

LAST MAN STANDING
"TRUECEL"

Written by

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INT. BAXTER HOUSEHOLD - MASTER BEDROOM - NIGHT

VANESSA BAXTER sits in bed, reading People's 50 Sexiest Celebrities. She reads with the nightstand lamp on, her reading glasses low on her nose.

MIKE BAXTER emerges from the master bathroom in his "Sexy Boxers", which says "THIS IS MY GUN" across the crotch. Mike struts his stuff to the bed, crawling the rest of the way to Vanessa.

Mike tries some pillow talk.

MIKE

Hey honey, I know the sexiest celebrity ever, and he's not in that book.

Mike gives a cheesy smile. Laugh track.

VANESSA

Oh Mike, I appreciate the effort, but not tonight. I'm really tired.

MIKE

Come on, I'll give you the Mike Baxter special.

VANESSA

Oh, you mean a bunch of cheeseburger farts and ten seconds of fun?

Laugh track.

MIKE

If you're lucky it'll be thirteen seconds.

Bigger laugh track.

Vanessa rolls over and turns out the light.

VANESSA

Sorry Casanova, better luck next time.

Mike sits in the dark for a moment, then goes over to the desk and opens his laptop. The screen illuminates his face in an ethereal, unholy glow. Mike's eyes widen with the information he's receiving.

MIKE
Reddit, the man's source for
information!

Laugh track.

CUT TO:

INT. BAXTER HOUSEHOLD - KITCHEN - MORNING

Vanessa comes down the stairs in her robe, refreshed from a good night's sleep.

Mike sits with an insomniac's eyes, deep and sunken in. He's constantly muttering to himself.

VANESSA
Morning, honey. How did you sleep?

MIKE
How can I sleep when you're
flaunting your sexuality yet
denying me the best ultra-sex?

Laugh track.

VANESSA
Oh, is this about last night? Look,
I'm sorry but I-

MIKE
-Save it, I know you'll just give
it up to any Chad and I will die
alone in the shadows eating my
black pills.

VANESSA
Look, if you want to have sex, just
wait until-

MIKE
-Oh, wait??! Haven't I waited long
enough to these false promises? You
cruel Stacy.

VANESSA
My name's Vanessa.

MIKE
Hmm, could've fooled me for a
Stacy.

VANESSA
What's up with all these names?

MIKE
I am INCEL!

VANESSA
Tim, you're not in prison anymore!

Laugh track at the reality of Tim's prison record.

By this time, **MANDY BAXTER** and **KYLE ANDERSON** enter the kitchen to the commotion.

KYLE
Morning Mr. B! Mrs. B!

VANESSA
Good morning, Kyle.

MIKE
Morning...SLAVE!

MANDY & VANESSA
Dad! / Mike!

MIKE
Kyle, when's the last time you had sex with my daughter? Huh? Is she withholding from you like my wife is? Is marriage a sexless prison for you as well?

KYLE
Uh...
(then with that stupid
complacent smile)
Sure Mr. B!

Mandy slaps Kyle on the stomach.

MANDY
Kyle!
(to MIKE)
Well dad, if you must know, Kyle and I did it twice last night and once this morning.

Kyle blushes.

KYLE
Ah shucks Mandy...

VANESSA

Sounds like it was more than ten seconds too.

Audience whoops it up. Mike walks directly to Mandy.

MIKE

(as Tim Allen)

You are set decoration. You are bland and lifeless. This role is my JTT of 2018. I will never forgive you.

(back to Mike)

Who would have sex with a Becky anyway. I'm going to a place that is safe...and in arm's reach of a bunch of firearms.

MANDY

(the actress breaks down in an existential crisis)

My name's Mandy! I AM MANDY! MANDY IS ME! MANDY!

Laugh track.

CUT TO:

INT. OUTDOOR MAN - HUNTING SECTION

Mike is eyeing the wide selection of hunting rifles on display. He mutters to himself.

MIKE

I wonder which one holds the most bullets and can fire the fastest...I must join my Father, Saturn.

Ed approaches Mike from behind.

ED

Going hunting?

MIKE

Yes, for the most dangerous game...man.

ED

Tell that to the sales clerk and the only thing you'll be hunting for is your marbles, because you have clearly lost them.

Laugh track.

Mike turns around to face Ed.

ED (CONT'D)

Jesus Mike, it's you! What's gotten into you?

MIKE

I'm INCEL, Ed.

ED

Glad to hear you've got a good phone provider. I hope it's AT&T, the most conservative, shitty business plan, including pushing DSL to this day.

Laugh track.

MIKE

No, INVOLUNTARILY CELIBATE. No woman will have sex with me.

ED

Welcome to marriage, Mike.

Laugh track.

MIKE

So I'm going to take as many slick-dick Chads with me in a hail of gunfire.

Audience yells out "JESUS CHRIST" and gasps.

ED

Whoa Mike, talk about putting the illusion in collusion.

The Republican audience is back on board with a big hearty laugh.

ED (CONT'D)

Are you sure maybe Vanessa just isn't on the rag?

One audience member yells out "Hell yeah!"

MIKE

No, I'm sure of it. From this one interaction, all women find me repulsive and are selfishly withholding sex from me.

ED

You know what? There's some people
I want you to meet. You ever been
to a Franciscan Cathedral?

MIKE

Ed, I will never set foot in that
Liberal Cesspool that is San
Francisco.

Laugh track.

ED

I think you'll be pleasantly
surprised to know the Franciscans
are right here in our neighborhood.

MIKE

NO!

CUT TO:

INT. BAXTER HOUSEHOLD - LIVING ROOM - LATER

BOYD, RYAN, and **KRISTIN** have joined the rest of the Baxters
in the living room. Vanessa has just finished filling in the
rest of the group what happened this morning with Mike.

KRISTIN

Mom, that's terrible! How can Dad
feel so unloved with a family like
this?

RYAN

I can empathize.

Weak laugh track for the liberal.

KRISTIN

No, I mean it! Dad's always been so
proud of the family, why would that
change?

RYAN

Wait, what did you say he said he
was? In a cell? Like prison?

VANESSA

That's what I thought, but he said
it so quickly, like it was one
word: INCEL.

RYAN

Oh my God, INCELS? Where did he hear that? He's way too old to know what that means?

VANESSA

Well hold the phone, Mr. Millennial, I don't know what that word means. Care to enlighten us?

RYAN

INCEL is a term used to describe the Involuntarily Celibate. Recently, people who have committed mass shootings identify as INCELS. They believe that they are worthless, sometimes even suicidal. And the group ENCOURAGES people to commit suicide.

KRISTIN

Yeah, it's mostly attributed to white straight men, even though a Canadian woman started the community in 1993.

VANESSA

You think a bunch of white straight nerds would follow a nerdy woman?

Ryan and Kristin stare long and hard at Vanessa. Laugh track at their looks.

VANESSA (CONT'D)

You're right, it's too perfect.

BOYD

It's Reddit grandma, the fountain of information!

Boyd opens his iPad to the Subreddit and hands it to Vanessa. She reads.

VANESSA

My God, this is horrible! But why would Mike think that he belongs to this group? Unless...

KRISTIN

Unless what mom?

VANESSA

We have to find your father! And I have to have sex with him!

The group rushes out, leaving the sobbing, shattered actress playing Mandy alone in the living room.

MANDY

I am Mandy! Me! Me Mandy! No Molly anymore, me Mandy!

CUT TO:

INT. FRANCISCAN CATHEDRAL

The sound of chanting is heard throughout the stone cathedral. Friars walk by in traditional robes, some swinging incense. Mike takes it all in.

ED

Welcome to the Friar's Club, Mike!
A place for celibate men, such as yourself.

MIKE

Those robes are pretty stylish.
(pointing to a friar with that stupid haircut they all have)
Just tell them not to take that much off the top for me.

Laugh track.

ED

These men have been celibate for decades. Just like what you want to do, right?

Mike shows visible hesitation.

MIKE

Yeah, sure...I am Incel, the true truecel.

Three friars approach Mike and Ed. They remove their cowls.

FRIAR BRIAN

Good morrow, I am friar Brian, and this is Brother Brian and this is also Brother Brian.

MIKE

(aside to Ed)
They're all named Brian?

ED
It's a Franciscan thing.

Laugh track.

FRIAR BRIAN
We heard there is one who wishes to
join us in our devout study of the
Lord and the path of celibacy. We
welcome you with open arms, Brian.

MIKE
My name's Mike.

FRIAR BRIAN
Of course, Brian.

Laugh track.

MIKE
So you guys don't have sex.

BROTHER BRIAN 1
That's correct.

MIKE
Because women think you're weak and
repulsive and are selfishly
withholding sex?

FRIAR BRIAN
Oh no, we choose this lifestyle.

BROTHER BRIAN 2
There's many a woman who has thrown
herself at us, but we maintain our
faith.

BROTHER BRIAN 1
Yeah, I could crush mad puss...but
I don't because of God and stuff.

Laugh track.

MIKE
Ha ha...I knew it.
(whips out gun from the
hunting section)
WE GOT OURSELVES SOME FILTHY
VOLCELS HERE!

The Friars leap back. Their faces change to demonic vampires,
complete with fangs.

ED

Fuck me!

MIKE

No Ed! No one's fucking anyone,
it's just that these dirtbags COULD
if they WANTED TO!

FRIAR BRIAN

You caught us, TRUECEL! But you'll
never leave this place alive!

MIKE

I beg to differ, FALSECEL! Suck on
hot silver!

Mike blasts Brother Brian 1 in the chest. He falls backward,
stone cold dead. Mike and Ed run out of the Cathedral.

FRIAR BRIAN

Fuck, he shot him?? Fuck, holy
shit...okay, GO GET HIM PLEASE!!!
These robes aren't good for
running.

CUT TO:

EXT. FRANCISCAN CATHEDRAL - CONTINUOUS

Mike and Ed burst out of the cathedral doors with Friars
shuffling close behind. Ed is winded, choking out his
apology.

ED

I'm sorry Mike, I didn't know, I
didn't know!

MIKE

Don't worry, I see a car up ahead!

CUT TO:

INT. BAXTER FAMILY CAR

Everyone is piled into the American-made Ford Explorer.
Vanessa is at the wheel, she spots Mike and Ed exiting the
Cathedral. She spins the wheel to make an abrupt turn in
their direction.

VANESSA

Oh my God, it's Mike and Ed! Hold
onto your butts, everyone!

CUT TO:

EXT. STREETS OF WHATEVER FUCKING CITY THIS TAKES PLACE IN

The Ford Explorer does an E-brake drift right in front of Mike and Ed. The family piles out of the car. Mike and Ed turn around to face the Friars. The Friars stop, mere feet away from the family.

BROTHER BRIAN 2

Face it Mike, you're one of us!
Join us! We're all Cel's here!

MIKE

On my Father Saturn's moons, I'll
never join you!

Vanessa peels forward from the rest of the family.

VANESSA

Mike, I know how to stop this! You
just have to trust me.

MIKE

Whatever, you're the reason I am
Incel!

VANESSA

That's just it, Mike! I swear on
our marriage and our family, just
this once, you have to trust me!

MIKE

...Alright.

Vanessa shoves Mike to the ground and knocks the gun out of his hand. The Friars hiss with delight. Vanessa wraps herself in an afghan and unbuckles Mike's Wranglers, exposing his naked penis. She then slides down her mom jeans and lowers herself onto Mike.

Kristin and Ryan cover Boyd's eyes.

Vanessa grabs Mike and looks him dead in the eyes.

VANESSA

Give me the Mike Baxter special!

MIKE
It's TOOL TIME!

Mike and Vanessa proceed to have 50-year old sex, full of creaking knees and cheeseburger farts. A few ad libs of pain and pleasure with the occasional "Oh God, it stinks!" This lasts for ten seconds.

The Friars become more and more repulsed by the sight. Slowly, the friars turn to stone in Medusa-like poses. At the sloppy climax of Mike and Vanessa's coitus, the statues explode into dust.

Vanessa and Mike lovingly look into each other's eyes, the curse of the incel lifted.

MIKE (CONT'D)
One Mike Baxter special, as ordered.

VANESSA
Complete with cheeseburger farts.

MIKE
So why didn't you have sex with me last night?

VANESSA
Because I was on my period!

MIKE
...But what about now?

VANESSA
Just call me a messy Betsy, or whatever you incels call it.

MIKE
No, I'm no longer an incel anymore. I just call it gross, and I love it.

VANESSA
Oh Mike!

RYAN
Why did we come here?

KRISTIN
I don't know but I just saw my parents have sex in front of their grandson.

BOYD
I didn't get to see!

Laugh track as a sweeping crane shot takes us out.

POST BUMP: INT. MASTER BEDROOM - LATER

Vanessa is reading People Magazine in the bed again, same setup as before. Mike emerges from the bathroom with boxers that has a "NO" symbol over the word "KIDS". Vanessa puts down the People Magazine and takes in Mike's body.

VANESSA
Ohhhh, there's my big sexy husband.

MIKE
It's TOOL TIME!

VANESSA
Ooh, drill me Mr. Handiman!

Mike crawls onto the bed and gives Vanessa a tender kiss. He pulls back, remembering something.

VANESSA (CONT'D)
What's wrong?

MIKE
You know, I just forgot about something.

VANESSA
Oh Mike, no more Reddit stuff, please.

MIKE
No, I swear! No computer stuff. I just have to take care of this one thing.

VANESSA
Alright, well hurry back. I'll be waiting.

Mike hops off the bed and exits.

CUT TO:

INT. GARAGE - CONTINUOUS

The actress playing Mandy is tied up to a ritualistic totem. Ancient runes are painted on the ground in blood.

A fire blazes in a stone pyre. Mike enters. The actress is excited to see Mike.

MANDY

Father! Father Mike! I am Mandy! Me is Mandy!

MIKE

Don't worry my child, you soon will be.

Mike takes a ceremonial dagger and cuts the actress' palm, letting blood drip into a stone bowl. He begins the incantation.

MIKE (CONT'D)

My Father Saturn, before I am consumed by you I must ask of your power. Please return unto me the TRUE MANDY, and banish this FALSE MANDY out of our sitcom.

MANDY

I am Mandy, I am Mandy, I am Mandy.

Mike sups the blood out of the bowl and spits the blood into the fire, causing it to explode bright green. He then turns to the actress.

MIKE

(as Tim Allen)

JTT. Molly Ephraim. Those that have left me will be returned to me. You are Molly.

MANDY

I am Molly McCook. I am Molly McCook.

MIKE

You are Molly Ephraim. You are Molly Ephraim.

MANDY

I am Molly McCook, I am Molly...

MIKE

Ephraim.

MANDY

Ephraim. I am Molly Ephraim.

MIKE

Good.

(looking to the sky)

Thank you, Father.

Mike's brow furrows in a sinister gaze directly to camera.

BLACKOUT.