

520

"Pilot"

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FADE IN

INT. CALL CENTER - DAY

BEEP

Murmered, chaotic mutterings form a melancholy choir below the soprano noise of ringing lines.

TODD (20s) is an overweight call center worker with bewildered eyes and a sweaty headset. You have talked to him before, and it made your day worse.

A nearly imperceptible anxiety crosses his face: he's received a new call.

CUSTOMER 1 (O.S.)
Hello? Hello!

The CUSTOMER's voice is piercing and cruel. Todd blinks himself into disassociation. Robotically:

TODD
Hi! Thank you for your patience.
You're calling OnTrak Wireless. My
name is Todd, how can I make your
day more connected?

CUSTOMER 1 (O.S.)
Fucking Christ, patience -- I've
been waiting forty minutes!

TODD
I understand we've been
experiencing longer-than-typical
wait times--

CUSTOMER 1 (O.S.)
--Ugh, don't read me the script.

TODD
Sorry.

There's an uncertain pause. Todd shifts uncomfortably in his seat.

CUSTOMER 1 (O.S.)
Look, my tablet can't connect to
Wi-Fi, and I've got a meeting in
half an hour. I really don't wanna
get mean, Todd. Do you wanna see me
get mean?

TODD
Oh -- no?

CUSTOMER 1 (O.S.)
Good boy. Then get on it.

TODD
Great. I'd love to help you with that. Can I just get a phone number for the account?

CUSTOMER 1 (O.S.)
What part of 'half an hour' don't you get, Todd?! I'm not some hourly-wage loser from--where were you from?

TODD
Arizona.

CUSTOMER 1 (O.S.)
Arizona.

TODD
Right. So I just need to identify -
-

CUSTOMER 1 (O.S.)
-- Ugh. I can hear your neck-flaps hit your chest-flub. Fat fuck.

Another pause.

TODD
Um, so if I could just track down the account we're working on today...

CUSTOMER 1 (O.S.)
623-799-9260

TODD
Great, thank you for the information.

He clacks away at the keyboard.

CUSTOMER 1 (O.S.)
So, when's the last time you pulled your stomach back far enough to see your tiny prick, Todd?

TODD
That's not really --

CUSTOMER 1 (O.S.)
-- Y'know you're doing a job that a
robot's gonna do in five years?

Todd looks embarrassed.

TODD
...no--

CUSTOMER 1 (O.S.)
--A.I.'s gonna own your ass,
Arizona. Limp dick piece of shit.

Another pause.

TODD
Great, so--

CUSTOMER 1 (O.S.)
--Fuck you.

Todd takes off the headset, wipes his face before putting it
back on.

TODD
Great, so can I get the Account
PIN?

TITLE CREDITS ROLL

EXT. DESERT ROAD - DAY

Todd's driving one-handed in a beat-up old truck. He glances
down periodically at TikToks from **KING KOWBOY** (30s), a husky
influencer with perfect teeth and a cowboy hat. Looks like a
Shane Gillis type.

In one video, he's doing doughnuts in an expensive pickup.
In the next, he's walking in slowmo, tipping his hat with an
AR-15 strapped to his chest and a caption reading
#RanchLife.

Finally, he lands on a clip of him driving his truck, lip
synching to some top 40 country song. He watches it for a
moment too long before looking back at the road with just
enough time to slam on the brakes.

He stops short of hitting a jaywalking HOUSELESS MAN,
sunburnt and shirtless, who stares Todd dead in the eyes. He
slams the hood of Todd's truck.

HOUSELESS MAN
Watch the road, fucker!

Todd quivers in his seat as the shirtless man walks off.

INT. TODD'S PARENTS' HOUSE - NIGHT

Todd and **SIERRA** (20s) are having dinner with Todd's parents and brother, **PETER** (30s). They share a meal of ready-to-go deli counter items from a local supermarket.

Sierra's energy is small. She is a highschool girlfriend who evolved to be her boyfriend's mother without ever growing up herself.

TODD'S DAD (50s) is burly and sunburnt. He's drunk and fixated on a TV with the game on in the other room.

Peter's a disheveled millennial with long, greasy hair and a buttondown that's a size too small.

TODD'S MOM (50s) walks in from the kitchen with a plate of goop, her words and movements slurred. She's dressed business casual. She is also drunk.

MOM

I've made an enchilada dump cake. I
know it's not traditional, but oh
my God, it is delicious!

Her entrance is met with silence as she makes her way to an empty seat next to Sierra.

TINA

Sierra, I know you'll try some!

She places a plate in front of the young woman and glomps a small puddle. She takes a spoonful and brings it to Sierra's mouth, who resists at first.

SIERRA

Oh, wow, that's...okay--

MOM

--Just a bite.

Sierra hesitantly opens her mouth, grimacing at the flavor.

SIERRA

Okay, that's--great, thank you.

MOM

Of course, sweetie.

Sierra looks at Todd, confused, who shrugs in frustration.

TODD
(mouthing)
What do you want?

MOM
So how's work? With the -- dog
rooms, right?

SIERRA
...do you mean grooming?

MOM
Yeah, with the the little beds--
Marvin-Marv, can you turn the TV
off?

Dad turns to her angrily.

DAD
What?

MOM
We are eating dinner!

DAD
Cowboys are on!

They stare at each other with decades suppressed rage. He
turns back to the TV.

PETER
(to Dad)
Our Cowboys are champions...radiant
knights gliding through the field.

DAD
What are you talking about?

MOM
And Todd, what about you?

TODD
Uh...

MOM
You're still doing phone calls, or
something?

TODD
Oh, yeah. Been, like--a few years.

MOM
Hm. Well, you always hated change,
I guess.

Sierra's eyes widen while Todd's remained fixed on his plate. Suddenly, Dad slams his hand on the table.

DAD
DAMMIT!!

He'd been triggered by something gone wrong in the game, but quickly returns to neutral.

INT. BEDROOM - NIGHT

Todd's making out with Sierra. They're in bed. She reaches down below the sheets. He grunts. She smiles.

SIERRA
Fuck, you're so hard.

TODD
(unconvinced)
Yeah, I'm so hard for you, babe.

SIERRA
Mhm.

She kisses him, and lowers herself onto him. She looks down at his face. His eyes are shut tight, teeth biting his lip to stifle his moans. He looks like a child getting a flu shot.

SIERRA (CONT'D)
Mm--babe?

He stays clenched.

TODD
Yeah?

SIERRA
Are you okay?

TODD
(stressed)
Yeah! It's so good.

SIERRA
Okay.

She picks up speed.

SIERRA (CONT'D)
Fuck...

His eyes stay shut. Eyebrows knit.

SIERRA (CONT'D)
Mph, Todd...
(a beat)
Look at me.

TODD
What?

SIERRA
I just wanna see your eyes...

She rubs her hand along his cheek.

SIERRA (CONT'D)
Baby, please.

TODD
Okay! Okay.

He takes a deep breath, steeling himself. After a moment, he leans his head up and opens his eyes wide. He looks crazed and stressed, not dissimilar to a school shooter.

She bursts into laughter -- not in a mean way. Familiar, loving. She thinks it's cute.

His face lowers at the sound, and she stops riding. He looks down below the sheets.

TODD (CONT'D)
What the fuck, Sierra!

She falls back on the bed, still laughing. His cheeks are red with embarrassment, rubbing rapidly at his newly-softened member.

TODD (CONT'D)
Why would you -- I need focus!

Her laughter subsides, and she watches him, bemused.

TODD (CONT'D)
It's like benihana, or some shit.
You can't just distract me.

SIERRA
Oh my God! You're being such a baby.

A moment passes. He glances up at her with a deflated ego before focusing back.

SIERRA (CONT'D)
Babe, it's okay.

She leans up, reaching for his manhood.

SIERRA (CONT'D)
Here, baby. Let mama help.

He swats her hand away.

TODD
No!

She clutches her hand and shifts back. Her expression lowers. He's still honed in on his privates. She looks away, suddenly humorless. After a long pause:

SIERRA
Todd, I think we should break up.

His strokes slow before finally stopping. His face is blank as he finally locks eyes with her.

INT. PRESTON'S HOUSE - NIGHT

Todd's walking with a duffel bag through a ratty apartment inhabited by, what at first glance appears to be, a cum sock factory.

His friend PRESTON (20s), some white kid, leads him down the hall, gesticulating with a poor Drake imitation as he talks.

PRESTON
Alright, Scrote, shower's clogged so we usually just use deodorant. If you need a fork, I think we've got one in the sink.

TODD
Cool. Thanks, dude.

A DOG follows Todd, humping his leg as he repeatedly attempts to shake it off.

INT. PRESTON'S BEDROOM - LATER

Todd's awake on a half-inflated air mattress. He looks over at Preston asleep in his twin bed with crusty sheets. The *Madden '15* poster on the wall. The unopened box of Magnum condoms on his nightstand.

He turns over. Pulls out his phone. Into YouTube, he types, "how to grow up". The first result is a sponsored video from King Kowboy. It's titled, "BE A MAN: URGENT!". Todd clicks.

After a short intro montage of manly deeds, the influencer's standing in his sprawling kitchen, leaning over a marble countertop.

KING KOWBOY

Sup, fuckers. It's your man, King Kowboy. Lately, I've been getting a shitload of questions about how I was able to become the pussy-pounding mantrepreneur you see before you.

Todd nods along.

TODD

Literally, yeah.

KING KOWBOY

And it's true, I've got it all; the big house, the Asian wife, the long-time friendship with Steelers Quarterback Ben Roethlisberger.

TODD

Holy shit.

KING KOWBOY

But I wasn't always the Wild-Western maverick you see before you.

An image appears on screen of King Kowboy in his teens. He looks mostly the same but skinnier.

KING KOWBOY (CONT'D)

I used to be just another virgin from Corpus Christie: the dorky kid of some high-level oil executive.

(a beat)

Just like you.

INT. MANSION - DAY

Todd appears in King Kowboy's kitchen. He looks around in amazement before staring back to his hero, who smirks with a knowing grin.

TODD

Like me?

KING KOWBOY

Yeah, Todd. Like you.

He forward and clasps his shoulder. Todd's eyes widen in wonder.

KING KOWBOY (CONT'D)
I knew you were a real one.

INT. MANSION HALLWAY - MOMENTS LATER

Todd tails behind King Kowboy as they wander the vast halls of the ranch. He looks around in amazement at the assortment of HYPER-MASCULINE FIGURES; soldiers, athletes, knights, pilots, CEOs, etc.

They all chat and mingle, drinks in hand. A football player throws a pass to a police officer, while a fireman and viking wrestle on the floor.

KING KOWBOY
Welcome to the Dude Ranch.

A ROMAN CENTURION nods to the influencer as he briskly walks by.

CENTURION
King Kowboy.

He nods back.

KING KOWBOY
My elite inter-network social media community and masculinity education program designed by ME, King Kowboy. For YOU.

TODD
I've always wanted to be part of a media inter-network immunity.

KING KOWBOY
I know, bro.

INT. GYM - CONTINUOUS

KK and Todd enter a vast Avengers-style gym where TRAINERS are screaming at SWEATEY MEN on treadmills and lifting weights and stuff. They continue walking.

KING KOWBOY
You think just anybody would click that link? It takes a certain kind of man. The kind who wants to claim his kingdom.

He turns to look at Todd as he walks.

KING KOWBOY (CONT'D) (CONT'D)
When's the last time you really
felt like you had any power over
your own life? Like any choices you
made actually mattered?

Todd shrugs, dumbfounded. The influencer chuckles and turns
back around.

KING KOWBOY (CONT'D) (CONT'D)
Thought so.
(a beat)
We work shittier jobs for less
money, compete on dating apps for
fewer viable mating partners, all
for a stake in a world that forgets
we exist. And then they call us
depressed.

He turns to Todd, scoffing.

KING KOWBOY (CONT'D) (CONT'D)
What if I told you there was a
legitimate psychological study out
there saying depression doesn't
even exist?

They arrive at their destination; a wide, wooden door.

KING KOWBOY (CONT'D) (CONT'D)
Lucky for you, I know the way out.

The door creaks open and Todd peers inside: a team of
SCIENTISTS in white lab coats rush about a busy laboratory
with bubbling beakers and big, important-looking documents.
One of the beakers clearly reads TESTOSTERONE.

INT. PRESTON'S BEDROOM - CONTINUOUS

Todd's on the Dude Ranch website.

KING KOWBOY
All this can be yours, guided by my
elite team of Domination Experts.
All you have to do is saddle up and
ride.

EXT. PETER'S HOUSE - DAY

Todd's in his truck. It's full of his belongings, a futon
tied down sloppily in the back.

He's staring at the front yard of a ranch style home in the suburbs of East Tucson. It's littered with junk and San Pedro cactus growing in large, unkempt clumps.

Peter exits the building. He waves wildly at Todd with a wide smile. Todd nods back to him.

EXT. PETER'S HOUSE - MOMENTS LATER

They're carrying a dresser together that Todd overstuffeds. They both buckle under its weight, struggling and sweating while Todd walks backwards.

PETER
You got it?

TODD
Shut up! Just-shut up.

He steps back into the cactus behind him.

TODD (CONT'D)
Fuck!

Peter bursts into laughter.

PETER
You've been kissed by San Pedro,
baby brother!

EXT. PETER'S HOUSE - LATER

Todd's trying to angle a box into the doorway. It blocks his vision, so Peter gives him instruction.

PETER
No, left -- almost. Not that far
left -- okay, up, then right. I
mean left. Ohhhkay, and you're
good.

He tries to pull it through. It falls out of his hand and drops to the floor.

EXT. PETER'S HOUSE - SUNSET

The futon's on the sidewalk. Todd's truck is almost empty. He sits uncomfortably while Peter sits next to him, eyes closed. He practices Mongolian throat singing. He isn't very good.

He finally takes a deep breath, stretches his neck, and opens his eyes.

PETER

I went to a Mongolian death metal concert at the Rialto last week. It was...intractable.

Todd scratches the back of his head.

TODD

That's sick, dude.

Peter stretches out his arms and legs before finally sitting normally.

PETER

I'm glad you called me, brother.

He reaches out to squeeze his brother's shoulder. Todd scoots away from him.

TODD

Yeah man. I just think me and Preston just have, like, differing goals that don't, um--synergize.

Peter looks at him compassionately. After a moment:

PETER

Well, my kingdom is yours. My wine, my women, my song.

TODD

You don't have women.

Peter shakes his head.

PETER

But I have the Rincons.

He nods to the mountains defining Tucson's Eastern border. They're near, rounded, and shadowed, the sunset's orange and yellow reflected in a forest of Saguaro cactus.

He gives Todd a knowing smirk. Todd's confused.

INT. BEDROOM - NIGHT

Todd's on the Dude Ranch discord server. Dozens of people chat about their masculine journeys, but none of them have names; only numbers. He enters, 'do yall know king kowboy?'

He suddenly receives a deluge of messages: 'nonum bitch', 'fuck u nonum', etc. He replies 'FUCK OFF UR NONUM'.

His eyes widen when he receives a private message: SIGMUND (30's). The message reads: 'welcome, nonum'. Todd hesitates before replying: 'who are you??'

After a moment, he receives a response: 'ur domination expert'.

Another message comes; a zoom link. Todd's eyes widen and he piles up his sheets to raise up the laptop before clicking on it.

His camera's on, but Sigmund's isn't; he only sees a still image of digital rain from 'The Matrix'. Sigmund's eating chips or something, and he hears loud crunching.

TODD

Hello?

The crunching continues. After a moment:

SIGMUND (O.S.)

You're stacking your computer.

TODD

What?

SIGMUND (O.S.)

So you look less fat.

(munching)

Fix it.

Todd quickly obeys. The laptop lies flat on his bed. Sigmund continues eating.

TODD

Do you know King Kowboy?

SIGMUND (O.S.)

Of course.

(munching)

I am his trusted domination expert.

Why have you joined the Dude Ranch?

TODD

To get back my girlfriend.

SIGMUND (O.S.)

Is she virtuous?

TODD

Um--yeah, I think.

SIGMUND (O.S.)

Doubtful.

(MORE)

SIGMUND (CONT'D)
(more munching)
Stand up. Let me see you.

TODD
Oh, okay.

Todd stands and steps back.

SIGMUND (O.S.)
Take off the shirt.

TODD
What?

SIGMUND (O.S.)
Do it.

He hesitates, but after a moment removes it.

SIGMUND (O.S.) (CONT'D)
And the pants.

He takes off his pants.

SIGMUND (O.S.) (CONT'D)
And the boxer-briefs.

TODD
Dude!

SIGMUND (O.S.)
I cannot help what I cannot see.

Humiliated, Todd fully undresses, eyes avoiding the screen.

SIGMUND (O.S.) (CONT'D)
Now turn.

He turns around, back facing the screen.

SIGMUND (O.S.) (CONT'D)
Bend.

He bends down. The sound of Sigmund's munching continues in the background.

TODD
I don't see the point--

SIGMUND (O.S.)
Show me the anus.

Todd hesitates, but closes his eyes and does as commanded, spreading his cheeks apart. From Sigmund's end, Todd hears a pounding on the door, followed by:

DRIVER (O.S.)
Hey, Postmates for Joshua?

SIGMUND (O.S.)
(muffled)
Yeah, give me just a minute.
(normal)
Good. You may cover yourself.

He stands up and starts to put on his clothing again.

SIGMUND (O.S.)(CONT'D) (CONT'D)
From now on, you have no name. No identity. The world has removed your manhood, and with it, your humanity. Until we restore it, you are only a number: five-two-zero.

TODD
Wait--that's my area code.

A long pause.

SIGMUND
Life is not a fun game, five-two-zero. Or a particularly good one. But it can be won. And right now, you are fat. I am assigning you the Diamond of Athletics. You will be receiving a YouTube playlist tomorrow.

The call disconnects.

EXT. CALL CENTER - DAY

Todd's approaching the entrance of his call center. Preston's walking with him, ad-libbing a complaint about a recent Fortnite update or something. He looks in concern at a sight in the parking lot.

The same shirtless man as before is standing with a long stick that he's sharpened into a spear. He stares back at Todd, licking the tip in an act of simultaneous aggression and seduction.

INT. CALL CENTER - DAY

He's sitting at a computer next to **MARINA** (30s), his supervisor at the call center. Her desk is littered with fidget toys and pictures of her kids.

She has a chart of nonsensical metrics splayed on the screen, observing them with half-interest while Todd nods off, exhausted from the previous night.

TODD
Did you see Antman?

MARINA
Which one?

TODD
The new one.

A beat.

MARINA
No.

TODD
Oh. It's bad.

MARINA
So, your MNRTG's looking good,
we're looking for a 55 and you're
at a 58, so no complaints there...

TODD
Um, yeah, the MFRTC, been working
on that.

MARINA
'TG'. There's a 'G'.

TODD
Cool.

MARINA
Um, besides that, revenue isn't
bad, same with Q-Hawk. There are a
couple things we need to discuss.

TODD
Oh, shit--

MARINA
--Please don't curse.
(MORE)

MARINA (CONT'D)

(a beat)

Okay, so first, there's an issue of adherence. As you know, MAVRON expects us to be taking calls 97 percent of the time we're clocked in. Right now, it looks like you're at--

TODD

--I think it's like 92?

MARINA

79.

TODD

Right, yeah.

MARINA

On top of that, quality assurance was combing through our call recordings, and they came across this.

She plays a recording off her computer. The voice of Todd and another CUSTOMER come through muffled.

CUSTOMER 2 (O.S.)

Absolutely fucking ridiculous. I swear to God, I've been an OnTrak customer for fifteen years but I'm heading straight to Verizon--

TODD (O.S.)

--Hey, um...shut up.

A stunned silence. Todd looks down at the floor, while Marina purses her lip.

CUSTOMER 2

What did you just say?

TODD (O.S.)

Um...

(sound of shuffling)

I'm 'taking control of the interaction and leading with my ape-chest'.

(a beat)

Fuck you.

Marina pauses it.

MARINA

I'm just gonna stop it there. Do you see what the problem is?

TODD

Yeah, so I've just been, um, practicing my assertiveness, and like, 'dominability', so--

MARINA

--Okay, Todd, how long have you been here?

TODD

Like four years?

MARINA

Right. And we haven't seen any of these issues before. But this behavior is completely unacceptable. And as far as the adherence goes--

TODD

--That's just bathroom, probably.

She stares at him, waiting for him to change his story. He doesn't.

MARINA

For half an hour a day?

TODD

Yeah.

(a beat)

Like--pooping?

She stops, really wishing he had said something else. Anything else, really. She scratches her forehead.

TODD (CONT'D)

I've been cutting back on water, since King Kowboy says overhydration can lead to, um, increased estrogen produciton--

MARINA

--Todd! Do you care about this job?

He lies.

TODD

Yes.

MARINA

Okay, because this is a formal warning.

She groans.

MARINA (CONT'D)

You know...I started working here sixteen years ago. And, everyday, before I started my shift, I went into the bathroom and threw up.

TODD

What?

MARINA

Vomited. Every day.

(a beat)

It all stopped when I figured out how to work here.

TODD

Really?

MARINA

Just pretend someone's taking over your body and using it to take calls, and the real you is far away.

INT. TODD'S ROOM - EVENING

He's sitting up in bed now, staring at his laptop.

He's watching one of King Kowboy's courses, a notebook in his hand. The influencer paces around his massive home gym in expensive, KK-branded workout gear.

KING KOWBOY

The first step in your quest to total domination is to master your body. How can you control your family estate if you can't control your workout routine? How can you master the crypto market without mastering your diet?

Todd writes this down.

TODD

(under his breath)

Exactly.

King Kowboy comes upon a set of weights and motions to his husky torso.

KING KOWBOY

The untrained eye might see my
physique and mistake bulk for flab.
But make no mistake-what you see
before you is a hardened mass of
pure muscle, capable of overcoming
massive obstacles--

He lifts a hefty barbell with one arm and performs a perfect curl before setting it back on the rack.

KING KOWBOY (CONT'D) (CONT'D)

--and even the most dangerous
opponents.

A SPARRING PARTNER appears from offscreen, aiming a handgun menacingly at the influencer. King Kowboy quickly grabs the weapon, disarming him before tossing the man to the ground.

TODD

Fucking sick.

The scene shifts and he's walking towards the camera on a field at his ranch.

KING KOWBOY

You can't learn to dominate without
discipline. This is the secret of
the Diamond of Athletics.

A spinning, silver graphic of a diamond with a dumbbell in the middle of it appears on screen. It shrinks and moves to a corner.

KING KOWBOY (CONT'D) (CONT'D)

And if you don't know where to get
started, I suggest you access your
inner hunter and go for a run.

King Kowboy howls like a wolf and bursts into a sprint. There's an obvious cut in the editing and he's replaced by a BODY DOUBLE, who runs off into the horizon. Todd watches, amazed.

EXT. SUBURBAN STREET - MOMENTS LATER

Todd's jogging. At first, he's pumped. After about a block, he starts faltering, coughing and wheezing, before collapsing to the floor.

He's panting erratically. A WOMAN walking her dog avoids him, pulling the animal away when it tries to sniff him. Peter moves over him, staring down, confused.

PETER
Is it time for libations?

TODD
What?

PETER
Drinks. You wanna get drinks?

TODD
Oh. Yeah.

PETER
Good. We gotta stop at Fry's,
though.

INT. SUPERMARKET - DAY

Todd's walking down the aisles of a supermarket with Peter. Peter's pushing the cart, while Todd looks around, distracted.

PETER
If you really think about it, there
isn't any evidence that Tolkien
DIDN'T do acid. The hobbits are
obviously the inner child, which,
in the realm of psychonautic
literature--

TODD
--Hey, I'm gonna get some orange
juice.

He walks away. Escapes, really.

PETER
Okay, extra pulp, please!

INT. SUPERMARKET - MOMENTS LATER

Todd's walking alone. He stops after seeing something curious; an OLDER MAN with tanning-bed orange skin, perfectly white hair and teeth, and a tight, botoxed face.

He's walking through the egg aisle, taking one from each carton and dropping them on the floor. He looks up and catches Todd's gaze before raising a finger to his lips as if to shush him.

INT. DIVE BAR - NIGHT

Todd sits in a booth with Peter, Preston, his other friend, TRENT (20s) and TRENT'S FRIEND. All of them are drunk already, but Preston's the drunkest.

PRESTON

(slurred)

Here's the thing you gotta remember
about women dude--they love
attention. That's all this is.

TODD

I don't--really?

PRESTON

Bro. when I lived with Gabby, she
tried to break up with me all the
time. I'd call her up, tell her I
needed her, I'm nothing without
her...that's all they wanna hear,
bro.

He starts laughing with an unaware sadness. The other men
become uncomfortable.

PRESTON (CONT'D)

I even told her I was gonna kill
myself, one time!

The other men react in shock. Preston's laughing
hysterically.

PRESTON (CONT'D)

Fuck, I wrote a whole-ass note, was
looking up rope and shit--

TODD

--Were you gonna do it?!

PRESTON

Dude, that's not the point.

TRENT'S FRIEND

(muttered)

The fuck is wrong with you...

TRENT

Hey, forget that shit, man. Sierra
was fucking cold.

TODD

Really?

TRENT

Scrote. She didn't fuck with any of us. What you NEED is some new ass.

PRESTON

Exactly, Scrote.

TRENT'S FRIEND

Hey...why do y'all call him 'Scrote'?

Preston and Trent start burst out laughing. Todd slinks into his seat.

TODD

Can we not--

TRENT

--Bro, it's a classic. So, senior year of high school, bro was still JV football. Last game of the season, dude RIPS open his fucking ballsack on an interception!

Preston, Trent, and Trent's friend start cackling.

TRENT (CONT'D)

Shit was all over the newspaper. Fuck, I remember Sierra crying and shit.

TODD

It fucking hurt.

TRENT

Don't be a bitch, dog.

TODD

Fuck you.

TRENT

The fuck you say?

TODD

Fuck you! Shut the fuck up!

The two men stand in their seats. The other men react, Peter putting his hands on Todd's shoulders.

TRENT

Fucking--I don't need this shit. If you're done moping and you're ready to tap some ass, let me know.

Preston, Trent, and Trent's friend leave. Todd and Peter are alone.

MONTAGE BEGINS

The brothers engage in a Peter-led binge; drinking, sucking at pool, eating bar food.

INT. DIVE BAR - LATER

The brothers are in front of a karaoke machine, screaming the lyrics to a white reggae song. Peter dances around the bar erratically, doing little twirls and flourishes as he passes by semi-amused bar guests.

Todd, meanwhile, stands staring at the karaoke machine somberly. He can barely keep up with the lyrics, overwhelmed and exhausted.

A DRUNK WOMAN approaches him: grabbing his hands, singing along, etc. An older swinger type. Equal parts cheer-up, seduction, drunken randomness, and bullying. Todd pulls away from her.

TODD

Get off me.

She doesn't relent. She swings her arms around his neck. Sings louder. Her FRIENDS take notice and cheer her on, ad-libbing lines about young dick.

TODD (CONT'D)

No, stop it. Stupid.

The friends only grow louder as she starts grinding on him. Todd looks humiliated. Peter continues flouncing. Todd finally rips her off of him. She looks shocked.

TODD (CONT'D)

Fucking STOP IT!

The music cuts. Everyone's staring at him. After a minute:

WOMAN

(sarcastically)

What? Are you gay?

Her friends cackle.

TODD

Fuck you!

He storms out.

PETER
And THAT is my cue to close out.

EXT. DIVE BAR - MOMENTS LATER

Todd stumbles out into the sandy parking lot. The night is crisp.

TODD
Fucking... bitch...

He paces in a drunken circle before he finally pulls out his phone. He places a call. There's desperation in his voice.

TODD (CONT'D)
Baby?

Sierra's voice pierces through the other line. It's shocked. Nervous.

SIERRA (O.S.)
...Todd?

TODD
Baby!

SIERRA (O.S.)
Hey.

Silence. Todd moves to a railing overlooking a wash: the dry riverbeds that cover Tucson's landscape. He stares at the brush and the evidence of the animals and houseless people who traverse it.

TODD
Um...how are you?

SIERRA (O.S.)
(quietly)
I'm okay.

TODD
Yeah? That's good. It's good you're okay.
(then, mumbled)
I bet the apartment's easier now.

SIERRA (O.S.)
What was that?

TODD
Like, to clean. Since I'm not,
like, leaving shit everywhere.

She chuckles. A small smile on his face.

SIERRA (O.S.)
Oh, yeah. For sure.

A pause.

TODD
Look, I get why you broke up with me.
(a beat)
Like, for so long, I've been a complacent and docile male, when what you needed was a confident, dominant silverback.

Another pause.

SIERRA (O.S.)
What the hell are you talking about?

His face lowers.

TODD
And I know you need time, that's like -- it's totally fine, I can wait--

SIERRA (O.S.)
--Todd, don't wait for me.

Her voice starts cracking with emotion.

TODD
And I get I'm a loser--

SIERRA (O.S.)
(sobbing)
--You're not a loser!

TODD
And I'm fat, and I'm poor--

SIERRA (O.S.)
--Todd...

TODD
And sometimes, my dick can't get hard, but I'll take pills! And I'll take you out more, and I'll start running again!

SIERRA (O.S.)
Please, just stop...

TODD
Because I LOVE YOU, Sierra! And I
know I didn't say it enough, but I
will. Baby I promise, I will! I
fucking LOVE you!
(then)
And at some fucking point in my
life, I have to win! I need a
fucking WIN!

There's a long pause. He can hear her sobbing on the other line.

TODD (CONT'D)
Sierra...are you crying?

SIERRA
Yeah.
(a beat, sniffing)
Please don't call me.

She hangs up. He stares at the phone, then places it in his pocket. Then, he screams. Wordlessly, into the wash. It echoes in the night. Distant dogs bark in agreement.

EXT. DIVE BAR - MOMENTS LATER

Todd's still there, panting. Suddenly, Peter comes up from behind and wraps his arms around him. He's drunker than before.

PETER
Careful, baby brother!

He kisses him on the cheek.

PETER (CONT'D)
You'll aliven the hounds!

TODD
Ugh. Get the fuck off me, dude.
Fucking creepy.

Peter obliges and moves next to him on the railing. He looks up. They're in the middle of the city, and there's a sky full of stars. It's Tucson, after all.

PETER
Look at the stars...
(MORE)

PETER (CONT'D)
(wistfully)
"I have loved the stars too truly
to be fearful of the night."

TODD
What?

PETER
Serena Williams.

Todd hears rustling in the foliage and looks back to the wash; a family of JAVELINAS scavenge the underbrush for food.

PETER (CONT'D) (CONT'D)
What is it?

TODD
Javelinas.
(a beat)
I've been taking a course. About
manhood. Domination. It's King
Kowboy, so--pretty useful.
Sexually, and financially.

Todd watches them, and Peter joins him. They snort and squeal while digging through trash and refuse. After a moment:

PETER
You know, you never see them, but
Javelinas are everywhere. Just out
of sight, moving through the dust
behind our houses.
(a beat)
And they're ugly, dirty, and smell
like shit.
(another beat)
But they're persistent.

He rubs Todd on the shoulder. The younger man doesn't move away.

PETER (CONT'D)
I'm your brother, at least in this
lifetime. In lifetimes before, I've
shared great wisdom as your
teacher. As a calf, suckled
hungrily at your bursting udder.

Todd attempts to pull away, but Peter clutches onto him.

PETER (CONT'D) (CONT'D)
And I know, as your brother, that
you'll be okay.

EXT. SUBURBAN STREET - SUNRISE

Todd jogs in a hoodie and basketball shorts down the suburban streets of East Tucson. He suddenly stops by the side of the road. He tries to stop himself, but finally gives in and vomits violently.

He stays there panting for a moment. Then he looks up. He watches the sun rise from the East over the Rincon Mountains. A small, timid smile creeps onto his lips.

He starts to jog again at a slower pace, and the sun continues to rise.

ROLL CREDITS.

FADE TO BLACK.

THE END