

KEVIN FROM WORK

Written by

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KEVIN FROM WORK
"Pilot"

COLD OPEN

EXT. LARCHMONT VILLAGE - MORNING

KEVIN DAILY, 28, totally panicked, stands at a blue, city mailbox. He's in a dress shirt which is stuck to his body with sweat and a loosened tie and is talking to himself. He'd be adorable if he didn't look like such a crazy person.

In QUICK CUTS we see the problem:

--Kevin reaches his arm into the mailbox opening and thrusts it down inside.

KEVIN
Come on come on come on...

--He shakes the mailbox furiously.

KEVIN (CONT'D)
Ahhhhhhh!!!

--With a running start, he rams his body into it. He goes down hard, clutching his shoulder.

KEVIN (CONT'D)
Uh!!

--He's fashioned his tie like a noose and lowers it into the mailbox.

KEVIN (CONT'D)
Okay, now we're getting
somewhere...

But he loses the tie inside.

KEVIN (CONT'D)
(screams at mailbox)
Monster!!!

--He's sitting on the ground, leaning against the mailbox, defeated. A mom pushing a stroller drops a letter in the box. Her baby giggles. Kevin brightens and sighs-- Maybe this silly mailbox thing doesn't matter that much after all.

KEVIN (CONT'D)
(to mom)
What a little cutie.
(eyes mailbox)
Is he afraid of the dark?

The mom quickly strolls her baby away. After a beat, Kevin begins to sob and we;

CUT TO BLACK:

CHYRON OVER BLACK: THREE DAYS AGO

INT. GYM - DAY

Kevin (now his normal self and indeed adorable-- Michael Cera meets Joseph Gordon-Levitt) is in office-wear and quickly weaves in and out of people in workout-wear, saying non-stop "excuse me's" along the way. He reaches his best friend, BRIAN, who is training a meek CLIENT. Brian's not a very good personal trainer-- the kind you look at and think, "That guy doesn't even look like he works out that much."

KEVIN

Brian! I got it! That job in Italy I applied for? I got it!

BRIAN

What? No way! Congrats, buddy.
(to client)
Ten more.

CLIENT

But you just said "last ten," and--

BRIAN

I said ten more!

The meek client starts as Brian takes Kevin aside to talk.

BRIAN (CONT'D)

(cracking up)
That is way too heavy for him.
(then)
So you get to leave upstairs.

KEVIN

I get to leave upstairs-- the worst job in history.

We TILT UP to the ceiling then beyond, up twenty floors in this high rise...

KEVIN (V.O.)

Bad pay, evil boss...

The CAMERA LANDS in...

CUT TO:

INT. PREMIUM FOODS AND BEVERAGES/JULIA'S OFFICE - DAY

Kevin sits in the glass office across from his boss, Julia, 45, who thinks she's a tough, hot, sexy executive. In the hallway behind him is the corporate, dull activity and signage of Premium Foods and Beverages. Julia gives Kevin a condescending smile as he looks at his paycheck disappointed.

JULIA

Yyyyeah... Unfortunately corporate has banned raises.

(brightly)

But they've asked us to implement something called "praises" instead.

(beat)

You have lovely teeth.

He stares at her, stone-faced and mouth closed.

The CAMERA SPEEDS out of her office and down the hallway...

KEVIN (V.O.)

No more office that's annoyingly green, meaning one toilet...

The CAMERA SLOWS TO REGULAR SPEED when it reaches the back of a line. It TRUCKS to the front of the looong line past employees in various states of urgency: some do work, others make calls, one naps. Kevin emerges from the bathroom and walks past the waiting people to the end of the line... and gets right back in it. The WOMAN before him turns to him.

WOMAN

Big Gulp?

Kevin nods and the CAMERA SPEEDS down the hallway to a door that says "Break Room." We PUSH inside...

KEVIN (V.O.)

And a break room you can't even take a break in...

It's a teeny room with a fridge, counter, sink, coffee maker, etc. It's filled, body-to-body, with tired people trying to get a break from their crappy jobs. Kevin holds a yogurt. A well-coordinated group-lean allows him to open a drawer and get a spoon. As everyone leans, they all spill hot coffee on themselves and react. Kevin is apologetic.

POP BACK TO:

INT. GYM - CONTINUOUS WITH BEFORE

Kevin and Brian are as they were.

KEVIN

There's only one thing about that place I'm going to miss...

INSERT: Image of a beautiful, quirky girl. A little self-conscious, a little odd, definitely cute. Kevin's ideal woman.

KEVIN (V.O.)

Audrey...

POP TO:

INT. PREMIUM FOODS AND BEVERAGES/AUDREY'S CUBICLE - FANTASY

THE IMAGE OF AUDREY COMES TO LIFE and we PULL BACK to show her perfectly lit, sitting in her Aeron chair. In SLO-MO, she swivels around, her strawberry blonde hair blowing in the exaggerated wind created by the swivelling. She's a creature from heaven in the workplace from hell.

KEVIN (V.O.)

Audrey Piatigorsky. She's perfect.

A baby bird lands on her finger. Her sweet giggle echoes, beckoning other forest creatures. A deer, bunnies, etc... Kevin pops up from the cubicle next to her (their cubicles share a divider). He smiles at her. More animals enter. A skunk walks across his desk.

KEVIN (V.O.)

We're maybe not best friends...

When she looks in his direction, he quickly pops back down, like he's a mole that's just been whacked.

KEVIN (V.O.)

But we're definitely more than acquaintances.

CUT TO:

INT. PREMIUM FOODS AND BEVERAGES/HALLWAY - FLASHBACK

At the bathroom line, Kevin stands by the door. He's next. Audrey walks past and he offers her his place in line. She looks at him, "Are you sure?"

KEVIN

I don't really have to go anyway.

CUT TO:

INT. PREMIUM FOODS AND BEVERAGES/CORRIDOR - FLASHBACK

Moments later, Kevin is emergency-pissing in a plant.

KEVIN (V.O.)
Of course she has an awful
boyfriend. Brock.

INSERT: Still of BROCK-- giant, angry, in a black karate Gi.

KEVIN (V.O.)
He's basically the mean coach from
The Karate Kid.

CUT TO:

INT. PREMIUM FOODS AND BEVERAGES/AUDREY'S CUBICLE - FANTASY

Brock charges into the office, barefoot and in his Gi. He reaches Audrey, grabs the baby bird off her finger, hurls it across the room, and starts passionately making out with her.

POP BACK TO:

INT. GYM - CONTINUOUS WITH BEFORE

Kevin and Brian are as they were.

KEVIN
It's been so hard seeing Audrey every day, with all we've been through... I mean, we haven't been through anything but I'm obsessed-- unhealthily obsessed with this woman. I have no life without her, and she'll never be with me. My leaving is for the best.

BRIAN
It tears me up to see you like this. And although I don't agree it's the answer, I support you if you want to go to a better place.

Kevin stares at him for a beat.

KEVIN
You mean Italy, right?

BRIAN
(maybe yes, maybe no)
Yeah, yeah. Of course!

END OF COLD OPEN

ACT ONE

INT. KEVIN'S APARTMENT - LATER

It's a modest place that looks even more modest partially packed-up. Kevin is on his cell phone.

KEVIN
(into phone)
Your daughter's going to love the car. Just slip the check under the door if I'm not here--

SFX: His cell beeps. It's another call.

Kevin looks at his cell.

INSERT SHOT: Kevin's smartphone. The caller ID is a photo of his sister Roxie, 24, incredibly hot. She's sticking out her tongue and making the devil horns sign. A party girl a la Miley Cyrus.

He pushes "Decline" and gets back to his call.

KEVIN (CONT'D)
(into phone)
... You can pick it up Monday at my office when you bring the balance--

SFX: His cell beeps. Call waiting again.

Kevin looks at his cell. Rolls his eyes.

INSERT SHOT: Photo of Roxie again on his phone. Somehow it's more annoying the second time.

KEVIN (CONT'D)
(quickly, into phone)
Great-- thank you so much. Bye.

Kevin hangs up, braces himself, then hits "Accept."

KEVIN (CONT'D)
(into phone)
Hello?

INTERCUT WITH:

INT. ROXIE'S CAR - SAME TIME

Roxie is driving. She looks just like her caller ID photo.

ROXIE

Are you so excited? I'm so excited. I already love Los Angeles and I'm only in San Bernandanino or whatever. I had a dream that my car lost its GPS and I ended up at an amazing club and they let me DJ there for like, a month. Are you so excited? I'm so excited!

KEVIN

I actually am excited-- I got a new job in Italy. I'm moving out.

ROXIE

Kev! That's amazing! This works out perfectly because can I be a thousand percent honest, I didn't want to share an apartment with you, even though you're my brother and I love you, but-- million percent honest-- I thought it would be weird when I brought guys home. And guess what, that's happening. Probably kind of a lot.

KEVIN

Okay, Roxanne--

ROXIE

Roxie. "Roxanne" sounds slutty.

Kevin rolls his eyes.

CUT TO:

INT. PREMIUM FOODS AND BEVERAGES/JULIA'S OFFICE - FLASHBACK

Kevin talks to Julia, who sits on the edge of her desk... or tries to. She has trouble doing the crossed-legged balanced perch and keeps tipping throughout their conversation.

JULIA

So you're giving your two weeks.

KEVIN

Yes. But they'll actually be crammed into two days. My new job starts right away.

JULIA

Too bad, I really saw great things for you here.

KEVIN

You haven't promoted me in three years.

JULIA

No I haven't. But I saw the beginnings of the growing potential of someone I might be inclined to consider promoting someday. And that says a lot.

Julia tips off the desk.

CUT TO:

INT. PREMIUM FOODS AND BEVERAGES OFFICES - THE NEXT DAY

Kevin cleans his cubicle, packing up his supplies in a box, but trying to do so under the radar. We see STYLIZED QUICK CUTS OF KEVIN ADDING THINGS TO HIS BOX: a stapler, tons of Post-Its, a box of Sharpies, legal pads, tape dispenser, envelopes, printer paper, stamps...

He stops, noticing Audrey peeking over the cubicle.

AUDREY

So it's true.

KEVIN

Yeah, I quit.

AUDREY

(re: box of supplies)

No, that you have a weird paperclip and binder fetish. Everyone's been talking about it.

KEVIN

Heh heh. No. No fetishes here. Except the normal ones. I'm not a prude, but I'm kind of down the middle, fetish-wise.

AUDREY

It's a rite of passage, I guess-- stealing office supplies, leaving your cubicle mate in the lurch...

Audrey puts her bottom lip out. The cutest adult pout ever. Kevin smiles, probably too much. RICKY, schlubby employee who owns the short-sleeve-dress-shirt-with-a-tie look, comes up to them, interrupting.

RICKY

Hey, Kev, so everyone wants to get together in your honor tonight.

KEVIN

Nah, you guys don't have to--

AUDREY

Fun!

KEVIN

--okay, cool! Where? When?

AUDREY

I wish I could go.

KEVIN

What?

AUDREY

Brock has a big tournament tonight. It's regionals. Or is it semi-regionals? Or semi-final regionals? Whatever it is, I have to be there to support him. The job of the girlfriend.

RICKY

Elephant Bar, six o'clock. Gonna be epic! Especially if we can get a booth by the air conditioner.

Ricky crosses his fingers and walks off.

CUT TO:

EXT. STREET - A LITTLE LATER

Kevin goes to his car with the stolen box of office supplies. Brian goes with him in gym wear as his lookout.

KEVIN

Audrey's not even going to be there tonight. So, that's it. No final chapter in our love story that never happened. What a joke.

They reach Kevin's car.

KEVIN (CONT'D)

(noticing something)

Oh, no. Again?

Kevin grabs a ticket from under the front wiper.

KEVIN (CONT'D)

I have my decal up! I always have my decal up!

He opens the trunk. We see it's littered with similar tickets.

BRIAN

You must not have the right decal. I can get you one from the gym, but you gotta buy a membership. Full disclosure: I get a kickback. No pressure.

KEVIN

I have the right decal. Which is why I refuse to pay the tickets. Why should I pay when I'm a good guy who never does anything wrong?

He drops his box of stolen office supplies in the trunk. He tosses the new ticket on the pile, and slams it closed.

CUT TO:

INT. ELEPHANT BAR - THAT NIGHT

It's Kevin's good-bye party. Everyone is gathered at the bar and spilling over into a nearby booth. Kevin, tipsy, is talking to some co-workers, drink in hand, including Ricky, who is cooling off with his arms out by the nearby A/C.

RICKY

Did you see Julia?

ANGLE ON: Julia, leaning against the booth in an impossibly tight, age-inappropriate outfit. Crop-top, tiny skirt.

RICKY (CONT'D)

It's weird to see your boss like that. Like seeing your mother in her underwear. Which can be cool sometimes, I guess.

Kevin looks to the door. Audrey walks in like when we first saw her: in SLO-MO, ethereal, wind-blown hair, gorgeous. The forest animals are back. They follow her in, the bird on her shoulder. Suddenly, the animals flee, frightened... Brock enters. Kevin's smile fades. She sees him and makes a beeline for him with Brock in tow. Kevin downs his drink.

AUDREY

Kevin! You guys are still here!

KEVIN

I thought you couldn't make it.
The finals or whatever.

BROCK

Quarter regional final semis. I
kicked ass in record speed.

He does a quick kung fu move, scaring the shit out of Kevin, who quickly tries to recover. Audrey has turned toward the bartender. Kevin makes polite conversation with Brock.

KEVIN

So do they give you a belt for
winning... or a ribbon... the hide
of your opponent maybe...

Brock looks at Kevin, "Huh?" Audrey turns back around with drinks for the three of them.

BROCK

I'm gonna run to the john to piss.

He kisses Audrey before he goes-- it's a lot of tongue for "I'm going to the bathroom." She has to wipe her mouth with a napkin from it. Kevin is repulsed. It's just wrong.

CUT TO:

INT. ELEPHANT BAR - MOMENTS LATER

Kevin and Audrey sit down in the booth with their drinks. He stares at her for a beat, then downs his. She looks at him, quizzically.

AUDREY

You okay?

KEVIN

Me? I'm great. It's my goodbye
party, I'm saying goodbye... to
everyone. Why wouldn't that be
great?

AUDREY

Okay, I'll drop it.
(not dropping it)
You know you can tell me stuff,
right? We're friends. We have
shared a crappy cubicle wall for
three years, after all.

She touches his hand in a friendly, caring way. He stares at her hand on his. He swallows, takes a deep breath.

KEVIN

Audrey? Actually... There is
something I do want to tell you.

She looks at him. The BABY BIRD is back and perched on her shoulder. Kevin looks in her eyes, seriously. He gulps.

AUDREY

What is it?

The baby bird cocks its head, interested. Kevin's about to speak, when Brock comes back from the bathroom.

BROCK

Line was too long. I just went in
the sink.

He kisses Audrey-- that's a lot of tongue for "I'm back from the bathroom." Kevin hands her a napkin. Worst night ever.

CUT TO:

INT. KEVIN'S APARTMENT - LATE NIGHT

Kevin is back from dinner (tie loosened, jacket off) and definitely drunk. He takes a vodka bottle from a paper bag and looks for a glass, but they're all packed. It's a sea of sealed boxes, so he just takes a swig from the bottle, but he's not a "swig from the bottle" type of guy. It's rough.

KEVIN

That. Is why I don't do that.

He starts licking it off his face like a dog, officially upgraded to "drunken stupor" now. He plops down on a chair, depressed, and winces-- he's sat on his phone in his back pocket. He takes it out and looks at it.

INSERT SHOT: Kevin's smartphone. He opens the e-mail and sees there's a new message from his new company, Culinary Couture, with the subject line "Flight info for Monday."

KEVIN (CONT'D)

Departure from miserable life,
confirmed.

He doesn't open the e-mail from Culinary Couture. Instead, he taps his contacts and finds "Audrey Piatigorsky." Her caller ID is a photo from the office Halloween party: her dressed as Harry Potter.

KEVIN (CONT'D)

I love you, Harry... and now that
I'm leaving, it's time you knew.

He taps her phone number.

INSERT SHOT: The screen asks, "call (323)660-5502?"

He stares at the phone, his finger poised over it. Should he do it? After a beat, he taps the screen.

CUT TO:

INT. KEVIN'S APARTMENT - MORNING

Blinding morning light streams in. Kevin is asleep in his clothes from the night before. He looks like absolute shit.

SFX: A pounding at the door.

Kevin stirs awake, but it's rough-- he's super hung over. He stumbles to the door and opens it. It's Roxie, full of annoying energy, not encumbered by any self-consciousness.

ROXIE

Woohoo! I'm here!

KEVIN

(moans, hurting)

Uunhh...

Kevin sits down and clutches his head, gets his bearings.

KEVIN (CONT'D)

(mumbles to himself)

What happened last night?

ROXIE

I stayed at my girl's crash pad-- that's a real thing when you're a flight attendant. Did you know she can fly anywhere? For free.

Anywhere.

(dramatic)

For free. Isn't that so awesome?

(then)

Why is your furniture here?

KEVIN

I was leaving it for you so you didn't have to buy stuff.

ROXIE

Oh that's so super sweet, but your furniture is ugly and gross. You should sell it.

(lightbulb)

ROXIE (CONT'D)
Or donate it to a family in need of
ugly and gross furniture.

KEVIN
I don't have time. I'm leaving on
Monday.

ROXIE
Wait. When Monday? Because I'm
buying new furniture and you're
putting it together. And carrying
it. And helping me in IKEA. But
not with your opinions. I don't
want those. It's so good to see
you!

She hugs him and he winces, hurting. He looks at his cell.

INSERT SHOT: Kevin's smartphone. He taps the e-mail icon and
we see the same e-mail from Culinary Couture, subject line:
"Flight info for Monday." This time, he opens it and reacts.

KEVIN
(off phone)
What? Wait. What?!

INSERT SHOT: The "Flight info for Monday" e-mail. The
message reads: "Please note, your flight has been CANCELLED."

KEVIN (CONT'D)
Cancelled?
(reads phone)
"Culinary Couture regrets to inform
you that we cannot take you on as
an employee at this time.
Unseasonably warm weather has
adversely affected the truffle
crop. As such, we no longer need a
Truffle Oil and Sea Salt Manager.
(looks up, disbelief)
But I was going to be the Truffle
Oil and Sea Salt Manager.

Kevin is in a daze. Roxie sits next to him for comfort.

ROXIE
I'm so sorry, Kev. I have
absolutely no idea what truffles
are, but I'm sure you'd be good at
managing them.
(beat, softly)
What time should we head to IKEA?

END OF ACT ONE

ACT TWO

INT. GYM - LATER

Kevin, totally out of it, is with Brian, who is drinking all of the sample cups of smoothies at the gym's smoothie bar.

KEVIN

Now I have to live with my stupid sister. I have to beg to get back my stupid job. And after Monday, I have to walk there and everywhere else, because I sold my stupid car!

BRIAN

But at least you can see Audrey every day again. That'll put a spring in your pecker.

KEVIN

She probably hates me now. I got so drunk last night, I'm sure I acted like a total idiot.

(thinking)

It's weird. I have no idea what I did exactly, but for some reason I don't feel like all my feelings for Audrey are bottled up anymore.

BRIAN

Ah, that's the release that comes from getting a hooker. Very distinct feeling. Like a caterpillar coming out of it's egg.

KEVIN

I didn't get a hooker. I just feel at peace. At peace with myself.

BRIAN

Oh yeah, no. You didn't get a hooker then.

(then, worried)

You didn't drunk dial her, did you?

Kevin suddenly looks concerned. He quickly checks his phone and reacts.

KEVIN

(relieved)

Thank God. No calls.

He clicks off his phone and stops, looking at his hands. WE ZOOM IN ON THEM. They are covered in black Sharpie. Something dawns on him. In an instant, it all rushes back...

FLASHBACK TO:

INT. KEVIN'S APARTMENT - LAST NIGHT (FLASHBACK)

Kevin, drunk and trying to decide if he should call Audrey, stares at his phone. His finger hovers over it.

INSERT SHOT: Audrey as Harry Potter with her phone number over her image. After a beat of indecision, Kevin pushes "Cancel," then the e-mail icon. He ignores the e-mail from Culinary Couture and opens a new message. Still energized, he puts in Audrey's e-mail address and starts typing.

KEVIN

Dear Audrey, I've wanted to get something off my chest...

INSERT SHOT: The smartphone. The message reads "Dear Surrey, undressed tour guide of munchkins..."

KEVIN (CONT'D)

(stares at it)

Die, Smart-type!!!

He hurls the phone across the room. Then, he sees his laptop. Opens it. Damn! It's out of charge.

KEVIN (CONT'D)

Power cord power cord power cord...

Kevin starts opening packed boxes. Nothing. Just lamps, pots and pans... Then he spots the cardboard box of office supplies he brought home from work.

IN QUICK CUTS he rips it open, takes out a legal pad and a black Sharpie, and begins to write furiously. After several false starts (we don't see what he's written) that he crumples up and tosses on the floor, he begins to get it right. No regrets, he just lets it flow (we again don't see the words). He folds it, puts it in an envelope from the box, licks it, realizes it's an envelope with an adhesive strip, seals it, finds a stamp from the box, licks it, realizes it's a sticker stamp, sticks it on the envelope. A CLOSE UP of Audrey as Harry Potter. Kevin gasps, she's so fucking cute. He addresses it with the black Sharpie.

CUT TO: Kevin dropping the envelope into a blue public mailbox. We ZOOM IN ON his hands covered in black Sharpie.

BACK TO:

INT. GYM - BACK TO PRESENT

Kevin looks up from his black-streaked hands. He's white as a ghost, and looks as if he's just seen one.

KEVIN

Oh no...

CUT TO:

INT. KEVIN'S APARTMENT - SAME TIME

Roxie is sitting on the floor, un-crumpling and reading balled-up legal pad paper with black Sharpie writing (Kevin's rough drafts of his letter to Audrey). She is awestruck.

ROXIE

Whoa. Bro be puttin' it out there!

CUT TO:

EXT. LARCHMONT VILLAGE - MOMENTS LATER

We've caught up to the opening scene. Kevin is frantically trying to get what we now know is the letter to Audrey out of the big blue mailbox. No luck. The mom pushing her baby in the stroller hurries off. Kevin sobs, beaten.

SFX: The clock on the boulevard begins to chime. It's endless. He looks up at it: 12 o'clock.

He has a thought and jumps up and opens the mailbox slot.

CLOSE ON the schedule printed in the slot. The pick-up column reads "1 P.M."

KEVIN

Yes! Oh my God. Yes!

He hugs the mailbox-- they're friends now.

KEVIN (CONT'D)

Yes! Yes! Yes!

It's a vigorous hug, and to passers-by it looks like they're much more than friends. He stops and sits down against the box, eagerly waiting for 1 P.M. so this crisis can be over.

CUT TO:

EXT. LARCHMONT VILLAGE - 1 P.M.

A mail truck pulls up. The mailman walks to the box and unlocks it. We PAN OVER to Kevin... sound asleep.

It's a deep sleep-- he's motionless, mouth agape, as the mailman empties the box, locks it up, and drives off.

CUT TO:

EXT. POST OFFICE - A LITTLE LATER

Kevin parks his car in front and races into the building.

CUT TO:

INT. POST OFFICE - MOMENTS LATER

Kevin maneuvers to the front of the line saying non-stop "excuse me's" to the disgruntled people waiting. He reaches a window. The CLERK is a large, African American woman who already looks annoyed.

KEVIN

Hi there. I have a mail emergency.

The clerk just stares at him.

KEVIN (CONT'D)

I guess it's more of a mail favor.
An emergency mail favor.

More emotionless staring from the clerk.

KEVIN (CONT'D)

You're right to be doubtful, but I sent a letter to a girl by mistake. It was stupid, I was drunk, and--

CLERK

--Now you want me to go in the back and look around for it?

KEVIN

Yes! Exactly. I know it's against regulations and Federal policy--

CLERK

No problem. I'm happy to help.

She hands him a piece of paper and a pen.

CLERK (CONT'D)

Just write down who it was addressed to and the city box it came from. I'll dig it out for ya.

KEVIN

Oh thank you! Thank you so much.

He starts writing.

KEVIN (CONT'D)

You know, if you don't mind my saying so, you're not like I expected you to be.

CLERK

Sassy, right? You expected me to be sassy? Well, not all big, black women act like we should play a judge in a Jason Segel movie, Sir.

He hands her the paper. She walks off. After a beat of relief, he notices a commotion among the people waiting in the line. They're all pointing outside. Kevin looks.

ANGLE ON: Outside the post office window. A car is getting towed. It's Kevin's!

KEVIN

Oh no. Oh no no no no no...

Kevin can't believe it. He races outside.

CUT TO:

EXT. POST OFFICE - CONTINUOUS

The tow truck driver is hooking up his car. Kevin desperately runs up to the METER MAID supervising the tow.

KEVIN

Hey hey hey! Wait! That's my car. Please! Please don't!

METER MAID

Sorry. I have to. Too many unpaid parking tickets.

(fighting a huge smile)

I don't like doing this any more than you like having it done.

The tow truck driver hits the switch, loading the car. It's a lost cause. Kevin runs back inside to fry the bigger fish.

CUT TO:

INT. POST OFFICE - CONTINUOUS

Kevin runs back in. People in line mumble "Karma" as he makes his way to the window where he was waiting before. A NEW CLERK appears. He's tall, white, and Herman Munster-y.

NEW CLERK

Can I help you?

KEVIN

Yeah, um a different clerk was helping me search for a letter in the back? Looked like a sassy black woman stereotype but wasn't?

NEW CLERK

Mn-hmn, her shift ended.

KEVIN

Oh. Okay, well I mailed a letter to a girl and really need it back. Could you help me?

NEW CLERK

I could... but I'm not going to. You know how many people get letter regret? I can't help every fool who can't figure out how the mail works. Next in line!

KEVIN

That is a lousy attitude, you know that? So unhelpful.

NEW CLERK

It's your own damn fault. Shoulda just texted a dick pic like a normal person. Next in line!

KEVIN

(disbelief)

You're the sassy one?

CUT TO:

INT. KEVIN'S APARTMENT - THE NEXT MORNING

Kevin is on what looks like a miniature bed. There are dozens of IKEA furniture parts and instructions around him. Roxie enters from her room (formerly Kevin's room).

ROXIE

What?! You did your own bed first? That is so rude.

KEVIN

No. Rude is you refusing to give me back my room when I found out I wasn't leaving.

ROXIE

You look weird on that baby bed.

KEVIN

It's not a baby bed. It's the Utenglock Grow-With-Me and it's the only thing that would fit out here.

(then)

How am I going to face her at work tomorrow?

ROXIE

(duh)

The same dorky way you always do. What are you worried about? She won't even have your lame love letter yet.

KEVIN

(brightens)

Oh my God, you're right. There's no way her mail could come before she leaves for work. I can undo this. I can just go to her apartment tomorrow and plead with the mailman to give it to me.

(thinks)

After I go into work and plead with Julia to give me my job back.

ROXIE

You know you wouldn't be scrambling right now if you just did what every normal person does.

(duh)

Sent a dick pic.

CUT TO:

INT. PREMIUM FOODS AND BEVERAGES/JULIA'S OFFICE - MORNING

Julia is perched on her desk again-- this time with a stool to rest her feet on for balance. Kevin is stressed.

JULIA

Yyyyeah... I don't know if there's a spot for you here.

KEVIN

What about my old spot? Can't you just pretend I never quit?

JULIA

I'm not great at pretending. Ask the V.P. of Corporate Worldwide. He saw right through my empty moans and ecstasy-free screams.

KEVIN

Oh. I'm sorry it didn't work out.

JULIA

Look, Kevin, I'll think about it and try. But just like that V.P. of Corporate Worldwide, I'm not going to up and leave my wife of thirty years for you.

Kevin takes that as a maybe and is psyched.

CUT TO:

INT. PREMIUM FOODS AND BEVERAGES/HALLWAY - MOMENTS LATER

Kevin emerges from Julia's office and quickly heads for the elevators but is intercepted by Audrey.

AUDREY

Did you just sign your exit papers?

KEVIN

Uh--

AUDREY

Because that does not help my headache. Will you come to the break room and reach the Advil for me-- your last duty as my cubicle-mate? Please...

Kevin looks at the elevators, then relents.

KEVIN

Sure.

They head down the hall.

CUT TO:

INT. PREMIUM FOODS AND BEVERAGES/BREAK ROOM - MOMENTS LATER

It's crowded as usual, but not too bad. Kevin is on a stool on his tip-toes reaching into a cabinet.

AUDREY

Can you believe they make it this hard to get? They're just begging me to go home early. Which I might do anyway, shhhh...

KEVIN

(panicked)

No! Don't do that!

(then)

Here. I found it.

He hands her the Advil and gets down from the step stool.

AUDREY

Thanks. Okay, you're free. Go-- go to Italy and eat gelato in a bigger, better break room.

Kevin sighs and comes clean.

KEVIN

Actually, that job fell through.

AUDREY

Oh, Kevin, I'm so sorry...

KEVIN

That's okay. I don't love truffles anyway. They kind of smell like farts.

Oh my God, he just said "farts" to his dream girl. A few employees walk in.

KEVIN (CONT'D)

Anyway, I think Julia will let me stay if I can just show her how committed I am to the job.

(then)

So I'll see you. I'm taking the rest of the day off.

He starts to hurry out. Audrey stops him.

AUDREY

Kevin, are you acting like a freak because of me? Did I do something?

He's taken off-guard by her directness. She's always direct. Before he can answer, a MAN appears at the door.

MAN

You're Kevin, right? I'm here to pick up your car-- well, my car.

Audrey maneuvers her way to the fridge. Kevin looks at the man. This isn't good.

KEVIN

Oh, it's being detailed. They're probably just putting the birthday bow for your daughter on it now.

POP TO:

EXT. TOW YARD - SAME TIME

Two fat, greasy tow yard dudes are eating chili dogs while perched on Kevin's trunk. One of them drops a huge clump of chili on the car, scoops it up, and eats it.

POP BACK TO:

INT. PREMIUM FOODS AND BEVERAGES/BREAK ROOM- CONTINUOUS WITH BEFORE

The guy looks at Kevin incredulously.

MAN

So it's not here.

KEVIN

Not at this point in time, no sir. I promise you, though, there's no problem. I'm a good, honest guy and your deposit is firmly intact.

FLASHBACK TO:

INT. IKEA CHECKOUT LINE - YESTERDAY

The checker hands Kevin his receipt.

CHECKER

Dayum! That's a lot of money for a baby bed.

Kevin snatches the receipt and walks off, hating life.

CUT BACK TO:

INT. PREMIUM FOODS AND BEVERAGES/BREAK ROOM - BACK TO PRESENT

The man gets in Kevin's face.

MAN

I'll be back in an hour for my car.

Kevin gulps. The guy's scary. The man leaves as a few more employees hurry in. Then a few more. It's packed now. Kevin tries to make his way to Audrey and finds himself bottlenecked, face-to face with Ricky.

KEVIN

(re: crowd)

What's going on? It's worse in here than usual.

RICKY

Julia's handing out a crappy account: Dreyerson Nursing Home and Hospice Spa. Nothing but Ensures and seltzer and it's way out in the boonies and it reeks. Everyone's hiding out so they don't get it.

KEVIN

Thanks for the tip. I'll lay low.

RICKY

Like urine but with a dash of hummus or something. I don't know. It's a bad smell over at Dreyerson.

Kevin breaks through the bottleneck and reaches Audrey.

KEVIN

I'm not acting like a freak.

AUDREY

Do you have feelings for me, Kevin?

KEVIN

Wait. What? Do I-- have feelings for you?

AUDREY

Yeah.

KEVIN

No!

He said that right in a WOMAN'S ear. She gets startled and spills her coffee on herself.

WOMAN

Ah!

KEVIN

Sorry.

The woman gives him a dirty look and refills her coffee cup.

AUDREY

I'm sorry-- that's a super weird question. I never thought so but Brock does, so I promised I'd ask.

Kevin's eyes go wide.

POP TO:

INT. KEVIN'S APARTMENT - FANTASY

Kevin opens the door. Brock is there, looking mad. He holds up the letter Kevin wrote to Audrey. Kevin smiles meekly.

BROCK

I knew it!

KEVIN'S POV: Brock's huge fist punches him hard in the face.

POP BACK TO:

INT. PREMIUM FOODS AND BEVERAGES/BREAK ROOM - CONTINUOUS WITH BEFORE

Kevin looks freaked out.

KEVIN

(explodes)

I gotta go!

Right in the same woman's ear. She spills coffee on herself again and reacts. Kevin apologizes as he squeezes his way toward the door.

END OF ACT TWO

ACT THREE

EXT. STREET - A LITTLE LATER

Kevin is running at full speed in his work clothes, finally slowing at his destination.

EXT. AUDREY'S APARTMENT/MAILBOX VESTIBULE - CONTINUOUS

Kevin, exhausted, tries the gate, it's locked. Behind it is a vestibule with a bank of locked apartment mailboxes. Just then, a SWEATY GUY WITH A YOGA MAT unlocks the gate and steps in. Kevin grabs the door before it can shut and steps in, too. The guy looks at him.

KEVIN

Great yoga sesh today. I was there. You're good.

The guy dismisses him, unlocks his mailbox, and takes out the mail. Kevin is confused.

KEVIN (CONT'D)

Wait, is that today's mail?

YOGA MAT GUY

Yeah. It comes early here.

The guy locks his mailbox and goes into the apartment complex. Kevin tries frantically to pry open mailbox 2A. A couple enters the vestibule from the complex, stares at Kevin, alarmed, then quickly exits the building. As they go, someone we don't see enters from the street. A hand grabs Kevin's shoulder. REVEAL it's the man who came to Kevin's office-- the one buying his car-- and he looks pissed.

MAN

I came to your office, but you weren't there. And neither was the car with that bow you promised.

KEVIN

Was that today I said the car would be back?

MAN

You said an hour.

KEVIN

Right. That's obviously within today.

The guy pins Kevin up against the bank of mailboxes.

MAN
Where's the car?

KEVIN
Okay okay. It's-- I don't have it.

MAN
And the deposit?

KEVIN
I bought a baby bed.

MAN
That's pathetic.

KEVIN
Yeah, well it's been a pathetic-
type of few days.

MAN
You get me the car or the money by
tomorrow. Okay, Baby Bed?

KEVIN
Okay. And are you flexible at all
on the time fra--

The man slams Kevin's face into the mailboxes. Kevin slides to the ground.

DISSOLVE TO:

EXT. AUDREY'S APARTMENT/MAILBOX VESTIBULE - A LITTLE LATER

Kevin, nursing his red, swollen eye, is looking around for something he can use to bust the mailboxes open. A woman, PATTI, enters and opens her mailbox. He looks up, noticing.

KEVIN
Wait. Hey, that's 2A. That's
Audrey Piatigorsky's mailbox.

PATTI
Who are you?

Kevin jumps up as Patti takes the mail from it.

KEVIN
I need that. That's not yours.

Kevin tries to take the mail from her. She snatches it away.

PATTI

It is so, mine. I'm her roommate.
This is my mail. And if you take
it from me, that's called mail
fraud. My dad's a lawyer.

Patti is the biggest pain in the ass on earth.

KEVIN

I just need to see one thing from
your mail, and then I'll give it
right back. I promise. Please?

He tries to snatch the stack. She snatches it away again.

PATTI

No! You're going to steal my
identity. My dad's a lawyer!

She puts the mail in her bag, and holds onto it protectively.
As she does, we are CLOSE ON the mail and see Kevin's letter.

PATTI (CONT'D)

This is threatening behavior. I'm
feeling unsafe. You give off a
very "sexual predator" vibe.

KEVIN

Me? No, I don't. I said "please."

He goes for her bag, she snatches it away. He does it again.
It's a weird game of Keep-Away.

PATTI

My dad's a lawyer. I know what a
sexual predator is, and you fit the
profile. Aggressive, desperate...
(a beat)
attractive...

She looks at him, interested. He looks at her, "Huh?" They
are face to face, and she suddenly starts aggressively making
out with him. He is stunned.

KEVIN

Whoa. What are you--

He tries to fight it while she forcefully keeps kissing him.

KEVIN (CONT'D)

You're the sexual predator!

She suddenly stops.

PATTI

Are you saying you don't want me?

He looks at her. She's wildly unattractive. Then, he spots the letter peeking out of her bag. After a beat:

KEVIN

(stilted, "sexy")

It's not just your identity I'm after.

He forces himself to kiss her "passionately."

CUT TO:

INT. AUDREY'S APARTMENT - A MOMENT LATER

Kevin and Patti burst through the door and stumble into apartment 2A, making out. Patti loves it. Kevin's in agony.

PATTI

No! I won't make love with you in my apartment, beast!

She puts her bag down by a closed second bedroom door and pulls Kevin toward her room, kissing him. Along the way, he is distracted-- holy shit! He's in Audrey's apartment! That's her fridge! Her Keurig! Her wall of photos! As Patti drags him past the wall of photos, WE SEE HIS POV...

A photo of Audrey at a family birthday party, arms around her mom, the birthday girl, who blows out candles.

Patti pulls his face toward her. He steals a glance back at the birthday photo... KEVIN IS NOW THE BIRTHDAY BOY!

A photo of Audrey in a bikini at the beach.

Patti pulls Kevin to her, he glances back at the beach photo... KEVIN IS NEXT TO AUDREY, KISSING HER CHEEK!

A photo of Audrey holding her grandmother's hand on her deathbed.

Kevin breaks free from Patti and sees the photo again... KEVIN IS HOLDING HANDS WITH AUDREY-- IT'S HIS DEATHBED!

Patti yanks Kevin into her room and shuts the door.

CUT TO:

INT. AUDREY'S APARTMENT - A LITTLE LATER

Kevin emerges from Patti's room in his boxers, shell-shocked.

KEVIN
 (to an unseen Patti)
 I just need. A little water.

PATTI (O.S.)
 Not too much. I don't want you to
 spit it up when we get going again.

Kevin is revolted and makes his way toward the kitchen, but looks for something else. He spots Patti's handbag, which she put down by the second bedroom door on her way in. He makes sure the coast is clear, then crouches down to the bag.

PATTI (O.S.) (CONT'D)
 (calls from bedroom)
 And bring me one of those Chips
 Ahoy hundred calorie packs.

Kevin frantically rifles through Patti's bag and calls back to her.

KEVIN
 'Kay!

PATTI (O.S.)
 No, two!

KEVIN
 'Kay!

His face lights up. He pulls the letter from the bag and stands up. Right then, the second bedroom door opens REVEALING BROCK, who fills the doorway. Their shirtless bodies are in stark contrast as they stand face to... chest. With no words, just sheer intimidation, Brock eyes the letter, sees Audrey's name on it, and slowly pulls it from Kevin's tight grip. At that moment, Audrey walks in.

AUDREY
 What-- Kevin? What are you...

She looks around. It's a confusing tableau.

BROCK
 Hey, Babe. This came for you.

In SLO-MO FROM KEVIN'S POV, Brock hands Audrey the letter. We are CLOSE ON it as it exchanges from his hand to hers.

Kevin looks at Audrey for a beat, then rushes out. She watches him go. After a beat, Patti enters from her bedroom.

PATTI

Hey, have you guys seen my new
boyfriend? Cute, blue eyes or
brown eyes, a little banged up...

CUT TO:

EXT. LARCHMONT VILLAGE - EVENING

Kevin walks home, indeed a little banged up, and very depressed. His eye is swollen and he is in only his boxers. People stare as they pass him. He checks his phone.

INSERT SHOT: Kevin's smartphone. There's a voicemail from "Julia/Work." He taps it.

JULIA (V.O.)

Kevin, well, I've soul-searched and good news, you can have your job back. And better news! You're getting the Dreyerson Nursing Home and Hospice Spa account. It just smelled like a good fit.

Julia cackles and Kevin hangs up, dead inside.

INT. KEVIN'S APARTMENT - A LITTLE LATER

Kevin lays on the "Grow With Me" bed in the fetal position.

SFX: His phone dings with a text, then another, then another.

He looks at his phone.

INSERT SHOT: Kevin's smartphone with texts from Patti "Where did u run off 2?" "I miss u." and "Send me a dick pic."

Totally beaten, he tosses his phone on the floor.

SFX: It dings with another text. Then another. And another. As it intermittently dings...

WE HEAR ROXIE from the other side of the wall. She's laughing... and she's not alone.

MALE VOICE (V.O.)

(through bedroom wall)

So... you don't have a kid, do you?
I saw that baby bed out there...

Kevin puts a pillow over his head, utterly miserable.

CUT TO:

INT. AUDREY'S APARTMENT - SAME TIME

Audrey sits on the couch, opens the letter, and starts reading.

KEVIN (V.O.)

Dear Audrey, I know you don't think about me in a special way or at all, but I think about you. All the time...

CUT TO:

INT. PREMIUM FOODS AND BEVERAGES/KEVIN'S CUBICLE/AUDREY'S CUBICLE - THE NEXT MORNING

Kevin, back on the job, sets up his desk with the contents from his cardboard box.

THE CAMERA TILTS UP to his computer screen. He's gotten an e-mail from Julia. Subject line: Dreyerson Account meeting, Saturday 6 AM sharp!

Kevin sighs, then sees Audrey walk in. He stares at her.

KEVIN (V.O.)

You're perfect and beautiful and smart and funny and perfect.

Audrey makes her way to her cubicle. Their eyes meet.

KEVIN (V.O.)

And one more thing...

FLASHBACK TO:

INT. AUDREY'S APARTMENT - LAST NIGHT (FLASHBACK)

Audrey sits on the couch reading Kevin's letter.

KEVIN (V.O.)

I'm in love with you, Audrey. Madly, completely, consumes-my-life in love with you.

Brock comes in from their bedroom. She quickly hides the letter under a cushion.

BROCK

Hey, Babe. We gonna watch that Big Foot Show?

AUDREY
(distracted)
Sure.

He kisses her. She looks toward the hidden letter.

BACK TO:

INT. PREMIUM FOODS AND BEVERAGES/KEVIN'S CUBICLE/AUDREY'S
CUBICLE - BACK TO PRESENT

Audrey and Kevin just stare at each other.

KEVIN (V.O.)
So have a great life, Audrey. And
maybe in the next one we'll meet
again and I won't be scared to say
what I feel and do what I want.
And I'd want you.

After a tense beat, Audrey smiles at him, and sits down.

KEVIN (V.O.)
And this time I'd be the guy who
gets you.

With that smile, was she opening the door a crack? Kevin
sits down and looks at their shared wall. Audrey does, too,
wondering who exactly that guy is on the other side of it.

KEVIN (V.O.)
Until then... Kevin from work.

Kevin smiles. His next life is about to begin...

FADE OUT.

END OF SHOW