

THE SUMMER HELP
Brown Bottle Flu
(Pilot- 01)

Revision 1

By

Daran Carlin-Weber

THE SUMMER HELP

"THE BROWN BOTTLE FLU"

WRITTEN BY DARAN CARLIN-WEBER

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INT. REBECCA'S HOUSE- MORNING

1

THE SUN SHINES THROUGH THE BROKEN BLINDS OF A ONCE FAIRLY TIDY HOUSE. IT'S NOW BEEN LAID TO RUIN BY THE LIKES OF WHAT APPEARS TO HAVE BEEN AN INCREDIBLE PARTY THE NIGHT BEFORE. FURNITURE IS MISPLACED, FOOD IS EVERYWHERE AND THERE ARE BEER AND LIQUOR BOTTLES IN PILES THROUGHOUT THE HOUSE.

DEREK emerges from one of the piles very slowly with the obvious signs of a hangover.

DEREK

(Holding his head)

Oh my god, uggggggghhhhhhhhhh.

*

DEREK looks around and realizes he's not familiar with his surroundings.

DEREK (cont'd)

(Tired and slurred)

Wha- whose house is this?

*

REBECCA

(Off-screen)

My house.

DEREK looks over to see REBECCA in uniform standing at the staircase. She looks just as hungover, but especially angry.

REBECCA (cont'd)

My house... that you guys decided to throw some stupid kegger at.

DEREK

But I thought this was your party.

*

REBECCA

(Pissed off)

Nope, I came home last night and the next thing I got some fat slob all over me. Now clean yourself up, we're almost late for work.

*

*

*

INT. REBECCA'S CAR- MORNING

2

REBECCA drives as DEREK sits in the passenger seat.

DEREK

(Confounded, leaning his head
against the side-window)

If it wasn't your party, then whose
was it? *

REBECCA

Um Jim, who else???

DEREK

Oh. *

He's gonna be so hungover. (Sickly) *

Could you drive slower please?

REBECCA

(Angry warning)

No.

And Derek, you'd better not throw
up in this car!

CUT TO:

JIM SLEEPS PEACEFULLY UNDER A BLANKET ON WHAT APPEARS TO BE
A DIRTY FUTON. HE WAKES UP YAWNING, 100% HANGOVER-FREE.

REVEAL:

JIM IS ACTUALLY SLEEPING IN THE BACKSEAT OF HIS CAR, WHICH
IS PARKED IN THE PARKING LOT OF THE REC CENTER.

JIM gets out of his car, brushing his teeth.

REBECCA'S car pulls in next to him.

DEREK

Hey Jim, you make it home alright
last night?

JIM

(Spitting) *

Yeah, just fine. *

A MAILMAN walks up to JIM'S car. He picks up the hood of the
car, places mail in a small mail box wedged in the engine, *

slams the hood shut, then bends the antenna as if it were a *

mailbox. *

INT. MEADOWLARK REC CENTER MAIN OFFICE

3

JIM, DEREK, REBECCA stand at attention as BURCH gives them today's briefings. BURCH is the same height as them somehow.

REVEAL to show BURCH is really fucking short and simply walking back and forth on a table.

BURCH

ALRIGHT YOU *BUTTERFLIES*! TODAY IS
VERY IMPORTANT! TODAY IS THE ANNUAL
 MEADOWLARK **FIELD DAY**! This is a day
 that will prove your worth as a
 human being, but most importantly a
COUNSELOR!

*
*
*
*
*

DEREK

(Whispering to JIM)

How come you're not hungover?

JIM

(Whispering)

Uh 'cause I'm not a *lightweight*
 like you.

DEREK

(Whispering a little loudly)

I'm not used to it!

*

BURCH

(Screaming in DEREK's ear)

THIS ISN'T THE TIME TO GOSSIP
SUNFLOWER SEEDS!

*

DEREK screams and holds his ears as BURCH's voice gives him the worst hangover headache imaginable.

BURCH (cont'd)

AND JUST *WHERE* IS **FLOWER GIRL**?!

REBECCA

(Pointing to her side)

Over there Burch.

Pan over to reveal LOLITA in a drug-induced trance laying against the wall in the other side of the room.

JIM

(Walking over to LOLITA,
 talking to her as if she was a
 household pet)

Heyyyy, look who made it back from
 the party.

(CONTINUED)

LOLITA stays silent with her mouth hanging open, her eyes dart in different directions.

JIM (cont'd)
(From LOLITA's POV, morphing
and flashing colors)
Hey, you still trippin' from last
night? Didn't realize you dropped
so much.

*
*

BURCH
(Getting in LOLITA's face)
GET OFF YOUR TUSH AND INTO
POSITION!

*

LOLITA begins to scream and runs out of the office.

BURCH (cont'd)
UGH! *Come on!* you *fail* to realize
the importance of FIELD DAY!

*

BURCH holds up a copy of The Meadowlark Messenger.

BURCH (cont'd)
(Cont'd.)
The local *Newspaper* is going to be
here to cover the event! The
NEWSPAPER!

Emphasis on the "NEWS" in "Newspaper". NOOOOOZZ

*

BURCH throws the newspaper aside.

BURCH (cont'd)
Our success today determines
whether or not we're going to be
open next year! YOU READ ME?

DEREK stands swaying sickly, REBECCA yawns and doesn't give a shit and...

JIM
(Reading the newspaper)
Yup, gotcha.

BURCH rips the paper out of JIM's hands and crumples it up.

JIM (cont'd)
(Upset)
Hey! I was reading Garfield!

EXT. REC CENTER PLAYING FIELD- MID-DAY

4

The field is set up with several different activities with hundreds of kids involved. Parents watch onward and the staff stands not-really-ready at their stations. A large banner displaying "12th Annual Meadowlark Field Day" hangs in the background.

REBECCA stands at a hula-hoop station. She is holding a hula-hoop with one hand as if it were a circus act.

REBECCA

Alright, you kids are gonna jump through this hoop and you'd better not knock it out of my hand.

LITTLE KID

I think we're just supposed to hula hoop.

REBECCA

(Menacing, getting in the kid's face)

You should feel lucky I didn't get the jump rope workshop. I would be whipping your as **raw**.

*
*
*
*
*

All the kids immediately comply and start jumping through the hula hoop.

A large, hairy blob walks up behind REBECCA. It's NORM.

REBECCA (cont'd)

(Back to him)

What Norm.

NORM

(Awkwardly)

Hi Rebecca, just wanted to say that was a pretty- uh awesome party last night. We should do that again sometime probably, yeah.

*
*
*

REBECCA

(Low and dismissive)

Wasn't my party.

*

NORM

Well it was fun anyway. And I uh- was wondering if you'd wanna go-

*

REBECCA spots JIM from across the field and marches off cutting NORM off.

(CONTINUED)

NORM (cont'd)
Oh well talk to you later.

JIM and DEREK lounge on some bleachers. DEREK is laying down, trying to rest off and moaning.

REBECCA stomps over in full bitch mode.

JIM
What's up Becky.

REBECCA
It's **Rebecca** and *what the hell* makes you think you can throw a party at my house?!

JIM
(Calmly)
Wasn't me.

REBECCA
When I have proof it was you I'll be back.

REBECCA storms off.

JIM
Alright "rag jockey".

REBECCA swings her head around and gives JIM a death glare. *

DEREK
Why did you throw a party at her place, you knew it would piss her off. *

JIM
(Pointing over to Norm)
I didn't do it, Burch's office lackey Norm over there did.

DEREK
(Surprised) *

JIM
Yeah he did it as some poor attempt to get into Becky's pants. Heh. *

DEREK
Oh, what the hell.

(CONTINUED)

BURCH
 (Appearing out of nowhere)
 MANTHEE, WOODSWORTH! WHAT ARE YOU
 DOING JUST SITTING HERE?!

JIM
 (Getting up and walking away,
 quickly speaking)
 I'm out of here Mr. Boss man.

BURCH
 MANTHEE, GO JOIN THAT SOCCER GAME!

DEREK
 Uh sir, I don't think that's the
 best idea, I'm not feeling too good
 and-

BURCH
GET OUT THERE MANTHEE!

BURCH shoves DEREK off-screen into the soccer game.

BURCH considers his actions for a second.

BURCH
 PLEASE!

BURCH
 YEAH, STRETCH OUT THOSE CHICKEN
 LEGS, **RUN RUN!** BE A *ROLE MODEL*, BE
 A **ROLE MODEL!**

An audible THUD is heard as DEREK falls to the ground
 OFF-SCREEN and begins vomiting.

BURCH (cont'd)
 (Quietly pleading)
 God, at least not on the ball...

EXT. MEADOWLARK REC CENTER PARKING LOT

5

LOLITA wanders aimlessly through the parking lot.

She bumps into several cars blindly, then sets off a car
 alarm, scaring her in the other direction. To her, the car
 appears to be angry with her and tries biting her.

LOLITA ends up wondering toward the Field Day festivities.

She is immediately accosted by children.

(CONTINUED)

KIDDY CROWD

Can you tie my shoe?- I want a hug-
I'm hungry- My parents left without
me...

LOLITA is terrified as she believes the kids are climbing up
onto her and turning to monsters.

LOLITA

AGH! GET AWAY FROM MY **BLOOD!**

LOLITA kicks them away from her, begins running and falls
right in front of bleachers full of parents and onlookers.
She looks up and sees a sea of warped, morphing, horrific
faces.

LOLITA (cont'd)

(Whispering to herself, too
scared to scream)

Oh my god, I've gone to hell...

*
*
*

CUT TO:

BURCH ADVISES THE ACTIVITIES FROM A FAR AS A REPORTER WALKS
UP TO HIM CARRYING A PAD AND PENCIL, AND A CAMERA AROUND HIS
NECK. 6

REPORTER

Are you Mr. Burchibald?

BURCH

THAT'S **SERGEANT** BURCHIBALD! (BEAT) I
mean- yes I am.

*
*

REPORTER

Hi I'm from the newspaper.

CUT TO:

JIM WALKS OVER TO REBECCA WHO IS VERBALLY ABUSING THE KIDS. 7

REBECCA

Come on you chubby *tit!* **Give me
some situps!**

JIM

(Walking by, without stopping)
Norm did it.

*

(CONTINUED)

REBECCA
(Furious as fuck)
What?! Oh I'm going to fucking *
murder him.

A tree in the background catches fire coincidentally. *

CUT BACK TO:

BURCH IS BEING INTERVIEWED BY THE REPORTER. 8

REPORTER
So how does your summer program
function.

BURCH
Oh like a family! These kids are
like my own precious flesh n'
blood! *

As JIM is walking by, BURCH grabs him with his arm around
his neck in an act of fake comradery.

BURCH (cont'd)
Isn't that right Woodie?

JIM
Sure is Pa!

REBECCA and NORM appear behind BURCH as she kicks him into a
trash can and knocks it over.

REBECCA
You're washing the puke out of my
couch cushions asshole!

LOLITA's screaming from a distance catches all of their
attention.

LOLITA is now stumbling around, knocking over parents
yelling incomprehensibly. *

BURCH, JIM, the REPORTER, and REBECCA look at each other
back and forth as BURCH gets embarrassed. JIM takes action.

JIM
NO LOLITA! KEEP YOUR CLOTHES ON!
THEY'RE NOT ON FIRE!

JIM runs off, knocking BURCH over as escapes his grasp.

BURCH and the REPORTER remain silent as BURCH shoots a
nervous smile.

(CONTINUED)

REPORTER

Yeahhhh we'll just hold this
interview for later, this is way
more interesting.

*

The REPORTER runs off holding up his camera.

A look of morbidity washes over BURCH as everything around
him is unraveling.

REBECCA

(Trying to be reassuring)
...At least newspaper is a dying
medium.

BURCH buries his face in his hands.

THE END