

THE HIGH LIFE

"Meet The Roomies"

by
Chris Kelly

TEASER

FADE IN:

1

INT. APARTMENT - LIVING ROOM - NIGHT

1

Sitting on the couch with her head in her hands is EMMA, staring into the distance apathetically despite the fact that there's a television in front of her, along with a computer at the side. She doesn't even take notice of the several books on script writing laid out on the coffee table.

A few moments pass as she sighs, heavy-hearted. Seconds later LEE comes barreling out of his room and throws himself onto the opposite couch, looking slightly irritated.

LEE

For God's sake, woman, I'm trying to work in there!

(beat)

What's wrong?

EMMA

(as if he's not there)

Nothing.

LEE

I'll believe that when Chris goes a day without coffee.

EMMA

Do you remember that guy I went on a date with a few nights ago?

LEE

The guy who's older than you, and has no problem buying you alcoholic beverages?

EMMA

(perking up)

I didn't think of it that way!

(beat)

However, that aside, I don't think I want to see him anymore, despite the fact that we made plans to go out tomorrow morning. He's so boring, even the presence of alcohol couldn't help the situation!

LEE

Have you given this guy a chance?

EMMA

That's the thing; all I remember from the night is pain.

(MORE)

(CONTINUED)

1 CONTINUED:

EMMA (cont'd)

Then again, that could have been the hangover from hell... or the blackout I had.

LEE

Well, I say you should give this guy another chance. Don't buy into that 'first impressions' nonsense!

EMMA

I came to LA, didn't I?

LEE

Hey! I have a lovely first impression! If I do say so, myself.

EMMA

Lee, you come on way too strong. Besides that, your mother set up the last date you've been on.

About to retort, Lee instantly jumps to his feet as a WHACK sounds from the door of their apartment. The same noise begins to repeat itself, each time getting louder. Silently gesturing for Emma to keep quiet, the duo stand up.

LEE

(whispering)

Ladies first...

Heading back to the coffee table, Emma quickly unplugs a lamp and picks it up as a weapon, walking forward as Lee cowers behind her.

The banging has yet to cease, as the two apartment residents wait for their door to break in, casting worried glances at one another.

Then - the noise stops for a moment.

Not wasting time, Emma makes her way forward to the eyehole. However as a final bang is heard, she is yanked backwards by Lee. With a creak the door swings open, revealing CHRIS and WAYLON, with coffee from Starbucks.

CHRIS

You know, that's harder to do in real life than one would expect.

(beat)

Damn movies altering my perception of reality...

Without further ado, they enter the apartment and head to the couches, ignoring the looks their fellow writers are throwing in their general direction.

(CONTINUED)

LEE
(pissed)
What was that all about?

WAYLON
We forgot our keys.

LEE
So you kick down the door?

CHRIS
We like to make an entrance.
Besides, we bring beverages
containing caffeine, the drink for
gods.

EMMA
Well, do me a favour and tell God
I'm sick of coffee.

Simultaneously, Lee and Waylon's eyes widen, as Chris looks from the plastic cups and back to Emma in disbelief.

WAYLON
You shouldn't have said that!

LEE
You've damned us all.

Chris doesn't move an inch as the trio cast glances in his direction. Waylon waves his hand in front of his friends face, but nothing happens. Lee pinches him, but there is no response.

WAYLON
I think you broke him.

EMMA
At least this time he didn't burst
into song. Try naming something he
likes.

WAYLON
(to Chris)
Charisma Carpenter.
(beat)
Lindsay Lohan!
(beat)
Eliza Dushku?

The group watches again as nothing happens.

LEE
We've lost him.

The guys close their eyes and bow their heads, taking a moment of silence. Emma has other plans; with both hands she grabs the tray of coffee from the table. On reflex, Chris jumps out of his state and grabs the other side of the tray.

WAYLON

It's a miracle!

CHRIS

(slowly)

Put... the coffee... down.

Slowly, the tray is placed back onto the table, Emma and Chris keeping their eyes on each other through the entire situation.

Finally, the group each takes a cup, and relaxes into their seat of choice.

LEE

Are there any side effects?

WAYLON

To my knowledge, this situation has only happened once before. The Starbucks manager told Chris he had too much coffee, and refused to serve him. Poor bastard.

EMMA

(curious)

What happened?

WAYLON

Chris entered denial and went about the rest of the day like nothing happened. But, a few weeks later, a customer filed a complaint, and the manager in question lost his job. Legend has it that customer is our roommate.

Emma bites her lip, wondering what fate awaits her, while Lee pats her hand, recognizing she's a lost cause.

CHRIS

(optimistic)

So what did we miss?

LEE

I've been telling Emma she should go out on a second date.

CHRIS

You're kidding, right?

EMMA

(curious)

Why, what's wrong with him?

WAYLON

First off, his name is Earl. Clearly his parents hated him. A name like that leads to school yard bullying! After all these years, the man is probably a walking time bomb, waiting for the right moment to avenge Earls everywhere.

EMMA

You're judging him off his name?

CHRIS

The dude is just creepy. He works in a graveyard! Enough said.

LEE

Em, don't listen to Tweedle Dee and Tweedle Dum, just give the guy a chance.

CHRIS

If we wanted your opinion, Oprah, we would have moved out to Chicago.

EMMA

Seriously, guys, is there anything else you have to say? Or is this just a bad vibe you get off him?

Chris and Waylon take a moment, looking at their friend and back to each other. Without words, the duo simply nod and turn back to face Emma, each bearing similar faces of worry.

CHRIS

Has he told you he was engaged once, but never followed through.

WAYLON

How about the fact that he got kicked out of law school?

LEE

How the hell do you two know all this?

CHRIS

We interrogated him while Emma was getting ready the other night.

(off look)

We also hacked into a government system at an internet cafe.

LEE

An internet cafe? We have a computer right here.

CHRIS

True, but in our plan, they couldn't trace us.

Lee lets out an "Ah" at the logic, but Emma looks like she's trying to decide who to kill first.

EMMA

Look, how they had this much time on their hands is not the issue! I asked for your opinions, but you guys had no right to investigate to such an extent. Who I date is really none of your business.

WAYLON

Of course it is! You're our backup plan - if we don't get famous, the gang has decided that you're marrying for money.

For the second time that night, Emma is speechless as she puts her head back into her hands. Lee looks concerned, while Chris and Waylon are slightly curious as to what her decision will be.

LEE

So what are you going to do?

CHRIS

Listen to your conscience?
(off Lee)
Or your fairy godmother?

EMMA

You know what, for once Lee's right. I'll give the guy a chance.

LEE

I'm right on more than one occasion!

CHRIS

Name one.

Lee begins to check off his fingers, but looks as if he's fighting an inner battle, for every time a finger goes up, an instant later it is put back down. Giving up, he looks up to see a smirk on Chris' face.

WAYLON

Emma, I'm very disappointed in you.
Excuse the pun, but this is your
funeral.

CHRIS

Do you think we'd get a discount on
a casket, say... if he had to bury
his girlfriend?

Picking up the phone, Emma is a bit shocked by their answers,
and as she dials in a number, she watches the duo laugh
hysterically. What has she gotten herself into?

BLACK OUT:

END OF TEASER

ACT ONE

FADE IN:

2

EXT. PARK - MORNING

2

The sky of LA is cloudless, allowing the sun's rays to shine down upon the beauty of nature. The lush green grass is trimmed to perfection, as birds of all kinds chirp and whistle going about their daily routine.

Little stone pathways wind their way beside a small pond, and through the trees. As couples walk hand in hand chatting away, and a running group jogs their way through the shade the trees provide. All the while, children play in a nearby jungle gym.

Beneath one of the large trees is the customary red and white picnic blanket, with a blanket and food of all kinds along its surface.

On one side sits Emma, who smiles at the gentlemen across from her. This is EARL. He's twenty-three, and despite the casual situation he is wearing a tuxedo. He's average height with deep brown eyes, and his blonde hair is gelled back, as he glances up from the task at hand and smiles at his date, revealing a perfect set of white teeth.

EMMA (V.O.)

Hell! Hell would be better than this. I'd rather be tortured for eternity by a guy named Mo, while reliving the Sunday sermon! What was I thinking, listening to Lee?

EARL

So...

EMMA

So...

The couple is at a loss for words until Earl, gaining confidence from the other couples nearby, clears his throat.

EARL

Can I borrow a quarter?

EMMA

What for?

EARL

I want to call your mother and thank her.

With that, Emma's date winks at her. Sadly though, he doesn't notice the blonde rolling her eyes.

(CONTINUED)

EMMA (V.O.)

Really? Because I'd like to find out I have a terminal disease and call 911 so I can escape this nightmare.

(beat)

Scratch that, if I got sick you'd probably end up visiting me, then I could never make my get away.

(beat)

Maybe I could get a lawyer and sue my parents for being born? Not like I asked to be conceived. Then again, would the millions make up for the cheesy pick up lines I have to endure?

EARL

So what do you think of LA so far?

EMMA

(shrugging)

Its different.

EARL

I get it. Small girl, big city. Just so you know, if you ever need anyone to show you the ropes, I'm your man. I know LA like the back of my hand.

EMMA (V.O.)

Same can't be said for women.

EARL

I can get you into all of the cool nightclubs. And if you ever need to hide from the police, my people can protect you.

Freaked at the revelation, Emma jumps back to her senses as Earl leans in for a kiss.

EMMA

Thanks, but I can handle myself.

EARL

Trying to control your destiny, that's cool. I just hope you know CPR, because you take my breath away.

Looking upon the blonde like she's supposed to be worshipping him by now, Emma's look alone says enough.

EMMA (V.O.)

And yet here you are still living!
I'm going to kill Lee, making me
believe in the goodness of people.
Could have just gone with my gut,
but let him trick me. God better
smite him down, because if I live
through this I won't have to
consider him a member of the
opposite sex for much longer.

EARL

Have I ever told you about the time
I robbed a bank? I doubt I have. To
be quite frank, I only tell it to
those I'm close to. Anyways, it
goes like this...

EMMA (V.O.)

Note to self: Kill Lee.

Though his lips are moving, we can't hear what's being said.
Emma is too busy looking like she's about to cry.

CUT TO:

3 INT. SOUL SEARCH - PRESIDENTS OFFICE - SAME TIME

3

Several awards for writing achievements are displayed along
the walls of the top class office. From the leather chairs to
the fake plants that don't look like knock-offs, everything
is modernized. The view of the city from this height is
amazing as the sun seeps in through the blinds.

Sitting behind the desk, is the President of the successful
production company, MR. KENNERY. Dressed in an expensive
Italian suit, this fifty year old means business. He has the
eyes of a hawk, but his friendly face is definitely a weapon
that hides that feature.

With a click, the door opens and a nervous Lee makes his way
into the office.

LEE

Sorry sir, I didn't know if I
should knock... er, well.

(beat)

You asked to see me?

MR. KENNERY

That I did, now take a seat and
don't be nervous, Chrimes.

Lee has an "I'm in my bosses office, of course I'm nervous"
look as he takes a seat.

(CONTINUED)

MR. KENNERY (cont'd)

So this is the man I've been hearing so much about, as of late.

LEE

(quickly)

I have my visa, don't worry. I'm not an illegal immigrant, those were just rumors spread throughout the lower levels of the facility.

(beat)

I mean, why would I be working here for no pay, if I weren't actually allowed on this soil. Great soil, I might add! I'll... just stop... talking now.

MR. KENNERY

Don't worry, I didn't call you here to discuss your status in America. I'm sure those rumors were spread trying to knock you out of the competition, and rightfully so.

(beat)

Were you aware we've had people watching you over the last few days?

LEE

(nervously)

You have? Well... no, I can't say I was aware. But in my defense, that woman was shoplifting, and security was nowhere in sight!

(beat)

All right, I admit, I probably shouldn't have tackled her. But she was making a run for it, and was surprisingly quick for a-

MR. KENNERY

(interrupts)

Taking matters into your own hands, I must admit I respect that.

LEE

(pleading)

Please don't fire me! This is the best job I've had throughout my entire career. I enjoy working with the people, and feel like the work we do here matters. Give me another chance... please?

(beat)

I could pay you...

MR. KENNERY

That won't be necessary.

LEE

But I rehearsed that statement a week ago in case this opportunity happened to arise!

(beat)

Let me go over it again, maybe I missed something.

MR. KENNERY

Mr. Chrimes, that won't be necessary because you're up for a promotion.

And for the first time in ages, Lee actually looks relaxed as an uncharacteristic smile forms, and we cut to:

Back with Emma, we find the blonde looking a mix between curious and confused.

EMMA

So what happened with your ex-fiancee exactly?

EARL

Oh her, she wasn't that important. Died in some accident.

EMMA

(nervously)

"Accident"... hee hee. That doesn't sound so good...

Casting a strange glance at Emma for the questioning only seems to send a shiver down the female's spine, as she tries to smile politely, despite its lack of an effect.

EARL

Very unlucky. The cops claim some car came out of nowhere and collided with her vehicle, before skidding away. LA's standard hit and run. Next thing I know, I'm expected to say how great she is at her funeral. Egotistical bitch. Some people, huh?

EMMA

(nervously)

Yeah, I know. There are some real whackjobs out there.

Glancing at her watch, the blonde jolts as Earl puts his hand on her shoulder.

EARL

Don't worry, baby, you still have a few hours of me in your life. You're still up for catching a movie, right?

Clearly measuring her options, the piercing gaze of the male gets a quick nod of approval.

EMMA

You bet.

EARL

Cool. Best thing about going to the movies in the day, there's practically no one around. It'll be just you and me.

Putting his arm around her shoulder, Emma looks across the landscape, spotting several people. Salvation! As we cut to:

AMY is busily helping customers check out their chosen books, as IAN finishes his phone call, looking pissed.

IAN

(shouting)

Zeus, smite that useless bastard down and I'll never ask anything of you again!

Following the outburst, the only thing heard is a book being scanned as almost every patron looks wide eyed at Ian. Realizing it's just another day on the job, Amy pinches him.

IAN (cont'd)

Jesus!

(sheepishly)

Alright, it wasn't a dream. Reality: check.

Again, Ian is the center of attention as a young man looks up from his novel.

YOUNG MAN

(to Ian)

Shh!

If Ian was mad before, there isn't a word to describe how angry he is now.

IAN

Did you just 'shh' me? I work here!
I make the rules! I am the law!

Wordlessly the young man points to a sign that reads "Silence is Golden."

IAN (cont'd)

Valid point... but again, as an employee I'm omnipotent.

YOUNG MAN

Some of us are here to learn!

IAN

Please, you're all just a bunch of losers and loners. Honestly, who spends their day in a building without socializing?

(beat)

Employees aside.

Everyone can't believe what they're hearing, as their expressions of shock quickly turn to rage.

TEENAGER

You think you're better than everyone else! Just do us all a favor and shut up!

IAN

That's it, buddy. You just made my list!

AMY

Maybe you should stop antagonizing everyone. Whatever's bothering you... it's affecting your work.

IAN

You want to know what's bothering me, it's that waste of space that walks over everyone and gets away with it!

(mimicking)

He'll help with the project!

(beat)

If he doesn't drive us all to the asylum first! Then, I have to put up with all this nonsense of pretending I give a damn what these people do with their lives!

AMY

Word of advice, in this business the customer is always right.

(CONTINUED)

IAN

Well excuse me for having opinions.

(beat)

Do we have any books on a perfect murder?

AMY

I'm trying to see things from your point of view... really. But maybe this roommate is just another bump in the road of life.

IAN

More like a pothole!

(beat)

Seriously, do we have any volumes left concerning the law? Or have the students already checked them out for the semester... I know the first thing I need is an alibi, and after doing a bit of research via the internet, intoxication can get one charged with a lesser offence. Rules out specific intent. Manslaughter doesn't sound that bad.

AMY

Jack, it's time I introduce you to this specimen referred to by everyone as "logic."

(off look)

And you're experiencing a *deja vu*?

IAN

Flashing back to a suspension from High School. Kid looked at me funny.

AMY

Maybe you should take the rest of your shift off. I can cover for you.

IAN

What do you want me to do?

AMY

Get rid of your inner sociopath?

Finally Ian just shrugs his shoulders, takes a breath and walks away.

IAN

Somehow that son of a bitch even manages to affect my work! I can never win!

The people start to applause, thus sending the angry British man into the crowd ready to kill... if it wasn't for a fellow female co-worker doing everything in her power to keep restraining him.

CUT TO:

Back with Lee and Mr. Kennery.

MR. KENNERY

As I was about to say, we've had people watching your work, and it definitely shows signs of great potential. Now, nothing is set in stone yet, but I thought you should know you have surpassed our expectations at such a low-level entry job.

(beat)

What we're about to offer you will include pay, health insurance, and your own small office. All that's left now is for us to set a date for dinner. From there I will evaluate your work, and then we shall see what happens.

Following the statement the president reveals a smile, which definitely looks like it doesn't happen too often. After the shock has worn off, Lee sits back into the expensive chair, relieved.

LEE

Well, first off, let me just say thanks a million for this opportunity.

MR. KENNERY

Sucking up, another trick of the trade. Keep it up!

(back to business)

So, when are you available for dinner?

LEE

Actually I'm free tonight, if your schedule is free. We could have dinner at my apartment, it's where most of my work is.

(CONTINUED)

6 CONTINUED:

6

MR. KENNERY

Excellent. Tonight it is! I think
it's safe to say you'll be a
valuable asset to our team.

Lee is in a whole other world at the moment, and for the
first time in ages seems comfortable with where he is.

7 INT. ELEMENTARY SCHOOL - KINDERGARTEN CLASSROOM - LUNCH 7

Ignoring the bright colors of the room, and the assortment of
toys she'll later have to pick up, is CLAIRE, sitting at a
desk and watching as roughly eighteen five-year-olds rush
excitedly around the room on their recess.

She jumps into action though when she spots one such child
with a stapler in his hands, ready to use it on a fellow
classmate.

CLAIRE

Jason! Put the stapler on the desk
and leave it alone. Then, you can
apologize to Nick.

Caught in the act, Jason smirks to himself before a wave of
complete innocence washes over his features.

JASON

But Mrs. Hails always lets me play
with her stapler.

To finish the act off, the kid pouts and begins to sulk!
Claire clearly doesn't buy it.

CLAIRE

Well, Mrs. Hails isn't here, and as
the supply teacher I'm saying you
can't do it.

The kid finally obeys, and as Claire helps the other student
stand up, she spots the little monster whispering with two
other students and looking back in her direction.

She makes nothing of it, though, and goes back to sit at the
desk, looking up when Jason, Tommy, and Alex stand in front
of her expectantly.

ALEX

Where's Mrs. Hails?

CLAIRE

She's sick today, but she should be
back tomorrow.

JASON

Why's she sick?

(CONTINUED)

CLAIRE

I wasn't told. But I'm sure it's nothing to worry about.

TOMMY

(tearing up)

'Nothing to worry about'? She's our teacher!

By now the discussion has gotten the rest of the class' attention, as they stop playing with their activity of choice.

CLAIRE

Tommy, it's alright. Don't cry, I'm only going to be your teacher for a few days.

TOMMY

I wasn't crying, I'm not a baby!

JASON

I thought you said Mrs. Hails would be back tomorrow?

CLAIRE

Well, she might be, but the board has booked me for a few days just in case.

ALEX

You're a liar!

The rest of the class GASPS as they come to terms with the truth in the accusation.

JASON

Did you kill her?

CLAIRE

(eyes him)

Mrs. Hails is still alive. And why would I kill her, Jason?

JASON

So you could get her job!

CLAIRE

I can assure you, I didn't kill your teacher.

TOMMY

But you're a liar!

By now the rest of the class is nodding along in agreement to the fact.

As Claire realizes she's losing control of the situation Jason smiles at her, then turns around to address the class.

JASON

Miss Rooney killed Mrs. Hails!

Claire yanks Jason backwards, but it's too late. Students begin to cry as several more run out into the hall to escape. The toys are left untouched as Chaos finally ensues!

CLAIRE

(angrily)

You little troll! Go the principal's office.

TOMMY

But Miss, I don't know where the office is. I've never been there before.

Not having time to deal with this, Claire moves on to try comfort a few kids. However, seeing her approach, they jump up and split apart, each heading to where they believe is safe.

Jason, on the other hand, grabs the stapler and smiles to himself. Success!

Claire's too busy to notice though, as she tries to stop several children from going through the fire escape door. With a sigh of frustration, it's obvious this is going to be a long day, as we:

BLACK OUT:

END OF ACT ONE

ACT TWO

FADE IN:

8

INT. APARTMENT - LIVING ROOM - NIGHT

8

For once, the apartment seems empty as a strange sound encompasses it - silence.

Our attention turns to the door though, when with ease (thanks to the damage done to the lock the previous night) it opens a fraction. A nervous Lee's head pops out, scanning the interior of his living area.

IAN (O.S.)

Lee?

Exiting his bedroom, Ian looks inquisitively at Lee's peculiar behavior.

LEE

(muttering)

Too late to turn back now.

Officially entering the residence with his boss in tow, Ian doesn't even notice Lee has company.

IAN

We have to consider talking Waylon into suicide. I've been doing a lot of thinking which, while never good, the amount of "I told you so's" over the last few weeks requires you to meet, and not just listen to my demands. That waste of existence almost got me fired today. Without being there! He's a troll!

LEE

Ian, his talents vary. Now this is my-

IAN

I mean, I'm a librarian, and some bastard shushed me! Like I don't know the rules... He had the nerve to shush me! I'm the shusher, I do the shushing! But no, apparently I'm in the wrong. Security had me escorted from the building! My building!

Literally in his own world as he takes a break from his rant, Ian doesn't notice the stares his room mate is throwing in his direction.

(CONTINUED)

IAN (cont'd)

It gets even worse! In order for me to keep the damn job... I have to take anger management classes. Me!

Taking a calming breath, Ian finally notices Lee has company, who for the moment is speechless.

LEE

(to Ian)

This is Mr. Kennery, my boss, he'll be having dinner with us. Mr. Kennery, this is my roommate Ian.

IAN

One of them. For the record, I'm considered to be the logical one.

MR. KENNERY

Interesting. Out of curiosity, how many people are living under your roof?

LEE

Six.

MR. KENNERY

Six! You mean to tell me that between six individuals, this is the only apartment you could afford?

IAN

Well, to be fair, you don't exactly pay him.

LEE

(quickly)

Yet! You see, Ian, I'm up for a promotion, so tonight I'll be showing my educated and well known boss in the industry some of my work.

IAN

Ah... but none of us can cook.

Visibly cringing, Lee ignores his boss as he tosses Ian a portable phone.

LEE

Call in a few pizzas or something!

IAN

Fine! But off the record, I'm
pissed I wasn't informed your boss
was coming over.

Storming off to the kitchen with the phone, Lee collapses
onto a couch, gesturing for his boss to take a seat.

MR. KENNERY

I find it hard to believe that man
hasn't had a brush with the court
system.

LEE

(beat)
The insanity plea works wonders.

With obvious tension settling over the atmosphere, we cut to:

Sitting outside, Waylon and Chris are solely focused on other
people walking by. Spotting a woman in her forties with an
expensive taste in fashion and way too much makeup, Chris
points her out to his partner in crime.

CHRIS

Ex-stripper, now retired due to her
gold digging abilities.

(beat)
Possibly depressed, due to her
husband cheating, or because she
doesn't want anyone to know despite
the husband her true love is
herself.

WAYLON

Nice.

CHRIS

I'm a good judge of character.

Their conversation stops as a very good looking waitress
replaces their drinks, and smiles at the attention before
heading to another table. It's safe to say she's definitely
getting tipped!

CHRIS (cont'd)

(off waitress)
She'll be abused by a few Hollywood
directors, occasionally selling
herself for sex. But not to worry,
she'll make millions when she takes
them to court. Not to mention
she'll be starring in a good few
 pornos before that.

WAYLON

Guess we'll be seeing her in the future then!

The duo share a smirk as their eyes once again fall on the waitress serving other customers.

CHRIS

Why are we here again? Like Lee said, we have computers at the apartment.

WAYLON

Because Lee has installed a million firewalls, denying my happiness. Everytime I log on its like trying to convince a nun to take off her damn chastity belt!

(beat)

Plus, I was bored, and wanted to put your skills to the test.

CHRIS

(raised eyebrows)
Skills?

WAYLON

Your luck! It pisses me off from time to time hearing your journeys through memory lane, so I've come up with a test. You're to pickpocket that man with the guard dog, waiting for a taxi.

Following Waylon's line of vision, Chris spots the destination but looks skeptical.

CHRIS

You realize I've been the main star in several acting productions?

WAYLON

I'll call Spielberg! Now quit stalling, grow a pair, and make me proud. Or in this case... rich.

Waylon is surprised to see Chris actually get off his stool and leave the cafe, but when he heads in another direction, the southerner is definitely puzzled.

WAYLON (cont'd)

Hey! You can't leave me with the bill! Unemployed! No income!

With a sigh he begins to root around in his pockets but comes up with nothing. Looking around the scene again, he is still in denial that he was ditched...

... until barreling out of nowhere, Chris races back onto the scene, not looking towards the cafe.

WAYLON (cont'd)

There's no way...

Chris maintains the pace, breathing rapidly as he spots the destination and picks up his running speed. CRASH! Chris, guard dog, and owner fall to the pavement hard.

CHRIS

(out of breath)

Jeez! Sorry, I've been training for a marathon... and I just get so into it.

Chris helps the man up, and Waylon for once is speechless as he watches the scene unfold.

STRANGER

No, its my fault, I should have been paying more attention.

CHRIS

If it's any consolation, you're the first person I've crashed into.

Waylon doesn't even notice the waitress as she deposits the bill. Chris is petting the dog!

STRANGER

I'm honored.

CHRIS

What kind of dog is this? I think my dad used to have one.

STRANGER

German shepherd.

CHRIS

Ah. Different breed. It's still pretty friendly. Anyway, I have to meet a friend for coffee, but I'm really sorry again!

Heading back to the internet cafe, Chris pretends to be shocked as he spots a silent Waylon.

CHRIS (cont'd)

Waylon, sorry I'm late.

Sitting down, Chris puts the leather wallet on the table.

WAYLON

Bastard.

Chris just smiles and gets back up, rushing back to the unsuspecting stranger with his wallet in hand.

CHRIS

Hey, sorry to bug you again, but I think you dropped this!

Chris hands the wallet over, and the stranger's face lights up as he realises what it is.

STRANGER

You know, the world needs more people like you. Thank you.

Giving the wallet back, Chris once again returns to his seat, as Waylon looks like he was hit in the face.

WAYLON

Why is talent wasted on people who'll never use it?

Chris doesn't acknowledge the statement as he leaves a twenty on the table.

Closing the door while juggling several boxes of pizza, Ian makes his way over to a sofa, ignoring the fact that Lee has his work distributed over the coffee table, and is obviously in the middle of a conversation.

LEE

I'll admit, while the concept is rather out there, you'll find the plot structure is pretty sound.

MR. KENNERY

Lee, this may come across as blunt, so forgive me... but I find myself curious and will ask anyway. Exactly how many scripts have you written?

LEE

Well, let's see, since 2000-

IAN

You've just found one of life's greatest mysteries. I swear, writing is all this guy does. He's not human!

MR. KENNERY

Really? Ian, if you could find one word to describe your co-worker, what would it be?

LEE

Sir, is this really the tim-

IAN

Obsessive. I mean to be fair, he gets the job done. But he's just anal when it comes to how the little things should be handled.

(beat)

Not to mention he's secretive. No warning signs that you were coming whatsoever, but as soon as you'll leave he'll have the nerve to criticize me on a small thing like my behavior!

MR. KENNERY

It's always nice to see someone else's point of view.

(beat)

Now, gentlemen, please excuse me as I need to use your washroom.

Murder is in Lee's eyes. He waits for the bathroom door to close before Ian becomes the centre of his attention.

LEE

Ian, I told you, I was taken by surprise, ergo this was all really last minute!

IAN

I still should have been informed. How hard is it to get a quarter and find a pay phone?

LEE

That isn't the issue here tonight. Now I'm going to ask you this politely, please just drop it!

IAN

I knew this would happen! Don't you see? Waylon's tearing us apart! Lee, we're a team. You, Em and I. We're all British. That oversized happy meal may be the size of the three of us combined, but I'm not about to let history repeat itself!

LEE

It's called The American
Revolution, Ian! Let it go!

Bursting into the apartment, the word 'fury' not giving
Claire's features justice she SLAMS the front door, halting
any further argument between the guys for the time being.

CLAIRE

Diseases. No, parasites! That's
what my career choice involves.
Watching a bunch of manipulative
hobbits try and get me out of the
job, because they know all too well
it's illegal for me to smack them!

Both guys are completely bewildered, so Ian grabs a bottle of
beer, raising it in a toast.

IAN

To violence solving all of life's
problems.

CLAIRE

Agreed. What I wouldn't give to
strangle half of those children, as
the others drown because sadly
there's no lifeguard on duty.
(off looks)
Did I say that out loud?

IAN

At least you're not crammed into a
place where everyone constantly
questions your intelligence level.

CLAIRE

Nope. The force would rather see me
try make an offering of peace to
the next generation. One bearing
various goods of sugar coated
goodness, thus keeping the
population obese, and suffering
from heart problems in a few
decades. Of course, I blame myself
for what happened next, I should
have seen it coming.

IAN

Projectile vomit?

CLAIRE

Roughly twenty kids bouncing off
the walls, ignoring the pleas of an
authoritative figure.

(MORE)

CLAIRE (cont'd)

Just my luck they're off their recess, and I get the opportunity to share a brush in with my good old friend, claustrophobia. Then, I suddenly fill the void of the antagonist when one of the kids has an allergic reaction.

(beat)

For his sake, he'd better still be in the emergency room tomorrow, because if my aim with a-

LEE

(quickly)

The important thing is that you've gained one more crappy experience for your resume. Do I have to ask what Miss Rooney learned?

CLAIRE

That I'll never lie on an application again. I should have known it would come back to bite me in the ass.

(thoughtful)

Instant Karma.

MR. KENNERY

(coughing)

Well, you certainly know some spirited individuals, don't you, Lee?

Turning around, the group realizes Mr. Kennery is a little too close for comfort, as he's sitting in a chair!

LEE

Er... how much did you witness?

CLAIRE

Wait! Before you answer, let me introduce myself. I'm Claire Rooney, usually the voice of reason and much more sane in this band of misfits.

MR. KENNERY

I wish I could say it was a pleasure. It's not.

(beat)

Mr. Chrimes, stop your fidgeting! Let's just sit down like adults, and talk business.

LEE

But sir-

MR. KENNERY

The past can't be changed, any more than plastic surgery can make some gold digger feel good about herself. Let's just leave it where it is, alright?

Merely nodding, the group settles down. Everyone finds their way back to a seat, trying to blissfully ignore the situation they've gotten themselves into.

LEE

Back to what we were discussing before. I'm actually quite good when it comes to editing others' work. If you give me a minute, I'm sure I could root out some 'before' and 'after' drafts.

MR. KENNERY

That won't be necessary for the time being. Just tell me your own interpretation of your editing skills to give me a vague idea.

LEE

Well... I'm sure you're familiar with World War Two, and Hiroshima?

EMMA (O.S.)

Oh, Lee...

Leaving the door open, Emma strolls into view placing her purse on the counter before shedding a smile to the group. Just a little too sweet for comfort.

EMMA (cont'd)

Have I ever told you how much I respect your opinion? I mean, really, you're such a good judge of character.

LEE

I take it your date went well?

EMMA

Oh, yes. I learned I have no telekinetic powers whatsoever, meaning I wasn't able to watch Earl's head implode using the powers of my mind. Shame, really.

IAN

Points for effort, though.

EMMA

Alright, so there I was-

CLAIRE

Emma...

EMMA

Emma's busy at the moment filing a restraining order, Claire. Leave a message and I'll get back to you. Apparently, our "boss" decided to set me up with a guy bound to wind up in the next generation of serial killers!

LEE

Em, please... not now.

EMMA

Don't 'Em' me! I've been emotionally raped! That psycho touched my hand, so for all I know he's taken the DNA samples and is building himself a Frankenstein sex buddy!

The argument gone out of her for a second, a series of looks is exchanged accompanied by a comforting silence.

IAN

Emma, Lee's boss. Mr. Kennery, meet our little firecracker.

EMMA

In fact, I bet that sociopath is downstairs right now! Just waiting to implant me with some chip, in order to make tracking my future corpse easier....

(off looks)

What?

MR. KENNERY

Ah... Miss Platt is it? I must say, I've heard so much about you.

Like a game of tennis, all of the writer's eyes shift to Lee who looks like he's measuring the distance between himself and the door.

MR. KENNERY (cont'd)

I'm sorry your relationship didn't work out. Maybe it's for the best.

IAN

There what?

(CONTINUED)

EMMA

What he said.

MR. KENNERY

Well, you two used to go out, didn't you? Or I suppose the more modern term for it would be "date." You should know, you were included in several of Lee's daily anecdotes, according to his co-workers. However, I'm glad things have worked out for the best and you've managed to live together under the same roof.

Emma's anything but calm, as she looks like she's using every muscle in her body to not charge at Lee. Unlike Claire, who just has an eyebrow raised. In contrast to the two females, Ian is in fits of uncontrollable laughter on the couch.

EMMA

What exactly did he say about me?

MR. KENNERY

Well, a gentlemen should never kiss and tell, but I think in this case he made a pretty fair assessment. You're a feisty thing, aren't you?

Completely speechless, Emma regains her senses and starts to storm towards Lee before having Claire throw an arm around her shoulder, forcing the girl to change course and walk in the opposite direction.

CLAIRE

Bedroom. Talk. Now.

Casting the evil eye back at Lee before complying, the girls disappear into Claire's room and the door is slammed shut. Ian still can't stop laughing.

IAN

Emma... and Lee! Best joke ever!

MR. KENNERY

A relationship is never a joke. It's meant to be taken seriously.

IAN

Oh, I know, it's just their love... was a forbidden one.

MR. KENNERY

Ah, but the romantic in me says it's the best kind.

Managing to stifle his little laugh fest for the moment, Ian looks at Lee's boss, seeing a completely new side of him.

MR. KENNERY (cont'd)

What? Didn't expect a successful businessmen in the industry to have an open mind? Not all of us sold our souls to get where we are today.

LEE

No contract in blood?

MR. KENNERY

In all honesty, the vast amounts of money, people preparing to stab you in the back for just a penny - death threats included - and of course, stalkers are just extra.

LEE

See, this is why I'd treasure the position of being your personal assistant! Already, at the tender age of fifty, you carry experience within the industry along with qualifications to boot on your shoulders.

MR. KENNERY

The real question still remains, Mr. Chrimes. What can you do for me?

Caught off guard, an answer isn't forthcoming. However, in the background Ian raises his hand, as if participating in a classroom.

IAN

Learn from your mistakes?

Visibly cringing, the look of hope has finally left Lee at last, helped by the fact that a muffled argument is heard from the girl's bedroom. However, out in the hall, another conversation is making itself known to the entire apartment complex.

WAYLON (O.S.)

It's sadistic! No human being alive is this lucky! I totally made that girl think you sexually harassed her when she wasn't looking.

Walking into the apartment, it's clear Chris is ignoring Waylon's rant.

WAYLON (cont'd)

Do you get a court order? No! You get a date!

Finally shutting up, at the behest of Chris tapping him on the shoulder, the duo turn their attention to the stranger in their home.

WAYLON (cont'd)

Emma sure didn't need convincing about "Plan B" in getting our asses rich, then?

CHRIS

Or Ian's pissed off the mob.

WAYLON

Do we have an option 'C'?

CHRIS

A Donald Trump wannabee going through their mid-life crisis, after finally coming to terms with the idea that gambling is wrong. In order to repay said debt, he's had to lay off a lot of people on the expensive payroll, including the secretary on floor two. However, it should be noted he has no problem with exploiting the younger generation, because he can abuse our rights and offer us minimum wage, and if we say 'no,' he can just tell us to shove it.

WAYLON

Maybe he's a pimp. Weren't you saying Claire's bound to have a dark side the other night?

CHRIS

That's tr-

LEE

Guys!!

MR. KENNERY

Chrimes, of all the spectacles I've witnessed in my life... this tops it.

LEE

Sir, please, those two... they're just retarded. I shouldn't be held accountable-

10 CONTINUED: (9)

SLAM! All eyes watch as the broken apartment door creaks back open... making the moment less dramatic.

CHRIS

So... did we win?

Lee's head sinks into his hands, and we:

BLACK OUT:

END OF ACT TWO

ACT THREE

FADE IN:

11 INT. APARTMENT - LIVING ROOM - LATER 11

Gathered in a group huddle in front of the television, everyone's present, minus Lee. Suffice to say, a blanket of stress lies over the room.

CLAIRE

So are we all clear on how we are to behave?

Shooting a look at her younger companions, Claire's embraced mothering mode.

EMMA

But he claimed we were dating!

CLAIRE

Emma Louise Platt, what's more important - Lee keeping his job, or your reputation?

About to object, Claire's look alone silences the younger female.

CHRIS

It was a rhetorical question.

EMMA

Thanks, Einstein.

CHRIS

Well, you're blonde, so I thought I'd dumb it down. I'll never stereotype again.

About to lunge for Chris' throat, Claire once again intervenes.

CHRIS (cont'd)

Emma, I think it's time we talked. Now, I know you're attracted to me, but sooner or later you're going to have to accept that you just can't have me, despite the raw sexual energy I give off. If I was to commit to just one girl, it'd be a crime against the opposite sex!

EMMA

(scowling)

'Egotistical' wasn't on your internet profile.

(CONTINUED)

CHRIS

Reading up on me?

Winking at the blonde to finish it off, through some force Emma maintains her self control and ignores Chris altogether.

EMMA

How did Lee manage to convince his boss to come back, anyway?

IAN

Sex?

WAYLON

Money?

CLAIRE

'How' isn't important. Let's just head into the kitchen and act like we normally do.

(beat)

Scratch that. Just... be polite and well mannered. Or at least try.

Without saying another word, the girls head into the kitchen with Ian.

WAYLON

Lucky son of a bitch! How you survived talking to Emma with that attitude. Do you have a death wish? Remember the theory where she's a hell god in disguise? Or is tempting the fates what Chris does in his spare time?

CHRIS

Oh come on, chill. That's just part of the everyday game that defines Emma's relationship with me.

WAYLON

Is it really worth risking your testicles?

CHRIS

Hmm... well, I definitely got a few points that round. So, Regis, I'm going to have to go with 'yes.' That's my final answer. Added with the fact that I'm now winning.

Heading into the kitchen without further ado, Waylon's left standing alone shaking his head.

11 CONTINUED: (2)

11

WAYLON

(muttering)

It's like if Hitler went to war
with Mussolini.

Waylon grumpily flops down on the couch as we cut to:

12 INT. APARTMENT - KITCHEN - LATER

12

Sitting at the crammed looking dinner table, the gang doesn't make eye contact with each other. Everyone's wrapped up in their "fancy" meal consisting of pizza and soda.

MR. KENNERY

Miss Platt, could you pass the
salt?

EMMA

Salt on pizza... are you mad? Of
all the- I... I mean, why of
course.

Passing the salt shaker, all eyes are on Emma as she attempts to be polite, albeit grudgingly. Once the condiment reaches the senior resident, a unanimous breath of relief is taken.

Turning their attention back to the food, the sounds of chewing fill the void in the room. The looks the writers shoot at one another through the awkward silence reveal they have no idea what course of action should be taken next.

Lee is trying to communicate with Ian, through mouthing a silent phrase. It soon becomes quite clear that Ian hasn't a clue as to what it could be.

Meanwhile, Waylon holds the other writers attention spans, through a series of strange, yet enthusiastic hand gestures. Emma and Claire recoil at one in particular, shooting him a look that screams "pervert"

On the other hand, the sign language appears to be making sense to Chris, who looks inquisitively at the southerner. Nodding his head once for confirmation, before turning to the girls and putting two of his fingers along his forearm and tapping them twice. The universal sign for "two words." The quartet are playing charades!

IAN

Dude, just spit it out! I don't
read lips!

LEE

Ian!

IAN

Yes?

(CONTINUED)

The whole exchange grinding to a standstill, Lee can't help but blush at being the centre of attention.

An awkward cough from Chris manages to shift the gang's focus.

CHRIS

How about that basketball game...
Emma, stop looking at me.

EMMA

You wish.

CHRIS

What are you doing now then?

Realizing it's true, despite the fact that she's actually glaring at him, she stands up.

CHRIS (cont'd)

We've been over this. We can't have a relationship, because it's wrong. You and Lee just broke up, and I'd be taking advantage. You need to let the wounds heal.

A look from Claire stops the blonde from retaliating, as she spots the convenient cutlery in the sink.

EMMA

Men!

Storming out of the kitchen, everyone can't help but stare at the blonde's hasty exit, as Ian is trying to stop himself from laughing yet again.

CHRIS

So Mr. Kennery, I take it you've read the latest news on the stock market?

MR. KENNERY

Every morning, to be precise. Right along with my morning coffee. It's interesting to say the least, to see how some competitors are faring in their exploits, wouldn't you say?

CHRIS

Well, it all depends on the roll of the dice right? I mean, I may come across as naive, but the choices certain investors make in the long run can - excuse the pun - cost them.

(MORE)

(CONTINUED)

CHRIS (cont'd)

However, one could easily retort with if you don't take a risk, you'll never get to earn such high profits.

Nodding along to the points Chris listed, Mr. Kennery doesn't notice the rest of the room looking at Chris like he's just been possessed.

MR. KENNERY

Exactly! Amazing that one so young already has such a grasp on the gears that make the business world turn. I'd consider taking you on to my staff, but perhaps another night. Let's sort out your friend first.

Surprisingly, Chris laughs along with the incredibly bad joke, making Mr. Kennery shed a smile, as the rest of the gang bewildered watch on.

CHRIS

I'm curious by nature, I'll admit. Also the assortment of books I've read on the subject obviously help. If there's one thing my father taught me before he died, it was that knowledge is power.

MR. KENNERY

Your father was a wise man. Clearly it's helped mould what will be a successful businessman in the coming years.

Politely nodding along, and carrying on the conversation like it was any other day at the office, the gang watches on, the conversation passing over a few heads.

The meal over, leaving behind a few crusts and disposable plates to be thrown out later, Waylon and Chris are the only ones left in the kitchen.

WAYLON

Alright, butthole, what the hell was that?

CHRIS

My impression of Bill Gates. You think he bought it?

WAYLON

I swear you have multiple personalities stowing away inside that cranium of yours. I never know who I'm talking to!

CHRIS

Currently the eighth dwarf, "Sarky." There's still room to rent one more though, so stay tuned.

(off look)

I don't know why you're so surprised. My parents are rich, remember? I was dragged to hundreds of "charity" events, special foundations, and award ceremonies to make any celebrity jealous. I had a duty to "represent" the family.

WAYLON

Your dad isn't even dead!

CHRIS

Touche. I just thought Mr. Kennery would be more lenient on Lee if someone went for the sympathetic vote.

WAYLON

I share a bedroom with a politician!

CHRIS

At least you will, once Arnold steps down. We'll see.

Heading out of the kitchen, Waylon's naturally inclined to follow. Purposefully ignoring the mess of the kitchen on his way out.

Sitting on opposite beds, Emma and Lee aren't making eye contact. Both are content to pay attention to the crusted edges of paint along the walls.

EMMA

You... and.. and... me... and memory's that won't repress!

(angry)

You told your co-workers we were dating! You've had your first warning with me, Lee!

LEE

Emma, before you flay me, just hear me out. It was only watercooler talk. What was I going to say about my personal life that wouldn't have me banned from the country within the hour?

Halting her ascension, the blonde sits back down. He has a point. And the awkward tension once again comes into play.

LEE (cont'd)

So... how many cases of beer are going to make tonight vanish off the face of the Earth?

Emma can't help but shed a smile, everyone knows her so well.

EMMA

Prepare to max your credit card, and we'll discuss your road to redemption.

As it's clear things will once again be normal between the duo, we cut to:

15 INT. APARTMENT - LIVING ROOM - NEXT

15

Attention focused on the senior citizen for a change, the group appears to be bonding well with him. They don't look up as Emma and Lee return.

IAN

So what did you do?

MR. KENNERY

I did what anyone with an IQ would do, I told that bastard that if I ever saw him again, I'd make sure to have him evicted.

Whereas Lee looks worried, the rest of the group is in howls of laughter. Clearly, this is a good story.

MR. KENNERY (cont'd)

And that if it was the last thing I'd do, I'd make sure that his brat children would be shipped off to an orphanage.

CLAIRE

It's like a fairy tale!

Lost in the thought of kids being sent away, a knock at the door brings Claire back to her senses.

(CONTINUED)

Opening it with a smile, that facial feature quickly vanishes at the new arrival. At the tender age of ten, in a green skirt, with a green sash is a GIRL GUIDE, her loving father a few feet away.

GIRL GUIDE

Why hello, ma'am. May I interest you in purchasing a box of cookies?

CLAIRE

(seethes)

You little harpie! You have the nerve to come to my door and expect me to support a cause that's going to fund your little troupe on some expedition into the woods, where due to proper supervision, the chances of your bodies being mangled by a bear isn't likely!?

Taking a few breaths after the outburst, Claire ignores the fact that the girl has started crying. About to slam the door in her face, the father's hand quickly stops it.

FATHER

You think I'm going to let you talk to my little girl like that and get away with it?

(to daughter)

Shh, it's alright, princess.

CLAIRE

You're right, as the father you're just as responsible for her being on my doorstep as she is! So let's talk. Today, I came to the conclusion that kids are the devil's minions. So excuse my outburst on your little mistress of the media, but if you didn't have sex about a decade ago, I wouldn't be in this situation now, would I? Clearly, if you had used protection, which I'm suddenly growing fonder of by the second as it stops some mutant leeching away at my creative energies, your "princess" wouldn't have had to deal with me. So the moral of the story, sex has consequences.

(to the girl)

That's one of them.

Completely speechless, the man just wraps his arm around his daughter and walks to the neighboring apartment without looking back.

(CONTINUED)

Heading back to her seat like nothing happened, Claire doesn't realize the rest of the room has unconsciously taken a step back at her arrival.

CLAIRE (cont'd)

I needed to get that off my chest.

MR. KENNERY

Now was that really necessary? She was just trying to make a simple business transaction.

LEE

Claire's just been overworked as of late, sir. Not at all like her usual selfless, role model to society self.

MR. KENNERY

Are you all psychotic? Acting like that situation was an everyday occurrence? For crying out loud, she was a little girl!

WAYLON

On the scales of our usual everyday lives, I'd give that a two on the Richter scale.

IAN

Considering you're classified as number five.

WAYLON

Hey, just 'cause you want to vote me off the island doesn't mean it's going to happen, Nancy. So stop your bitching, and go have some tea and crumpets.

LEE

Guys, we all have issues. I'll write a book, but even I know now isn't the time to deal with this.

IAN

No! Now's the best time to deal with this, since we all have to be so honest. All in favour of kicking Waylon out of the apartment, raise your hand!

MR. KENNERY

It's like being on a reality TV show...

CHRIS

Guys! For once, Lee's right. Get drunk or whatever floats your boat, but we have a guest.

LEE

Thank you Chris, that almost sounded like a compliment.

Not listening to either of them, Ian raises his hand.

IAN

All in favour of evicting Cartman over there?

Glancing at one another, it's clear they're going to have to do this. Emma raises her hand. Along with the guest of honour.

CHRIS

All against?

Raising their hands at the same time, Chris, Lee, Claire, and Waylon win by one vote.

LEE

Democracy wins.

Sticking his tongue out at Ian, Waylon eventually relents from the teasing, and turns towards Lee's boss.

WAYLON

Dude, what the hell? What gives you the right to vote against me?

MR. KENNERY

You're loud-mouthed, a bad influence, and clearly in need of mental therapy.

WAYLON

(nodding)

I admit, I try. Well, I appreciate your honesty, so no foul.

EMMA

So with that mayhem out of the way...

Playfully nudging him, and letting out a girlish giggle, Emma's flirting with the older gentlemen for all to see.

EMMA (cont'd)

Think we could do something about Lee getting a job?

MR. KENNERY

That's it! I've had enough!

Grabbing his coat and searching for his briefcase, the gang is clearly confused by his sudden outburst.

LEE

Mr. Kennery, may I ask what happened this time?

EMMA

Yeah, come on, there's no way a girl my age would actually hit on you, so it should be a compliment...

Baffled at the blonde's honesty, the man focuses his attention as Ian steps up to the plate and puts a hand on his shoulder.

IAN

Do you want me to hit on you? I won't act on it, but if it gives your self esteem a boost, and stops you from jumping off the bridge...

MR. KENNERY

That's... quite alright.

EMMA

I mean, Claire offered to buy me beer to hit on you. Believe me, it's not like I'm actually attracted. I won't be bearing your illegitimate love child.

MR. KENNERY

You're underage! Do you people not understand the concept of rules? They're carried out for a reason!

IAN

We understand, we don't give a damn, but we're aware of how many laws we've broken since our arrival. Actually, as trivia, we're keeping a blog and I think this will qualify to be mentioned in the next update.

MR. KENNERY

You should all be deported. It's like I've stumbled into a terrorist organization!

CHRIS

Actually, that's the floor below us.

Finally just not responding to any more of the comments, Mr. Kennery finds his suitcase and proceeds to the door, an anxious Lee at his heels.

LEE

So... I'll just go into work tomorrow and pretend like this never happened. Gain experience without getting paid, right?

MR. KENNERY

Oh but of course, after all you're such an asset.

(beat)

For the record, that was sarcasm. If I ever see you on the premises again, Mr. Chrimes, you'll regret it.

LEE

Aren't we over-reacting just a tiny bit? Who hasn't Emma hit on?

EMMA

Hey!

MR. KENNERY

Lee, for a twenty-six year old male, you're very immature. Behind the scenes, do you know what I've had to put up with tonight?

LEE

I know they can be a little... odd. But they're bound to keep me young and inspired.

MR. KENNERY

(to Ian)

Him, blackmailing me telling me if I don't start paying you he'll sell the novel he found rooting in my briefcase on the internet, before I have a chance to publish it.

(to Chris)

This one, attempts to bribe me. Thinking I can be bought. But of course, I kept quiet. After all, they're your friends and are only looking out for you, they must care for you to go through so much trouble.

(MORE)

(CONTINUED)

MR. KENNERY (cont'd)

But I've been far too lenient,
 enough is enough! This is
 Hollywood, there are no second
 chances. Consider yourselves lucky
 I don't report you to the police,
 but I'd rather go home, have far
 too many drinks and pretend hiring
 you was like a bad dream.

LEE

Sir, please! I can't be held
 accountable for being forced to
 share an apartment with a few
 madmen and women!

MR. KENNERY

What do I have to do, to make
 myself clear? Donald Trump will
 probably sue me, but Lee... you're
 fired!

The message finally hitting home, Lee goes very quiet. His boss, storms out, and once again, the door creaks back open after being slammed shut. This time, no one follows him.

Shoulders slumped, eyes blank, Lee slowly shifts himself down to sit on the couch. Nothing is said - what's there to say?

Waylon, on the other hand, doesn't appear to be paying attention to the recent event. Instead, we see his right hand fidgeting around in his pocket. Slowly taking a few steps back, he takes it out - he's holding a circular grey rock, a few pounds in weight.

Sizing up Chris on the other side of the room, his intentions become crystal clear.

WAYLON

(muttering)

Let's see him get out of this one.

Without waiting, he rears his arm back and launches the stone. Claire and Emma suddenly jump to their senses, with wide eyes following the course of the rock, about to impact upon Chris' head.

At the last second, for no reason Chris jumps back, and spots what would have hit him if he hadn't. Following his point of view the THWAP indicates it's made impact - with Ian!

IAN

Gah!

Falling to the ground, hands clutching his head in pain, he starts shaking back and forth as the others try to process what just happened. Except Waylon, who doesn't seem to care that he's hit Ian, only staring at Chris in complete wonder.

15 CONTINUED: (7)

WAYLON

He's like fucking Jesus!

Waylon shakes his head in disbelief, and we:

BLACK OUT:

END OF ACT THREE

ACT FOUR

FADE IN:

16

INT. HOSPITAL - PATIENT ROOM - NIGHT

16

A DOCTOR stands before us, consulting a patient chart.

DOCTOR

Alright, well, that appears to be all of it. Just check yourself out when you're ready.

Heading out of the room, the doctor disappears from view, leaving us to look back at the patient sitting on the table.

With a huge white bandage wrapped around his head several times, almost blocking out his eyesight, Ian looks anything but comfortable, and slightly dizzy.

Snickering at his side is the man from the south responsible.

IAN

(woozy)

Funny colors, indigo neutral.

WAYLON

I'll pretend that means "truce."

Getting up, Ian almost topples over, but leaning on Waylon with obvious loathing, keeps him steady.

IAN

You owe me... a twelve pack. No, wait - two twelve packs! A twenty-four pack!

WAYLON

That's feasible. So... you're not going to sue my ass back to Oklahoma?

IAN

Pssh! I'd rather get you evicted on my own terms. Besides, once I do, I'm pretty sure the state will award me with a medal of honour. Maybe a certificate. I like certificates.

WAYLON

Plus, there's the fact that maybe hitting you on the head with a rock did you a few favours.

IAN

Don't even get me started.

(CONTINUED)

WAYLON

Come on, so you got a dozen
stitches and a concussion! Chicks
dig scars!

Standing on his own two feet, Ian heads out of the medical room, closing the door on his way out. Waylon's too busy to hear the clink, signalling the door's been locked.

WAYLON (cont'd)

Then there's the fact that I
provided a fully functional reason
for your intelligence level. You're
"special." Just take a ride down
the elevator to floor three, wing b
for confirmation.

Smirking at his own insult, the writer finally realizes the lack of response signals Ian isn't listening outside the door.

WAYLON (cont'd)

Ian... Ian?

Heading for the door, he tries to open it a few times... nothing. Refusing to give up, the handle jiggles at the various forced attempts at exiting, but still zilch!

Glancing once around the room, there's no other means of escape. No windows, no other door, no hope.

WAYLON (cont'd)

Alright, the joke's over. I'll
apologize for throwing the rock at
your skull. You can have a witness,
I'll sign a contract, just open the
damn door!

Sighing, Waylon finally knocks on the door in a consistent pattern. Nothing. Taking a step back, another thought hits the American citizen.

WAYLON (cont'd)

Who's going to pay for my taxi cab
home?

As he resumes his assault on the door, we cut to:

Outside the room holding Waylon as a hostage, we hear the sounds of his knocking and muffled cursing.

17 CONTINUED:

17

Ian isn't anywhere in sight, and the staff and other patients are tied up in other medical matters as the lights dim on this hospital wing, finishing it's business hours for the present hour.

18 INT. APARTMENT - LIVING ROOM - SAME TIME

18

Sitting at a couch, with the TV off, Chris and Emma stare at the phone. It's clearly not responding to their various mind powers.

The duo glance up however as Claire walks in, depositing two cups of tea on the coffee table. They each take one before looking back to Claire, expecting an answer.

CHRIS

Nothing?

With what could be considered hope in their eyes, it instantly vanishes as Claire shakes her head.

CLAIRE

He isn't answering his cell.

EMMA

Where would Lee go?

Looking at her friends, the blonde doesn't need a verbal answer - they have no idea.

CHRIS

We really screwed up.

Emma and Claire nod, and it doesn't lift the veil of the somber atmosphere.

EMMA

Oh, but hey! You just proved you have feelings, and aren't just Waylon's witty sidekick. Here I thought I was living with a sociopath. Guess I can get rid of the sacrificial dagger under my pillow.

Chris can't help but smirk - it doesn't last long, though. The writers are perfectly aware their sense of humour can't help with the situation.

EMMA (cont'd)

Come on guys, I got it off eBay!

CHRIS

I've often considered myself to be Lee's atonement. You know?

(MORE)

(CONTINUED)

CHRIS (cont'd)

Keep his ego in check, cause he's the mature adult, and I didn't trust anyone else to save our asses in a crisis situation. But what if I finally made him crack, and he's gone to jump off a bridge? Sure, there's insurance if he gets murdered, but if it's suicide we're officially screwed. I'm not just broke, I'll be in the negatives. Debt! Actual debt!

Chris starts hyperventilating, and Emma rubs his back sympathetically.

EMMA

Chris, breathe. We're not homeless on the street.

Sharing a knowing look, they turn to Claire who can't help but groan.

EMMA (cont'd)

Yet.

CLAIRE

Yet.

CHRIS

So how are we going to fix this?

CLAIRE

I truly think we can't. Are we responsible? Entirely. But Lee's going to have to fix this on his own. Not because we won't help him, but you all know that workaholic - he likes or believes he has to do things on his own.

Curling her legs up into the couch, Emma takes a sip of the hot beverage, before glancing at the others.

EMMA

We suck.

CHRIS

We're just going to have to wait then?

Looking at her comrades, Claire can only shrug before she stands up.

CLAIRE

That's the only thing that's going to fix this.

19 EXT. DOWNTOWN - STREET - SAME TIME 19

Everyone to their own destination, and keeping to themselves, few people are out in this part of town at night.

The sounds of a police siren can be heard nearby, as the classic red/blue lights fade in the distance.

A hooker stands on a street corner, as we finally find Lee. Ignoring everything living in the area, he doesn't even flinch as a dog comes running out of an alley on a chain and starts barking at him.

CLAIRE (O.S.)

Time.

Walking past a club still in party mode at full force, the flashing neon lights hold no appeal, as a familiar tune starts to play through the last scenes of the show, "Boulevard of Broken Dreams" by Green Day.

Changing direction, Lee heads across the street, almost getting hit by a car!

However a hospital visit isn't in order for tonight, and after it screeches to a halt, the guy gives Lee the finger before the vehicle continues on it's way.

Throughout the ordeal, Lee hasn't paid any attention and continues.

20 INT. APARTMENT - KITCHEN - CONTINUED 20

Claire's busying herself as she has her hair tied back in a ponytail, washing down the counter with a cloth before tossing it in the sink.

She picks up the remains of the disposable paper plates and puts them in the garbage, before grabbing a mop from the closet and starting on yet another gruelling task.

Wiping away sweat that isn't there, it's going to be a long night.

21 INT. APARTMENT - LIVING ROOM - CONTINUED 21

Still in full on mope mode, the two teenagers are exactly where we left them on the couch. Each looking their own shade of lost, and feeling guilty.

Only this time, Emma takes up two squares on the three square couch, as her head lies on Chris' shoulder for comfort.

He leans her head against hers. It's a tender moment, but neither of them are really aware of it.

- 22 INT. HOSPITAL - PATIENT ROOM - CONTINUED 22
- Having given up on the great escape, Waylon sits against the wall, hands over his knees, as he drums his fingers. He looks up at the clock above the door. It's midnight. Waylon SIGHS heavily.
- 23 INT. TAXI - CONTINUED 23
- Sitting in the passenger seat, as we drive by the many businesses, half of which are closed, Ian's tired.
- The vehicle slowing down at the traffic light, Ian doesn't even notice as a beautiful girl in her young twenties in the next lane winks at him.
- The light changes to green, and the cab continues it's journey into the night.
- 24 INT. APARTMENT - LIVING ROOM - CONTINUED 24
- With the digital clock signalling it's now "2:30am", we find Chris and Emma in the same position as last time, only this time asleep. Their mugs are still full of tea, which by now has long since become cold.
- 25 EXT. APARTMENT - BALCONY - CONTINUED 25
- We find Claire looking out at the sea of lights across the city. A light breeze blows the brunette's hair back, but she pays no attention.
- Remaining focused on her search, she bites her lip.
- 26 INT. BAR - CONTINUED 26
- Lights dimmed, the bar hosts only a few patrons as the barman cleans a few glasses. A lot of money hasn't been put into this place.
- Lee sits at a stool, not participating in the chatter of conversation around him. Merely happy, if that's the right emotion to describe him, to take another swig of his pint, placing it down beside the set of four empty glasses he's already finished.
- As the song comes to a close, and Lee signals the barman for another drink, we:

BLACK OUT:

END OF SHOW