

THE IDIOT

Created by
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Pilot:
"When The Fun Stops"

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JOEL
Can I turn on the radio?

AL
(half-listening)
Uh, yeah, whatever.

Joel clicks the radio on to FRANK SINATRA. Then CHANGES it.

AL (CONT'D)
Oh! What the hell you doing? Change
it back.

JOEL
You like Frank Sinatra?

AL
(shocked)
Does a hooker need knee pads?

Joel is taken aback.

AL (CONT'D)
Yeah, I like Frank Sinatra. He's
the voice of a fucking generation,
of the Italian people.

JOEL
I guess that's what I don't like
about him.

AL
You don't like him? What the hell's
wrong with you?

JOEL
He's just this macho, Italian
stereotype.
(mock singing voice in
tune of "I Won't Dance")
*Bada boom boom, hey there chicken
cutlet.*

AL
(confused laugh)
What the fuck was that?

JOEL
That's Frank. This tough guy act.

AL
So what you're saying is, fuck
Frank Sinatra.

JOEL
Well, I wouldn't word it like that.

AL
Nah, go ahead. Say it.

JOEL
Well, I, uh --

AL
Come on!

JOEL
Okay, fine...
(struggling)
...*Fuck* Frank Sinatra.

AL
There. Say what you mean.

Al switches the station to CLASSICAL MUSIC. Final.

Joel looks out the window and sees a HOMELESS MAN walking on the side of the highway. Joel follows with his head as the car whizzes past the homeless man.

JOEL
There's a man on the side of the road.

AL
So what?

JOEL
I didn't see a car. He might be in trouble. Let's stop.

AL
Are you crazy? We're in the middle of a... "case."

JOEL
How do you think he got all the way out here?

AL
Who knows? Who cares? Probably a bum.

JOEL
Should that matter? He needs help.

Al blows this off with a condescending look.

JOEL (CONT'D)

I mean, aren't you the least bit curious what brought that man to the side of the road?

AL

His car broke down.

JOEL

Maybe. Or maybe it's something infinitely more random.

Al gives Joel a strange look.

AL

So why should I be curious? I got my own fucking problems. I can't worry about some batshit stranger.

JOEL

(passionate)

We were strangers just a little while ago. All it takes is some interest in another person. I mean, all we've got is each other. We're these infinitesimally small, unlikely, meaningless beings that exist in a vacuum of chaos. In a sense, we're all lines of code. Numbers. Everything can be whittled down to a mathematical equation. And yet, there's no order in our lives. We're infinitely suspended in uncertainty, searching for connections that make us feel like ourselves. And then all of it can be over like that.

(snaps fingers)

The greatest irony of all is, we don't even know how lucky we are to exist. How we could just as easily be a spoon or a banana. A human being has much more in common with a banana than you'd first suspect. We're made of the exact same stuff. Star dust. But we were lucky enough to be born among the human race. A flawed, fearful bunch, it's true, but given the almost divine ability to empathize... I mean, do you know the odds of you even being born?

AL
(a little thrown)
Uh... no.

JOEL
One in four trillion.

AL
What about God and all that? We're put here to do something. Nothing random about that, but some of us fuck it up. Like that guy back there. He had a road and he fucked it up. Now he's on this one.

Joel nods, considering the possibility of Al's claim.

JOEL
All I'd say about God is there's not a lot of conclusive evidence.

AL
(defensive)
So what? Nothing matters? If nothing matters, why do anything? Why not kill myself?

JOEL
That's not what I'm saying at all. Everything matters. Here. Now. It matters to us, just not to the universe.

AL
And because nothing matters and I'm not a fucking banana I should pick up bums off the side of the road? I gotta tell ya, Joel, I've heard a lot of stupid shit in my life, but you take the cake.

JOEL
(flustered)
I'm advocating doing more good --

AL
More good? And how about all the people who do bad out there? Why don't *child rapists* do more good?

JOEL
Horrible things happen in this world.

(MORE)

JOEL (CONT'D)

We have to try to forgive the people who cause them, and not let them make us horrible, too.

AL

Yeah, yeah, turn the other cheek and all that crap. I'm more fond of the Old Testament God. If the Jews got one thing right, it's that their God didn't take any bullshit.

JOEL

Listen, I wasn't trying to upset you. I just think it's a good thing to be able to forgive even the worst offenses.

AL

So let's say I killed you. You'd be able to forgive me?

JOEL

Well, I don't think I'd be conscious enough to do much of anything, but yes, if I could, I would try to forgive you.

Al's silent. Looks ahead at Mickey's car...

I/E. ALONZO'S CAR/BAKER, CALIFORNIA - DAY

Al and Joel exit the Freeway and enter BAKER, California as Mickey does the same...

They keep their distance, parking in a secluded BACK LOT as Mickey pulls into an adjacent GAS STATION.

JOEL

Why are you parking back here?

AL

I can't let him see my car.

JOEL

That him?

AL

Yeah... Wait here.

Al exits the car. Walks to the other side. Looks at Joel.