

THE EARWORM

INT. OFFICE - NIGHT

An intoxicated SAMANTHA HAYWOOD stands over a punchbowl and vegetable spread at her annual workplace holiday party. GERALD, a very conflicted account technician, attempts to regal her with an anti-fiscal policy tirade.

The office has been peppered with the same holiday decorations used every year. DENNIS NEDLEY, the building's fearless leader, can be seen in the background with KENDRICK STAPLES. Both are participants in a chair race around the cubicles. Additional CO-WORKERS cheer them on.

Samantha impatiently dunks her straw in and out of her festive drink. She's miles away and looks beyond Gerald's shoulder as he speaks.

GERALD

Management can invent any policy they want at any time. That's pretty Orwellian. We're all just bowing and praying to our fiscal overlords, hoping that the back-end gets sorted out, and I know that it's better than standing in some line all day to get a loaf of bread or soap or whatever, like the Soviets use to, but I wouldn't call myself a diehard capitalist. Did you ever read The Weekly Reader? That may be a little before your time. Did they have it at your school? We had this magazine that they'd give us in grade school called The Weekly Reader, and it had news stories from all over the world in it...

Samantha glances over to see MICHELLE, a very voluptuous office receptionist, stepping out of an unseen hallway. Michelle joins her co-workers and peeks at Samantha for just a second.

GERALD (CONT'D)

...but who knows how truthful it really was. We're supposed to be living on the moon by now according to The Weekly Reader and that never happened. What was I saying? Oh, the Russians. When I was a kid in the eighties we were all afraid of the Russians.

(MORE)

GERALD (CONT'D)

Not like we are now, we were in a real war with them back then and they were going to blow us up. Cold War. Duck and cover. And The Weekly Reader always had these articles about how bad it was over there, but you know, it could have been like the kid capitalist version of the Daily Worker or something. Do you know who Mikhail Gorbachev is?

MARTY HAYWOOD appears from an unseen office hallway and steps around the ongoing office chair race. As Marty passes Michelle, he stares at her butt for a second. Samantha notices this.

GERALD (CONT'D)

He was like their President or Prime Minister or whatever version they have over there. Maybe they call them czars, is that where that comes from? He had a big stain on his head.

(laughing)

Not a stain, a birthmark. He had a big birthmark. You know who I'm talking about? Kinda' bald with glasses?

Marty walks over to Gerald and Samantha. He hugs Samantha.

GERALD (CONT'D)

(to Marty)

You know who Mikhail Gorbachev is, right?

MARTY

Sure, the Russian guy with the big birthmark on his head.

GERALD

What about The Weekly Reader?

Dennis Nedley tries to grab Gerald's attention from the back.

DENNIS

(yelling)

Gerald, you're up to bat!

Gerald turns back to Dennis.

GERALD

(yelling)

Who's in the lead?

DENNIS  
(yelling)  
I don't know!

Gerald starts walking toward Dennis and the other Co-workers. Kendrick falls over in his chair and those participating in the chair race bust up.

MARTY  
(to Samantha)  
This place is a nightmare.

SAMANTHA  
I'm ready to go.

MARTY  
I just threw up in the bathroom. Do you have any gum?

SAMANTHA  
No.

MARTY  
Do I have puke breath? Can you tell?

Samantha moves in closer to him and sniffs.

SAMANTHA  
I can't smell anything.

MARTY  
Are you good to drive?

SAMANTHA  
No, not right now.

MARTY  
How long?

SAMANTHA  
Let's just get an Uber.

MARTY  
I don't have the app on my phone, do you? Do they have a number you can call? Do you have their app?

SAMANTHA  
No, but I can get it. Let's just get out of here. I don't feel good.

MARTY

You get the coats. I'll say goodbye  
to everybody.

Marty starts walking over to the chair race. Samantha walks  
off screen to grab the coats.

MARTY (CONT'D)

Ladies and gentlemen the time has  
come. We've got to head out.

ALL

(groan)

Marty starts walking to them to say goodbye.

MARTY

I know, I know.

EXT. OFFICE BUILDING - NIGHT

Samantha and Marty stand near the entrance of the office  
building as Samantha hovers over her phone.

SAMANTHA

I forgot my email password and it's  
asking me to verify.

MARTY

I'm freezing.

SAMANTHA

Well if I put the key in the  
ignition, I could get a D.U.I.  
Isn't that the law?

MARTY

I don't know.

SAMANTHA

It's sending me a verification  
code.

The two stand in SILENCE for a moment.

SAMANTHA (CONT'D)

I saw you.

MARTY

Hmm?

SAMANTHA  
I saw you look at the  
receptionist's ass.

MARTY  
What? Which one?

SAMANTHA  
Which one? Ohhh, Marty.

MARTY  
No, I didn't mean it like that.  
Who?

SAMANTHA  
The receptionist with the big ol'  
ass that you couldn't stop staring  
at.

MARTY  
What?! I didn't look at anybody!

SAMANTHA  
Yes you did, Marty.

MARTY  
You're crazy! Pffft. I looked at  
her ass?!

SAMANTHA  
You know how I can tell that you're  
lying?

MARTY  
I didn't look at anybody!

SAMANTHA  
Your voice gets all high when you  
start lying.  
(impersonating Marty)  
I didn't look at anybody!

MARTY  
(laughing)  
You drank too much.

SAMANTHA  
But you did look.

MARTY  
Sammie, if I looked, if I looked, I  
am sorry.

Marty leans in and kisses Samantha on the cheek.

SAMANTHA

Mmmhmmm.

MARTY

But I didn't look.

SAMANTHA

I can't remember my password. It's not letting me download the thing.

MARTY

Why don't we just take a cab?

Samantha continues to look down at her phone.

SAMANTHA

You're already all whiny and they take forever.

MARTY

There's one across the street.

An old raggedy taxi cab sits across the street. Its rooftop taxi light is illuminated. Marty starts waving at it.

MARTY (CONT'D)

(yelling at cab)

Hey, yo. Hey, cabbie!

SAMANTHA

(impersonating Marty)

Yo, cabbie.

MARTY

(giggles)

Shut up.

The cab pulls around and the two get in.

INT. CAB - NIGHT - LATER

Samantha and Marty sit in the back of very bizarre taxi cab. The CABBIE is dressed in strange western attire, complete with cowboy hat and bolo tie. Christmas lights adorn the interior of the vehicle. Samantha is snuggled in on Marty's lap.

SAMANTHA

What time is it?

Marty looks at his watch.

MARTY

Almost two.

SAMANTHA

Dennis is probably doing the splits  
in the break room by now.

MARTY

(laughs)

SAMANTHA

Dance like no one is watching.

Marty shakes his head.

MARTY

Nuh-uh. Dance like everyone is  
judging you.

SAMANTHA

(laughs)

MARTY

That's what I want on my tombstone.  
Dance like everyone is watching  
you. Sing like everyone can hear  
you. Everything is a competition  
all of the time and you're always  
losing.

SAMANTHA

Alright. I'm gonna' hold you to  
that.

MARTY

No you're not. I don't want to be  
buried, anyway. I want to be  
cremated.

SAMANTHA

Where am I supposed to put you?

MARTY

It use to be my parents' house, but  
they moved, so I don't know now.  
You'll have to figure it out.

SAMANTHA

No I won't. You don't have  
permission to die before I do.

MARTY

I can't make any promises.



SAMANTHA  
Well maybe you can't--

CABBIE  
(interrupting singing)  
You will not believe it, until you  
hear it.

The singing scares Marty and Samantha. They both sit up in the backseat.

CABBIE (CONT'D)  
(singing)  
You cannot unsee it, you will not  
deserve it.

Samantha looks at Marty.

SAMANTHA  
(mouthing)  
What?

The cab becomes extremely QUIET. The couple wait to see if the Cabbie is going to sing again.

CABBIE  
(singing)  
You will not believe it, until you  
hear it.

Marty holds in laughter as Samantha gives him a look telling him that he had better not laugh.

CABBIE (CONT'D)  
(singing)  
You cannot unsee it, you will not  
deserve it.

INT. KITCHEN - MORNING

Marty toasts a bagel and makes coffee in the kitchen.

MARTY  
(singing to himself)  
You will not believe it, until you  
hear it. You cannot unsee it, you  
will not deserve it.

Samantha enters the kitchen looking moderately hungover. She's searching for something.

SAMANTHA  
Ugh, shut up.

MARTY

I've got that song stuck in my head.

SAMANTHA

Have you seen my phone?

MARTY

No.

SAMANTHA

How are you not hungover?

MARTY

Oh, I'm hungover as hell, I'm just pretending that I'm not.

(beat)

You will not be--

SAMANTHA

(interrupting)

Shut the hell up -- God! Where did I put my phone? I'm dying!

Marty spreads peanut butter on a bagel.

MARTY

I don't know. Maybe it's in the creepy cab.

SAMANTHA

Oh, no! That's right! I probably dropped it in the cab.

Samantha looks at Marty.

SAMANTHA (CONT'D)

Don't you even think about it.

MARTY

I can't help it. It's stuck in my head. It's not even a real song. I looked it up.

SAMANTHA

Ugh, how can you eat that?

MARTY

I don't think I can, actually. You want it?

Samantha shakes her head. She stops searching for the phone.

SAMANTHA

I don't wanna track down the creepy cab.

MARTY

You still have to pick up your car from your work.

SAMANTHA

(impersonating Marty)

It'll be fun, let's just go. Free drinks. I hate you, Marshall.

MARTY

I'll take care of the cab stuff. You want me to drop you off at your car?

SAMANTHA

Oh, god. I'm supposed to meet up with Liz later. I don't have her number. Lemme jump in the shower and send her an e-mail real quick. Then we can go. You're okay doing the creepy cab stuff?

MARTY

Yeah, I'm gonna meet up with Doug for lunch anyway so I can make some calls and stop by some cab places.

Samantha goes over to Marty and gives him a kiss on the cheek.

SAMANTHA

You're the best.

Samantha starts to exit the kitchen.

MARTY

(singing)

You will not--

SAMANTHA

(interrupting)

I'm going to punch you in the head!

EXT. PARKING LOT - MORNING

Samantha stands in front of the sole car in the office's parking lot. She unlocks it and gets in.

INT. LIVING ROOM - AFTERNOON

Samantha is asleep on the living room couch under a mountain of blankets. As her eyes begin to open, the shadow of the Cabbie can be seen standing in the doorway of the house.

CABBIE  
(singing softly)  
You will not believe it, until you  
hear it.

The Cabbie continues to stand in the doorway. Samantha is unable to move.

CABBIE (CONT'D)  
(singing softly)  
You cannot unsee it, you will not  
deserve it.

The Cabbie continues to stand motionless in the doorway. The light from the flickering television makes it impossible to see the face of the shadowy figure. The Cabbie moves a step toward Samantha.

She sits up, now wide awake, to see that the figure has morphed into Marty. Samantha's sitting up spooks Marty.

MARTY  
Woah!

SAMANTHA  
What time is it?

MARTY  
Around five. You good?

Marty moves over to the couch and attempts to calm Samantha down.

SAMANTHA  
I was having a nightmare about that  
stupid cab driver.

MARTY  
(laughs)

SAMANTHA  
It's not funny.

MARTY  
Sorry.

SAMANTHA  
Did you find my phone?

MARTY

Negative.

SAMANTHA

Of course not.

MARTY

Cab drivers are strange people, man. There's only like two cab companies in town and none of them said they were in our area last night.

SAMANTHA

Then who the hell gave us a ride home?

MARTY

Probably a guy with his meter off making a little side cash.

SAMANTHA

Or just some weirdo who now knows where we live. I got Chinese food.

MARTY

Main Wok?

SAMANTHA

Yeah.

MARTY

Oooh, nice!

Marty gets up and moves over to the refrigerator to check out the food.

MARTY (CONT'D)

Egg rolls or rangoon?

SAMANTHA

Egg rolls. How's Doug?

MARTY

How's Doug?

(higher voice)

Ahh, you know, the same as he always is. Complainy.

Marty dishes out some rice and pops it in the microwave.

MARTY (CONT'D)  
(softly singing)  
You will not believe it--

Marty stops singing and looks up at Samantha who is glaring at him.

MARTY (CONT'D)  
Sorry, I've been singing it all day. I didn't even notice that I was doing it.

SAMANTHA  
I missed you.

MARTY  
I missed you, too. Lazy day? Watch a movie and eat a ton of junk food?

Samantha nods.

SAMANTHA  
I want to call in sick tomorrow.

MARTY  
You have any sick days left?

Samantha gets up and moves over to Marty.

SAMANTHA  
Yeah, but I'm not going to call in. I just want to.

MARTY  
It's nice to just be able to know that you could if you wanted to.

Samantha hugs Marty.

SAMANTHA  
I love you so much.

MARTY  
I love you, too.

SAMANTHA  
I miss this.

MARTY  
I know. Me too.

Samantha continues to hug Marty.

MARTY (CONT'D)  
But you gotta' let me go so I can  
heat up my egg roll. Go pick a  
movie.

SAMANTHA  
Okay. Nothing scary, though.

MARTY  
(hums the song)

INT. OFFICE - MORNING - NEXT DAY

Samantha enters her office with coffee in hand. She stops off  
at the reception area to speak with Michelle.

SAMANTHA  
Hey, Michelle.

MICHELLE  
Hey.

SAMANTHA  
Did anyone turn a phone into lost  
and found?

MICHELLE  
I don't know, I can check. What  
kind of phone?

Michelle pulls out a lost and found binder.

SAMANTHA  
Samsung. I thought I left it in the  
cab, but I may have dropped it  
outside somewhere.

MICHELLE  
I don't see anything in here? You  
had to take a cab home from the  
party?

SAMANTHA  
Yeah.

MICHELLE  
I didn't even think cabs existed  
anymore.

SAMANTHA  
I know, right.

MICHELLE  
It was a good party.

SAMANTHA  
Yeah, it was fun.

MICHELLE  
I'll write it down in the binder.  
If anyone drops the phone off I'll  
let you know.

SAMANTHA  
Thanks. Appreciate it.

MICHELLE  
You're welcome.

Samantha starts walking away from the receptionist area and continues toward her own cubicle.

MICHELLE (CONT'D)  
(softly singing)  
You will not believe it, until you  
hear it.

Michelle's singing causes Samantha to pause in place.

MICHELLE (CONT'D)  
(softly singing)  
You cannot unsee it, you will not  
deserve it.

Samantha stands frozen in disbelief and heartache.

CUT TO BLACK.

THE END