

Phil vs. Everything

Pilot

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INT. APARTMENT JONAS + SARAH - BATHROOM - DAY

PHIL's face. 34. Shaggy, thinning hair. Nondescript looks. Where is he? And who is he talking to?

PHIL

Listen to me. It's a lie. All of it.
Play by the rules. Get that
promotion. Buy the house. Marry. Have
kids. Fetch the stick and we'll give
you a treat. But you know what? It's
a fucking trap. Do you want to be
trapped? Do you? The hell you do. So
don't be a pet, man. Be a man!

MERLIN, 4, is adorable and confused. He's holding up a picture filled with vaguely psychedelic shapes and scribbles. In the upper right corner: 3 gold stars.

MERLIN

But look, Uncle Phil. 3 gold stars!

PHIL

For this? What is it?

MERLIN

It's a rainbow.

PHIL

No, it isn't.

Phil grabs the picture. And we finally see where we are: in a tiny bathroom. Phil is sitting on the toilet, in slacks and a vintage 70s sweater vest. What's he going for? Ironically preppy? Who knows? Only Phil knows.

PHIL (CONT'D)

See, this is what I'm talking about.
They're rewarding mediocrity. To set
you on your path. The path of
average. Do you want that? A lifetime
of average? No, you don't. Don't play
their game. Be better than this.
Repeat after me: Fuck this shit!

A wide eyed Merlin watches in horror as Phil crumbles the picture into a tiny ball. Freeze on Phil.

CHRIS (V.O.)

This is my friend Phil.

Phil throws the picture across the room and starts furiously unraveling the roll of toilet paper next to him. Freeze.

CHRIS (V.O.)

He isn't always like this. Only when
he's conscious.

The bathroom door, slightly ajar, opens.

EMILY

For chrissakes, Phil. Close the door.

PHIL

Why?

Emily's eyes glaze over. Freeze on Emily.

CHRIS (V.O.)

This is Emily. 10 years at Phil's side. Some call it love. I call it Stockholm Syndrome.

Emily drags Merlin with her...

MERLIN

Fuck this shit.

EMILY

Merlin!

...and slams the door. Phil flushes. A deep, gurgling sound. The toilet bowl runs over. Phil jumps up, looks around, grabs a towel. He dries his private parts and looks for the hamper. No hamper in sight. Phil shrugs and puts the towel back on the rack. We see a name, lovingly hand-stitched into the fabric: SARAH. Freeze.

CHRIS (V.O.)

This isn't Phil's bathroom, by the way...

INT. APARTMENT PHIL + EMILY - DAY

CHRIS (V.O.)

This is Phil's bathroom.

The camera races up one floor through a smashed toilet bowl, whizzing by piles of rubble, torn down walls, open circuitry and tons of construction materials. Slam the brakes in front of a wall.

CHRIS (V.O.)

The former crown jewel of Phil's Magic Single Kingdom.

The sound of heavy drilling. The wall is being breached...

CHRIS (V.O.)

Finally being merged with the People's Republic of Emily. Not Phil's idea.

...crumbles. Through the fresh hole we see an elegant middle-aged woman with a red head scarf and a satisfied smile on her face.

VICTORIA

Mr. Gorbachev... tear down this wall.

Freeze.

CHRIS (V.O.)

This is Phil's mom Victoria. AKA
Comrade Mother. Former charter member
of the Lower East Side Communist
Union. Presently married to...

The camera races through the hole in the wall - towards a
perfectly groomed middle-aged man. Bespoke suit, Ascot, the
Wall Street Journal on his Ipad. He's sitting in an arm chair.

CHRIS (V.O.)

Montgomery "Monty" Ellingsworth III.
Number 14 on the Forbes 500. Retired.
In case you were wondering... no,
Victoria didn't sell out her ideals.
She's still redistributing capitalist
wealth. All over Madison Avenue.

Victoria is strapping on goggles now. It's time for some
serious drilling.

CHRIS (V.O.)

Victorias's biggest joy in life
except shopping: DIY.

Monty puts on a hard hat. Victoria and Monty smile at each
other.

CHRIS (V.O.)

Correction: DIYW AFC. Do It Yourself
Without A Fucking Clue.

Victoria revs up the power drill and tears into the wall. This
will get ugly.

INT. APARTMENT JONAS + SARAH - DAY

Bits of plaster are raining down on a perfectly healthy and
extremely vegan breakfast table. Vegan except for the thick
slices of salami Phil keeps piling on his sandwich. Phil
looks to the ceiling.

PHIL

Not now, Ma! We're brunching!

No answer. More drilling. More plaster. An attractive woman
in her early thirties steps out of the bathroom, a towel on
top of her head. The name "Sarah" is clearly visible on the
towel turban. SARAH takes her seat at the table, smiling
warmly at Phil and Emily.

SARAH

Did you get any sleep last night?

Freeze. The happily smiling family. SARAH, JONAS and their three multi-ethnic kids: 2 boys, aged 4 and 3. And a little baby girl.

CHRIS (V.O.)

If Michelle Williams and Ryan Gosling had sex with the UN General Assembly and decided to get married, this would be the result: the Cohen-Van Dusens. AKA The Brunchy Bunch.

Freeze Frames of the individual family members.

CHRIS (V.O.)

Sarah, Jonas, Merlin, Mohammed and Ramayana. The hipsters other hipsters want to be, but never will. And yes, this story takes place in Williamsburg, Brooklyn.

Phil glares at Baby Ramayana.

PHIL

No, we didn't. Your little Native American refugee over there was wailing like a motherf...

Emily kicks Phil under the table and smiles at Sarah.

EMILY

It was fine, really. We slept like a baby.

(whispering to Phil)

She's adopted. And Indian.

PHIL

(mock outrage)

We don't say that.

EMILY

Yes, we do. When she's Indian.

(to Sarah + Jonas)

Don't mind him. We can't thank you guys enough for letting us crash here.

(glances at the ceiling)

If we'd known how long it would take...

JONAS

Don't worry. Stay as long as you want. There's room enough for all of us.

Phil's face doesn't agree. Jonas winks at Emily.

JONAS (CONT'D)

At least for the next month or so...

And now we see... that Emily's very pregnant. Emily smiles at Phil. Everyone smiles at Phil. Including Ramayana. Phil takes a big frustrated bite out of his sandwich. His smile seems very forced. And the boys say exactly what Phil is feeling right now...

MERLIN / MOHAMMED

Fuck this shit.

INT. PYONGYANG CAFE - NIGHT

Caption: EIGHT MONTHS EARLIER.

The Pyongyang Cafe on Metropolitan Avenue. A cold, unadorned room. Neon light. Only a few customers. The food is sparse. North Korean State TV is playing in the background. A North Korean flag on the wall. A portrait of Kim-Jong Un. The only-non-Korean customers: Phil and Chris.

PHIL

My life is over!

Phil downs a shot of Soju liquor. Pours himself another one.

CHRIS

Could be a fake pregnancy. Or constipation.

(beat)

Or cancer.

CHRIS (V.O.)

That's me, by the way. Chris. Phil's best friend since pre-school. Phil needs me. Now more than ever.

PHIL

I wish. But those fuckers don't lie.

Phil unloads a pile of pregnancy tests on the table. They're all positive. Chris picks one up. A pink smiley winks at him.

PHIL (CONT'D)

And I tried everything.

He downs another shot.

CHRIS (V.O.)

Everything.

INT. PHIL'S APARTMENT - BEDROOM - NIGHT

Caption: 2008

Phil and Emily in bed. Phil is starting to go down on Emily. Emily smiles.

EMILY
I'm off the pill, by the way.

PHIL
WHAT?!

Phil is furiously looking for something in his nightstand. A box of condoms.

PHIL (CONT'D)
(inspecting the box)
Are these still good?

EMILY
(trying to pry away the box)
We don't need those.

Phil understands: Emily has just proposed double suicide. He's got to think of something. Fast!

PHIL
Emily, do you have any idea what's
going on in the world right now?

He quickly points to his laptop. A news website shows a graph of the Dow Jones in free-fall.

PHIL (CONT'D)
Do you see that? Compared to this the
Great Depression was a depression on
Prozac. This can't be medicated. Mass
unemployment. Riots in the street.
Our kid will grow up in a shanty
town. It's the end of life as we know
it.

Emily gulps.

PHIL (CONT'D)
Do you really want to bring a
child into this?

Emily sighs resignedly. Phil nods. Opens the box of condoms.

Caption: 2012

Emily gives it another shot.

EMILY
(tries to pull the box of
condoms out of Phil's hand)
We don't need those.

Phil swallows hard. Glances to the "mute" TV. Thank God:
images of gale force winds. Apocalyptic weather conditions.
Phil turns on the sound.

NEWSCASTER (OFF)

As you can see, Hurricane Sandy is moving up the East Coast, heading straight for New York City.

PHIL

See? That's global warming in action. Hurricanes all year round. Melting ice caps. In a few years all of this will be ten feet under water. It's the End of Everything!

Emils gulps.

PHIL (CONT'D)

Do you really want to bring a child into this?

Emily doesn't. Phil opens the box, smiling triumphantly.

CHRIS (V.O.)

It wasn't the End of Everything. But Emily's biological clock started ticking. Louder and louder.

We can hear a clock ticking. Louder and louder... It's an old alarm clock on Phil's nightstand.

CHRIS (V.O.)

And Phil was running out of world crises.

CAPTION: 2015

Phil and Emily in bed. Phil grabs the box of condoms... Emily stopping him, shaking her head. Phil is starting to panic. Grabs his MetroCard from the nightstand.

PHIL

Have you heard the news? They found microbes on the subway they don't even recognize. This city is a giant petri dish. We're all lab rats. The Walking Dead. Do you really want to bring...

EMILY

(determined)

I never had the flu in my life. My family is resilient. Including our future child.

(slight smile)

We could still move upstate, though, if you want. Small town. Clean air. Church barbecue every Sunday.

Phil is frozen in shock. His biggest nightmare. Emily grabs the condoms...

EMILY (CONT'D)

Thought so.

... throws the box out of the window - and attacks. There will be sex. And this time it's war!

Phil in full panic mode. Time is running out. The old alarm clock on his nightstand is RRRRRRINGING.

Time for drastic action: he topples a burning candle with his foot. A pile of magazines catches fire.

PHIL

Fire! Emily! FIRE!

Emily jumps out of bed. Tries to extinguish the fire. Phil breathes a sigh of relief. That was close.

CHRIS (V.O.)

From now on, the gloves were off.
Phil had to be cunning. Bring sacrifices. Be merciless. Even against himself.

INT. PHIL'S APARTMENT - BATHROOM - DAY

Emily walks into the bathroom. Into a wall of hot steam.

EMILY

Phil?

PHIL

I'm here.

Phil's in the tub. His skin is scorched and red, he's sweating profusely.

EMILY

What are you doing?

PHIL

(through clenched teeth)
Taking a bath. It's good for my back.

CHRIS (V.O.)

Millions of sperm, boiled to death. No mercy.

INT. PHIL'S APARTMENT - KITCHEN - DAY

Phil's in the kitchen. Peers into the hallway. No Emily in sight. He pulls a box of contraceptive pills out of his pocket. Puts one into Emily's cereal bowl. And another one. Better safe than sorry.

EMILY (O.S.)
(shocked)
Phil?

Phil whirls around. Caught in the act.

EMILY (CONT'D)
What is this?

She's staring at Phil's pants. And now we see the actual reason for Emily's shock: Phil is wearing ultra-skinny, ultra-tight jeans. Choking his package.

PHIL
What? Ultra-skinny's back again.

Emily shakes her head.

CHRIS (V.O.)
But nothing worked. Phil's sperm survived everything. And in the end, the Sperminators won.

INT. EMILY'S UTERUS - DAY

To the harsh beats of the Terminator soundtrack we see a sperm merging with an egg. A baby grows in ULTRA FAST TIME-LAPSE. What's that? Is one of its eyes blinking red?

SMASH CUT.

INT. CHILDBIRTH / LAMAZE CLASS - DAY

Phil's Face. Panic in his eyes. Labored breathing.

PHIL (V.O.)
We created a monster. It's the End of the World!

MIDWIFE (V.O.)
(mild, sing-songy voice)
It's the beginning of life. The miracle of birth. Breathe in. Breathe out.

The smiling face of the midwife appears in front of panting, heavily-breathing Phil.

MIDWIFE
That's some intense labor there. Are you crowning with an elephant? Relax, Phil. Relax.

We're in childbirth class. Phil sitting behind Emily. The pounding Terminator soundtrack dissolves into a relaxing "Buddhist-chanting-meets-Enya-via-jellyfish-song-kind-mix".

MIDWIFE (CONT'D)

Follow Emily's lead. Breathe in.
Breathe out. In sync. You can do
this.

Phil is trying to play along. Looks at Emily with a lopsided grin.

PHIL

I can do this.

Breathe in. Breathe out. Jellyfish-Enya washing over Phil in gentle waves. He gives Emily a kiss.

PHIL (CONT'D)

We can do this.

Phil and Emily start breathing in sync. Smiling at each other. All is well. The universe is love. Phil is love. Phil is staring at Emily's belly...

... which now starts expanding, ballooning with every breath. Glowing red, redder...

INT. APARTMENT SARAH + JONAS - KITCHEN - DAY

Phil wakes up from his daydream/nightmare with a gasp. We see Emily's extremely pregnant belly. Sarah's hand on it. We're back at The Brunchy Bunch. The baby kicks.

SARAH

Whoops. Somebody's getting
impatient. She wants to get out.

PHIL

Of course he does. To kill us. All of
us.

Headshaking and smiles all around. That Phil. Merlin's done with his sandwich.

MERLIN

Done!

SARAH

Wait.

Sarah unravels her towel turban and wipes the peanut butter off Merlin's face.

SARAH (CONT'D)

That's better.

MERLIN

Look Mom, an eyelash.

He picks a hair off Sarah's cheek. That's not an eyelash. Phil jumps up.

PHIL

Gotta go. Keep the country safe.
(pats Emily's belly)
For our children.

MERLIN

Make a wish, Mom.

Sarah blows the "eyelash" out of Merlin's hand. It lands on Jonas's cereal spoon. Jonas doesn't notice and enjoys his sugar-free whole grain muesli. Phil is grossed out. Gives Emily a peck on the cheek...

PHIL

Bye, honey.

...and bolts out of the door.

EXT. STREET - DAY

Phil stumbles out of the house. A brownstone in less than top condition. Real estate listings would probably describe it as "charming".

CHRIS (V.O.)

That's my house. Courtesy of my Uncle Frank AKA "The Duke of Hazardous Materials." Made his fortune in sewage. We found the will on a poster of his favorite movie.

FLASH. A poster of "Red Dawn" (the original one), manic scribbling all over it. Highlighted: "...to that Obamacocksucking colostomy bag of a nephew Chris..."

CHRIS (V.O.)

Yep. He loved me.

FLASH. Phil walks to his car.

CHRIS (V.O.)

Phil's most prized possession: a '67 Chevy Impala. Widely known as the "Supernatural" car. Which means Phil has a latent preference for extremely hunky ghost-hunting brothers who might have sex when nobody's looking. Just a theory.

Phil gets in the car. Slams the door. The scotch-taped rearview mirror clatters down. Phil starts the motor. Nothing. Again. And again. Nothing. Phil opens the window.

PHIL

Yo! Jerome.

A gangly 11-year-old skating on the sidewalk looks up. Phil throws him a cigarette...

"In-Flight" Freeze on the cigarette.

CHRIS (V.O.)
"El Dorado". Full tar, full nicotine.
Worse than crack, according to the
Surgeon General. No longer on sale,
of course. But Phil has a secret
stash. His second most prized
possession.

The cigarette lands in Jerome's hand. He kicks the fender. Phil tries again. The motor starts. Phil gives Jerome the "thumbs up." Jerome lights up, smiling.

CHRIS (V.O.)
And yes, you heard correctly: Phil
keeps the country safe. For our
children. For all of us.

INT. LAB - DAY

Listening to Bond-style music on his Iphone, Phil pulls a keycard through a code lock. A glass door opens with a discreet "whoosh."

Phil's step is determined, his head held high. Yes, Phil takes pride in his work. He's wearing a lab coat. Walking past other men in lab coats.

One of them is holding a hair dryer... which turns into a flame thrower, the lance of fire closely missing Phil. Phil just smiles.

Another guy is waiting next to a toaster. WHACK. Two slices of burning toast are being ejected out of the hellish device, ending up stuck in the ceiling.

Another guy is bending a clip-on desk lamp. TWANG. The metal springs tear apart, different parts zipping through the room like bullets. Phil ducks, not even looking. The guy behind him "takes the bullet," the metal spring almost poking his eye out. The guy ends up on the floor, screaming.

What is this? The "Q"-lab?

Phil winks and grins into the camera.

CHRIS (V.O.)
His name is Bond. Phil Bond.

Phil throws his bag on his desk. Throws himself into his ratty, old desk chair. Puts his feet on the desk.

The camera pans up. Behind Phil's desk: the framed cover of "Test the Best," a consumer service magazine.

CHRIS (V.O.)

Not really. It's Henderson. And
this isn't MI-6. It's the Consumer
Service Initiative. The other CSI.

FLASH: All the "Test(i)es" grin into the camera.

ALL

We're the best. Put us to the
test.

FLASH: Teen trainee Sylvia is jumping excitedly up and down
on a pull-out sofa-bed. And right at this moment... the
entire thing collapses into itself, almost crushing Sylvia.
Sylvia frees herself in record time and smiles into the
camera, two thumbs up.

SYLVIA

It works!

BANG. A "CSI Quality Seal" is being slammed onto the Sofa
Death Trap.

FLASH: Back in the present. Phil leans back, crossing his
hands behind his head.

CHRIS (V.O.)

Welcome to Phil's Paradise. Where
magic elves do all the work...

An overweight guy in his mid-thirties. About to take a bite
out of his triple-decker Pastrami Sandwich. Freeze.

CHRIS (V.O.)

Sam. No friends. No sex.

Sam takes a sip out of his "American Ninja" coffee mug,
Michael Dudikoff staring moodily into the middle distance,
his katana raised.

A woman in her late forties, making a "kissy mouth." Freeze.

CHRIS (V.O.)

Judy. Divorced. Thank God for Pip.

A canary is sitting on Judy's hand, waiting resignedly for
the inevitable.

JUDY

Come on. Give mommy a kiss.
Pipipipip...

CHRIS (V.O.)

...and of course...

Freeze. The Sofa-Bed-Girl. Looks like a porn star. Like all
self-respecting 18-year-olds.

CHRIS (V.O.)
Sylvia. Teen Trainee. Guinea Pig.
Lab Rat.

Sylvia opens a bottle of cat milk, gulps it down.

SILVIA
Mee-ow.

CHRIS (V.O.)
The Fantastic Four's mission: ask
the hard questions. So that you
don't have to...

FLASH. Baby food in a microwave oven. A device in front of
the microwave doesn't register any radiation.

CHRIS (V.O.)
Is it safe?

Phil ticks a box on his clipboard: "Safety"...

... while the plants behind the microwave wither away in
time-lapse speed. It's Fukushima back there.

PING. The baby food is done. Sylvia enjoys.

SYLVIA
Mmmh. It works.

CHRIS (V.O.)
Is it easy to use?

FLASH. Phil and Sylvia in front of a TV/DVR unit. Sylvia
reads the DVR manual. Apparently translated from Gaelic by a
bunch of dyslexic Norwegians.

SYLVIA
To the play of pickup
transmission, penetrate hard
chauffeur by pressing of knob
"Entreé"...

Phil's confused. Sylvia isn't.

SYLVIA (CONT'D)
Check.

Sylvia is rapidly pressing buttons on the confusingly laid-
out remote. Voilà: a menu of recorded shows appears on the
TV screen.

SYLVIA (CONT'D)
It works!

Phil shrugs. Ticks the "easy to use" box.

CHRIS (V.O.)

And most importantly. Will it kill
you?

FLASH. Judy opens a box. Ta-da. Pink penguin plushies. Made
in China. Sylvia squeals and claps her hands like a seal.
Grabs a penguin.

SYLVIA

Cutesies! Can I have one?

Phil grabs the penguin.

SYLVIA (CONT'D)

Please, Phil, pleeeeeeease!

Phil wiggles his finger like a good-natured grandfather.

PHIL

Test first, cuddle later.

Phil puts the penguin next to Pip's cage. A cloud of deadly
fumes envelops the bird cage. Pip drops dead. RIP Pip.

The "Testies" don't notice. They're disintegrating an entire
penguin family in a vat filled with a hot, gurgling fluid...
while wearing gas masks. Sam lowers a white test strip into
the "cauldron". The color doesn't change. Pure, virginal
white.

The "Testies" remove their gas masks.

SAM

Ladies and gentlemen. This calls
for an "Eco Seal".

He throws the test strip into a trash bin. The test strip
disintegrates, the bottom of the trash bin disintegrating
with it. Followed by the floor beneath the trash bin.

Phil ticks the "100% Eco" box. Sylvia grabs her penguin,
showering him with kisses...

WHAM. THE "CSI 100% Eco Seal" slams on A "Pink Penguin
Plushie" box.

FLASH. Judy stares into the bird cage.

JUDY

Where's Pip?

Sylvia points to the bottom of the cage. Shakes her head.

SYLVIA

Doesn't work.

Judy's screams merge...

INT. KINDERGARTEN - DAY

...with the screams of children. Two dozen screaming kids throwing Play Doh at each other. In the thick of it: Emily, marching through the skirmish like a general, Play Doh bullets whizzing by.

EMILY

Lisa, no No. 2 in the classroom.
Tom, that's no chewing gum. Finn,
for the last time... Cassandra is
not a football.

KIDS (OFF)

TOUCHDOWN!

Emily stops in front of two boys destroying a LEGO castle.

EMILY

What are you doing? That was such
a lovely castle.

MAX

But we're in Baghdad.

INT. APARTMENT SARAH + JONAS - LIVING ROOM - DAY

Emily's face. She's not happy.

EMILY

No, we're not in Baghdad. We're in
Brooklyn. And for God's sake, pick
up after yourself. We're guests
here.

Emily is talking to Phil and Chris, sitting on the couch, playing "Call of Duty." Pizza boxes and beer bottles litter every available surface.

PHIL

Sorry, hon. Gotta crush the
Taliban first.

On the screen a group of fleeing terrorists is getting pummeled by Phil's grenades. Take this, Taliban turds!

TERRORISTS (V.O.)

Durka, durka, Jihad!

Chris picks off the last surviving terrorists with his sniper rifle.

CHRIS

Yalla! Yalla!

And now we see Merlin sitting on the floor. Merlin is excited.

MERLIN
Yalla, Yalla!

EMILY
Phil!

PHIL
Okay, okay ...

Phil hands Merlin the controller.

PHIL (CONT'D)
Aim and shoot, Private Merlin.

Merlin grabs the controller and starts shooting.

EMILY
I'm not sure "Call of Duty" is
appropriate entertainment for a 4-
year-old.

Private Merlin begs to differ.

MERLIN
Baghdad! Baghdad!

It's a massacre.

INT. APARTMENT SARAH + JONAS - KITCHEN - DAY

Jonas hands Phil his X-Box.

JONAS
Emily's right. Merlin's a bit too
young for the war on terror.

PHIL
Come on, this is basic training.
The sooner, the better. Merlin has
to know the enemy. He can be our
next American Sniper!

Merlin runs into the kitchen. In his hand: a kid-sized
baseball bat. Merlin's wielding it like an assault rifle...

MERLIN
Jihad! Jihad!

JONAS
Merlin!

Jonas shakes his head. Looks to Phil. Do something!

PHIL
Your daddy's right.
(grabs the baseball bat)
What about this?

Phil hands Merlin one of the Pink Penguins of Doom.

JONAS

Awww. What do we say?

MERLIN

Allahu Akbar.

He cuddles the penguin, runs out of the room.

Phil pulls a box of "El Dorado" cigarettes out of his pocket. Filter-free, of course. He offers one to Jonas.

PHIL

My last box. Full tar, full
nicotine. Pure testosterone.

Jonas shakes his head.

JONAS

Sorry. I'd like to be around for
my kids' graduation.

PHIL

Do you mind if I... ?

JONAS

Passive smoking is bad for the
baby.

Phil puts the box away. He isn't happy.

PHIL

None of this would be a problem if
we'd kept separate apartments.
Emily could stay with the baby at
her place. And I could come visit.
Twice a day or so. Everything
would stay the same.

JONAS

Once the baby's there nothing
stays the same. Believe me.

Jonas opens the fridge.

JONAS (CONT'D)

No more time for yourself. No more
sleep.

Jonas grabs two bottles of non-alcoholic near-beer, hands
one to Phil.

JONAS (CONT'D)

No more fried food. No more meat.
Concerts? Baseball? Movies? Forget
it. It's give, give, give.
(enlightened smile)
(MORE)

JONAS (CONT'D)

But what you're getting back from
your kids! More than you could
ever imagine. Worth every
sacrifice.

Right on cue, 3-year-old Mohammed charges into the kitchen,
covered from head to toe in face paint. Merlin and the pink
penguin right behind him.

MERLIN

Pinguzilla hungry...

Mohammed jumps into the strong arms of Uncle Phil. Covering
Phil's face in paint, laughing like a maniac.

MOHAMMED

Fuck this...

Freeze.

CHRIS (V.O.)

At this moment, everything became
crystal clear...

INT. PYONGYANG CAFE - NIGHT

Another cheerful night at the Pyongyang Cafe.

PHIL

...shit! I don't want face paint
in my face. I want fried food.
Cigarettes. X-Box. Real beer. I
want to sleep.

CHRIS

Bit late for that, huh?

Phil sighs. Downs a shot of Soju. It's midnight. The North
Korean National Anthem blares from a loudspeaker. The few
guests get up and salute the supreme leader Kim-Jong Un.
Phil and Chris follow suit.

PHIL

What if it isn't mine?

CHRIS

Whose is it then?

PHIL

What about Long Shlong Shawn?

INT. KINDERGARTEN - DAY

FLASH. Shawn. Blond. Blinding smile. Broad shoulders. Abs of
steel. Tight jeans. Yes, he's dressing to the left. And
there's lots to dress. Shawn is standing in a throng of
laughing kids, smiling (seductively?) at Emily.

SHAWN

Hi, I'm Shawn, Odin's dad. Ever been
to a Viking Fertility Festival?

INT. PYONGYANG CAFE - NIGHT

PHIL

Or Jonas.

INT. APARTMENT SARAH + JONAS - KITCHEN - DAY

Jonas smiles at Emily. Seductively.

JONAS

I love kids.

EMILY

Then make me some!

Passionate embrace.

PHIL (V.O.)

Or Tobacco Tony...

INT. DELI - DAY

An old guy behind a deli counter. Stetson. Plaid shirt.
Chaps. A post-cancer throat mike. And a very sleazy smile.

TOBACCO TONY

(raspy "mike voice")

What about a cigar?

(winks at Emily)

For the lovely lady... ?

PHIL (OFF)

Or Pedro, the plumber. Or the
Swedish Diving Twins. Or Reverend
Benedict, that pervy . Or...

INT. MONTAGE - DAY

A rapid succession of photos, getting faster and faster. And
so is Phil's voice. Increasingly unintelligible. As if he's
on helium. The avalanche of images ends on...

INT. PYONGYANG CAFE - NIGHT

...Chris.

PHIL

...you!

Chris only raises an eyebrow. Seriously? Phil downs another
shot.

PHIL (CONT'D)
You know what? This is all
Patrick's fault.

EXT. PARKING LOT - DAY

FLASH. 1996. Patrick O'Connell: sturdy, aggressive, ready to pounce. Behind Patrick: Patrick's car, empty beer cans spilling out. In front of Patrick: Phil. Kinda nerdy. But this is about love. About honor. Phil is ready to fight.

PATRICK
Emily's mine. Got it?

PHIL
We'll see about that.

Phil and Patrick start fighting. Awkwardly. Like two school team wrestlers on their first day on the team. But Patrick seems to underestimate Phil. Phil lands a right hook on Patrick's chin. Phil screams - the pain! - but Patrick's head collides with the hood of his car. Ouch. Phil grabs Emily's hand. Emily smiles. Her hero. Her knight...

INT. STAIRWAY - NIGHT

Phil's marching up the stairs, calling someone on his cellphone.

PATRICK (V.O.)
Hello?

PHIL
Hey, Cuntface. My life is over.
That's your fault.

INT. STREET - NIGHT

A lonely stretch of road. PATRICK, 33, stands next to his Prius.

PATRICK
Phil? Are you drunk?

PHIL (V.O.)
I've never been so sober in my
life. Why didn't you crush my jaw
back then?! Huh? Then you would be
the father. And your life would be
over.

CLICK. Patrick shakes his head, smiles - Oh, that Phil - and closes the trunk of his car. And for the fraction of a second, we can see a - frantically moving body bag?

INT. PHIL'S APARTMENT - NIGHT

When Phil enters the war zone that is his former apartment, Victoria is just about to wield a mighty hammer. The "Internationale" Communist Anthem is playing in the background. The wall Victoria started to destroy at the start of the episode is nearly gone... Phil doesn't like what he sees.

PHIL

Eh, Mom... ?

MONTY (O.S.)

Hold that pose, Mother Russia!

Phil turns around. Monty is standing in front of a canvas, painting Victoria in heroic Bolshevik mural style: a goddess of the people, wielding her hammer, destroying a giant dollar sign. On the painting, Victoria is naked. So is Monty. A last flourish with his (paint) brush. And Monty is...

MONTY (CONT'D)

Done. Huzzah!

PHIL

Eh, Mom... ?

Too late. Victoria is bringing her hammer down... BANG! The wall is gone.

PHIL (CONT'D)

I think that was a standing wall.

VICTORIA

Says who?

The ugly creaking sound coming from the ceiling. Phil gulps.

FLASH. Phil and Victoria are sitting on the floor, a samovar between them. Victoria is topping off Phil's tea cup with a healthy shot of vodka. Monty's in the background, rehearsing the traditional Russian "Kalinka" dance. He is still naked.

Victoria puts her arm around Phil's shoulder, smiling warmly.

VICTORIA (CONT'D)

Ah, my little peasant boy. Always scared.

There's a reason for that. The exposed ceiling beams are creaking ominously.

VICTORIA (CONT'D)

Everything will be alright, dear, believe me. Do you know why China is the greatest country in the world?

PHIL

It is? I thought that was Russia.

VICTORIA

Russia's gotten decadent. I mean,
will you look at that...

She points to her husband, the naked "Kalinka" dervish. Monty is waving excitedly. Not only with his hands, unfortunately.

VICTORIA (CONT'D)

The Chinese aren't scared. Scared people don't build the Three Gorges Dam. The biggest dam of all time! And they're willing to make sacrifices. So what if they have to flood a few cities? So what if some people die? People die, sweetie. Every day. We all do. But thinking about it is no way to live.

They clink their vodka/tea cups.

VICTORIA (CONT'D)

Enjoy it. You can't be scared. Of anything. Fatherhood. Standing walls. Taking your vibrator into the bathtub. It's not worth it.
(gives her son a kiss)
Learn from the Chinese, little peasant boy. Don't be scared...

The ceiling beams creak.

INT. APARTMENT SARAH + JONAS - NIGHT

PHIL

My mom's right. I need to think like a Chinese. Look...

Phil is sitting next to Chris, pointing at his laptop screen.

PHIL (CONT'D)

Chinese migrant workers see their families only twice a year. Tops. Why? Because they're at the other end of the country, building dams and flooding cities. For the Motherland. This is what I should do...

EXT. CHINESE VILLAGE - DAY

Phil in traditional Chinese clothes and pointy hat. He picks up a megaphone.

PHIL
(subtitled Mandarin)
Flood the village!

A huge wave of water rushes by, carrying screaming Chinese peasants with it. Phil is a rock amidst the chaos, his head only inches above the water. His cellphone rings. Phil picks up.

PHIL (CONT'D)
Hello? - Hey, honey. What's up? -
The baby? Awesome! - Listen, hon, I
gotta go. I'm in the middle of
some...

The wave of water pulls Phil away...

INT. LAB - DAY

CHRIS (V.O)
And so it came to pass that our
brave little peasant boy answered
the call of the Motherland...

Next day at the lab. In the background Sylvia is testing bicycle helmets - the Sylvia way. Sylvia is sitting on a BMX bike. Judy (all in black, still in mourning) is strapping Sylvia into a crash test device. It's Sylvia, the crash test dummy. Phil and Sam are eating popcorn, enjoying the show from the sidelines.

SAM
You wanna get reassigned. Why?

PHIL
Because I need to make a sacrifice.

Meaning?

SAM
Cleveland?

Phil leans over. Grinning ear to ear.

PHIL
Better. Much better.

Just then Judy releases the crash test device. Sylvia is catapulted across the lab.

SYLVIA
WHEEEEEEEEE!

Sylvia and her bike slam into a hard rubber wall. The sound of the CRASH spills over to...

INT. APARTMENT SARAH + JONAS - TAG

...a stunned Emily.

EMILY
Berlin?! Berlin, New Hampshire?

PHIL
Berlin, Germany.

What? Phil takes her hand, gives Emily the puppy look.

PHIL (CONT'D)
Look, hon. We're going to be a family soon and...

EMILY
I know. Let me rephrase the question...
(screams)
BERLIN?!

PHIL
Families cost money. I'll get a nice raise. And a risk bonus.

EMILY
We don't need more money.

PHIL
Not now. But think about it. What if our little munchkin is born with two asses? Or crazypants? Or Asparagus?

EMILY
Aspergers.

PHIL
Or that.
(gives Emily a kiss)
It's just going to be for a little while. And I'll come back a better dad. You know... Europe. History. Culture.

CHRIS (O.S.)
Also...

EXT. STREET - DAY

CHRIS
...Berlin's supposed to be the hottest city in the world right now. It's a total orgy. 24/7.

Chris grins. Emily doesn't. Phil shakes his head, looking at Chris. You're not helping.

The three are standing in front of the house, a cab waiting at the curb. Phil's bags are already in the trunk. Everybody's saying "good-bye". The Brunchy Bunch. Victoria. Monty (fully clothed). Hugs and kisses all around.

And what's this? Do we see a tear in Phil's eye when he's kissing Emily? Does Phil really know what he's doing? Does he really want to go?

Thank God for Chris. He gives Phil a reassuring hug...

CHRIS (CONT'D)

Don't forget. Hottest City in the World.

(sotto)

Go get those Frauleins, tiger.

...and pushes him into the back of the cab. Slams the door shut. Lots of waving. Lots of tears. The cab driver turns the dial on his radio. Germany's (unofficial) National Anthem is blaring out of the speakers: David Hasselhoff. "I've Been Looking For Freedom".

PHIL

(smiles to himself)

Hottest City in the World...

Streaks of lightning. An infernal thunderclap.

EXT. BERLIN - DAY

Berlin. Post-socialist urban sprawl. Grey, leaden skies. Hell on earth.

Lightning. Thunder.

EXT. BERLIN LAB - DAY

The Berlin Lab of "Test Korrekt." Bauhaus meets Fascism. An edifice of despair, born out of nightmares, tears and megalomania.

Lightning. Thunder.

INT. BERLIN LAB/PHIL'S OFFICE - DAY

Phil's office. The Pyongyang Cafe is paradise compared to this. Behind Phil's desk someone has nailed little packets of "Toaster Strudel" to the wall - in the shape of a swastika. Scary. Phil's jaw is on the floor.

PHIL

Gott in Himmel...

Lightning. Thunder.

And now a man is standing directly behind Phil. Where'd he come from? Out of thin air, apparently. Ramrod straight.

Pressed lab coat. Perfectly parted blond hair. Gold-rimmed glasses.

VON LEIDENSGRUND
(sinister German accent)
I see you're admiring the artwork.

Phil whips around. Whouw. Where did Creepy Aryan Dude come from? Creepy Aryan Dude smiles. Phil shivers.

VON LEIDENSGRUND (CONT'D)
It's evocative, ja?

PHIL
Of what? Delicious genocide? Who did this?!

VON LEIDENSGRUND
No one knows.
(leans over, Phil leans back)
Rumor has it it's the ghost of an SS officer who wants to honor the Fuhrer. He was an artist, you know. The Fuhrer.

Von Leidensgrund winks. Phil shivers. Von Leidensgrund's smile disappears. He puts forth his hand.

VON LEIDENSGRUND (CONT'D)
Viktor von Leidensgrund.

Phil shakes it.

PHIL
Phil Henderson.

VON LEIDENSGRUND
Can we start then? It's 9:02. We need the product list for today's tests.

PHIL
(still creeped out)
Ah, I just got here and...

CLICK. The hand on the wall clock moves to 9:03. At the exact same moment Von Leidensgrund clicks his heels.

VON LEIDENSGRUND
9:03.

PHIL
You know what. Start with whatever. I'll be right out.

VON LEIDENSGRUND
Nonono. This is not how it works. You give us the list, we perform the tests.

(MORE)

VON LEIDENSGRUND (CONT'D)

We write a report, you check the report. Everything by the book.

(creepy smile)

Welcome to Germany.

He picks up the list from Phil's desk without even looking.

VON LEIDENSGRUND (CONT'D)

Look, there it is. I'll report back later. Have a nice day.

Lightning. Thunder. Creepy Aryan Dude is gone. Phil shivers. He plumps down on his chair. Sighs. Was this really a good idea?

Phil turns on the TV. German depression on all channels. People are either screaming at each other or screaming to the skies. Some shows have laugh tracks - while people keep screaming at each other or to the skies. German sitcoms, apparently.

Phil reaches out for the pink penguin for comfort - a token from home - and cuddles it. Breathing in the fumes. When suddenly...

Lightning. Thunderclap. Von Leidensgrund appears in front of Phil's desk.

VON LEIDENSGRUND (CONT'D)

Herr Henderson? Forgive the interruption.

PHIL

(startled)

Whaaa....

Von Leidensgrund places a stack of reports on Phil's desk. Phil checks the clock. It's 4:30 PM. On the TV screen: screaming people with a laugh track.

VON LEIDENSGRUND

The reports. It was a disaster.

(points to report #1)

Czech egg slicers. Ridiculous. Only Germans should be allowed to make egg slicers.

(report #2)

Your American grenades don't have enough killing power. No surprise there.

(report #3)

And don't get me started on the Chilean breast pumps. Takes hours. No suction at all. I can kiss my nipples "Auf Wiedersehen," danke sehr. Look at this...

He opens his lab coat. Phil recoils, screaming. Bumps his head against the wall. Ouch. It's raining "Toaster Strudels." Phil is losing consciousness...

INT. BERLIN LAB - NIGHT

Deepest, blackest night. The lab is empty. The lights are out. Phil wakes up. He's on the floor, drool pooling around his mouth. His arms and legs are shaped like a swastika.

Phil is disoriented. The TV is flickering. What's that? The pink penguin is sitting on top of the TV. How'd he get there? And is he... smiling?

At this moment, the channel changes seemingly by itself. A nature documentary about penguins. The soothing, God-like voice of Morgan Freeman...

"MORGAN FREEMAN" (V.O.)
Penguins mate for life. In the
merciless Antarctic cold they
provide warmth and comfort for
themselves and their offspring.

Phil sits up and sighs. A tear in his eye...

"MORGAN FREEMAN" (V.O.)
Their parental duties are split up
in surprisingly progressive
fashion. The male penguin cares
for the egg while the female one
provides nourishment by catching
fish. Harmonious team work. Give
and take. Not like Phil, that
fucking coward.

WTF?!

"MORGAN FREEMAN" (V.O.)
Crawls to Naziland and leaves his
wife to fight for herself. She's
practically crowning, for Christ's
sake. And she's still carrying her
Target bags up the stairs. That's
a fourth floor walk-up, Phil! If
you ask me... that douchebag needs
to get his "Schwanz" chopped off.
But nobody's asking. I'm just
narrating this piece of shit...

AHHH! Phil wakes up screaming. And this time for real. He runs out of the office, still screaming...

EXT. BERLIN LAB - NIGHT

And stops outside. Freezing sleet is raining down on him. Phil looks around, starting to panic. Is he still dreaming?

The world isn't just lonely, depressing and freezing cold. It's also black and white. Including Phil.

Phil takes deep, gulping breaths. Pulls his "El Dorados" out of his pocket, pulling his wallet out with it. Phil doesn't notice. The wallet falls to the ground, opens up. We see a picture of a smiling Emily.

Phil lights his cigarette with shaking fingers. Inhales deeply. And at this moment... a deep, booming voice seems to call Phil...

"MORGAN FREEMAN" AKA GOD
(O.S.)

Look.

What? Where? Phil looks up. Where'd that voice come from? Out of the sky? Is it Morgan Freeman? Is it... God?

"MORGAN FREEMAN" AKA GOD
(O.S.) (CONT'D)

Look!

PHIL
(still looking up)
I'm looking, I'm looking. What do you want?

A blinding streak of lightning is reaching down from the sky, hitting the ground next to Phil. Deafening thunder. Phil screams.

"MORGAN FREEMAN" AKA GOD
(O.S.)

LOOK, DU ARSCHLOCH!

And now Phil is looking... to the spot where the lightning bolt hit the ground. The ground is still smoking. The earth is scorched. Except for Phil's wallet. And in the midst of all that "black and white": Emily's photo. In lovely Technicolor.

PHIL
Wow.

Freeman/God isn't finished yet. The photo starts moving. Emily laughs. Beckons Phil. And now Phil's in the photo, too. Takes Emily's hands. They're dancing around, skipping over sun-kissed meadows, laughing, kissing... Then they turn into two penguins, waddling fin in fin into the sunset.

Back in hell. Phil stares at the photo. Tears in his eyes. He starts smiling. He knows what to do now. Looks to the sky.

PHIL (CONT'D)
Thank you, Morgan Freeman!

INT. APARTMENT SARAH + JONAS - DAY

Emily opens the door.

EMILY

Phil!

Yes, it's Phil. Back in Brooklyn.

PHIL

I don't want to be in Berlin.
Berlin is scheiße. I want to be
here, with you. I want to sit on
our egg and breed like a fucker.
But I can't. Cause we're mammals.
But I want to be your penguin
mate. For life.

(hands her a half-frozen
box of fish fingers)

Look, I brought fish.

Emily's half-frozen, too. Then she starts smiling,
tentatively. Her smile is getting brighter. So is Phil's.
Their lips are closing in. Closer. Closer...

What's that tinkle?

Phil sees the puddle on the floor. Under Emily. Grins.

PHIL (CONT'D)

I'm happy to see you too, honey.

Emily starts screaming.

INT. STAIRWAY - DAY

Everybody's screaming. A pile of people is stumbling down
the stairs. Phil in pole position, closely followed by
Chris, Victoria, Monty, Jonas and Sarah (carrying Ramayana).
At the tail end:

Merlin.

MERLIN

Bagdad! Bagdad!

Mohammed.

MOHAMMED

Jihad!

And... Emily. Already in labor, apparently.

EMILY

(gasping)
Wait...

Nobody's listening.

EXT. STREET - DAY

Slamming car doors. Burning rubber. It's "The Fast and the Clueless" starring Phil Diesel. The cars race down the street. Go-Go-Go!

INT. WS CAR 1 / CAR 2 / CAR 3 - DAY

Car 1:

CHRIS
Where's Emily?

Car 2:

VICTORIA
With Sarah.

Car 3:

SARAH
With Phil.

Car 1:

PHIL
With Mom.

Car 3:

Merlin's on the backseat, looking out the window. There's Emily, stumbling out of the door, panting.

MERLIN
Fuck this...

EXT. STREET - DAY

EMILY
SHIT!

The sound of screeching tires. The cars disappear around the corner.

EMILY (CONT'D)
PHIIIIIIIL!!!

INT. HOSPITAL ER - DAY

Emily's "Delivery Support Group" is standing at the reception desk.

PHIL
What do you mean you don't know where she is? What is this? Obamacare? My wife is plopping it out. And you lost her?!

Only Merlin and Mohammed notice Emily whose dragging herself into the ER. Emily's pissed. And now she's definitely in labor.

MERLIN / MOHAMMED

Emmy.

Merlin makes a beeline for Emily. Disappears beneath Emily's maternity dress...

MERLIN (O.S.)

Eww!

...and reappears. Laughing and disgusted.

MERLIN (CONT'D)

Emmy has a dwarf head in her kitty!

Everybody turns around. Phil's baffled.

PHIL

Hey, honey. Where'd you come from?

This is it. The end of patience. Emily's delivers - her right fist right into Phil's face.

POW. KO.

INT. DELIVERY ROOM - DAY

Blurry shapes. Faint voices.

CHRIS

He's waking up.

Phil returns to the world of the living, still woozy. He's lying in a bed. People around him. Chris, Sarah, Jonas, Victoria, Monty...

PHIL

Emily?

EMILY

Be careful. I got backup now.

Phil follows Emily's voice and turns his head. Ow. That hurts. Emily is lying in the neighboring bed. Completely exhausted, but smiling. Phil tries to reach her with his hand. Emily meets Phil halfway and takes his hand.

PHIL

(slurring)

Is it over? What is it?

Victoria gently places a small crying bundle into Phil's arms.

VICTORIA

What do you think?

Phil needs a moment to realize what - who - is lying in his arms. Then he starts beaming.

PHIL

A baby!

Phil's world snaps back into focus. A quick diaper check. He smiles. It's a son. His son.

PHIL (CONT'D)

(beatific smile)

Bagdad Jihad Henderson.

EXT. HOSPITAL ROOF - NIGHT

SNIP. A lighter lighting a cigarette. "El Dorado," of course. A gust of wind. The cigarette is being pulled out of...

... Phil's hand.

PHIL

HEY... ?!

Phil, Chris and Jonas are sitting on the roof, the city beneath them. Their eyes follow the cigarette. Down, down, gone. Sad face.

CHRIS

Damn. Was it the last one?

Phil opens the box. One left.

PHIL

This is the last one. A gift for my son. On his 16th birthday.

Jonas is "tsktsk"-ing.

PHIL (CONT'D)

What?

CHRIS

Smoking is bad, dad.

JONAS

Super bad.

PHIL

Are you ganging up on me?

JONAS

Mh-mh.

CHRIS
Cos we loves ya.

Chris and Jonas high-five over Phil's head.

PHIL
Listen. Nothing will change,
alright? Nothing. Stuff changes
because you let it. Cause you're
weak. Spineless. Or you're Jonas
van Dusen.

Jonas just laughs. Chris grins.

PHIL (CONT'D)
Everything will stay the same,
okay? Are we clear on that?

Phil's cellphone rings. Phil picks up.

PHIL (CONT'D)
Hello? ...
(excited)
I'm coming.
(gets up quickly)
The Oompa-Loompa wants to suck his
mommy's teats. Gotta see that.

Phil hurries to the roof access door. Chris and Jonas smile.
Look who's in a hurry...

CHRIS
Hey, Phil!

Phil turns at the door.

CHRIS (CONT'D)
How does it feel? When your life
is over?

PHIL
(shrugs, with a grin)
You know what? It's alright.

FREEZE.

CHRIS (V.O.)
Until...

EXT. / INT. HOUSE / PHIL'S APARTMENT - DAY

FLASH. The roof of the brownstone collapses. We hear Phil's
scream. Yes, it was a standing wall.

JONAS
(into the camera)
Stay with us. Make it permanent. It's
cozy.

A dust- and plaster-covered Phil gulps. His eyes widen.

PHIL
(into the camera)
Fuck this shit!

TO BE CONTINUED.