

KJ - Pilot

by

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ACT I

INT - BEDROOM - DAY

MAN, mid to late 20s slim built, unappealing face, the epitome of a cog in the machine, is sitting in his mundane studio apartment bedroom staring at an object in his drawer.

MAN (V.O)

25 years, and 364 days. That's 311, months, 1351 weeks, 2192 days, 52,656 hours 3,159,360 minutes, and 18,938,800 seconds. I've been floating aimlessly on the atmospheric cue ball We. Call. Home.
(grabs knife in drawer)

Man slams drawer shut.

MAN (V.O)

It seems like every day after highschool has been a pathetic attempt to make myself seem important? Validated? I don't know.

MAN (V.O)

Oh right, you can hear me. This is the part where I fill you in on my life, well... Existence.

INT - MONTAGE - DAY

Cartoon-like montage of Man's life plays

MAN (V.O)

I'm a mid level manager of SLC Landscaping. Which is a gloried term for "I tell 1.0 GPA students and convicted felons which millionaires lawn need trimming"

MAN (V.O)

I make decent money. Not enough to buy a home but enough to keep me out of abject poverty. Not enough for a new Sierra Denali, let alone a Suburban, but enough for a alternate mode on transportation, we'll get back to that. I can't say the same for my subordinates. Deep down I don't know who the hell would want to get up, quarter 'till 6 to trim the hedges for people whose watches are more expensive than their left testicle. Somebody has to do it, I guess. I would ask them how they make rent if I had the balls. My speculation, government assistance.

MAN (V.O)

Didn't I say something important before? Oh, about how I want to turn by bed to a Pollock painting?

Spatter paint is displayed on the screen.

INT - HALLWAY - DAY

Man gets out of bed, walks to the bathroom, and talks to camera.

MAN

Quite frankly. I'm tired of it. All of this.

Man looks out the window.

MAN

Look at it. So... So... Blah
(slams shades shut)
Gosh I don't know if there's a word for it. But it's crippling.

INT - BATHROOM - DAY

Man gets ready for work.

MAN

It never changes. Nothing. I'm stuck in this cycle of waking up. Opening up Twitter to see what Kanye said about his rich friends, taking a cold shower that's SUPPOSED to boost testosterone but makes me reluctant to step in the bath. Shit. Brush. Shave. And Eat.

Man is brushing teeth on the toilet.

MAN

And on some real shit, I don't want it to change either. Cause what if I get every thing I want in life, M3 Bimmer, constant sex, and T-bone steaks cheese eggs and cranberry juice for breakfast lunch and dinner, and I still feel this void. Then what?

MAN

And from what I've heard. There's an added stress to success too. It's like hearing about your favorite child actor getting addicted to heroin. Or how Obama was funneling 2 packs of cigs a day.

Man spits out tooth paste In the bathtub and turns on the faucet.

INT - KITCHEN - DAY

Man puts Jamaican beef patty in microwave and brews coffee. He scrolls on his phone in between eating.

MAN

The way I look at it, from every vantage point, the same question arises, what the fuck is the point?

KENT

I know what you're thinking "if you feel this way about everything why don't you seek help?" Who do I go to? I'm not depressed. I'm not anxious. Nor do I want to be put on any type of medication that makes my dick limp.

MAN

Plus what would I even tell a therapist?

INT - THERAPY OFFICE CUT AWAY - DAY

Cutaway of man in therapy

MAN (V.O)

"the cyclical rhythm of repeat is so useless to my existence that I'm thinking about terminating it, all together and if and when the slightest glimer of hope arises, the feelings that cause me to remain in this state theater back to me like an industrial magnet?"

THERAPIST

Here's your Zoloft, Kent.

KENT (V.O)

Oh, my name is Kent by the way.

His name is KENT by the way.

KENT

Please doc. I don't want another vice that only hinders the issue. Do you have any... Any thing that will... FIX what I'm feeling.

THERAPIST

(monotone)

Diet, Exercise, and y- y- you know the rest.

INT - KITCHEN - DAY

Kent is seated at the kitchen table holding his phone.

KENT

But can you relate to that? Working at a job that could can your ass at any moment, but at the same time, wouldn't be upset of your firing because you don't even respect it enough to put on your Facebook bio

Man is on phone looking through Facebook

KENT (V.O)

See, Most of the guys I grew up with are working in corporate banks or doing construction. Seriously. No in between. I think one dude actually made it to Wall Street. But had got let go cause of some trading thing. Or his male escort sold pictures of him to the Sun Magazine with a pineapple up his- ah who cares...

EXT - OUTSIDE APARTMENT - DAY

Kent walks out door

KENT

The chicks, on the other hand either married an attorney they found studying for their LSAT at 11 PM in the University of South Carolina 24 hour Campus Library. Or got knocked up by their highschool sweetheart and take residency in daddy's pool house. And I know what you're thinking. Yes, people from my old stomping grounds were loaded.

INT - OFFICE - DAY

Kent is seated in his office watching Nikocado Avocado on Youtube.

KENT (V.O)

Either way I'd take that over this dull existence. It's 9:30 AM and my attention span can only stay focus of the gluttony of ni-

Office door opens hastily.

INT - CORPORATE - DAY

MR. PETERS, 60 year old, prim and proper, nepotism child (inherited company from after dads passing) walks in.

MR. PETERS

Dan the Man, How's everything going

KENT

I- It's Kent, sir.

MR. PETERS

Oh sorry, how you doing today

KENT

Uh, Not to bad and yours-

MR. PETERS

(changes tone)

Listen. Here having several complaints of drivers parking in the driveways when I specifically faxed you over a memo regarding the discrepancy, last Saturday.

KENT (V.O)

This bitch. I work 45 hours a week at a warehouse where the break room is rumored to be haunted by a ragtime pianist, and he has the audacity to dump a load of grunt work for on my day off. You mother-

KENT

I'm sorry sir. I'll take a look at it right away.

MR. PETERS

You need to be more productive, Dan. When my dad was 18, he started everything you see here from a John Deere and a Datsun pickup; The first self made millionaire of our bloodline. Upon his retirement, he bestowed me, to keep the legacy going. And our ship will falter over and SINK if we don't batten down the hatches, do you understand my French?

KENT

I do sir.

MR. PETERS

Good, now I don't want to be coming in this office again with more nonsense.

Mr. Peters leaves

KENT (V.O)

That fucking prick. What does he know about hard work?

Kent talks to the camera.

KENT

You know what I hate about boomers. They were brought up in the most affluent time of American existence, were in their 20's with the best MUSIC of American history. Have 51% of all the wealth in this country. have the audacity to tell us to 'pull ourselves up by our bootstraps. The heal no longer has arch support and the laces have been frayed. Gosh is Keven O'learynism A term or WHAT?

Kent sits down and opens up Ebay.

KENT

Who knows. But listen, can I buy a hot tub, new sneakers, and a packet of Hot Pockets on the same website and have it delivered the same day, perhaps. But that doesn't mean that our lives are "easier" . It's just more convient.

KENT

And worst of all, is their lost of touch with the general population. Sorry to bum you out. But the American dream, that. A "dream".
WHAT THE FUCK IS THE POINT OF CLIMBING THE LADDER OF SUCCESS WHEN FISCAL LIBERATION IS TOUCHING GOODYEAR BLIMP ON A STANDING VERTICAL JUMP?

Kent Sees Mr. Peters

KENT (V.O)

I mean look at this bitch, strutting around town in dead fathers Cadillac Fleetwood Brougham.

Car moves over revealing Kent's scooter

KENT (V.O)

Oh and there's my ride. Classy ain't it?

Checks Email. Email says: Conduct Standup meeting regarding parking safety.

KENT

(sighs and rubs his face)
For those of you unfamiliar to the blue collar lifestyle, a stand up meeting is a gathering of all of the staff before the shift begins. It's sort of like a daily pep talk. Well WAS daily, before the pandemic hit. Nowadays if one is being conducted that Usually means that there are items stolen from the persons house, people were speeding on the highway, or my personal favorite, the delinquent worker siphoning diesel from the Sprinter for personal use.

KENT

Seriously. It's happened before.

Kent gets up and practices his speech

KENT

Can I have everybody's attention

KENT

Excuse me can I have your attention

KENT

Before we lode out I need to

KENT (V.O)

Gosh, this is like the lousiest "you taking to me scene ever"

INT - HITCHHIKER - DAY

HITCHHIKER is scene getting ready for the day in a drugstore bathroom

STORE WORKER

(pounds door) I know
you're stealing. Get
your ass out!

HITCHHIKER

Just a minute.

STORE WORKER

I Don't wanna have to call the-

Hitchhiker opens door and hastily walks out.

HITCHHIKER

All done.

EXT - HITCHHIKER - DAY

Hitchhiker, walking in a street looks out through a restaurant window. He Checks his Amex Account on his phone. His Venture X card has been turned off by the owner.

Hitchhiker's phone rings. He picks it up and puts it to his ear.

MAN ON PHONE

(angry)

You know you a real peace of work
you know that Every fucking
opportunity. Every, internship, the
recommendation letters, and don't
for get the SUV, you toss away. And
now look what what is gotten you.
What do know what your mother feels
about this. Oh like she feels
anything with all that collagen up
her flat ass.

HITCH HIKER.

Loo-

MAN ON PHONE

D- Don't even speak. I know your
financial situation. Goodness, that
the only reason you called. And
quite frankly I'm done. You're cut
off. You need bread get a job. Or
go collect sperm like your whore of
a mo-

Hitchhiker throws phone. It makes a loud thud at a restaurant wall.

Camera man walks in restaurant. He spots Kent eating alone.

INT - CRACKER BARREL DAY

Kent is sitting at a table

KENT

You hear that?

KENT

Who knows... Anyway, right about
now I usually would eat my packed
Snickers and Slim Jim. But since I
figured that since the end draws
nigh, I deplete my Bank of America
savings

WAITRESS walks to Kent's table

WAITRESS

Good afternoon sir, what would you like to order.

KENT

Oh Hi, do you have any recommendations for a person who hates his life, himself, and you too?

WAITRESS

Oh, Certainly, for our 2 for 20 I'd recommend you getting the Double Crunch Shrimp to remind you for your inability to satisfy a woman, and pair it off with a Cesar Salad, because I want to stab you with a butter knife.

KENT

Oh believe me, I do too. And can I wash it down with a Diet Pepsi, witch you obviously spat in?

WAITRESS

You know me so well. The order will be right out in 3 hours.

KENT

And I'll be sure to leave you a 25 cent tip. But then again you're a day time waitress so your that's two weeks pay.

Kent and Waitress both laugh. Waitress walks away.

KENT

This obviously is some sort of metaphor. I do find chain joints comforting. Like this one and Cracker barrel The darkened lights give you this sense of anonymity. It's just you and the old woman eating scrambled eggs at noon. I have a deep respect for old people tho. They made through all the muck and get to finally... We'll I don't really know. Finally "live". Cause what's living when your who body shakes, you can't hear nor see that well, and when a daily workout is opening the front door?

Waitress brings Kent his plate.

KENT

(speaks to waitress)

Thank you.

Kent speaks in between taking bites.

KENT

I use to be an overnight receptionist at a nursing home, somewhere in the outskirts of Riverside. The job was chill. But the place had a strong connotation of "fuck you" towards it. And that being, my kids left me here because I'm a burden. It's like, you have a room devoted to your crystals because some Youtube hippie said it would open your third eye chakra, but CRYSTAL your aging mother has to bunk with a stranger who keeps making telephone calls with her stool? Damn I'm ruining my appetite. But for real, I'm searching for reasons to deep going, but all roads are pointing me towards... A break.

INT - CAR - NIGHT

DRIVER, 40 is caring a HITCH HIKER. 20, young and handsome to unknown location.

DRIVER

(in mid conversation)

So that's when I threw away all the plastic in my house. You're literally breathing death. And I've ate the heart attack burger before, so trust me I know death. Hey kid I sene you're not from around here, so word of advice. Skip the In-n-out, kid. Remember this name. Are you listening?

(quietly to himself)

You're listening.

DRIVER

RED SALT CHOPHOUSE. It's like an angel came in your mouth. Woops didn't mean for it to come out like that. Anyways... It's a little to prim and proper for a sleazebag like me. Dug around my closet, put on my nice blue colored shit. Are you li-

(quietly to himself)

He's listening.

DRIVER

And went their on a tuesday evening. Lovely decor. Sat in a booth alone. What can you do. Some

(MORE)

DRIVER (cont'd)

kid with a healed up a smart phone
in my face and handed me a notecard
saying 'Love yourself'. I mean, how
could I not love myself. The Giants
Jets and Bills are over .500, The
Yankees made the playoffs, and my
blood pressure is going down. What
do I look like, a sad sap that
bitches and moans on, twitter?
Sorry, only Facebook.

(laugh and looks back)

Geez tough crowd. Anyway-

Scene ends mid sentence

ACT II

INT - BLACK SCREEN - DAY

Kent talks with screen black.

KENT (V.O)

I there was a time I thought I
could break the feeling. I packed a
weekends worth of close, budgeted
out for a month straight, and took
(MORE)

KENT (V.O) (cont'd)
 the Spirit Flight to New York. All my life I heard that this is 'the place' and 'the capital of the world' so why the fuck not. I went back around September 2020, you know. When the world has his head in their asses with the virus. To a loner like me bonus points.

INT - I DO - DAY

Kent is sitting on top row of TYKS steps. But he is hidden within the crowd.

KENT (V.O)
 There was a sight that broke me that day.

Man in from row drops to his knee

KENT (V.O)
 The 95 degree angle of the man on his knee followed by the reciprocal, downwards tearful stare of the bride to be, and the lazer finished diamond seal of approval was the universal signal that I was alone, no matter how far I ventured from home. Worst of all, it was a Sunday, and if you a guy watching this, you know that Sunday feeling.

KENT (V.O)
 It's a human tendency to search for empathy within one another. But honestly. I don't want you to feel this shit. Consiquently, deep down I know it's not just me who lives in a state of solitude.

KENT (V.O)
 Oh, you didn't even notice me did you?

Camera zooms in on kent wearing a mask.

KENT (V.O)
 That's the point...

Kent takes off his mask and descends down the staircase.

KENT
 There are two separate perspectives within the life of the the socially adjunct: what you call the weekend, we call, time with our thoughts. What you call Thanksgiving, we call
 (MORE)

KENT (cont'd)

Dominos, and watching the Lions loose to Green Bay. What you call Christmas, roasting chestnuts by the open space heater, we call, overtime plus bonus pay, If your office is open. Or if unfortunate, we watch a playlist of movies that will take us to over to the 26th.

INT - WALK - DAY

Kent walks around times square.

KENT

I really don't get it, all my life I've wanted to be alone, and when I take the first gateway to 'freedom'. Life was like "Ah Ha mother fucker. You thought you was a different?" You thought you could exist without meaningful interactions? Oh.I don't think so", says mother nature.

Kent is staring at sky scrapers.

KENT

The more that I stare at the trash filled sidewalk and the obsidian grey architecture, the more I realize, this is all a lie. Seriously. Is this as good as it gets?

EXT - BROOKLYN BRIDGE - NIGHT

Kent is walking on the bridge at sunset. He sees couples filming the sunset holding hands. There is applause coming from behind him when he sees another couple man propose. He keeps walking for a good 10 seconds when a beautiful woman catches his eye. She looks at him back. Kent puts his head down and fast walks ahead.

Background music plays.

KENT (V.O)

I never saw her again.

KENT

I don't think any of them are happy nor have any idea what that term entails. See, western society depicts a fulfilled winner in life as a married person, who is white, let's be honest, that has a 5 year old Toyota Camry from Carmax, 12,000 dollars Fasfa dept, and a

(MORE)

KENT (cont'd)

Facebook cover picture of their family with their skin red-er than October looking at a sunset in the foam shorelines of OBX.

KENT

But you replace that crystal clear sky with a psych ward white bedroom wall, eliminate the wife and children as they were a figment of your meniacal imagination and what's left. God's Lonely Man.

KENT

That's another reason why I don't like nice weather:

Camera pans around at people

KENT (V.O)

Couples. Groups. People. If even if you are alone. You have a mobile mind device interconnected with 8 billion other stories in the naked earth. Who am I do judge. Mine is right here.

(pulls out phone and checks weather)

KENT (V.O)

Hate to break it to you, but there's a reason why artists, poets, and especially philosophers kill themselves. They realised that their was no point. Actually no. We're not gonna brush over this lightly.

Kent walks up and unplugs music source. He is talking directly in front of the camera.

KENT

Do you know how incomprehensibly FUCKED your life has to be to write volumes and volumes about happiness like it's this unattainable quality, and STILL call it a quits? Like damn, y'all have the cheat codes...

KENT

Gosh, you know what this is? I feel like that Charlie Brown Christmas Episode opening scene. You know, the one where he goes off about Linus about how Christmas is meaningless. He found a sense

(MORE)

KENT (cont'd)
 relief in the end. But life is as
 raw and real. You can't find
 meaning in life within the
 codifications of a single episode.

KENT
 (pauses for a second and
 looks puzzled)
 Or at least, I don't think you can.
 Right?

Another couple proposes. The camera turns hastily at them

KENT (V.O)
 (murmuring)
 Oh what the f-

KENT
 (walks up to couple)
 Can't you see I'm trying to sulk in
 SOLITUDE?

Kent throws the man who propose into the river.

KENT
 (staring at camera)
 The nerve of some people.
 (smiles)
 Oh my gosh. If I had this level of
 bravado in the real world, maybe I
 wouldn't be do down and out all the
 fucking time.
 (shrugs shoulders)

INT - HOSTEL - NIGHT

Kent is sitting up on his hostel bottom bunk in the dark
 with a labtop reflecting light in to his eyes

KENT (V.O)
 Maybe this world wasn't mean for
 people like me. And I'm coming to
 terms with that.

KENT (V.O)
 The only comfort I get are the
 moments right before I sleep and
 when I wake up because the
 recollection of who I am and my
 choices disappear. Until they
 don't. I'm tired.

Camera shows Kent's labtop for a few seconds. He is on a
 blank Word Doc.

KENT (V.O)

A former friend of mine told me that every night before he slept, he would journal down the outlook of his day. Every time I start writing, a flood gate of negativity seams through the crack. So then I delete it and start over again. But I don't see the point of letting happy people telling me. Telling me...

Kent gets drowsy and falls over to sleep.

EXT - NEW YORK - DAY

Kent is sitting eating pizza

KENT (V.O)

My last day in the big apple saw me sit down to a slice of pizza pie and all of the bread rools I could parcel.

Kent bites the pizza

KENT (V.O)

Better than I expected...

Kent sees a group of inflencers in Balenciaga's walking with a body guard holding their designer store bags.

KENT (V.O)

I hate this shit. All I do is WATCH life. I- I'm never in the fix of it. You know, just once it be nice to have the spotlight. Just to be given a shit about. You know... But what's the odds of being a Pete Davidson or a Kanye, or a Drake. Slim to none.

KENT (V.O)

Why bother? Why even try? People would do anything for the societal stamp of approval. And there are privileges that come with that.

KENT

Do you know how stupid it is for a conventionally attractive person to make a Tik Tok of them with a puppy dog face and to get a million views off it? Or my favorite, the nepotism child of a liver surgeon. Get a full ride to Stanford with an

(MORE)

KENT (cont'd)
astounding 650, SAT score. Is it
even possible to get that low?

KENT
And I'm not trying to bitch and
moan. You just cant pretend that
the kettle corn is sweeter when the
tin has holiday decorations on it.
Sorry Redenbacker.

INT - UBER - DAY

Kent takes Uber to airport and looks out the window

KENT
I know for a fact people make it
out of their bubble. Find friends
Go out. Do normal shit. And I know
what you're thinking 'stop feeling
sorry for youself'. Nah fuck you.
I'm going to feel sorry. I don't
cry, nor beg. Nor plead. Is this is
the only way I get-

KENT
What the fuck am I even saying

INT - PLANE - DAY

Kent is on the plane looking around at families getting on
board.

INT - HOME - DAY

Kent makes it home to his apartment. He is talking on his
sofa.

We're back to the present day

KENT
Something is peculiar abut autumn
in the western hemisphere. I call
it seasonal absolutism. See, there
is rarely a partly cloudy morning,
or isolated thunderstorm. Every
weather pattern occurs in one giant
stretch. If it's cloudy, it's like
that for 3 days. So on and so
forth.

KENT
I look at my life as an absolute
state of misty rain fullled with
humidity. And not even the strong
pitter patter that lulls you to
sleep.

KENT

Anything past the month of November through mid March is a delusion. The sky is often clear. But the wings whisper turns into the howl. The Patagonia metathesizes to the parka with the bubbles. But the consistency of the situation remains strong, even more potent, some might add. Passion arises within the two and they become as one. And - honestly, by now you should understand what a tundra of isolation does to the lonely...

Kent walks to his window and sees a clear day

KENT (V.O)

(sigh)

Misty rain

Kent plops back on couch.

KENT

I know there is a chance of a better life. But why do I even deserve it? I'm not from an oppressed city state. I wasn't traumatized by an evil step mother. I'm stuck in solitude.

KENT

I do envy people what would risk blood and limb for sweet cup of freedom. Not because I'm a sympathizer for illegal immigrant or anything. But there have a reason to keep going. And a strong one too.

KENT

But then the thought creeps back into the seems: they wake it to the land of opportunity, the demons in the mind start to ask "what about the others who died or were trafficked. Why do I deserve to be here?"

KENT

Every which way brings takes me back to the intrusive thoughts what burden the isolates psyche.

KENT

Solitude is only appealing when it's portrayed by an attractive girl in your latest Netflix binge

(MORE)

KENT (cont'd)
fest. But the reality is, Are you really gonna feel remorse for the 308 pound man that lives like the Wizards of Warcraft player from Southpark. No you'd call him a 'Creep' and walk on the other side of the street.

KENT
Ah yes, creep. Society's soft spoken term for an undesirable...

Kent falls asleep on couch.

KENT (V.O)
Sorry I don't have the 2.5 million to get the song 'Elanor Rigby'. Would be most fitting for this scenario.

KENT (V.O)
Maybe I'm missing a significant other. Nah, it's just the some of the season. You know what winter and fall make you wanna do. FUCK. And hard. Why do you thing every baby is born on September 9th. But cause Jane Dee got a little to loose during the Holidays and John Doe spilled the wine and took that pearl.

KENT (V.O)
I can't even lie. This Is my favorite time of year. YES. THIS IS MY POSITIVE VOICE. Situated right before the foliage and a country mile away from Christmas decoration.

KENT (V.O)
I don't even wanna get in to detain of that pegan fuck fest. Just know, I'm not a fan...

Scene dims to an end

INT - BEDROOM - DAY

Kent stares at knife once again.

KENT (V.O)
(closes drawer)

INT - KITCHEN - DAY

Kent is in his underwear, making a two grilled cheese sandwiches with 5 eggs in between them. He then pours Mio in to a gallon jug.

KENT (V.O)

I tried to do show to absorb the pain. Like writing for instance. I bought a notebook and a a quail pen from a book store. It was boring. I even looked up Sub Reddits on 'creative writing'. I remember an old english teacher telling me that 'Ideas are the thin airs Tic Taks and the paper eats them up' or something like that.

KENT (V.O)

Needless to say I gave up creative writing. Not that I didn't find relief. It was merely a detracting. From what? Myself. The phone, Air Pods, Tv background, Radio, all layers of a pit of the shit sandwich we fill our life with.

KENT (V.O)

Quite frankly I've lost ny apatite.

Kent pushes plate away and gets ready for work

KENT

I don't get why people tourture themselves with a strict diet of chicken and rice. Why? My logic is, you, could go at any moment. And I've never seen anybody ask for Cream of Wheat as their last meal.

KENT

I only say that specific item because I use to eat it every day in college. Back when I had, 'hope for the world'. And all that other corny shit...

KENT

That was my first bout of loneliness but I ain't gonna bore you with that shit. Just know. There's a reason why people drop out and remain in their hometown.

KENT

But whats a home town, with no sense of community and your associated 'home' is a haven of mediocrity.

KENT (V.O)

In some way I hope this never sees the light of day. Why should the world wanna see the struggles of solitude. Why WOULD you. I don't want empathy, nor sympathy. Just the razors edge of my jack knife.

Kent gets ready for work

(V.O) commences as Kent gets ready for work.

KENT (V.O)

Today is the 10th of October, which is the newly aforementioned World Mental Health Day. But who really cares about the concern of those suffering internally. The other day I was scrolling through Twitter and I saw a Fox News article about how the rise to gun violence is caused to the depletion of the nations mental health. SINCE WHEN THE FUCK DID YOU CARE ABOUT MY HEALTH, TUCKER CARLSON? The only time you give a damn about your fellow brother man is when Uncle Samuel Adams threatens to take one of your 7 assault rifles away. And don't get me started on the confederate, oops I mean, CONSERVATIVE buzz term "hard on crime". What crime have you seen to be exact? The valet who double parked your Bentley at the Southhampton Inn? We know what you really mean. You want to say "lock the undesirables in their cages and return the country to good ole fashioned sundown style racism.

Sent gets on scooter and rides to work. Talking to a the Camera

KENT

MY GOSH, doesn't THIS piss you off, like all of it. We listen to millionaires telling us how we should live OUR lives- what am I doing, filling my headspace with mealing less chatter. I'm gonna die at the end of this episode, worst pilot ever, right? anyway I may has well come clean.

KENT (V.O)

You know I don't like my life, and that's been stated,. But you know what's even worse? When other

(MORE)

KENT (V.O) (cont'd)
 people can see it. I don't see
 what's the point riding cross
 county lines in my 150cc X-PRO so
 that kids who traded their Sperry's
 and Polo Ralph Lauren Shirts for
 Slacks and Saddlebread Dress shirts
 to pretend that they're happy to
 see me. Nor do I desire seeing
 their shiny luxury cars from name
 brand dealers, not the flood
 damaged ones in the stripmall
 across from the cash for gold place
 and Dollar General.

INT - REUNION CUT AWAY - DAY

Kent and REUNION PERSON 1 & 2 are at high school, drinking
 punch. Background music plays.

REUNION PERSON 1
 I drive the MKZ

REUNION PERSON 2
 I well I drive the F150 Lariat.

Music stops playing. Reunion People are shocked.

KENT
 Wow guys! I have crippling
 depression. And it drives me
 insane.

Reunion Person 2 drops glass

INT - FACE VIEW - DAY

Hitch Hiker walks into a building and knocks an office door.
 The camera only shows the Hitch Hiker's face.

EXT - WORK - DAY

Kent parks his bike and walks in to work.

KENT
 Let me just say what you're
 already thinking: 'why would
 someone so cynical be so nonchalant
 and comical about it all'? What do
 you want me to do. I'm a man we
 just don't...
 (kent clears his throat)
 Uh, We just aren't suppose to be
 open about that shit, I guess. I
 tried a while back with a friend,
 but he said I was bumming him out.
 So if I when say my emotions in a
 joking manner, I court their
 (MORE)

KENT (cont'd)
 attention. You're still here. So it
 must have an effect.
 (shrugs shoulders)

INT - LOBBY OF WAREHOUSE - DAY

Workers are conversing and Kent is ready to give his speech

KENT
 Excuse me, can I have your
 attention. There has been numerous
 complaints of from customers about
 their driveways being damaged due
 to parking in the driveway. It
 company hand book states that
 Promasters, Sprinters, and other
 work related vehicles are to be
 positioned adjacent to the
 property.

WORKER
 In english bitch

Other workers laugh.

KENT
 (deep sigh)
 Just park on the curb. Thank You.

Kent walks back to office.

INT - OFFICE - DAY

KENT (V.O)
 That wasn't too bad...

Someone, knocks on the door. Kent opens door.

HITCH HIKER.
 Hi, my name is Jeep, well Jeff but
 everybody calls me Jeep. I'm here
 for the open house.

JEEP, roughly same height as Kent, slender build, more
 chiseled facial structure. Dress well but clothes are dirty.

KENT
 Oh sorry we don't-

KENT (V.O)
 Oh yeah, I forgot about that...
 David Peters, the only rat bastard
 west of the Mississippi to schedule
 an open house, and stand up on my
 birthday.

KENT
 Oh uh come in,

Kent and Jeep take a seat.

KENT (V.O)

I don't no what to say. I'm have the collard shirt and trousers but I'm no manager. He doesn't know that.

(Grows more confident)

Yeah.. He doesn't know that

KENT

S- So... tell me a little about yourself.

KENT (V.O)

He knows.

JEEP

Well... I liked to eat pizza and watch UFC. Uh... I'm from Oklahoma so I'm use to the daily grind and... Yeah that's about it.

KENT

Oh ok, I have some family down in Norman.

KENT (V.O)

I don't.

KENT

How'd you get the name Jeep

JEEP

(grown nervous)

I may have drove my dad's Wagoneer into a swimming pool.

KENT

Oh, accidents happen. Hey uh... any prior schooling or certifications that may help you in this field?

JEEP

Ugh...

I was at Baylor Medical School but I don't I know, I decided it wasn't my fit.

KENT

Hey, no shame in that. I was at Foothill for a semester but life caught up with me. Ha ha

JEEP

Uh, yeah BU wasn't too bad. Oh I has all A's and like whatever. But just didn't like it.

Kent walks directly in front of camera.

KENT

Did you here that?
Why on earth would a 4.0 college
educated fucking stud muffin make
their way to coffin of a career?

JEEP

Are you talking to somebody?

KENT

(hastily)

Oh uh, nobody, just the 4th wall,

Kent returns to seat.

KENT

S- so what brings you to
California?

JEEP

Honestly, I'm trying to be an
actor.

KENT

Well, you know what they say about
they say about the person who drops
out of med school to move to SoCal

JEEP

What.

KENT

Nothing.
(chuckles)
That's the thing...

Jeep chuckles nervously.

KENT

Dude, I don't I've every done this
before but... Let's be real:
Look, you're young, handsome, and
probably the nicest guy I've talked
to today. THIS

(points around)

All of this, is a dead end. You
don't fit the mold. You should
be... slinging all the pussy in
the Waco metropolitan area. Not
here with these-

JEEP

Losers?

KENT

...Individuals.

JEEP

I just can't go back.

KENT

Why not, Jeep?

JEEP

I. JUST. CANT. Oh shit, I'm- I'm sorry. Look, I'm just a kid looking for an opportunity. I'll do anything. ANYTHING

KENT (V.O)

Is this. guy coming on to me? You know, in the midst of wanting to blow my brains out, I never pictured someone wanting me to blow their BACK out.

KENT

The only, position I can offer is a weekend custodian-

JEEP

That's perfect!

KENT

Ok ok. You got the job but slow down. Do you have an ema...-

Kent is going job jargon, I.E email, direct deposit, paycom... Etc. Kent gives internal monologue. While talking

KENT (V.O)

Who is this mystery man. He's young daring and, has a spark of opportunity. I would never say this to his face but he COULD be a star. He has that 6th element. After all, he won me over...

KENT

... And once you complete your onboarding process, you'll be able to start on Saturday.

JEEP

Ah great man, thank you so much, I really appreciate it.

KENT (V.O)

On second thought this could be one of Peters' spies. Hey if that man child can gorge on oysters and Heineken on a Monday morning, I should be allowed on Cool Math.

They shake hands. Jeep leaves.

INT - OFFICE - DAY

Kent opens Tetris on his desktop

INT - BEDROOM - DAY

Kent watches Monday Night Football.

KENT (V.O)

I never understood why they took Monday Night Football off ABC. Such blasphemy. They just shove it to a b minus ESPN, steal the Fox announce team and we have to live with it. And not the REAL espn with the late great Stu Scott and Skip and Steven A.

KENT (V.O)

Maybe that's a metaphor for my life. A collection of notable events that I look back on fondly because the future is gray and opaque.

KENT (V.O)

Seriously, how do we even know that the good times WERE the good times? But then again would you even want to know. Cause it's like... "Congratulations THIS is the peak. Goodbye" Damn I sound like the weakest link lady. But for real. Imagine being a kid in the backseat of your dads 2000 Toyota Camry and you find out that today will be the last time he buys you a kids meal, let alone see him.

KENT (V.O)

Oh he's not dead, but if you had an unspoken agreement of silence coupled with him working 12 hour days, then really, what's the difference?

Kent turns tv off and grabs the knife next to his bed. He places the blade of the knife on top of his radial artery.

KENT

It's time.

Kent's hand starts to shake and he tosses the knife to the other side of the room out of frustration.

KENT (V.O)

Why it gotta be so fucking hard?

Kent gets up and looks for the knife

KENT (V.O)

I'm not happy. But something with
in me is holding out for the sky to
clear up. And for what tho, just
for the RATIONAL side to give me
the run down on my shit existence?

Kent pulls knife away places it in drawer

KENT (V.O)

*sigh, the cycle continues.

Throws knife to the other side of the room.

KENT (V.O)

Ah fuck it, it's a brisk autumn
evening, maybe a or something will
do me some good...

Kent grabs coat and heads to nearby 7/11. Kent talks to the camera.

KENT

So I lied again. Maybe, just maybe
I'm a little depressed, if you
couldn't tell. I don't know. I try
to rationalize my issues pretending
that I'm this 'stoic philosopher'
but, cause I'm trying a new thing
where I don't lie, I'm distraught.
And I can't even say my life sucks.
Cause 1, I'm a man. And 2, all of
my core needs are met

INT - 7/11 - NIGHT

Kent walks in 7/11 and continues monologue.

KENT

They have these M&M cookies by the
register, and I like to microwave
them and eat it with a spoon.

EXT - 7/11 - NIGHT

Kent pays for 2 packs of cookies. walks back home

KENT

(laughs)

I feel like this is how Benson from
Regular Show lives. I remember as a
kid watching that dude eat
microwavable wings in his piss ant
apartment. I thought he was a

(MORE)

KENT (cont'd)
fucking loser. And now I realize...
You know. People ACTUALLY live like
that. But that shit ain't funny
when it's not animated.

EXT - OUTSIDE APARTMENT - DAY

Kent sits on bench out side apartment.

KENT (V.O)
You know, I wish you could here
somebody else's voice about now.
But... Life is real lonely.
Crippling. You know some people
can't just walk into a bar and pick
up chicks and hook up with sluts.
But y'all don't here that
narrative.

KENT
Cause most shit in this world is
made by superficial extroverts. And
the one thing that introverts HATE
is an extrovert. But hey, they
court attention like a mother
fucker. Always in the foreground of
the shot. But behind every social
butterfly kissing the homecoming
queen underneath the Griffith Park
Waterfall, there's another story of
a kid who got rejected by the 3 mid
tier chicks they asked and opted on
watching ABC Family Halloween
movies with a Hot-N-Ready and a 6
pack of cherry Gatorade. Behind
every man on his knee proposing to
his wife on the steps of those ruby
red Time Square steps, there is a
kid who decided to step out in the
world. But was shattered when the
constant state of loneliness never
failed to leave him. I.E. Me.

(deepens tone)

L- look, I'm not trying to bum you
out. It's just how it is...

(shrugs shoulders)

A-and some people are tired of
living in the sidelines. Let alone,
living.

KENT
You ever had that sudden almost
god-like rush of ambition at 3 am.
I have that a few weeks a go. I
threw out all my junk food, did 100
(MORE)

KENT (cont'd)

sit ups without stopping and took a cold shower. But then I lost it, come sunrise and went to 7/11 for a Brookie and and a Redbull for breakfast.

KENT (V.O)

I do have ambition and drive. At least I think I do. I got to work keep a decent shape. But I haven't but two and two together. It's like w-why. Do I have to pick a shit tank career choice because society deems it, appropriate? What if I want to be a dancer, or a astronaut. Or or- you get the point. B- because we're all and a whole just, doing stuff. None of this is necessary. My sister is a manager at Peloton, at the Daisy Oaks Mall. Not to knock her off her pedal, but she ain't building anything.

KENT (V.O)

And people don't think about it. Cause when you do, you get labeled fooling. "Oh Kent, always challenging societal norms". I'm sorry of my existence is a pain in the ass. I just don't believe humans were made to live in a lackadaisical malaise of work and carbohydrates.

KENT (V.O)

And we were close, to that renaissance.

KENT (V.O)

There was a sight awaking going on during the covid era. People, like myself were forced to stay at home and and answer the questions that they didn't even you needed answering. The big one being, "Is that all there is to life?"

KENT (V.O)

I've seen highschool friends take up the guitar and some rekindling their love for drawing. But that was short lived, 'till mid January. Business started returning to in person formats and the Gibson Stratocaster returned to the coat closet.

KENT (V.O)

(chuckles)

I shouldn't be laughing. But it makes me wonder. What was the real disease.

KENT (V.O)

Is that.

KENT

Jeep?

Jeep runs away.

KENT

HEY WAIT.

ACT III

EXT - ALLEYWAY - NIGHT

Kent finds Jeep behind alley.

KENT
Hey you're... Jeep Right?
(walks up to him)

Jeep is in alley crying

JEEP
I'm sorry man I'm sorry

KENT
What do you mean sorry? You ain't
do n-

JEEP
I'm sorry man I-

KENT
Hey. It's fine It's fine. You're
good bro. Have you been here all
day?

JEEP
I don't know. Kinda.
(stairs with great
sorrow)

KENT
Do you have any place to s-

KENT (V.O)
I know the answer to that.

KENT
Just come with me

JEEP
W-where we going.

KENT
Inside. Now come on.

Kent walks Jeep to his apartment.

INT - APARTMENT - NIGHT

Keep and ken are sitting. Kent and Jeep are eating
microwaved cookies, while drinking cocoa.

KENT

Look buddy, like on some real shit, PEOPLE like you just don't be long HERE Look I get it dreams and all that shit... But the reality is, there comes a time when the window of opportunity shuts and you're calcified with whatever occupation you started off with. And- I know I don't know you like that, but. You got some serous potential man. Just not-- here. If you know what I mean...

JEEP

(pauses then speaks)

D- Do you ... Have you ever feel that your life is just... I don't know... a WASTE.

KENT (V.O)

EVERY FUCKING DAY

KENT

N- No, what do you mean by that?

JEEP

I'm a fraud. Bruh.
I got into Baylor because my dad and the VP of admissions were golfing buddies. 50 thousand and a Range Rover later, and I got my single room at Kokernot Hall. I got good grades had friends and shit but... Everybody else paid their dews, did their highschool summer internships. And here I am, the product of someones else own success. I mean Judas Priest I'm a fucking man I can make it on my own. And now 'daddy' well, 'Mark', culled me into the path of orthopedics. What the fuck do I know about a scalpel. What if a patient goes for risk surgery and I tear open their radial artery? Then what?

KENT (V.O)

CUT MINE. PLEASE.

KENT

I can't begin to imagine what your going though but. Yeah I guess that sounds stressful.

JEEP

Stop patronizing me! I'm not a fucking baby. I- I-. I wanna make a name for myself. But that's the thing. Every body fucking does. And-.

KENT

Your family doesn't know you're here.

JEEP

(stares silently)

KENT

How long have you been gone from home?

JEEP

I don't know like a week. Maybe three.

KENT

H- how are you surviving.

JEEP

Look if you're gonna do this all night I'll sleep in the alleyway.

KENT

NONONO. I'm sorry I just want to get a grasp of the situation. You really do believe in this acting thing?

JEEP

(pauses than answers)

I believe that life has a a meaning for all of us. And if that means I have to run away and starve for a chance to find it, then fuck it.

KENT (V.O)

He's right. Here I am throwing it down the toilet, while this man is stiking his for arm in a garbage disposal to be happy. Damn...

KENT

Ok Ok. Look, this ain't The Holiday Inn, but you can have the couch for the night.

JEEP

Ah man I really apr-

KENT

BUT tomorrow morning, you have to contact your family. And Ima press you on that.

Kent gets up, walks to closet and searches for a blanket

KENT

Lemme getchu a blanket...

KENT (V.O)

Look at him, a shell of himself, cold, lonesome. But strangely, I never want him to leave my sight. No homo. For real tho this dude is like, that scene in Tower Heist when they first chip away the paint in the car and reveals that it's made out of solid gold.

KENT (V.O)

There's a story within him, one that I don't think I will ever find with another human being. Or maybe I've been lacking social affection for the longest time and I'm justifying a homeless kid in my living room. Nah, nah he's for real.

Kent hands blanket to Jeep

KENT

Sorry but it's kinda musty.

JEEP

Oh nah this is fine. It beats the swingset.

KENT

Ok you need some more hot chocolate, or gram crackers, or anything? Sorry, we ain't got shit in this bitch.

JEEP

Oh nah man I'm just grateful for the place to crash.

KENT

Eh don't worry about it. I'ma hit the sack, Goodnight.

JEEP

Night.

Kent is in bed staring at the celing.

KENT (V.O)

Some call it crab in a barrel, I call it primitive depreciation. Either way is human instinct to bash another person's dreams and ambitions. But I couldn't do that for Jeep. He's scared, insecure, and from the sell criminally deprived of Irish Spring. But, holding out for an opportunity. And out in a foreign land, looking for it too.

KENT (V.O)

You're really romanticizing and leveraging your fading existence on the chance that a literal bum is gonna bring forth change you need. Eh, what's the risk? Best case scenario I die. Worst case scenario... I die.

Kent closes his eyes and falls asleep.

INT - BEDROOM - DAY

Kent wakes up and sits on the edge of his bed.

Kent picks up knife in drawer. Bends it in 1/2 against the night stand, and walks out of the room.

KENT (V.O)

Finally. Change. It fell into the dog park of my apartment, tattered and bruised. Washed up and pathetic. In a state of shee- damn.

KENT (V.O)

In away I do respect him. He found trust in me to tell his story, and not just the pretty shit that will get a political party ticket. He gave me a peace of white stuff from the back of your throat that smells like death.

KENT (V.O)

Maybe I'm getting myself worked up. After all, I don't know who this guy is. He could be just a bum looking for a place to crash. Well he is... But he isn't.

KENT (V.O)

I need to stop judging my self worth on the opinions of others.

Kent pauses to think about who he's describing. He gets up and walks out of bedroom.

KENT

Aye, Jeep you up?

(Music Cue)(You Only Live Twice by Nancy Sinatra)

Scene fades to end credits.

End of episode.