

FADE IN:

INT. PAL'S MAN CAVE - DAY

A plain living room with some dirty magazines laying open on the couch. A scum bucket sits in the corner near the door.

A portrait of OMNI hangs on the wall.

DAD lies unconscious on the floor. He wakes up suddenly and gasps for air. He sits up and assesses his surroundings.

DAD (V.O.)

I... I was... but now I'm not...

He spins around, still sitting, and looks around.

DAD (V.O.)

It's Pal's place. His man cave. I must have... but how?

He scratches his head.

A thought stops him and he smiles.

DAD (V.O.)

I must have escaped. Am I really free?

Dad starts to chuckle with elation. The sound of clinking ice arrests his attention.

PAL walks over with a drink in each hand. He hands one to Dad. Dad hesitantly grabs it and looks up at Pal.

Dad smiles.

PAL

Good morning star shine. I guess I should say good evening though. You were out cold, my friend.

Pal sits down on the couch and grabs one of the magazines.

Dad slowly stands up. He tries to piece together the events of the previous night but nothing makes sense.

PAL (CONT'D)

I would give my left nut just to spend one night with a broad like that.

Pal takes a drink and flips the page.

Dad still looks confused.

DAD

Pal! We did it. Or you did it, somehow. I can't believe it! It's like a dream.

PAL

What the hell are you talking about?

Dad walks over to the couch and sits down. He feels a pressing urgency but doesn't know where to direct it.

DAD

I mean, didn't we...? Didn't you...?

PAL

Slow down, Dad. Or speed up. One or the other because this isn't working. Enjoy your drink. It's good for your heart.

Dad absently lifts the drink to his lips but stops before taking a drink. He looks down at the contents of the glass and puts it down on the coffee table in front of them.

DAD

You helped me escape home! You must have. We did it! I mean, last night. What happened? I remember They. And Mom. And that goo...

PAL

Yeah, your wife always had some interesting taste in cooking.

DAD

No, I mean. I was in a tank. Or something. And They was there. And now I'm here. You came through for me! You saved me! Somehow you-

PAL

(interrupting)  
Sounds like a pretty shitty dream. Or hell, I don't know. Maybe you were hallucinating.

Pal takes a drink and flips the page.

DAD  
But I thought. Pal. You're my  
friend right?

PAL  
I wouldn't be much of a Pal if I  
wasn't your friend. Right Dad?

DAD  
Right. You- you know I don't want  
the same thing out of life as a lot  
of people, right?

Pal knows where this is leading. He grows concerned.

PAL  
Dad, I think I already know what  
you're going to say. And I don't  
swing that way. Sorry.

Pal breaks out laughing and elbows Dad in the ribs.

Dad is not amused.

DAD  
Right, but Pal, the other night was  
not a nightmare. Mom. Bro. Sis.  
They. I was about to die. And now  
I'm free!

PAL  
Yeah, sure, I helped you escape. I  
mean, don't you remember? It was  
going to be just like old times!  
Come over to my legendary man cave.  
Tie off a couple of rounds. Look at  
some broads...

DAD (V.O.)  
Pal is nervous about something.  
There's something he's not telling  
me.

Dad looks over and sees ads for System products covering the  
pages of the magazine.

Dad stands up. His mind is reeling.

DAD  
Pal. Come on! You can talk to me.  
It's me, Dad. Your friend, Pal.

Pal drops the magazine and looks up at him.

PAL  
I thought we were talking?

DAD  
You seem more concerned with that smut that the System is peddling.

PAL  
Hey, this is some high quality smut, believe me.

DAD  
Can I believe you, Pal?

PAL  
Give me a friggin break! I helped you escape, didn't I?

DAD  
Did you?

PAL  
Forget about it! Come on. Sit down. Relax. Have a drink.

Dad does not seem convinced.

PAL (CONT'D)  
You want to get properly lubricated for the pizza we're about to devour. We already ordered, remember?  
(no response)  
Remember?

Dad is still not convinced but he pretends to go along with it.

DAD  
That's right. Pizza. I remember now.

He slowly sits back down.

PAL  
Sure you do, ya putz. Sheesh. That little nap really did a number on you. I told you not to drink so much last night.

Dad looks down at his drink on the coffee table. It is still untouched. He looks over at Pal.

Pal realizes he is not convincing Dad of anything.

DING DONG - doorbell. Both men are startled by it.

A heavy moment of silence.

Pal puts his drink down and slides the magazine onto the couch.

PAL (CONT'D)  
I'll get that. You stay here. Must  
be the pizza.

Pal stands up and walks toward the door.

DAD (V.O.)  
I have to get out of here. But can  
I even leave? I wonder who else  
knows I'm here.

Dad looks down at the magazine on the couch next to him. There is a picture of a beautiful woman with the head of Omni on her shoulders.

Dad snaps his attention to the portrait of Omni hanging on the wall.

Pal opens the door and DELIVERY MAN walks in. He enters the room with a pizza. He strides confidently into the center of the man cave.

Dad is terrified by him.

Pal feels bad for Dad.

DELIVERY MAN  
Here is that pizza you gentlemen  
ordered. And I do use the term  
loosely. Gentlemen.

Delivery Man puts the pizza on the coffee table in front of Dad and opens the box, presenting it to him with a flourish.

The pizza is steaming and rancid with putrid toppings. Moldy mushrooms, rotten tomatoes, burnt sausage, and clumps of dog fur are peppered with wriggling maggots.

DELIVERY MAN (CONT'D)  
The Deluxe Supreme with extra  
Linguica. Your favorite, right Dad?

Delivery Man's grin stretches from ear to ear as he stares sinisterly at Dad.

Dad jumps in his seat. He barely holds back his disgust.

PAL  
I'm starving. That things smells  
delicious.

Pal barges through and grabs a big slice from the box and stuffs it in his mouth. Cheese and rotten toppings drip down his cheek.

PAL (CONT'D)  
Friggin' good. Friggin' so good.  
That hits the spot.

Dad is horrified.

DELIVERY MAN  
Glad I could be of service to  
you... gentlemen. There's just the  
matter of the bill and I'll be on  
my way.

PAL  
(still chewing)  
Take it and get the hell out of  
here I want to enjoy this.

Pal "pays" Delivery Man for the pizza then sits down to ravenously consume his slice.

DELIVERY MAN  
(chuckling)  
Well okay then. I hope you both  
enjoy the meal. And have yourselves  
a wonderful evening.

Delivery Man looks at Dad with daggers in his eyes.

Dad gulps.

Delivery Man exits the man cave.

DAD  
I'll be right back I just need  
to... I just need to wash my hands.

Dad stumbles toward the door but can't hold it in any longer.

He falls on his knees next to the scum bucket and vomits.

He gasps for breath and looks down into the bucket. He sees the goo that Mom cooked for dinner.

PAL  
(chewing)  
Hey! I'm eating here.

INT. DELIVERY MAN'S OTHERWORLD - SAME

Delivery Man looks directly into the camera. He is in a space out of time and place.

THEY (O.S.)  
The pizza has been delivered?

DELIVERY MAN  
(smiles)  
One of the finest pizzas we've crafted.

THEY (O.S.)  
How can you be sure? Describe it to me.

DELIVERY MAN  
I took my time with it. All the best toppings. Perfectly cooked. With extra Linguica even.

THEY (O.S.)  
Good. Give him time.

INT. PAL'S MAN CAVE

Dad stands up from the scum bucket and shuffles back to the couch.

PAL  
Better hurry up or there isn't going to be anything left for you, buddy.

Dad sits down on the couch and looks at the pizza. He is revolted but tries to play it off.

Dad grabs a slice of pizza. He lifts it to his face as he fights the urge to wretch.

He pauses and stares at the toppings.

Pal looks a bit concerned.

PAL (CONT'D)  
What? Did Delivery Man drop a pube on it or something? Come on.

Dad stares at the clumps of dog fur on the pizza.

DAD (V.O.)  
Pal really is one of them, isn't  
he?

Pal finishes his slice and licks his fingers.

PAL  
I mean, what the hell? Do you want  
me to call them back?

DAD  
(frantic)  
No, no. Just...

Dad takes a giant gulp from his drink left sitting on the  
coffee table.

Dad quickly chews into the pizza.

His look of disgust softens. It tastes like pizza.

PAL  
There ya go. Just like old times  
right?

Dad is still chewing. He's amazed by the flavor.

DAD  
It's not bad, honestly.

Dad takes another bite. Then another.

PAL  
Damn straight it's not bad. Best  
damn pizza you'll ever eat, I'll  
tell you that much.

DAD (V.O.)  
At this rate he's probably right. I  
don't get it. Why am I enjoying  
this?

Dad takes another bite.

DAD  
It has a unique texture.

PAL  
Yeah, mister food critic over here.  
I never knew you were such a party  
animal.

Pal grabs another slice. The two men eat in silence.

Dad looks at Pal, then back down at the pizza.

Pal looks at Dad, then back down at Dad's drink.

PAL (CONT'D)  
Are you going to finish that?

DAD  
The pizza?

PAL  
The drink, stupid.

DAD  
Uh-

Pal reaches over, grabs the drink from his hand, and gulps it down before he can answer.

PAL  
You wait here. I'll go get us another round.

Pal stands up and starts to walk toward the door.

DAD  
Hey, where's your wife anyway?  
Aren't you scared you'll get caught?

PAL  
My wife?  
(thinks)  
My wife is with her mother tonight.  
Yeah. She knew you were coming over so she gave me the night off.

Pal walks through the door.

DAD (V.O.)  
She never lets him get away with anything. Something must be going on here.

Dad looks at the pizza he's been eating. He puts down the remainder of the slice.

Pal walks back into the room with a drink in each hand.

DING DONG - doorbell.

Dad stands up. His heart starts racing.

PAL  
Who could that be?

DAD  
I have no idea. You aren't  
expecting anyone else?

PAL  
Here.

Pal hands Dad one of the drinks and opens the door.

BRO marches into the room brushing by Pal.

He drags the corpse of TROLL by its arm. A long streak of  
blood trails behind them.

BRO  
Hi Dad!

DAD  
Bro? What did you do?

Bro drops Troll's arm and the body lies still, face down on  
the carpet.

BRO  
Hi Pal! Thanks for inviting me in.

Pal looks disturbed. He takes a swig of his drink.

PAL  
Hey, don't mention it kid. Mi casa  
su casa. Or whatever the fuck.

Pal closes the door.

BRO  
Oh! Pizza. Awesome.

Bro gleefully grabs a slice of pizza and starts eating.

DAD  
Bro. Son. That body- You killed  
someone? You killed a person?

Bro takes another huge bite of pizza.

BRO  
No way! Come on, Dad, try to keep  
up. Don't you see who this is?

Bro points to the corpse of Troll.

BRO (CONT'D)

It's Troll! I got him! I got him good. Pwned his ass for real this time.

DAD

Pwned? Troll? This is a dead man, Bro. You've killed someone!

Pal downs his drink.

PAL

Hey, I can tell this is an important family bonding moment. Would you excuse me a minute? Seems like my glass is a little light.

Pal walks back through the door to the kitchen.

Dad and Bro are left alone together. Bro continues to eat.

DAD

How can you be so calm? What did this person do to justify murder?

BRO

Typical parental incompetence! Come on Dad, it's not like I've been talking about this every day or anything!

DAD

This is sick, Bro. This isn't right. You can't just drag a corpse around and sit down and enjoy a pizza.

BRO

Why not? They said I could.

DAD

They. Then, I must not have...

Bro looks at him suspiciously.

DAD (CONT'D)

Sorry. I've had a few today. A few slices of pizza. It's been a long day.

DAD (V.O.)

It's been a long week.

BRO

Yeah, I get it. You're old, and tired, and worthless, and boo-hoo. Seriously though, try to keep up. This Troll has been going through my groups, pouring Hatorade on all my posts. This, this- Troll had the nerve to call me a tween! Can you believe that? And there are some hot girls in that group too.

DAD

Hatorade?

BRO

Damn Dad, you are a bit more off than usual today, aren't you? Look, They agreed that Troll was an unnecessary distraction and needed to be taken care of. So I took care of him!

Bro looks devilishly into Dad's eyes.

BRO (CONT'D)

You want me to look good for They, don't you?

DAD

Uh, of course. They is very important. What They says goes.

BRO

Word.

Pal walks back in from the kitchen.

PAL

How ya feeling Dad? Need another drink? You finish that pizza yet?

DAD

I'm doing fine. Just fine.

DAD (V.O.)

Who am I kidding?

PAL

Bro, take a seat. Kick your feet up. Stay a while.

BRO

Sure thing old man. I thought you would never ask.

Bro kicks Troll's corpse hard in the ribs.

Bro and Pal walk over to the couch and sit down at the same time.

Dad sits down between them.

The three of them sit there awkwardly for a moment.

Each one of them in turn grabs a slice of pizza and keeps eating. The box is now empty.

BRO (CONT'D)  
The supreme deluxe, huh? Good choice Pal.

PAL  
Yeah. I thought so.

Bro and Pal look at Dad expectantly.

DAD  
Yeah. A good choice.

DING DONG - Doorbell.

Dad jumps in his seat.

PAL  
(sighs)  
Just when we were having a ball.  
(looks sideways at Bro)  
You comfortable here? Anything I could get you? Anything Mom could get you? At home.

BRO  
Thanks but no thanks Pal! Very gracious of you but I'm just settling in.

Bro sees the dirty magazines on the couch.

BRO (CONT'D)  
Oh killer! You've been holding out on me.

Bro kicks back in his seat and flips through a magazine. He chuckles and gets excited.

PAL  
Feel free Bro...

Pal stands and answers the door. It is SIS.

SIS  
 (steps inside)  
 Hello!

Bro quickly puts down the magazine next to him.

PAL  
 Would you look at that? A full  
 fledged family reunion! In my man  
 cave.

BRO  
 You hear that, Sis? Man cave. Only  
 men allowed.

SIS  
 Then what are you doing here, Bro?  
 (to Dad)  
 Dad! Tell Bro I can stay.

DAD (V.O.)  
 She's here for me. They both are.  
 They must be. Did they find me?  
 Maybe it's not over yet. I might  
 still have a chance.

DAD  
 Uh, this is Pal's place. Pal?

PAL  
 Come in Sis, come in. Not that Dad  
 and I were here relaxing or  
 anything.

SIS  
 Thanks Pal! So understanding.

She sticks her tongue out at Bro as she walks in.

DAD  
 (hopeful)  
 Sis? Are you here to pick up Bro?

Bro scoffs.

SIS  
 (ignoring Dad's comment)  
 Bro! I can't believe you actually  
 managed to pull it off.  
 (motions at Troll)  
 This is Troll?

Bro brightens up.

BRO

Yeah that shit-poster got what was coming to him, right Dad?

DAD

That's a human being you're talking about! I can't imagine anyone deserves to die for something they posted online.

Bro scoffs again.

SIS

Seriously, Dad. Bro is a little turd. But at least he's not a troll.

Sis kicks Troll's corpse hard in the ribs and smiles.

SIS (CONT'D)

Trolls deserve to be dealt with swiftly and without mercy. I would have live streamed it.

BRO

Like I didn't think of that. They took away my streaming privileges after one too many fake suicides. It should do a lot for my page rank when I post it to my profile, though. Can't wait.

PAL

Well, Sis, we're out of pizza already. Otherwise I would share a slice. Want me to order another one?

DAD

(cutting in)

No!

They all look at him.

DAD (CONT'D)

I mean, Sis. Are you sure don't have somewhere to be?

SIS

I do have somewhere to be. Everywhere I am is a place to be.

Awkward pause.

PAL  
Come and sit down at least.

Sis and Pal sit down on the couch.

The four of them are very close. Too close.

SIS  
What is this I'm sitting on?

Sis pulls the dirty magazines out from under her.

SIS (CONT'D)  
What is this?

PAL  
(embarrassed)  
Oh jeez, Sis. I didn't think you  
were coming over. I- I thought we  
had the night alone together to  
talk some things through really.  
I'll just get rid of these.

Pal tries to grab the magazines from Sis but she snatches  
them back.

SIS  
Give me those! I'm not done  
looking.

Sis starts flipping through one of the magazines. She  
absently passes another magazine to Bro who does the same.

Pal shrugs.

PAL  
Mi casa su casa.

Pal grabs one of the magazines and starts thumbing through  
it.

Bro turns his magazine sideways and the centerfold unfurls.

BRO  
Niceee.

Pal and Sis look over.

PAL  
Reminds me of someone I knew once.

SIS  
Big deal. I could do that.

This is too much for Dad.

DAD

No! You can't do that. You couldn't do that. I wouldn't allow you.

BRO

What the hell are you talking about Dad?

DAD

Sis, you shouldn't be looking at stuff like that. Why are you here any way? Just to check up on me? What?

SIS

Chill out Dad.

BRO

Yeah chill out Dad.

PAL

I would take their advice Dad.

DAD

Sis, Bro is a man. Or at least he will be. Men get exposed to certain things.

SIS

These women here seem pretty exposed.

PAL

Hey let me see that one.  
(he leans over)  
Hey, not bad.

DAD

Not bad? Not bad!

Dad jumps out of his seat and stands over them.

DAD (CONT'D)

It is bad. This is all bad. All bad Sis. All bad Pal. All bad Bro.

Bro and Sis snicker at him. Pal looks nervous.

DAD (CONT'D)

This isn't funny! What you're doing isn't right. The stuff your consuming.

(MORE)

DAD (CONT'D)

The things you've been feeding your bodies and your minds with... that I've been feeding myself with! It's not right!

PAL

Shut the hell up and sit down Dad.

DAD

No Pal! No! I'm not going to. I've had enough of this. I can't sit here on this couch all night and pretend to be friends with you any more. We're not friends. We haven't been friends for a long time. You creep me out!

PAL

Sheesh. That hurts. I think.

DAD

And you, Bro! You bring a Troll-thing in here? A dead Troll thing. What is this? You really think this is a good thing you've done here tonight?

BRO

The best! And I felt fine about it until a minute ago. Now I feel great about it.

DAD

That's it! This is over. Over!

SIS

Dad. Shut your face. Here.

Sis tries to hand him the magazine she's been reading.

PAL

Listen to the girl Dad. This is not a good look for you. Trust me.

DAD

Trust you? Trust you!

Dad scoffs at the thought.

DAD (CONT'D)

Do any of you trust me? Bro, Sis, do you trust me to be your Dad?

Bro and Sis look at each other. Then back at Dad.



SIS  
(to Bro)  
Well, obvi.

BRO  
Time to shut it down.

Bro and Sis stand up and slowly advance toward Dad.

Dad is terrified. He keeps backing away until he trips backwards over the corpse of Troll.

Dad lands in the pool of Troll's blood on the ground. He pulls his blood covered hands off the ground and looks at them. He is horrified.

SIS  
Dad, you should have listened and just stayed calm. You should have tried to relax for a while.

BRO  
You're not going to get another chance like this.

SIS  
It's over.

BRO  
Time for us to go home.

DAD  
No! I'm not going anywhere with you.

BRO  
Time for us to go home, Dad.

Dad is at a loss. He reaches deep inside himself.

DAD (V.O.)  
I'm never going back.

Dad jumps to his feet and runs out the door.

SIS  
(yelling after him)  
You can't get out that easy!

FADE TO:

INT. DAD'S ROOM - SAME

Dad enters through the door and nearly collides with Bro and Sis. Pal is standing in the corner, staring at the floor, shaking his head back and forth.

SIS  
It's over, Dad. Don't worry. It's really over.

Dad is completely disoriented. He was just in Pal's Man Cave. Now he is in his house.

DAD  
Sis? It's over? Bro?

BRO  
She's right, Dad. It's time to say goodbye. We've got to go.

DAD  
Got to go? Where are we going?

BRO  
We are going to tell They about this mess. We, as in Sis and me. You are staying here. With him.

Bro points to the corpse of Troll in the middle of the bare room. There is more blood than ever.

Dad screams and feebly recoils from the corpse.

DAD  
But- Pal?

PAL  
(looks up)  
I had no choice. I'm sorry Dad. You know there's no escaping the System. I always knew you were a dreamer, but I honestly thought you knew there was no escape. It's fun to talk about it and all...

BRO  
That Deluxe Supreme pizza we fed you really did a number on you.

DAD  
Pal? I thought we were pals?

Pal joins ranks with Bro and Sis.

PAL

Hey I thought we were too, Dad. But I guess I creep you out right?

DAD

I was free. I thought...

BRO

Aw, how cute.

(to Sis)

Look at him try to put the pieces together.

(to Dad)

Try to keep up old man!

SIS

This was just a test. You never wanted to be with us, did you?

(gets choked up)

Why, Dad? Why?

BRO

You are the worst.

DAD

So you're just going to leave me here?

BRO

For now. Until They says otherwise.

SIS

Just wait until Mom hears about this. She is going to be so pissed at you.

BRO

Come on, Sis. Let's not waste any more time on this loser.

SIS

(disappointed)

Yeah, I guess you're right.

Bro kicks the corpse of Troll hard in the ribs as they walk out.

PAL

I used to wish things were different, too. Just try to make yourself comfortable, Dad. That's all you can hope for at this point.

Pal follows Bro and Sis out of the room.

DAD

No wait! Bro! Sis! Pal! You can't  
keep doing this to me.

Dad rushes after them but the door closes in his face. He  
tries to open it but it won't budge.

He bangs on the door.

DAD (CONT'D)

Help! Help! They've got me trapped  
in here!

He gives up and collapses on the ground, leaning his back on  
the door.

DAD (V.O.)

Who am I kidding? There's no one  
out there to help me.

Dad looks at the corpse of Troll. The blood has rapidly  
advanced on him. He scoots backwards into the corner to avoid  
the spread. He knocks into the scum bucket containing his  
vomit.

He is trapped.