

FADE IN:

INT. APARTMENT BEDROOM- 5:28 AM

CURTIS FRANKS (27), angry, looks out his window from his bed. It's SHITTY OUTSIDE. Snow and ice cake up the window.

The Pitch Blackness of an early Chicago Winter Morning. A STREETLAMP shines in the distance, the only visible light.

Curtis turns to the camera.

CURTIS

Right now it is seven degrees outside. The weather equivalent of getting slapped in the face by the dick of an ice demon. They say weather like this causes Seasonal Affective Disorder. That's when the low temperatures and lack of sunlight can make you not ever want to get out of bed. Or kill yourself. Today, that makes total fucking sense.

Curtis' ALARM goes off.

CURTIS (CONT'D)

Goddamnit.

He slowly gets out of his bed.

SERIES OF SHOTS- MORNING PREP

-Curtis pisses, showers, eats, and gets dressed. He puts on a sweater, followed by a coat, followed by a SECOND COAT.

CURTIS (CONT'D)

It's January. It's only January. That means there's at least two or three more months of this horseshit. Of people posting screen grabs of the weather from their phones with "WTF" captions. Of snot rockets grazing past me on the bus. I don't know if I can take it.

As he zips up his final coat, he heads for the door. He opens it and is immediately lit by DEPRESSING BLUE LIGHT.

CURTIS (CONT'D)
I'm Curtis Franks, and for the next
couple months, life is a fucking
bummer.

EXT. CHICAGO STREET- MINUTES LATER

Curtis trudges through the snow, where City Workers remove
CHRISTMAS DECORATIONS from lampposts.

CURTIS
You're probably wondering, "Hey
idiot, why are you up so goddamn
early?!"

EXT. IRVING PARK L PLATFORM- MINUTES LATER

Curtis waits bundled up with a few other EARLY RISERS.

CURTIS
My day job thinks it's "offbeat" to
start a couple hours earlier than
their competition. But that's fine,
because I get to start the day by
hanging with all my best friends.

CAMERA pans towards all the characters Curtis lists.

CURTIS (CONT'D)
Homeless guy in a tattered Starter
Jacket, sad businesslady in
sneakers, white trash man with
missing coke teeth, and of course,
the old lady with an eye patch.

Camera stops at an OLD LADY WITH EYEPATCH, truly horrifying.

CURTIS (CONT'D)
Fuck me! I don't like that.

INT. TRAIN CAR- MINUTES LATER

Curtis rides alongside some equally BUNDLED UP PASSENGERS.

CURTIS
For most of the year, I don't mind
being up this early. It gives me my
nights to focus on my band, Bethune
Theory.

INT. BAND PRACTICE SPACE- DAY

Curtis plays bass alongside BROOKE (33), pretty and sturdy, ROY (28), a lovable creep, and J-RAFF (35), a quiet goof.

Brooke howls "Done Got Old" by Heartless Bastards.

BROOKE

(Singing)

*Can't do the things/I can't do the
things I used to/'cause I feel old!*

CURTIS (V.O.)

That's Brooke. Listen to that fucking wail! She's married to J-Raff the drummer. Awesome dude. And Roy's a pussyhound and mugs through his solos, but he's alright.

Roy plays a pretty bad-ass guitar solo but with a DOUCHEY GUITAR FACE.

CURTIS (V.O.)

I gotta say. We're pretty fucking good. Even though we don't really know how to describe our style.

SERIES OF SHOTS- BAND MEMBERS TRYING TO DEFINE THEIR SOUND

ROY

Punk-tinged Roots Grunge!

BROOKE

Dark Americana.

J-RAFF

Uh... Rock and roll?

BACK TO THE FOOTAGE OF THE BAND PLAYING.

CURTIS (V.O.)

But luckily our lead singer has a vagina, so we're mostly...

SERIES OF SHOTS- PEOPLE AT BETHUNE THEORY SHOWS

GUY 1

Whoa, it's a girl band!

GUY 2

Pretty good for a girl band!

GUY 3

You're like if Nirvana had tits!

INT. TRAIN- PRESENT

The train car has filled up a bit more.

CURTIS

We've been a band for four years,
and it can be hard. We just applied
for South by Southwest for a third
time. If we get rejected again...
You know what, it's too shitty out
to pile on more of that garbage.

The train doors open, as all the passengers shudder at the
gust of frigid air.

CURTIS (CONT'D)

But since going into the music
business is about as profitable as
pursuing a career in VCR repair, we
all have day jobs. Which is why I
work at Wheeladeal.

INT. WHEELADEAL OFFICES- MINUTES LATER

Everything in the office is OBNOXIOUSLY ORANGE. Sexy
Millenials flirt and log onto computers as Curtis makes his
way to the desk.

CURTIS

Wheeladeal is a popular deal app
that makes everybody's lives
easier, which only makes people
complain more. So they hired a
bunch of twentysomethings whose
souls hadn't been crushed yet to
get yelled at over the phone.

He stops at his desk, where we see his chair is an orange
EXERCISE BALL.

CURTIS (CONT'D)

Fun fact. When I sit down on this,
I can actually feel my genitals
melting away.

DEACON (30s), Curtis' Boss in torn jeans and a Big Lebowski
shirt over a Thermal, walks by and FAKE KICKS the ball from
under him.

DEACON

Arrggh! Mean Mr. Boss Man says its
time for a team meeting!

Curtis stares at him blankly. Deacon looks nervous.

DEACON (CONT'D)

I know! Adulthood sucks! But let's try and get pumped!

He quickly hustles away.

CURTIS

That's my boss, Deacon. Apparently that is a real name. This office has a can-do spirit and an emphasis on fun. It's no coincidence that we're all dying inside

INT. WHEELADEAL CONFERENCE ROOM- LATER

Curtis sits in a team meeting with his cool cool co-workers.

DEACON

Okay, y'all! Just wanted to let you know that you guys are crushing it. You're rock stars. The best fucking team in the department.

CURTIS

(To Us)

A curse word? By a boss?!

DEACON

And now, our plug of the week! If you haven't checked out Ella's Youtube page, she's turning into a total celeb!

Everyone applauds as ELLA, her big eyes lit up behind glasses and a pixie haircut, bashfully waves.

ELLA

Oh stop! I'm so embarrassed by it. It's such a dorky video!

DEACON

Her new vid is getting all of the hits! What is it again?

ELLA

It's a ukulele rap medley of TV theme songs from the nineties!

A GUY WHO CLEARLY WANTS TO FUCK HER laughs WAY TOO LOUD.