

INT. DENNIS'S HOUSE - BATHROOM - MORNING

Water circles and falls down a sink drain.

DENNIS RUDIBAKER brushes his teeth. He's 30, Ken-doll looks, ad-sales golden boy.

He flosses. Checks himself in the mirror. Flashes a salesman's smile.

EXT. DENNIS'S HOUSE - DAY

A two-story Mediterranean style home with more square footage than a single man needs. \$4.4 million.

Dennis jets down his driveway in his silver BMW Z4 Roadster. \$42,700 before tax.

INT./EXT. DENNIS'S BMW - MOVING - DAY

Dennis looks slick in his \$1,300 Canali suit. Wind in his hair. Life is good.

EXT. BAKERY - DAY

Dennis holds the door for a craggy old lady.

DENNIS
Good morning.

Several others blow by him. He doesn't mind. Just smiles.

EXT. AD THINK - DAY

Dennis's BMW rips into the parking lot at work. An overwhelming structure of glass, metal, and ego.

INT. AD THINK - BULLPEN - DAY

Offices surround a hive of cubicles filled with dead-behind-the-eyes WORKERS sitting at computers.

Elevator doors part and Dennis emerges. A tray of coffees in hand.

He weaves through coworkers in a graceful dance. Peppering them with pleasantries and pardon me's.

In a cubicle a listless CO-WORKER types at his computer. Dennis appears with a cup of coffee and a grin.

DENNIS

Vente skim sugar free vanilla chai
double espresso.

CO-WORKER

You're the best, Dennis.

DENNIS

No, you are, and I'm telling
everybody.

Again and again Dennis pops into co-worker's cubicles spreading the sunshine/bullshit.

DENNIS

Love that tie, buddy.
(next cubicle)
Looking good.
(next cubicle)
Have you lost weight?

INT. AD THINK - DENNIS'S OFFICE - MOMENTS LATER

Stale grey walls and motivational posters. There's a beautiful view from the window but Dennis's desk faces the empty office.

Dennis enters, tosses the empty coffee tray. Plops down at his desk. An eerie calm.

A vintage clock hangs on the wall. TICK, TICK, TICK...

Suddenly Dennis rips open a drawer, pulls a .357 Magnum out, jams it in his mouth --

He cocks the hammer. Closes his eyes.

DENNIS (V.O.)

Monday started like any other day.

The gun garbles Dennis's screaming.

DENNIS (V.O.)

I know what you're thinking, but I've already tried the best shrinks and the best pharmaceuticals money can buy. Bullshit. All of it. All they wanted to do was talk about my parents.

INT. SHRINK'S OFFICE (FLASHBACK)

A nebbishy SHRINK stares right at us.

SHRINK
Tell me about your parents.

DENNIS (V.O.)
Told you.

PICTURES

fly by like a slide show presentation: a man in a suit with an unnerving smile -- Dennis's FATHER. He's presenting the wonder that is Tupperware.

DENNIS (V.O.)
Here's the Powerpoint on that. My father was a Tupperware salesman.

The pictures slide to a DENNIS'S MOTHER, a melancholy woman painted in makeup.

DENNIS (V.O.)
My mother sold cosmetics at the local mall. It's as fabulous as it sounds.

EXT. CHILDHOOD HOME - DAY (FLASHBACK)

Dennis, age 5, pouts on the stairs outside his house.

DENNIS (V.O.)
One day they never came home. Didn't even leave the door unlocked. I spent two days on that porch before somebody noticed.

EXT. A SAD LOOKING HOUSE - DAY (FLASHBACK)

Young Dennis's feet dangle off the back of a pickup truck. A gruff UNCLE BERT sits next to him.

DENNIS (V.O.)
Child services sent me to live with my Uncle Bert. An eighth-grade science teacher. He didn't even pull down thirty grand a year.