

THE HIGH LIFE

1X04

"Follow Me"

Written by  
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**THE HIGH LIFE**

**"Follow Me"**

**TEASER**

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FADE IN:

1 INT. APARTMENT - GIRLS' ROOM - PRE DAWN

1

Establishing.

EMMA (O.S)

That still doesn't tell me why  
we're up at eight o' clock in the  
morning -- London time!

EMMA is sitting apathetically at the foot of her bed, staring  
down at IAN.

IAN

(quietly)

Shhh! They'll hear you!

CLAIRE (O.S)

Any ideas?

We pan out to find CLAIRE leaning against the wall on her bed  
and LEE sitting on the edge of the opposite side, head buried  
in his hands.

LEE

Not a clue.

Everyone is in their pajamas. Their hair is a mess and each of  
them occasionally wipe sleep from their eyes.

IAN

I'm calling an emergency apartment  
meeting.

EMMA

That's fine and good, Ian --  
really, but if we're having an  
apartment meeting, shouldn't all  
tenants be present and accounted  
for?

IAN

Not when it's of the clandestine  
variety.

(CONTINUED)

1 CONTINUED:

1

LEE

Oh, Jesus. I knew this was coming.

CLAIRE

What?

LEE

It's about Waylon.

CLAIRE

Again?

IAN

The problem isn't going to solve itself.

EMMA

Shouldn't Chris at least be here for this?

IAN

He's out there sleeping with the enemy, isn't he? Chris can't be in the loop -- not when it comes to this. The two of them sharing a living room is doing something to collapse his sense of judgment and pull a thick blanket of wool over his eyes when it comes to the worthless sod that sleeps on the floor across from him.

CLAIRE

We can't just kick him out on the street.

IAN

Why bloody not?!

Ian stops and listens intently after he gets louder than planned. After a few moments, he looks back to Claire and begins whispering again.

IAN (cont'd)

He doesn't work. He doesn't pay bills and I'd be struck down by God himself if I said that he ever did a moment's worth of cleaning. The only thing that he does is take up space and hog the damn remote!

(CONTINUED)

1 CONTINUED: (2)

1

EMMA

Hey, I've got no problem with putting him out on his arse.

(motioning to others)

It's the schoolgirls that start getting weepy.

LEE

I do not get weepy! I just think he's an asset when it comes to writing and I don't very well see him writing episodes in chalk on the pavement when we put him to living in the alley!

A long beat.

CLAIRE

Look, I know the man can test people's patience and he takes full advantage of that talent, but what kind of friends would we be if we do this to him?

IAN

Who, in this or any other nation, ever said that we were his friends?

EMMA

I never signed anything.

LEE

(sighing)

Let's just give him a chance, alright? We can talk to him about it, set some ground rules that we haven't had the chance to get into the open, and --

IAN

Veto.

Lee stares back at Ian, dumbfounded.

LEE

Veto?

IAN

It means that I object to your suggestion.

(CONTINUED)

1 CONTINUED: (3)

1

LEE  
(snapping)  
I know what it means!  
(beat)  
Just when the hell did you get the  
nerve to call me out on a judgment  
call?

IAN  
Since I started having dreams  
about murdering a roommate!

CLAIRE  
(reluctantly; to Lee)  
A vote's only fair.

LEE  
Fine. All of those that want to  
put Waylon, a man who may quite  
possibly be part of the reason  
that all become millionaires out  
on the street with no warning  
whatsoever...?

Ian and Emma raise their hands.

LEE (cont'd)  
All opposed?

He and Claire slowly raise their hands.

LEE (cont'd)  
Right.  
(beat)  
We're doing this by age. You lot  
add up to what...thirty-eight?  
Claire and I combine to make fifty-  
two. You've been defeated.

Lee stands up and quickly walks toward the door.

IAN  
That's not democracy!!

Lee holds his finger over his mouth, shushing Ian as he puts  
his hand on the door handle.

LEE  
You don't want to wake them up.

Ian glares.

(CONTINUED)

1 CONTINUED: (4)

1

LEE (cont'd)  
Besides, there is something that I realized tonight. Democracy is never going to lead to our getting rich. We're going to quibble until we can quibble no more and then we're going to be split apart over the decision. It's much easier to place the blame on an individual and have the others hate him instead of each other...and I can deal with that. So from this point out, you want democracy, go out in the streets.

Lee points around at the apartment.

LEE (cont'd)  
(beat; dramatically)  
Cause this bitch just became a dictatorship.

FADE TO BLACK.

END OF TEASER

**ACT ONE**

FADE IN:

2 EXT. CINEMA - DAY 2

A large movie theatre isn't particularly busy on this afternoon. Only a few people are moving sluggishly along the sidewalk before it.

As an OLDER COUPLE works its way toward the main entrance, we PUSH IN to find Emma in the ticket booth, standing apathetically as she watches the old people slowly advance.

3 INT. CINEMA - TICKET BOOTH 3

Emma stares in boredom before turning back to JENNIFER -- a young, blonde girl with died streaks of black hair sporadically placed throughout her long, blonde hair.

She and Emma both wear bright, striped uniforms, but Jennifer's goth roots show through. Jennifer is painting her fingernails a dark red as she regretfully listens to Emma.

EMMA

I must have murdered the pope in a past life because I don't think I can handle much more of this.

JENNIFER

If you say so.

EMMA

I know that this place is your mecca -- and believe me, I'm not judging because it used to be the same for me -- but you seem to think that this is some sort of career path.

JENNIFER

Were you going somewhere with this?

EMMA

We're barely paid, indentured servants to undeserving and ungrateful patrons! Who, in their right mind, would even wish this upon their worst enemy?

(MORE)

(CONTINUED)

3 CONTINUED:

3

EMMA (cont'd)

There could be horror movies about working here scarier than half the crap we show!

JENNIFER

Whatever.

(beat)

Just keep out of my way and we'll be fine. They're going to make me manager soon if you don't screw it up with your apathy.

Emma stares at the girl, not paying attention to anything as she blows on her nails, and starts to come unglued, but stops short as she remembers the old people inching toward her.

She takes a deep breath as she fights back the words and turns around to see the old people having almost made it to the booth.

Just feet away from making it, CHRIS swoops in out of nowhere and cuts them out of their place in line.

CHRIS

(jokingly; to Emma)

No wonder you wait to put your outfit on until you get to work. If only Waylon were here to partake in the mocking.

EMMA

Sarcasm. That's number eleven on the list of reasons that you're never going to get laid.

(beat)

What are you even doing here?

LEE (O.S)

Came to see our favorite hostess.

Lee and Claire walk into view to stand alongside Chris.

LEE (cont'd)

(off look)

...and a movie, of course.

Claire stares at Chris.

CLAIRE

(whispering)

You made us cut in front of those people.

(CONTINUED)

3 CONTINUED: (2)

3

CHRIS

Don't worry. They're old --  
probably don't have any place to  
be today anyway.

LEE

So, about getting into the matinee  
for free!

Emma's eyes reach the size of saucers as she quickly looks  
over to Jennifer.

Jennifer isn't paying the least bit of attention as she works  
away on her nails. Emma shoots Lee the most scornful of looks  
as she glances back to Jennifer again.

EMMA

(quietly)  
Ixnay on the eefray!

Lee quickly catches on and leans in toward the booth.

LEE

You said that you were going to be  
able to get us in for free.

EMMA

I said when I had a bit of  
seniority, I would get you in for  
free, but I didn't plan to be here  
long enough to get seniority so I  
was pretty much talking out of my  
ass! And really...the matinee?!  
You're trying to get me fired  
before I can quit!

LEE

What good are you if you can't  
even get us into the movies?  
(off look; backstepping)  
Other than being divine  
inspiration and an all around  
delight to behold?

Lee forces his best shit eating grin and Emma obviously isn't  
buying it.

CHRIS

Please, for the love of some kind  
of higher power, let us in. I'm  
broke, Emma!

(MORE)

(CONTINUED)

3 CONTINUED: (3)

3

CHRIS (cont'd)

I don't have a damn dollar because I haven't gotten a pay check from the little shop of horrors and my lifestyle as I knew it is non-existent. I couldn't even get a cup of coffee if I didn't work at a coffee house where I can easily steal it. Movies are the one thing that can keep me sane. Please don't take that from me.

A beat as Emma ponders.

CHRIS (cont'd)

Come on, Em! When we get back to the house, I'll make Lee show you his penis.

EMMA

(rolling eyes)

Oh, god.

She looks back to Jennifer one last time and back to the guys.

EMMA (cont'd)

(to Lee)

If you promise that I'll never see said penis and neither of you ever use that word again, I'll do it.

CHRIS

I can't speak for Lee and his...man part, but I'll hold up my end of the deal.

EMMA

(sighs)

Give me some money.

LEE

Are you sure you're familiar with the term free?

(off look; quickly)

Is ten dollars good?

He hands Emma the ten. Emma glances back at an oblivious Jennifer before opening the cash register, glances over to Jennifer as she rattles some change around, and hands the ten back to Lee.

EMMA

First door on your right.

(CONTINUED)

3 CONTINUED: (4)

3

The guys both smile as they walk toward the doors.

CLAIRE

I really hope we didn't get you in trouble.

Emma forces a smile as Claire falls in line with the guys. She looks back to Jennifer one more time, obviously feeling like she's going to get caught any moment, but Jennifer is none the wiser.

4 INT. LIBRARY - FRONT DESK

4

Ian is standing in at the front desk, idly placing a stack of books onto a cart, often peaking over his shoulder at Amy -- his co-worker and former assaulter.

He finally gets the stack into the cart and starts to walk away, but glances over his shoulder one last time before:

AMY

What is your deal?!

Ian is left speechless with a 'deer in the headlights' look.

Amy (cont'd)

You've been gawking at me for the past two weeks without a single word -- and believe me, if it comes down to it, I've still got the mace.

IAN

Please, for the love of God, do not reach for the mace.

AMY

Any particular reason that I shouldn't?

IAN

It's just that...

Amy raises her eyebrows, waiting for an answer.

IAN (cont'd)

I think that there's a strong possibility that I'm infatuated with you.

(quickly)

But not in a stalker type way!

(CONTINUED)

4 CONTINUED:

4

A beat.

AMY

Go on.

IAN

I've quite literally never been so nervous in my life, so bear with me if I stumble off topic and --

AMY

You're starting to sound like a stalker again!

IAN

I know we got off on the wrong foot two weeks ago. Actually, I think we got off on the wrong knee because I don't think feet can get maced, beaten down, and handcuffed in the span of thirty seconds.

(beat)

The thing is..that I find you unbelievably attractive. In the limited time that I've worked here, it's been extremely simple to pick up on the fact that you're a very kind, very smart, and sophisticated woman. To cut to the chase, you are absolutely my type and I like to think that, had I not originally come off as Jack the 'aren't you impressed by my bloody accent' Ripper, you might be inclined to lean toward the same direction...attraction-wise.

A long beat passes before the slightest of smiles crosses her lips.

AMY

I may have been a bit premature in nearly blinding you.

(beat)

For that, I'm sorry.

IAN

Under normal circumstances, I might hold a grudge, but getting pepper sprayed by you was...endearing.

She smiles again, but stops.

(CONTINUED)

4 CONTINUED: (2)

4

AMY

You do realize that this doesn't mean that I'm going to go out with you, right?

IAN

Absolutely.

AMY

This only means that we can work together without the long hours of awkward silence and possibly carry on quasi meaningful conversations about anything not related to either of us and a 'love life'.

IAN

I understand completely.

He turns to walk away, but stops again.

IAN (cont'd)

You know, I was too busy with the frisking and all to ask before and with the aforementioned awkward hours of silence, it didn't make it any easier to officially ask for your name.

AMY

Officially, I'm Amy.

IAN

Officially Ian.

AMY

I'm going to call you Jack. Just until you climb out of the stalker hole.

IAN

The stalker hole...believe it or not, this is my first visit. How long is your typical stalker sentencing?

AMY

I don't know. Your my first stalker. We'll just have to wait and see how things play out, won't we?

(CONTINUED)

4 CONTINUED: (3)

4

Ian finally turns and pushes his cart away as she watches with a tiny grin.

5 INT. CINEMA - LATER

5

Claire, Lee, and Chris are all walking through the cinema lobby, nearly completely alone in the whole of the place.

CLAIRE

I had almost forgotten why I had lost my lust for movies these days. Thankfully we have the handy work of clueless Hollywood Execs to jog my memory.

(beat)

It's because they suck.

LEE

We should riot.

(looking around)

Though I don't know who we'd riot against because I think the whole world agrees with us.

CHRIS

Don't worry, Claire. I'm sure we can find you something else to lust after soon enough. I know this bar downtown where the girls pack a little extra in the panties.

CLAIRE

Let's leave my lusting to me and can I just add, 'ew'.

LEE

A directorial double header and we've still got half a day to kill. There's a certain pilot episode we could be working on.

CHRIS

What age is it that senility kicks in, because I could have sworn that we picked tomorrow as the day we were going to start work.

LEE

My memory is perfectly fine, you daft teenager.

(MORE)

(CONTINUED)

5 CONTINUED:

5

LEE (cont'd)

And if we don't want to work, we can stop off at a video store and get a proper film to watch. Joss knows that we need something to wash the bad taste from our mouths after --

MANAGER (O.S)

Excuse me...

Lee glances over his shoulder to catch the cinema manager walking calmly in their direction.

CHRIS

Oh shit.

CLAIRE

We've got to make a run for it!

LEE

(calmly)

Let's hear the man out before we break the lamp over his head and meet the getaway car, shall we? I'm sure it's nothing.

The manager, late 30's and balding, finally makes his way over to stand in front of them.

MANAGER

Good afternoon.

LEE

Afternoon.

MANAGER

I hope it's not too much of an inconvenience for you, but I'll need to check your ticket stubs.

CHRIS

Our..ticket stubs?

MANAGER

With the daily matinee and apathetic employees, you wouldn't believe how many people just walk right in. And half the time, the employees think that they don't have to obey the rules and let their friends in for free.

CLAIRE

Really?

(CONTINUED)

5 CONTINUED: (2)

5

MANAGER

Unfortunately so. So may I --

LEE

What would happen to one of these employees, theoretically speaking, of course, if they were to allow such a thing?

MANAGER

Don't worry, sir. We take our employee policies very seriously.

CHRIS

So you would, what...call the cops?

MANAGER

Oh, heavens no. It's not like they were robbing a bank!

LEE

Ah, so just a slight reprimand.

MANAGER

Oh, no, they would be fired and promptly escorted from the building.

LEE

Fired?

MANAGER

Company policy. So about your tickets...

LEE

That's the thing. We don't actually have any.

The manager gets a very suspicious look on his face.

LEE (cont'd)

You see, what happened was --

CHRIS

That girl at the ticket booth let us in for free!

MANAGER

(appalled)

The new girl, Emma?

(CONTINUED)

5 CONTINUED: (3)

5

CHRIS

Uh, I don't know her name, but it was a girl with black streaks and too much lipstick. We gave her five bucks and she let us all in!

MANAGER

Is this true?

LEE

Actually --

CLAIRE

Yes it is! She said that she hated her job and that her boss was a balding fool!

The manager glares toward the ticket booth as Lee looks to Claire, nearly baffled.

Claire shrugs her shoulders.

LEE

(quickly)

So you've obviously got things to tend to. I think we're just going to --

MANAGER

(yelling)

Jennifer, may I have a word with you?

The manager waits as Jennifer whimsically makes her toward him. When she finally arrives, he nearly has to control himself when asking:

MANAGER (cont'd)

Did you let these people --

He stops as he turns around the guys to find them gone! One of the exits, no more than five feet away is slowly closing as we...

BLACK OUT.

END OF ACT ONE

**ACT TWO**

FADE IN:

6 INT. APARTMENT - KITCHEN - EVENING

6

Chris, Claire, and Lee are sitting at the kitchen table, each of them laughing loudly.

CHRIS

I never knew I could run that fast!

CLAIRE

Me neither!

LEE

(to Claire)

I can't believe that you were that quick to hop willingly aboard the criminal train. You went from Saint to Lucifer in well under six seconds.

CLAIRE

What was I supposed to do? Let Emma get fired?

LEE

I was going to explain that we'd thrown our tickets away.

CLAIRE

(beat)

Oh.

CHRIS

Yeah, that probably would have been a lot easier.

A set of keys jingle in the front door handle as the others take note.

LEE

Oh, okay. Get ready. You guys remember the drill?

CLAIRE

If it's Emma, we're sorry. Ian, stand strong. Waylon, lay down the law.

(CONTINUED)

6 CONTINUED:

6

LEE  
(proudly)  
We're like a well oiled machine.

A moment later, the front door opens and WAYLON slyly works his way into the kitchen, watching the door as he walks in.

LEE (cont'd)  
Waylon, there's something that we need to talk to you about.

WAYLON  
Good. There's something that I've got to talk to you guys about too.

LEE  
You see --

WAYLON  
Whoa, slow down. I'm going first.

LEE  
(sighs)  
Okay.

WAYLON  
You guys are going to love me for this.

CLAIRE  
I'm suddenly very scared.

WAYLON  
Just remember this, they think they're here for an audition. We're professionals!

LEE  
Wait, what?!

7 INT. APARTMENT - LIVING ROOM - CONTINUOUS

7

Without answering, Waylon runs toward the door and SWINGS it open.

WAYLON  
Sorry for the wait, guys. We've got a big dog and the damn thing could probably swallow each of you whole!

(CONTINUED)

7 CONTINUED:

7

The others share bemused looks as they walk into the background.

Waylon steps out of the way and four MIDGETS walk into the apartment, single filed.

WAYLON (cont'd)

Again, I'm sorry that you had to do the auditions here, but they're spraying for termites at our office. I swear, we could probably shove one of you guys in to plug the hole with a little room left over.

(quickly)

Okay, these are my associates. This is Lee, Chris, and Claire.

Each midget says 'hello' as they shake hands with each respective person.

CHRIS

I can't tell you how great it is to meet you guys! We're really excited that you may be part of our project.

Lee stares at Chris before he looks back to the midgets.

LEE

Oh, right. It's definitely..an honor. We're huge fans.

(quickly)

Waylon, can we talk to you for a second in the kitchen?

WAYLON

Sure.

(to midgets)

Okay, guys, you can have a seat over on the couch, if you want, while we talk a quick bit of business. I don't think we have any step stools, but if you have trouble getting on the couch, you can always use the buddy system and make one guy get down on all fours.

(beat)

We'll only be just a second, I swear.

Waylon heads around the corner and disappears.

8 INT. APARTMENT - KITCHEN - CONTINUOUS

8

He happily takes a seat at the table with the others.

WAYLON

Did I tell you or did I tell you?  
Isn't this great?!

LEE

What in the hell is this?!

CHRIS

This is fantastic. Waylon bought  
us midgets!

WAYLON

Borrowed us midgets.

LEE

I seriously thought that I was  
prepared for anything after the  
transvestite chapter of our lives,  
but I'm finding it near impossible  
to keep my head from imploding at  
the moment.

CLAIRE

They're so cute!

LEE

(deep breath)  
Did you or did you not kidnap a  
group of midgets and lead them  
here under false pretenses?

WAYLON

Lee, have a little faith!  
Everything here is entirely legal.

CHRIS

Wait a minute, puzzle pieces are  
slowly making a picture in my  
head. Does this have anything to  
do with your Sarah Michelle Gellar  
vendetta?

WAYLON

And I thought I'd have to spell it  
out for you guys.

9 INT. CINEMA - TICKET BOOTH

9

Emma is sitting in her booth, trying to act busy as her boss makes his way toward her.

MANAGER

I'm afraid I've got some bad news,  
Emma.

EMMA

(trying to act surprised)  
Oh?

MANAGER

I've had to let Jennifer go.  
Apparently she allowed customers  
to enter the matinee this  
afternoon after accepting a small  
bribe.

EMMA

That's...terrible. I can't believe  
that he would --

JENNIFER (O.S)

You're going to pay for this!

Emma whips around to see Jennifer standing at the window,  
glaring down at her.

JENNIFER (cont'd)

I know you set me up and you're  
going to pay for ruining this  
great opportunity for me!

The girl storms off, but stops short, picks up a cigarette  
butt, and throws it through the slot underneath the window and  
hits Emma.

EMMA

You little --

Jennifer runs away as Emma is left steaming.

MANAGER

She's a little upset by the  
situation.

EMMA

So I can see.

(CONTINUED)

9 CONTINUED:

9

MANAGER

So anyway, I'll need you to work late tonight to fill in for her -- and possibly this weekend until I can get a replacement. Thanks, Emma.

He walks away as Emma stands staring at the wall.

EMMA

I am going to kill those guys.

10 INT. APARTMENT - KITCHEN

10

Lee is calmly rubbing his forehead.

LEE

I swear, the pressure just keeps building. I think this is how aneurysms start.

(beat; sighing)

So you actually convinced an agent that you were looking for a group of midgets to be in a fictional film.

WAYLON

Kind of makes you proud, doesn't it?

LEE

So many 'hows'.

WAYLON

Like Chris said, it started out with Sarah Michelle Gellar. I figured, I could call up her agent, bullshit my way through the process, and totally get a lunch date with Buffy!

LEE

But...

WAYLON

Yeah, she didn't buy it.

(quickly)

But, from defeat, I rose from my own ashes and learned some valuable information.

(MORE)

(CONTINUED)

10 CONTINUED:

10

WAYLON (cont'd)

Seriously, the biggest thing with these people is that they get lied to everyday. If you pause for a second, they're going to know you're the wolf and not the sheep. So after I hung up on that prissy bitch, I called up Eliza Dushku's agent.

CHRIS

Holy shit! You almost got us Eliza?!

WAYLON

(gesturing)

I was this close! This Hollywood lingo is a little bit different from back home. I used the word 'oughtta' and you'd think I just drop the f-bomb. But, third time's a charm.

CHRIS

Okay, I'm loving the story and I am so digging the midgets, but how did we go from Sarah and Eliza to a pack of midgets?

WAYLON

To tell the truth, the midgets were never part of the plan. The next agent I called represented Kristen Bell.

LEE

You just said third time's a charm.

WAYLON

It was. She also represented the midgets!

CHRIS

You passed up lunch with Kirsten Bell to play house with a bunch of midgets?!

WAYLON

Do you realize what we have in our living room right now? Those four little people out there are solid, comedy gold.

(MORE)

(CONTINUED)

10 CONTINUED: (2)

10

WAYLON (cont'd)

All we have to do is break out the camera and film a few 'audition scenes' with them and we've got ourselves a short that we can use as part of our bargaining agreement! Do I have to think of everything?

LEE

This is right up there with the worst plans ever.

CLAIRE

Isn't this exploiting the midget community or something?

WAYLON

Community? Do you think next to China Town they have Midget Town? It's not like they've got a union. And the great thing about this is that there are too few of them to do anything about it. We can take them. They're little!

LEE

We are so going to hell for this.

WAYLON

It's not like we're going to go on a midget holocaust Jesus, people, they're just going to be an 'oh so tiny step' on our way to the big time. How many nice guys do you think make it big?

(beat)

I'll save you the trouble of thinking. None. The industry is full of evil, 'rape your wife and eat your children' assholes and we don't have the audacity to film a little outside the line midget humor?

CLAIRE

God help me, but he's got a bit of a point, doesn't he?

LEE

It's like he channeled the essence of every evil genius character from every sci-fi movie ever and turned us into lackeys.

(CONTINUED)

10 CONTINUED: (3)

10

WAYLON

All I did was use logic.

CHRIS

Hell, you had me from 'they think they're on an audition'.

LEE

After this is all over, I've got a few points on fascism that I want to make!

WAYLON

So we're in agreement?

A beat.

WAYLON (cont'd)

Excellent!

(to the living room)

Midgets, load up! We're going to do an exterior shot!

11 EXT. STREETS - LATER

11

Emma is walking quickly down the streets, obviously still fiery over what had happened earlier. She walks past the alley on her way to the apartment, but stops short, frowning as she takes a single step back.

She peers into the alley and continues her odd stare for a moment before turning to walk into it.

EMMA

Do I even want to know?

12 EXT. ALLEY - CONTINUOUS

12

Waylon is standing in the alley, a five gallon bucket in each arm.

WAYLON

Probably not.

EMMA

(sigh)

Why does it look you're importing water into the apartment? Did you break something?

(CONTINUED)

12 CONTINUED:

12

WAYLON

I heard about the situation at work. The guys told me. I know you're probably upset, but the beauty of this is that you shouldn't be upset with me. I had no part in the movie robbing process.

EMMA

(apathetically)  
Believe me, Waylon, you're my golden ray of sunshine.

WAYLON

You didn't get in trouble, did you?

EMMA

No. I just had to work four extra hours because a delusional, goth thinks I took from her, her only chance of success in this world when I got her fired.

WAYLON

You got her fired?!

EMMA

She even swore revenge.

WAYLON

(under his breath)  
We are going to make it!

EMMA

As lovely as this has been, I've got some violence to act out so I'm going to head upstairs to start the executions, but first, what the hell is in the buckets?

With that, a midget peaks out of each bucket, staring up at Emma.

Emma SCREAMS as she jumps back.

EMMA (cont'd)

Jesus, Waylon, those are...midgets. Where in the hell did you get midgets?

(CONTINUED)

12 CONTINUED: (2)

12

LEE (O.S)

Cut!

Emma looks up to see the others on the fire escape, Chris holding a video camera.

LEE (cont'd)

I believe the line was 'oh my God, where are the rest of their bodies'.

EMMA

(thinking)

You remember that whole 'first British born serial killer thing' you were talking about a few weeks back? If I don't get some answers really soon, it's not going to be Ian.

WAYLON

(to buckets)

You guys want to take a break?

The midgets both nod. Waylon puts down their buckets and helps them out before he turns back to Emma.

WAYLON (cont'd)

We're making a short.

EMMA

Is that you trying to be funny?

WAYLON

It wasn't a pun! I mean a short film! We're going use some of these scenes for the pilot when we try to sell it off!

EMMA

Okay, I'm past the 'what'. Now on to the 'how' and 'are you freaking insane'.

WAYLON

Maybe we should talk about this upstairs -- and by 'we', I mean you and the others. I know better than to stir up a hornet's nest.

Waylon grabs the buckets and walks back down the alley.

(CONTINUED)

12 CONTINUED: (3)

12

WAYLON (cont'd)  
Midgets, we're going to take  
fifteen back in the apartment!  
Everybody find your bucket if you  
don't want to climb the stairs!

13 INT. APARTMENT - KITCHEN - MINUTES LATER

13

Emma is pacing the kitchen while the others are sitting at the  
kitchen table like children being scolded by their mother.

EMMA  
So you just let Waylon waltz in  
here with midgets and you started  
filming?!

LEE  
He was doing a 'Hanibal Lecter'!

CLAIRE  
Everything he was saying made  
sense because of his twisted  
logic.

CHRIS  
Wait, why are you so upset anyway?  
I thought you loved midget humor.

EMMA  
I do. That's why this is so hard.  
It was Waylon's idea and this  
makes it harder to hate him!

LEE  
(jokingly)  
Do I hear wedding bells?

EMMA  
Wedding bells, no. Death bell,  
possibly.

14 INT. APARTMENT - FRONT ROOM

14

A moment later, the front door BURSTS open and Waylon ENTERS  
the apartment with two five gallon buckets in each hand,  
looking exhausted.

(CONTINUED)

14 CONTINUED:

14

WAYLON

You know, if we'd taken a bucket each, this would have proven a lot less discriminatory toward fat people.

EMMA

Face it, dude. You need the exercise.

WAYLON

Midgets, dismount.

The midgets all work their way out of the buckets and Waylon rubs his arms as he walks toward the kitchen.

15 INT. APARTMENT - KITCHEN - CONTINUOUS

15

WAYLON

Everyone looks half way civil. Did you guys manage to smooth out the rough edges in the time it took to work as an escalator to four midgets?

LEE

(smiling)

Yeah. I think we did.

EMMA

And as much as I hate to admit it, Waylon, you actually came up with a good idea.

WAYLON

Just one of many to come.

EMMA

(excitedly)

So, have we tried fitting them into air ducts yet?

Before anyone can answer, the front door opens off screen. A few moments later Ian ENTERS the room. He scowls at the sight of Waylon, but turns to the others.

IAN

You guys, I think I'm in love. The girl, you know, the one who maced me and had me assaulted and handcuffed.

(MORE)

(CONTINUED)

15 CONTINUED:

15

IAN (cont'd)

We actually started to hit it off today and did I just see small human beings sitting on the couch on my way in?

CLAIRE

We're producers.

EMMA

And directors, apparently.

IAN

(beat)

Right. I'm going to need some of whatever it is that you guys are smoking.

BLACK OUT.

END OF ACT TWO

**ACT THREE**

FADE IN:

16 INT. APARTMENT - KITCHEN - EVENING

16

The gang is all sitting around the table, each one contemplating before:

IAN

So they're ours to do whatever we want?

WAYLON

For exactly two more hours.

EMMA

Two hours, that's it?

WAYLON

We had to go get the props and film for the camera. This was my idea, remember? I may not have mentioned this when I showed up, but I really don't think very far ahead when I'm excited about something.

IAN

I'm not even going to touch that one.

(beat)

So what should we do with them?

CHRIS

We've got to do something really innovative.

(quickly)

Let's put them in the ice box like they were trying to trying to steal our beer!

EMMA

What ice box?

CHRIS

Oh, right. Man, being poor really bites the big one, doesn't it? God hates me.

WAYLON

Welcome to my perpetual hell.

(CONTINUED)

16 CONTINUED:

16

LEE

Okay, guys, if we could cut the distractions, I think I've got an idea for the much anticipated midget humor.

IAN

No, hold on. I've got a great idea.

WAYLON

Who the hell said you get to vote, Frenchie? I did all the leg work to get these little bastards. If anyone is going to dictate plot, it's me.

IAN

You made a few phone calls and 'frenchie'? That makes no sense. You know I'm from England.

WAYLON

Yeah, well, you whine like a Frenchman!

IAN

Oh, you ripe --

LEE

All of those with anything lower than a teenage sense of self control, do shut up. I think this is a perfect time to implement the new house rule. As I've mentioned to each of you, at least in passing, this project and all things pertaining to it, our living conditions, and anything else in general, now fall under my totalitarian regime.

WAYLON

Did anyone else get this memo, because I think I would remember Lee saying 'blah, blah, blah...I'm a stupid bastard' in writing.

CHRIS

Also, can I, just to add emphasis to the point, say 'what he said'.

(CONTINUED)

16 CONTINUED: (2)

16

IAN

This is the point where I would normally tell you to piss off, but, oh wait...there's no 'but'.

LEE

Complain all you want...

WAYLON

Yeah, Frenchie, why don't you complain just a little bit more?

LEE

...but from now on, I'm your monarch.

IAN

Screw you, redneck!

WAYLON

Ooh, look at Ian. He's pulling out the big guns now. How about --

LEE

My first act as monarch is no more bickering or name calling!

(beat)

Except for the 'Frenchie' bit. I rather enjoy that one.

IAN

You --

LEE

We're done here.

CHRIS

Wait a minute, why do you get to be in charge anyway? I know you're old, but Claire's older!

CLAIRE

Hey!

CHRIS

Why can't she be in charge?

CLAIRE

No, no, no. I don't want to be in charge.

(MORE)

(CONTINUED)

16 CONTINUED: (3)

16

CLAIRE (cont'd)

Too much pressure, altogether and I would also like to add that I'm barely older than Lee and that neither of us are anywhere close to being over the hill!

LEE

That's why. Now, I will take suggestions. Do we have any --

Everyone raises their hands high in the air.

LEE (cont'd)

...and there goes another hair turning grey.

17 INT. LIBRARY - TWILIGHT

17

The library is dark and dormant. Rows of shelves glimmer slightly as the setting sun catches its last breath in the library walls.

A few moments later, a slight ruckus rings out throughout the building and across the room, we see Ian peeking around the corner of the entrance.

We PUSH IN to him to find the others slowly pop their heads around too.

CHRIS

This is going to be great.

WAYLON

We've just got to make it quick because I've got to drop the midgets off in like forty-five minutes.

(off looks)

It's not like they can drive, can they?!

IAN

Do you guys have any idea how much trouble I could get in if we get caught?

LEE

That's where my plan is perfect. It doesn't involve getting caught.

IAN

Fine. Let's just do this. Where are the girls?

(CONTINUED)

17 CONTINUED:

17

LEE

Right behind us. We should go ahead and set things up so Waylon can drop off the kids.

Everyone snickers.

LEE (cont'd)

I'm living with you lot so I've already kissed heaven goodbye. I might as well enjoy myself now.

The guys all hurry through the main part of the library, each carrying a piece of equipment as they cautiously look around for any signs of life while we...

FADE TO:

18 INT. LIBRARY - BACK BOOK SHELF - MOMENTS LATER

18

The guys stop and look around at their environment.

LEE

Alright, this is it. Let's get the equipment set up before they beat us to the punch.

The guys start setting up the equipment as a loud RATTLING comes from the vent above.

CHRIS

Jesus, those little guys want a job!

WAYLON

Hurry up!

Lee hurries with the camera and finally gets it set up just before:

The vent's cover FALLS to the ground with a loud CRASH. The other guys look around the library, fearing the worst, but they quickly look back to find a tiny hand working its way out of the ventilation shaft.

After a few moments, one of the midget's heads pops into view. It's painted up and looks strikingly like a little demon -- fake fangs, face paint, and contacts work for an eerie combination.

(CONTINUED)

18 CONTINUED:

18

A beat and then another one pops his head into view. Both of them glance around the room with an evil glare. Finally, they both BAIL out of the vent and hit the ground with a THUD and a MOAN.

Lee looks up from the camera, shocked, as he stares over at Waylon. In his hands, Waylon has a fluffy set of cushions that were obviously supposed to break the fall. He shrugs his shoulders and makes a 'keep rolling' face.

Lee turns back to the camera to find both midgets pop up from the ground, one of their horns broken. They glance around the room again and then take off in the other direction as the guys follow them, film still rolling.

19 INT. LIBRARY - FRONT DESK - MOMENTS LATER

19

Both midgets hurry toward the front desk and as we get closer, we can overhear two female voices. When we finally get within seeing distance, we see Claire and Emma sitting at the front desk, dressed as Librarians.

One of the midgets let out a growl and the two girls look up and SCREAM. Neither of them are overwhelmingly convincing, but they keep well in character.

They both turn to run out of the other side of the desk, but as they do, the other two midgets pop out, each of them dressed exactly like the others.

Two of the midgets quickly tackle Claire and she falls out of camera view. A few moments later, Emma falls to the ground in an overly dramatic fashion.

As Emma goes down, one of the midgets looks into the camera and runs toward us, forcing us to BLACK OUT as a SCREAM rings throughout the building, much more convincing than Emma or Claire's.

ANGLE ON: THE GUYS' BACKS

Each of the guys stops dead in his tracks, fearing the worst from their situation.

LEE  
(whispering)  
That wasn't Emma or Claire, was  
it?

IAN  
I seriously hope that it isn't who  
I think it might be.

(CONTINUED)

19 CONTINUED:

19

REVERSE ANGLE

Behind the guys, stands Amy, staring horrifically at the midget.

The guys slowly turn around to see her standing there and Ian immediately drops his head.

AMY

What in the hell is that?!

WAYLON

There is a perfectly good explanation for this.

She looks almost calmed for a moment before SCREAMING again.

By the desk, one of the other midgets has popped out, fake blood on his lips.

WAYLON (cont'd)

...and Ian's going to tell you all about it.

He pats Ian on the back.

WAYLON (cont'd)

(to others)

Sorry to leave you guys in a pickle, but I've got to get the little guys back home.

(beat; loudly)

Midgets, let's roll.

Waylon disappears with the midgets following. They each wave at Amy as they walk by.

AMY

Ian, can I..talk to you?

IAN

Of course.

AMY

Alone?

EMMA (O.S)

That's probably a good idea.

Amy shoots him another strange look as Emma and Claire stand up from the ground, each of them with fake blood on their necks, faces, and clothes.

(CONTINUED)

19 CONTINUED: (2)

19

CLAIRE  
(awkwardly)  
Yeah, I'm thinking that we should probably go.

LEE  
So...I think that's our cue.

EMMA  
Yeah.

Everyone starts to file past her, equipment in hand.

CHRIS  
It was really nice meeting you, by the way.

20 EXT. LIBRARY - MOMENTS LATER

20

The girls hurry past us as Lee and Chris drag the equipment behind them.

LEE  
Congratulations. That's the second person's career we've killed today.

CHRIS  
Just remember the part about 'wife raping' and 'children eating' and it should all stay in perspective.

21 INT. LIBRARY

21

Meanwhile, Ian still has his head down, only sporadically glancing up to see if she's still standing there. Finally:

AMY  
I honestly don't know where to begin.

IAN  
Look, I know that this looks bad, but --

AMY  
Looks bad? Are you serious? You had little people dressed up as monsters, taping them killing people!

(MORE)

(CONTINUED)

21 CONTINUED:

21

AMY (cont'd)

Should I start with the degeneration of the little people and their feelings or the possibly disturbing fetish of you making snuff films...at my library, no less?!

IAN

Wow, you touched on some heavy subjects there that I wasn't really prepared for. But on the bright side, you did call me Ian instead of Jack, so --

AMY

So I am too overly dumbfounded by what I just witnessed to play petty games.

(beat)

You know what? You did just step out of the stalker hole. Congratulations.

IAN

Really?

AMY

Oh yeah. You stepped right out of the hole and with your first step, fell into the psycho hole. Do I even need to start with how fired you're going to be in the morning.

IAN

Fired?! I didn't do anything to merit termination. I was in the library after hours. So are you!

AMY

The fact that we're both here has no place in the discussion. What I would like for you to notice is my lack of midgets, extras, and a goddamn film crew!

A long beat.

IAN

I can see that you're obviously upset right now and I sympathize, I really do.

(MORE)

(CONTINUED)

21 CONTINUED: (2)

21

IAN (cont'd)

So in the interest of preserving what little dignity I have, not to mention my life, I think I'm just going to leave and hope to never run into you on the street.

AMY

You're not going anywhere.

IAN

(gulps)

I'm not?

AMY

You think something like this is going to go without an explanation? Fired or not, you owe me one hell of a story.

IAN

Okay. I'm going to cut all the crap and be completely straight with you.

(beat)

I don't know those people.

Amy stares grudgingly into the camera as we CUT TO:

22 INT. APARTMENT - LIVING ROOM

22

The door opens and the girls ENTER with the fake blood dried everywhere on them. Lee and Chris are next as they sit down the equipment in the corner of the room.

Everyone heads over to the couch and plops down.

LEE

(relaxing breath)

Man, I don't know if I'm going to be able to keep living like this and manage to not die from laughter.

CLAIRE

I told you it was going be interesting.

LEE

You weren't wrong, Ms. Rooney. You weren't wrong.

(CONTINUED)

22 CONTINUED:

22

CHRIS

What do you think she's doing to Ian?

LEE

I don't know, but I think it's safe to assume that there's a fair bit of mace involved.

EMMA

I'm proud of us.

LEE

We did good, didn't we?

EMMA

No, I mean me and Claire. The makeup on those midgets looked great...and don't even get me started on the acting.

CHRIS

You fell down. End scene.

EMMA

Petty jealousy is such a terrible emotion to carry around with you.

CLAIRE

(beat)

Now we've just got to come up with a diminutive demon arc for our pilot.

(thinking)

Though we may have to have them as recurring afterwards because we didn't have time for a proper death scene.

EMMA

Minor details. All in all, I'd chalk to tonight up in the win column. I think we...

(beat)

...what's that smell?

CHRIS

I was just about to ask the same thing.

EMMA

It smells like something died.

(CONTINUED)

22 CONTINUED: (2)

22

CLAIRE  
(freaked)  
I think that's wishful thinking.

Everyone catches Claire's gaze and everyone SCREAMS, nearly in unison, as they run into the guys' room and slam the door behind them.

23 INT. APARTMENT - GUYS' ROOM - CONTINUOUS

23

The girls are on the beds as Lee and Chris are pressed up against the door.

EMMA  
Is that what I think it is?

LEE  
If you thought it looked like Pe  
Pe Lepue, then I'd say you're  
right on the money.

CHRIS  
How the hell did a skunk get into  
our apartment and where the hell  
did it come from? They don't have  
skunks in Los Angeles! What, did  
it escape from the zoo?!

CLAIRE  
Okay, we've got to remain calm.

LEE  
Claire's right.

CLAIRE  
Of course I am. Emma and I need to  
remain calm while you and Chris go  
out there and kill it!

LEE  
Us?

CHRIS  
Why do we have to kill it?

EMMA  
You're the men!

CHRIS  
City..men. I've never even seen a  
skunk before!

(CONTINUED)

23 CONTINUED:

23

LEE

Great. The one time we can all agree that we need Waylon around and he's out playing chauffeur to a bunch of midgets!

CHRIS

Alright, we can at least take a peek out there. Maybe we can trap it in the bathroom until Waylon gets home or something!

LEE

Or we could just stay here until Waylon gets home.

CHRIS

No good. We've got to get out of here soon. I've really got to pee and unless you want to me to go in your trash can, we're going to have to rectify our little wildlife situation.

LEE

Alright, on the count of three, we open the door.

CHRIS

Deal.

LEE

One, two...how about we go on five?

Chris sighs and stands up from the door. He grabs the handle and slowly opens it as they both look out the small crack in the door.

GUYS' POV

In the living room, there isn't the slightest hint of the skunk.

LEE (O.S) (cont'd)

I don't see it.

CHRIS (O.S)

Maybe it --

The skunk walks slowly from the kitchen, nosing around the bathroom door on the other side of the room.

(CONTINUED)

23 CONTINUED: (2)

23

Both guys SCREAM and shut the door.

CLAIRE  
What? What is it?!

LEE  
It's still out there.

EMMA  
Oh, God. We're going to die of  
starvation and Chris is going to  
pee everywhere. This is worse than  
that time my mum made me watch  
Martha Stewart to try and  
domesticate me!

CHRIS  
(to Lee)  
One more time?

LEE  
Should we really push our luck?  
What if it attacks? Don't those  
things have rabies?!

CHRIS  
Either way, we've got to keep an  
eye on it. We can't let it run  
rampant. What if it goes to  
chewing on chords and fries all  
our work.

LEE  
To hell with that bitch!

Lee opens the door again and both of them stare through the  
crack once more.

GUYS POV

The skunk is still nosing lazily around the room.

ON SCENE

CHRIS  
I don't know. It looks pretty  
docile.

LEE  
Yeah, it doesn't look like it  
would -- oh my God.

(CONTINUED)

23 CONTINUED: (3)

23

CLAIRE

What?!

LEE

Emma, I think you should take a  
look at this.

EMMA

What? Is it doing something to my  
stuff?

Emma jumps up from the bed and goes to stand alongside the  
guys.

EMMA'S POV

She sees the skunk, just as the guys did.

EMMA (O.S) (cont'd)

This is really riveting, guys, but  
--

In the corner of the screen, we catch

JENNIFER looking in through the window.

EMMA (O.S.) (cont'd)

That filthy harlot!

ON SCENE

Emma SWINGS open the door and disappears into the living room.

CHRIS

Emma, no!

A few moments later, Emma SCREAMS as a strange SQUEALING sound  
fills the room.

BLACK OUT.

END OF ACT THREE

ACT FOUR

FADE IN:

24 INT. APARTMENT - LIVING ROOM - NIGHT

24

Claire, Lee, and Chris are all standing outside of the bathroom door.

EMMA (O.S.)  
I'm going to kill that little,  
wanna be, gothic trollop

LEE  
So it's coming off, then?

EMMA (O.S.)  
Not particularly!

CLAIRE  
Maybe you need more bleach. It  
seemed to work to kill the smell  
out here.

EMMA (O.S.)  
What I need is for one of you guys  
to go find that little bitch so I  
can I can make her bathe in this  
bath water after I'm done!

CHRIS  
(beat)  
Do you need any help?

EMMA (O.S.)  
If that door handle so much as  
moves, you'll be one less  
testicle!

LEE  
That couldn't be for the best.

CHRIS  
The scary part..? I know she's not  
kidding.

LEE  
Well, nothing like skunk fluids to  
put a damper on a perfectly fine  
night, eh?

A few feet to the right, the ice chest MOVES a bit.

(CONTINUED)

24 CONTINUED:

24

CLAIRE

Might as well add ice chest to the list of things that we don't have cause I'm not ever eating or drinking anything that comes out of that ever again.

CHRIS

Being poor is bullshit! Screw this. I say we start the pilot tonight!!

LEE

(to Claire)

Bloody fantastic idea, though.

25 INT. WAYLON'S TRUCK

25

The midgets are all sitting comfortably in the passenger seat of Waylon's truck as she slowly pulls into their destination.

WAYLON

This is you guys.

MIDGET #1

Thanks, Waylon.

WAYLON

No problem.

MIDGET #2

You'll call us if we get the job?

WAYLON

Yeah, about that...we absolutely loved you guys in your demon portrayal tonight...

MIDGET #1

...but?

WAYLON

...but we've decided to go in a different direction. I'm really sorry guys, honestly.

MIDGET #1

Who was it?

Waylon takes a deep breath and forces a very serious face.

(CONTINUED)

25 CONTINUED:

25

WAYLON

We decided to go with Mini-me.

The midgets let out a collective 'ah'.

MIDGET #1

I hate that guy!

MIDGET #2

A midget can't get a job in Hollywood since that piece of crap did that damn movie.

WAYLON

Well, as it turns out, the dude can play a pretty mean demon. His...roars were just..pure evil. I mean, I nearly shat myself and I knew it was fake. Imagine the kids in the theatre with crap running down their legs. The shit alone will get us an oscar.

MIDGET #1

Thanks a lot for considering us.

WAYLON

Oh, yeah. No problem, guys. And hey, if we get another project that we might be able to use you guys in, I'll give you a call.

MIDGET #1

Thanks, man.

The midgets start piling out of the truck.

WAYLON

You guys be careful! Watch out for big dogs and fat people. We don't really watch where we sit!

MIDGET #2

Bye, Waylon!

They close the door behind them and they disappear beneath the window.

Waylon watches as they leave, unable to see anything, but the tops of their heads as they walk away.

(CONTINUED)

25 CONTINUED: (2)

25

WAYLON

Huh. Whoda thunk it? They're just  
tiny little people.

Waylon shrugs, puts the truck in drive, and speeds off.

26 INT. APARTMENT - KITCHEN

26

Claire, Chris, and Lee are sitting at the table when Emma  
walks out of the bathroom, a robe and towel over her hair.

EMMA

I take it that the uber bitch  
hasn't been found.

CHRIS

Only because we haven't went  
looking.

EMMA

At least I've got someone to kill,  
then.

The front door opens and a few moments later, Ian ENTERS the  
kitchen with the others.

LEE

Hey, he's not in prison.

IAN

Give it a few hours.

Ian sits down at the table before he notices Emma.

IAN (cont'd)

Did I miss the pajama party  
flyers? And why am I on the verge  
of passing out from bleach fumes?

Emma only glares.

CHRIS

We're only saying nice things to  
Emma for the next few days, if you  
value your manhood that is.

IAN

Only have to tell me once.

CLAIRE

So what happened with your  
girlfriend?

(CONTINUED)

26 CONTINUED:

26

IAN

Well, she not my girlfriend. She's too busy working on cementing the aforementioned imprisonment. Oh, and I also found out that I'm a compulsive liar so it's just a good news day, isn't it?

LEE

Right up there with seeing Reznor.

IAN

Please, at least tell me that you talked to Waylon today. I can't have every day of my life being nothing more than a constant state of near imprisonment, public humiliation, and self hatred. I need some kind of good news to come out of the day on occasion.

LEE

Of course I did.

IAN

That's great news, man. You have no idea.

(beat)

How did he take it?

LEE

He took it..uh, surprisingly well.

IAN

Really?

LEE

Yeah, but only because I didn't tell him.

IAN

What?!

LEE

When was I going to tell him? In the middle of our day of midget fun? I'll do it tomorrow so don't start in with your French theatrics.

IAN

Fine. Take your time...

(to Chris)

(MORE)

(CONTINUED)

26 CONTINUED: (2)

26

IAN (cont'd)

...but you should know that I'm plotting against your roommate. If he gets in my way, I'm going to find a way to bury him, even if it means stepping on your toes.

CHRIS

I'm suddenly reminded of Andrew as a super villain.

Ian only smirks as he turns around to leave the room. Before he does, however, he stops at the ice chest.

IAN

Hey, do we have any beer?

With that, Ian reaches toward the ice chest lid leaving everyone to release a collective 'NO!!!'.

SLOW MOTION as everyone jumps from the table and tries to stop Ian while we...

FADE TO BLACK.

END OF SHOW