

Post Credits

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ACT ONE

1

INT. BEDROOM - DAY

1

Everything about the space screams your stereotypical teenage boys room. Band posters hang on the walls. Old dishes balance on furniture.

The bed squeaks softly as we hear muted grunts.

A woman, HARRIET JOHNSON (early 60's, dresses like a 50's homemaker), knocks politely from outside the bedroom door.

HARRIET (O.S.)

Fillmore? It's getting late, sweetie.
Time to get up. I mean, if you want to.

Harriet's footsteps fade away while the grunting gets faster and more rhythmic.

FILLMORE JOHNSON, begins to climax. He brushes away his sweaty, shaggy hair, revealing a five out of ten mid-thirties face. He continues to thrust while barely looking at the beautiful woman, SAVANNAH who stares intently in his eyes underneath him.

SAVANNAH

You're so good. You're a god. Yeah,
Don't stop—

Fillmore rolls off and finishes into the sheet while Savannah is left unsatisfied.

SAVANNAH (CONT'D)

Just kidding. Perfect timing. My friends
are so jealous you know how to cum so
fast. So hot.

Fillmore smiles.

FILLMORE

Yeah, it's a gift.

Fillmore gets up from the bed, pops some obnoxious bubblegum in his mouth, and puts on clothes he found on the ground.

FILLMORE (CONT'D)

Well, tell your friends I'm happy to
check 'em out, see if they're worth
having sex with.

(CONTINUED)

1 CONTINUED:

2.
1

SAVANNAH

Oh, for sure. For sure. Oh. You should know that...as long as I live, I'll never have a better lover.

FILLMORE

Ok, nice. Anyway, I'm heading out. You should leave soon. I'll see you around.

SAVANNAH

(melodramatically)

I hope so. And Fillmore? Drive safe.

FILLMORE

...Okay.

Fillmore exits and makes his way downstairs.

2 INT. FILLMORE'S HOME - KITCHEN - CONTINUOUS

2

Harriet makes pancakes in a sophisticated looking kitchen.

HARRIET

Fillmore, I'm actually glad you slept in so late. Gave me time to practice my pancake making. Lots and lots of time.

Reveal a whole countertop of pancakes HARRIET'S been working on since morning. Fillmore takes a bite of one.

FILLMORE

Ooh, maybe keep practicing.

HARRIET

Yeah, great advice! Be sure to eat something though before that big job hunt of yours.

FILLMORE

It's not a hunt. I'll go downtown and the job will find me. Like they always do--

BEGIN FLASHBACK:

3 EXT. BAR - NIGHT

3

Fillmore opens the bar door to exit when a BUSINESS MAN pushes his way through first. Fillmore looks miffed.

FILLMORE

Hey, asshole--

(CONTINUED)

BUSINESS MAN

Young man, did you hold that door open for me?

FILLMORE

No, dickwad--

BUSINESS MAN

Oh, you know me? Donald Dickwad. You're not a bad person, you're just calling me by my name. And I should say, it's that type of "hold-the-door-open" initiative I like to see in my executive employees. How would you like a six figure job in my advertising firm?

Fillmore smirks.

END FLASHBACK.

INT. FILLMORE'S HOME - KITCHEN

Fillmore takes a swig of juice.

FILLMORE

Something will find me.

HARRIET

Well, it doesn't hurt to look.

Fillmore kisses his mom on the cheek, goodbye.

FILLMORE

Bye Mom.

A tear runs down HARRIET'S cheek. She grabs FILLMORE's forearm.

HARRIET

(Melodramatically)

Fillmore, drive safe. I already lost your father. I can't have anything to happen to you.

FILLMORE

(confused)

Right. Sounds good.

Fillmore leaves the house through the front door.

EXT. FILLMORE'S HOME - DRIVEWAY - CONTINUOUS

The neighborhood is bustling. Housewives garden in their front flowerbeds.

(CONTINUED)

A boy bikes by throwing newspapers onto people's sidewalks. Dogs run through sprinklers with children.

Everything looks like it was cut out of a Better Homes and Garden magazine.

Fillmore's neighbor, JIM (early thirties, Ned Flanders as a real person) washes his car in his driveway next door.

JIM

If it isn't Fillmore! I was about to finish up here and make my way on over to your ol' gal next.

FILLMORE

Yeah, well, I'm leaving, Jim.

JIM

Don't let me keep you. It's like I always say, "It's great to see you now, and I can't wait to see you again!"

FILLMORE

And it's like I always say, "Fuck you, Jim!"

Fillmore flips off Jim as he hops into his Ford F-150. Jim gives Fillmore a thumbs up in response.

JIM

(laughing)

That's the jokey attitude I love to see from my best friend.

Fillmore drives off looking pissed.

CUT TO:

EXT. ACE'S BAR - DAY

Fillmore ramps up over the curb and parks in front of the fire hydrant. He gets out of his truck and saunters into...

INT. ACE'S BAR - DAY - CONTINUOUS

Fillmore takes one step into Ace's, and the place erupts into applause. As Fillmore makes his way to the bar, people pat him on the back and laugh as though he's the greatest person that's ever lived.

A playful bartender, ACE (mid-40's with a scar on his lip from a cleft pallet), stands behind the bar. He smiles at Fillmore and wags his finger at him smiling.

(CONTINUED)

ACE

With a tab as big as yours, you got a lot of nerve showing your face around here, Fillmore.

FILLMORE

You got a lot of nerve showing your jacked up face anywhere!

The bar patrons laugh. Ace winces, but he covers up his pain with a smile and his scar with his hand.

ACE

Always with the jokes. I love this guy!

The entire bar laughs and cheers.

ACE (CONT'D)

What'll it be Fillmore?

FILLMORE

Just a quick beer, then I'm drinking and driving to go find a job.

The crowd cheers again. Two police men high five. Ace hands Fillmore a beer.

ACE

It's already two. You better get goin'.

Eerie music plays.

ACE (CONT'D)

(melodramatically)

I hear traffic is bad out there. And we couldn't live with ourselves if something were to happen to you.

The bar gets quiet.

ACE (CONT'D)

(melodramatically)

So drive safe.

FILLMORE

Of course I will.

Fillmore finishes chugging his beer.

FILLMORE (CONT'D)

Someone change the jukebox.

(CONTINUED)

A patron clicks a jukebox button and the eerie music shifts to classic rock. The bar returns to its previous rambunctiousness.

A waitress bumps into the bar and drops a stack of glasses. They shatter on the floor.

FILLMORE (CONT'D)

(loudly)

Ace, you better fire that slut! She's drinking on the job!

The whole bar laughs as the waitress bends over to clean up the broken glass. Fillmore makes rude humping gestures at the waitress. Ace hesitatingly laughs.

ACE

Yeah, that's my wife...

Fillmore leaves to the exit. As Fillmore opens the door, he bumps into an OLDER MAN.

OLDER MAN

Did you open that door for me, young man?

FILLMORE

See! It's workin already! I'll take a raincheck on the job, ya jerkoff.

OLDER MAN

Yes! I'm Jeffery Jerkoff. That's my name, you're certainly not a bad person-

-

Fillmore exits the bar, hops into his truck, and drives away.

Rap music blasts as Fillmore drives. He doesn't seem to know the words to the song, but he still sings the n-word a lot. People pull up next to Fillmore. They grit their teeth and smile, holding back their disgust and frustration.

Fillmore waves obliviously at them.

Fillmore turns at the next street. The radio dial turns on its own. Instead of music, the radio plays what sounds like fuzzy talk radio.

RADIO VOICE

Alright, he's turning on Juniper.
Everyone prep for delivery.

(CONTINUED)

Fillmore looks at the nearest street sign. He's turning onto Juniper Drive.

RADIO VOICE (CONT'D)

We're taking over in three, two, one.

Fillmore's steering wheel seizes up. He tries to turn the wheel but it turns the opposite way instead. He looks up and sees the back of a semi-truck slam into his windshield.

CUT TO BLACK.

END OF ACT 1

ACT 2

9

EXT. STREET - DAY

9

Fillmore awakens in a daze. He winces at the bright white light hovering over him and shields his eyes. Is he in the hospital? Is this heaven?

ACE (V.O.)

Oh, he's coming around.

Fillmore blinks again as things come into focus. Ace and a light tech gaze down on him. The light tech shines a bright light in Fillmore's face.

ACE

(to light tech)

Get that out of his face.

Fillmore sits up from the asphalt he's lying on. He looks around and notices a town full of people staring at him expectedly.

ACE (CONT'D)

It's alright. You'll be okay.

MEGAN (Early 30's, Type A personality in all ways good and bad) pushes her way to the front of the crowd.

MEGAN

Oh, thank God!

The crowd parts in deference as TIM (Mid-60's, serious) steps forward to announce to the crowd.

TIM

Well then, ladies and gentleman, that's a wrap on Life With Fillmore.

The crowd breaks into applause as Fillmore stands up and looks around confused. Everyone breaks away in different directions. Technicians take apart various lighting rigs.

FILLMORE

(to Ace)

What's going on?

ACE

I don't have to deal with your shit.
That's what's going on, asshole.

Ace flips Fillmore off as he walks away backwards into the crowd. Fillmore is stunned.

(CONTINUED)

MEGAN

Fillmore! Oh my God. They told me three days ago I was going to be the one to manage your transition, and I couldn't be more excited to work with a client as big as you--

FILLMORE

What's with Ace?

MEGAN

Well, he's taken a lot from you over the years. I wouldn't worry about it.

FILLMORE

What's happening? Who are you?

MEGAN

Okay, yes. I thought you'd have some questions. Which is why I set up an immediate meeting with Tim. I am nailing this! We'll meet with Tim and then we'll talk about our post credits strategy.

Megan ushers Fillmore through the crowd to a nondescript store front.

FILLMORE

Who's Tim?

MEGAN

He's the showrunner. He's a sweetheart. And he's excited to talk with you.

Megan opens the door right as a Daytime Emmy Award slams and sticks into the wall next to them like a ninja star. Techs and writers dart around as Tim stands at the center of them all, shouting angrily.

TIM

We need to move, people! It's the first time we're off the air in 32 years. They're only giving us a couple of hours, and I'm going to squeeze each of you for ever ounce of work I can get!

MEGAN

(to Fillmore)

Oh good, he's in a good mood.

(to Tim)

Tim!

TIM

I am not talking to the guy that screwed my show.

FILLMORE

What's going on?

MEGAN

Well, Fillmore-

TIM

You've been canceled. 32 years I gave you everything, and all I wanted was a shred of likability. Instead, you gave me that!

Tim points to one of the tv screens where two exasperated EDITORS watch Fillmore sing the N-word in his truck.

EDITOR

Did he add n-words to Macklemore?

FILLMORE

I gave you rap?

TIM

You gave me gift-wrapped crap! Look at our ratings over the years.

Tim ushers Fillmore over to a tv screen with a downward trending line graph. Each point on the graph shows a picture of Fillmore growing up.

TIM (CONT'D)

You were a cute kid. A quirky teenage troublemaker. Then we hit the mid 2000's, and suddenly everyone on tv was a lovable asshole. Curb Your Enthusiasm. Always Sunny in Philadelphia.

MEGAN

NBC's Brian Williams.

TIM

NBC's Brian Williams. And America decided it was time to kick out the least lovable assholes and call them what they were. Regular assholes.

MEGAN

It's called the Dane Cook effect.

TIM

And it's your fault.

(CONTINUED)

FILLMORE

I didn't know I was on tv.

TIM

But you knew you were supposed to be a decent human!

FILLMORE

I am! People love me.

Tim gestures to the ratings.

TIM

People do not love you. Actors on set love you because we tell them to act like they love you.

FILLMORE

Girlfriends have loved me.

TIM

RACHEL writes your love interest lines, and the actors debase themselves enough to say those lines.

Fillmore looks past Tim to see Rachel (nerdy, early 30's) sitting in front of her computer. She waves at Fillmore.

RACHEL

Hey Fillmore, just wanted to say thank you for the show and that I meant every word of it-

TIM

Save it for the page, Rach.

Rachel resumes typing.

TIM (CONT'D)

You screwed this up, Fillmore. You had everything, and you screwed it up.

FILLMORE

Hey man, I didn't write the show. People said they loved me and I believed them. You wrote me this way. You're the asshole!

The editing room goes quiet.

TIM

Well, then go write your own life. Get him out of here.

(CONTINUED)

10 CONTINUED: (3) 12.
10

Megan grabs Fillmore by the arm and ushers him out of the room.

11 EXT. STREET - CONTINUOUS 11

Megan briskly walks down the street, guiding Fillmore as people take down lights and adjust the set.

MEGAN

Well, that was tense. But, it's good to stand up to our parents.

FILLMORE

Parents?

BEGIN MONTAGE:

--In a hospital, Tim looks through a nursery window at rows of babies. He points at one. A nurse holds up the child. Tim gives an excited thumbs up.

--Tim hands a bag of money to a mother in a hospital delivery room as she signs papers.

--Tim, dressed in a tux, holds the baby and a daytime Emmy award as cameras flash on the red carpet.

MEGAN (V.O.)

Oh yeah, the network decided it would be safest if the star of the show, you, were adopted by someone already bought into the show. And, as the creator, Tim stepped up and adopted you.

END MONTAGE

Fillmore sees Harriet crossing the street and shouting at a writer. Fillmore gestures to her.

FILLMORE

What about my mom?

MEGAN

Dame Harriet Johnson?

Harriet crosses the street by Megan and Fillmore.

HARRIET

Bollocks! I need assurances that this doesn't mean my role has gone to pot.

FILLMORE

You're British?

(CONTINUED)

HARRIET

(With an American accent)
Not now, honey. Mum is busy.

HARRIET (CONT'D)

(Back to her British
accent)
Dammit, I'm fuming to the point of
mixing my words. I need assurances!

Harriet storms off with the writer. Megan pulls up her phone to show pictures of a six-year-old Fillmore sitting at breakfast with Harriet.

MEGAN

Harriet actually joined the cast in
season six after Jamie Lee Curtis moved
on from the role to be cast in True
Lies.

Megan scrolls to a nearly identical picture, but Harriet has been replaced by Jamie Lee Curtis.

MEGAN (CONT'D)

You barely seemed to notice.

FILLMORE

That's why I loved Freaky Friday.

MEGAN

We all loved Freaky Friday.

FILLMORE

This is insane! Everything in my life is
a lie!

Megan and Fillmore reach a heavy metal door with a key pad on it at the end of the street.

MEGAN

Well, a lot of it was a lie. But now...

Megan punches in a code and opens the door. Dozens of Paparazzi take pictures and shout questions at Fillmore.

MEGAN (CONT'D)

...it's real. Let's get to your new
place. I think you'll like it.

Megan and Fillmore rush past paparazzi to a waiting car. They jump in the backseat.

CUT TO:

12

INT. FILLMORE'S APARTMENT - DAY

12

Fillmore doesn't like it. The entire apartment is decorated with Life With Fillmore memorabilia.

A cookie jar of Fillmore's head sits on the counter. All seasons of Life With Fillmore on DVD cover the living room wall. The living room chairs are made to look like Fillmore sitting down.

Fillmore looks around. Pretty cool to be a celeb. Pretty weird to drink out of a replica of your head. He wanders over to the DVD wall of his life.

MEGAN

Fallon's people said no. Colbert's people said no. Corden's people said yes, but that kinda feels like a loss, honestly.

Fillmore takes out one of the box sets at random. He pulls out a DVD and puts it in the DVD player.

The opening credits for Life With Fillmore play. Peppy 90's sitcom music plays over quaint shots of townspeople waving at twelve-year-old Fillmore as he bikes down the street. The camera cuts away from Fillmore right before he does rude gestures back each time in response.

FILLMORE

It's all here. My whole life.

MEGAN

Oh, yeah. Every moment.

Life With Fillmore continues to play. From the street, Fillmore's house is quiet. Inside the house, the bathroom door sits alone as vague masturbatory sounds are heard from the other side.

FILLMORE

Am I...

MEGAN

Oh, this is the episode where you discovered yourself.

Fillmore watches the tv, horrified.

MEGAN (CONT'D)

Don't worry, we never showed anything. Usually we cut to commercials. We made a lot of ad revenue that year.

(CONTINUED)

Fillmore looks around the room and notices there's also a lot of Jim memorabilia. Jim bobble heads with dorky grins. Jim mugs the shape of Jim's head. Jim throw pillows that say, "It's great to see you now, and I can't wait to see you again!" Fuckin' Jim.

Fillmore picks up a Jim bobble head.

FILLMORE

This is all so weird to see. Who'd buy Jim shit?

MEGAN

Jim shit actually sells really well. Middle America loves him. But they didn't love you, which is why we need to talk about your transition.

FILLMORE

Like to movies?

MEGAN

That's the plan for most people who leave the show. But for you, the bigwigs upstairs want something even better. What about a nice quiet life doing a nice normal job, like you're used to?

FILLMORE

You said I was the most famous person in the world. I'm not going back into advertising.

Megan laughs

MEGAN

Yeah, you're definitely not going back into advertising.

Megan pops a different DVD in.

ON SCREEN:

Fillmore laughs at his phone as he scrolls through videos of people in wheelchairs falling. The same business man, Donald Dickwad, that gave Fillmore his advertising job politely coughs to get Fillmore's attention.

DONALD DICKWAD

Fillmore, let's hear that new slogan you've been working on.

(CONTINUED)

13 CONTINUED:

Fillmore looks up and sees a Chili's logo on the conference tv.

FILLMORE
What? Oh, uh, go to Chili's... ya fat fucks. Ya fat fucks, go to Chili's.

All the men around the conference table nod their heads considering the idea. Donald looks to a suited man at the head of the table.

DONALD DICKWAD
It does get to your target market.

The suited man nods in agreement.

DONALD DICKWAD (CONT'D)
You've done it again, Fillmore!

BACK TO:

14 INT. FILLMORE'S APARTMENT - DAY

14

FILLMORE
People loved, "Go to Chili's, ya fat fucks. Ya fat fucks, go to Chili's." They made it their nationwide slogan.

MEGAN
The Chili's on the set of Life With Fillmore made it their slogan. The Chili's in the real world nearly shut down.

FILLMORE
I'm good at advertising.

The TV continues to play.

DONALD DICKWAD (O.S.)
This is the best slogan since, "Shit yourself with Taco Bell!"

MEGAN
You're not. Which is why we need to find a new career path for you.

FILLMORE
I could be a cop. There was that year I was good at solving murders.

Megan sighs and puts in another DVD.

15 ON SCREEN

15

16 INT. LIVING ROOM CRIME SCENE - NIGHT

16

Fillmore kneels down over a puddle of blood. Dramatic CSI music plays behind him. He touches the puddle with the tip of his finger and tastes it.

FILLMORE
Yep, that's blood.

Two impressed cops nod and take notes. Fillmore sits up.

FILLMORE (CONT'D)
And it all probably came from...

Fillmore follows the trail of blood with his eyes to a dead body one foot away.

FILLMORE (CONT'D)
That guy.

Impressed cops nod even bigger and take more notes.

FILLMORE (CONT'D)
And your murderer...

Fillmore squints and looks around the room. The cops watch expectedly.

Hmm, that guy's a cop. That guy is also a cop. That guy is licking a bloody knife and making stabby motions. Ah ha! Bingo.

FILLMORE (CONT'D)
...is that guy.

MURDERER
Ya got me!

COP 1
That's amazing!

COP 2
I thought it'd be a black guy!

BACK TO:

17 INT. FILLMORE'S APARTMENT - DAY

17

Fillmore looks surprised.

FILLMORE
That was staged??

(CONTINUED)

MEGAN

They all were.

FILLMORE

Did you guys let me do anything for real?

MEGAN

Well, it was hard. Audiences liked seeing you succeed, but we also needed to mix genres to try to keep the show fresh.

FILLMORE

Well, fine. I won't do advertising. I can't be a cop. I'll hunt ghosts.

MEGAN

Ghosts aren't real.

FILLMORE

What?!

The tv continues to play in the background.

COP 1 (O.S.)

And this murderer is a ghost!

MEGAN

I'm sorry, Fillmore. I know this transition is tricky, but I really think the higher ups will be impressed with both of us if you started a normal job.

FILLMORE

No. This is bullshit. You're telling me all the things I'm good at, I'm not actually good at? And all of America hates me?

MEGAN

Well--

FILLMORE

I'm calling bullshit.

Fillmore storms over to the exit.

FILLMORE (CONT'D)

I was on tv for 32 years! My head is a mug!

Without looking, Fillmore picks up a Jim mug from the counter.

(CONTINUED)

FILLMORE (CONT'D)
People bought this shit!

Fillmore looks at the mug, realizes it's a Jim mug, and drops it.

FILLMORE (CONT'D)
Ugh, k not that shit.

MEGAN
That one is a top seller.

FILLMORE
Whatever! But people like me. People
love me! Someone must love me!

Fillmore storms out of the apartment.

END OF ACT 2

ACT 318 EXT. BAR - NIGHT

18

Fillmore ramps up over the curb and parks in front of the fire hydrant. He angrily exits the car.

FILLMORE

People love me.

Fillmore opens the door to the bar...

19 INT. BAR - NIGHT - CONTINUOUS

19

Light spills over Fillmore as he triumphantly enters the bar expecting to be greeted like he used to be greeted at Ace's. No one looks at him. No one gives a shit.

Fillmore wanders over to the bar, trying to catch people's eyes along the way. He gets to the bar and sits, frustrated. A bartender approaches him.

BARTENDER

Hey man-- wait. I know you. You're that guy.

The bartender points to the televisions on the wall behind Fillmore. Each television plays a different takes on the same story, "Will Life With Fillmore be cancelled?"

Fillmore smiles. This guy for sure likes him.

FILLMORE

Yeah, that's me. I'm Fillmore!

BARTENDER

Dude, your character sucks.

FILLMORE

That was just me... and my life.

BARTENDER

Oh. Well then you suck.

Fillmore glares at the bartender.

BARTENDER (CONT'D)

I like that guy though.

Fillmore looks back at the televisions. A picture of Jim is displayed across each screen. One screen asks, "How will America say goodbye to Jim?" Another says, "Life With Fillmore Tonight: See what happens after the crash!" A third says, "Life With Fillmore," and has a two-hour countdown.

(CONTINUED)

FILLMORE

No, that guy sucks.

Suddenly from across the room, someone shouts...

SCOTT

Oh my God! Oh my God! It's Fillmore!

Fillmore turns to see three superfans sitting at a bar table. All of them wear Fillmore shirts, pins, and hats. Finally, people with good taste.

JARED

It's a lookalike. They wouldn't let Fillmore out before the reveal.

HOLLY

No, Jared. His left jawline beauty mark is in the exact right place. It's him!

The three superfans rush to crowd Fillmore.

SCOTT

Oh my God!

HOLLY

You're not going to believe this, but we are huge fans!

Fillmore drinks the attention in.

FILLMORE

Yeah, you have my face as earrings.

HOLLY

I didn't think we'd ever be able to meet you.

JARED

(tearing up)

I'm so scared for the show. Is it over?

FILLMORE

Ya know, we'll see what happens.

SCOTT

As soon as you went off air, I called these two dumb dumbs and said, "Get your butts on down to the bar, it's time for flirtinis and Fillmore!"

(CONTINUED)

HOLLY

Yeah, we're the presidency of the Fillmore Fan Club, so this is huge for us.

FILLMORE

People love me.

JARED

Yeah, we all love you.

Jared gestures to the three superfans.

FILLMORE

You and the rest of the club.

SCOTT

Yeah, the whole global club.

Scott gestures to the three superfans. Fillmore looks confused.

SCOTT (CONT'D)

I mean, there are a lot of fan clubs for the show as a whole, but most of them don't really like you.

JARED

It's almost like they're Jim fan clubs.

Jared fake gags.

Another person shouts from across the room.

KYLE

Is that Fillmore?

TRISTIN

From Life With Fillmore!

KYLE

Ya, I know what he's from, bro.

TRISTIN

Dude, get this guy a drink. Drinks on me, bro!

Fillmore smiles. Okay, these are his people.

FILLMORE

Thanks, jerkoff!

The superfans around Fillmore laugh nervously.

(CONTINUED)

A waitress, BRITTANY, bumps into the bar and drops a stack of glasses. They shatter on the floor.

FILLMORE (CONT'D)

(Loudly)

You better fire that slut! She's drinking on the job!

The room goes quiet as everyone glares at Fillmore.

TRISTIN

What the hell did you say to her?

FILLMORE

What? No--

KYLE

(gesturing to the waitress)

Brittany works hard. Don't demean her just because you think her labor is beneath you.

TRISTIN

And slut shaming a woman?

BRITTANY

For owning their sexuality? Screw you, man.

KYLE

Yeah, screw you man.

TRISTIN

Yeah, screw you man.

Fillmore looks to his super fans for affirmation.

SCOTT

God, Fillmore.

HOLLY

We all kind of thought that was a character they made you do.

Fillmore looks up at the televisions on the wall. He sees they're all playing variations on the same story, "America celebrates as Fillmore is finally cancelled."

Megan bursts through the bar door.

MEGAN

Oh my God! I saw my whole career disappearing with each minute you were gone. No more public appearances.

(CONTINUED)

19

CONTINUED: (4)

24.
19

Fillmore walks dejectedly over to the door. Megan exits. Fillmore holds open the door and looks back at the angry bar patrons glaring at him.

A MAN dressed in business attire enters through the door. Fillmore holds open. Fillmore looks at the man. The man looks back.

MAN

You expecting a tip, dickwad?

Fillmore exits.

20

EXT. BAR - NIGHT

20

Fillmore looks to where his car was parked. It's been towed. Fuck this life.

END OF ACT 3

ACT FOUR21 EXT. FILLMORE'S APARTMENT - NIGHT

21

Fillmore and Megan approach Fillmore's apartment door. Megan opens the door for Fillmore, but he's distracted by a vending machine. He approaches a homeless-looking man sleeping next to it.

FILLMORE

Hey, do you have any money I could borrow... and keep. It's for a soda.

The huddled figure gives a tired groan.

FILLMORE (CONT'D)

C'mon, one buck.

MEGAN

Fillmore, please don't ask a homeless man for money. Today has already been a humiliating day for you.

FILLMORE

Two bucks tops. Well, four would be nice so I could have another soda for later.

The huddled figure, KEITH (Early 60's, disheveled but handsome), is annoyed. He speaks without looking up.

KEITH

The hell? You should be giving me money. God, this city gets crazier everyday.

FILLMORE

Jesus, okay! Sorry! I used to get a daily allowance from homeless people. But up is down right now.

Keith looks up.

KEITH

Wait, son?

FILLMORE

Dad?

Keith stands.

KEITH

I thought I'd find you here.

FILLMORE

Dad? But you died!

(CONTINUED)

Fillmore looks back at Megan. Megan mouths, "Ghosts aren't real." Fillmore looks back at Keith and pulls him into a big hug. Fillmore holds back tears.

KEITH

Yeah. They weren't sure if they wanted to make you a superhero, like Batman and shit. So, they killed off a parent just in case.

FILLMORE

That's crazy, you were... you were amazing, dad. We all loved you.

MEGAN

Well he shouldn't have broken his contract by making pornos on the side.

Keith and Fillmore are still hugging.

KEITH

(correcting)

Tasteful. Heartfelt. Films... that also included full insertion.

Megan shakes her head.

KEITH (CONT'D)

The point is, I missed ya kid. I heard you got booted.

FILLMORE

Seeing you has been the only good part about today, Dad. Let's catch up. Talk some more about me..

KEITH

Drinks on you?

FILLMORE

(to Megan)

Is there any beer in my creepy-ass apartment?

MEGAN

Stocked to the brim. Becoming an alcoholic might be a good PR angle for you.

KEITH

That's my Frederick

MEGAN

Fillmore.

(CONTINUED)

KEITH

Fillman.

They all enter the apartment building. Fillmore clasps Keith's shoulder. Keith fake coughs in an attempt to shrug Fillmore's hand off.

CUT TO:

INT. FILLMORE'S APARTMENT - NIGHT

Keith and Fillmore hang out on the couch. Megan perches on a stool.

KEITH

Those were the glory days. I had abs up to my teeth. I was respected.

MEGAN

You were not.

FILLMORE

(tipsy)

Those guys running the show suck. They take advantage of us and then they ruined you? Tried to ruin me. We should sue.

MEGAN

No. Legally, I'd have to advise against it.

KEITH

They'd crush you to a pulp. Network dicks.

FILLMORE

They took the show! My dad!

(to Keith)

I can't even imagine how hard it was for you to not have me in your life.

KEITH

Oh, yeah, of course! You think it didn't break my heart when they killed me off right when—

FILLMORE

—we cut the cake at my twelfth birthday party.

KEITH (CONT'D)

—we were renewing for the thirteenth season?

KEITH (CONT'D)

Yeah, what you said. Buddy, I was devastated. I missed my boy!

FILLMORE

I missed you. Let's do one of our old traditions. Oh!

(MORE)

(CONTINUED)

CONTINUED:

FILLMORE (CONT'D)

Let's make one of those music videos where we both dress up as Will Smith.

MEGAN

For the love of god, do not.

KEITH

Yeah, times have changed Filly-boy. But listen, screw those guys, right? Screw 'em by getting right back in their pants.

FILLMORE

I don't want to have sex with my adoptive dad.

KEITH

No, I mean, let's get our show back! We were the best. YOU were the best.

MEGAN

I mean this nicely, but there's no way they'd let him back on the show.

KEITH

Wouldn't they?

MEGAN

No. And they'd ruin you for helping him.

Keith looks incredulous as he gestures to his homeless attire.

MEGAN (CONT'D)

They'd find a way to make you more homeless.

FILLMORE

There is no show. It's over. I just wish I could've seen Jim's pathetic kiss-ass face get fired.

Megan shifts in her seat uncomfortably.

FILLMORE (CONT'D)

What? It's not over? Am I getting a spin-off show? I'm back?

Megan turns the tv to the Life With Fillmore channel.

ON SCREEN:

A countdown ends. In memoriam type pictures of Fillmore appear as sad music plays in the background. Tim narrates.

(CONTINUED)

CONTINUED: (2)

TIM (V.O.)

For over 30 years we saw Fillmore grow up in front of us... But he's gone.

The tone flips drastically. Upbeat music plays. Colors flash as pictures of Jim laughing appear on the screen.

TIM (V.O.) (CONT'D)

So say goodbye to Life With Fillmore and say hello to Just Jim-ing!

BACK TO:

22 INT. FILLMORE'S APARTMENT - NIGHT

22

Fillmore startles.

FILLMORE

What??

ON SCREEN:

Images flash of Jim growing up. Jim riding a bike while Fillmore falls off. Jim beating Fillmore in a science fair. Jim smiling as Fillmore flips Jim off from behind.

TIM (V.O.)

Fillmore wasn't the only child raised on set. So, America, let's fall further in love with Jim. Just Jim. Just Jim-ing

On the tv screen, Jim waves and smiles.

JIM

It's great to see you now, and I can't wait to see you again!

BACK TO:

23 INT. FILLMORE'S APARTMENT - NIGHT

23

Fillmore unsuccessfully tries to stand.

FILLMORE

No, that's my show!

MEGAN

Fillmore, the best step for you right now is to get a job, volunteer on the weekends, and disassociate by posting fake happy updates on social media.

(CONTINUED)

FILLMORE

No. You saw me today. I need that show. I deserve that show. Get me back my show!

KEITH

Yeah! Get us back our show!

MEGAN

Sorry, but this transition is a once in a career opportunity. If I nail this, guaranteed promotion.

KEITH

Yeah, but it kinda feels like ANY manager could make a guy take some random job licking some boss's balls, right?

MEGAN

What?

FILLMORE

I do not want that job.

KEITH

But it'd take a really GOOD manager to take this piece of shit and turn him back into America's princess.

Megan looks at Fillmore more thoughtfully.

KEITH (CONT'D)

And if the higher ups saw that America loves Fillmore now, all thanks to you... Well, maybe they'd be even more grateful than you thought they'd be.

Keith pulls Fillmore in close.

KEITH (CONT'D)

And maybe some now beloved American icons would be welcomed back to their show.

Megan pauses.

MEGAN

It could happen. But we'd need an angle.

Keith points at himself.

(CONTINUED)

KEITH

Well, guess what's different about
Fillmore now?

Megan paces.

MEGAN

This time around, he's got a dad.
Without a father figure, how was he
supposed to be anything but a completely
unlikeable piece of shit?

FILLMORE

Hey.

Keith sits back on the couch and scratches his junk.

KEITH

If Fillmore wants his life back, he
needs ol' Papa Keith Keith.

MEGAN

(beat)

What do you think, Fillmore?

Fillmore turns to the tv. He sees Jim sleeping peacefully.
Fillmore's eyes narrow.

FILLMORE

Let's get my fucking show back.

FADE TO BLACK.

THE END