

Basement Brew House Dialogues

Written by John Foley

Part 4: "Excuse me, Mr. Hamlet. I need to get a word in here"

WILL is sitting on the couch in the basement. He is folding laundry. He is sorting through socks and underwear. He picks up a bra. He holds it up and inspects it. He gives a sigh.

WILL

I normally wouldn't mind doing this. But now that I have it placed on this list (He holds the list up). I know if I didn't act like a child then Amy wouldn't have had to do this. (WILL holds up the list) In fact I can tell she is getting tired of this. How do I know? Number 4 on the list. And I quote. Get your head out of your ass. I am supposed to do that after I do the grocery shopping. I am not mad. Because Number 5 says she loves me. Number 6 says to cook dinner tonight. No borrowing \$50 from Tom. Yep. Token let that night's plan slip the other day. I thought it would be Bob who would blow me in. He just loves to see me sweat. There has to be some sort of "get out jail free" card I can get that would get me off the hook with her for a moment. I ask my dad if there really was one. That was last week. Mom says he is still laughing. Sigh. Don't get me wrong I really do love my wife. List or not.

WILL continues to fold laundry.

WILL

No brewing today. Nope just chores. And deep contemplation. I cannot believe this is where I have ended up.

CUT TO:
OFFICE

WILL is in his business suit packing up the contents of his desk.

WILL (VOICE OVER)

I just didn't see this one coming. Out of all scenarios that could've happened. I just didn't see this coming. I am losing my job. And I was told that it wasn't my fault but just a result of the times that the company is now in. I am. I mean. I was with. The company I work for is a financial firm that works primarily with small and mid sized businesses. I was hired seven years ago to help start a new service that my company provided for our clients. We managed and advised our clients on their logistic problems. It included things like supply orders, maintenance support, human resource issues and such. I helped my department to not only meet the goals but I was able to surpass that goal each year by an average 8%. It may not seem like much but in this company it put me and this department on the upper levels of success here.

WILL finishes packing. He pauses and looks around his office. He turns off the light and closes the door. WILL is walking through the cubicle section of his office towards the elevator. There stands THREE MEN in business suits.

WILL (VOICE OVER)

These are my two supervisors and Kevin a.k.a. Clusterfuck. You see Kevin is the manager of the project that got our company into the mess that led to this restructuring. Dipshit set up a new system to analysis the needs of our clients' businesses. This great big computer system was installed and implemented last year. But the system had one critical flaw in its design. It never talked directly to those clients to see what they really needed and wanted. So it steered the company and the wrong direction. And over estimated the company profit ability on a whole. I ignored the system for the most part. And surprise my department worked very well. I did my job! But Dickhead here caused the stock to drop considerably. I thought I was safe. But you can't cut money from a department that has none. And my department did. I thought the punishment should meet the crime in this country. Was I fucking wrong. What saved Kevin? Dad. He is a vice president here. Kevin born with the silver spoon and the golden horseshoe. I am thinking of going in to proctology so I can shove both of them up his ass.

WILL walks to the elevator. MAN (1) stops him.

MAN (1)

Will, I wish this situation could have been solved another way.

WILL (VOICE OVER)

There is still time to throw shit for brains out the window.

MAN (2)

Will, I hope you find your severance package to meet your needs.
And if you need any references or contacts I will gladly help you out.

WILL (VOICE OVER)

How about a character witness for my trial when kill the Clusterfuck?

WILL

Thank you.

WILL shakes both of their hands but ignores KEVIN. The elevator opens. Inside is a WOMAN (SUSAN) is holding a box too. WILL steps into the elevator. THREE MEN smile at him. The door closes. WILL gives the middle finger. He looks at the woman.

CUT TO:
BASMENT

WILL is sitting typing away at his computer

WILL

I know that giving the finger isn't the most mature thing to do. However, compared to what I did last weekend. It is a lot more mature. You see I spent a whole day signing up Kevin's e-mail to receive... Well... Let me just say it will make his day very interesting. Go figure about his personal tastes.

CUT TO:
ELEVATOR

WOMAN (SUSAN)

I did the same thing on the 12th floor.

WILL

Downsized?

WOMAN (SUSAN)

Outsourced.

WILL

Will.

SUSAN

Susan.

WILL

Susan, I am going down the street to brew pub. Want to join me?

SUSAN

It's ten o'clock in the morning.

WILL

I really don't see how that is going to ruin my day.

CUT TO:
BASEMENT.

WILL

I know. It looks bad to go to a bar with someone who is definitely not your wife. To console each other over drinks. At ten o'clock in the morning.

CUT TO:
BREW PUB.

There are five people sitting around a table. All of them are wearing their business clothes and each has a box with them too.

WILL (VOICE OVER)

However, we were able to recruit Walter, Carol and Evan on our trip down on the elevator.

The group is seen sitting around the table. They are drinking and talking.

WILL (VOICE OVER)

You know how AA group meetings you are supposedly to humble and see the error of your ways. Be accepting of your fate. Trying to seek some form of forgiveness. Well, we were the opposite of that. It was a lot of alcohol infused self-righteous rage. And we all agreed that we hope the company goes right into the toilet. So that they will see the error in their ways. If there was a way to bottle all of the raging energy in the room. Well there would be enough to power a city for at least a year. You should've heard what we were saying. But this I will have to save it for another time.

CUT TO:
BASEMENT

WILL

Let me say Amy was understanding when she came from her job later that afternoon. (Pause) But the two and half day hangover quickly eliminated the rest of her sympathies. But I got some great advice from my friend Token.

TOKEN appears in the chair next to the couch.

TOKEN

Fuck it.

WILL (VOICE OVER)

Talk about inspiration.

BOB appears on the couch next to WILL

BOB

You're smarter than you think you'll find a job. (Pause)
As soon as you just get your head out of your ass.

WILL (VOICE OVER)

He's been talking to Amy behind my back. (Pause) Call it
paranoia. (Pause) But I know.

TOKEN

College degrees don't mean shit. I got one. And I really didn't need it.

BOB

University of Cracker Jack Box.

TOKEN

We did go to college together.

BOB

Don't remind me.

WILL looks at them both.

WILL

Get out here! This is my spiel!

TOKEN and BOB disappear.

WILL

Yes. The three of us went to college together. Bob was my second roommate there. And Token was someone he knew from his hometown. Token may seem...well...he is annoying. I studied liberal arts and computer technology. Bob got a degree in history with the intent of being a teacher. And after being a sub for two years his intent lead to his present day job. Intent doesn't pay the bills and well he has a better benefit package now. Everyone says they want the perfect job but everyone else really wants the benefits more. Token on the other hand. Well when it came to organizing fun and adventure. He was in a league of his own. Token may not seem like it but he is very loyal and can come through in a clutch...Hard to believe...Trust me...I know. Token took the D equals diploma plan. That is exactly how much work he did. I think he was pre-med major. (Pause) Scared?

TOKEN appears.

TOKEN

That's not fair.

BOB appears.

BOB

What do you know about fair?

WILL looks about confused.

TOKEN

I found my niche.

BOB

Pulling so called art out of your ass.

TOKEN

I work hard at it.

BOB

Hard?

TOKEN

Sometimes.

WILL places his head in his hands and watches BOB and TOKEN arguing.

BOB

Sometimes? When? (Long Pause) Well?

TOKEN
(Long Pause) I am thinking?

BOB
First time for everything.

TOKEN
That's not fair.

BOB
Great. We're back to fair.

WILL
The two of you can just... Shut Up!

TOKEN
I want to settle this fair argument.

BOB
Could you get a clue?

WILL
I said! Shut Up! (Pause) Get out of here!

TOKEN looking dejected disappears.

BOB
I thought he would never leave.

WILL
You too.

BOB
Fine. But before I go. All of this wallowing isn't going to solve shit.

WILL
What do you know? You've got the job security.

BOB
Lucky me. I guess. But you need to get you head out of your ass.
So you can see the game.

WILL
But I-

BOB

But nothing. I'm not putting up with this anymore.

WILL

But I-

BOB

And Amy's not going to be putting up with this shit either.

WILL

But I-

BOB

You want to go back to the pre-Amy days?

WILL

But I-

BOB

Well?

WILL

(Long Pause) Get out here!

BOB

Fine. But-

WILL

Get out of here!

BOB disappears.

WILL sits on the couch still appearing bewildered.

WILL

Back to my little spiel... I guess.

CUT TO:

COLLEGE CAMPUS GROUNDS

WILL appears walking across the campus grounds.

WILL

They say college is the key to the future. I heard that lot from a lot of my professors about the conditions of this so called real world. And you know what? (Pause) They were all about 90% wrong. I came to realize that Murphy's Law rule the world more strongly than the Laws of Gravity. (Pause) And why Dilbert comics are so funny. And sadly so accurate. I came here to find well myself. I went through high school being the good B+ student. But I really could pin down what I really wanted to be. Remember those stupid aptitude tests they made you take in high school. Mine came back saying I should be thinking of field in agriculture. Me. Milking a cow. Not going to happen. I rather remain clueless on how my food sources are grown. So I fell into a liberal arts program to give me that well rounded education. And also realized the future involved for better or worse a computer. Thus my double major.

WILL walks and sits down on a bench. A MIDDLELED AGED MAN (DAD) wearing a dirty shop uniform sits down next to him.

WILL

He may appear to be a stranger. But he is my dad. He's not much of a speaker. But at times a yeller. But after all of these years let me say I have mixed emotions on him. (Pause) Let me just leave it at a draw. I don't know if he did what he really wanted to in life. You never think the man who is your dad has or had a dream. He came home every night and he seemed tired and pissed off at the world. But it is hard to be mad at him. He did better than most of my friends' fathers growing up. He held a job down. He didn't invest his paychecks into whisky, lottery tickets, get rich quick schemes and side pieces like many of them did. Not all necessarily in that order. Dad was a machinist for 28 years at a fabrication shop before he retired. I always thought I did not want to be like him. Maybe because I didn't understand him. I still don't fully. So I am still at a draw with him. But him with Mom were able to raise a family. How? I really don't know. I am sure my two sisters and my brother didn't make it easy. That I am convinced of. There wasn't a lot of money but it wasn't close to poverty either. I guess I really did not get what he provided. But my parents put us all through college. Looking back on it. I don't how they provided it. Because now I see how challenging it all is. But it is deep down even scarier the whole idea of it is.

WILL looks at his tired looking DAD.

WILL

He needs his peace. See you later Dad.

WILL gets up and walks a way. He takes a few steps and turns to look at him once last time.

WILL keeps walking across the campus.

WILL

This is the place where I got everything I now have. My degree. My friends. Amy. My wife. And while most college kids take beer drinking 101 at any bar that will accept their fake ids. I took a beer brewing workshop and I had a new hobby. Strange things happen I guess. But the more important thing was Amy. I did not realize how not so good the pre-Amy days were. For being in college I was not so smart in those days.

WILL walks up to a COLLEGE AGED GIRL (SAMANTHA)

WILL

This is not Amy. This is pre-Amy. This is Samantha. Before I tell you about her. First, let me tell you about-

CUT TO:
COLLEGE PARKING LOT

WILL is standing next to a junker car.

WILL

This was my 87 P.O.S. Piece of Shit I was driving for most of the college years. I bought it for \$750 and it gave \$2000 worth of headaches. It was a rust mobile held together by duct tape, bond-o and sheer for lack of better term (pointing to himself) Will power. Then one day somehow a Houdini engine was put in it. It made all of the oil disappear. (Smoke starts coming from under the hood of the car) And then car became a big firecracker when the Houdini engine blew up. Impossible that it is the believe that for all of the maintenance that this car needed-

CUT TO:
CAMPUS GROUNDS

WILL is standing next to SAMANTHA

WILL

(Pointing to SAMANTHA) She required even more. She always needed to be discussing the nature of our relationship. She always needed attention. She was always around. She suffered from a case of permanent static cling. Our relationship in retrospective was always one step away from disaster. Our relation was always a series of make up sex. Sometimes it was three times a week of making up. Sex anytime is good like. Like pizza. Even when it is bad. It is good. But it just was delaying the inevitable. But I was egotistical about it all. It was just bad. Bob told me his thoughts on her one night.

BOB comes walking up.

BOB

(Pointing to Samantha) Girls like her make you wish you were into necrophilia. Yes, it is absolutely disgusting but at least she is quiet about it.

SAMANTHA looks disgusted.

TOKEN comes by smiling with his arm around a YOUNGER GIRL.

BOB, WILL and SAMANTHA stare at them as they walk on by.

BOB

She can't be legal.

WILL continues to walk on.

WILL

Yes, like many people I suffered through a bad relation because the option seemed better than no relation. Like the before mentioned pizza theory taken to extremes. But for reasons unknown Samantha cheated on me. And once again Bob gave me his opinion.

BOB comes walking up to WILL again.

BOB

That guy doesn't realize he just got the Devil of bad sex.

WILL

But I thought I was in love with her.

BOB smacks WILL in the back of the head.

WILL grabs the back of his head.

WILL
Ooouuchhhh!

BOB
One day you will appreciate this.

BOB walks ahead of him.

WILL massages his head.

WILL
He was right.

BOB (off camera)
I heard that!

WILL makes a face at him.

CUT TO:
COLLEGE APARTMENT.

WILL is walking through the apartment that is crowded with college students. He goes to the kitchen and pours himself a cup beer from a keg that is in the middle of the room. He takes a sip. Will walks through the crowd.

WILL
This is the apartment I got my junior year of college with Bob and of course Token. Token was great at organizing parties like this and the usually had some sort of theme to them. But this time he was stuck for a theme. So this is the idea for this one.

WILL walks up to TOKEN.

WILL
So what's the idea for this party?

TOKEN
Simple. "Beer. Why not?"

WILL
He could be elected to public office being this straightforward. And he was right. And that is about as scary as his being pre-med.

TOKEN
I heard that.

WILL continues to walk through the apartment.

WILL

So here I am at yet another kegger in our apartment. No Samantha.

BOB walks through.

BOB

Yep and the apartment is a lot cooler without the fire breathing bitch.

WILL

If you haven't figured it out Bob is pretty crass. And in a few months time he will meet Cindy who for not being an archeology major found a way to unbury his sweet side. Go figure. Under 20 layers of crass there was some niceness in him. Hey all I know I wasn't going to employ the same tactics she did to find it. At least not being sober. And without extreme desperation. That was for sure.

WILL walks through the crowd of people into the living room. He walks to the front door. WILL looks at the door.

WILL

This door leads to our porch. It was a small porch. It was only big enough for a couple of people to be on. But I wanted to just get a couple of minutes of fresh air. And then I was going to go full throttle on that keg back in the kitchen. Let me say this first. There was this girl who in the last semester of school was in my Early American Lit class. I would never guess that one day she would change the course of my life. You see once I go through this door. It all changed. Three letters, Amy. Little did I know she was even at this party. And right now she is out there on my porch. I went out there for a quick breather. And I ended up just talking to her for the next five hours. Bob. Token. They tried to get me back to the party but after a few tries. They just knew. I wasn't looking for this to happen. We had a nice talk. We covered everything that night. It was weird by I was in the zone it seemed. I wasn't trying to use any lame moves, score points or even try to use one ounce of woo on her. I wasn't waiting to get my next word in or even trying to think of what to say while she was talking. It sounds lame but I was just being me without the strings, the act or any other bullshit. Unlike Samantha-

BOB (OFF CAMERA)

Bitch!

SAMANTHA appears next to WILL

SAMANTHA

Unlike what?

WILL

I was always defending myself. Over explaining myself. You always thought I was working an angle and being secretive. I was always trying to say what would make you happy. Say what you wanted to hear. I don't know what we ever saw in each other.

SAMANTHA

You made me laugh.

WILL

Yeah, well you never made me really laugh.

SAMANTHA

That's so untrue.

WILL

You used sex to make me puppet on your string.

BOB walks though again.

BOB

I told you so.

SAMANTHA (to BOB)

Asshole.

BOB

I always want to say to you-

WILL

Save it. This is my monologue.

SAMANTHA

Yeah-

WILL

You can go too. Here (reaching into his pockets and taking out his car keys. He hands her the keys)

SAMANTHA

What's this?

WILL

The keys to the Houdini-mobile. Good Bye!

SAMANTHA

This is so unfair.

WILL

No. You were unfair.

SAMANTHA grabs the keys and walk away. WILL looks back at the door.

WILL

On the other side is Amy. I was just Will for once. I don't spend a lot of time pondering it. But she fit me just right. And it for once without a doubt just felt right. Go figure. I guess if you question too much of a good thing it can end disappearing on you. I just can't let that happen. Call it mutual acceptance. Amy call it fate once. And I just accepted the fact I blindly got very lucky.

WILL walks through the door.

CUT TO:

OFFICE

WILL is sitting at his office desk.

WILL

We struggled a bit after college but I rather struggle with her. Then without her. After school I started as an account exec at an office supply company. Not a great place but it was a start that I parlayed into this job. I started a new project that was very successful. I was meeting goals. I was making what Amy brought out of me. The sense of a future. It was what I really wanted to do. Have a future. A life. Amy helped to make me happy too. I hope. I think so at least for her. I hope. But you know I also found something I was good at. I never told anyone this. It may seem crazy. Crazy is finding Amy. But in a good way. You know I actually like my job.

WILL'S FATHER appears in a chair in the office.

WILL

I did not have to look tired and worn after a day at the office. I was going to make him proud that him along with Mom. I came out all right. I was saving up so we didn't have to struggle to make the ends meet. I wanted to have the perfect job to get the right home to raise the perfect kids. Because I had the perfect life.

WILL'S FATHER disappears. WILL starts to pack up his office into a box.

WILL

I did the right things. But it wasn't enough. And everything is now put into limbo. I am not acting like Token the eternal child. I am not like Bob the crass S.O.B. How did all the right equal the wrong that cost me this job? I am not sure if this is all I about to lose.

WILL grabs his box and walks out of the office.

CUT TO:

BASEMENT.

WILL

Amy started to mention the family thing about five months before I was kicked out the office. Bastards.

TOKEN appears again in the chair.

TOKEN

Bitter. Party of one.

WILL

At least I have held a job.

BOB appears on the couch next to WILL.

BOB

The unemployed have worked more than him.

TOKEN

Sounds like I have the perfect job.

WILL

Enough. How many times do I have to remind you two that this is my talk?

BOB

I am sure if you add up that number is equal to a number greater than the total age of all of Token's girlfriends.

WILL

Can you two argue else where please?

BON and TOKEN disappear again.

WILL

They are coasting through things. And they wonder why I am the one who is acting all aggravated. (Pause) Where was I? (Pause) Oh yeah Amy and the kids deal. Yes. It does scare me. And I am not so sure about the whole deal. Is Amy's biological clock ringing? If so. Does it have a least a snooze alarm? Just until or if ever I find the right job again. Or job that doesn't require knowledge of the super sizing policy.

A SMALL BOY (he is about four/five years old) appears next to WILL on the couch. The BOY stares up at WILL.

WILL

Who are you?

BOY

The future of all of your anxieties and fears.

WILL

And that means.

BOY

Hi! Dad.

WILL

What do you want?

BOY

What you want. Answers.

WILL stares back the BOY all bewildered.

WILL

Are you willing to settle for five bucks and asking Mommy for all the answers?

BOY looks at WILL.

BOY

O.K.

WILL gets his wallet out and hands the money to the BOY. The BOY takes the money and goes running up the basement stairs.

BOY

Mommy! Daddy won't give any answers!

AMY (OFF CAMERA)

That's because his head is up his ass! (Pause) Hopefully you at least got the five dollars from him.

BOY (OFF CAMERA)

You had better believe it. I'm not stupid.

WILL looking towards the upstairs.

WILL

I guess that honor goes back to me once again.

WILL turns and picks up his list. He looks the list over.

WILL

Amy's not going to be happy when she comes home. She's going to quickly realize that I did not finish the list. There is no way I can hide the fact that I did not do Number 4. (Pause) Maybe I divert her attention with some sex when she gets home? (Pause) She's not Samantha. Thank god. She's smarter than her. I don't see the idea of sex fooling her. (Pause) (Smiles) Maybe I should at least try.

BOB and TOKEN appear.

BOB and TOKEN

For once we both agree. (Pause) That ain't going to work.

BOB and TOKEN disappear.

WILL

Thanks for the optimism.

WILL gets up and takes the laundry. He then goes walking up the stairs.

WILL

If I can get 80 maybe 90% of this list. I think I can ride the grading curve and stay out of trouble.

BOB and TOKEN appear in the basement.

WILL (OFF CAMERA)

The two of you can keep your mouths shut.

FADE OUT

TO BE CONTINUED