

DICK

Written by

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Dick

"Pilot Short"

FADE IN:

INT. BARRY'S LOCAL GROCERY STORE - DAY

A soft, low-key WHISTLE RINGS throughout the aisle. DICK ANDREWS (25), a clerk/delivery boy, examines store products before he places them on the shelves.

PULL BACK TO REVEAL-A SIGN TITLED "COSMETICS."

Dick scans the area; not one customer appears in sight. He organizes various cosmetics on the shelves and then strolls toward the magazine stand.

Dick picks up an issue of *Cosmopolitan* and glances around. He hides it behind a truck magazine and peruses its pages. An article titled "Will You Be the *One*?" catches his attention.

EXT. THE BACHELORETTE - ROSE CEREMONY - NIGHT - DAYDREAM

Dick stands alongside a slew of handsome and not-so-handsome men. One by one, each man receives a rose, leaving Dick and a pimply-faced, braces-wearing guy left. Only one rose remains.

The BACHELORETTE (20s) takes a deep breath and picks up the final rose. Dick closes his eyes and chuckles to himself.

BACHELORETTE

And the final rose goes to...Dixon
Sawyer! Will you accept this rose?

Dick's eyes open wide.

DICK

Whaaaaaaaaaaaaaaaaaaaaat!?

CLOSE ON DICK.

SFX: The CRASH of a piano falling to the ground.

SPFX: Dick's head turns into a volcano and erupts.

DICK (CONT'D)

After our "moment" in the sauna,
how could you possibly choose *him*
over me?

BACHELORETTE

I'm sorry, Dick. Dixon just meets
that special...length requirement
I'm looking for.

Dick turns his attention toward Dixon and observes the
slight, although noticeable tent that bulges from his pants.
He looks down at his own pants and sees no indentation
whatsoever.

DICK

But I can offer more than that!

ROARING LAUGHTER ensues.

INT. BARRY'S LOCAL GROCERY STORE - DAY - BACK TO PRESENT

A young, curvaceous WOMAN (20s) stands in front of Dick with
a perplexed look on her face.

WOMAN

You guys offer more than what?

Surprised, Dick drops both magazines and stares at the
attractive woman. The woman looks down and finds the issue of
Cosmopolitan turned to an article titled "69 Ways to Keep Her
Wanting More."

SFX: The GASP of people.

Dick blushes as he scratches his head.

DICK

Wait, wait, wait, wait, wait. I can
explain.

Appalled, the woman storms out.

MR. BARRY (50s), a short, plump man receives a CALL for a
delivery.

MR. BARRY

Barry's. The usual? Oh yes,
absolutely. Add an extra box of
super-plus tampons? You got it.
We'll have it over in a jiff.

Mr. Barry puts the phone back down on the receiver.

MR. BARRY (CONT'D)
Hey Dick! Got a delivery for you!
Seems Ms. Swanson has a fetish for
our menstrual products. Third time
this month.

DICK
Again!? What's she doin' with them?
Playin' four-foot Jenga?

Dick and Mr. Barry chuckle to themselves before they exhibit
disgusted looks at one another.

DICK AND MR. BARRY
Ughhhhhhhhhhhhhhhhh.

MR. BARRY
Please, just get the items.

Dick gathers the list of items for Ms. Swanson and places
them in a bag. He gets on his bike and peddles to her house.

EXT. SIDEWALK - NIGHT

While on route to the destination, Dick hits a bump on the
sidewalk and an orange falls onto the street. Dick gets off
of his bike to retrieve the lost orange when he sees an
incoming vehicle out of the corner of his eye.

SFX: The CAR HORN HONKS.

SPFX: An action figure-sized Dick appears on Dick's shoulder.

ACTION FIGURE-SIZED DICK
Well, this is it. So what if you
never found the right one? Big
deal. Life's much more than just
spending eternity with one person.

DICK
Like what?

ACTION FIGURE-SIZED DICK
Like...like...hmmmmmmmmmm. Good
point. Sorry dude.

The action figure-sized Dick disappears.

The incoming vehicle inches closer and closer toward Dick.
Dick closes his eyes and braces himself for impact.

All of a sudden, WESLEY STEVENS (28), a handsome, sophisticated entrepreneur, pulls Dick out of the incoming car's path.

WESLEY

You okay?

Dick opens his eyes and gazes upon Wesley, speechless.

SPFX: A ray of light shines on Wesley as he flashes his smile. His pearly, white teeth sparkle.

WESLEY (CONT'D)

Dude? You sure you're okay?

Dick fumbles for a moment.

DICK

Huh? What?

WESLEY

Are you hurt in any way?

DICK

Oh n-no. I'm fine, thanks. You saved me.

Dick scans the ground and finds the stray orange. He lifts the bag and repositions the items; however, the bag rips and scatters a variety of items. The boxes of super-plus tampons fall in front of Wesley.

A look of embarrassment emanates from Dick's face. Wesley laughs.

DICK (CONT'D)

It-it's not what it looks like. I'm a man. I'm just making a delivery to a woman with very unusual menstrual needs.

WESLEY

Relax. Calm down. I've just never seen so many boxes of...female hygiene products before is all.

Dick picks up one of the boxes of tampons. Wesley helps gather the remaining scattered items and places them in the bike's basket.

DICK

Thanks again for saving me from becoming a news headline on tomorrow's paper. Oh and for helping with the groceries.

WESLEY

No problem. My names Wes, by the way. I sponsor a couple non-profits in the city. You?

Dick fiddles with the box of tampons in his hand.

DICK

Oh, I'm a dick. No wait, I mean, my name's Dick. I'm not Dick who's a dick. I'm just Dick.

WESLEY

Haha, don't worry. I understood you the first time, dude. Anyways, I better get going. It was a pleasure to meet you, Dick.

DICK

It-it was a pleasure to meet you too, Wes.

Dick and Wesley shake hands before the latter strolls down the street. Mesmerized, Dick watches him as he disappears around the corner.

Dick smiles and walks in the direction Wesley headed. He trips over his bike and scatters the groceries again, but this time, the boxes of tampons spring open and litter the sidewalk.

Several bystanders witness Dick's fall and fixate on the rather large dispersion of tampons.

DICK (CONT'D)

Oh jeez.

EXT. BARRY'S LOCAL GROCERY STORE - DAY

Dick sweeps outside. He unties the bow on the stack of newspapers and sees Wesley on the front page.

SPFX: Wesley's face comes to life and speaks to Dick. He flashes his smile.

WESLEY

Hey gorgeous.

Dick sweeps along the corner of the street. He looks across the street and discovers a bench with Wesley's picture on it. The picture shows Wesley as he shakes the hand of a young woman under the words "What Can Stevens Do For You?"

SPFX: Dick's face appears on the young woman's body. Again, Wesley's face comes to life and speaks to Dick.

WESLEY (CONT'D)

It was such a pleasure meeting you yesterday.

A bus pulls over to the curb and drops off its passengers. Dick stares at the advertisement of a chiseled man modeling Hanes underwear.

SPFX: The model transforms into Wesley, who winks and speaks to Dick.

WESLEY (CONT'D)

Hope to see you soon.

The bus drives away.

DICK

Hopefully sooner than later.

INT. JANICE AND LIZA'S APARTMENT - DAY

Dick enters the apartment, carrying a large stack of magazines.

JANICE PEMBERTON (26), a witty "late night" hot-line worker, and LIZA STOLLI (24), a bubbly go-go dancer, look up for a brief moment before they resume their nail painting.

LIZA

Whatchu got there, stud?

DICK

Oh, it's nothin'. Just, you know, doin' a bit of reading.

Janice scans the enormous stack of magazines from top to bottom.

JANICE

I'll say.

Dick sets the collection of magazines on the dining table.

JANICE (CONT'D)

Why so many though?

DICK

Well, you can't have too much reading material. Am I right?

Awkward silence fills the room.

SFX: A CLOCK TICKS.

SPFX: A tumbleweed drifts by.

LIZA

Ooooooh! Ooooooh! Speaking of magazines, have you read the latest issue of Cosmo? There's this guy that's just mmmmm-mmmmm-mmmmm.

JANICE

You know, you're kinda cute when you act straight.

LIZA

Awwwwwwwwww.

Janice and Liza giggle. Dick peruses his collection of magazines.

LIZA (CONT'D)

So Dicky, any follow-up from the mystery person who swept you off your feet the other night?

JANICE

Yeah, literally.

DICK

No I...we didn't exchange information.

LIZA

What a shame. This person could've been *the one* for all you know. What's this person's name anyway?

Dick scratches his head; he keeps his eyes on the magazine.

DICK

Oh, I uh, don't remember. Hey, you guys want a beer?

JANICE

What do you mean you don't remember? Surely, someone who's got you this...flustered has embedded their name in your mind.

DICK

Flustered? Who's flustered? I'm not flustered. I'm perfectly fine. So what if I don't remember his name? Big deal.

Janice and Liza stare at each other.

JANICE AND LIZA

His!?

SPFX: Dick melts into a pile of liquid.

JANICE

But...but you're straight. I mean, we know your past relationships haven't exactly been sunshine and rainbows, but seriously...a guy?

SPFX: Dick reverts back to his normal self.

DICK

Look, I know it's hard to believe, but I've never, and I mean never, felt this way about anyone before.

Dick walks toward the window, arms crossed behind his back.

DICK (CONT'D)

Sometimes I feel like God created me without regard for my personality, so he just stuck a dick on me, no pun intended.

Janice and Liza comfort Dick.

DICK (CONT'D)

Maybe I'm just not fit to be a man. I mean, I think my struggles with my own masculinity are a testament to that.

JANICE

Not to mention your exes wore the pants in your past relationships.

DICK

Not helping.

LIZA

Look, Dicky. We know it's been hard for you. And we want to help, if we can, but first, you have to tell us who this mystery guy is.

Dick sighs before he turns his attention toward the stack of magazines sitting on the table. Janice and Liza follow his eyes.

LIZA (CONT'D)

No way. Shut up.

JANICE

Wesley!? As in *the* Wesley Stevens!?
That's who swept you off your
feet!?

Dick nods his head. Janice and Liza stare at each other, speechless.

LIZA

He owns hundreds of companies as
well as sponsors many non-profit
organizations.

JANICE

He helped my company upgrade our
phone system for our "late night"
exploits.

Dick and Liza look at each other in bewilderment.

JANICE (CONT'D)

What? He's a generous guy.

LIZA

The point is, Dicky, Wesley has a
harem of attractive women that pine
for his attention.

DICK

I know that but --

JANICE

All those voluptuous women will be
inching for some of that package,
if you know what I mean.

Dick stares into space. He gets an idea.

SFX: The CLICK of a light bulb.

SPFX: A light bulb turns on.

EXT. THE BACHELOR - ROSE CEREMONY - NIGHT - DREAM

Dick, transformed into a woman and now going by the name Joanne, stands alongside a slew of beautiful WOMEN; she awaits the bachelor's decision.

Joanne dazzles the audience with her smile and looks at the bachelor who, to her surprise, transforms into Wesley.

WESLEY

And the woman I choose to receive
this final rose is...Joanne
Andrews! Will you accept this rose?

Enthused, Joanne walks up to receive the rose from Wesley, but before she can say anything, the other women harass her and pelt her with garbage.

SFX: The BLAST of a train whistle.

SPFX: The womens' heads turn into volcanos and erupt.

WOMAN #1

Seriously!? You picked...her!?

WOMAN #2

She's not even a real woman!

WOMAN #3

I mean, just look at that bulge
goin' on down there!

Confused, Joanne looks down and notices a small indentation in her crotch area.

WOMAN #4

Looks like the snake's not
completely out of the bag. Am I
right?

ROARING LAUGHTER ensues.

EXT. HOSPITAL - DAY (BACK TO PRESENT)

Dick stares at the building as he clutches an issue of *Cosmopolitan*, opened to a section on sex-change operations.

FADE OUT.