

This Was A Bad Idea

Pilot Episode

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SEGMENT ONE: ANDY WITH AN 'I'

FADE IN.

INT. MAUDE'S DINING ROOM - NIGHT

ANDY (30s) hands MAUDE (70s) a corkscrew, as JOHN (70s) stares blankly at the plate and utensils before him.

ANDY
Here ya go, ma.

A knock at the door.

MAUDE
Thanks. Now let your brother in,
will you?

Andy grins.

ANDY
Over my dead body.

MAUDE
Sooner, please.

ANDY
Your's, then.

Maude rolls her eyes. She opens the door and hugs BOB (30s) as he enters.

BOB
Easy, ma.

MAUDE
Never.

ANDI (30s) enters, and shuts the door behind her.

ANDI
Sorry, had to find a spot.

BOB
That's fine, babe.

Bob points at Maude, then John, then Andy.

BOB (CONT'D)
This is my mother, Maude, my
father, John, and my brother, Andy.

Bob puts his arm around Andi as they both smile.

BOB (CONT'D)
Everyone... This is Andi.

Maude smiles warmly.

MAUDE
Nice to meet you, Andi.

ANDY
Andi, huh? Glad to know I'm not the
only one.

ANDI
Nope. We're everywhere. Like
roaches.

Bob winks at Andi.

BOB
Hot roaches.

ANDY
Gross. Bob? A minute out back,
please?

Bob and Andy exit, as Maude guides Andi to a chair at the
table.

MAUDE
Come, now. Make yourself at home.

She pours Andi some wine.

ANDI
Thank you so much!

EXT. MAUDE'S BACKYARD - NIGHT

Bob shuts the door behind them.

BOB
What's going on, Andy?

ANDY
Why are you dating someone with the
same name as your brother?

BOB
It's just a name, Andy. Who cares?

ANDY

I just think it's weird that you're saying my name whenever you two go at it.

BOB

I don't say your name, I say her name. You're Andy with a 'Y', she's Andi with an 'I'.

ANDY

So?!

BOB

So, when I say her name in bed, I'm saying Andi with an 'I', not Andy with a 'Y'. There's a clear difference, Andy. A *super* clear difference.

Andy facepalms impatiently.

BOB (CONT'D)

And you know what else, Andy? Twelve-point-five percent of people have dated someone with the same name as their brother, which amounts to around one-point-zero-three billion people.

ANDY

Why do you know that?!

BOB

It's a well known fact, Andy!

ANDI (O.S.)

Yeah, babe?

Bob whips his head towards the window in frustration.

BOB

Not you!

INT. MAUDE'S DINING ROOM - NIGHT

Andi stares blankly towards the window.

ANDI

Okay, fine... Jeez.

She sips her wine as Maude leans towards her with a reassuring smile.

MAUDE

It's not you, dear. Those boys just know how to rile each other up. Isn't that right, John?

JOHN

Who's John?

MAUDE

You are, silly!

Maude frowns and leans towards Andi.

MAUDE (CONT'D)

(whispering)

Alzheimer's.

Andi frowns sympathetically.

ANDI

Oh my. Sorry.

Andi takes another sip.

MAUDE

Oh, it's okay dear. We still fuck every night.

Andi spits her wine out.

MAUDE (CONT'D)

Oh dear, let me get that.

Maude wipes it up.

ANDI

I'm sorry, Maude.

Maude smiles.

MAUDE

Oh, don't you worry, dear. Cheap wine, cheaper linens.

Maude eyes Andi cautiously.

MAUDE (CONT'D)

Do you think it's weird?

Andi blinks, caught off guard.

ANDI

Sorry?

MAUDE

That I have sex with my husband who has Alzheimer's every night. Do you think it's weird?

ANDI

Oh, well, I -

MAUDE

Cause he doesn't say no. Doesn't put up a fight, either. Seems pretty happy about it, actually. Isn't that right, John?

JOHN

Who's John?

MAUDE

You are!

Maude looks back at Andi.

MAUDE (CONT'D)

So, do you think I'm a rapist?

Andi's jaw drops.

Andy and Bob enter, closing the door behind them.

BOB

Like you never fucked a girl named Bob.

ANDY

I haven't! Not Bob, not Bobby-

BOB

Not even with an 'I'?

They sit at the table.

ANDY

No variation whatsoever.

BOB

What about Roberta?

JOHN

Who's Roberta?

ANDY

No one, Dad.

They look at Maude, as she wipes her eyes with a napkin.

BOB
What's wrong, ma?

MAUDE
Andi thinks I'm a rapist!

Bob glares at his brother.

BOB
What the fuck, Andy?!

MAUDE
Not him! Her!

She points at Andi, who's eyes widen.

ANDY
What the fuck, Andi?!

ANDI
Look, there's been a
misunderstanding here-

MAUDE
No! I welcomed you into my home! I
consoled you when Bob bit your head
off, and this is how you treat me?
By thinking I'm a rapist?!

INT. BOB'S CAR - NIGHT

Bob drives with Andi in the passenger seat - both miserable.

BOB
I'm sorry about all that, babe. My
family is-

ANDI
Fucked?

BOB
I was gonna say they're a lot, but
sure.

ANDI
It's fine.

BOB
I just... I wish my brother and I
were closer. It's the only reason I
even meet with them anymore.

Andi frowns sympathetically.

BOB (CONT'D)

I always looked up to him, you know? He's my big brother... But lately, it's like I can't do anything without it pissing him off.

He pulls to a stop and frowns.

BOB (CONT'D)

Any time I get a haircut that's too similar to his, or buy the same brand of shoes as him, or date a girl with the same name as him, he loses his mind. It's like he thinks I'm obsessed with him or something.

ANDI

And you're not... Right?

BOB

Of course not! But...

Bob sighs sadly.

BOB (CONT'D)

He's my big brother. Doesn't every guy wanna be like his big brother?

Andi smiles warmly.

ANDI

I get it. I think it's sweet, actually.

Bob smiles back.

ANDI (CONT'D)

Now let's go upstairs and cheer each other up.

Andi winks at him as he smiles.

BOB

You got it, babe.

EXT. BOB'S APARTMENT - NIGHT

Passionate moans penetrate the apartment.

SUPER: A FEW MOMENTS LATER.

BOB

Oh God! Andi!

ANDI
Oh fuck! Bob! Yes! Yes!

INT. BOB'S BEDROOM - NIGHT

Bob and Andi lie next to each other with satisfied grins, sweating and panting.

ANDI
Do you feel cheered up?

BOB
Oh yeah.

Andi's phone chirps. She looks at it and puts it back down.

BOB (CONT'D)
Who's that?

ANDI
Just my brother. I'll call him
later.

Bob smiles curiously.

BOB
I didn't know you had a brother.
What's his name?

Andi chuckles.

ANDI
Actually, his name is Bob.

EXT. BOB'S APARTMENT - NIGHT

Andi shakes her fist towards Bob's apartment as she shouts angrily.

ANDI
Fuck you, Bob, you limp-dick
motherfucker! Fuck you!

Bob pokes his head out the window.

BOB
Not until your brother changes his
name!

FADE TO BLACK.

SEGMENT TWO: BLACK ICE

FADE IN.

INT. RICH'S LIVING ROOM - DAY

RICH (30s) observes the head of his son JIMMY (5 Months old) alongside his wife LYDIA (30s).

LYDIA
You see it?

RICH
Yeah. I thought it was getting better.

LYDIA
I thought so, too. I guess we have our baby blinders on.

Rich sighs.

LYDIA (CONT'D)
It's okay, though. Luckily, my friend Blake makes baby helmets, and he said he would text us for a scan when he has an opening.

RICH
Blake, huh? Isn't he your "impeccably handsome" black friend?

Rich uses air quotes. Lydia smirks.

LYDIA
Yes he most certainly is, and no, we haven't hooked up. He's gay, Rich.

RICH
Well, at least we have something in common.

Lydia raises an eyebrow.

RICH (CONT'D)
We both love you.

They smile.

Their phones chirp. They both pull them out and look at them.

A group text is displayed:

BLAKE

Hey guys! Got an opening today at 3. Sound okay?

Lydia sniffs the baby and grimaces.

LYDIA

I'm gonna change his bum. Tell him
we'll be there, okay?

Lydia walks into the other room.

Rich initiates talk-to-text and speaks into the phone.

RICH

Yeah, that's okay!

He taps a button and smiles, but his smile slowly turns into
a fearful frown.

His text is displayed:

RICH

Yeah, that's so gay!

Rich panics.

RICH (CONT'D)

What? No, no, no, no, fuck!

INT. PEDIATRIC CLINIC, HALL - DAY

Rich carries the baby in a car seat as they hustle through
the hall.

RICH

I'm gonna tell him it was a
mistake. I was using talk-to-text,
could've happened to anyone.

LYDIA

Don't. You're blowing it out of
proportion. You're gonna make it
weird.

RICH

I don't want one of your best
friends thinking I'm a homophobe,
babe.

They enter-

INT. BLAKE'S OFFICE - DAY

A standard exam room. BLAKE (30s) stands up to greet them.

BLAKE
Lydia, my love! Been too long.

They hug.

LYDIA
It has, hasn't it?

They separate. Blake smiles at Rich.

LYDIA (CONT'D)
This is my husband, Rich, and our son, Jimmy.

BLAKE
Oh, he's precious!

RICH
I get that a lot.

Blake and Lydia laugh, as a nervous Rich smiles with relief.

Blake waves his hand towards the two chairs next to his desk.

BLAKE
Anyway, get Jimmy outta there and have a seat, so Uncle Blake can have a look.

Lydia takes Jimmy out of the car seat and sits down, with him on her lap.

Rich sits next to them.

Blake leans over and inspects Jimmy's head.

BLAKE (CONT'D)
Yup, I see it already. Some flattening in the back. Ears are a tad misaligned.

Rich and Lydia frown.

BLAKE (CONT'D)
Let's run a quick scan and see what we're working with.

They nod as Blake takes a piece of fabric out and stretches it around Jimmy's head.

BLAKE (CONT'D)

So, this is going to cling to his head, snug as a bug, while I run the scan. Most accurate way to do it.

Rich smiles.

RICH

Looks like he's about to rob a bank.

LYDIA

Cause it looks like a durag?

Blake sighs and picks up a nearby device, as Rich's anxiety kicks in.

RICH

Huh?

Blake rotates the device around Jimmy's head, and continues talking to Lydia, but their voices are muffled by a screeching sound as Rich tunes them out.

He breaks the silence.

RICH (CONT'D)

I meant a stocking.

Lydia and Blake raise their eyebrows.

BLAKE

Sorry?

RICH

I meant it looks like he's about to rob a bank because it looks like a stocking, not a durag.

BLAKE

Okay.

RICH

And white bank robbers wear stockings too, don't they? So it makes sense.

LYDIA

Blake, what's the clinic policy on domestic violence?

BLAKE
We don't recommend it,
unfortunately.

LYDIA
That's too bad.

Blake chuckles.

BLAKE
So like I said, you can come back
and pick the helmet up in about a
week, okay?

LYDIA
Thank you so much, Blake. You're a
lifesaver.

INT. PEDIATRIC CLINIC, HALL - DAY

Rich and Lydia leave the way they came in.

LYDIA
What the fuck was that, Rich?

RICH
You made him think I'm racist.

They stop by the elevator.

LYDIA
The fuck are you talking about?

RICH
I meant stocking, but you said
durag, and now your gay black
friend thinks I'm a racist
homophobe.

LYDIA
Yeah, well, if you embarrass me
like that again, he's gonna think
we're not fucking anymore, and
he'll be right.

DING. They get in the elevator, pissed off. The doors close.

INT. RICH'S KITCHEN - DAY

Rich bounces Jimmy in his arms as he waits for the coffee pot
to fill.

SUPER: ONE WEEK LATER

His phone chirps. He looks at it. A group text from Blake reads:

BLAKE

Hi, lovie! My darling nephew's helmet is ready. You wanna come pick it up?

Rich uses talk-to-text to respond.

RICH

You got it, Blake. See ya soon.

He taps send, and enters-

INT. RICH'S BEDROOM - DAY

Lydia is in bed, nose red, eyes glossy.

RICH

How're you feeling, babe?

LYDIA

Still feel like shit. Steer clear.
Don't want you guys getting sick.

Rich frowns.

RICH

Sorry, babe.

Lydia coughs.

RICH (CONT'D)

Alright, well the helmet's ready.
I'm gonna go pick it up, okay?

LYDIA

Thanks babe.

EXT. RICH'S HOUSE - DAY

Rich approaches the car as he carries the car seat with Jimmy in it.

He slips on some black ice, but catches his balance by grabbing the car with his free hand.

RICH

Shit!

He looks down at the ice, annoyed.

He pulls out his phone with his free hand and uses talk-to-text.

RICH (CONT'D)
Hey babe, just be careful if you
end up coming outside. There's
black ice everywhere.

INT. BLAKE'S OFFICE - DAY

Blake's phone dings. He looks at Rich's text, which reads:

RICH
Hey babe, just be careful if you end up coming outside.
There's black guys everywhere.

Blake glares at the phone, annoyed.

BLAKE
Asshole.

EXT. BLAKE'S OFFICE - DAY

Rich gets out of the car, closes the driver's seat door, and initiates talk-to-text.

RICH
I'm here, Blake. Be right up.

He does a double-take and sees that his previous text about black ice was not only misspelled, but it went to the group chat.

RICH (CONT'D)
Fuck! Are you kidding me?! God damn
it!

Jimmy cries. Rich tries to open the rear passenger side door. He can't.

RICH (CONT'D)
What the-

He tries to open the driver's seat door. It's locked. He checks his pockets, then looks through the window. The key is on the passenger seat. Panic sets in. He tries again. Nothing.

RICH (CONT'D)
Fuck, fuck, fuck! Hang on a minute,
buddy!

INT. BLAKE'S OFFICE - DAY

Blake sits at his computer. His phone rings.

BLAKE
Hey Lydia.

LYDIA (V.O.)
Hey babe. I just saw his text. I'm
sorry, love. I don't know what he's
thinking.

Blake sighs.

BLAKE
Don't even worry about it, love.

LYDIA (V.O.)
Looks like he just got there. Any
way you can set up a video call so
I can join in?

BLAKE
Of course. I'll set it up.

Blake launches a video call app on his computer and taps some
keys.

Rich whips the door open.

RICH
Blake, I need your help! I locked
Jimmy in the car, and I can't get
him out!

Blake glares at him.

BLAKE
What? And you thought that just
because I'm black, I can break into
your car for you?

RICH
What? No! I just thought you might
have some other ideas!

BLAKE
I think you have to call triple A
for that.

RICH
But that could take hours!

BLAKE

I'm sorry, I wish I could help, but
I can't.

Lydia's face pops up on the computer.

RICH

Seriously?! You're black, and you
can't even break into a car?!

Blake and Lydia are mortified.

LYDIA

I want a divorce, you asshole!

Rich looks at the computer with dread.

RICH

Fuck!

FADE TO BLACK.

SEGMENT THREE: TODD ISN'T EVEN THAT COOL

INT. MASTER BEDROOM - NIGHT

PAUL (40s) and MARISSA (40s) sit in their bed, laughing.

PAUL

No, no, no, those are the rules.
The game is called "Extremes" for a
reason.

Marissa sighs.

MARISSA

So I *have* to decide whether I'd
kill either a puppy or a kitten. No
in-betweens?

PAUL

That's right.

Marissa covers her face with both hands.

MARISSA

Fine. Oh my God.

She lets go and exhales sharply.

MARISSA (CONT'D)

A puppy. I'd kill a puppy.

Paul feigns shock.

PAUL

Man's best friend? You monster.

They laugh.

MARISSA

Okay, your turn.

PAUL

Okay, okay. Go ahead.

MARISSA

Todd or Mike?

Paul's jaw drops.

PAUL

Babe, that's so bad!

Marissa chuckles and shakes her head.

MARISSA

No, no, no, you made me hypothetically murder a puppy. Now it's your turn. Who do you love more? Todd or Mike?

Paul sighs.

PAUL

No judgement? You promise?

MARISSA

Those are the rules, right?

PAUL

Okay, fine... Mike.

MARISSA

Really?

PAUL

Well, yeah. I mean, Todd isn't even that cool. He's kind of a nerd, right?

Marissa inhales sharply with a shit-eating grin as she playfully slaps his shoulder.

MARISSA

Oh my God, you are such an asshole.

TODD (O.S.)

I'd say so.

They whip their heads towards the door to see TODD (12) standing there with tears in his eyes. Guilt takes over.

PAUL

Todd, I didn't mean that, buddy.

Todd storms off.

PAUL (CONT'D)

Todd!

Paul and Marissa frown.

PAUL (CONT'D)

I'd better go talk to him.

INT. TODD'S BEDROOM - NIGHT

Todd cries into his pillow.

A knock at the door.

PAUL (O.S.)
Todd? Buddy? Can I come in?

Todd ignores him.

Paul enters and sits on his bed.

PAUL (CONT'D)
Look, I'm sorry, buddy. We were just playing a game. I didn't mean anything by it.

Todd wipes his eyes and looks at him.

TODD
You're lying. I've always known you liked Mike more than me, cause he can pop a wheely.

PAUL
No way, buddy. You're my son. I love you both equally, and I always will.

TODD
Even if Mike can pop a wheely?

PAUL
Even if Mike can pop a wheely.

He tussles Todd's hair.

PAUL (CONT'D)
Now get some sleep, okay?

TODD
Okay.

EXT. BOSTON STREETS - DAY

Todd and MIKE (14) ride their bikes as AMY (16) watches.

TODD
Do it again, Mike!

MIKE
You got it, Todd!

Mike pops a wheely.

TODD

So cool! I'm gonna try it, too!

Todd tries to pop a wheely, but falls.

He peels himself off the street and looks up in a panic to see a truck heading right for him.

AMY (O.S.)

Todd!

Amy pushes Todd out of the way and gets hit by the truck.

TODD & MIKE

Amy!

INT. TODD'S BEDROOM - NIGHT

Todd wakes up in a cold sweat.

TODD

He lied. He can't love us both equally, because if I could pop a wheely as sweet as Mike's, Amy would still be alive.

Todd cries.

INT. DINING ROOM - NIGHT

Marissa, Paul, Todd and Mike eat dinner.

SUPER: ONE WEEK LATER.

TODD

This is so good, mom.

MARISSA

Thank you, Todd. I'm glad you think so.

A knock at the door. Paul stands up.

PAUL

I'll get it.

Paul opens the door, then tries to slam it shut when he sees TWO ASSAILANTS with guns wearing stockings on their heads.

He pushes with all his might to close the door, but they overpower him, and he hits the floor.

They point their guns at him.

ASSAILANT 1
In the dining room. Now.

INT. DINING ROOM - NIGHT

Paul enters the dining room with both hands up. The assailants follow, pointing their guns at his back.

Marissa, Todd and Mike panic.

MARISSA
Oh my God!

PAUL
It's okay. It's okay. Everyone stay calm.

ASSAILANT 2
That's right. Just do as you're told, and everyone will be okay.

ASSAILANT 1
Well... Not everyone.

Paul's eyes widen.

PAUL
What do you mean?

ASSAILANT 1
Well, you have to make a choice. Pick one of your children, whoever you like the most, and we'll spare him.

ASSAILANT 2
And if you can't do that, then we'll kill whoever is oldest.

Mike cries.

MIKE
Don't let them kill me, Dad, please!

PAUL
I won't, Mike, I swear to God!

TODD
But you have to!

Everyone looks at Todd.

PAUL

What?

TODD

You said you love us both equally.
And if that's true, then you don't
have a favorite, right?

ASSAILANT 1

And if that's true, then we have to
kill the oldest. Those are the
rules.

Paul, Marissa and Mike cry.

PAUL

Please, please, please don't kill
my son! Please!

Assailant 1 and Assailant 2 grab Paul and Mike, respectively,
and lead them towards the back door.

ASSAILANT 1

Shut the fuck up.

Marissa tries to follow, but Assailant 1 snaps at her.

ASSAILANT 1 (CONT'D)

Sit the fuck down, or I kill them
both.

She sits down and cries powerfully.

Assailant 1, Assailant 2, Paul and Mike head into the
backyard.

Marissa pulls out her phone and dials 9-1-1. It rings once,
then-

DISPATCHER

9-1-1. What's your emergency?

MARISSA

Two men with stockings on their
heads are about to shoot my son in
the backyard!

DISPATCHER

Stockings, huh? Must be white guys.
White guys wear stockings.

MARISSA

Who gives a shit?! Get your asses
over here!

EXT. BACKYARD - NIGHT

The Assailants point their guns at Paul and Mike, who are standing by the fence.

ASSAILANT 2
You hear that? I think that bitch called the cops on us!

ASSAILANT 1
Fuck! Take her into the bathroom or something and keep an eye on her. But don't poop while she's in there. That would be rude.

ASSAILANT 2
Super rude. Besides, shitting in front of her isn't in the contract.

Paul squints suspiciously as Assailant 2 heads inside.

PAUL
Contract? What contract?

INT. DINING ROOM - NIGHT

Assailant 2 grabs Marissa by the hand and drags her away.

ASSAILANT 2
Let's go, bitch!

MARISSA
No! Let go of me, please!

Todd smiles devilishly.

EXT. FRONT PORCH - NIGHT

Todd erupts through the front door, charges down the stairs, and hops on his bike.

INT. BATHROOM - NIGHT

Marissa sits teary-eyed with her back against the wall.

MARISSA
Why are you doing this?!

Assailant 2 points his gun at her as he takes a dump on the toilet.

ASSAILANT 2

I know, I told him I wouldn't, but I had to go so bad. You won't tell him, will you?

She snaps at him.

MARISSA

I'm a bit more concerned about the fact that he's about to murder my son!

Assailant 2 sighs with relief.

ASSAILANT 2

Thank God, cause he would just report me to HR again.

MARISSA

I don't fucking care!

EXT. BACKYARD - NIGHT

Assailant 1 points his gun at Mike.

ASSAILANT 1

Time to say goodnight, you little shit.

MIKE

No, please! I don't wanna die, I'm just a kid! I wanna grow up and be a wrestler!

ASSAILANT 1

Wow, kid. I'm touched. And you know what? It's like I always say... You can be anything you want when you grow up, except alive.

PAUL

God, help us!

Todd bolts in like a bat outta hell. He pops a wheely and slams into Assailant 1, causing him to fall and drop his gun.

Todd picks the gun up and aims it at Assailant 1, who throws his hands up fearfully.

ASSAILANT 1

Wait! We had a-

BANG BANG BANG BANG BANG BANG.

INT. BATHROOM - NIGHT

Assailant 2's gun sits on the sink as he wipes.

He and Marissa whip their heads towards the bathroom door at the sound of gunfire.

MARISSA

No! Mike!

She dashes through the door.

ASSAILANT 2

Wait, I have to wipe!

He tries to grab his gun, but knocks it off the sink.

The gun goes off after bouncing on the ground, and the bullet strikes him in the head, causing him to fall forward.

EXT. BACKYARD - NIGHT

Todd stands over Assailant 1's dead body. He smiles at Paul and Mike.

TODD

Am I cool now, Dad? I just popped a sweet-ass wheely and saved the day. All Mike did was piss his pants.

Paul's jaw drops.

PAUL

You did this, didn't you?

TODD

Of course I did. You're not mad, are you?

PAUL

Of course I'm mad! Your brother could have been killed!

TODD

But Dad, it was just a game. I didn't mean anything by it.

Paul is speechless.

OFFICER 1 (O.S.)

Freeze!

OFFICER 2 (O.S.)
Drop the gun, kid!

TWO OFFICERS charge into the backyard and point their guns at Todd, who drops the gun.

OFFICER 1 prepares to cuff him, as OFFICER 2 stares grimly at Assailant 1's corpse.

Officer 2 uses his radio.

OFFICER 2 (CONT'D)
Dispatch, this is Officer Jones. We
have a body here.

OFFICER 1
You're going away for life, you
sick little freak!

PAUL
Wait!

The officers look over at Paul.

PAUL (CONT'D)
He was just playing a game. He
didn't mean anything by it.

OFFICER 1
Really?

Marissa bolts into the backyard through the back door in a panic.

Officer 2 holds his hand up in a calming manner.

OFFICER 2
It's okay, ma'am. It was just a
game.

She sighs with relief.

MARISSA
It was?! Oh, thank God!

Paul and Marissa hug a happy Todd and a very confused Mike.

PAUL
I'm so glad we're all okay.

Officer 1 waves his finger at Todd.

OFFICER 1

Me too. Now listen, buster, you
better stay outta trouble, got it?

Todd smiles.

TODD

Got it.

MIKE

What the fuck is happening?! Have
you all lost your fucking minds?!

PAUL

Mike! Language!

Todd puts his hand on Paul's arm.

TODD

It's okay, Dad. He's just playing a
game. He doesn't mean anything by
it.

Paul smiles.

PAUL

Oh, I get it!

OFFICER 1

You little scamp!

They all laugh, except Mike.

MIKE

Fuck you! Fuck all of you!

SEGMENT FOUR: WE HAVE SOME IN THE BACK

INT. SUPERMARKET, VESTIBULE - DAY

HARRY (40s) scans a customer's receipt and nods, as his manager NORMAN (50s) pushes a row of carts into the cart corral behind him.

HARRY

All set. Have a good one.

They leave, and a MAN (30s) steps forward with his wife, WOMAN (30s), and their newborn son.

Man hands Harry his receipt, and Harry scans it.

Man points towards his infant son and smiles at Harry.

MAN

I'm so glad you guys got these back
in stock.

Harry feigns a smile, as Man and Woman laugh.

HARRY

What's that?

MAN

Babies. I thought you'd be sold out
by now!

Norman laughs. He stands next to Man, who is clearly joking, and nudges his shoulder.

NORMAN

Let us know if you need more. We
have some in the back.

They all laugh, except Harry, who's smile slowly fades.

NORMAN (CONT'D)

You guys have a good weekend, okay?

Norman smiles at Harry as Man and his family leave.

NORMAN (CONT'D)

What a nice family, huh?

Norman walks away.

Harry scans the next customer's receipt, clearly disturbed.

INT. SUPERMARKET, ELECTRONICS - DAY

Norman stands in front of a series of laptops with a customer, WOMAN 2.

NORMAN

Yeah, if you're not playing PC games or anything like that, this one's fine.

WOMAN 2

Yeah, it's mostly for work. PowerPoints and stuff.

MOLLY (INTERCOM)

Norman to the back of house, please. Norman, to the back of house.

Norman nods.

NORMAN

That's for me. All set?

WOMAN 2

Yup, that's it. Thank you so much.

NORMAN

You got it.

He walks away.

INT. SUPERMARKET, BACK OF HOUSE - DAY

Norman enters and finds store owner MOLLY (50s) waiting for him.

NORMAN

Hey Mol. What's up?

She points down the aisle, where the bays are located. He looks.

Harry is throwing loose items out of one of the bays. Toys, apparel, and various products are all over the floor.

NORMAN (CONT'D)

What the fuck? Harry!

He approaches Harry, who is tearing through the bays like a tornado.

HARRY
Where are they, Norm?!

NORMAN
The fuck are you talking about?

Norman glares at him.

HARRY
The babies! Where the fuck are they?!

Norman squints with disbelief.

NORMAN
The babies? That was a joke, Harry.
We were just kidding.

Harry snaps back to reality.

HARRY
Really?

NORMAN
Yes, really. This is just a
supermarket, we obviously don't
sell babies here.

Harry lets out a relieved sigh.

NORMAN (CONT'D)
I mean, for Christ's sake, you know
that. You've been working here for
months.

Harry nods.

HARRY
No, you're right. I'm sorry, Norm.

NORMAN
It's fine, Harry. Maybe you should
take the rest of the day off.

Harry nods.

HARRY
I think you're right. Have a good
one, guys.

NORMAN & MOLLY
You too, Harry.

Harry departs as Norman and Molly watch with concern.

MOLLY (CONT'D)
What the heck was that all about?

Norman sighs.

NORMAN
Welp... I think my little joke
about selling babies set him off.

BEGIN FLASHBACK.

EXT. SUBURBAN NEIGHBORHOOD - NIGHT

Cop cars are parked outside of a house.

SUPER: FIVE YEARS AGO

NORMAN (V.O.)
See, before he worked here with
us... Harry was a detective.

INT. VICTIM'S HOUSE - NIGHT

Harry inspects the living room as MAN 2 (30s) and WOMAN 3 (30s) hug each other and cry in the background.

NORMAN (V.O.)
He was hunting down a kabal called
E.V.I.L. that would kidnap newborn
babies, and sell them to powerful
people behind closed doors.

Norman looks at a wall at the end of the room and squints suspiciously.

HARRY
This has E.V.I.L. written all over
it.

CUT TO - The word E.V.I.L. literally written on the wall.

NORMAN (V.O.)
Until he got too close.

OFFICER 3 (O.S.)
Detective!

Harry turns to face OFFICER 3 (20s) as he approaches in a panic.

OFFICER 3 (CONT'D)
It's your son... He's been
kidnapped.

Harry's eyes well up with tears.

HARRY
This is my fault, for always
dressing him so cute.

Harry wipes his eyes.

HARRY (CONT'D)
He has this one winter suit that
makes him look like a teddy bear,
it has the ears and everything. So
cute. You'd kidnap him too, if you
saw it.

Officer 3 tears up and hugs him.

OFFICER 3
Sure I would, Harry. Sure I would.

INT. SUPERMARKET, BACK OF HOUSE - DAY

Molly frowns.

MOLLY
I had no idea... That's so sad.

NORMAN
I know. He used to get paid so
well. What a shame.

MOLLY
I meant about his son.

NORMAN
He used to have this electric car.
It was beautiful. I wanted to get
the same one, but I don't know what
kind of batteries it took. You
think I should ask?

INT. HOOPER'S BAR - NIGHT

Harry drinks a beer as he watches the news on a wall-mounted
TV.

An OLD MAN sits next to him and notices the Supermarket logo
on Harry's shirt.

OLD MAN
You work at the Supermarket on
Homestead Road, huh?

Harry nods.

HARRY
That's right.

OLD MAN
Small world. I used to own the
joint.

HARRY
You don't say?

Old Man nods.

OLD MAN
That's right. 'Cept back then it
was a strip club. I've always
wondered what they did with all
that extra space in the back.

Harry raises an eyebrow.

HARRY
What do you mean?

OLD MAN
Well, it's just that last time I
went there, I went in the back to
use the bathroom, cause at some
stores it's okay to do that. So I
ran in the back to take a shit, but
it was all walled off.

HARRY
Are you sure?

OLD MAN
Hell yeah I'm sure! See, we used to
have the bar and the stage in the
front, and the lap dances in the
back between my office and the
bathroom. And I had this little
window in my office where you could
see the lap dances and the
bathroom, but I swear to God, I
didn't have that installed so I
could watch the lap dances. It was
strictly to see if the bathroom was
available.

HARRY

Holy shit.

OLD MAN

In fact, sometimes I would get pissed off, because I couldn't tell if the bathroom was available through all the lap dances. So instead of sitting in my office, I would just get lapdances all day, so I could get a better vantage point of the bathroom. But that's the only reason why!

Harry slaps some money on the counter.

HARRY

I gotta go. Have a good night.

Harry storms out.

OLD MAN

You think he believes me about the bathroom?

The BARTENDER looks at him with a smirk.

BARTENDER

Of course. That's the same reason I put a hole in one of the men's bathroom stalls... To get a better vantage point.

Old Man nods and sips his beer.

BARTENDER (CONT'D)

It's the one all the way to the right. You can tell because of the hole.

INT. SUPERMARKET, ELECTRONICS - NIGHT

Norman stares longingly at a picture of a car in a magazine.

He looks at the pegs of batteries in front of him - all different types - and sighs disappointedly.

NORMAN

I guess I'll never know which kind.

He spots Harry walking towards the back of house with a sledgehammer.

NORMAN (CONT'D)
What the- Harry!

He hustles after him.

INT. SUPERMARKET, BACK OF HOUSE - NIGHT

Harry bursts through the double doors as Norman catches up to him.

NORMAN
Harry, what are you doing?

HARRY
I'm here to save the babies, Norm.

NORMAN
There are no babies, Harry!

Harry slams the sledgehammer into the wall with a BOOM.
Norman panics.

NORMAN (CONT'D)
Jesus fuck, Harry!

He hits the wall again, BOOM. Again, BOOM. Again, BOOM. A
basketball sized hole is left in the wall.

He pulls the sledgehammer back for another swing, when-

MOLLY (O.S.)
Harry, stop!

Harry and Norm turn towards Molly as she approaches.

HARRY
I know about your whole sick
operation here, Molly. I'm here to
stop it.

MOLLY
Do you hear yourself Harry? I mean,
Jesus Christ, why would we have
babies here?!

HARRY
Cause it used to be a strip club.

Norman grabs the sledgehammer from Harry.

NORMAN
That's enough! Gimme that!

HARRY

Norm!

NORMAN

No, Harry! You're not just my
coworker, you're my friend, and...
I'm worried about you, man.

Harry hangs his head sadly.

NORMAN (CONT'D)

I can't imagine what you're going
through, but I'll do everything I
can to help you. But you need to
understand the reality here. The
world isn't out to get you, Harry.

Harry nods.

HARRY

I know.

NORMAN

Something really awful happened to
you and your family... But that was
years ago, and this is now. Okay?

HARRY

Okay.

Molly smiles.

MOLLY

I'm glad we could figure this out.
You two wait here. I'm going to
make sure no one called the cops.

HARRY

Thanks, Mol. I'm sorry.

MOLLY

Don't worry about it, Harry.

Molly leaves the back of house.

Harry and Norman sigh.

NORMAN

So, what now?

HARRY

Now we get a beer.

Norman smiles.

NORMAN
Good idea, Harry.

They walk towards the back of house exit, and-

BABY (O.S.)
Waaaahhhh!

They stop and look each other in the eyes, in shock.

BABY (O.S.) (CONT'D)
Waaaahhhh!

They return to the wall, and Norman slams the sledgehammer into it. BOOM. Again, BOOM. Again, BOOM.

They step through the hole.

INT. SUPERMARKET, SECRET ROOM - NIGHT

Before them are dozens of cribs. They walk between them, crying babies in each one.

NORMAN
You were right, Harry. I can't believe it... You were right.

CLICK.

MOLLY (O.S.)
He sure was.

Molly points a gun equipped with a silencer at them. They put their hands up.

HARRY
The kabal called E.V.I.L.... It's been you this whole time.

NORMAN
You'll never get away with this, Molly. We're going to-

BANG. Molly shoots Norman. He hits the ground.

Harry looks down in horror.

HARRY
Norman!

Harry looks back at Molly.

HARRY (CONT'D)
You crazy bitch...

MOLLY
To put it lightly. Now... Any last words?

Harry nods.

HARRY
Yeah.

He looks behind her.

HARRY (CONT'D)
Who's your Daddy?

BOY (O.S.)
You are.

NATE (5) stabs Molly, who looks back at him in shock. She hits the ground.

Harry hugs NATE.

HARRY
Is it really you, Nate?!

NATE
Yup. I missed you, Dad.

HARRY
I missed you too, son.

They separate.

HARRY (CONT'D)
How did you know I was your dad?

NATE
Molly told me. She thought it was funny that we were so close to each other, and that you had no idea. She let me watch you on the cameras, just because she new it would make me sad.

HARRY
I don't get it... You're the only kid here. How come none of those rich perverts bought you?

NATE

They did. A lot of 'em. But then they'd take my teddy bear suit off and see how ugly I was and bring me back.

Harry's jaw drops.

HARRY

What?! No, you were super cute.

Nate smiles.

NATE

You must have had your baby blinders on.

Harry hugs him again.

HARRY

It doesn't matter now, buddy. I'm just glad to see you again.

Norman barks at them.

NORMAN

Shut up and call an ambulance, Harry! I've been shot!

Harry pulls out his phone and dials 9-1-1.

HARRY

Shit, that's right. Sorry, Norm.

FADE TO BLACK.

END OF EPISODE