FOUR DEGREES AND NO HIRE - PILOT

Written by

Emmylou Allen
Dillon Hawkins
Tyler Lopez
Joshua McDonald
Adam Solomon

Created by

Joey Catron
Pietro DiSante
Joshua McDonald
Adam Solomon

February 6, 2010
FADE IN:
MONTAGE:

INT. OFFICE - DEXTER

DEXTER, a twenty-something college graduate full of sarcasm and wit and dressed in shirt and tie, sits in a chair across from a desk. Behind the desk sits the INTERVIEWER. The Interviewer is just a voice behind the camera.

INTERVIEWER (O.S.)
So tell me, what qualifies you for this job? Any special skills?

DEXTER
I think the real question is, what doesn’t qualify me for this job?

CUT TO:

INT. OFFICE - MAGGIE

MAGGIE, in a different office, sits in a similar position as Joel. She too is well dressed and collected. In fact, it’s clear that she has her shit together.

MAGGIE
(pensive)
Qualifications? What exactly do you mean? Qualified how?

CUT TO:

INT. OFFICE - JOEL

JOEL, intelligent yet humble, sits in his own office opposite the Interviewer. He is well dressed, in suit and tie, looking confident.

JOEL
(listing off)
I’m diligent, assiduous, sedulous, punctilious --
INT. OFFICE - ISAAC

ISAAC, simple but yet a college graduate, sits slouched in his chair, transfixed on a picture of a black Labrador setting on the desk. He wears an outrageous Tazamanian Devil necktie. After a moment of silence, he snaps to attention.

ISAAC
I’m sorry, what was the question?

INTERVIEWER (O.S.)
Do you have any special skills?

Isaac ponders the questions.

ISAAC
Special skills? Do you mean like "retarded?"

RETURN TO: DEXTER

INTERVIEWER (O.S.)
What would you say are some of your greatest strengths?

DEXTER
My greatest strengths? Well, I excel at pretty much everything I do. Name something and I’m good at it.

A beat.

DEXTER (CONT’D)
Go ahead. Name something.

RETURN TO: MAGGIE

MAGGIE
I’m a great team player. If there’s a scenario that I need to take charge of, I will. But I’m not afraid to listen to someone else if they’re more qualified. But that’s not to say I’m not qualified!
JOEL
Principled, upstanding, virtuous, honest --

ISAAC
Is that your dog?

INTERVIEWER (O.S.)
And what would you consider your greatest weakness?

DEXTER
That’s a trick question.

MAGGIE
Sometimes I invest too much of myself in a project. Not that that’s a bad thing! I just sort of tend to lose sight sometimes. But that’s not to say I’m unfocused!

JOEL
Well, we can all be our own worst enemies at times, right?

ISAAC
Isaac leans forward and motions for the Interviewer to do the same.
CONTINUED:

ISAAC
(hushed voice)
Don’t really tell anyone this, but
I can barely bench press one
hundred pounds. I think it’s a
mental thing. Like I’m afraid of
crushing my esophagus, ya know?

SMASH CUT TO:

INT. BAR - HAPPY HOUR

LATER: Dexter and Maggie sit in a booth, nursing bottles of beer and looking dispirited.

DEXTER

MAGGIE
That’s redundant.

DEXTER
(mockingly)
That’s redundant.

MAGGIE
Mature as well.

Dexter rolls his eyes. Joel walks up to the booth and slides into the seat next to Maggie.

JOEL
(sullen)
Hey, guys.

MAGGIE & DEXTER
(simultaneously)
Hey, Joel.

JOEL
So, how’d it go with you two?

Dexter and Maggie want to talk but just linger on the thought.

CUT TO:
INT. OFFICE - DEXTER - FLASHBACK

Dexter smiles nervously at the Interviewer.

    INTERVIEWER (O.S.)
    We’ll be in touch with you in the future if a job matching your qualifications opens up.

Dexter’s smile slowly fades.

CUT TO:

INT. OFFICE - MAGGIE - FLASHBACK

Maggie looks optimistic. She smiles graciously and nods her head.

    INTERVIEWER (O.S.)
    You’re wonderful, you really are. It just doesn’t look like the position you applied for will be open anytime soon.

Maggie’s nodding begins to slow down as she let’s the Interviewer’s comment sinks in.

RETURN TO:

INT. BAR - PRESENT

    JOEL
    That bad?

    MAGGIE
    Little bit.

    DEXTER
    I wouldn’t say it was my proudest moment.

    MAGGIE
    How about with you?

CUT TO:
INT. OFFICE - JOEL - FLASHBACK

Joel stares forward with anticipation.

    INTERVIEWER (O.S.)
    It was really nice to meet you, son, but you’re just not what we’re looking for.

Joel deflates. The unseen Interviewer extends his hand for a shake. Joel sheepishly returns the favor.

RETURN TO:

INT. BAR - PRESENT

    JOEL
    Mine wasn’t exactly one I would file under "success" either.

Maggie grimaces.

    MAGGIE
    I suppose it could be worse.

    JOEL
    How, Maggie? How could the situation possibly be worse?

She shrugs.

    JOEL (CONT’D)
    We have less than two months before our grace periods end. The only money any of us has is what little remains of the original loans. We really only have two options: pay the rent or make a payment on the loan. One leaves us all homeless and the other puts blood in the water to catch the sharks’ attention. So please, Maggie, tell me what could possibly make this situation any worse?

    DEXTER
    Dinosaurs.

Joel glares at Dexter.

(CONTINUED)
DEXTER (CONT’D)
A Velociraptor could disembowel you. Uh, the ceiling lights could fall from their housings and kill you. Your beer could be flat.

JOEL
I meant something a little bit more realistic, you smart ass.

A serious look crosses Dexter’s face.

DEXTER
Okay. Chaz Mullnard could walk into the bar.

JOEL
Real funny.

CHAZ (O.S.)
Well, if it isn’t three of my four favorite college buddies.

The friends sigh in annoyance.

DEXTER
You have got to be shitting me.

MAGGIE
Great.

JOEL
What the hell do you do? Just conjure up assholes?

Dexter has no response, just a shrug. CHAZ MULLNARD, the definition of tool, crosses the bar to the booth.

CHAZ
How’s it going, gang?

JOEL
It’s going.

DEXTER
Swell. Real swell.

Maggie doesn’t say anything. Chaz gives her a wink.

CHAZ
Hey, Maggie.

She scoffs and rolls her eyes.

(CONTINUED)
My ears were burning. Hopefully it was something good.

Chaz gives a coy smile which Joel begrudgingly returns. Chaz scans the table, searching for something or someone.

Chaz

Seems as if you’re down a man--err--an Isaac.

He laughs at his own joke. The three friends are not amused.

Dexter

Yeah, Isaac should be here anytime now.

Dexter taps his fingers on the table and looks around anxiously.

Dexter (CONT’D)

Any. Time. Now.

Chaz

Well, I’ll wait then.

Chaz sits down next to Joel, squeezing Joel and Maggie together.

Chaz (CONT’D)

Have some great news I’ve been dying to share with someone and I can’t think of a better group than you guys.

Joel

(sarcastically)

Wonderful.

Isaac enters the bar.

Chaz

Hey! There’s our guy.

Isaac

(surprised)

Chaz Mullnand! Holy shit!

Isaac runs to the table, ignoring his friends for Chaz. Chaz extends his hand for a shake. Isaac takes his hand, pulls him to his feet and gives him a big hug.

(Continued)
CHAZ
Woah, guy. Good to see you, too.

Isaac takes a seat next to Dexter and Chaz pulls up a chair from a nearby table.

ISAAC
Can you guys believe this guy? Chaz Mullnard! Man, I haven’t seen you since the night before graduation when you got piss drunk and --

CHAZ
Woah, woah, little buddy. I think we all remember what happened that night. It’s best not to reminisce.

Maggie stifles a laugh about the obviously embarrassing story. Dexter smiles largely. Joel bites his lip to hide his own smile.

ISAAC
Oh. Sorry. So what’s going on, Chaz?

CHAZ
Oh, nothing. Just celebrating one of life’s sweet victories. Gentlemen, Maggie, I just landed the dream job.

DEXTER
You landed the what?

CHAZ
The dream job.

DEXTER
What the hell is the dream job?

JOEL
(unenthusiastically)
Madison and Rosemarie. He landed a job with the biggest advertising firm on the east coast.

CHAZ
You remember the dream!

JOEL
That’s because it was my dream, Chaz. Not yours.

(CONTINUED)
CHAZ
A dream is a dream, man! Hey, you know what, drinks on me!

ISAAC
Alright!

Dexter nudges Isaac hard. Chaz turns to the bar.

CHAZ
Hey, Chip! Four beers for my friends!

He turns back to the four.

CHAZ (CONT’D)
Oh, yeah, I almost forgot. You should come to my house warming party this Saturday.

DEXTER
You bought a house?

CHAZ
Yeah. Well, fifteenth story condo actually but call it what you will. It’s in West Town. Nothing special really. Just three bedrooms overlooking the river. It’s pretty nice but the yachts do wake you up in the morning.

Dexter, Joel and Maggie roll their eyes. Isaac listens attentively.

ISAAC
Cool! Yeah! I’ll be there.

Dexter nudges him again. Isaac doesn’t know why.

CHAZ
Well guys, thanks for listening to the good news. But, if its okay with you, I’m going to go celebrate downstairs with some other friends.

ISAAC
Aww man, you should stay.

DEXTER
No, you should go with your other friends.

Dexter glares at Isaac.

(CONTINUED)
CONTINUED:

JOEL
Yeah. You don’t wanna keep them waiting.

CHAZ
Okay. Well, hope to see you guys at the party!

JOEL
Yep. See ya.

Chaz exits.

ISAAC
(calling after him)
See ya later, Chaz!

Dexter and Maggie give Isaac a dirty look.

ISAAC (CONT’D)
What?

MAGGIE
Every time that asshole comes around you act like his little fanboy.

ISAAC
He’s a nice guy. He bought us all beer.

DEXTER
No, he’s a dick, Isaac. I mean, Jesus, Maggs, how did you ever date that guy?

MAGGIE
Don’t.

DEXTER
I mean, seriously, he’s a douche. Just the idea of his sweaty, disgusting body caressing me in a sensual way makes me want to --

Maggie leans across the table and slaps Dexter.

DEXTER
Ouch! What the hell?

MAGGIE
I told you not to talk about it again!

(CONTINUED)
DEXTER
Oh, excuse me! It’s suddenly my
fault that you fu--

Dexter is cut off as Joel slams his hands down on the table.

JOEL
Son of a bitch!

The table grows quiet.

DEXTER
Woah. Jesus, Joel. I didn’t know it
was a touchy subject for you too.

JOEL
No. It’s not that, it’s just...
We’ve been trying so goddamn hard
to get jobs and none of us have had
any luck. Unless...

Joel turns to Isaac.

JOEL (CONT’D)
Isaac, how’d your interview go?

CUT TO:

INT. OFFICE - ISAAC - FLASHBACK

Isaac sits before the unseen Interviewer.

INTERVIEWER (O.S.)
I can’t believe I’m saying this,
but, the job is yours if you want
it. You must have someone looking
out for you.

ISAAC
Really? I mean, awesome. That’s
wonderful. Sure, I’ll take it.

INTERVIEWER (O.S.)
Great. Okay. Well, we’ll be seeing
you first thing tomorrow morning.
Alright?

ISAAC
What time?
INT BAR - PRESENT

ISAAC
Yeah, I didn’t get it.

JOEL
See, and that’s the problem. We’ve all been working our asses off trying to make ends meet and nothing has happened. Then in walks Chaz -- Chaz fucking Mullnard -- who proceeds to tell me that not only has he landed a dream job, he’s landed my dream job. Meanwhile, not a single one of us has any luck with anything we try.

Joel stands up.

JOEL (CONT’D)
What have we done to deserve this fate? What have we done to piss off the job hunting gods so highly they’d reward Chaz Mullnard with a job and continue to shit on us?

DEXTER
It’s not the job hunting gods, Joel. It’s "The Man." The Man doesn’t want us to be successful. And even if The Man gave us jobs, a tie is just an upside down noose.

Joel is a little taken back, losing his concentration.

JOEL
Jesus, that’s the most poetic thing I’ve ever heard come out of your mouth, Dexter.
DEXTER
I have my moments.

JOEL
That was good.

DEXTER
Really? It didn’t seem rehearsed or anything?

JOEL
No. It was poignant. Profound even.

DEXTER
Thanks.

MAGGIE
Yeah, I’m gonna have to agree with Dexter on this. I can’t find anything. We’re just not fit for the "real world." I might as well be a --

ISAAC
Prostitute!

MAGGIE
(confused)
No.

ISAAC
A wet nurse!

MAGGIE
(still confused)
I was going to say a floor scrubber but thank you.

Joel snaps back to the moment -- his moment.

JOEL
No, wait. Hold on. We’re losing sight, getting off track. This... great injustice is not the fault of Providence, fate or "The Man." It’s essentially our own fault. We need to take the reins. We need to take control of our own success.

Joel climbs on the table.
JOEL (CONT’D)
Gentleman, Maggaroo --
We will get jobs. We must get jobs. Perhaps we are setting the bar too high. Perhaps we’re not looking in the right places. What we have to do is step outside the box and look at the bigger picture. We can’t let Chaz Mullnard bring us down. There are dozens of jobs out there -- untapped resources! Unpaved roads to success!

The three begin to rally behind Joel’s speech.

JOEL (CONT’D)
Baby steps, my friends. Baby steps is what we need to take. Success is at our fingertips! We just need to take that step -- that leap into the unknown!

ALL
Yeah!

JOEL
So... to the workforce?!

ALL
To the workforce!

They clink their glasses together and drink. Joel continues standing on his seat, basking in the moment. A WAITRESS brings over an order of hot wings. She sets them on the table.

ISAAC
Food!

Isaac frantically reaches across the table for the wings, knocking Joel from the table.

JOEL
Shit!

END OF EPISODE