

TEASER

FADE IN:

INT. KAREN'S CAR - DAY

KAREN, late 20s, very attractive, puts her car in park and looks at SCOTT, late 20s, well-groomed and wearing an expensive suit, staring blankly ahead in the passenger seat.

KAREN

God I miss your Beamer.

(Beat.)

Are you really this desperate?

SCOTT

You *know* I'm this desperate. You were the one who talked me out of putting one of my kidneys on eBay.

KAREN

I'm not looking forward to telling everyone that my fiancé has a promising career working at a...

(disgusted)

...a gym.

SCOTT

A) It's a full-service health and fitness center, and B) if I get this job, it's just temporary until I find something better.

CUT TO:

INT. BAR - EVENING

SUPER: "Three years ago."

Scott sits at the bar with a male FRIEND, mid 20s, half empty beers in front of them.

FRIEND

Dude, I can't believe you want to ask Karen out. I heard that she has a jar in her bedroom closet where she keeps her last boyfriend's testicles. Are you really this desperate?

SCOTT

A) She's hot, and B) if she says yes,
it's just temporary until I find
something better.

They chug their beers.

BACK TO:

INT. KAREN'S CAR - DAY

Scott hides a look of horror as he glances at Karen. She
doesn't notice.

KAREN

Call me when you're ready to be picked
up.

EXT. PARKING LOT - DAY

Scott stands tall, holding a leather portfolio, looking up.
Karen's car peels out behind him, leaving Scott in a cloud of
exhaust. He coughs, but his gaze is unbroken.

The object of his gaze is a large, modern building with a
sign that reads "Squat Spot Fitness" and underneath "A Full-
Service Health and Fitness Center".

Scott curses in one, long, exasperated breath. It is BLEEPED
out.

SCOTT

Fuuuhhh....

END OF TEASER

ACT ONE

INT. LOBBY - DAY

DEBBIE, early 30s, sitting at the front desk, greets Scott. She is like a Stepford wife - beautiful, but robotic.

DEBBIE

Welcome to Squat Spot Fitness!

SCOTT

Scott Carter. I have an appointment for an interview.

DEBBIE

Welcome Mr. Carter. Please, help yourself to some all-natural asparagus infused water.

Debbie gestures to a glass beverage dispenser filled with water and a ridiculous amount of asparagus.

DEBBIE (CONT'D)

I'll let the manager know that you are here.

Scott's face shows that he is a bit weirded out by her.

Debbie picks up the phone.

INT. BOBBY BRIMBLE'S OFFICE - DAY

BOBBY BRIMBLE, mid 30s, ear buds in, wearing the standard-issued collared gym shirt with the company logo, sits behind his desk reading a book titled, "How to Conduct a Kick-ass Interview by Remembering Just 3 Things."

His office is filled with bookshelves of business and motivational books. A RECORDING can be heard coming out of his earbuds.

RECORDING (V.O.)

I am powerful. I have everything under control. I am in charge. People like me. People respect me.

Debbie pages him over the phone intercom.

DEBBIE (O.S.)

Sir, your eight o'clock is here.

Bobby removes his earbuds.

BOBBY

Thanks, Debbie. Please bring him up in exactly five minutes.

Bobby closes his book, closes his eyes, and reviews the strategies while he counts on his fingers.

BOBBY (CONT'D)

Be confident. Ask open-ended questions. Don't ask questions about race, religion, or disabilities.

Bobby gets up from his desk and heads for the door.

INT. HALLWAY - CONTINUOUS

Bobby walks down the hallway.

BOBBY

(to himself)

Be confident. Ask open-ended questions. Don't ask questions about race, religion, or disabilities.

Bobby enters the restroom.

INT. LOBBY - DAY

Scott is sitting down with a cup in his hand. He goes to take a sip but before the cup reaches his lips, his eyes catch something in his cup. He pulls out a large piece of soggy asparagus and looks at it inquisitively.

Scott looks around the lobby. There are several promotional posters advertising upcoming events/services offered on the walls.

"Align your chakras with Tanya - Tuesday @ 8pm."

"Remove all the deadly toxins from your body with our delicious organic, GMO-free juices."

"Lose up to 10 pounds per week with our visualization diet."

Scott gets up to leave thinking that he made a bad choice taking the interview.

DEBBIE

Mr. Carter?

Scott continues to make his exit.

DEBBIE (CONT'D)

Mr. Carter?

Scott stops walking, closes his eyes for a moment, takes a deep breath, then turns around and acknowledges Debbie.

DEBBIE (CONT'D)

The manager will see you now.

INT. RESTROOM - DAY

We see the outside of the bathroom stall along with Bobby's feet, pants pulled down.

BOBBY

(half whispering)

Be confident. Ask open-ended questions. Don't ask questions about race, religion, or disabilities.

The toilet FLUSHES. Bobby comes out and washes his hands, looking in the mirror

BOBBY (CONT'D)

(more confident)

Be confident. Ask open-ended questions. Don't ask questions about race, religion, or disabilities.

INT. HALLWAY - CONTINUOUS

Bobby exits the restroom and heads back to his office.

LISA, early 30s, a fitness director with glasses, walks beside him. She, too, wears the standard-issued collared gym shirt with the company logo and gym pants, both loose fitting.

LISA

Bobby. One of my best group exercise instructors quit last night because of the lack of members. The rest of my team has one foot out the door. I really hope this new guy works out.

BOBBY

I've seen some of his photos on Facebook. I think he does work out.

Bobby approaches his office. He sees Debbie approaching with Scott. Bobby quickly ducks into his office.

INT. BOBBY BRIMBLE'S OFFICE - DAY

Bobby leans against his book shelf, picks out a random book and makes it look as if he is busy reading.

BOBBY
(to himself, struggling)
Be confident. Umm... Dammit!

Scott appears in the doorway.

Bobby looks up and smiles. He attempts to return the book to the shelf but it falls on the floor. He pretends not to notice. Bobby walks over to Scott and extends his hand.

BOBBY (CONT'D)
Bobbybrimble.

SCOTT
I'm sorry?

BOBBY
(smiling and confident)
Bobby. Brimble. Please call me Bobby.

SCOTT
Scott Carter. Pleasure to meet you.

BOBBY
Please, have a seat.

Bobby and Scott both sit down. Bobby attempts to be smooth but stumbles while sitting down. He awkwardly leans back in his chair, legs crossed, with his hands clasped over his knee.

BOBBY (CONT'D)
So Scott, tell me a little about yourself.

SCOTT
I spent the last nine years working in marketing for The Tillman Agency, one of the largest marketing firms in the Boston Area. Two years ago, I was promoted to the Director of Marketing. Then... a few months ago, the company went under when the CEO was indicted for fraud, racketeering...

Bobby, wide-eyed, struggles to pay attention to Scott. Bobby, with a forced smile, nods in agreement a bit too much. Scott's voice is drowned out by Bobby's inner dialogue...

BOBBY (V.O.)
Be confident, I got that. The second thing had something to do with working out on Facebook? No!
(thinking)
Damn! The third thing... disabilities race, racism disability? Son of a...
(panic)
Abort! Abort now!

SCOTT (CONT'D)
...corporate espionage, embezzlement, falsification of financial information, self-dealing by corporate insiders, fraud in connection with an otherwise legitimately operated mutual hedge fund, market manipulation, money laundering, Ponzi schemes, human trafficking, and terrorism.

Bobby smiles at Scott, a little too eagerly.

BOBBY
That all sounds great.

Bobby stands up and reaches across the desk clasping Scott's hand with both of his hands, knocking over a cup full of pencils and pens in the process.

BOBBY (CONT'D)
Congratulations, you'll make a fine addition to the team, Scott Carter! Let me show you around.

Bobby leads a bemused Scott out of the office.

BOBBY (CONT'D)
Carter. Is that a Jewish name?

INT. GYM, FREEWEIGHTS SECTION - DAY

A heated argument takes place between two personal trainers amidst the sweating PATRONS, various ages and genders, of the gym.

The first is ROG, late 40s, a very large, muscular, masculine man with a "Semper Fidelis" tattoo on his forearm, the poster guy for conservatism.

He argues loudly as TRINA, early 20s, fresh out of college with pink and blue hair, the poster girl for liberalism and social justice, listens, completely ignoring her CLIENT, 70s, male, whom she should be spotting.

ROG

(calm, but firm)

Members are complaining about weights being left all over the gym floor. Trainers who don't put away the weights are disrespecting the weights, not to mention the gym employees who have given their careers to serving the members, and the institution of health and fitness itself! It's a disgrace!

SUPER: "#RespectTheWeights"

Trina walks toward Rog, no longer behind her client who is in the middle of his reps.

TRINA

"Disrespecting the weights?" Are you kidding me? Since when does cast iron and paint deserve our respect?

In the background, her client failing to push up the last rep. He is stuck with a dangerous amount of weight on his chest. He flails madly.

TRINA (CONT'D)

I am not going to put away the weights and show pride in an institution that oppresses people of girth.

SUPER: "#LeaveTheWeights"

TRINA (CONT'D)

To me, this is bigger than personal training and it would be selfish on my part to look the other way. We need to be the voice for our members. We need to show compassion and care about our members.

Bobby and Scott enter the gym as Trina finishes her rant. Neither Bobby nor Rog notice the struggling client. Scott notices, but cannot seem to break away from the conversation. He is distracted.

BOBBY

Rog, Trina, I'd like to introduce you to our newest team member: Scott Carter, our new membership and promotions manager.

TRINA

(friendly)

Nice to meet you.

Scott's open palm is gesturing to the struggling client. Trina grabs Scott's hand and shakes it.

SCOTT

(looking and pointing at the struggling client)

That guy can't--

Rog quickly grabs Scott's hand and shakes it as soon as Trina releases it.

ROG

(authoritatively and inquisitively)

Hey!?

Scott's attention is instantly drawn to ROG.

ROG (CONT'D)

(now smiling)

Welcome to the family!

Trina finally notices her struggling client and runs over to him. Lisa walks by. Bobby stops her.

BOBBY

Lisa, This is Scott. Do you mind walking him to the staff meeting? I'll go grab his paperwork from... human resources.

(Bobby smirks knowing that Lisa knows there is no human resources department)

LISA

Yeah, no problem.

SCOTT

Scott Carter.

Scott extends his hand.

LISA

Lisa McDougle, fitness director. We can really use the help around here.

Lisa shakes Scott's hand a little too fast and for a little too long.

Lisa and Scott walk together towards the conference room. As soon as Bobby is out of view, Lisa tenses.

LISA (CONT'D)

How much do you know about Squat?

SCOTT

I don't know squat.
(corny laugh)

INT. MAIN GYM FLOOR - CONTINUOUS

Lisa and Scott stop at a water cooler. Lisa pours a cup for Scott then a cup for herself. They continue walking to the conference room.

LISA

You're not the first person hired for this position. In fact...
(embarrassed)
You're the seventh... in the last two weeks.

SCOTT

Second?

LISA

Seventh! About a year ago, a former member named Jack Pemberton won 42 million dollars in the lottery, bought the gym, and officially took over last year.

Scott begins to sip his water but is startled by a large piece of asparagus in the cup.

LISA (CONT'D)

He eventually fired all twelve employees on the business side and hired Bobby, his nephew. Bobby's a real sweet guy, tries hard, but doesn't know what the hell he's doing.

SCOTT

Why would Pemberton fire everyone?

Lisa and Scott arrive at the conference room. They stop right before the door. REX, a heavysset man in his mid 30s, walks by. Lisa and Scott look at him while smiling.

LISA (to Rex) Hi. How are ya? Good to see you.
SCOTT (CONT'D) (to Rex) Hello there. What's up?

Soon as Rex passes, both Lisa and Scott immediately regain the intense focus on their conversation.

LISA
Like Bobby, he doesn't know what the hell he is doing. It must run in the family. And your predecessors were fired either because they implemented Jack's stupid ideas, which of course, failed. Or because they refused to implement Jack's ethically questionable ideas.

SCOTT
Why are you telling me this?

LISA
Because I've seen your resumé and I think you can actually help us. If you can't--we're all screwed. Bobby let it slip that Pemberton is ready to close the gym and take the tax write off if we keep losing members. Basically, Scott, we need you to save Squat.

Lisa enters the conference room, giving Scott a moment to reflect on the gravity of what she just said. Scott enters moments after.

INT. CONFERENCE ROOM - CONTINUOUS

A large flatscreen monitor showing the company logo is mounted on the wall. Below it is a large conference table with several staff members seated around it. They look up as Lisa and Scott enter.

LISA
Guys, I want to introduce you to Scott, our new membership guy. Scott, this is Tanya, our Yoga instructor...

TANYA (pronounced TAN-ya), late 30s, decked out in new age attire, puts her hands together and slightly bows her head.

TANYA
Namaste.

SCOTT

I love Yoga. Without a doubt, my all-time favorite Star Wars character.
(corny laugh)

There's a slight pause in the conversation. Everyone looks at Scott inquisitively, missing his attempt at humor.

LISA

Lidia, our Zinga instructor...

LIDIA, early 20s, gives Scott a little wave.

LIDIA

Welcome, Scott!

SCOTT

Thanks, Lidia! Y'know, I tried Zinga once...

Everyone is expecting more to the story, but Scott is silent. After an uncomfortably long pause, Lisa continues.

LISA

Rex, our spin instructor...

Rex awkwardly stands and reaches across the table for a fist bump from Scott. Scott hesitantly reaches back to complete the bump.

REX

Hey buddy!

LISA

And JJ, one of our personal trainers.

JJ, an extremely effeminate man in his mid 20s, enthusiastically gets up to greet Scott.

JJ

I'm a hugger, do you mind?

SCOTT

(welcoming)
Not at all.

JJ wraps his arms firmly around Scott. Scott has his arms out to the side at first, then uncomfortably pats JJ on the back.

Before JJ let's go, Bobby walks in the conference room and pulls Scott to the side in private. Bobby is holding a thick stack of documents and a pen. Bobby hands Scott most of the forms.

BOBBY

Here are some standard employment forms that you can take with you and fill out at home tonight. The rest will be shipped to you.

Bobby puts one form on the table in front of Scott.

BOBBY (CONT'D)

I'll need you to sign this one now. It's a standard non-disclosure. Y'know, sayin' that you will non... disclose... stuff.

SCOTT

Sure...

BOBBY

Sign here.

Scott signs. Bobby flips the page.

BOBBY (CONT'D)

Here.

Scott signs. Bobby flips the page.

BOBBY (CONT'D)

Initial here...here...here...and thumb print here.

Bobby pulls an ink pad from his pocket, opens it, and puts it on the table for Scott. Scott hesitantly sticks his thumb in the ink and presses his thumb on the document. Bobby takes the document.

BOBBY (CONT'D)

Thank you.

Scott looks around for something to wipe his thumb on. Rog and Trina enter the room still arguing.

TRINA

You're just not getting it.

ROG

I get it. It's you who doesn't get it!

BOBBY

(To Rog and Trina)

Alright, alright... what's going on?

Rog and Trina have a seat at the table.

TRINA

Rog here thinks that "respecting the weights" is more important than the systemic discrimination happening not only here, but at all fitness centers across the country.

ROG

And Trina thinks that it's acceptable to treat the weights like used prophylactics by leaving them all over the gym floor in protest because of a handful of whiney members who can't handle a little tough love.

BOBBY

Wait, who's leaving condoms on the floor?

TANYA

If they're the really small ones, then it's Rex.

ROG

No...It's not a literal... I was...

Rog gives up.

LISA

Trina, what kind of discrimination are you talking about?

Rog slowly shakes his head and brings his hand to his forehead.

TRINA

Well, discrimination against the motivationally challenged.

There is a pause. Tanya and JJ nod in approval. Everyone else looks confused.

REX

You mean... lazy people?

Rog looks at Rex and points to him in agreement.

TRINA

No, I mean the motivationally challenged. There are many people, due to genetics and environment, who simply don't have the motivation that others have. Yet many fitness trainers...

Trina pauses and glares at Rog.

TRINA (CONT'D)

...continue to yell at them and push them just as aggressively as their motivationally privileged clients. Trainers across the country are refusing to put away the weights in protest.

REX

People come to the gym to get away from politics.

TANYA

No, Rex. The gym and politics have always been intertwined.

JJ

The last time we protested by removing the bolts from the exercise equipment we were called "psychopaths." Now we peacefully protest and it's still the wrong way? Is there any right way for a fitness trainer to protest?

ROG

The management should be supporting me here. If they see a trainer protesting by disrespecting the weights, they should get that son of a bitch off the gym floor. Out! Fired!

The room breaks out in heated conversational chaos with everyone talking at once. Bobby nervously looks at his watch.

BOBBY

(to Scott with urgency)

Let's go meet Mr. Pemberton. He's expecting your call.

Bobby gestures out the conference room door. Scott walks out.

END OF ACT ONE

ACT TWO

INT. SCOTT'S OFFICE - DAY

Scott's office is large, well-furnished, and very comfortable.

BOBBY

Why don't you have a seat at your new desk?

Scott sits down, nodding his head in approval while he looks around the desk and office. Bobby stands behind him.

BOBBY (CONT'D)

See the video conference icon on the desktop? Click on that. Now select "Jack" from the directory... Whoops! Not "Jackie." That call costs us \$2.95 per minute. And click the green button when you're ready to start the call.

Bobby heads for the door, then stops, turning back.

BOBBY (CONT'D)

Oh, one more thing...

MONTAGE: Bobby wishes good luck to all of EMPLOYEES in this office that came before Scott, beginning with a PROFESSIONAL MAN, mid 40s.

SUPER: "Two weeks ago"

The professional man sits in Scott's place and looks up at Bobby eagerly.

BOBBY (CONT'D)

Welcome aboard!

CUT TO:

SUPER: "11 days ago"

A PROFESSIONAL WOMAN, in her 30s looks at Bobby.

BOBBY (CONT'D)

Good luck!

CUT TO:

SUPER: "10 days ago"

A YOUNG TATTOOED MAN, with piercings and a mohawk, dressed in punk rock clothing looks at Bobby.

Bobby gives him the dual devil horns gesture.

CUT TO:

SUPER: "One week ago"

A morbidly OBESE WOMAN in her mid 50s, covered in makeup, looks at Bobby. Several cats are seen on her desk.

BOBBY (CONT'D)
CAT-ch ya later!

CUT TO:

SUPER: "Last Friday"

A BORED MAN in his mid 20s wearing goth-style clothing and makeup looks at Bobby.

BOBBY (CONT'D)
Wow.

CUT TO:

SUPER: "Three days ago"

A ten-year-old LITTLE GIRL in pigtails looks at Bobby.

BOBBY (CONT'D)
You do a good job, princess!

LITTLE GIRL
Thanks, Uncle Bobby!

MONTAGE END.

Scott looks up at Bobby.

BOBBY
It's great to have you on the team.

Bobby gives Scott the thumbs up. Scott returns the gesture with his black thumb still covered with ink. Bobby exits.

Scott looks for something to wipe the ink off his thumb, but doesn't find anything.

Scott initiates the video conference call with Jack.

He connects and Jack appears on Scott's screen. JACK PEMBERTON, mid 50s, dressed sharply, is an exceptionally charming and good-looking guy. He is in his home office, which is clearly in a upscale home.

JACK

Scotty-boy!

SCOTT

Nice to mee--

JACK

It is so great to meet you, pal. You're going be doing some amazing things with marketing and promotion for Squat Spot Fitness. Are you excited, or what?

SCOTT

(nods)

I--

JACK

I knew you were! I can see it in your eyes! The same unadulterated passion I had when I got *my* first job.

Jack's phone rings.

SCOTT

Oh, this isn't--

JACK

Give me a moment, I need to take this.

Jack picks up his cell phone and starts talking to the person on the other end.

Scott sits uncomfortably waiting for Jack's attention.

JACK (CONT'D)

(to person on phone)

This is Jack. Rin-Tim-Timmy! So what'd she say? You gotta be kidding me? Really? Really? She said that? Oh man! You are one lucky guy! Then what'd you say? You didn't!? You did? Really? Really? You said that?

Scott eyes the clock in his office. It reads 8:20... then 8:50... then 9:15... and Jack is *still* on the phone.

JACK (CONT'D)

(to person on phone)

It's been great catching up with you man. You too. Ow-ooo-gahhh!

(laughs)

Bye bye.

(to Scott)

So anyway, I'd love to chat with you, buddy, but I'm really busy and you got some work to do. Boston Magazine is doing a feature on the area's top fitness centers. We're nailing it across the board except for one pesky category. "Member satisfaction."

Jack types away on his keyboard.

JACK (CONT'D)

I just sent you the link to Boston Magazine's online survey for our members. We need to get an average rating of at least 4 1/2 stars out of 5, AND according to their "rules," we need to make sure we send the survey link to ALL of our active members. Now, I'm not one to advocate breaking rules, but I never met a rule that couldn't be bent. Y'know what I'm sayin' Scotty-boy?

SCOTT

Well, actually I--

JACK

Of course you do.

Jack quiets down a little, talking out of the side of his mouth. He leans forward, close to his camera, his face filling Scott's screen.

JACK (CONT'D)

Now, when we did a pre-survey a few weeks ago, we only got an average of three stars thanks to several dozen whiners. So all you need to do is temporarily suspend *those* members--making them inactive--then send the survey to all the active members. A few minutes later, reinstate the suspended members. Problem solved.

Jack's energy level returns.

JACK (CONT'D)

You see Scotty-boy, every problem has a solution. You just need to use the ol' noggin!

Jack points to his head.

JACK (CONT'D)

I have faith in you, Scotty-boy. I really mean that. Oh, by the way, the deadline's tomorrow. Take care pal!

Jack disconnects, and Scott is left staring at the screen.

INT. MAIN GYM FLOOR - DAY

Lisa, Rog, and Trina are in an area away from members. In the background, we see one FEMALE MEMBER, 40s, walking back and fourth with resistance bands connecting her legs, arms, and one arm and one leg. She looks very strange and highly uncoordinated.

LISA

What about a compromise? Trina, can you lean the weights against the weight racks rather than just leave them in the middle of the floor?

Behind Rog is a television with some generic commercial playing. The sound is faint.

ROG

What does that accomplish?

LISA

It's a way for Trina and other trainers to show solidarity and still give a respectful nod to the health and fitness institution and the weights.

Trina pauses for a moment to consider the compromise.

TRINA

If it works for Rog, I can live with it.

Trina and Lisa look at Rog. Rog engages in a moment of deep reflection before he speaks.

A commercial for the Marines is playing on the television in the background. The sound is louder. It is patriotic music. On the television is a montage of patriotic scenes.

ROG

My Daddy once told me that America is about respect, honor, and freedom. But he also told me that this means respecting and honoring the freedom of those who we disagree with. For the sake of the weights, the other employees, and the very institution we serve... yeah. I can live with that.

Trina and Rog give each other a respectful nod. The Marines commercial ends and we see on the screen and hear the announcer say "The Marines. We Don't Compromise." Scott approaches Lisa.

SCOTT

Hey, Lisa. Can I talk to you for a minute?

LISA

Sure, what's up?

Scott is momentarily distracted by a male member, in his 40s, wearing 1980s-style short shorts. The member is sitting on the floor with his legs spread, stretching. His crotch is pixelated. Scott makes a disgusted face, then regains focus.

SCOTT

I had a quick meeting with Jack who already gave me one of those ethically questionable tasks you mentioned. I really appreciate you being so up front with me, so I wanted to tell you this myself: I don't think I can take this job.

LISA

Come with me. There's someone you need to meet.

INT. BASEMENT - DAY

Lisa and Scott stand in front of a door with a sign that reads "Custodial Engineering." Lisa knocks on the door, then gives Scott a "trust me" look.

The JANITOR opens the door. He is a very distinguished man, highly articulate, in his late 50s. He is tall and clean shaven with a powerful presence. He wears pressed dark blue Dickies pants with a matching top. His name patch reads "Janitor."

The inside of his office is meticulous and has a large bookshelf full of books on philosophy, literature, history, religion, and science.

The janitor greets Scott with a warm and welcoming smile.

JANITOR

You must be Scott. Please, won't you come in?

Lisa gives a nod to both Scott and the janitor. She leaves.

INT. JANITOR'S OFFICE - DAY

Scott sits down on a couch that looks like it belongs in a psychiatrist's office.

The janitor pours a large cup of water for Scott.

The janitor sits down in his executive chair. He leans over to his phone and presses a button.

JANITOR

Debbie, please hold my calls.
(to Scott)
What's on your mind, son?

SCOTT

Big picture? I have the feeling that I just jumped aboard a sinking ship.

Beat.

JANITOR

June 17th, 2017. The US Navy destroyer Fitzgerald was in danger of sinking after a catastrophic collision off the coast of Japan. But the ship didn't sink. The Admiral credited the "heroic efforts" of the crew in saving the ship. Not all sinking ships are destined to sink, Scott. Especially those with the right crew.

Beat.

SCOTT

All right. Let's assume that I take this job... which I think I might have already done.

Scott glances at his ink-covered thumb.

SCOTT (CONT'D)

Jack Pemberton basically asked me to fake member satisfaction survey results. This just seems very wrong.

Beat.

JANITOR

Scott, there's an approach in normative ethics known as Utilitarianism.

Scott listens intently as he lifts the cup of water up to his mouth. His eyes catch something in his cup. He pulls out a large piece of asparagus and looks at it inquisitively.

JANITOR (CONT'D)

Although the Classical Utilitarians, Jeremy Bentham, John Stuart Mill, and even Epicurus conflated hedonism with good, the value in the approach is its focus on maximizing the overall good. In other words, Scott, from the Utilitarian perspective, consequences of our actions are of greater moral value than the actions themselves.

SCOTT

So I should fake the results?

JANITOR

Well, not without considering virtue ethics. Plato emphasized four virtues in particular, which were later called cardinal virtues: wisdom, courage, temperance and justice. Virtue ethics stresses the importance of developing good habits of character.

Beat.

JANITOR (CONT'D)

Consider, Scott, that you might be asking the wrong question. Rather than ask "should I do this unethical thing" perhaps you should ask "how can I do this thing ethically?"

Both Scott and the janitor take a moment for reflection. The janitor stands up.

JANITOR (CONT'D)

Well, if you will excuse me, son, I have to mop up a regurgitated wheatgrass, kale, and banana peel smoothie by the leg press.

Scott gets up and extends his hand to the janitor. The janitor notices the ink on Scott's thumb. He grabs a paper towel and puts some rubbing alcohol on it. He cleans the ink from Scott's thumb with ease.

He gives Scott a friendly nod and a warm smile, then wheels his mop bucket out the door. Scott watches him go in utter confusion.

Scott sees a missed voicemail on his phone. He hits play.

VOICE (V.O.)

(deep voice, obfuscated)

Scott Carter. This is Windstream Electric. We've disconnected your electricity. If you ever want to see you power again, bring a cashier's check to...

Coughing/throat clearing on the line.

VOICE (V.O.)

(friendly)

...sorry about that! Please bring a cashiers check for \$382.44 to any of our offices. Thank you and have a great day!

EXT. SQUAT SPOT FITNESS BUILDING - DAY

A quick shot of the building with MEMBERS, various ages, coming and leaving.

INT. SCOTT'S OFFICE - DAY

Scott, seated at desk, stares at his screen about to type.

SERIES OF SHOTS:

- Scott organizes his drawers
- Scott spins a ruler on a pencil
- Scott stares at his screen again... about to type.
- Scott holds a pencil between his upper lip and nose.

- Scott creates an elaborate structure with all the items on his desk and in his drawers.
- Scott picks up the phone and starts dialing.

SCOTT

Hello, Susan. This is Scott Carter, the new membership director at Squat Spot Fitness. I am following up on your complaint about one of the members. What can I do to help?

Beat.

SCOTT (CONT'D)

I am aware of the member, and I agree that his shorts are far too revealing.

EXT. SQUAT SPOT FITNESS BUILDING - NIGHT

A quick shot of the building and a mostly empty parking lot.

INT. LOBBY

Scott walks towards the exit with his jacket over his shoulder and large stack of file folders under his arm. The janitor is mopping the floor by the entrance.

JANITOR

Will we see you tomorrow, Scott?

Scott stops.

SCOTT

(gaining confidence)
I think so.

JANITOR

How do you feel?

SCOTT

(casually)
Fine.

JANITOR

I mean, how do you feel about yourself?

Beat.

SCOTT
(proudly, smiling)
Good. Really good.

JANITOR
Mind the signs, son. Mind the signs.

SCOTT
(contemplative)
Right. Signs are everywhere. We just
need to look for them.

Scott starts walking out the door. He slips and falls on the
wet floor. His folders and the papers scatter in the air.

JANITOR
The signs, Scott.

The janitor gestures to the two previously unseen "wet floor"
signs.

END OF ACT TWO

TAG

INT. GYM, FREEWEIGHTS SECTION

The gym floor is empty, except for a WOMAN vacuuming in the background and Rog and Trina finishing up for the night.

The television plays the national anthem indicating that the station is going off the air for the day.

Rog takes weights that members left on barbells and puts them back on the weight racks.

Trina does the same, but she leans the weights against the weight racks.

As the anthem comes to a close, Rog stands tall looking off into the distance scratching his left breast with this right hand.

Trina, down on one knee, ties her sneaker. Trina stands up the moment the anthem ends.

Rog stops scratching his breast.

Trina puts her hand on ROG's shoulder. ROG gives Trina a side-hug. They both smile and walk out together.

FADE OUT

END OF EPISODE.