

INT. CRAIG'S BEDROOM - MORNING

MONTAGE

-The buzzing of an alarm clock wakes CRAIG, who rolls over and turns it off before going back to bed.

-On another day CRAIG's phone starts playing music to wake him, and he stuffs it under the pillow.

-On another day the watch on CRAIG's nightstand beeps annoyingly. CRAIG throws a sock on it to muffle the noise.

-An analog alarm clock starts ringing violently on the headboard. CRAIG jumps and throws the offending machinery against the wall in surprise before moving towards his closet.

END MONTAGE

INT. BREAK ROOM - DAY

CRAIG, wearing haphazard business attire, enters the break room holding a tupperware container of his lunch with his name taped on it. The room is sparse, and on the counter sits an emptied pot of coffee and a box of donuts. CRAIG heads towards the fridge and opens it, seeing it packed full of lunchboxes and other tupperware containers.

CRAIG
(grumbles)
Building full of MBAs and no one can
figure out how to fit things in the
damn fridge.

He wedges his tupperware into the fridge and turns to frown at the coffee pot before opening the donut box. Inside are crumbs and a half squashed donut. CRAIG makes a face of disgust and leaves.

INT. CRAIG'S CUBICLE - DAY

CRAIG sits at his desk and glances at the stack of papers waiting for his attention before turning to the computer and playing Minesweeper. The cubicle is messy and disorganized, and the only thing on the walls is a framed diploma. Time passes. GWEN walks up to his cubicle.

GWEN
(exasperated)
I thought we talked about this,
Craig.
(sighs)
I need to see you in my office. Now.

She leaves. CRAIG grumbles incoherently to himself and closes Minesweeper before following her.

INT. GWEN'S OFFICE - DAY

CRAIG enters GWEN's office. It's a spacious and clean room that radiates professionalism. On the wall are many awards, including a diploma from the same exact school that CRAIG attended, with the same graduation year. GWEN is dressed impeccably, and is already seated when CRAIG arrives. She gestures to the chair on the other side of her desk.

GWEN

Sit.

CRAIG takes a seat.

CRAIG

Gwen this is ridiculou-

GWEN

(cuts him off)

Stop. Just stop. Look. Craig we've known each other a long time, but I can't keep sticking my neck out for you. This is the fourth time this week you've come in late, and don't get me started on your growing workload. I'm not warning you as your boss, but as your friend. If you don't change your behavior then I can't protect you.

CRAIG

Fine. Then don't 'protect' me. I don't need your charity to have a job, Gwen.

GWEN

That's not what I said, Craig. Now I'm sorry but that's how it is. You can go now.

CRAIG storms from her office.

INT. CRAIG'S CUBICLE - DAY

CRAIG returns to his cubicle and sits. Before he can so much as look at the work on his desk, there's snickering from the cubicle next door.

NEIGHBOR

That's right. Called into the boss' office. I can't believe he hasn't

been fired yet, the lazy bag of bones he is.

NEIGHBOR 2

Well I heard that he's been bribing her so she keeps him. That won't last much longer let me tell you what!

NEIGHBOR

Well after the abysmal way he mishandled the Trouper case I can't say I'm surprised. I heard he never showed up. They really should have let him go a long time ago.

NEIGHBOR 2

Guess I can't blame them for trying to give him a chance. He is rather pitiful after all. Like a beat up dog.

NEIGHBOR

I'd rather take pity on the dog.

CRAIG, face burning, grabs his keys and leaves amid laughter in the background.

INT. CAR - DAY

CRAIG is driving around, still fuming at the whole situation back at the office. His phone buzzes, and he glances down at it to see GWEN on the caller ID. While he's not watching, a man (HARRISON) with their face glued to their own phone steps off the curb and starts jaywalking. CRAIG slams on his breaks, skidding to a halt and barely avoiding HARRISON.

CRAIG

Hey what's the big idea buddy?!

HARRISON

Merely crossing the street. No harm done.

CRAIG angrily gets out of his car to give HARRISON a piece of his mind.

CRAIG

No harm? You crossed right in front of me!

HARRISON

And you stopped in plenty of time, Sir. Say... You're mighty handy with

that car. Have you ever considered driving for a living?

CRAIG
(taken aback at the sudden change of conversation)
... Driving for a living?

HARRISON
Oh yes. Someone as masterful behind the wheel as you must be a natural. Why, it wouldn't be any work at all.

CRAIG
(puffs out his chest)
A natural huh? Sure. Why not. Maybe as a driver I'll actually get some appreciation.

HARRISON
Excellent!

HARRISON produces a packet of papers from under his jacket, setting it on the hood of CRAIG's car and offering him a pen.

HARRISON
Just sign here, initial here, date here. And a few more signatures here, here, and... Done! Congratulations on joining Stickshift, all the transportation of a taxi without the hassle! Now just download the app and you're ready to go!

HARRISON waggles his phone in CRAIG's face, forcing CRAIG to take an uncomfortable step backwards. CRAIG gives him a wary look at the sudden switch to sales pitch, but nods.

CRAIG
Okay then... Well uh, bye?

HARRISON waves cheerily, continuing to wave as CRAIG awkwardly climbs into his car. HARRISON doesn't move, forcing CRAIG to reverse and drive around him to leave the area, pulling out his phone in the process.

EXT. ISABELLE'S DRIVEWAY - DAY

CRAIG's car pulls into the driveway and he gets out, checking his phone before taking a deep breath.

CRAIG

Okay Craig. You can do this. Just pick up the client and take them where they want to go. You don't need anyone's help, especially not Gwen's.

He knocks on the door. It opens to reveal a woman.

CRAIG
Hello Ma'am. My name is-

ISABELLE
Tsk. Please spare me the introductions. The bags are in the sitting room. Now chop chop! I wouldn't want to miss my train.

ISABELLE brushes past CRAIG and towards the car. CRAIG, a bit befuddled, goes to find her bags.

INT. ISABELLE'S SITTING ROOM - DAY

CRAIG enters the room and sees a pile of large suitcases sitting there. He calls back towards the doorway.

CRAIG
Do you really need all of these bags?

ISABELLE
(V.O.)
Just bring them! And make it snappy!

CRAIG sighs and starts trying to gather up the suitcases, attempting to lift as many of them at once as possible. Somehow he eventually manages to precariously balance them and, struggling, carries them outside.

EXT. ISABELLE'S DRIVEWAY - DAY

CRAIG stumbles out of the house with the mountain of suitcases. ISABELLE is already seated in the passenger's seat and is checking her make up in the mirror. She's oblivious to CRAIG's struggles as he fights his way to the car under the strain of the suitcases. Coming down off the stoop CRAIG trips, and he and the bags go spilling to the ground.

ISABELLE
(to herself)
Tsk. Honestly you just can't get good help these days.

CRAIG starts gathering everything and gets it all in the car

before taking a seat and driving off.

EXT. TRAIN STATION - DAY

CRAIG pulls up to the train station. He starts to get out to help with the bags only for an attendant to brush him aside and fawn over ISABELLE. She ignores CRAIG and once the bags are all unpacked she has the attendant push her luggage trolley into the station, giving CRAIG a look of disdain.

ISABELLE

What are you expecting? A tip? Tsk.
Don't you have a job to do?

And she leaves without another look. CRAIG starts following her but another attendant stops him.

ATTENDANT

Just let it go buddy. Jobs like ours, you get used to people like her.

CRAIG

Where's she get the right?

ATTENDANT

I never said it was right. But there's a reason they call it the service industry.

CRAIG is about to answer when his phone beeps and he rolls his eyes, getting in his car and driving away again.

EXT. PARK PARKING LOT - DAY

A group of six teenagers, three boys and three girls, stand waiting for CRAIG as he pulls up and gets out of the car.

CRAIG

Did someone order a ride?

TRAVIS

What the hell?

CATHY

You've gotta be shitting me.

CHRIS

Is this some kinda joke?

JOEL

Aw fuck no.

SARAH

Who ordered the wrong car?

MCKENZIE
Guys? GUYS!

The group settles.

MCKENZIE
Look if we don't go now we'll be
late. So let's just go.

SARAH & TRAVIS
Shotgun!

SARAH and TRAVIS sprint around the car. This sparks a flurry of activity in the other teens and they start pushing and shouting, trying to get into the car with the four of them in the backseat and two of them in the passenger's seat. CRAIG watches in bewilderment. CHRIS reaches for the driver's seat and moves the chair forward so he has more leg room, SARAH turns on the radio to an obnoxious pop song and turns the volume up high. JOEL and CATHY have stopped trying to get in the car and are just shouting at one another.

JOEL
You can't stick me in the middle!
You stuck me in the middle last
time!

CATHY
And risk this hair? Please Joel
those bags you call pants will
survive a few wrinkles.

JOEL
Too bad your face can't survive some
wrinkles. You're starting to look
like a raisin!

CATHY
Well at least I don't need money to
have friends. You think we'd let a
loser like you tag along if your
family wasn't loaded?

JOEL
Believe it or not Cathy the world
doesn't revolve around you, no
matter how much you bitch about it!

CRAIG
Okay maybe if we just...

JOEL & CATHY

BACK OFF!

CHRIS

(from the car)

Both of you just shut the hell up.
I'll take the middle. Happy?

Glaring daggers at one another, JOEL and CATHY climb into the car on opposite sides. CRAIG wedges himself uncomfortably into the driver's seat and reaches for the radio to turn it down, only for SARAH to put her hand possessively on the controls.

TRAVIS

(amused)

I wouldn't do that if I were you.
She gets real protective of her
music. Just drive.

Closing his eyes and taking a deep breath to pray for patience, CRAIG drives.

EXT. CLUB - AFTERNOON

The car pulls up to a club blaring similar pop music and the teenagers start piling out, wrapped up in their own conversations.

SARAH

(to TRAVIS)

There's no way that a dog could be
smarter than a person.

TRAVIS

Poodles are supposed to be super
smart.

MCKENZIE

Sarah's just used to her own dog.
That thing is the stupidest mutt
I've ever met!

They all share a good-natured laugh and head into the club, leaving CRAIG alone in the car. CRAIG closes his eyes and tries to catch his breath. Unfortunately the radio is still on, and once he realizes it he violently jabs at the off button, finally restoring peace to his car. That settled, he drives away.

INT. CAR - LATE AFTERNOON

CRAIG is driving slowly down a country road, glancing between his phone and the road.

CRAIG

The call came from somewhere around here...

Out of nowhere a clown jumps in front of the car, holding a prop STOP sign and blowing a whistle. CRAIG slams on the breaks and comes to a stop. The clown drops the stop sign and picks up a hilariously oversized bundle, marching his way into the passenger seat. CRAIG just stares at him, utterly confused.

GIGGLESWORTH

Well howdy there! You're the man from Stickshift, ain't ya? Course you are! Put her there!

GIGGLESWORTH sticks out his hand, nearly jabbing CRAIG in the chest. CRAIG takes it, only to be shocked by the joy buzzer on GIGGLESWORTH'S hand. The clown starts laughing and CRAIG starts to slowly bang his head against the steering wheel.

GIGGLESWORTH

Ah, never gets old that one. So I'm Gigglesworth! You can call me Gigs, Giggles, just not Mr. Worth! Woo wee, Mr. Worth was my father, ya know.

CRAIG

Clowns. Why did it have to be clowns?

GIGGLESWORTH notices CRAIG's attempts at self-lobotomy via steering wheel.

GIGGLESWORTH

Say chin up old chap! There's a whole world of adventure and excitement ahead of us! But we won't get there sitting here now will we? Here.

GIGGLESWORTH offers CRAIG a handkerchief. CRAIG gives it a wary look before taking it. The handkerchief just keeps coming out of GIGGLESWORTH'S sleeve, until it's a large pile in CRAIG'S lap.

CRAIG

(gritting his teeth)
Why don't we just get going?

GIGGLESWORTH

Very well good sir! Onwards!

CRAIG starts driving again, knuckles white from gripping the steering wheel so hard in annoyance.

INT. CAR - EARLY EVENING

They've come to a neighborhood. GIGGLESWORTH is busy putting together a balloon animal and CRAIG is just trying to focus on driving.

GIGGLESWORTH
Can't be afraid of the balloon, you know. That's what most people get wrong when they try and make it. Hey, what does a nosy pepper do?

CRAIG
I don't-

GIGGLESWORTH
Gets jalapeno business! Oh, oh! What do you call an alligator in a vest?

CRAIG
Please just sto-

GIGGLESWORTH
An investigator! Okay, okay one more. What do you get from a pampered cow?

CRAIG
(exasperated)
What?

GIGGLESWORTH
Spoiled milk!

GIGGLESWORTH bursts out laughing, rolling around in the passenger's seat, not wearing his seat belt.

CRAIG
Can't you take anything seriously?!

GIGGLESWORTH sits up abruptly.

GIGGLESWORTH
I take everything seriously, Sir!
Speaking of which, try this on.

Without warning GIGGLESWORTH pulls the balloon hat over CRAIG's head, blocking his vision. CRAIG swerves and the car goes crashing through a mail box and skidding onto someone's lawn, causing the airbag to deploy.

EXT. LAWN - EARLY EVENING

CRAIG stumbles out of the car, ripping the balloon from his head as the owner of the house emerges.

HOME OWNER

What the hell do you think you're doing?!

CRAIG

(ignoring the owner)
You crazy clown! I should get you arrested for reckless endangerment!

HOME OWNER

Great idea. I think the cops would love to hear from both of you.

The Home Owner pulls out his phone. GIGGLESWORTH slides into the driver's seat.

GIGGLESWORTH

I can't go back to jail! Sorry buster you're on your own!

CRAIG makes an attempt to grab GIGGLESWORTH, but the clown suddenly produces a creme pie from nowhere and hits CRAIG right in the face with it. GIGGLESWORTH slams down on the gas, taking off with CRAIG's car. CRAIG stumbles back, wiping creme from his face and eyes. The Home Owner puts his phone away and shakes his head.

HOME OWNER

Wow. You just got car-jacked by a clown. Tell you what, two hundred dollars to replace the mailbox and fix the lawn and I don't call the cops.

CRAIG sighs and pulls out his wallet, handing over the bills.

HOME OWNER

Great. Now get the hell off my property. If I ever see you around again I will call the cops.

EXT. SIDEWALK - EVENING

CRAIG makes his way slowly along the sidewalk. He's got his phone out and is looking at his contact list. HARRISON and GWEN'S names are right next to one another, and his thumb keeps hovering over each of them in turn. Finally, he clicks HARRISON'S name.

CRAIG
Harrison? It's CRAIG? We met earlier
today when you got me to sign up as
a Stickshift driver?

(pause)

No it was awful. And I quit. You can
put down 'personal health' under the
reason for my departure.

CRAIG hangs up and sends Gwen a text.

CRAIG (TEXT)
Need help, Roanoke Lane, sorry for
being a dick.

GWEN (TEXT)
(after a brief pause)

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CRAIG puts his phone back in his pocket and looks up at the
street sign, waiting.

EXT. ROANOKE LANE - NIGHT

It's dark. CRAIG looks around as he hears a car approaching,
and GWEN pulls up alongside the sidewalk. Turning the car
off, she gets out and leans on the hood.

GWEN
Well?

CRAIG
I was a jackass.

GWEN
And?

CRAIG
And a lazy jackass.

GWEN
I hope you're not about to beg me
for your job back.

CRAIG shakes his head.

CRAIG
I kind of figured I was fired. I'll
clean out my office tomorrow.

GWEN nods and reaches through the open car window, pulling
out a roll of paper towels and tossing it to CRAIG.

GWEN

Should I even ask?

CRAIG starts wiping his face off.

CRAIG

Trust me, you wouldn't believe me if
I told you.

GWEN smirks and opens her car door, pressing the button to
unlock the passenger side.

GWEN

We've got a long ride ahead. Try me.

CRAIG hides a small smile and gets into the car with her.

CRAIG

Thanks for coming.

GWEN chuckles and smiles at him.

GWEN

How else was I going to get you to
call yourself a lazy jackass?

CRAIG shakes his head, but smiles. The two of them drive off
as CRAIG starts recounting his day to her.