

EXTREME HALF

Written by

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INT. PARKED CAR - DAY

ARTIE (34) sits in his parked Toyota Prius. He flashes notecards in his hands. He nervously recites them to himself.

ARTIE

My resume includes - but is not limited to - data, stock, and pro-

He squints his eyes at his own handwriting.

ARTIE (CONT'D)

-Programming.

Unsatisfied with his take, Artie tries it again.

ARTIE (CONT'D)

Well, I *mostly* do data and stock...And programing.

His rehearsal is interrupted by an incoming FaceTime call. It's his mother. Her face pops up on his phone screen.

MOTHER

Artie!

ARTIE

Hi Mom. What is it?

MOTHER

I was just calling to tell you I found your ointment! You're not in your interview yet are you?

ARTIE

If I was, why would I answer, Mom...

MOTHER

Your dad is making sausages!

ARTIE

Um okay? I have to go now.

MOTHER

(Sweetly innocent)

Oh, Artie. You **really** need this job! Remember when you worked at the Tennis Club as a ball boy? Awww.

ARTIE

First of all, I'm 34. I've had many jobs since then.

(MORE)

ARTIE (CONT'D)

Also I wasn't the ball boy. That was Jerry. **He** was the ball boy. I was the trash collector.

Artie catches glimpse of something in his rearview mirror. A MAN in the parking lot, ridiculously jogging in small circles in flashy neon workout clothes, stretching and all. His shorts are especially too short.

MOTHER

Your brother Jerry has really been moving up in the world! Did you hear about his NEW promotion?

Artie is confused by what he's looking at. The man catches him staring. He starts walking towards the car. Artie darts his eyes away NERVOUSLY.

ARTIE

Um, no. I mean- Yeah. Yeah. I heard about it!

MOTHER

Artie? Is something wrong?

The man, BROCK taps Artie's car window.

BROCK

Hey!

ARTIE

Mom, hold on.

MOM

Who is that?

Brock knocks again. His voice is slightly muffled through the car door.

BROCK

Your car is on!

ARTIE

(To Brock)

What? I'm sorry I'm busy.

Artie is stressed out.

MOTHER

(Unable to see Brock)

Oooh is that your girlfriend Jenny?

ARTIE

What? No, I- Jenny and I broke up.
A month ago, I told you that-
Listen mom, I gotta go!

BROCK

Hey! Turn your car off!

Artie rolls the car window down an inch.

ARTIE

Um. Please leave me alone.

BROCK

It's bad for the environment!

ARTIE

It's a Prius!

MOTHER

Oh, Artie, let me put your father
on-

ARTIE

No, please Mom- I

FATHER

Hey how does this work?

He puts his ear to the camera.

ARTIE

No Dad- You have to look at the cam-

BROCK

You're parked illegally.

ARTIE

-I already told you, its a Hybrid.

FATHER

I made sausages today!

Brock pulls out his phone outside. Artie nervously assumes
he's calling the police.

ARTIE

Okay! You guys, I need to go!

MOTHER

Good luck with the interview!

Artie hangs up and gets out of his car, pretty furiously.

EXT. BUSINESS OWNED PARKING LOT

ARTIE
Hi. Sir?-

BROCK
-You should try joggercizing.

ARTIE
I'm sorry?

BROCK
Oh sorry- I was.

Brock double points to a Bluetooth in both ears. He's on the phone.

ARTIE
(relieved)
Oh.

BROCK
(To the Bluetooth)
Sorry, this guy had his car on.

Artie awkwardly tries to walk away, but Brock jogs with him.

Both arrive to the large entrance of a business building. Brock has been doing high-knees the whole time.

BROCK (CONT'D)
(To the Bluetooth)
Alright. Let me know if you need any more shipments of protein. Half price for you, since you're my friend! Alright Mr. Smith. Goodbye now.

He waits for "Mr. Smith" to hang up.

BROCK (CONT'D)
Idiot!

Brock throws both Bluetooth devices in the trash. He then acknowledges Artie.

BROCK (CONT'D)
You see this?

Brock flexes a muscle. It has his name Tattooed on it.

BROCK (CONT'D)
 Sold more of this in the last **month**
 than any other independently owned
 protein product in the country!

ARTIE
 "Brock"?

INT. ELEVATOR LOBBY - CONTINUOUS

BROCK
 That's MY name. Also the name of my
 business. Incredible, huh? SO what
 are you in for?

ARTIE
 A job. A job, interview.

Artie hits the elevator button.

BROCK
 What do you do?

Artie stutters slightly.

ARTIE
 Uh, data, stock...and pr-

BROCK
 Programming. Fuck me! Data
 Analysis, 11th floor am I right?

ARTIE
 Uh, yes. Yes. Are you-

BROCK
 Got my interview now too.

Beat.

ARTIE
 In that?

BROCK
 Elastic compression. 50% Nylon.
 100% comfortable.

Artie looks confused.

BROCK (CONT'D)
 You ever tried fucking in elastic
 nylon...What was it?

ARTIE

Artie. No.

BROCK

Well, Artie, you should try it.
It's unbelievable.

The elevator arrives and opens. It's pretty full.

ARTIE

After you.

BROCK

Ohh...Did you think? No I'm gonna
hit the stairs.

Artie ignores him.

BROCK (CONT'D)

Wish me luck **Fartie**. Hey- if we
both get the job- you might wanna
consider the stairs more often. A
team is only as strong as its
weakest player. You know what I
mean.

He winks then jogs off.

The elevator doors are closing while Brock's voice is heard
as he heads for the stairs.

BROCK (O.S.) (CONT'D)

I fuck!

INT. CROWDED ELEVATOR - CONTINUOUS

Artie stands center-forward with a crowd of mostly business
workers. He gets out his NOTECARDS, muttering the words to
rehearse his interview.

Artie checks his watch. He can't be late.

The elevator silences for a few seconds. Then JAMS!

Everyone groans. The elevator has completely stopped. Artie
tries his CELL PHONE. It DIES from LOW BATTERY.

ARTIE

Alright everyone. Stay calm. We
just have to ring the fire
department.

He hits a RED button. The phone rings.

FIRE DEPARTMENT INTERCOM (O.S.)
What's the emergency?

ARTIE
We're stuck.

FIRE DEPARTMENT INTERCOM (O.S.)
Be there in five minutes.

They hang up.

Everyone looks relieved. The excitement eventually dies down to silence.

Everything is calm. Until...Some moron in the back begins to speak to the entire elevator.

MORON
What do you think is the more
extreme half? The top half of a
horse? Or the bottom half?

Artie cringes. He wants nothing to do with this weirdness. The elevator is silent. He flips through his notecards.

MORON (CONT'D)
I guess I should reiterate. Would
you guys rather have the upper half
of your body be horse, or the lower
half of your body be horse?

Beat. Nobody is bold enough to respond. Except for a nervous "BUSINESS MAN ONE".

BUSINESS MAN ONE
I guess my question would be, do I
get the muscles of the horse? Or
just the appearance of the horse?

Artie rolls his eyes.

BUSINESS WOMAN ONE
Of course you get the muscles. He
said "horse", didn't he? I'd want
the bottom half. I could run
faster.

The elevator "oohs" and "aahs" at her genius answer. Artie ignores the banter.

MORON
I'd probably want the top half.

BUSINESS MAN ONE
Why?

MORON
Horse face.

BUSINESS MAN ONE
Oh nice.

Another man in the elevator chimes in. It almost breaks Artie.

BUSINESS MAN TWO
Now. Would you be able to speak **normally** with a horse face?

MORON
Sure.

BUSINESS MAN ONE
Wait how would that work?

MORON
What do you mean?

BUSINESS MAN ONE
Well it's a horse face right? So do you still have a human brain?

The conversation continues as Artie checks his watch, annoyed. He reaches for the red button again.

FIRE DEPARTMENT INTERCOM (O.S.)
Hello?

ARTIE
Yes. It's me again. It's been about five minutes now. Are you on your way?

FIRE DEPARTMENT INTERCOM (O.S.)
Oh, we forgot.

ARTIE
You forgot?!

FIRE DEPARTMENT INTERCOM (O.S.)
It'll be about 15 minutes.

ARTIE
What happened to five?

FIRE DEPARTMENT INTERCOM (O.S.)
Traffic.

They hang up. Artie is furious. The conversation continues.

MORON

What do you think is more extreme-

Artie snaps.

ARTIE

No! We're not doing this! Okay? I have a job interview, so if I could *just* have some peace and quiet It would be **well** appreciated! Besides, there is no one half that is more "*extreme*"! It's a horse for God's sake.

Silence.

ARTIE (CONT'D)

But I will say! Having the horse's lower half is obviously the most practical.

People stand around awkwardly. The fun seems to be over.

A woman in the back corner is revealed dramatically when two taller men separate in front of her. Artie can't believe it. It's his EX.

JENNY

Upper half!

People lightly "Ooh".

ARTIE

Jenny?!

Jenny looks unbothered, while Artie is shocked.

ARTIE (CONT'D)

What are you doing here?!

JENNY

I happen to work in this building.

ARTIE

Oh, that's...great.

JENNY

I told you multiple time where I worked.

ARTIE

Well, of course, but that was so long ago!

JENNY

It's been maybe a month, Artie.

ARTIE

No, I mean-

JENNY

Well, I see you just had to find a way to win me back. But really? Applying to work in my building?

Artie stands there like a deer in the headlights.

ARTIE

(Mutters)

I should've taken the stairs.

JENNY

(Sarcastically)

Oh *I'm sorry* you decided to get stuck in the same elevator I ride every morning to work. Is this *inconvenient* for you?

ARTIE

Jenny. Not here.

JENNY

You hear that everyone? We got a guy who NORMALLY would've taken the stairs because he's SO much better. But TODAY he decided to take a break from the exercise routine. MR. BIG STAIRS GUY over here!

ARTIE

(To Jenny)

I *happen* to do pilates.

JENNY

(Scoffs)

Pilates!

BUSINESS MAN ONE

Would a horse do pilates?

MORON

Well that depends which half you think is more extreme.

Jenny and Artie are in their own world. The horse conversationalists are in another.

ARTIE

What would you know about exercise?
Did you all of a sudden become a
health freak?

JENNY

Actually. MY **BOYFRIEND** happens to
be the best protein salesman in the
district.

ARTIE

Oh you've got to be kidding
me...Brock?

JENNY

You know Brock?

ARTIE

The guy with the elastic. Jenny.
He's your boyfriend? You dumped
me... for **him**?

Jenny crosses her arms.

JENNY

(Stubborn)

The sex is incredible.

Artie looks dead inside. He's trying not to explode.

MORON

Would a horse?

ARTIE

-No.

MORON

I mean if the top-

ARTIE

-Zip!

MORON

Or the bottom-

ARTIE

-it.

INT. LOBBY

Two firemen walk out of the building nonchalantly.

FIREMAN

I can't believe someone parked in
the fire lane.

FIREMAN 2

Someone **always** parks in the red
zone.

Everyone is safe. The Elevator crowd is dispersed, unwinding
with small talk, some heading to the stairs.

CUT TO:

INT. STAIRWELL

Artie RUNS up the stairs dramatically! He checks his watch.
He's so late. His hair is a mess. He breaks sweat.

INT. ELEVENTH FLOOR - OFFICE LOBBY

Artie SLAMS open the doors. He spots the receptionist. His
hair looks even more disheveled. He's had a ROUGH day, but
walks through the office with a determined demeanor, ignoring
any onlooking workers.

Two security guards escort our earlier friend, BROCK out of
the office. Probably for trying to sell protein in a job
interview. Or maybe the shorts. Yeah, the shorts didn't help.

BROCK

I don't need this job anyway! The
future is protein!

They move past Artie.

SECURITY GUARD

(To Artie)

You know this guy?

Artie shakes his head, disturbed.

The receptionist waits patiently.

ARTIE

Uh, hi. Sorry. I should have an appointment there. I know I'm late. The elevator, and-

RECEPTIONIST

What's your name?

ARTIE

Artie. For 8:30. I'm a little- I'm pretty late though. If I could squeeze in that would be-

RECEPTIONIST

Arby's? Like the sandwich place?

ARTIE

Uh no. Artie.

RECEPTIONIST

Oh.

The receptionist glides her finger slowly over a paper schedule in front of her.

RECEPTIONIST (CONT'D)

Ah. Yes, I have you here. 8:30.

ARTIE

Great. Thank God. Is there anyway-

RECEPTIONIST

For Tuesday, March 6th. That's *tomorrow*.

ARTIE

I'm sorry. What?

RECEPTIONIST

We have you scheduled. But for tomorrow. You're here a day early sir.

Beat.

RECEPTIONIST (CONT'D)

Sir?

Artie can't believe it. He slowly walks out of the office, with his eyes wide like he's seen a ghost. He forms a smile. His hair is feathery, he has sweat stains, his tie is loose.

INT. OFFICE BUILDING HALL - CONTINUOUS

Brock and the two security guards get into the fixed elevator, just in time to notice Artie walking nearby.

SECURITY GUARD

Going down?

ARTIE

No. I think I'll take the stairs.

Brock is basically crying.

EXT. BUSINESS OWNED PARKING LOT - SAME DAY

Artie looks at an empty spot where his car was parked. **The red zone.** His car was TOWED. He gets out his cell phone forgetting it was dead.

Suddenly a voice breaks the silence. It's revealed to be the same moron from the elevator.

MORON

Your car towed? That wouldn't be a problem if you had the lower half of your body as horse legs. My interview got rescheduled too.

Artie frowns and begins to slowly walk down the street.

The moron follows Artie, bombarding him with hypothetical horse talk.

Wide shot of the two walking.

ROLL CREDITS.