

MESSY PT. 2 (V2)

Written by

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Based on "Messy Pt. 1"

INT. KITCHEN - MORNING

Kyle frantically gets ready for work. He wears a white, crisp button-up with a thermos in one hand, a Boston Crème Donut in the other.

V.O. OWEN (V.O.)
With Kyle's work schedule, life can really feel "on-the-go." And that includes...

Kyle takes a bite of his Boston Crème, inevitably leaking some crème on his work shirt.

V.O. OWEN (CONT'D)
Uh, oh!!! Life's little messes. But with the Forever Fresh Stain Stick, life's little blunders can-

CRASH!

Kyle slams his thermos and donut on the floor. He immediately covers his face in embarrassment.

KYLE
(softly) Fuck. Sorry... I'm sorry.
V.O. OWEN
...woah.

KYLE
That was... fuck, sorry!

V.O. OWEN
Well... not as sorry as those small stains'll be, when you use Forever-

Kyle starts to breathe heavy.

KYLE
Fuck, fuck, fuck... not now, please...

Kyle takes a DEEEEEEP, shaky breath. A slight whimper with it.

V.O. OWEN
Um... he doesn't look so good...
(aside)
Should we see if he's...?

KYLE
Please, no... just breathe-

V.O. OWEN
Um- you said it, pal! Breathe and
relax, 'cuz Forever Fresh is here
to save the day with-

SMACK. Kyle hits himself in the head.

KYLE
Why'd you-?! Fuck!

V.O. OWEN
Okay, nope! He's hitting himself!
Guys-?! What is happening?

KYLE
You should've payed more attention.
It's the last one- why wasn't I-

He smacks himself again, bursting into tears.

V.O. OWEN
Tom?! Is he having a panic attack?
(slight pause)
You want me to wha-?! Dude...

KYLE
It's the last shirt! So stupid!

V.O. Owen sighs on the mic before...

V.O. OWEN
Not as stupid as those pesky stains
can be, but with the Forever-
(he stops himself)
Y'know what? No. That's fucked up,
Tom. I can't just keep going-!

Kyle breathes harder, grabbing his chest as he gasps for air.

KYLE
I can't breathe.

V.O. OWEN
Hey, bud? It's just a shirt. And,
look, the stain isn't that bad...
actually if you did try using the-
(music starts)
Forever Fresh Stain Stick-
(he stops it)
GUYS! NO! I'm actually helping-
fuck off!

KYLE

Just stop, just stop, stop, stop...
fuck, I can't breathe.

V.O. OWEN

(aside)
Does anyone know how to
help...? No one? Guys that is
so wrong.

KYLE

I'm gonna be late, fuck it
all up.

V.O. OWEN

Wait. Where's Key Grip Ronny?

KEY GRIP RONNY (O.S.)

(muffled)

Here.

V.O. OWEN

Ron, your wife's a therapist right?

RONNY (O.S.)

(muffled)

Um...

V.O. OWEN

Betterhelp counts.

KEY GRIP RONNY

(muffled)

Then yeah.

V.O. OWEN

What do we do here?

KEY GRIP RONNY

(taking his time)

Ummmm...

(then, muffled)

Oh! Get him to fold a shirt?

V.O. OWEN

What do you mean? "Fold a
shirt-?"

KEY GRIP RONNY

(muffled)

I dunno, my wife says it
works!!

V.O. OWEN

(to Kyle)

Hey, buddy?

Kyle perks up, sobbing.

V.O. OWEN
I'm gonna have you fold a shirt...
Relax the mind! You have a shirt?

Kyle looks down at his stained button-up. He ugly cries.

V.O. OWEN
Oh, god-dammit! RONNY!

Kyle continues to sob.

V.O. OWEN
Hey, bud! C'mon, you can fight
this, okay? Just breathe. What's
your name?

KYLE
Kyle.

V.O. OWEN
Kyle, you have panic attacks a lot?

Kyle nods his head.

V.O. OWEN
Why do you think that is?

KYLE
It- it... it's this stupid job. It
just sets me off.

V.O. OWEN
Okay. Well... end of the day, a job
is just a job. No job can be that
stressful that it hurts someone's
livelihood. Over a shirt? C'mon...

KYLE
Right... That's nice of you.

V.O. OWEN
What do you do anyway?

KYLE
I hold the nuclear football for the
president...

Beat. V.O. Owen is quiet...

V.O. OWEN
Like... like *this* president?

Kyle nods.

V.O. OWEN
Oh... oh... oh, my... oh...

Beat. A moment of silence... Kyle lets out one more ugly cry.

INT. KITCHEN - LATER

Hard cut to a panning shot over the kitchen counter. We hold on the product center frame. Kyle continues to cry in the background.

V.O. OWEN
Forever Fresh Stain Stick, even
cleans what BetterHelp can't...

KEY GRIP RONNY
(muffled)
Hey, fuck you! That's my wife-!

V.O. OWEN
No, fuck you, Ronny! Truly! Fuck
you!
(sighs, to himself)
...the American Mental Health crisis,
everyone. God...

ALT 1:

Kyle continues to sob over the out button, with:

V.O. OWEN (CONT'D)
The American Mental Health crisis,
everyone... Jesus Christ...

ALT 2:

GUNSHOT in the background!

V.O. OWEN (CONT'D)
OH MY GOD! OH MY GOD! FUCK! Fuck,
was that-?! Oh my god... the American
mental health crisis... fuck.