

FANCY PANTS

Written by
Julia Diddy

INT. - DOCKERS HEADQUARTERS, RESEARCH AND DEVELOPMENT LAB.
DAY.

Michael walks in, greeted by Marcy, Chad, and Nanette. Marcy steps forward to shake his hand.

MARCY

Michael, great to have you on board! I'm Marcy, head of R&D. Hope your first day is going well?

MICHAEL

Sure has, Marcy. Excited to be here.

NANETTE

Who the hell is this? Where's Walter?!

MARCY

It's fine, Nanette. This is Michael. He's on David's team.

NANETTE

Marketing? Fuck Marketing! They can't possibly grasp the importance of the work we're doing!

MARCY

Nanette, that's exactly why I've asked Michael to be here - so he can better understand what's so unique about our work.

MICHAEL

Nanette, I can assure you, I want to know the new product line inside and out so I can do my job to the best of my abilities.

MARCY

So you've met Nanette, and this here is Chad. Most dedicated team ever.

MICHAEL

Super to meet you all.

MARCY

Our usual QA tester is on leave, so we thought this would be a fun way for you to really get to know the product.

MICHAEL
Absolutely! I'm game.

Michael runs his hands down his pants leg.

MICHAEL (CONT'D)
What an...interesting texture.

Michael jumps.

MICHAEL (CONT'D)
Holy crap!

CHAD
Did you feel it move?

NANETTE
You woke it up.

MICHAEL
I...wait, what? How on earth...?

NANETTE
It's not from earth. And it's a
living organism.

MARCY
So creative, Nan. Outstanding job!
Alright, let's get to this.

Marcy nods to Nanette, who exits the room, and returns a moment later, wheeling in a giant tank of water with a squid inside.

CHAD
This is the Teuthida Morta - its
ink not only produces a category 10
stain, but it's also venomous.

MICHAEL
Wait - what? I'm not going in
there.

MARCY
You've got nothing to worry about.
Those pants defeated a nest of king
cobras just yesterday!

CHAD
Besides, Michael, we'd hate to have
to report back to David that you're
not a team player on your very
first day.

MARCY

Go on. In you go!

Michael sighs, then walks over to the tank, climbs up the ladder, and lowers himself into the tank.

MARCY

Doing great, Mike!

CHAD

Now scare it, or David's gonna hear all about it.

MICHAEL

How do I scare a venomous squid?

NANETTE

Be mean. You're from Marketing, that should come naturally to you.

CHAD

Corner it. Make some noise. Don't be a pussy.

Michael wades toward the squid, making half-hearted "Argh!" sounds. The water turns jet black.

MARCY

Great! Come on out.

Michael wades over to the ladder, climbs out. The pants are spotless.

MICHAEL

Wow! I admit I was skeptical, but I could feel the pants getting aggressive, and, like, protective, and...not a spot on me!

Marcy nods to Nanette, who walks over to some shelving, and pulls off a chainsaw.

CHAD

Now, the blood test.

MICHAEL

Wait - what?

Nanette fires up the chainsaw.

MARCY

(shouting) Michael, you survived a venomous squid! What's a measly Home Depot power tool gonna do?

Nanette approaches Michael with the chainsaw. He crouches and screams. Marcy nods to Nanette, who powers down the chainsaw.

MARCY (CONT'D)

Sorry, Michael. That was actually the crap test.

MICHAEL

The what?

Marcy nods to Nanette, who steps behind Michael, leans down, and smells his butt.

MARCY

Well?

NANETTE

Of course he crapped them. He's from Marketing.

MICHAEL

Jesus, you guys are intense.

MARCY

Nanette, could you prepare the next test?

Nanette exits. Michael squirms, pulling the pants material away from his butt.

MICHAEL

If you'll excuse me, I need to go change.

MARCY

No, you don't.

CHAD

The pants consume any foreign substances that are abruptly introduced into its eco system. They're self cleaning, you whiny bitch.

MICHAEL

That's not poss -

After a beat, Michael straightens.

MICHAEL

Well, I'll be damned.

MARCY

Now I believe Nanette has come up with something really exciting for this next round.

Nanette re-enters the room in a haz-mat suit, carrying a glass case that contains a glowing substance.

NANETTE

The anti-matter test.

MICHAEL

You know what? If I hadn't just survived a venomous squid, and experienced the miracle of self cleaning pants, I'd be nervous, but....let's do this!

Marcy nods to Nanette, who reaches a gloved hand into the container, extracts some anti-matter, and then flings it on Michael's pants.

MICHAEL (CONT'D)

These pants are a tagline waiting to happen! "Life's scary. These pants are scarier." They're gonna be huge!

There's a puff of smoke and a flash of light. When it clears, Michael is gone - only the pants remain, standing.

NANETTE

Just as I suspected. Anti-matter's notoriously unstable.

MARCY

Don't get discouraged, Nan. You probably just need to tweak the formula a bit. Awesome effort.

CHAD

Third marketing exec in a week. They're so fucking delicate. David'll be pissed, though.

MARCY

No, no, David gets it. There's a waiver of liability in the fine print of the new hire paperwork. Good job, guys! We'll head back to the drawing board after lunch. Who's feeling Chipotle?

FADE OUT.