Kurt had promised Frank they would be making up for skipping out on customers.

PRISON GUARD

Don't look so down, Frank. Bubbles looks lonely today. You just might make a friend while you're in here.

INT. BEST BURGERS CORPORATE HEADQUARTERS LOBBY

NARRATOR (V.O.)

A couple of weeks after the basketball game Kurt arrived at the Best Burger Corporate headquarters to find Frank and Brian in the lobby. Frank with the stench of whiskey oozing out of his pores and bearing an insufferable smile, stood close to Kurt.

FRANK

Good morning. I expect you to behave here.

NARRATOR (V.O.)

Frank had tried his best to patch himself together following his night of heavy drinking. The dark-red spots on his face meant he had made an attempt to shave; his hair while not unkept, suggested he'd taken his shower and prepared for work prior to drinking himself to sleep.

KURT

Good morning? What's so good about it?

FRANK

You look exhausted. I told you not to stay up late watching Monday Night Football.

KURT

Of course, I look exhausted. I am exhausted.

(MORE)

KURT (CONT'D)

I just woke up after only three hours of sleep because that little electric car died six times yesterday adding four long hours to my commute. Those crappy little company cars you got suck!

FRANK

Kurt, I do not want to hear any of this. You go to the bathroom and straighten yourself. I don't want you walking into the meeting looking like a drunk who just wandered in off the streets.

KURT

Pot calling the kettle...

Brian cuts off Kurt.

BRIAN

Don't say it Kurt!

Brian grabs Kurt's arm and pulls him away from Frank preventing a retort that would likely have him out on the street.

Brian turns to Frank.

BRIAN (CONT'D)

Come on Frank, back off, give the guy some breathing room.

FRANK

I want Kurt's attitude cleaned up before we meet with Linda Davis.

The secretary walks up to them.

SECRETARY

Miss Davis will see you now.

FRANK

Thank you very much. I hope you have a fantastic day.

Brian turns to Kurt and whispers in his ear.

BRIAN

Frank sure knows how to kiss some ass. I just wonder if he knows his breath reeks of liquor.

NARRATOR (V.O.)

After gathering materials for their presentation, Frank, Brian and Kurt are lead down a hallway that can easily be mistaken for the sterile cold bereft of human touch surgical theater in a hospital. The receptionist said nothing as she opened the door to Linda Davis's office, a modern steel and glass box with chairs that looked like they could double as torture devices.

Linda who is on the phone. She ignores Franks handshake attempt and simply points to two empty chairs in front of her desk leaving Brian to retrieve a chair in the hallway.

The three men sit down and watch as she finishes her phone call ignoring them completely. Frank sits on his chair sporting his best "How do you do?" smile as Kurt and Brian look incredulous.

INT. LINDA DAVIS OFFICE

Kurt whispers to Brian.

KURT

I hate her already. My first impression is she's uptight, power hungry pain in the ass moody biotch and I guarantee she's going to be a nightmare to do business with.

FRANK

Geez, you are quick to judge someone you don't even know.

NARRATOR

Frank is strangely turned on by Linda's forceful personality.

KURT

I'm also going by my instincts, which I may add have served me well and rarely fail me. I live by my first impressions. I can already see that she is going to crap all over us.

In Brian's best impression of Scotty from Star Trek.

BRIAN

I concur Captain. She obviously,
doesn't care about us. She knows
how much Frank wants her business.

Ten minutes later Linda finishes her phone call.

LINDA

Make it happen.

She immediately hangs up the phone.

NARRATOR (V.O.)

A strong woman she had a Napoleonic
air about her. Her business suit
hugged her build, her shoulders
were twice as wide as her narrow
hips. Her hair was straight and
seemingly unstyled saved for a
tight, black headband keeping it
out of her face. Her skin was pale
and her eyes are dark, almost
black. When she looks up from her
phone, Brian, Kurt and Frank all
got chills.

FRANK

Well, Linda, it's certainly a
pleasure to meet you finally.

LINDA

Yes, of course, let's get to it.

FRANK

Well, Pointy Foods service has
heard great things about your
company. I think you picked two
fabulous...

In the middle of the sentence, Linda rises from her chair and
leaves the room. She goes into the adjacent break room to
refill her coffee mug. Frank raises his voice and continues
the sentence.

FRANK (CONT'D)

...locations for doing business in
this region. And you know what they
say. Location, location, location.

KURT

What the hell is going on here?

Frank whispers. Deafening silence. Frank sits back in his
chair all smiles and waited for Linda's response.

BRIAN

Where did she go?

Brian stares at Frank who is still sporting his stupid grin on his face.

FRANK

What are you talking about?

KURT

You know what I'm talking about, Frank. That lady is ignoring us and you keep kissing her ass.

Frank turns to Kurt his face is a bright red again with a look of murder.

FRANK

Keep your voice down!

Just then Linda returns to the office holding a cup of coffee but still not looking at the three salesmen.

FRANK (CONT'D)

So Linda I'm so glad...

Before Frank can start selling again the telephone rings and Linda raises her index finger silencing him once more.

Linda answers the phone in a perky tone that is entirely incongruous with manner.

LINDA

Yes, little David is so looking to his play date.

Kurt is about to explode in his chair. He leans over to Brian.

KURT

This is ridiculous and Frank just sits there grinning.

Kurt gets up and opens the door and tells the receptionist to hold all calls for Ms. Davis.

KURT (CONT'D)

Excuse me receptionist, Miss Davis asked if you can hold all her calls until we are done with our meeting.

He sits back down and whispers.

KURT (CONT'D)

What's a little lie between enemies.

NARRATOR (V.O.)

After confirming her play date and complimenting Carol on the chili she brought to their last party. Linda hung up and faced the flaccid leader of the Pointy Foods sales force.

Franks tries a more direct approach.

FRANK

Let's get down to business. What kind of terms do you want from Pointy Foods? Do you...

Linda interrupts.

LINDA

Terms? What makes you think we should talk about terms?

FRANK

Well, I just assumed that you want to do business with us. You know, since other branches of our company service "Best Burgers" in other regions.

Linda yanks open the top drawer of her gleaming desk and pulls out a note pad.

LINDA

Assuming is your first mistake! Do you know what happens when people assume?

She hurriedly writes on the pad and shows it to Frank whose veneer of professionalism is quickly crumbling.

LINDA (CONT'D)

When you assume you make an ASS out of U and ME. It looks to me as you guys don't understand how things are done around here.

Kurt sarcastically whispers.

KURT

Gee, that's original Linda.

LINDA

What did you say?

Kurt can't take it anymore. He stands and lords over her desk nearly foaming at the mouth.

KURT

Well, excuse me Medusa. I think it's time for you to start acting like a lady. We deserve some common courtesy while you crap in our laps.

Frank jumps up from his seat and grabs Kurt's arm pulling him back.

FRANK

Kurt, sit down!

Linda regains her ferocity and stands to wag her finger in Kurt's face.

LINDA

High on the are horse are you. Well, I'm going to tell you how this is going to work from here on out.

She turns to Frank, reaches out and grabs his hand in a vise-like handshake.

LINDA (CONT'D)

Frank, if you want my business, I need to respect you and your organization. I need to know you support my business first, above else.

FRANK

Uh, Okay.

Frank is trying to retrieve his hand from her crushing metatarsals. With the other hand Linda points to Kurt.

LINDA

He has to go.

Like a drone Frank turns to Kurt.

FRANK

Your fired.

KURT

What?

Kurt's face is turning a light purplish blue. His tie is straining to containing the bulging veins in his neck.

FRANK

You heard me, Kurt, you're fired.

Frank is now smiling now that his long sought after excuse to fire Kurt is in hand.

FRANK (CONT'D)

Now leave and don't let the door hit you where the good lord split you.

KURT

How can you do this to me Frank? It's not right. I've covered your drunken ass more times than I can count and now you throw me out. Who's going to cover for you now Frank? Have you thought of that?

FRANK

Just leave Kurt. You are a liability to this company. Go now and you will have all day to look for another job.

Kurt reaches into his pocket, grabs the company cars keys and throws them towards Franks head. He turns on his heels and storms out the door.

KURT

You deserve each other Frank!

Frank turns to Linda.

FRANK

Now we can talk about terms.

Brian stands and heads toward the door.

FRANK (CONT'D)

Where do you think you are going Brian? Let him go he's not coming back.

BRIAN

Neither am I, Frank. I quit!

Frank tears his white knuckled hand from Linda and turns toward Brian.

FRANK

You can't quit because you are fired.

BRIAN

No, Frank too late because I already quit. I hope you are happy with Medusa and your bottle of booze because that's all your ever going to have.

FRANK

You're fired!

Brian throws his hand up into the air.

BRIAN

You do know what disgruntled postal workers do when they get fired, don't you?

FRANK

Are you threatening me with physical violence?

BRIAN

I don't know yet! It all depends whether or not I find a decent job by the end of the day, but anything I get will be better than this.

Brian throws his company car keys on the floor and as he exits the office, asks the dumbstruck receptionist to call him a cab.

NARRATOR (V.O.)

Kurt and Brian return to Kurt's house and begin calling friends for work. Meanwhile, after a grueling hour of negotiations that sounded more like demands and capitulations. Frank exited the "Best Burger" headquarter to find two company cars resting on their sides.

INT. KURT'S BASEMENT

Kurt is on the phone calling Darci.

KURT

Darci, it's Kurt.

DARCI

Oh hey, how did your meeting with the evil witch go?

KURT

Let's just say not good. Things got a bit heated.

DARCI

Heated as in you didn't get the account? Or heated as is you said something that you shouldn't have?

KURT

You know the stupid little electric new company cars that Frank assigned to me?

DARCI

Yeah.

KURT

It's on it's side in the "Best Burgers" regional office parking lot right now and I'm going to start next week as an announcer at Bernie's comedy club.

DARCI

What! Kurt you were their best salesman. How did this happen?

KURT

I called their boss Medusa because she was being rude and Frank didn't appreciate that. Oh, and Brian quit when Frank fired me.

DARCI

Kurt, what the hell?

KURT

I'm going to work for Bernie.

DARCI

You said that you are going to work for Bernie now? Doing what?

KURT

I'm going to be the announcer or MC at his comedy club but don't worry, I'm a funny guy so it should be a cinch until I can find another sales gig.

Darci pauses before speaking. She wants to be supportive of Kurt but the idea that he could hold his own on a comedy stage is far fetched to say the least. Always proper Darci simply says.

DARCI

I want the best for you and I think working for Frank was bringing you down anyway. We will be fine.

KURT

Thanks Darci. I knew I could count on you to be in my corner. I've got to go help Brian find work now.

DARCI

Okay. Tell him good luck from me and I will see you later tonight.

Darci ends the phone call and looks around. Everybody is still gawking at their elegant and rarely upset boss.

NARRATOR

Consistently, unflappable, Darci rarely lost control but now she definitely came close to doing just that.

As soon as Kurt is done on the phone. Kurt hands the phone over to Brian who's first call is to Chuck.

BRIAN

Chuck, you old dog, how's it going?

CHUCK

What do you need now Brian?

BRIAN

What? Chuckie this is Brian, we are like brothers. I just want to see how things are going for you and to offer my services to your fine establishments.

CHUCK

I'm sorry. Can you repeat that?

BRIAN

Chuck, I have a skill set that is above reproach and beyond refute, and your deli's are in need of a good general manager. It's a match made in heaven.

CHUCK

Brian, I am the general manager.

BRIAN

Well, I certainly didn't mean that you aren't a good manager, it's just that I...

Brian is pacing back and forth looking to Kurt for help. Kurt whispers.

KURT

He needs help so he can enjoy the fruits of his entrepreneurial spirit.

BRIAN

I want you to enjoy the fruits of your entrepreneurial spirit.

CHUCK

Well, I could use a vacation. Fine, you can explain all of this to me later. I don't how you got yourself fired or why Kurt wasn't able to save your bacon this time but I'm sure you're to blame.

BRIAN

What? Chuckie, you have no idea of the half of it. I will explain to you as I'm overhauling your antiquated purchasing system and archaic management style.

CHUCK

You son of a... oh, forget it. I will see you at 7 a.m. sharp on Monday.

Brian hangs up the phone.

BRIAN

You owe me big, Kurt. I had a good job at Pointy Foods and now I'm going to be making sandwiches at a deli. I can't believe what you did.

KURT

I owe you? Brian, you've been on the brink of termination and homelessness for years.

(MORE)

KURT (CONT'D)

I've saved your ass so many times I was starting to think my helping you was like participating in the big brother program for disadvantaged kids. You didn't have to quit.

BRIAN

I couldn't have exactly stayed there and watch Frank lick Medusa's feet! Besides, if I have to drive that tiny company car one more day I was going to flip out.

KURT

See, I freed you from that little car.

NARRATOR (V.O.)

A little less than a week after the blowup, Brian and Kurt started their jobs with Bernie and Chuck.

INT BACKSTAGE AT BERNIE'S COMEDY CLUB

NARRATOR

Darci is holding Kurt's hand close, and together they are looking in the vanity mirror at Kurt's outfit for the night. Bernie thought it would be funny if the host wore a clown costume.

KURT

How did my life go so wrong in just one short week.

NARRATOR

Kurt's face is painted white, with red make-up around his mouth and a bulbous, red sponge nose glued to his own. A bright-red curly wig topped off the humiliating ensemble.

DARCI

You're going to be great at this Kurt.

KURT

I don't know. I think I might have liked working at Victor's Italian restaurant instead.

Darci moves in front of Kurt to look him in the eye.

DARCI

No way. Victor uses his restaurant as a dating service. I don't need to be worrying about what he's dragging you into.

KURT

I'm shocked you wouldn't trust me. There's only a 10-percent chance I would go for one. So buck up, honey, I'm your man.

DARCI

Uh, thanks, I guess.

INT. BERNIE'S STAGE

NARRATOR

Kurt is announcing the lineup. The hot lights have already caused his make-up to run down his face in rivulets, and the crowd is visibly discomfited by the resulting serial-killer appearance and deadpan delivery.

KURT

Hi, everybody, my name is Kurt Weichert and I am going to be your host tonight. I have to admit this is my first time on stage-

HECKLER

It sure is, pal. We can tell. Now get on with it. You're not funny!

Bernie, Victor, and Darci are sitting at a front-row table. Darci raises her hands and covers her eyes unable to watch the exchange.

KURT

I would like to introduce you to our first comedian who hails from St. Louis, Missouri. You know, the Show Me State-

The drunk heckler rises from the third table to Kurt's left.

HECKLER

Why don't you show me how fast you can get off this stage!

Kurt hikes up his balloon pants, and looks directly at the heckler.

KURT

For years and years performers have said to look at the audience as if they were sitting in front of you naked. I am doing that now.

HECKLER

I bet you like looking at this!

The heckler grabs his crotch. He gets a few laughs.

KURT

After scanning the naked audience, I can confirm that, as suspected, this man has, indeed, the smallest penis in the room. In fact, even under these spotlights I'm having trouble confirming he has one, as small as it is!

The heckler whose size shadows Kurt, rages straight towards him.

KURT (CONT'D)

Oh shit!

HECKLER

I'm going to kick your ass!

Kurt's first time on stage lasted just four minutes and is now a bar-room brawl.

INT. CHUCK'S DELI

NARRATOR (V.O.)

Back at Chuck's deli, the dinner crowd is constantly being overcharged by Chuck and his employees.

BRIAN

I cannot believe you just did that. What the hell are you doing?

Chuck defends his actions in his most condescending, supercilious voice.

CHUCK

Brian, you're not an entrepreneur, okay?

(MORE)

CHUCK (CONT'D)

You don't know what it's like when the tax bill comes, or when someone slips and falls in your establishment and sues you because when you helped her up you happened to grab both her breasts.

INT. KURT'S BASEMENT

NARRATOR (V.O.)

Kurt is dressed in an old football jersey and shorts stained with Cheetos dust. Kurt looks every bit the unemployed salesman. Brian looks no better, wearing his sweatpants and his Bob's Big Boy T-shirt, each of which is crumpled and smudged with marinara sauce from the Victor's restaurant, where Brian has been working part-time. Darci, who looked like the high-fashion buyer she was, albeit one who had changed into casual clothing, sat at the bar nursing a beer, her sad eyes are watching the man she loved regress into a frat-boy slob.

BRIAN

So when are you going to look for a job? You look like hell.

KURT

Monday, I guess.

NARRATOR

Kurt misses the eight ball Brian had left as a gift to lift his spirits.

BRIAN

You look like crap. I mean, look at yourself. You need a shave, your morale is low, and it looks as if you're losing confidence in yourself. You need to be energized.

KURT

I couldn't agree with you more, but just how do I get the energy to get energized?

(MORE)

KURT (CONT'D)

Maybe a few years ago I would have been able to handle a crisis like this but now I can't stop thinking about it, and there's so much to think about. I put a lot of time and energy into Pointy Foods. I made a commitment to be the best salesman I could be, and I was good at it. I swear if I had Frank's position I could have grown our region at least fifty percent.

BRIAN

Kurt, there isn't really anything to think about, and therein lies the solution. You need to put it behind you and get that winning attitude back. You need to get aggressive again. Remember, success is the best revenge.

NARRATOR

Kurt takes another shot at the eight ball; he hadn't yet noticed Brian was missing again and again on purpose to try to help him.

KURT

Brian, you don't exactly look like Tony Robbins yourself, my friend. I mean, seriously, Brian? A busboy at Victor's restaurant? What are you trying to say?

BRIAN

Listen, all I'm trying to say is you're not on the verge of homelessness or anything. You can relax for a bit take a step back and PAAARRTYYYYY!

KURT

Party?

BRIAN

Yes. A party. A fabulous toga party tomorrow night.

DARCI

Okay, slow your roll, sugar bear. I don't know if you guys remember the last time you had a party, but I do, and I'm not sure the neighbors have forgiven you yet, Kurt.

(MORE)

DARCI (CONT'D)

I think you should really consider this before you commit. I don't get paid until next Friday and I'm not sure I have enough to bail you guys out without touching my condo fund.

KURT

I'm not thinking about partying right now.

Kurt, Darci, and Brian sit in silence for a beat.

KURT (CONT'D)

So you were thinking tomorrow night?

DARCI

Whoa! You're actually going to do this?

BRIAN

Yes! Let's do it! It'll be just like old times.

INT. KURT'S BASEMENT STAIRCASE

NARRATOR (V.O.)

The next night, party guests poured into Kurt's basement draped in white sheets and wearing flip-flops. Kurt and Brian held court at the bottom of the staircase and greeted the guests individually as they descended into what Brian hoped would be a Bacchanalia to rival Nero's best.

Victor arrives at the party.

NARRATOR (V.O.)

Kurt and Brian see Victor's gold-sandal-clad feet coming down the stairs accompanied by two sets of high heels supporting two pairs of long legs. On each arm Victor had a woman who looked every part the supermodel. Each wore a two-piece sheet outfit that covered little more than a bikini might.

KURT

Victor, you look good my friend. What kind of sheets are those.

VICTOR

Silk. Designer. Twelve-hundred-count Frettes, to be exact. You must excuse me, gentlemen, I'll get back to you later. I want to get my dates their drinks.

NARRATOR (V.O.)

Victor strutted toward the bar. A proud peacock whose feathers were bright and garish to squash all competition. His two models held facial expressions of complete stone-like disinterest, just as all good models should.

Brian returned his attention to the top of the stairs and burst into guttural laughter as he points with all his might.

KURT

What's so funny?

Kurt turns his attention up the staircase. He sees Chuck clomping down the stairs in a white, lacy nightgown.

KURT (CONT'D)

Chuck, what the hell are you wearing?

CHUCK

What? This is my toga.

BRIAN

So, how long have you been a cross-dresser, Chuck?

CHUCK

You guys didn't give me enough notice for this stupid gig and this is the only thing I could come up with.

KURT

Chuck, this is a lady's nightgown!

Darci descends to the bottom of the stairs with her roommate, Alice, who is in casual business attire.

DARCI

What's in this punch?

KURT

It's called whopatewy.

DARCI

Whopatewy? I don't remember it being this strong. Tell me again what's in it?

BRIAN

Orange juice, pineapple juice, cranberry juice, apple juice, apples, oranges, pears, bananas, grapefruit, watermelon and a little grain alcohol.

DARCI

It's really good. Did you have to put it in a garbage bag?

ALICE

How juvenile--and typical. Spiking the punch.

DARCI

Look, everybody loves it, Alice, so suck it up. Just go with flow and have some fun at the toga party.

Bernie, who had been upstairs refilling his cup, came down the stairs and joined the bickering group. He noticed immediately that Alice wasn't in costume and yelled over both Guns N' Roses and the strident arguing of his friends.

BERNIE

Why aren't you toga'd?

ALICE

Toga'd?! I don't think so. Besides, that's not even a word, you cretin.

BERNIE

You know what I mean. Why aren't you wearing a toga to our toga party?

ALICE

Because, unlike you, I am in possession of some dignity. You people look like a bunch of clowns!

Bernie, once again ignoring Alice's venomous response chants.

BERNIE

Toga! Toga! Toga! Toga! Toga! Toga!

As the stereo went quiet between songs, the rest of the partiers hear Bernie and, without knowing the situation, join in the chant. Bernie, encouraged by the chanting mob, runs upstairs and tears down a white curtain from the nearest window. He stumbles down the stairs, his own toga showing the crowd more than they had bargained for, and wraps it around Alice. Everyone claps as Alice's face turns a deep red with rash-like splotches; she runs upstairs and out the front door. Darci, who, under normal circumstances would have chased after her, simply sighs and takes another swig of her whopatewy.

NARRATOR

Kurt's party celebrating his independence coincided with a distant bell tolling for Frank, who was stuck at Pointy Foods headquarters being dressed down by company CEO Michael Sanders.

INT. POINTY FOODS OFFICE

FRANK

Sir, I had no choice. They were uncontrollable. They thought they owned the company. Because of them we came close to not getting the Best Burgers account.

Sanders was livid that Pointy Foods best salesman Kurt had been fired.

CEO SANDERS

You fired them over the Best Burgers account?! I bet Linda Davis was involved. That she-devil would drop you like a bag of hammers if she thought she could get a better price, and you're firing your best salesmen for her? Best Burgers needs us more than we need them. We have the best product, the best prices, and the best service, and that's why they use us in their other markets.

FRANK

Kurt and Brian were in the wrong, sir.

CEO SANDERS

I seriously doubt that, but even if... Oh, forget it.

(MORE)

CEO SANDERS (CONT'D)

It's not about being right. It's about being productive and effective.

Sanders changes direction.

CEO SANDERS (CONT'D)

What's really going on here, Frank? Are you sleeping with her? No, don't answer that. I don't want to hear it because I already know the answer. You fix this, you hear me? We picked up one new account because you're thinking with your wedding vegetables and in the process we lost ten big ones because Kurt and Brian are gone!

NARRATOR

Victor and Bernie had cancelled their accounts on hearing the news, taking tens of thousands of dollars in business from Pointy Foods with them.

FRANK

Sir, those accounts are friends of theirs.

CEO SANDERS

I don't care if they're in a militia together. The fact remains we've been getting lots of complaints from customers they sold to, and I want that reversed.

FRANK

Sir, the customers will eventually come back. They just resist change, that's all. We're the biggest company in the area and that's where they will ultimately want to be.

CEO SANDERS

If that's what you believe then you don't understand the business!! I want them rehired tonight! Tonight! Oh, yeah, the alternative? Do you really need it spelled out? Do it!

INT. KURT'S BASEMENT

NARRATOR (V.O.)

Kurt's basement is pulsing to the sound of The Kingsmen's "Louie Louie." With hands in the air, the revelers are jumping up and down and are singing along. Chuck is in a circle by himself because his nightgown toga keeps rising as he jumps, revealing that he's not wearing any underwear.

His friends are laughing at him.

NARRATOR (V.O.)

Bernie and Victor, hoping for a more-attractive wardrobe malfunction, are sitting in a corner watching the girls in the crowd jump up and down.

BERNIE

This is the best party that I've been to in a long time.

Bernie yells to Kurt and Brian, who were sitting across from him and Victor.

KURT

Who needs Pointy Foods anyway?

BRIAN

Who needs Frank?

VICTOR (ITALIAN ACCENT)

I kicked those bastards out of my restaurants.

BERNIE

They don't service my nightclubs anymore, either. I kicked them out, too. You should have seen the look on Frank's face. He came to visit me personally, drunk of course, and couldn't believe his company could be replaced.

Brian leans over to Chuck, who was now standing beside the group.

BRIAN

Chuckles, you stuck it to him, too,
right?... Didn't you?

Chuck quietly turns around and tries to walk away, but Kurt grabs him by his nightgown and turns him around for further interrogation.

KURT

Chuck, answer the question.

Brian is standing beside Chuck, flanking him as Kurt takes a position on the other side.

BRIAN

Chuckles, you better have switched distributors.

CHUCK

Well, I was going to, but then I,
ahh, ahh, then I really got busy
and I, ahh, forgot, you see. Yeah,
that's what happened, I forgot.

KURT

Chuck, you're a lowlife. Frank
bought you off, didn't he?

BRIAN

Chuckles, you've got to be the
worst friend a guy could have! The
worst!

CHUCK

Come on, guys. Frank made me an
offer I couldn't refuse.

KURT

Don't tell me, let me guess. Frank
gave you ten free cases of sixteen-
ounce foam cups.

CHUCK

How did you know?

Brian has had enough. He turns Chuck toward the crowd and signals Darci to turn the music down.

BRIAN

Everybody listen up. Our friend
here, Chuck Jennings, is a
ventriloquist.

CHUCK

What are you talking about? I'm not a ventriloquist.

BRIAN

Yes, you are. Everybody can see you talking out of your ass.

The guests erupts in laughter, and out of the back of the room Kurt's neighbor Bruce yells.

NEIGHBOR

Chuck, your words smell like shit!

NARRATOR

Out of the corner of her eye, Darci sees someone standing on the staircase. She can only see brown and black polyester, but it was more than enough to identify the person. She knew what it meant and immediately runs across the room the Kurt.

DARCI

Hey, guys, Frank is here.

KURT

Where?

Darci points to the stairs.

DARCI

He's coming down the stairs now.

BRIAN

The nerve of this guy.

As Frank descends down the stairs into the party, all of the guests get angry when Frank walks over and turns off the music. The crowd starts booing.

FRANK

Oh get over yourselves.

Frank is slurring his words.

KURT

I cannot believe you have the colossal, monumental, unmitigated gall to show your face at our party.

BRIAN

And you're not even wearing a toga.

FRANK

The CEO of Pointy Foods has ordered me to talk to you about your old jobs.

BRIAN

What's to talk about, Frank. You fired us, remember.

The mob starts gathering around the scene. Frank starts to get terrified.

FRANK

Now wait a second. Things got a little crazy that day, but I'm willing to give you guys another chance. You are going to have to take smaller sales routes.

KURT

No way. You screwed us. We must have you backed against the ropes, and I'm ready to deliver the knockout punch.

FRANK

I am not begging you two ass wipes to come back and work for me. You should be put in shackles for your insubordination.

BRIAN

You left us standing in the wind with that monster Linda Davis.

FRANK

Hey!

Frank lunges toward Brian.

FRANK (CONT'D)

You leave her out of this.

Kurt steps in front of Frank and grabs him by the collar of his shirt.

FRANK (CONT'D)

Hey... Hey... You... I love her.

KURT

You sold us out because you were thinking with your pecker.

FRANK

It's your fault. Besides, you turned your company cars over in the parking lot. And-and I know it was you who threw eggs at my front door last week.

KURT

Eggs? Do you know anything about eggs, Brian?

FRANK

How about last night! You guys put a paper bag full of dog crap, on fire, on my front doorstep. I got dog shit all over my new shoes. I saw you guys out there laughing as I stomped on the bag, trying to put out the damn fire.

KURT

I don't know what you're talking about, Frank. You didn't see us because we weren't there. You're not worth the time or the energy. I was busy serving food to the homeless.

BRIAN

Yep. Me too.

FRANK

That's it. My original offer stands. Nothing more.

BRIAN

What should we do? Should we take Frank's offer or should we throw Frank out on his ass?

The entire party sang out in chorus,

PARTY GOERS

Down with Frank. Down with Frank.

NARRATOR

Brian turns to Frank, who was now crying uncontrollably.

BRIAN

Jesus, Frank, did you piss
yourself?

Before Frank could answer, Brian, Kurt, Bernie, and Victor pick him up, one to a limb, and carry him upstairs and out the front door.

KURT

One, two, three!

Kurt, Brian, Bernie and Victor swing Frank back and forth over the front stoop.

KURT (CONT'D)

Now!

As Frank sails through the air screaming a falsetto yelp, Chuck yells out to him.

CHUCK

Hey, Frank, when do I get those
cups?

INT. KURT'S BASEMENT

The next week Kurt, Brian, Bernie, Victor and Chuck were planning on going on a fishing trip in Canada.

BRIAN

Let's talk about fishing. Last trip was the best fishing Kurt and I have ever experienced! Our guide, Monsieur Lafête, is the man. He takes us out into the wilderness--and I do mean wilderness. Nothing out there but nature--

KURT

And Monsieur's daughter. Yeesh.

VICTOR (ITALIAN ACCENT)

What does this mean, yeesh? This woman, she is ugly?

KURT

Uh, not exactly. Monsieur's daughter goes on these trips, and let me tell you something, you can take it to the bank when I say she is sex personified.

(MORE)

KURT (CONT'D)

Hips, thighs, breasts, hair, eyes... My God, she's a magnificent creature. But last time we went, Chuck stayed behind while we went fishing, claiming he was sick. While he stayed back at the camp, he slept with Monsieur's daughter.

BRIAN

Chuck is an idiot. Monsieur is a great outdoorsman. He's a rugged, handsome French Canadian who's maybe six foot five and two hundred forty pounds of Grizzly Adams. But he's a real sweetheart too. I feel bad for the guy.

KURT

I will feel bad for Chuck if he catches him sleeping with his daughter. I'd rather piss off a grizzly than that guy. He'll tear Chuck apart!

Later that day Kurt's phone rings. Thinking it is Brian, he picks up the phone.

KURT (CONT'D)

You ready for the big day, you salty SOB?

CEO SANDERS

Uh, is this Kurt Weichert's residence?

KURT

Yes, yes, this is he. I'm so sorry, Mr. Sanders, I didn't realize it was you.

CEO SANDERS

I should hope not. Kurt, I need to meet with you. I've got a proposal.

KURT

Sure, when would you like to meet?

NARRATOR

Kurt hoped above all else that Sanders was busy for the next week. No such luck.

CEO SANDERS

I'd like to meet you tomorrow at Bona Vita downtown, if you've got the time.

KURT

I, uh... Yes, I'll be there.

CEO SANDERS

Good, see you eight o'clock for dinner.

Kurt hangs up the phone and has to force himself to pick it right back up and call Brian.

KURT

Hey, Brian, it's Kurt.

BRIAN

Oh, crap, I know that voice. You better not be calling to cancel, you son of a bitch.

KURT

Brian, I think I might be able to get our jobs back and then some.

BRIAN

I retract my earlier statement. Carry on.

KURT

I just got a call from CEO Sanders. He wants to meet me tomorrow downtown.

BRIAN

Holy crap, I need you to get me my job, okay? I'm miserable.

KURT

I'll do my best for both of us. Apologize to all the guys for me. Except Chuck.

BRIAN

Will do.

INT. BONA VITA RESTAURANT

NARRATOR

Kurt sat across from Mr. Sanders, his feet tapping incessantly under the table. His suit was pressed and cleaned and his blue-and-white tie was immaculate. He wanted to look his professional best for Mr. Sanders.

CEO SANDERS

Kurt, I think— no, I know you were a genuine asset to my company. What is it going to take to get you back?

In the adjacent booth, a patron spits out his drink and starts to cough. Kurt looks over at the man, who might have looked familiar if it weren't for the fedora covering his head and the collar of his trench coat turned up to his ears. Kurt can't place him.

CEO SANDERS (CONT'D)

Kurt?

KURT

Sorry, Mr. Sanders. I was distracted. First of all, I would need a company car— a decent sedan.

CEO SANDERS

Consider it done. But I don't think that's what it's all about, is it?

KURT

Well, sir, it's not that easy a situation to walk back into. There are a lot of hard feelings in that place between Frank and me. A lot of bad feelings in general, actually. I don't think I could work under him again.

The table next to them shakes as the patron in the fedora slams his fist on the table. Kurt quickly looks over but didn't want to lose his momentum, so he returns his attention to Mr. Sanders.

KURT (CONT'D)

As I said, sir, I have principles.

CEO SANDERS

I've been thinking about that, and I believe I have the perfect solution. I'll promote you to sales manager. I'll divide the salesmen into two groups. Frank gets half and you get half.

KURT

What about Brian? He's the best salesman I've ever worked with.

CEO SANDERS

Who?

KURT

You remember Brian, sir. The guy who got fired the same day I did.

CEO SANDERS

Right. Of course. Tell Byron he can have his old route back.

Frank quietly gets up and walks over to the bar in the next room and orders a drink.

EXT. CAMPSITE

NARRATOR (V.O.)

Back at the campsite, things are going horribly wrong. The guys have decided to go fishing by moonlight—all of them except for Chuck, who decided he wasn't feeling well and should stay back and rest.

BERNIE

I can't believe that little weasel is back at the campsite having sex with Monsieur's daughter.

BRIAN

He has a lot of nerve.

Just then, Monsieur put his hand on Brian's shoulder.

MONSIEUR

Sorry, guys, we won't be able to do any fishing tonight. I forgot to bring bait.

Brian looks at his lure.

BRIAN

Oh, come on, Monsieur, we're doing fine without it.

MONSIEUR

Have you gotten any bites?

BRIAN

No, but it's the camaraderie that counts, right?

Brian's mind is whirling, but the foremost thought is to delay the inevitable as long as possible.

MONSIEUR

Relax, guys, we've got all day tomorrow to catch fish. Let's pack up and head back.

As they approach the campsite, Brian pulls Victor and Bernie aside.

BRIAN

Bernie, you go one way. Victor, you go the other way. Find Chuck before Monsieur catches him with his daughter. I'll stick with Monsieur and try to distract him.

NARRATOR (V.O.)

It was too late. The moaning was audible at thirty yards outside of camp, and as Monsieur ran toward the noise, Brian braced himself for what was surely going to be the digging of a shallow grave.

MONSIEUR

What do you think you're doing?

NARRATOR (V.O.)

Monsieur's eyes were ablaze with fury, his fists clenched and his nostrils flaring. Bernie had a flashback to reading *The Sun Also Rises* and imagined what Chuck's death would feel like at the hands of a raging French Canadian bull.

Chuck is up and dressed in thirty seconds. His clothes are rumpled, his shoes were on the wrong feet, and his shirt is inside out. Everybody is speechless except for Chuck and Monsieur Lafête.

CHUCK

So, Monsieur, catch any big fish?

MONSIEUR

Salaud!

BERNIE

What does that mean?

VICTOR (ITALIAN ACCENT)

Bastard. It means bastard.

BERNIE

You speak French, Victor?

VICTOR (ITALIAN ACCENT)

No, but angry boyfriends have cursed at me in every language and I've come to know these words.

NARRATOR

A mass of fast, twitching muscles wrapped in French-Canadian anger charged at Chuck. Lafête's daughter ducked out of the way and ran into Victor's tent, where she intended to stay until Lafête cooled off.

Chuck turns and takes off running into the woods.

INT.RESTAURANT

NARRATOR

Meanwhile, back at the restaurant, Frank sat by himself at the bar, pounding whiskeys. Kurt and the company CEO had already left. With their departure the restaurant was almost empty, and the busboys were wiping the tables. Frank's fedora sat beside him on the bench and his trench coat was on the floor.

FRANK

Excuse me, honey, I need another drink.

BARTENDER

You've had more than enough to drink tonight. Finish what you've got. We have a taxi on its way to pick you up.

FRANK

Hey, tootsie, I need another drink!

BARTENDER

I already told you, no more!

FRANK

Hey, my glass is empty, fill me up.

BARTENDER

Your cab is here. Get out of here
and go home!

EXT. RESTAURANT

She grabs his arm, guides him to the front door, puts him in the cab, closes the door and goes back into the restaurant. Frank slides to the far side of the seat, hands the driver some bills and change, and opens the opposite door.

FRANK

Thank you, my good sir, for a
smooth ride.

Frank slurs as he exits the cab and reenters the restaurant.

FRANK (CONT'D)

Excuse me, miss, may I have a
drink, pleeeeeeze?

BARTENDER

NO! You may not.

FRANK

Whaaaa? Do you work in every bar in
town?

EXT. ROAD NEAR THE CAMPSITE

The next morning Brian, Victor, and Bernie are driving down the trail, away from the campsite, and out of the wilderness. Just before they reach the highway Victor jumped in his seat.

VICTOR

Look!

Bernie and Brian turn their necks and soon see it: a crumpled pile of a human laying on the side of the trail. Chuck is half naked, pants missing. He is in the fetal position weeping softly.

BRIAN

Oh my God, this is pathetic.

They pull up next to Chuck and roll down the passenger-side window.

BRIAN (CONT'D)

Are you okay, Chuckles?

CHUCK

I think so.

BRIAN

Good.

Brian guns it, pulling twenty feet ahead.

CHUCK

Guys, c'mon.

Chuck chases after the truck.

VICTOR

Thanks for ruining our trip.

CHUCK

Now guys, wait a minute, wait for me.

Brian slows just enough for Chuck to catch up with them before driving off again. This goes on for awhile before he relents and allows Chuck into the truck.

End of Episode 1