THE HUMAN SHOW

An Adventure into the Human Mind.

**VIDEO 1 – WELCOME TO FELIX**

Open on simple beat song to introduce the name of the show.

This song turns into a kitsch company video intro – the sort of thing that big businesses play to new employees to get them acquainted with where they’re working.

TITLE SUPER: **Part 1: Welcome to Felix**

Cut to empty warehouse. A figure sits alone on a chair with a bag on their head, a grinning smiley-face badly scratched across it. TOM and NICK approach from opposite sides of the room and stand with their hands on the figure’s shoulders.

NICK: **Hi.**

TOM: **Hi.**

NICK: **On behalf of the entire team here at Felix, welcome to Felix.**

TOM: **I’m Felix.**

NICK: **And I am also Felix.**

TOM: **And this little character, this little guy right here, this is Felix.**

NICK: **On behalf of the entire team here at Felix, let us guide you now on a tour of Felix, now.**

TOM: **Come on, let’s take a look around.**

NICK: **Inside Felix, the human.**

Very long pause. Both stare into the camera. This takes up TIME.

TOM: **That’s where the show is set.**

**SCENE: FELIX IN THE WORLD.**

Hard cut to next title scene.

TITLE: **Part 2: Getting to know the workplace.**

Shot of Nick and Tom sitting side by side, as if they’re joined at the shoulder. Their two shirts spell out “FELIX”.

NICK VO: **Felix lives a simple life as a simple man. He is 29 years old, and lives in Adelaide, South Australia. People would generally say his most defining features are his severe hay fever, the esoteric noise he makes when he swallows, and the strange fast walk he does because he has no idea what to do with his arms when he runs.**

 **Throughout his 20s, Felix has tried his sweaty hands at various careers. At his last job, he was known for excessively talking about hockey – one of his few public interests. However, he was fired when a colleague casually mentioned they thought ice hockey was a superior sport, and Felix responded by keying “puck-Nazi” into their car door and crying in the stairwell.**

 **Today, Felix works in PR for a major consultancy firm, although two years into this career, he has still not brought up with his employer that he has no idea how to raise his standing desk.**

Cut to next scene.

**TITLE: YOUR COLLEAGUES AT FELIX.**

Shot of the two emotions walking around inside Felix’s mind.

NICK VO: **Here in Felix’s mind, we do a lot of work to make sure things run as smoothly as possible.**

They enter a room, with a dumb song about pinecones playing in it.

TOM: **There’s a lot of junk in here. Like this song. It’s been stuck in here for about a year now. We have no idea how to get it out. Felix wrote it himself while he was waiting for his mum to pick him up from work…and yeah, it’s about pinecones.**

Interview-style shot of the two emotions sitting next to each other.

TOM: **I’m Felix’s Anxiety, and I handle the daily admin of assessing things like “can Felix do this thing?”, or “does Felix deserve anyone’s attention?” or “Does Felix even care about anything?”**

NICK: **And I’m Felix’s crippling Depression, so I handle finding responses to things like this, which would be “No he can’t”, “No he doesn’t”, and “No, why should anyone care about anything?”**

TOM: **We’re sort of in an unofficial management role, but we’re great collaborators in the workplace.**

NICK: **Our colleagues love us.**

TOM: **I mean… do they, though?**

NICK: **No; who could ever care about us? Ever?**

They both stare at each other for a second – then grin and shake hands.

TOM: **Good job. So depressing.**

NICK: **That self-doubt you laid down though – really nice.**

TOM: **We are very great.**

Cut to Tom and Nick entering a room, where another “person” sits at a desk, staring into the distance. They’re both obviously a bit dismissive of the job this person does.

NICK: **Oh, uh… so, this is Felix’s Self-Confidence. Anything you want to say about what you do here, or…?**

S-C: **Well, I…**

Self-Confidence pauses as NICK hands TOM a megaphone and tests it out briefly. Self-Confidence stares at the two of them for a second.

S-C: **Basically, I –**

TOM (M/PHONE): **YEAH?**

S-C: **I, um, just make sure Felix feels good about -**

TOM: **SO IMPORTANT.**

S-C: **- about how he’s doing in his life**

TOM: **OH, SO IMPORTANT. HE’S DOING SO GOOD.**

S-C: **And the choices he’s making for himself**

TOM: **HE’S DOING A GREAT JOB AND SO ARE YOU.**

S-C: **So I…**

TOM: **I don’t – is this on?**

NICK: **Let me see it?**

TOM: **In summary, Felix is a great place to work. But don’t take my word for it.**

Cut back to Self-Confidence with Anxiety and Depression standing either side.

S-C: **I… yeah, I mean, it’s… fine?**

A & D look to camera and give two thumbs up, pressed into either side of Self-Confidence’s face.

TOM: **On top of the lively and exciting atmosphere, there are many company benefits to working here in Felix, such as:**

Baseball cap.

TOM VO: **New hat!**

Piece of A4 with a picture of a dolphin.

NICK VO: **A printed-out jpeg of a dolphin!**

Nick chewing dry instant coffee in a dirty cupboard.

TOM VO: **Free coffee in the break room!**

Tom staring into distance.

NICK VO: **Crippling self-doubt!**

Nick with face down on a desk.

TOM VO: **No holidays, ever!**

A mug with “Felix” written across it.

NICK VO: **And mug!**

TOM and NICK sit in chairs, both wearing hats and holding mugs, on either side of the masked figure in the chair.

NICK: **Well, looks like it’s time for Felix to wake up here at Felix, and start another day of being Felix.**

TOM: **And that means he and I have some serious work to do. Because everything is serious, and everything is worth worrying about.**

NICK: **On behalf of everyone here at Felix, why not join us for a ride-along as Felix navigates another day of being Felix today.**

Both get up and walk into the camera, which goes black.

**SONG 1 – FELIX’S UP-&-READY ROUTINE**

**PRE-AMBLE**

TOM: Felix is a creature of habit – and to make sure his day goes well, he’s got to start every day in the exact same way.

 And we call it his…

**CHORUS**

TOM: Up and Ready Routine.

 Up and Ready Routine.

 Up and Ready Routine.

 Up and Ready Routine.

**VERSE 1**

TOM: Felix doesn’t have the best routine in the world.

 But getting it right is a little win for the day.

 His mental state works a like a game of Jenga.

 One fuck up can make the whole tower sway.

 Funnily enough, the name, Jenga, comes from the Swahili word *kujenga,* meaning ‘to build’ – which is exactly what the game involves.

 And, rather ironically, Felix’s name comes from the Latin word, *Felicis*, meaning ‘happy’, and ‘lucky’ – which is exactly what Felix has never felt, nor been.

**CHORUS**

NICK: And that’s Felix’s…

TOM: Up and Ready Routine.

 Up and Ready Routine.

 Up and Ready Routine.

 Up and Ready Routine.

**VERSE 2**

TOM: Step 1.

Felix’s routine starts the same way, every day – with an Up and Ready – which is essentially an off-brand Up and Go.

 It’s a breakfast drink for adults who pick tomatoes from their sandwiches.

 It’s got the protein, energy and dietary fibre of two Wheat Bix and milk, and five boxes of Fruit Loops.

 Step 2.

 Leaving the house, means going back in the house to triple check a few things.

 Like, is the bath still running?

 Then, is the bath still running?

 And…is the bath still running?

 Step 3.

 Then it’s the 7:30 bus, which – thankfully – means the same happy faces each day.

 They’re important pieces in Felix’s puzzling life, so they need to remain a constant.

 Although he’s got no idea of their names, he’s made them up in his head.

 There’s, Janine, Todd, and, Anish.

**CHORUS**

NICK: And that’s Felix’s…

TOM: Up and Ready Routine.

 Up and Ready Routine.

 Up and Ready Routine.

 Up and Ready Routine.

**VERSE 3:**

TOM: So – let’s see how Felix goes today; shall we?

 Step 1.

 Oh dear.

 Today’s routine has gone terribly.

 To start with, Felix was out of Up and Ready, and the only thing left was a really old Up and Jacked.

 Up and Jacked is the North Korean knock-off of Up and Ready.

 It has the protein, energy and dietary fibre of one whole chicken and 12 coffees, but was removed from shelves after it was revealed to contain amphetamines.

 Step 2. Annnnnd that’s another fuck up.

 It turns out Felix’s bath have been running for the past four days and a family of ducks had taken up residency.

 Step 3.

 Oh dear…evicting the ducks meant catching the 850 bus, instead of his usual 730.

And with all the all the new faces on board, one stood out the most.

NICK: Oh no it’s Cardinal George Pell!

TOM: On a positive note – seeing convicted paedophile, George Pell has reminded Felix that he needs to get rid of his VHS collection of The Best of Rolf Harris.

 Now, although Felix isn’t off the bus yet and his Jenga tower has already crumbled – with all 53 pieces quivering on the ground.

 This is not going to be a good day…

**BRIDGE**

NICK: Felix is sweaty;

Lookin’ like his Mum’s spaghetti.

He’s nervous;

Breathing hard and feeling nauseous.

The bus driver says you better get off here son;

Get off at the next stop, go on run.

And Felix does exactly what he says;

Gets a stitch after just 12 metres.

Last to work he limps in late;

Sweat and spit across his face.

His boss bill just shakes his head;

And Felix sits at his desk utterly broken, wishing he was dead.

**CHORUS**

NICK: And that’s Felix’s…

TOM: Up and Ready Routine.

 Up and Ready Routine.

 Up and Ready Routine.

 Up and Ready Routine.

**TALKING 1 – FELIX AT WORK**

Song ends abruptly.

NICK: Hello.

TOM: Hello.

NICK: And yes, as our corporate video said, welcome to Felix’s mind.

Put guitar away during the next bit of Tom-talk.

TOM: Think of it as a kind of internal Narnia, except, instead of magic and adventure in a snow-covered land, it’s basically just a disused warehouse with a dead pelican in the corner and emotions personified as two humans in their late twenties.

NICK: Like if Narnia was that one friends’, sad share house.

TOM: Like if Narnia was a dungeon underneath Fritzl’s quaint German house.

NICK: Like if Narnia was the average mind of a late-twenties white male, basically.

TOM: Pretty much all we’ve got in here is this lamp, which, when we switch it on lets us talk directly to Felix. As we’ve mentioned, I’m Anxiety, which means I make sure Felix worries about everything… because everything is terrifying, and everything is worth worrying about.

NICK: And I’m Depression, or as I like to call myself – Realism. Anxiety and I have been working pretty closely together for a while now. You were – what position were you in when I started?

TOM: I was ‘Teen Angst.’

NICK: Right, and I came on board two My Chemical Romance albums after you to keep Felix thinking objectively about what the future could never realistically hold for him.

A mysterious, buzzing track begins to play. The lights drop. Both emotions point torches at faces.

TOM: The human mind.

NICK: A mental zoo of strange and mysterious creatures beyond comprehension and logic.

TOM: A labyrinth of ideas, concepts, and knowledges, all hidden within the folds, the neurons, the chemicals that make up the brains that sit inside every one of our heads.

NICK: An abstract universe encased inside each individual with its own delicate ecosystem, its own strange physics, and its own ineffable, delicate, intangibility – a flickering candle in the endless wind that we call time that will eventually disappear, taking with it a world that nobody except you will ever truly know; a world that will never exist again.

Music cuts out, lights come back suddenly.

NICK: So, yeah – should a fairly light, enjoyable evening.

TOM: At this point, we know Felix fairly well – we’re kind of the two main emotions in his life, and have been for a while.

NICK: As such, we know a lot about the guy, and we’d like to share a bit of a Best Of with you now.

TOM: I’ve been calling it…

T&N: Five Fun Facts for Felix Fanatics

TOM: Which is a five-pronged alliteration!

NICK: And I’ve been calling that name ‘A Crime Against English’.

TOM: Here’s the first fun fact: Felix suffers from phobophobia – a fear of phobias.

Even more severe, is his onomatophobia – a fear of names – which was born from incessant bullying during his schoolboy years. One particular name was Clam Boy – poking fun at his clammy hands – which, during a game of ‘duck, duck, goose’, suctioned onto the head of one the alopecia students.

NICK: Felix considered climbing a mountain once, just so he could have something to post on his social media. Thinking about it though, he realised climbing a mountain has a lot of upsides. Until you get to the top, then it’s all down-sides.

Acknowledging the joke, Tom and Nick pause for effect.

TOM: Felix suffers from gynecomastia – man boobs – and I make sure he’s incredibly self-conscious about it. On special occasions Felix wraps his upper body with ten metres of cling film in a bid to hide them. Unfortunately, this only amplifies his overwhelmingly sweaty aesthetic.

NICK: Felix’s ex-and only-girlfriend, Patricia, broke up with him on Valentine’s Day, after falling in love with a helicopter pilot. The only thing was that Felix had bought them the ride and was planning to propose mid-flight. But after a serious bout of hay fever, he decided to stay back and wait for her to land. But, they never did.

TOM: Fifth fun fact for Felix Fanatics – Felix accepted the position of Bridesmaid at the wedding…

T&N: And that’s, Five Fun Facts for Felix Fanatics!

NICK: Okay, so! Let’s check in with Felix again.

Lamp on.

Looks like we’re still sitting at his desk at work. And he still hasn’t figured out his password…

TOM: Well that should take him a least an hour for Felix to pluck up the courage to call IT.

NICK: And he won’t want to risk actually being at his desk when IT shows up, because that could mean a conversation, so he’ll take a long lunch, be back after two or three hours, answer some emails, head home, and then –

TOM: And then it’s time to go home, iron his shirt and get ready for his first date in four years.

Lamp off.

TOM: Felix met Stephanie at the Psychologist. He knows they’ve already got a lot in common – like having the same psychologist.

NICK: Hold on – I’ve just got word from Sensory – Bill’s walking over.

NICK: Bill is Felix’s boss. He demands respect. He drives an early 2000s Holden Monaro and wears gloves because he’s scared he’ll get calluses, which he claims are a sign of the working class.

Lamp on.

***BILL VO: Felix, can I see you in my office please?***

TOM: Shit, Felix – what have you done?

NICK: Felix, you need to reply to Bill.

TOM: But, whatever you do, don’t say ‘okaley-dokalie’ – remember, you’ve been warned for saying that too much.

NICK: Say, ‘cool bananas’…

TOM: That’s just as bad…

NICK: Neato?

TOM: Maybe something more original…

***FELIX VO: No worries, Big Boi***

TOM: That was bit flirty, you should’ve stuck with ‘neato.’

***FELIX VO: “Neato!”***

NICK: Oh, fuck, he’d already walked away, you just said ‘neato’ to nothing…

***FELIX VO: “Neato!”***

TOM: Ahh, we left the lamp on. Felix just follow Bill back to his office.

Lamp off.

So, this is about the time where Felix’s train of thought drifts off the rails. For instance, right now Felix is thinking about the way Bill’s bum pops in his suit pants while he walks.

NICK: Yep – and now he’s thinking about how great Bill would look naked.

TOM: I… think I’m going to mess with him a bit…

Lamp on.

Sultry music begins to play.

Tom begins feeling himself.

Hey Felix, picture this: Bill – just out of the shower after he’s been cycling – the blood is still pumping around his body – you can still see the lycra line around his neck and wrists – he’s full of manly testosterone – he smells of pheromones and Original Source Triple X mint shower gel – and Bill says: oi, Felix, ya big boi, grab and shammy and dry my back for me.

Music stops.

NICK: Felix, no, that’s the last thing you want to be think about now we’re sitting at Bill’s desk. He wouldn’t touch your shitty little body anyway – maybe the breasts…

TOM: Felix, just try and listen to Bill, would you?

***BILL VO: Felix, when you first started working here, you were utterly pathetic.***

 ***You looked so pathetic that even blind people knew how pathetic you truly looked – and that’s because their Labradors could see it.***

Bring out pad with “random thoughts” written on it.

NICK: Okay Felix, back over here!

 Well, now seems like as good a time as any for Felix to drift off into the area of his mind we call “Random Thought”. It’s where he keeps repressed memories and pointless thoughts he’s had through the years–dead pelican. Let’s see what’s in here, shall we?

Here’s a childhood memory he’s blocked out for a while.

*DRAWING: A surly looking sandwich artist.*

At age eleven, Felix was allowed to go into a Subway restaurant on his own for the first time – something that had never been allowed before because his biological father had thought sandwiches with more than three ingredients were an abomination against God.

Felix had been planning his order for six months – a foot-long meatball – but the sandwich artist’s surly face put him off so much he instead asked for a “meat-long football”, and the sandwich artist made this face at him. It’s an expression that’s now permanently burned into his psyche.

*DRAWING: A even more surly looking sandwich artist.*

From here, the transaction went relatively smoothly, but when it came time to pay and the worker said “enjoy your sandwich”, Felix responded “Thanks, you too!” At which point the sandwich artist grimaced so violently her face inverted, and Felix had to accompany her to hospital and explain to police what had happened.

*DRAWING: Subway person’s face is contorted and totally inverted – looking like a bum hole.*

***BILL VO: But, Felix, for a lack of better judgement, I decided to welcome you into the inner sanctum. I could see the sales, I could feel the growth, I could taste the stiff drink of Public Relations success.***

*DRAWING: Hockey Anime.*

TOM: HOLD UP – let’s see what else is in here… ah, here’s the hockey based anime script Felix wrote in his six-month compassionate leave from his last job – what was it called again?

NICK: *Koko no Hokke Gun: Yushuna!*

TOM: Or “High School Hockey Force:

T&N: Excellent!”

TOM: Here’s his favourite scene.

Dramatic anime-style music begins to play.

Tom and Nick mime the VO.

***TETSUO VO (TOM): Hey Hiroshi, what’s up?***

***HIROSHI VO (NICK): Tetsuo, I’m in love with Natsume, but she doesn’t know I exist.***

***TETSUO VO (TOM): Hiroshi, that is a problem; I, Tetsuo, am in love with Natsume.***

***HIROSHI VO (NICK): What?***

***TETSUO VO (TOM): I will love her forever and always.***

***HIROSHI VO (NICK): Then we must play hockey to settle this dishonor.***

***TETSUO VO (TOM): I accept your proposal.***

EXPLOSION SFX

***HIROSHI VO (NICK): What is that? HockeyRobot from the Hockey Planet?! Here?!***

***TETSUO VO (TOM): Have you come to challenge us again for the bounties of the Earth?***

***HOCKYROBOT: No, I come to defend the honour of my daughter…***

 ***…Natsume***

***TETSUO VO (TOM): What?***

***HIROSHI VO (NICK): Natsume is a robot’s daughter?***

***T&N VO: Oh no.***

***BILL VO: In the past few months, that’s all gone down the gurgler, ‘a’dn’t-it?***

*DRAWING: Ikea Mum*

NICK: Ah. Well, now Felix is almost definitely about to be fired again, he’s continuing his theme of self-inflating downward social judgement and thinking about the lady that was always ten steps behind him all the way through Ikea a few weeks ago.

 He thought of her only as “Ikea Mum”.

Braydon… Braydon… Braydon… Braydon… Braydon… Braydon… Braydon… Braydon… Braydon… Braydon… Braydon… Braydon… Braydon… Braydon… Braydon… Braydon… Braydon… Braydon… Braydon… Braydon… Braydon… Braydon… Braydon… Braydon… Braydon… Braydon… Braydon… Braydon… Braydon… Good girl.

***BILL VO: And, if you haven’t figured it out Felix, we’re letting you go.***

 ***Getting in late today was the final straw.***

 ***And I’ll be honest, this has not been a tough decision.***

 ***I need you to pack your things and leave.***

*DRAWING: Pasta Sauce.*

TOM: Aaaand here’s a jar of pasta sauce Felix found in his cupboard. Not that special, except for the little logo.

*DRAWING: Close up on logo.*

You see, Felix spent ages staring at this little man. There was just something about him. In his mind, he built a whole character for the logo man.

So, this Felix’s impersonation of this old Italian man with a moustache, eating this bowl of pasta which he bought from a *cucina povera* – a restaurant – on the southern coast. The tomatoes were hand-picked from the gardens of Eleanor Rosella, a raven hair beauty, with whom he shared a passionate love affair. But, due to her betrothal to another man, their love was to be. Now, her a widow and he a widower, he hopes this bowl of pasta, that he is eating, could bring them together, finally, at last. So, this Felix’s impersonation of this little Italian man with a moustache, eating a bowl of pasta that holds such great significance...

“…Bueno!”

***BILL VO: Mate, don’t cause a fuss…***

 ***I’ve got security waiting outdoors.***

TOM: Oh…

NICK: Oh dear.

Lamp off.

NICK: Well…hate to say I told you so.

Tom hands Nick a $20 note from his back pocket.

NICK: I can’t believe you had faith…

TOM: I’m not always the bad guy.

Lamp on.

NICK: Okay, so, Felix has gone back to desk, and he’s feeling particularly sick – is that you doing that?

TOM: Not this time… His heart is racing…I wonder if was that Up and Jacked? How out of date was that?

NICK: From breakfast?

TOM: Yeah…

NICK: Oh… I think the last ad I saw for that was in about 2013. Do you remember that? It was always on at 3am? The one with the two guys?

TOM: Right! The ad with a hyper-masculine dude who used heaps of toxic language to tap into the insecurities of young, impressionable men?

NICK: For some reason, it always really spoke to me.

TOM: Should we… Remind him of that?

NICK: Well… he HAS just been fired…

TOM: So… he’ll be highly impressionable?

NICK: Perfect.

The lights go down.

**AD BREAK – UP & JACKED**

Tom removes his top and Nick places the box over his head.

TOM: Oi…

 Oi you…

 You look like a weak little piece of shit.

 You look weak – like a little baby.

 You look like a little baby who needs his Mummy because you can’t live like a fucking big man.

 You’re insufficient…

 You’re insufficiently muscular.

 And you’re insufficiently lean.

 You need to wake up.

 You need to wake up to yourself you little sissy.

 You need to get, UP AND JACKED!!!!!!

NICK: UP AND JACKED!!!!!!

Lights up.

Tom is standing with his top off and screaming at the audience.

TOM: HI, MY NAME’S JACK GENITALIA, BRAND SPOKESPERSON AND AMBASSADOR FOR THE WONDER-PRODUCT THAT IS… UP AND JACKED!!!!!

TOM: THIS IS A GRIEVOUS AMOUNT OF CAFFEINE, AND PROTEIN, AND FUCKING TESTOSTERONE – WHICH BUILDS MUSCLE!!!!!!

NICK: UP AND JACKED!!!!!!

TOM: WAKE UP EACH MORNING BY PUNCHING YOURSELF IN THE BALLS.

NICK: UP AND JACKED!!!!!!

TOM: THINK THREE COFFEES PROVIDES YOU WITH ENOUGH CAFFEINE TO MAKE YOU SPIRAL INTO FOUR HOURS OF UNCOMFORTABLE ANXIETY?

 THAT’S CHILD’S PLAY COMPARED TO

NICK: UP AND JACKED!!!!!!

TOM: THIS IS THE SAME AMOUNT OF CAFFEINE AS 12 COFFEES.

 4X THE POWER, 4X AS JACKED.

NICK: UP AND JACKED!!!!!!

TOM: THIS IS AN ENERGY DRINK FOR MEN WHO WANNA GET FUCKING SWOLE.

 DO YOU WANNA BE A BIG SWOLLEN GYM MEMBER?

NICK: THEN GET UP AND JACKED!!!!

TOM: PICK UP SHIT, PUT IT DOWN.

 WAKE UP, GET FUCKING JACKED.

 IT’S A PIECE OF PISS.

NICK: UP AND JACKED!!!!!!

TOM: YOUR LEGS WILL TURN TO TREES AND YOUR ARMS WILL TURN TO LEGS AND YOUR HEAD WILL LOOK REALLY FUCKING SMALL BUT THAT’S FINE BECAUSE

NICK: UP AND JACKED!!!!!!

TOM: THIS ADVERTISING IS TRYING TO APPEAL TO THE GROWING RATES OF MUSCLE DYSMORPHIA IN MEN WHO PERCEIVE DEFECTS OR FLAWS IN THEIR PHYSICAL APPEARANCE.

NICK: UP AND JACKED!!!!!!

TOM: FIND YOURSELF IN THE OXYMORONIC SITUATION WHERE YOU WANTED TO GET FUCKING JACKED FOR THE LADIES BUT NOW THE ONLY PEOPLE THAT COMPLIMENT YOU ON YOUR BLOATED BODY ARE OTHER DUDES WHO ARE ALSO GETTING

NICK: UP AND JACKED!!!!!!

TOM: BUILD MUSCLE, GET ANXIOUS – IT’S THE PERFECT STORM.

 AND STORMS ARE MANLY AND SCARY.

 JUST LIKE YOU AFTER YOU GET.

NICK: UP AND JACKED!!!!!!

TOM: GET ADDICTED TO THE CAFFEINE, GET ADDICTED TO THE GYM, GET ADDICTED TO

NICK: UP AND JACKED!!!!!!

TOM: IT’S CALLED BRAND LOYALTY, AND WE FUCKING LOVE IT!!!!!!!

Tom abruptly stops screaming.

NICK: Up and Jacked comes in three great flavours.

TOM: Going-In-Rawberry;

 Don’t-Be-A-Little-Vanilla-Bitch;

 And,

 This is Ice, Chocolate.

NICK: Hi. My name’s Fabio Fallatio, and I started on the Up and Jacked lifestyle by having an Up and Jacked every morning at the age of three. Now, just fifteen years later, I’m 18 years old… thanks, Jack Genitalia.

TOM: DON’T TALK TO ME. THAT’S THE END OF THE AD

Lamp off.

Lights down.

**ACTIVE INTERMISSION – FELIX IS JOBLESS**

We hear the sounds of the street as Felix is walking home and muttering to himself.

***FELIX VO:***  *(Vague mumbling.)*

***Neato… Sure, great job Felix. Nice one. Soo-original.***

***Had to do it, didn't you? Had to run late, had to get yourself fired, had to picture Bill naked like some kind of... some kind of weird... person. I knew this would happen. I KNEW this was going to happen. Can't believe I even thought I'd keep this job!***

***You sit there thinking about... about stupid little Italian men on pasta sauce, and now you're just thinking about some stupid ad about some stupid drink you had for your stupid breakfast with those two stupid guys in it and...***

Felix coughs in a sick way.

***Ugh. Neato. Neato! Good job, me! You utter loser.***

**TALKING 2 – WALKING TO THE DATE**

Lights up.

TOM: After drifting into a fugue state, induced by the six-year-out-of-date Up and Jacked, Felix sat in the office car park, looking at Bill’s Holden Monaro.

NICK: On the bus home, the Up & Jacked struck a second unsettling blow when Felix threw up. The good news was that he found somewhere to be sick, the bad, that it was a child’s pram.

TOM: Kicked off the bus, Felix spent two hours walking the rest of the way home in 40-degree heat – worried that catching another bus would similarly affect his health. Now, since getting home, Felix has wasted three hours cooling off in the bath, and now he’s running late for his date.

 Let’s check in on him, shall we?

Lamp on.

NICK: Okay Felix, you need to move. You should definitely wear the white Tarocash shirt – it’s smart and casual – and it’s your favourite because the buttons are hidden, making for easy ironing.

TOM: Felix, while you’re ironing that, you also need to think about what you’re going to do with your hair – stick with old faithful; the verandah.

NICK: Good call.

TOM: Thanks. Wait – Felix – I’ve just got word the sensory department, they can smell burning.

NICK: The shirt.

TOM: The shirt.

NICK: Felix, only you would leave the iron on your favourite shirt and burn a hole right through.

TOM: What are you going to wear for the date?

NICK: Give up now.

TOM: Felix, wear that purple woollen jumper – it’s Marino!

NICK: It’s like 40 degrees outside?

TOM: There’s no time, he’s already late – you look great, Felix!

Lamp off.

TOM: He looks terrible.

NICK: Felix is now on his way to the date with Stephanie at the Seven Stars on Angas St.

Weird corporate advertising music.

Nick and Tom from script.

NICK: That’s right, after the show, why not duck out to the front bar for a cooling beverage – we’ve got tap and craft beers, and a great selection of South Australian wine.

TOM: And, if you’re feeling a little peckish, our family-friendly restaurant, bar and grill is always ready to serve you up a mouth-waterer.

NICK: The Seven Stars Hotel.

TOM: The pub so five star…

T&N: …it got seven.

Music stops.

TOM: Anyway, while he walks the five-minutes from the North Terrace bus stop, I’m going to meticulously plan how the date will go.

NICK: …Why? He’s only going to mess it up anyway.

TOM: Because if I meticulously plan how it’ll go, he won’t mess it up.

NICK: Yeah, but… you know he’s going to mess it up anyway, though… so why plan it?

TOM: I do know that, which is exactly why I need to plan it out – so he doesn’t.

NICK: But… he definitely, definitely will anyway.

TOM: Which is why I’m planning it out; so it goes to plan.

NICK: Fine, well, judging by how today’s gone, it’d better go exactly to plan. He is one fragile Jenga boy.

Lamp on.

TOM: Okay Felix, let’s plan that date.

 IN THE FORM OF A SONG – 1, 2, 3, 4!

NICK: I’m not fucking ready! You have to wait; I’ve got to set all this shit up. Idiot.

TOM: (mumbling) Wow, the guy who plays guitar has depression, surprise…

NICK: What was that?

Tom shrugs

NICK: Count us in already.

TOM: 1, 2 -

**SONG 2 – FELIX’S DATE, BY FELIX**

**VERSE 1**

TOM: Hi, my name is Felix.

NICK: *Hi, my name is Steph.*

TOM: So nice to finally meet you.

NICK: *And the same for your-self.*

NICK: *So Felix, can you tell me, what do you do for work?*

TOM: I’m so sorry Steph, I’ve stabbed myself with a fork.

**BRIDGE - SPOKEN**

NICK: I mean… that’s accurate.

TOM: Your Steph is terrible; you threw me off.

NICK:                Well, fine, you be Steph, I’ll be Felix

TOM:                Fine.

NICK: Fine.

TOM: FINE.

**VERSE 2**

NICK: *So Steph, did you know, it takes ten minutes to drown in salt water?*

Tom stares at him blankly….

**BRIDGE - SPOKEN**

TOM:             That was… so bad.

NICK:                Look, at least it was more interesting than yours

TOM: No, you blew it. I’m Felix and -

NICK: Fine.

TOM: - and you’re Steph.

NICK: FINE. Fine. It’s fine.

**VERSE 3**

TOM: So, Steph, I hear, you’ve been married before

 I don’t mean before me, but you know; before now.

NICK: *Yes I was, his name was Jim, he’s in jail for murder*

TOM: Ha…ha… la la la la

**BRIDGE - SPOKEN**

NICK:                What happened there?

TOM: You’re giving me nothing.

NICK: Life is nothing.

TOM: Keep it light.

NICK: Okay, I’m Felix-ing again. You be Steph.

**VERSE 4**

NICK: *So Steph, can I ask you, what’s your ideal pet?*

NICK: *Out of all of the animals, what’s the one you like best?*

TOM: I’d love a white Maltese shih-tzu, they’re cute little guys.

NICK: *I’d love a horned devil lizard, they shoot blood from their eyes.*

**BRIDGE - SPOKEN**

TOM:                That was kind of… worse?

NICK: I thought that was quite interesting, but… alright.

TOM: You’re back to Steph. You blew it.

**VERSE 5:**

TOM: So, Steph, did you notice, that waiter just there

NICK: *The one with the short beard and cropped bristly hair?*

TOM: Don’t you think he looks just like that sex-pest Don Burke?

NICK: *That waiter’s my Dad, this is the place where he works.*

KAzoo breakdown.

**BRIDGE - SPOKEN**

NICK:                Alright… I’ve got this now

TOM:                I don’t think you do

NICK:                No, this is good material

TOM:                Yeah… okay…

**FINAL VERSE**

NICK:                *So Steph, can I say, you’re looking lovely tonight?*

TOM:                Well thanks, and can I say, you’ve started this date just right.

NICK:                *Well yes you can say that Steph, go ahead.*

TOM:                Ha ha ha, well some things are best left unsaid.

NICK:                *And Steph, can I ask, what’s your favourite wine?*

TOM:                Oh any old white will be basically fine.

NICK:                *Let’s make tonight special, let’s go pricey as hell*

TOM:                Felix, you’re a hell of a guy…

T&N:                …this date’s going so well.

Song ends.

Lights down.

**TALKING 3 – PRE-DATE DISASTER**

Lights up.

TOM: Okay, here we are, The Seven Stars Hotel, home of the lunchtime wrap.

And there she is, Stephanie. She’s even more beautiful than she looks in the psychologist’s office. Stunning.

Tom and Nick sit down on the chairs.

NICK: Alright, Felix, good luck – I guess…

***FELIX VO: Hi…hi Steph.***

***STEPH VO: It’s great to see you, I almost thought you wouldn’t show up.***

TOM: Aaaand she’s gone off script.

***FELIX VO: Sorry, Steph, I need to go to the little boy’s room.***

TOM: ‘Little boys room?’

***FELIX VO: It’s not the little boy’s room though, is it? There obviously won’t be any little boys in there – this is a pub – so it’s more like the, the, the like little man’s room.***

NICK: Oh, Jesus Christ Felix.

FELIX VO: ***Sorry – I mean – I’m not into boys at all – I hate boys – well I don’t hate boys, I am a boy – well, I’m full-grown man – what I meant is that I’m not some kind of paedophile or something, and I’m not gay – not that there’s anything wrong with that – I mean, there’s a lot wrong with being a paedophile, but gay people are fine – this is 2019, gay people can get married now, and paedophiles are still getting locked up, which, ironically, is a bit like gay people in Australia until the early 90s – not that it’s the same – they’re totally different.***

TOM: RUN!

***FELIX VO: Don’t go anywhere, I’ll be right back.***

Lamp off.

NICK: We’ll also be right back; we’ve gotta deal this.

[Tom and Nick run off the stage; video starts]

**VIDEO 2 – CRISIS MISMANAGEMENT**

TOM:    **Goooood start Felix.**

NICK:    **Perfect.**

TOM:     **So, now she thinks you’re some kind of homophobic paedophile…phile**

NICK:     **Felix, you are the Chernobyl of dating. The fallout of that comment is going to take 2,000 years to go away, so, you should probably hide in here for the rest of your sad life.**

FELIX pushes into the bathroom and looks around.

**Okay, so… I suppose we could eat… bits of paper towel soaked in water and moulded into the shape of food?**

TOM:     **God, you are pathetic. I am the embodiment of Anxiety; it is *literally* my job to think of the worst possible thing that could happen, and even I did not see that coming**.

NICK:    **Okay, shut up – think.**

TOM:    **Today could not have gone any worse.**

NICK:    **We should either live in this bathroom or… burn the pub.**

TOM:    **Jesus, really?**

NICK:    **Burn it with everyone inside.**

TOM:    **Or just… leave?**

NICK:    **That’s… sure, okay.**

FELIX pushes out of the bathroom.

TOM:     **Okay, okay, okay, alright, okay, okay – there’s usually taxis around the petrol station. We can go home and then -**

NICK:     **A taxi? He just lost his job – we can’t afford a taxi.**

FELIX stops in the street.

TOM:    **Uuuugh.**

NICK:     **What if… maybe if he stands in the street and a taxi hits him, they’ll give him a free ride home?**

TOM:     **If a taxi HITS us?**

NICK:     **Y’know, only a bit? Get a little bit hit?**

TOM:    **No, this is just… maybe we can run home?**

NICK:    **Felix hasn’t run for three years.**

TOM:    **And that’s your fault.**

NICK:    **Okay, let’s try this. Let’s try running now.**

FELIX begins to run, then stops after about three seconds. Both voices pant heavily.

TOM:    **Is this like proper dying?**

NICK:    **You gave him an anxiety attack; this is completely your fault.**

TOM:    **It’s your fault he thinks he deserves to live in a toilet.**

NICK:    **If I was running this, all Felix would ever have to do would be sit and think about how grim reality is, alright? None of this is my fault. I’m low maintenance.**

TOM: **Well if I was in charge of him at least he’d, y’know, get shit done? Yeah, he’d probably have a heart attack at thirty-eight, but, at least he’d have done something.**

NICK: **I like the heart attack part.**

TOM:    **This… this isn’t helping. We can’t run.**

NICK:    **Look – burn the pub. Live in the toilet. Get a bit hit by a car. We have three options.**

TOM:    **No, that’s… that’s very insane.**

NICK:    **The alternative’s going back, so…**

TOM:    **Well, okay… look, maybe we can save this; we’ve had food poisoning, let’s tell Steph we threw up in a pram – surely that gets him an out?**

NICK:    **…Eeeeeh?**

TOM:    **Yeah… yes, I think we can do this. It can’t really go worse.**

FELIX turns and walks back to the pub, then stops outside the door.

NICK:    **Wait.**

TOM:    **What?**

NICK:    **I think he actually needs the little boy’s room now.**

TOM:    **I’m completely fine with that.**

FELIX lunges back into the pub and into the bathroom.

NICK:    **Nope, nope, nope, nope, nope. Nope. Nope.**

TOM:    **Really?**

NICK:    **If we wait in here long enough, she’ll just go. Then we find a new psychologist. Good to have new material.**

TOM:    **That works.**

***FELIX VO:   No. Nope. No.***

TOM:    **Exactly, Felix.**

***FELIX VO:   No, I’m going back. What if she just… didn’t notice? Then, date starts again, everything’s fine.***

NICK:    **You said there’s nothing wrong with paedophiles. It’s definitely not fine.**

***FELIX VO:   Ugh. Why did I say that? I hate myself.***

NICK:    **Theeeere we go.**

***FELIX VO:   Why was I so stupid?***

NICK:    **Because you are very stupid.**

***FELIX VO:   Look, just…just fuck off, alright?***

TOM and NICK look offended. Felix lunges out of the bathroom.

TOM:    **Wow. Lot of aggression for someone so emotionless, Felix.**

**NICK:    Where are we going? Felix, no, this is not a good idea.**

***FELIX VO:   I’m going back in there, I’m going to apologise, and I’m going to enjoy my damn date, and it’s going to be great.***

TOM:    **This is going to go… absolutely horribly.**

NICK:    **I *have* always wanted to see a dead body, so, okay… let’s see where this goes…**

**TALKING 3 – CRISIS RESOLUTION**

Tom and Nick re-enter and sit back down on the chairs.

NICK: Okay – let’s get back to it.

***STEPH VO: You were gone for a while, I thought you’d stood me up.***

***FELIX VO: Oh well you now – just had to powder my nose – and I don’t mean cocaine – or cosmetics – it’s just a phrase…***

***STEPH VO: I got the joke…***

T&N: Ehh? She got the joke – cool.

***STEPH VO: So have you eaten here before?***

***FELIX VO: I came here with Patricia once.***

NICK: Mentioning your ex-girlfriend in the first 10–minutes, that’s an interesting move.

***STEPH VO: Who’s Patricia?***

TOM: Make her sound like the worst person in the world, I guess?

NICK: Sure, like that she thinks about everything too much and never actually decides anything.

TOM: Hmm! Maybe say Patricia was just a glum piece of shit that never wanted to take responsibility for her own actions?

NICK: Sure, okay. Well, there was that nothing bad has ever happened to Fe- to Patricia,but she still acts like life is so damn tough.

TOM: Or that Patricia could just be an emotionless pit of a person who was never actually happy and just brings everyone he works with down. Every. Damn. Day.

NICK: Or that he’s a highly-strung piece of shit who thinks the best way to have a point of difference is to shave the sides of his head.

TOM: Or that he’s a sad, skinny dork who can’t go outside in strong winds because he’ll snap in half like a fucking twig.

***FELIX VO: She’s my ex-girlfriend, she left me for a helicopter pilot.***

NICK: What? Oh Jesus – really?

***FELIX VO: Yeah, I was going to propose mid-flight but my hay fever was acting up so I let her go by herself. I waited for them but they never came back.***

***STEPH VO: Haha! That’s funny!***

TOM: Somehow you… kind of saved that? This kind of going… well?

NICK: Just need a good follow-up and we can coast through the rest of this by talking about the menu.

***FELIX VO: The Burger with Jalapenos looks great, huh!***

***STEPH VO: … with… you mean Jalapenos?***

TOM: Ahhhh, there he is.

NICK: That was going well…

Long pause.

TOM: …Annnnnd he hasn’t said anything.

NICK: Felix, you need to speak.

TOM: Right, now you’re just staring at her.

NICK: Geeeetting creepy now. Wait… why is he feeling sick again?

TOM: Are you about to fucking cry?

NICK: Or are you throwing up again…

The lights begin to dim and the video of Felix in the warehouse begins to ripple and scratch.

The video returns us to the opening warehouse scene, only this time Anxiety and Depression aren’t there. Throughout the video the camera slowly moves closer and closer toward Felix.

***FELIX VO: Steph… I think I just need to get this out… Anxiety can make you feel stuck.***

TOM: No – Felix – what?

NICK: Oh no… Felix has gone rogue.

***FELIX VO: It can make you feel like you’re sitting on a chair, in the middle of a warehouse, with a bag over your head – and that’s your mask and the only thing you can hear is your own thoughts.***

 ***But Anxiety is a liar. It wants you to feel alone and scared.***

 ***Your job – scary.***

 ***The use by date on supermarket chicken – scary.***

 ***The passing of time – that’s the scariest thing in the world.***

***And then it handballs you over to its good friend, Depression. Anxiety is loud – but Depression? That’s the quiet one. It reminds you, you never deserved for things to go right. Anxiety makes you scared of the world, but Depression makes you scared of one thing – yourself.***

Awkward pause.

***FELIX VO: Oh my god, I can’t believe I said that. Why am I still here – talking at you?***

Another awkward pause.

***You know what? Basically, I’m human, you’re human, and I suspect we’re all terrified, all the time, that someone might figure that out.***

***And, maybe if everyone was a bit more open about the fact that we’re all trying, and all we want is to be happy with people who make us happy… and that we’re all stupidly human – would that be that bad?***

 ***Steph? Would it? …I’m sorry. I’m going now.***

***STEPH VO: No, that’d be great. I know exactly how you feel. And look, I am going to let you go home, because you’ve obviously had a bad day. But, I promise I’ll call you tomorrow and we can organise another date. Because, you seem nice – and genuine – and I like that about you.***

***FELIX VO: Oh… [awkward laugh] …neato!***

***STEPH VO: [Cute giggle] Okay – talk tomorrow.***

Felix walks off camera and then throws a scrunched up brown paper mask in front the camera.

Lights come back on.

Lamp off.

TOM: …huh.

NICK: …huh.

Both look at each other.

TOM: Huh.

NICK: …huh.

TOM: …huh… what… just happened?

NICK: I… don’t know, but… he did something without us?

TOM: Hm. And now he feels… good?

NICK: I had no idea. I mean… do you think… are we a bad influence on him?

TOM: [Shrugs]. Who knows…? Maybe we don’t need to be in control all the time?

NICK: I mean… I could definitely use a break… we could probably let self-confidence take the wheel, for a bit at least?

TOM: I’ve definitely been meaning to get away and make a start on doing, y’know, everything at once.

NICK: And I’ve been wanting to start writing that sad, sad novel about a misunderstood author who is just so, so sad.

TOM: This might actually be good for us… look… I’m sorry I’ve been being a bit of a dick lately.

NICK: Ah… no, look, I’m sorry too – you know, it’s been a hectic day at work, and I guess… I guess I’ve been bringing more than just Felix down today.

TOM: Hmm, well… sorry you all got dragged along on it.

TOM: Yeah, this wasn’t quite what we thought it’d be, but then that’s life, right?

NICK: Just a lot of looking at your watch and muttering “Jesus, is this nearly over?”.

TOM: Which, yes, it is. The show, I mean… although, statistically, some of you… anyway!

NICK: Huh…. *This* is a good feeling, then. Got kind of a good rhythm to it, y’know? This’ll be a good summer.

TOM: Yup. Felix, Steph, hitting it off – catching a bus to the beach, partying in the waves.

NICK: Throwing their hands in the air and just going “yay!” or seeing other people and going “Heeeeey!” or “Hiiiii!”

TOM: Maybe they hire an… an open-top Wrangler and drive it into the ocean and them swim with dolphins, then play beach hockey.

NICK: Yeeeeah, hockey on the beach with Steph our…. Summer……. Baaaabe.

TOM: Our…Hot…. Summer Baaaabe.

NICK: Hot summer babe.

TOM: Hot summer babe.

NICK: Hot summer babe.

TOM: Hot summer babe.

NICK: Hot summer babe.

TOM: Hot summer babe.

NICK: Hot summer babe.

TOM: Hot summer babe.

This continues until Tom and Nick have set up to play ‘Summer Babe.’

**SONG 3 – HOT SUMMER BABE**

**VERSE 1**

TOM:                Summer’s almost here and the party mix is poppin'.

 I’ll slam another cold one, cause this party’s never stoppin'.

 The surf is fuckin’ gnarly and the homies are all fine.

 But there’s this one hot summer babe I’m gunna make all mine.

 This cutie is a beauty and I’m in love with that patootie.

 When that summa bangers on she can really shake that bootie.

 I put on the Best of Weezer and put a Breezer in the freezer.

 'Cause she’s too hot to handle and all I wanna do is please her.

 There's one thing I wanna say –

T&N:                – to my hot summer babe.

**CHORUS**

TOM:                Summer, summer, babe – summer babe, summer, summer babe.

Summer party – beach party bus today,

Party all night long, ‘coz we’re never getting old

Steph our. She’s my.

T&N:                She’s our hot summer babe.

**VERSE 2**

TOM:                We're shredding up the dance floor, we're shakin' all we got.

 Her eyes are tot'ly frothin', ‘coz she’s looking tot'ly hot.

 I nearly dropped my beer, ‘coz she's got me so damn stoked.

 She'll be a fine old lady, like the chick in Murder She Wrote.

 We're cruisin' in the Wrangler, wind’s whippin' up our hair.

 Doing doughie's in the sand, throw a shakas in the air.

 Gunna move to California, get a condo, Venice Beach.

 Write a summer banger, a million dolla-dolla's each.

**BRIDGE**

TOM:                We're Tearing up the highway, cold Monster in my hand.

 A lady like my baby makes me feel like a real man.

 I wanna swim with dolphins – hopefully they know my name.

 But there's that one thing, I just wanna sa-a-ay.

**CHORUS**

TOM:                Summer, summer, babe – summer babe, summer, summer babe.

Summer party – beach party bus today,

Party all night long, ‘coz we’re never getting old

Steph our. She’s my.

T&N:                She’s our hot summer babe.

(Repeat x2)