

INEPT

by

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TEASER

FADE IN:

INT. RHYS'S HOME OFFICE - NIGHT

The quarters could hardly be classified as a 'home office.' '

The 'office' of it all is attributed to the turquoise multi-purpose lap tray that RHYS ACOSTA, early 20's, underdeveloped in a superficial but adorable way, hunches over.

For a moment, we rest on the floor of the studio apartment and we hear nothing but keyboard clacking and muffled New York City traffic.

A SWEET CHIME.

Rhys picks up the uncased iPhone from beside him on the unframed mattress.

INSERT: He taps on a notification from a dating app.

The banner reads: "You matched with Conor, now what?" Followed by the kissy face and heart emoticons.

He exhales sharp with a bit of medium-pitched noise behind it.

He sort-of smiles, then drops the phone.

CUT TO:

INT. RHYS'S APARTMENT - A BIT LATER

Rhys is making pasta from a recipe on the back of the box.

He mixes the boiling noodles. Then he pulls one out and reflexively throws it out of the wall.

It does not stick and he examines his scalded fingers.

THEN TO:

INT. RHYS'S APARTMENT - EVEN LATER

With one hand, Rhys plates the spaghetti dish, garnished by basil and thin-sliced cherry tomatoes.

In the other hand he holds his cellular phone to his ear. He looks relaxed, mid-conversation.

RHYS
 Yeah it's just like- I feel like if
 my voice never reached a human
 being again it'd be too soon. At
 this rate I am truly on course for
 curmudgeon status before age 30.

MIKALA
 (over the phone)
 I know this really good face-lift
 guy on Park Ave-

RHYS
 Oh! Which one?

INT. MIKALA'S PLACE - CONTINUOUS

MIKALA, early-20s, sepia, is illuminated by a television
 screen, sporting sweats and a top-knot.

Her phone has a seat next to her, Rhys is on speaker.

Mikala cackles, then sighs.

MIKALA
 Burnham.

INTERCUT BETWEEN MIKALA AND RHYS

RHYS
 Rich?

MIKALA
 Vladmir.

Rhys smiles with teeth.

Beat.

MIKALA (CONT'D)
 I relate to your decrepit spirit
 but you know what compliments that
 essence?

RHYS
 Pasta a la box and complete social
 isolation? Way ahead of you.

MIKALA
 Nuh-uh. Soul Cycle.

RHYS
 Sweating and strangers? Seems
 divergent to what I'm getting at...

MIKALA

The experience can open your mind.

RHYS

Next you're going to tell me about
my carbon footprint, aren't you?

He takes a twirl of the pasta and shoves it down his gullet.

MIKALA

I was hating on it same as you but
it's a really uplifting experience
and I can guarantee it will restore
your faith in the populace.

RHYS

(mouth full)

Not much open ground to work on
there.

MIKALA

Take it from a couch potato, it
altered my view.

The live-studio audience of her television program laughs,
triggering her to giggle.

MIKALA (CONT'D)

That's really...
(suddenly entranced, with
a head tilt)
Funny...

RHYS

(confused, making a dent
in his dish)

What's funny?

Mikala snaps out of it.

MIKALA

Huh?

She clears her throat.

MIKALA (CONT'D)

(then)

I'll pick you up tomorrow at 8. AM.

RHYS

You may try, you may fail.

MIKALA
And nevertheless, she persisted.

Rhys smiles.

CLICK.

He drops his phone and, consequently, his smile.

He shoves a forkful of carbohydrates down the hatch and stands. His abrupt ascension causes his chair to screech behind him.

He leaves the dirty dish and silverware at the table and leaves the chair in a similar fashion.

INT. SIMON, SIMONE, AND SIMEON - BULLPEN - DAY

Rhys is layered in sweat and workout gear: a cropped sweatshirt, tank top, and running shorts when he enters the office.

The outfit and the general office vibe clash violently.

TYREON, 29, big shot, can-do attitude, approaches. He has a three-piece suit, but it includes a khaki sports coat.

TYREON
Rhys the Paralegal,

RHYS
(straightaway)
Tyreon the stand-in for Danny
Devito in *Twins*>?

TYREON
Not Schwarzenegger?

RHYS
Who?

Beat.

TYREON
I need you to run copies. I'm
working the Mathis slip-and-fall.

RHYS
Mathis v. Wet Floor of the Waffle
House?

TYREON
(corrective)
It's actually Mathis v. Wet Floor
of the IHOP.

RHYS
(with a shrug)
Syrup is syrup.

Tyreon laughs his benefit dinner laugh.

TYREON
Keep it up, Rhys, and they'll
promote you to *kind of* legal.

Rhys laughs his, 'you're more of a dumbass than I originally thought if you think this laugh is even remotely genuine' laugh.

Tyreon moonwalks off to his far corner office and Michael Jackson turns over in his large plot.

Beat.

Rhys's phone blares an instrumental cover of 'Grandma Got Run Over by a Reindeer' and he attends to it almost immediately.

RHYS
Mikala! I'm sooo sorry that I ran
out so fast it's just that there
was an emergency at work and-

MIKALA (O.S.)
(over the phone)
No, no, it's fine, love. I was just
worried because you hardly said a
word on the car ride back and I
didn't really get the chance to
hear your definitive review.

Rhys mosies on over to the conference room.

RHYS
Yeah it wasn't completely revolting
but I think that stationary bike
lacerated my ass. It's nothing
severe but it's sporadically
effecting my movement.

Rhys transfers from a trot to an obvious limp.

MIKALA

Say no more, I insist, as I try and
remove the image of your ass gash
from my mind.

Rhys pauses for a quip.

RHYS

We should start a heavy metal band!
I just came up with a really sick
name idea.

MIKALA

Where's your work-related
emergency?

Rhys pivots to face the tempered glass wall panels so that he
may look into the firm's conference room which.

Fortuitously, we PAN TO REVEAL a room brimming with suit-
jacketed professionals that look only to him.

RHYS

Staring right at it.

END TEASER