

THE HIGH LIFE

1X02

"The Hunt"

Written by  
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**TEASER**

FADE IN:

**1** INT. APARTMENT - LIVING ROOM - MORNING **1**

The apartment, for the most part, lies dormant. The living room is almost blacked out with the exception of a dim light shining in from the kitchen.

After a few moments, the door to guys' room slowly creaks open.

LEE walks lifelessly through the living room and toward the bathroom, but stops short when he passes the kitchen.

LEE

(groggy)

What the hell are you doing up so early?

**2** INT. APARTMENT - KITCHEN - CONTINUOUS **2**

CHRIS is sitting at a poorly designed and maintained kitchen table, sipping apathetically from his coffee cup as Lee ENTERS.

LEE

I figured I was the only one up at this hour.

CHRIS

(bored)

Eh, I've just been up all night, thinking.

(beat)

You know, about how extremely exquisite it would be to get a moment's sleep.

LEE

I know what you mean. I'm still wired about being here too. It's been hard to even close my eyes at night, much less get any sleep.

CONTINUED:

CHRIS

I don't so much have trouble closing my eyes, but for some odd reason, I can't seem to convince my brain that there isn't really an assortment of three thousand or so springs poking me in my every body part.

(sarcastically)

My imagination must not be what it was.

LEE

Couch still not getting any better, huh?

CHRIS

No, the couch is great. It's the cushions that Satan sent up from hell that are giving me the problems.

(beat)

You don't think they take exchanges down there, do you?

LEE

It'll get better. First pay check, we'll all throw in and get you a new, much less Hell inspired, couch.

(raising eyebrows)

Maybe even one that folds out?

CHRIS

(halfhearted)

Great.

(beat)

Till then...

(holding up cup)

...this cup isn't leaving my hand.

EMMA (O.S)

Maybe tomorrow morning we could pretend that you two weren't school girls that can't wait for morning to start their incessant gossiping.

The guys turn around to EMMA walking whimsically into the kitchen, rubbing the sleep from her eyes.

CONTINUED: (2)

CHRIS

I think they mostly stick to 'good morning' here in the states.

LEE

Though I think that the same message can also be more simply conveyed by the word 'morning.' If you were looking for a shorter play on words, that is.

Chris and Lee share a smile while Emma gives them both THE FINGER as she walks to the cupboard and takes out a box of cereal.

She sits it on the table and walks over to an ICE CHEST where she removes a half-emptied gallon of milk.

EMMA

We have got to get a refrigerator. There are starving kids in third world countries that would be sending us money if they saw the way we're living.

LEE

It's on the list.

CHRIS

Right after a new couch!

A door CLOSES from the other room and CLAIRE walks into the room, fully dressed. She looks to everyone else with a look of confusion upon her face.

CLAIRE

You guys aren't dressed yet!

EMMA

(forcing a smile)

Oh yeah, I forgot to tell you guys. Claire's been up since 5:30.

LEE

Impressive.

CLAIRE

Why aren't you guys dressed?!

EMMA

The West Coast isn't like it was portrayed in the Westerns, sweetie.

CONTINUED: (3)

EMMA(cont'd)

We don't get up at dawn to milk  
the cows.  
(holding up gallon)  
Some nice man already did that for  
us.

CLAIRE

(uneasily)  
But we're supposed to start  
looking for jobs today.

CHRIS

Followed shortly thereafter by our  
sanity that's been annexed by  
sleep deprivation.

CLAIRE

I just thought we would want to be  
the first ones out there. You  
know, so we would find the really  
good jobs. The whole 'early bird'  
theory?

LEE

And we will, sweet thang, I --  
(off looks)  
What?

CHRIS

If you use the term 'sweet thang'  
ever again, you and I are going to  
have problems.

LEE

I'm just trying to catch up on my  
American lingo.

CHRIS

Then you should probably watch  
American movies that were made  
some time after the eighties and  
not written by a mentally  
deficient pimp.

LEE

My point is...  
(apathetic expression)  
...that we're going to find good  
jobs; great jobs, even.

The most that he receives is a GRUNT from Chris.

CONTINUED: (4)

LEE (cont'd)

Do I have to give my motivational speech again?

EMMA

If you go all 'Matt Foley' one more time, you're going to have problems with me and Chris. There's only so many times that a girl can hear the phrase 'living in a van down by the river' before she snaps and starts her inevitable killing spree a bit earlier than expected.

CLAIRE

(to Lee)

I think it's good...

(beat)

...that you're optimistic.

LEE

Thank you, Claire. We can't all keep these downtrodden, 'woe is me' attitudes around here and survive! As a wise man once said, good things come to those who wait.

Lee looks to everyone else and sees that no one, not even Claire, is really sharing his enthusiasm.

LEE (cont'd)

Well then, as fun as this overly morose showing of despondence has been, I think I'll pay my morning visit to the 'charlie,' as the yanks call it. I had a pint too many last night and my bladder's starting to give me subtle, but nonetheless threatening warning signs.

Lee gets up and heads for the bathroom, but just before he gets there, IAN swoops in out of nowhere and into the bathroom, SLAMMING the door behind him.

Lee's face goes blank as he turns around to the others.

CONTINUED: (5)

LEE (cont'd)  
(to Chris)  
Pessimism, you say?

BLACK OUT.

END OF TEASER

CONTINUED: (6)

ACT ONE

FADE IN:

3 EXT. OUTSIDE APARTMENT - MORNING

3

The entire gang is standing in front of the apartment, looking quizzically to one another.

IAN

So, any ideas?

CLAIRE

I read in the paper yesterday that there was a job fair going on this morning and it's not very far from here. From the ad, it sounded like it would be lucrative. Maybe we could try that?

CHRIS

(sarcastically)

Yeah -- and then we can stop off at the carnival and ask the resident mystic for help with our writing careers.

(beat)

We might as well buy a 'magic eight ball' and ask it where the jobs are if we're going to go to a job fair.

CLAIRE

(shrugging)

It was just an idea.

EMMA

(to Claire)

And a damn good one. I'll go.

CLAIRE

Anyone else?

EMMA

(to guys)

Don't be expecting us to be your 'sugar mammas' either! I expect a job from each and every one of you by day's end.

Claire and Emma disappear from view, leaving the guys still staring at one another.

CONTINUED:

IAN  
So, any ideas?

LEE  
The 'magic eight ball' isn't  
sounding bad.

CHRIS  
There's got to be hundreds of jobs  
in the city.

LEE  
Thousands.

CHRIS  
Sounds like pretty good odds to  
me, then.

LEE  
(beat; eyes widening)  
Ooh...

IAN  
Oh, Jesus.

CHRIS  
What?

IAN  
Lee's about to suggest that we  
place a meaningless wager on  
something that has little or no  
gaming value.

LEE  
It's not meaningless if you wager  
money!

IAN  
(to Chris)  
You can't use the word 'odds'  
around him without unleashing his  
debilitating, yet thoroughly  
amusing, gambling disease.

Lee rolls his eyes at Ian.

LEE  
You're just jealous because I  
always win!

CONTINUED: (2)

IAN

I'll not have this discussion again!

(beat)

And at the risk of losing any lingering feelings of pride that I've managed to keep for this long by saying this, Emma kind of scared me with her menacing look and, what were hopefully, idle threats about our impending employment. The whole 'woman's scorn' is something that I've been trying desperately to avoid since my last relationship ended with my Zeppelin albums in thousands of small, black pieces on the sidewalk. Cliched as it may sound, my still beating heart was ripped from my chest with the shattering of the vinyl and I'm the kind of guy that only has to be taught a lesson once.

(beat; to Lee)

Having said that, piss off.

Ian walks away, leaving Chris and Lee standing idly alongside one another. After several moments:

CHRIS

(beat)

What kind of bet did you have in mind?

LEE

Nothing too expensive. Just enough so that you can tell that you've lost.

CHRIS

Hmmm...I must say, my curiosity is aroused. What kind of bet are we talking here, again?

LEE

The man to return to the apartment this evening with the best job wins.

CHRIS

How are we going to determine which job is best? Classic 'Price is Right' strategy?

CONTINUED: (3)

LEE

I'm thinking that a combination of respectability and pay grade will suffice for the task at hand. That sound good to you?

CHRIS

Sounds perfect. For the wager...?

LEE

For the wager...

All of a sudden, Lee's eyes light up and he smiles diabolically.

LEE (cont'd)

How would you feel about more of a dare than money for our currency?

4 INT. JOB FAIR - LATER

4

A large building is bustling with activity. People are moving quickly in and out of our view as watch the onslaught of bodies graze through the various booths.

Finally, we catch up with Claire and Emma, perusing each booth, Claire with much more enthusiasm than her partner.

CLAIRE

Can you believe this place?! I've never seen so many prospective employers in one place in my entire life.

EMMA

(apathetically)  
Yeah, this is great.

CLAIRE

We're not even going to have to try to nail down these jobs. They're going to nail us!  
(beat)  
I'm going to pretend that I used a much less sexually implicating wording of that sentence.

Emma looks around her surroundings again, breathing deeply with a bored expression on her face.

EMMA

Yeah, this is great.

CONTINUED:

CLAIRE

Okay, can you manage that once more, with feeling? That's like the third time you've said that in the last five minutes!

(beat)

You said it was a 'damn good idea' no less than twenty minutes ago.

EMMA

I just said that to spite Chris.

(smiling)

He needed to be taken down a notch after that 'carnival and cheap novelty item' quip. If it helps, I think it worked.

CLAIRE

Forgive me for mistaking malignance for sincerity.

EMMA

(sincerely)

I'm sorry.

(beat)

I just don't see how you can be so excited over a job fair. I mean, I want a job just as much as the next girl, but I'm not foaming at the mouth to crawl under the desk of your random employer and fellate my way above the five thousand would be actresses roving whimsically about the building. Maybe we just get today's paper and take our chances.

CLAIRE

It didn't mention it in the advertisement, but I don't think sexual promptitude is going to be on the list of qualifications for most of the jobs here.

EMMA

Yeah, because guys never treat you based solely upon how you look.

CONTINUED: (2)

CLAIRE

If you were around for my last job, you would be inconceivably ecstatic and quite literally salivating at even the thought of this place.

(beat)

Besides, even if they did judge you on your looks, you wouldn't have anything to worry about. So you might as well open up your mind to the possibility of this being the opportunity that we so desperately need to get us through the months until we make our millions.

EMMA

(rolling her eyes)

Fine!

(beat)

But the first interviewer that I catch looking anywhere other than my eyes is going to learn, first hand, my promptitude to administer the 'judo chop'!

5 EXT. OUTSIDE LIBRARY

5

Ian is walking along the sidewalk next to a seemingly antique, but grand building. He passes a large CLIP BOARD along the building's walls and after a double take, stops and comes back to read a particular flyer:

IMMEDIATE OPENING: INQUIRE WITHIN

Ian raises his eyebrows as he considers the possibilities. After a moment, he takes the flyer down and proceeds into the building.

6 INT. LIBRARY - MOMENTS LATER

6

Ian ENTERS the library and stands in awe at the lavish surroundings.

Huge bookcases line the whole of the building and large tables are full of people, all reading from their various books.

Ian wanders through the confining corridors of the enclosing bookcases for a few moments, a small smile beginning to widen across his face.

CONTINUED:

IAN

Striking whit? Check. Undoubtedly  
required bifocals? Check. Ability  
to read at post-university levels?  
Check. Cunning proficiency to  
shush at will...? Check.

He finally makes his way out of the maze of bookshelves to see  
the front desk about twenty yards ahead of him. At that front  
desk, a pretty young woman - AMY, 23 - stands, checking in  
books.

Ian smiles as he admires the girl before:

IAN (cont'd)

Dashing English accent to  
irresistibly sweep American women  
off of their unsuspecting feet?  
(nodding happily)  
Check.

7

EXT. STREETS

7

Lee is walking purposely through the streets - a man on a  
mission - with a swagger in his step as he passes magnificent  
buildings one after another.

LEE

This is going to be like taking  
candy from comatosed baby.  
(smiling devilishly)  
America isn't ready for Lee A. --

Before he can finish his sentence, Lee almost begins to  
salivate as he stops in his tracks.

LEE (cont'd)

(in awe)  
In the name of The Virgin Mary and  
all that is holy...

In the window of store is a vintage, GOTHIC GIBSON SG GUITAR  
staring back at him.

He stays in the same position for several moments before  
slowly feeling at his CROTCH.

LEE (cont'd)

Down, boy.

8 INT. GUITAR CENTER - MOMENTS LATER 8

As Lee is standing admiring the guitar from the inside of the store, he is interrupted by the faint sound of a guitar SOLOING in the background.

He curiously inspects his surroundings for a moment before noticing a small, inconspicuous door from whence the music is flowing.

He slowly heads for the door, nearly seeming as though he is entranced by the doorway itself.

9 INT. GUITAR CENTER - BACKROOM 9

Lee ENTERS the room and makes his way to stand in the midst of a small crowd of people, watching a YOUNG PUNK playing guitar, soloing decently enough.

After listening for a few moments, he gives a so-so expression and a slight raise of the eyebrows, but as the guitarist finishes his solo, the crowd violently APPLAUDS, drawing a bemused expression from Lee.

10 EXT. ROUGH NEIGHBORHOOD 10

We finally catch up with Chris, appearing to be far away from all the others. He's not surrounded by skyscrapers or gloriously crafted buildings, but the forthcoming of lower-class suburbs.

Looking around strangely and coming to realize that he's utterly lost, Chris takes a deep breath.

CHRIS

(shaking his head)

Great. You've somehow managed to make sure that you're the first of the group that's murdered. Good job, Chris. And of course there's no coffee house within a one mile radius.

(beat; uneasily)

I miss Canada.

As we begin to scour the neighborhood that he's in, it slowly begins to dawn on us that Chris is the only white person around.

CONTINUED:

BLACK PEOPLE are sitting idly on their porches, staring oddly at Chris as he walks through their neighborhood.

Some begin to slowly make their way into the streets as well, while others are coming out of their houses as if something big is about to go down.

Without the slightest clue as how to react, Chris nods his head and adorns his most pleasant 'shit eating grin' before offering a quick wave to the masses.

He looks to the ground and then back up to the people, smiling boldly once more.

CHRIS (cont'd)  
(nervously; to himself)  
Nothing to be worried about. There were lots of black guys back in Canada -- much smaller and less intimidating black guys who probably weren't carrying weapons, but nonetheless...they were black guys.

Taking another deep breath, he ducks his head and increases his speed.

After a few moments and a left turn, he breathes yet one more sigh, but this time, a sigh of relief as signs of downtown Los Angeles come back into view.

Increasing his speed, still, Chris nearly jumps out of his skin when a voice rings out behind him.

VOICE (O.S)  
Hey, white boy!

Chris freezes in his steps, almost hoping that if he ignored it, that it would go away.

He stays as still as humanly possible for a moment before picking back up his fast paced walk.

VOICE (O.S) (cont'd)  
(beat)  
Yo, white boy? I know you ain't deaf!

Reluctantly, Chris finally turns around to see TERRANCE standing in the road about ten yards back.

He's a large, black man, staring a menacing look toward Chris.

CONTINUED: (2)

TERRANCE  
(intimidating)  
You look a little a bit out of  
your element -- like Little Red  
Riding Hood in a forest full of  
wolves. You lost?

Chris GULPS before we:

BLACK OUT.

END OF ACT ONE

CONTINUED: (3)

ACT TWO

FADE IN:

11 INT. JOB FAIR - DAY

11

Claire and Emma are sitting alongside one another in a row of chairs.

Emma still looks bored while Claire sits, happily nodding to everyone passing by.

CLAIRE

See? Didn't I tell you that this would work out? Not that I'm saying it's fate or anything, but you've just got to trust that things aren't always going to turn out badly. I'm sure that we're already one up on the guys.

EMMA

We've sat in these same two chairs for almost an hour without a single interview. I think I might stop short at using the word 'success' to describe our day thus far.

CLAIRE

(motioning across room)  
We were here before that girl.  
We'll be up any minute now.  
(beat)  
If we'd have left earlier this morning, like I suggested, we might not have had to go through this.

EMMA

(apathetically)  
You know, I've spent all day secretly hoping that you'd hang that over my head.

CLAIRE

I'm not hanging anything! I was just saying...

CONTINUED:

EMMA

If I fall asleep, make sure I wake up before the insightful and, in no way, gender bias questions start rolling our way.

CLAIRE

(beat; ignoring sarcasm)  
How do you think the guys are doing?

EMMA

I really shudder to imagine. Chris is probably sitting in a coffee house and Ian in a comic book store -- both of them trying desperately to spite me.

(beat)

Lee is adamant about making it, though. He's probably in an interview, right now.

CLAIRE

I know. It's kind of odd because I just automatically assumed it would be me, but out of the five of us, he's easily the most responsible and goal oriented amongst us. He's probably in a nice office, wooing an executive right now.

12 INT. GUITAR CENTER - BACKROOM

12

An electric guitar WAILS and rings throughout the building as the crowd watches intently, hanging on every note of Ozzy Osborne's 'Crazy Train' before he comes back into the bridge.

LEE

*'I know that things are going wrong for me, you've got to listen to my words'*

With that, Lee breaks into the solo, raising hell with a fiery vengeance.

He jumps happily across the stage as he pulls the improv solo into great proportions and awes the crowd before he abruptly finishes the song.

The crowd APPLAUDS loudly as he smiles and waves them on.

CONTINUED:

LEE (cont'd)

Thank you!

He waits for the applause to die down a bit before continuing.

LEE (cont'd)

Alright, this next one is an original called 'Ode To My Mum.'

He breaks into another song and smiles as the crowd seems to be getting into it.

LEE (cont'd)

(to himself)

I love this country.

13

INT. LIBRARY - FRONT DESK

13

Ian is standing confidently at the front desk of the library, staring promiscuously at the attractive librarian as she shuffles through a stack of books.

After a few moments and a couple of bemused expressions, she finally notices that Ian is staring relentlessly in her direction and stops to stare oddly back.

LIBRARIAN

(awkwardly)

Can I help you?

IAN

He --

(thickening his accent)

Hello.

He waits for a moment, expecting the girl to be swooning over his accent already, but gets nothing.

LIBRARIAN

Can I help you?

IAN

Funny, I was about to ask you the same thing.

LIBRARIAN

Excuse me?

IAN

Oh, pardon me. I thought the accent would be enough to tip you off, but I'm British.

CONTINUED:

LIBRARIAN

(beat)  
Congratulations?

IAN

You know, from Europe?  
(beat; confidently)  
Hence the resilient, yet ruggedly  
attractive accent.

LIBRARIAN

Right.  
(beat)  
So -- was there something you  
needed?

IAN

Me? No, I'm good. Is there  
something that you need...  
(leaning in)  
...or perhaps want?

LIBRARIAN

Look, I've got mace and a security  
button under the desk that I can  
hit and that little button will  
alarm two armed guards that can be  
here in a matter of seconds. So if  
you're not here for a book or some  
kind of relevant information, you  
should leave.

IAN

(confused)  
But I'm British.

LIBRARIAN

And I'm calling security.

She picks up the phone and begins dialing. Before anyone can  
pick up the phone, however, Ian PUSHES the button on the  
receiver, leaving the phone dead.

IAN

No, you don't understand. I'm just  
here for --

Ian reaches down into his pocket to get the flyer for the job,  
but alarms the girl in the process.

Before he can finish, the girl quickly reaches under the desk  
and retrieves the mace, SPRAYING it in his eyes.

CONTINUED: (2)

Ian SCREAMS and stumbles backwards onto the floor before we CUT TO:

14 EXT. ROUGH NEIGHBORHOOD

14

Chris is still staring on at Terrance, not knowing how to react to the question that has him unable to move any muscle in his body.

TERRANCE  
I said, are you lost?

CHRIS  
I, um, no. I'm not. I come here all the time. I'm surprised you don't recognize me! I've got a friend that lives just around the corner.

TERRANCE  
(unimpressed)  
Really?

CHRIS  
Absolutely.

TERRANCE  
What's his name?

CHRIS  
I'm sorry. His what?

TERRANCE  
(pushy)  
His name.

CHRIS  
I --

TERRANCE  
His name!

CHRIS  
(quickly)  
Billy Bob!!

TERRANCE  
Right. A brotha' named Billy Bob...?

CONTINUED:

CHRIS  
(near panicking)  
That's right.

TERRANCE  
And tell me, does Billy Bob live  
on a plantation?

CHRIS  
What?

TERRANCE  
Are you a racist?!

CHRIS  
No! I'm not a racist. I'm just a  
little lost and --

Before he can finish, he sees a number of other GUYS  
approaching the streets as well to stand alongside Terrance.

CHRIS (cont'd)  
(quietly)  
Oh, crap.

Terrance looks to all the other guys as they come to stand  
alongside him before looking back to Chris.

TERRANCE  
We don't really take kindly to  
strangers around here. You see one  
white guy and next thing you know,  
we've got two..and then three.  
Then, before you know it, we're  
all getting evicted because some  
rich, white real estate developer  
is coming in to bulldoze our homes  
into the ground. And all it takes  
is one racist ass white boy to  
come along and start it off!  
(beat)  
You trying to kick us out of our  
own hood?!

CHRIS  
(adamantly)  
God no. I just --  
(collecting himself)  
Like you said, I got lost. I was  
looking for a job with my friends  
and we split up and the next thing  
I knew...

CONTINUED: (2)

TERRANCE  
...you were working for the man  
and scouting commercial property?!

CHRIS  
(prolonged)  
Shit.

15 INT. JOB FAIR

15

Emma is passed out in her chair, snoring loudly as Claire smiles and nods nervously to the others around them before she turns quickly back to Emma.

CLAIRE  
Emma.

No response.

CLAIRE (cont'd)  
Emma!

She still gets nothing as Emma lets out another loud, snoring gasp.

CLAIRE (cont'd)  
(quietly)  
This is beyond embarrassing! You  
had better wake up, right now, or -

EMPLOYER (O.S)  
Miss...Platt?

With that Emma snaps to, quickly looking around the room.

CLAIRE  
You've got to be kidding me.

Emma jumps up from her chair.

EMMA  
I'm Emma Platt.

EMPLOYER  
Oh, good. Follow me, please.

Emma looks back to Claire one more time before following the man into a nearby office.

Claire takes a deep breath and sighs thankfully. After only a few moments, however, Emma returns with a thick stack of papers and sits back down alongside her.

CONTINUED:

CLAIRE  
(confused)  
What's that?

Emma rolls her eyes and plops the papers down on her lap.

EMMA  
A survey.

CLAIRE  
For?

EMMA  
Apparently it's a type of job placement survey. Instead of allowing us to apply for a single job, this is going to let us apply for only the ones that we're deemed qualified to apply for. What a novel idea.  
(mocking Claire)  
Don't worry, though, I'm sure we'll be up any minute now.

16 INT. LIBRARY

16

Establishing.

IAN (O.S)  
My eyes!!

Ian is rolling about the floor, violently rubbing at his face. A crowd has already gathered around and are watching in awe.

Two armed SECURITY GUARDS quickly run around the corner and advance to the front desk. They quickly look to the librarian and motion back to Ian.

SECURITY GUARD #1  
Is that the scum bag that attacked you?!

LIBRARIAN  
Yeah.  
(quickly)  
Be careful! I think he might have a gun!

One of the guards rolls Ian onto his stomach and puts his knee into Ian's back while his partner quickly places a pair of handcuffs on his wrists.

CONTINUED:

SECURITY GUARD #1  
Are you armed?!

IAN  
I'm just here for a --

SECURITY GUARD #2  
He said, 'Are you armed'!

IAN  
No, I'm not armed! I'm blind!

SECURITY GUARD #1  
Check his pockets.

The other guard cautiously pats him down.

SECURITY GUARD #2  
He's clean.

They pull him up from the ground as one stands on either side of him, looking back to the librarian.

SECURITY GUARD #1  
What exactly happened here?

LIBRARIAN  
He's some kind of pervert or something. He wouldn't stop leering at me and faking a British accent.

IAN  
I am British!

SECURITY GUARD #1  
Let her do the talking, you goddamn pervert!

LIBRARIAN  
When I picked up the phone to call you guys, he reached into his pocket. I thought he was reaching for a gun!

SECURITY GUARD #2  
He doesn't have a gun, ma'am.

LIBRARIAN  
Either way, he's still very obviously disturbed.

CONTINUED: (2)

LIBRARIAN(cont'd)

He was talking like he was a rapist trying to lure me into an alley with him or something!

SECURITY GUARD #1

Is that true? You a rapist?!

IAN

No, I'm not a rapist! I'm British and I'm just here about a job! That's all!

SECURITY GUARD #1

Bullshit!

IAN

Look, reach into my left pocket and --

LIBRARIAN

See, I told you that he's a pervert!

IAN

(beat)

No, in my left pocket there's the flyer from the posting outside, stating that they were looking for a librarian!

The first security guard motions to Ian's pocket.

SECURITY GUARD #1

Check it out.

SECURITY GUARD #2

If I feel anything other than a sheet of paper, this will be the last time that you ever see the light of day!

He reaches into Ian's pants and quickly retrieves the paper. He hands it to the other guard who quickly reads over it.

SECURITY GUARD #1

(to Ian)

If you were just trying to get a job, why did she call us?

IAN

(quietly)

I was just --

CONTINUED: (3)

SECURITY GUARD #2

Speak up!

IAN

(much more audibly)

I was trying to hit on her! I wanted to soften her up a bit to help my odds of getting a job.

LIBRARIAN

(baffled)

That was actually you trying to flirt?!

IAN

(yelling)

Hey, at least that wasn't me trying to mace you!

(quickly; to guards)

I wasn't shouting.

SECURITY GUARD #1

(beat; to librarian)

What do you think? You want us to get the police down here? Wouldn't take long and we can put this sick bastard away -- at least for the weekend to make sure that he can't assault anyone else.

IAN

I didn't assault anyone. She told you that!

(quietly)

Still...not shouting.

The librarian weighs the decision for a moment before sighing.

LIBRARIAN

Let him go. Just don't wander too far in case he tries to stick his hand in his pants again, okay guys?

SECURITY GUARD #1

Your call.

The guard takes the cuffs off of Ian's wrist. He rubs his wrists for a moment, looking sheepishly around to the crowd.

SECURITY GUARD #1 (cont'd)

We'll be watching you.

CONTINUED: (4)

Ian nervously nods as they finally walk away.

SECURITY GUARD #1 (O.S) (cont'd)  
Move along, people! Nothing to see  
here.

Ian slowly walks toward the librarian one more time and looks  
uneasily into her eyes.

IAN  
(quietly)  
I'll take an application, please.

17 EXT. ROUGH NEIGHBORHOOD

17

Chris is standing just as fearfully as he was the last time  
that we saw him, staring back at the group of black guys that  
are standing in the street before him, watching him like  
hawks.

TERRANCE  
So when you gonna fess up and tell  
us that you're working for the  
man, Rocker?

CHRIS  
I'm not working for the man and I  
don't know what you mean by  
Rocker!

TERRANCE  
Bullshit! I bet your walls are  
full of John Rocker posters and  
Klan Masks, ain't they?

CHRIS  
I'm not a racist!

TERRANCE  
(beat; sighing)  
You know, boys -- I don't think  
that talking's going to work with  
this one. I think we're going to  
have to work it out of him.

CHRIS  
No, I can prove that I'm not  
racist. On my phone, I've got the  
number of one of my best friends  
in the world. His name is --

CONTINUED:

TERRANCE

Just give it up, cracka'. Every  
one of you racist white boys say  
that you've got a best friend  
that's black, but get you around a  
bunch of other white people and  
you're using the word nigger!

CHRIS

I never use that word! I --

Chris cowers and stares at the ground.

TERRANCE

(to friends)

This is one of them old school  
white boys. They don't understand  
nothing that a brother says...

(pulling a knife)

...but pain.

Chris quickly turns around to run, but unbeknownst to him,  
there's already a couple more GUYS standing behind him.

He stares back at Terrance with a dire expression of his face  
as we...

FADE TO BLACK.

END OF ACT TWO

CONTINUED: (2)

ACT THREE

FADE IN:

18 EXT. ROUGH NEIGHBORHOOD - DAY

18

Chris reluctantly turns back to Terrance, almost shaking now as the armed man approaches.

TERRANCE

So you know what I'm gonna do?

CHRIS

I really don't know, but I'm  
praying that it doesn't involve  
piercing my skin with that knife.  
I actually rather enjoy my skin.

(quickly)

And not because it's white! I  
just...

(sighing)

...really like my skin.

Terrance holds the knife up in front of his face and puts his arm around Chris' neck.

A long beat.

TERRANCE

I'm going to take this knife, put  
it back in the house, and tell you  
how to get back to the part of the  
city that you're looking for.

CHRIS

Please don't --

He looks around to all of them.

CHRIS (cont'd)

(confused)

What?

Without an answer, the others all begin LAUGHING hysterically.

Chris, still confused, is looking frantically to the others, trying to figure out what's going on.

TERRANCE

(laughing)

We was just screwing with you,  
Whitey.

(between laughs)

CONTINUED:

TERRANCE(cont'd)

Do we really look like gang bangers to you?

CHRIS

I -- I don't know. I've never really seen a...gang banger, I guess. Well, except for on TV, but you never really know what's real on TV or not.

The others are still laughing hysterically for several moments as Chris tries to force a smile, but is still obviously shaken from the experience.

TERRANCE

Look, you're barely outside of downtown LA. You're not going to run into a neighborhood like that for a few miles. We're all civilized brothas on this side of the tracks.

CHRIS

Thank God.

They all break into a round of LAUGHTER again as Chris seems to be getting more comfortable with his surroundings.

TERRANCE

Let me guess, you're not from around here?

CHRIS

Is it that obvious?

TERRANCE

Where you from?

CHRIS

Canada.

TERRANCE

Oh, Jesus. No wonder you're nervous. I'm probably the first dark skinned person you've ever seen in your short, white life, huh?

CHRIS

No. I mean, we had a few back home, but they were...

TERRANCE

...far and few between?

CONTINUED: (2)

Chris nods.

TERRANCE (cont'd)  
How does it feel to finally be the  
minority?

All the others start laughing again as Terrance holds up the  
knife.

TERRANCE (cont'd)  
Someone go put this knife back in  
the kitchen.  
(to Chris)  
Come on, I'll give you a ride.

Chris smiles uneasily as he follows Terrance down the road and  
out of view before we CUT TO:

19 INT. STREETS - LATER

19

Lee is walking quickly down the street, glancing often back at  
his watch.

LEE  
There just had to be a damn guitar  
store!  
(to skies)  
Why couldn't you have let me walk  
the other way? You know damn good  
and well I'm not going to find a  
job when I'm distracted by that  
sweet vixen in the window! God,  
I'm probably the only one that's  
not coming back with a job. That's  
just --

Not paying attention to where he's walking, in the least bit,  
Lee runs directly into a businessman, dressed expensively in a  
nice suit and tie.

Both men drop everything in their hands.

Lee loses the sole manila envelope that's in his hand while  
the businessman's briefcase hits the ground and explodes,  
sending papers flying everywhere.

LEE (cont'd)  
Oh, man, I am so sorry.

BUSINESSMAN  
Nonsense. It was just as much my  
fault as it was yours.

CONTINUED:

He bends over to pick up his papers.

LEE

Let me help you with those.

Lee goes to work, helping him collect the large stack of papers that are scattered about the sidewalk.

BUSINESSMAN

Thank you.

LEE

No problem. If I hadn't had my head up my arse, I don't think we'd be in this position.

(beat)

I've just had a crazy day.

BUSINESSMAN

I know the sort.

The man stands up, putting the papers back into his briefcase as Lee chases the remaining few papers down the street.

As the man arranges all of his papers back in order, he takes notice of a paper - one that isn't his.

Lee finally returns with the last of his papers.

LEE

Here you go. Again, sorry about the collision.

BUSINESSMAN

(eyeing paper)

This is impressive.

LEE

Oh, that. Well -- really? You think so?

BUSINESSMAN

If the number on here is correct, it's very impressive. That's dozens more scripts than your typical screenwriter has under his belt. How did you rack up that many?

LEE

I ran an online virtual series site and ended up doing the majority of the work on it.

CONTINUED: (2)

LEE(cont'd)

(beat)

How do you know how many scripts a typical screenwriter has under his belt?

BUSINESSMAN

Pardon the manners. My name is Trevor Colter. I'm a senior partner with a division of Universal Productions.

LEE

You're kidding.

TREVOR

Afraid not.

(beat)

Do you believe in fate...

LEE

...Lee.

TREVOR

Do you believe in fate, Lee?

LEE

Not..really.

TREVOR

I do. Take bumping into someone, for example. Neither of us are particularly paying attention to where we're going and somehow, it looks like we both got exactly where we were supposed to be. You meet a man with something you need and the same goes for me.

LEE

I'm sorry. It's been a long day, so let me make sure I'm getting this straight. Are you offering me a job.

TREVOR

I'm not that big of a believer in fate, but I may be just enough of one to let you in on an internship that's open in my division. What do you say? You stop by the office in the morning and we talk jobs? I may even be able to get your work to someone that has a bit of pull around here.

CONTINUED: (3)                   TREVOR(cont'd)

(beat)  
Sound good?

LEE  
You are my god.

20                   INT. NEIGHBORHOOD BAR - EVENING

20

Chris walks into the small bar to find everyone else already there waiting on him in a corner booth.

The bar is predominately empty with only a few patrons lounging about the bar stools. Oak floors and walls make for a cozy feel to the bar.

Chris slowly makes his way past the bar and toward the booth to sit alongside the others.

LEE  
Good to see you straggle in. We almost started to worry, but then we realized that we were in a bar and started drinking instead.

CHRIS  
They didn't even ID me to get in here...and you guys are drinking. Where the hell am I?

LEE  
You've only got to be eighteen to enter this place.

IAN  
(apathetic)  
You've still got to be twenty-one to drink, though.

CLAIRE  
(to Chris)  
Well, how'd it go?

EMMA  
Think about the 'sugar mamma' speech and the sinister scowls before you answer.

CHRIS  
It went well. I got a job.

Everyone lets out a collective YELL in celebration of his success.

CONTINUED:

IAN

Look at us. Everyone got a job on our first day of even trying, despite Lee's lame speeches.

CHRIS

(curiously)

What happened to your eyes?

IAN

Huh? Oh, nothing.

CLAIRE

He got maced.

EMMA

By a librarian.

LEE

And apparently assaulted by some policeman.

CHRIS

What?

IAN

(quickly)

So where did you get a job at?!

CHRIS

At a restaurant -- as a waiter. I know it's not the most glorious job in the world, but it should work to pay my portion of the bills.

LEE

Nonsense! Nothing wrong with being in the service industry. You've got a job. That's all that matters.

IAN

(to Lee)

Especially since you didn't get one.

CHRIS

(confused)

I thought you guys said that everyone got a job.

CONTINUED: (2)

LEE

I didn't so much get a job as I got an internship.

EMMA

That he apparently didn't so much get, but was promised by a guy that he bumped into on the street.

IAN

And as in an internship that doesn't pay any money.

LEE

I've got enough money saved up that I won't necessarily need a job for some time.

(to Chris)

Besides, it's with a big time production studio.

CHRIS

(impressed)

Really?

LEE

Yep. One that could lead to a job with said production studio and eventually enough pull to take on the lot of you talentless and asinine bastards.

CLAIRE

Or in the strictest of terms, he's a great big, worthless slacker who'll be mooching off the rest of us for God knows how long.

LEE

If you just have to get technical, that is.

CHRIS

(to Ian)

What did you get?

IAN

(proudly)

Librarian.

CHRIS

Yeah, right.

CONTINUED: (3)

IAN

I kid you not.

CHRIS

Wow. How the hell did you pull that off?

IAN

Some might say that it was my rugged, English charm.

LEE

Others might say that it was to escape a pending law suit.

IAN

Tomato -- tamato.

CHRIS

(to girls)

What about you guys?

EMMA

Don't ask.

CLAIRE

(excitedly)

I'm going to be a teacher!

CHRIS

(impressed)

A teacher?

EMMA

Only because she lied on her survey!

CHRIS

(beat)

I'm taking it that your job isn't quite as honorable?

EMMA

Hey, I'm going to be the most honorable movie ticket seller in the state of California, pal!

IAN

And we can all get into the movies for free.

CONTINUED: (4)

LEE

Hell, between the lot of us, we  
can get free movies, food,  
reading, and education.

IAN

This calls for a drink.

EMMA

I agree!

Emma gets up from the booth and heads for the bar, leaving the  
others to look strangely to one another.

CLAIRE

Emma...?

LEE

Oh, hell. This isn't going to go  
well.

IAN

(to Claire)

Let me out!

CLAIRE

Where are you going?!

IAN

To the bathroom. I don't want to  
be here when she gets back from  
what's about to...

EMMA (O.S)

Son of a bitch!

IAN

(sighing)

...happen.

Emma comes RUSHING into view to stand angrily alongside the  
table.

EMMA

They won't let me buy a pitcher of  
beer!

CHRIS

In their defense, it would be  
somewhat...illegal.

EMMA

Up yours 'Rachel'!

CONTINUED: (5)

CHRIS

I told you to stop calling me  
that!

CLAIRE

Emma, it's okay. Calm down.

LEE

Yeah, believe me, three years will  
pass...

(snapping finger)

...like that.

Emma looks to Lee with a murderous look in her eye.

CHRIS

(beat; cautiously)

I'll see you later.

Chris piles out of the booth and heads toward the door.

IAN

(to Claire)

For the love of God, woman, let me  
out!

CLAIRE

I think I'm going to just -- Bye.

Claire and Ian EMPTY the booth and follow Chris' footsteps  
toward the door.

LEE

(sheepishly)

Did I say something wrong?

Lee forces a smile for a moment as Emma's look doesn't change  
in the slightest bit before we CUT TO:

21 INT. APARTMENT - LIVING ROOM - LATER

21

Chris, Claire, and Ian all ENTER the apartment and make their  
way into the living room to sit around the room in the chairs  
that typically accompany the kitchen table.

CHRIS

I cannot believe he actually said  
that. He might as well have told  
her that she was fat or her hair  
wasn't pretty because for Emma,  
that's almost as bad as not being  
able to buy beer.

CONTINUED:

CHRIS(cont'd)

The man has no respect for his  
life whatsoever, does he?

IAN

He's old. He has nothing to live  
for.

CLAIRE

Hey!

IAN

No, I just mean that Lee is old in  
a sense that -- Ah, screw it. I'm  
sorry.

CHRIS

You guys think he'll be able to  
walk tomorrow -- at least without  
a hideous gimp?

CLAIRE

She'll probably take it easy on  
him. Kind of a first time offense  
type thing.

CHRIS

Yeah, she did grant me clemency  
over the whole 'panty ordeal' so  
it's possible that Lee's slip of  
the tongue could go unscathed.  
Still, I wouldn't hold my breath  
in anticipation.

IAN

I'm just psyched that we all  
landed jobs.

They all sit around for a moment, soaking it in before a long  
moment of silence takes over.

CHRIS

(beat)

I met a big, black guy named  
Terrance.

CLAIRE

It's good that you're broadening  
your horizons.

(quickly)

Not in a sexual sense, of course.

(beat)

Unless you are broadening your  
sexual horizons. In which case --

CONTINUED: (2)

CHRIS

Hey, No! No 'unless.' I'm just saying that I met a guy. He was big. He was black. His name was Terrance. End story.

CLAIRE

If you ever need someone to come out to...

CHRIS

I'll keep that in mind, Claire. Thank you.

IAN

You guys think that we should clean up a bit? Cleaning has kind of taken a back seat to drinking as of late.

CLAIRE

I don't know. I was thinking that we do a little group work on the story. We moved out here for one reason and we haven't really addressed that reason since we arrived.

CHRIS

In our defense, we have been somewhat preoccupied.

IAN

Yeah, with drinking.

CLAIRE

What do you guys say? We can get a little work out of the way and you know nothing would make Lee more happy.

CHRIS

(apathetic)

Well, if it will make Lee happy, then by all means, let's not wait.

CLAIRE

All I'm saying is that it would do us good. Maybe we could --

Her words are cut short when a loud FART interrupts the conversation.

CONTINUED: (3)

Everyone quickly looks at each other in confusion and then toward the bathroom from where the sound originated.

Chris, being the closest one to the bathroom, gets first glance from the others.

IAN

Please tell me that, that was some kind of ventriloquist act with your ass.

CHRIS

(beat; freaked)  
That wasn't me.

CLAIRE

Someone's in the bathroom.  
(beat; shuddering)  
Having a bowel movement!

Ian holds his finger up to his lips to shush her and starts toward the kitchen.

**22** INT. APARTMENT - KITCHEN - CONTINUOUS

**22**

Ian hurries over to a small cabinet and grabs a broom, mop, and a plunger.

**23** INT. APARTMENT - LIVING ROOM - CONTINUOUS

**23**

He quietly hurries back into the living room and begins to disburse the makeshift weapons. Chris gets the plunger and stares oddly back at Ian.

CHRIS

(quietly)  
You want me to plunge him to death?!

Ian rolls his eyes and trades his broom for the plunger.

IAN

Just start swinging as soon as I open the door.

They all three begin to slowly creep across the apartment toward the bathroom door.

They stop and each take a deep breath before Ian starts to count down, starting from three, with his fingers.

CONTINUED:

When he has only one finger remaining, he slowly reaches for the handle and violently SWINGS it open to reveal a FAT MAN sitting on the toilet, reading a magazine.

The fat man lets out a SCREAM as the door flies open and the assortment of people pile into the apartment, household tools flailing all about.

After a few moments of the assault, Chris notices something odd. A COWBOY HAT is lying on the nearby sink.

CHRIS

Wait.

No one else stops.

CHRIS (cont'd)

Wait!

Claire and Ian finally stop their assault for a moment and look back to Chris.

FAT MAN

Jesus Christ! What the hell is wrong with you people?!

CHRIS

(beat; curiously)

Waylon?

BLACK OUT.

END OF ACT THREE

CONTINUED: (2)

ACT FOUR

FADE IN:

24 INT. APARTMENT - LIVING ROOM - EVENING

24

Chris, Claire, and Emma are all sitting uneasily around the living room, no one quite knowing what to say.

CHRIS

Well, this is unexpected.

IAN

This is a goddamn travesty, is what it is.

CLAIRE

You're telling me. I saw his... 'thing'. I think I'm scarred for life.

After a few moments, the toilet flushes and the bathroom door opens for WAYLON, 23, to walk slowly into the living room.

He's a big guy in blue jeans and a flannel shirt, his cowboy hat firmly on his head this time.

WAYLON

That was damn nice of you guys to let me finish. Most people who assault a naked, fat man on the crapper wouldn't have done the same.

IAN`

What the hell are you doing here?

WAYLON

Not quite the reaction I was expecting, but I'm glad to see you guys too.

CLAIRE

He didn't mean it like that.

IAN

The hell I didn't. How the hell did you even know where to find us?!

CONTINUED:

WAYLON

When you move to another continent  
and aren't wanting to be found,  
don't change your profile on the  
web site that you visit every day  
to say Los Angeles...

(looking to Chris)

...jackass.

CHRIS

Oh, shit. Lee is definitely going  
to kill me.

IAN

This is just great.

WAYLON

You sons of bitches came to LA  
without me, the only American out  
of us all?!

CHRIS

It's really not what you think.

WAYLON

(sarcastic; sighing)

That's a relief. 'Cause there for  
a second, I was starting to think  
that all my alleged friends have  
turned out to be a bunch of lying  
assholes.

(beat)

But since it isn't what I think, I  
guess I can easily forgive and  
forget.

CLAIRE

We were going to tell you.

WAYLON

After striking it rich or after  
you told everybody else from the  
site?

IAN

How did you even find the  
apartment?

WAYLON

I'm 1/16 Cherokee. I used my  
Indian skills to track you  
conniving bastards down.

(off looks)

CONTINUED: (2)

WAYLON(cont'd)

Actually, I've spent the last three days driving around LA and checking every apartment that I thought you guys could afford. I expected a few more days, but luckily, I hit up the real shitholes first.

IAN

This is insane! We don't have the room or the patience to put up with this!

The front door swings open and Lee ENTERS the room. He stares oddly for a moment after seeing Waylon, not really sure how to react.

LEE

Anyone planning on throwing me an explanation, here, or am I supposed to start guessing?

CHRIS

(nonchalantly)  
It's Waylon.

LEE

(laughing)  
Yeah, right.  
(to Ian)  
Who is this guy?

IAN

Waylon.

LEE

Claire?

CLAIRE

It's true.

LEE

Oh, shit.

WAYLON

That seems to be going around.

LEE

(beat)  
Waylon, we...

WAYLON

...were going to tell me eventually?

CONTINUED: (3)

WAYLON(cont'd)

Yeah, that's been going around too. I guess you guys really didn't expect me, did you? Because you obviously haven't had time to come up with a decent excuse.

LEE

What are you doing here?

WAYLON

(rolling eyes)

Jesus, I should have written out a mission statement before I drove out! I feel like a skipping record.

25 INT. APARTMENT - KITCHEN - LATER

25

Lee is contemplating as the others are all sitting around the table with him.

After several moments, he finally breaks the silence.

LEE

I guess that would be okay.

IAN

Oh, my God!

WAYLON

It damn well better be okay. I don't have the gas to make it home and I'm not staying in one of those homeless shelters because I know that all the hostesses aren't looking like they do on the made for TV movies when they bed down the young punks and make them straighten out there lives.

IAN

Where is he going to sleep? We don't have enough couches. It's physically impossible.

WAYLON

Keep your panties out of a bunch, Ian. I'll sleep on the floor. It's not a big deal. I come from the rough streets of Oklahoma.

CONTINUED:

WAYLON(cont'd)

I've learned to get by one day at a time and that sometimes included my sleeping on the ground. I think I can manage.

IAN

He talks just like he types!

LEE

Alright! You've made your point, Ian. You don't appreciate the situation, but it's one that we're all going to have to deal with.

Waylon sticks his tongue out at Ian.

IAN

That's it!

Ian starts hurrying around the table.

WAYLON

Bring it on, Nancy!

Chris gets in Ian's way.

IAN

(rolling his eyes)

Fine! He can stay, but you better get a job.

WAYLON

Consider it done.

Ian EXITS the kitchen.

WAYLON (cont'd)

His temper is worse in real life than it is online.

LEE

(smiling)

That's what I said.

(beat)

Where's your stuff?

WAYLON

It's down in the truck, if it hasn't been stolen and stripped for parts yet.

CHRIS

I'll help you go get it.

CONTINUED: (2)

WAYLON

Sweet.

Chris and Waylon EXIT the room, leaving Lee and Claire to nervously eye one another.

CLAIRE

We're going to get evicted.

LEE

(quickly)

Yeah.

26 INT. APARTMENT - LIVING ROOM - MINUTES LATER

26

The front door opens and Emma hurriedly ENTERS the apartment to see Lee and Claire sitting nervously upon the floor.

Emma is carrying a license high in the air as she hurries toward the others.

EMMA

Look at this!

CLAIRE

It's a license.

EMMA

Not just anyone's license. My license!

LEE

(reaching for it)

You got a fake ID?

EMMA

Yep!

LEE

It looks nothing like you.

EMMA

Doesn't matter. It'll get most of its use in dark bars. Besides, no one looks at the picture. They just glance at the date. We saw who got the last laugh this time, didn't we? And it wasn't that damn bartender!

CONTINUED:

LEE

(awkwardly)

Emma, I've got to tell you something.

EMMA

(rolling her eyes)

It's okay, Lee. You already apologized and I no longer harbor feelings of resentment toward you. Not at the moment, anyway.

LEE

No, there's something we've got to tell you. I don't have much time, so I'm going to make it quick.

(beat)

We just found out that --

WAYLON (O.S)

Well, well, well.

Waylon and Chris ENTER the apartment. Waylon has a bag draped over each arm and a fishing pole in each hand as Chris follows in with a few boxes as well.

They both sit the poles down in the corner and walk into the living room.

WAYLON (cont'd)

You've haven't been in the states for more than a week and you've already managed to lure a good looking, American girl up to your apartment.

(beat)

Lee, you devil.

EMMA

(to Lee)

That isn't --

WAYLON

The sexiest man you've ever bore witness to in your life?

(smiling)

Very well could be.

EMMA

Oh, God. It's Waylon.

CONTINUED: (2)

WAYLON

(to Lee)

You've been telling her about me?

EMMA

It's me, retard. Emma?

WAYLON

Emma?

(beat)

Emma Platt?

EMMA

One and the same.

WAYLON

(laughing)

This is great! The entire gang is here. Though after meeting him, I think I could do without Ian. He seems a little high strung to be a good roommate.

EMMA

(to Lee)

What's he doing here?

WAYLON

Surprise, darlin'. I'm your new roommate.

Off of Emma's surprised expression, we CUT TO:

27 INT. APARTMENT - GIRLS' ROOM - LATER

27

Emma and Claire are lying on their respective beds, sitting in silence before Emma breaks it by:

EMMA

This is a disaster.

CLAIRE

It's not that bad.

EMMA

Not that bad? He's going to eat us out of house and home!

CONTINUED:

CLAIRE

Just look at it this way, he can help to get the script off the ground. Then we each get our own place and no hard feelings.

EMMA

It's the time in between that I'm worried about.

CLAIRE

Either way -- Waylon's right. We have the entire gang together.

(beat)

And regardless of anything else that could possibly happen, at the very least, we know that things are definitely going to be interesting.

The front door opens and closes.

A beat.

WAYLON (O.S)

Did you guys know that Lee is running laps around the building, naked?

BLACK OUT.

END OF SHOW