

THE HIGH LIFE

"Mr. Guitar Man"

by
Emma Platt & Chris Kelly

TEASER

FADE IN:

1

INT. APARTMENT - LIVING ROOM - NIGHT

1

Lying side by side in their respective beds we see CHRIS and WAYLON, both wide awake and staring at the ceiling. The rest of the apartment is quiet, everyone else is asleep.

WAYLON

So, Lee...

CHRIS

Aside from the fact that we should get him a therapist, what about him?

WAYLON

Well, don't you think it's weird, him not having a job yet? I mean, he's always sorta been in charge and now here he is, sitting in here all day long with nothing better to do then watch TV.

CHRIS

You mean like you?

WAYLON

Exactly. What if Lee gets so good at being lazy that he eventually replaces me?

CHRIS

I don't think anyone will ever be as lazy as you, Waylon. Hell, you called me home from work one time claiming there was an emergency, just because you couldn't find the remote.

WAYLON

(beat)

That was a good day. I also demanded you make me a bagel.

CHRIS

I did owe you a favour, considering you scared off the majority of the customers at my job for one shift. True, you got yourself banned for life... but the moral of the story is that...

(beat)

(MORE)

(CONTINUED)

CONTINUED:

CHRIS (cont'd)

Alright, I don't know where I was going with that. But it seemed important at the time.

Waylon rolls onto his side, trying to find some comfort in the couch from hell as he looks at his roommate with a serious expression.

WAYLON

But back to Lee, now that he's officially a failure. Look at the statistics. Everyone else has a job.

(off look)

Minus me, buttmunch! I'm just saying, he's bound to be depressed, and he needs to know we're his boys and we have his back. Otherwise he'll go through his mid-life crisis ten years too early, and next thing you know...

CHRIS

He'll be watching reruns of 'Cheers,' and discussing his glory days as a kid in an attempt to give the rest of us advice.

Chris can only shudder, while Waylon nods.

WAYLON

Exactly. So what have we learned from this conversation?

CHRIS

That the remote being lost was for the greater good. Seriously, man, having talk shows as your guilty pleasure? I'm disappointed.

WAYLON

Hey, Ellen is a charismatic human being who's helped me through some rough times! And, damn it, she can dance with the best of them!

A few moments pass, as Chris processes Waylon's confession, while the man himself knows he's said too much.

CHRIS

You've just lost some testosterone points.

(CONTINUED)

WAYLON

Back on the subject at hand, Kelly!
Even Emma got a job, and she's
blonde. It's worrying. He's just
turning into a jobless hobo.

CHRIS

Blasphemy! Waylon Wycbe actually
showing interest in another
person's affairs, without personal
gain? I'm guessing cloning, robot,
or evil twin. Or would that make
you the good twin?

Another few moments pass, as the seriousness of the subject
hits home.

CHRIS (cont'd)

Alright, I've had my fun. I'm sure
He'll find something, just give him
time. I'm sure he's waiting for the
right opportunity.

WAYLON

I think no one will hire him.

CHRIS

He'd probably have a job if it
wasn't for us.

WAYLON

Is it our fault that Lee is friends
with us?

LEE (O.S.)

I can hear every word that you two
are saying, you know.

A light comes on, and both Chris and Waylon sit up as LEE
appears on screen, looking tired and pissed off.

LEE (cont'd)

Did you two conveniently forget
that the walls in this cheap arsed
apartment are paper thin?

WAYLON

No, but even if we had, we aren't
saying anything that we wouldn't
feel comfortable saying to your
face.

CHRIS

He's right, we have nothing to
hide.

LEE

(beat)

Okay, even if that is the case, can't you keep it down? It's half two in the morning, and some of us have work in a few hours!

WAYLON

Yeah, some of us do, but you aren't included in that category, are you?

CHRIS

There's the Wyche I've oddly come to respect.

LEE

(beat; snaps)

Just shut up, alright?

With that, Lee disappears back into his bedroom, and the light goes out. Chris and Waylon lie back down, neither one making any attempt at sleeping.

CHRIS

He's turning into a bum. I can see it now, soon we're going to have to turf him out onto the street because he won't be able to pay rent. Then we'll forget that he used to be our friend once, and he'll just be that crazy who sleeps on the apartment steps and smells like peach schnapps and asks us all for spare change.

WAYLON

(beat)

Dude, you have way too much time to think about this sort of thing.

CHRIS

It could happen!

LEE (O.S.)

Shut up!

WAYLON

You won't be saying that when we're funding your alcohol addiction!

Waylon lies back with a satisfied smile on his face.

Seconds later, Lee's bedroom door flies open and he storms out, heading straight for the bathroom. Chris watches curiously but doesn't say anything.

(CONTINUED)

1 CONTINUED: (4)

1

Moments later he comes back out holding a blue bowl, and without a word he THROWS the bowl's contents at Waylon!

Water.

Waylon sits up in bed looking extremely pissed ,while Chris fights the urge to laugh. Lee smiles triumphantly to himself.

LEE
(cheerful)
Night!

As Lee disappears back into the bedroom, we:

BLACK OUT:

END OF TEASER

ACT ONE

FADE IN:

2 INT. APARTMENT - LIVING ROOM - DAY

2

The apartment is its usual hive of morning activity. Lee and Waylon are sitting on the couch watching some morning television programme, Chris and CLAIRE are eating breakfast in the kitchen and the sounds of SINGING coming from the bathroom indicate that IAN is in there.

CLAIRE

(re: Waylon and Lee)

So, what do you two have planned for today?

WAYLON

Pretty much what you see going on here.

CLAIRE

I'm not surprised. What about you, Lee? More job hunting?

LEE

No, I think I'll just watch some TV or something.

Claire and Chris both stop eating and give concerned looks.

CHRIS

Are you sure that's what you want to do? Cause I picked up a newspaper, and if that fails, I'm sure if you just checked the internet you could find applications to some other crappy institution that sucks the soul out of you. There could be a cubicle!

(beat)

Basically, if people in prison facing life can be telemarketing, anyone can get a-

LEE

I'm sure.

WAYLON

I told you that he'd end up sitting on his ass all day.

CLAIRE

He's not quitting, he's just...

CHRIS

Retiring really, really early?

(CONTINUED)

The bathroom door opens and IAN walks out, looking less than pleased that he has to spend another day at anger management.

IAN

What are we all talking about?

WAYLON

The fact that Lee isn't even going to try and look for a job today.

IAN

(shocked)

Really?

LEE

Why does everyone find it so hard to believe? I can sit around and just do nothing all day, you know! It isn't hard. I don't see why you're all on my case!

WAYLON

Because it's you! Mr. Efficient, Mr. Likes-To-Do. You've finally give up and joined the club. After all the times you called me 'lazy,' you're just like me now!

CLAIRE

(to herself)

Either we're living in a horror movie, or Lee's hit rock bottom.

LEE

Do you want another surprise shower?

Claire raises her eyebrows but decides not to press the matter, instead she putting her empty breakfast bowl down on the counter.

CLAIRE

I think I'll go see if Emma is ready.

She takes off in the direction of the bedroom, leaving the boys to continue their discussion.

IAN

Am I missing something, or has Lee gone to the dark side and gets his kicks by bathing Waylon now?

CHRIS

Last night, it was his own version of Chinese water torture to get Waylon to shut up.

IAN

You mean the whole dripping thing?

CHRIS

Yeah.

(beat)

Except, it wasn't some much dripping water as it was a whole shit load.

LEE

It worked surprisingly well, though.

Lee heads over to the television and changes the channel manually to a music channel, that's playing what sounds like Queens of the Stone Age, before he settles back into the sofa happily.

WAYLON

I can see good times ahead. Just me and you, sitting around here all day while the other's support us. Getting fat, lazy and drunk.

LEE

We won't be doing nothing, we can write. That's one good thing about this.

Waylon rolls his eyes.

WAYLON

Hey, how about some breakfast?

CHRIS

You know where the cereal is.

WAYLON

Get one of the girls to make me some toast and coffee!

IAN

I would pay to see you tell them that, you know. Because girls fighting is always sexy.

Lee gets up.

LEE

I'll make the toast. As much as I would love, even pay, to see the girls kick your arse, it's too early for a royal rumble.

CUT TO:

3 INT. APARTMENT - GIRLS' BEDROOM - DAY

3

EMMA is standing near the mirror brushing her hair, while Claire sits behind her on one of the beds, flipping through a magazine.

EMMA

God, I hate mornings, and I hate uniforms! I knew I should have taken up pole dancing full time when I had the chance.

CLAIRE

When did you have a chance to take up pole dancing full time?

EMMA

I'd rather not talk about it. Let's just say it involved me, a rather suspect bar and a Russian man called Dmitri.

CLAIRE

(uneasily)

Right... anyway, it's not bad enough I have to teach a group of brat's their ABC's, but now a principal is interested in dating me!

Emma stops brushing her hair and turns away from the mirror. Her face is a mixture of curiosity and confusion.

EMMA

I don't get the whole problem you've got. It could definitely be worse! If you wait too long, you'll end up dating one of those freaks out there.

WAYLON (O.S.)

Get one of the girls to make me some toast and coffee, damn it! A man needs his carbs to start the day!

IAN (O.S.)

Your whole body is carbs!

(CONTINUED)

CLAIRE

You have a point. But its weird, you know? I mean, he has all this power over me before the relationship has even got off the ground. He holds a certain position over me.

EMMA

(sly)

That isn't a bad thing...

Emma laughs at her own attempt at a joke, but when she sees that Claire isn't amused she stops and turns her attention back to the mirror.

EMMA (cont'd)

All I'm saying is that you never know unless you try. He could be The One or something, and you're passing up the chance to find out because you're hung up on some trivial little thing.

CLAIRE

(eyes her)

I didn't think you believed in all that soul mate stuff?

EMMA

Oh, I don't. It's a bunch of crap made up by Cosmo to help them shift magazines and make people believe in something that doesn't even exist.

(off Claire's expression)

But that isn't the point. I mean, it might be, really, but you won't find out if you just sit here.

Claire sighs as she gets up from the bed.

CLAIRE

I know that.

EMMA

What's the worst that can happen?

CLAIRE

I could fall in love with him, get pregnant, then he could up and leave me for someone else, thus leaving me heartbroken and a single mother. Leaving you lot with a screaming baby in the place.

3 CONTINUED: (2)

3

Emma ponders this for a few seconds.

EMMA

Good point. Maybe you should just leave it.

CUT TO:

4 INT. APARTMENT - LIVING ROOM - DAY

4

Waylon is still sitting on the sofa, and this time he's been joined by Ian who is busy reading the paper. Chris is still eating and Lee is off screen, cooking in the kitchen. The girl's bedroom door open and they both sweep out. Emma leans on the back of the sofa.

EMMA

What's all this I heard about Waylon getting wet last night?

IAN

Lee is getting kinky.

EMMA

God, he needs to get laid.

LEE (O.S.)

Hey!

EMMA

Ooh! Are you cooking? Can I have some toast?

IAN

I'll take a slice as well!

Waylon can't help but laugh to himself.

CLAIRE

What's so funny?

WAYLON

Lee's the new house bitch.

Emma jumps over the back of the sofa, managing to squeeze herself in between Ian and Waylon, reaching for the TV guide.

EMMA

So what's everyone's plan for the day?

CHRIS

Lee and Waylon are going to sit around.

She looks up, skeptical.

(CONTINUED)

EMMA

What? Has Lee been possessed?

WAYLON

Yep. My influence is spreading!
Soon, you'll all end up like me and
no-one will want to leave the
house.

IAN

Some of us will have to leave the
house some time, even if it's just
to support the group's collective
alcoholism.

CHRIS

(happily)
That's what I said!

Lee reappears, a plate of food in hand, and sighs loudly when he sees his spot on the sofa has been taken up. He puts the plate down on the table, and Claire takes the paper as Ian begins to eat.

CLAIRE

So, really, what do you have
planned for today?

LEE

I told you, nothing. I'm just going
to sit here and... well, I'll be
sitting. Why is it so hard to
believe?

CHRIS

Because it is hard to believe. You
couldn't relax if it was national
relax day and you'd been given a
whole load of relaxants.

IAN

Don't you think that's going a bit
too far?

Chris shakes his head and checks his watch.

CHRIS

I'd better go or I'm going to be
late

His comment prompts all the others with jobs to also check their watches and they all get up, running around to collect bags and coats before they leave the house.

Lee sits back down, looking like he's settling himself in for the long haul as he looks at the others.

(CONTINUED)

LEE

This is how it's going to be from now on, eh?

WAYLON

Just me and you buddy, like Starksy and Hutch, Tom and Jerry, Sonny and Cher...

He trails off and Lee looks a little uncomfortable

LEE

Which one of us is Cher?

WAYLON

Not me, dude, that's for damn sure.

The others breeze out of the apartment with hurried goodbyes, and when the doors close the whole place falls into silence leaving Lee and Waylon sitting together on the sofa.

CUT TO:

Ian, Chris, Claire and Emma come down the steps and head off in the same direction, all walking in a line.

CHRIS

Anyone have anything exciting planned?

CLAIRE

Nope. Work, and more work.

Ian's silence says enough on what he thinks about his agenda.

EMMA

I get to hand out little paper tickets and rip them for people, what do you think?

CHRIS

Just trying to make conversation. At least you've never spilt a hot beverage onto a customer and had them threaten to sue you.

EMMA

I've thought about it, but there isn't enough hours in the day in which minimum wage could pay off a jury.

(MORE)

EMMA (cont'd)

Although, I'm convinced the popcorn machine and the butter are in some sort of alliance, and they will not rest until they see me fail in life.

CHRIS

I've learned how cheap society can be. Since when is five cents viewed as a tip?

EMMA

I've had nightmares of kernels.

CHRIS

(beat)

I can't top that.

They come to a crossroads.

CLAIRE

Well, I'm going this way. I'll see you guys later.

EMMA

I'm with Claire. See you tonight.

The two girls walk off in the same direction, leaving Ian and Chris to also part ways.

EMMA (cont'd)

So! What are you going to do about the principal?

CLAIRE

I'm not sure. I mean, I really like him and everything, but when we break up work will be weird.

EMMA

You're not even going out with him and already you're planning the break up? You just need to relax, go with the flow. Be a bit more like me!

CLAIRE

Are you sure that's wise?

Emma's smile fades and she puts her hands on her hips.

EMMA

What are you trying to say?

CLAIRE

(quickly)

Nothing! Nothing at all!

(MORE)

CLAIRE (cont'd)

Just two of us bouncing around the way you do might get a bit too much. On you it can be cute, but on me...

EMMA

You need to ease up, really. Just go out for a drink. No-one is expecting him to propose on the first date.

CLAIRE

What if he does?

EMMA

Then he's a freak, and you have my permission to do the 'I told you so' dance.

CLAIRE

There's a dance now?

EMMA

Of course! There's a dance for everything! I myself happened to preform the 'I spilt the milk' dance just last night.

CLAIRE

How did that work out?

EMMA

Not great. I think I twisted my ankle.

The two girls walk off, and on that we:

CUT BACK TO:

Lee and Waylon haven't moved an inch. The paper has been pulled apart into sections and is spread over the floor, the plate of food is empty, there's a few empty mugs lining the floor near the sofa and Lee is watching the television intently.

Waylon gives a fake stretch and yawn, and looks over at Lee.

LEE

What now?

WAYLON

Nothing.

(beat)

It's just you're an old maid now.

(CONTINUED)

LEE

While your sense of humour usually has me in stitches, today all you're managing to do is piss me off, so how about once you just give it a rest before I beat you to death with a cushion?

WAYLON

Someone got up on the wrong side of the bed today...

LEE

If I'd done that, I would have walked straight into the wall.

WAYLON

Did you?

LEE

What do I look like? An idiot?

WAYLON

Do you really want me to answer that?

LEE

(sighs)
No, not really.

Lee suddenly gets to his feet and turns off the television set.

WAYLON

What are you doing?

LEE

Going out. It's driving me insane just sitting here.

WAYLON

Where?

Lee walks off into the bedroom, leaving Waylon to look over the back of the sofa to see what he's doing in the bedroom, but his view is obstructed.

LEE (O.S.)

I don't know, just out.

WAYLON

You're not doing the whole slacker thing very well, you know.

LEE (O.S.)

I don't want to do it 'well'!

(CONTINUED)

WAYLON

You're putting me to shame!

LEE (O.S.)

That isn't hard to do!

Lee comes out of the bedroom, we don't see him but we do see the worried expression on Waylon's face when he sees him.

WAYLON

What the hell are you going to do
with that?

And on that note, we:

BLACK OUT:

END OF ACT ONE

ACT TWO

FADE IN:

7 INT. HOSPITAL - HALLWAY - LUNCH TIME 7

Walking through the psych ward with his head down, it's clear Ian doesn't want to be here as he ignores the staff restraining certain patients, or in some cases trying to feed them.

IAN
(mutters)
Stupid anger management classes..

Continuing to mutter several curses, he spots the room he's looking for.

8 INT. HOSPITAL - EMPTY ROOM - NEXT 8

Opening the door, Ian finds a room plagued with shadows, along with a sickening silence.

IAN
Good lord, one of the bastards
finally cracked and slaughtered the
rest of them!

Flicking on the lights, the room is completely empty of people and chairs. Merely shrugging, Ian heads back into the hallway, but finds a note left on the wall, which reads: "Ian - once again you were late for class! If you had been present on time, you would know today class will be taking place outside. We're having a picnic!"

IAN (cont'd)
The cheeky bitch!

There's even a smiley face at the end of the note, but the sentiment's lost on Ian as he crumples up the note, and proceeds to storm out.

9 EXT. HOSPITAL - NEXT 9

Still on his rampage, Ian is oblivious to the ambulance pulling up to the side of the building, lost in his own world.

He heads towards the gardens. Despite the greenery's purpose to offer tranquility and fresh air to those patients with stress, Ian is still fuming as he spots the group at a nearby picnic table.

IAN
What's the meaning of this?

(CONTINUED)

The group only offers him confused looks, but their mentor SERENA stands up with the grace of confidence.

SERENA

For the last time Ian, the group is not your arch nemesis! The only real enemy present here is yourself, so forgive me if we've somehow caused you to feel neglect and fear. We didn't mean to become entangled within your abandonment issues. All we want is for you to allow us to be your friends, and help you find an inner peace.

IAN

Spare me the brochure crap. I still can't comprehend how people buy into this nonsense! It's ridiculous!

SERENA

It's that exact attitude that has landed you in this current situation. Now, I'm not implying that you have a problem, but you need to learn to respect others. After all, we're each individuals bound to the common journey of life.

IAN

What the hell have you been smoking?

Serena takes a step closer to Ian, but is cautious with her movements. One would think she was approaching a bunny.

SERENA

Ian... just breathe. Close your eyes, and imagine a place in which you are content. Allow the thought to cleanse the anger from your soul and-

IAN

Look, love, I know you get paid by the hour to put up with the problems of tomorrow, and I'm eternally grateful. I'll send you a fruit basket. But my presence here is a mistake.

SERENA

Is that so? You don't think your actions within your work environment were at all out of place?

Sitting down on a nearby bench, Ian shakes his head, as he ignores the glares of fury from his classmates.

IAN

Tell you what, let me tell you my side of the story first. I'm sure my supervisor didn't mention that in her notes. You see, it all started with my love for a TV show...

CUT TO:

The library seems fairly empty, and we see Ian sitting behind the desk, surfing the web and looking extremely bored. His BOSS, a tall and thin man, walks on screen with a pile of books which he sets down near the computer before leaning in close to Ian.

BOSS

If you could check all these books back in by lunch, that would be great.

He pats Ian on the shoulder and walks off, but Ian keeps his attention fixed on the computer screen. After a few clicks we see the look on his face turn to an expression of abject horror.

A teenage boy walks on screen and waits for Ian to notice him, and when he doesn't he clears his throat.

TEENAGE BOY

Hey, can I check this book out?

IAN

(pointing at PC)
Do you know what they did?

TEENAGE BOY

What who did?

IAN

The network! Do you know what they did?

TEENAGE BOY

No dude, what?

(CONTINUED)

IAN

They cancelled it! Mid season! I
can't believe it

The boy frowns, Ian looks like he's on the verge of a nervous
breakdown

TEENAGE BOY

What did they cancel?

The scene immediately pauses.

IAN (V.O.)

What did they cancel? Sheesh, a
question I knew the answer to, but
at the same time was afraid to
share my intel. For in the second
of utilizing my vocal cords, it
could only be considered a truth.

SERENA (V.O.)

Ian, back to the story.

IAN (V.O.)

Alright, alright.

As if someone pressed a button, the scene unfreezes.

IAN (cont'd)

South Park!

TEENAGE BOY

South Park? Dude, that show was so
over anyway!

Ian glares at him and steps up to the desk

IAN

(shouting)
WHAT?

WOMAN (O.S.)

Ssssh!

Ian whips around the see a middle aged woman shaking her head
angrily at him.

IAN

Excuse me?

WOMAN

Ssssh! This is a public library,
can't you read?

She points to a sign on the wall that reads 'Silence' and
shakes her head again.

IAN

Of course I can read, you dense cow! Why else do you think I work here?

WOMAN

How rude!

IAN

You just don't get it, do you? They just ended one of the most influential cartoons of all time, mid season, for no reason! Suffice to say that I'm a little pissed right now, and the last thing I need is you ssshing me!

WOMAN

This is the last place I would expect that sort of attitude!

IAN

Well get used to it, lady! And either check those books out or get lost!

The woman turns on her heel and storms off, and Ian turns back to the teenage boy with a triumphant look on his face, on this we:

CUT TO:

We now see Ian sitting in his boss' office. His boss is sitting opposite him, his hands resting on his chin as though he's in deep thought. Slowly, he sits back in his chair.

BOSS

Ian, Ian... what are we going to do about you?

IAN

(hopeful)
Fire me?

BOSS

You seem to have a problem controlling your anger.

IAN

Oh no, it's not me with the problem. It's everyone else.

(CONTINUED)

BOSS

You can't really expect me to believe that.

IAN

It's true! She ssshed me mid rant!

BOSS

You were ranting about a cartoon!

IAN

It's not just any cartoon, okay?
It's an institution! A way of life!

His boss leans forward again and picks something up off the desk - a yellow flier - which he hands to Ian.

BOSS

I'm afraid in order for you to keep working here Ian, you'll have to attend classes.

IAN

What sort of classes?

He looks down at the flier, then back up at his boss.

IAN (cont'd)

Rage Control Seminars? Anger Management?

BOSS

We think it's for the best.

IAN

(shouting)

I don't have anger management issues!

His boss looks him up and down in a disbelieving way.

IAN (cont'd)

Fine, I'll go.

CUT TO:

IAN (V.O.)

So as you can see, there was a perfectly logical reason explaining my behavior for that one day. One that will never happen again. Thus, I'm here because of a slight misunderstanding.

SERENA (V.O.)

Ian, you should know my notes aren't exactly synchronized with your story. So while this misadventure is creative, are you sure this was the same day?

IAN (O.S.)

Oh, I'm sure. You have your doubts now, but the story's not done!

Waylon is sitting on the sofa, this time joined by everyone else except for Lee. Ian is moaning away about being sent to anger management classes

CHRIS

They really can't expect you to go, can they?

CLAIRE

It's unfair.

EMMA

Especially for something so trivial.

Ian shrugs and passes the flier around

IAN

They said if I want to keep my job that I'll go.

CLAIRE

I thought you hated it there anyway?

IAN

That's besides the point. I can't really quit, I need the money.

CHRIS

How long do you have to go for?

IAN

A few weeks.

WAYLON

Hold on, there's something about this whole situation that I don't really understand.

Everyone turns to him, waiting for him to make his point.

WAYLON (cont'd)

They really cancelled South Park?

12 CONTINUED: (2)

12

Ian nods, and Waylon sits back, shaking his head in disbelief.

WAYLON (cont'd)
Un-fucking-believable. Some people!

CLAIRE
I still can't believe they're sending you to anger management for this.

CHRIS
I can't believe he shouted at an old lady!

IAN
She wasn't old!
(beat)
She was early to mid sixties at best!

13 EXT. HOSPITAL - PRESENT

13

Nodding to himself with a smirk in place, Ian doesn't notice the unbelieving looks shot in his direction.

IAN
That's four people who understood the traumatic experience I had to endure. Hell, if I'm willing to admit that Waylon and I can agree on one thing and get along for at least ten minutes, it must be true.
(reflecting)
Or a sign that the apocalypse is near.

Making a few more notes, Serena can only look at her watch. It's going to be a long day, as we:

DISSOLVE TO:

14 INT. APARTMENT - LATER

14

The gang is all present, minus Lee. Ian sits alone in the corner with a pen and paper.

IAN
That witch, giving me an assignment!

CHRIS
What is it she expects you to do, exactly?

(CONTINUED)

IAN

Write about my "feelings" towards people. Well, you know what I feel she needs? An axe to neck!

EMMA

I'll give you five dollars if you write that in!

CHRIS

Just make it up. Tell them about the hardships you faced in childhood. Or thank them! Professionals love it when they think they've made a breakthrough.

Ian nods, happy with this plan of action. He reads aloud as he begins to scribble across the page.

IAN

"From an early age, I was always afraid of the dark..."

The door to the apartment opens and Lee walks in, holding his guitar case and with a big smile on his face.

EMMA

And where have you been all day?

CHRIS

And since when did you get a guitar?

WAYLON

(offended)

Did you turn to mugging without me? I thought we were going to be partners!

LEE

For the last time, Waylon, I reject your proposal on the grounds that it isn't fair that you want to split any takings eighty-twenty.

WAYLON

It's crime, when exactly does 'fair' enter the equation? Besides, I'm the one who will strike fear into the victims. You can't scare kittens! Remember? You tried that one time, and that little grey one just bit you and ran off.

LEE

(to Chris)

And for the record, I've always had a guitar, I just didn't tell you lot about it cause I knew it'd end up mysteriously broken.

CHRIS

Why would we break your guitar? I'm sure we could sell it off at a pawn shop.

WAYLON

Yeah, we'd get way more out of it that way.

LEE

Is someone forgetting what happened a few days ago?

Lee's stern look says it all, as Chris can't help but smile as we:

CUT TO:

15 INT. APARTMENT - LIVING ROOM - FLASHBACK

15

Walking into the apartment after a shift at the coffee house, Chris spots Waylon on the couch eating chips. He notices the door to the guy's bedroom is still closed.

CHRIS

Troll still in the dungeon?

WAYLON

He'll get over it.

CHRIS

(nodding)

We just have to try and be understanding of what he's going through. Realize that this is just a phase. Besides, if he becomes depressed, there's pills.

Waylon agrees, but both men freeze as they hear the stereo start. Their look alone says they recognize the tune as R.E.M'S "Everybody Hurts" begins to blare from Lee's room.

The understanding lyrics only serve to piss Chris off.

CHRIS (cont'd)

Four days, for four days we've had to hear this song play from frickin' eight in the morning until eleven at night!

(MORE)

(CONTINUED)

15 CONTINUED:

15

CHRIS (cont'd)
 You said you were going to throw
 the stereo out the window today,
 what happened?

WAYLON
 He never left the room, not once! I
 think he's nested.

CHRIS
 Well, he's lost the sympathy vote
 from me! If I have to hear the rest
 of this song one more time, Ian
 won't be the only one in anger
 management.

Heading over to the door, Chris opens it without knocking and
 heads into:

16 INT. APARTMENT -LEE AND IAN'S ROOM - CONTINUED

16

The guys' room is a complete mess, from empty beer bottles to
 cereal boxes. The only thing signalling Lee's presence is a
 bundle of blankets on the right bed that looks as if it's
 trying to suffocate itself.

Spotting the stereo on the floor, Chris unplugs the jukebox
 of evil, and can't help but grin as the song is abruptly cut
 off.

CHRIS
 Ah, sweet silence.

Not stopping there, he opens the stereo, spots the vile CD
 and grabs it. Without thinking, he breaks it in half. The
 relief that washes over his features is evidence enough that
 he has won.

17 INT. APARTMENT - LIVING ROOM - REAL TIME

17

Back in real time, Chris's smile washes away as he enters
 defence mode.

CHRIS
 That disc was evil! I'm pretty sure
 angels came to me in a dream and
 told me it was Satan trying to
 tempt us!

EMMA
 What Chris did was a nicer
 alternative than what I would have
 done if I'd come home. I'd
 obviously be in jail... but back to
 my question, where has the slacker
 lifestyle taken you?

(CONTINUED)

LEE

Outside, I was bored before so I sat down and started playing my guitar, and before I knew it people started throwing money in my case!

CLAIRE

You were busking? Lee, that is so...

CHRIS

Tacky!

LEE

I had nothing else to do, and I made some money.

WAYLON

(suspiciously)
How much?

LEE

Enough.

He throws his guitar case down in the corner

LEE (cont'd)

I think I've found something I can really do now. I mean, I enjoy it, and if people are willing to give me money for it then that's up to them. It's foolproof!

CHRIS

(to Waylon)
I told you this would happen!

LEE

I don't know why you're being so unsupportive.

EMMA

We're not, it's good for you. We're glad to see you happy.
(under her breath)
Makes a change...

LEE

I swear, nothing can bring me down now!

The rest of the group all turn to look at Ian, who slowly sits forward.

IAN

Lee, we have something we need to tell you. Now, we've known for a few days, but have been avoiding telling you because we don't want to see you jump off a bridge.

LEE

Just tell me.

IAN

Alright, but don't blame us, or more importantly me, if your good mood evaporates.

LEE

Since coming to LA I've lost my job, my faith in humanity, and also had an epiphany that my soul will probably be shredded by the end of this little excursion. I might as well be living the life of a prototype reality television show. So do tell me, Ian, what could in fact be worse than all of the above?

Taking a deep breath, Ian looks his fellow man in the eyes.

IAN

They cancelled South Park.

CUT TO:

Claire, Chris and Emma are making their way down the road.

CLAIRE

Who knew that a show's cancellation could cause so much hassle?

CHRIS

Are you kidding? I cried for a week when they cancelled Angel!

EMMA

Any reason to go on a booze run isn't a bad thing, especially after a whole day saying 'Sweet or salted?'

(beat)

What about you, Claire? How was work?

(CONTINUED)

Claire knows what she is getting at, and gives her a cold look.

CLAIRE
(closed)
It was fine, thank you.

Emma starts gesturing with her hands and raising her eyebrows, in an attempt to ask Claire something without letting on to Chris. Chris sees what she's doing, and what's more, Claire is responding.

CHRIS
How do you do it?

CLAIRE
Do what?

CHRIS
It amazes me how you girls can have entire conversations without actually saying a word. What's going on?

EMMA
(innocently)
Nothing!

CHRIS
Funnily enough, I don't believe you.

Emma rolls her eyes.

EMMA
Girls' stuff, Chris. You wouldn't be interested.

CHRIS
I'll find out eventually, you know.

EMMA
Then it won't kill you to wait.

The blonde smiles innocently and skips away down the street.

CUT TO:

Ian, Waylon and Lee are still in deep discussion about two different topics at the same time.

WAYLON
I still don't get how they could just axe it!
(MORE)

(CONTINUED)

WAYLON (cont'd)

The networks have something against good TV, it's all a ploy by the government to control us!

IAN

(to Lee)

How exactly are you going to keep making money just by strumming along on your guitar again?

LEE

Easy. I'll go down by the boardwalk, it's always busy and there will be tourists down there, eager to give their cash away to a talented young soul like myself.

WAYLON

I mean, really! Angel, Firefly, Dead Like Me and now this! What is the world coming to?!

IAN

The boardwalk? Are you sure you've thought this through properly? Maybe you've gotten a little sunstroke or something?

LEE

(angrily)

I do not have sun stroke! What if you had the chance to make some money just by doing something you love?

IAN

You mean such as writing? As in the whole reason we came out here in the first place?

By this time, Waylon has gotten up from the couch and we can hear him in the kitchen, still ranting on about cancelled shows and the networks.

LEE

Why shouldn't I get to do two things that I love? Play music in the day and write during the night? It's not so bad!

Ian sits back and folds his arms

IAN

I'm still not sure, but if it's what you want to do then we can't stop you.

(MORE)

CONTINUED: (2)

IAN (cont'd)

If you want to go and busk down by
the boardwalk that's your choice.
But if you get groped by a hobo,
don't blame us!

With that, Ian gets up from the couch and joins Waylon in the
kitchen, leaving Lee looking slightly confused as we:

BLACK OUT:

END OF ACT TWO

ACT THREE

FADE IN:

20

EXT. BOARDWALK - DAY

20

It's a bright sunny day, the boardwalk is packed full of people and we spot Lee, playing his guitar with his case open at his feet. A small crowd of people have gathered around them, but a disturbance starts near the back as people get pushed out the way.

EMMA (O.S.)

Excuse me, 'scuse me, out of the way, move!

The line of people at the front move and the whole gang appear. They stand and watch Lee for a few moments, before he notices them and stop playing.

LEE

What are you lot doing down here?

CLAIRE

We're being supportive, which is what you wanted... isn't it?

WAYLON

Plus, it's Saturday and they had nothing better to do.

CHRIS

And it was too nice to be stuck in the apartment all day, so we thought 'Why not'?

LEE

Thanks. I think.

IAN

Have you been out long today?

LEE

A few hours. I even had people asking me for requests!

CHRIS

(sarcastic)

Sounds like you're on your way to musical super stardom already.

Emma hits him in the arm for his comment.

IAN

Come on then, dazzle us with how much you've made.

(CONTINUED)

LEE

I haven't counted it yet.

The whole gang look down at the case, each of them mentally counting up the money in their heads. One by one they look up at Lee, shocked and surprised.

CLAIRE

That's impressive.

CHRIS

Damn impressive!

WAYLON

Especially for you! How did you pull that off?

LEE

(shrugs)

I guess I'm just that good.

WAYLON

(laughs)

No, seriously.

LEE

Really! I must be, how else do you think I made so much money?

WAYLON

Everyone is suffering from sun stroke.

CLAIRE

I think it's great. You've got yourself a nice spot, you're enjoying yourself and making money.

IAN

And not a hobo in sight.

CHRIS

Except for yourself, of course.

EMMA

Ignore him. Come on, take a break, I'll buy you something to eat.

Lee nods and leans his guitar against the railing.

LEE

Anyone else coming?

IAN

I will, I'll need all my energy for this stupid class tonight.

(CONTINUED)

CLAIRE

Me too.

WAYLON

Me and Chris will stay here, guard your spot and everything.

The others walk off, and both Waylon and Chris turn their attention back to the case.

CHRIS

Seriously, how much do you think is in there?

WAYLON

Count it.

CHRIS

I can't count it all before he comes back!

WAYLON

You can if you do it quickly!

Begrudgingly, Chris kneels down and begins counting notes and coins as Waylon keeps a look out for the others.

CHRIS

Holy shit!

WAYLON

What? What is it?

CHRIS

Our golden ticket to the Wonka Factory!

Picking up a simple bill, Chris regards it as if he's just found the holy Grail!

CHRIS (cont'd)

It's a hundred dollar bill!

WAYLON

Let me see that! You can't be serious! Who would give away a hundred dollars to Lee?

Chris hands him the note and Waylon inspects it carefully, holding it up to the light and turning it over to see if it's fake.

WAYLON (cont'd)

Its real as well! Think how much beer we could buy with it!

(CONTINUED)

CHRIS

Right now, my love for beer is
greater than my love for Lee.

Waylon grins, and they both look around to make sure the
others aren't coming back yet.

WAYLON

Do you think it's wrong that we
feel no guilt at all over taking
this?

CHRIS

Please, we sold our souls long
before it became the latest craze.

Still grinning like madmen, the duo jump when they spot a
little girl watching them. Her hair is in untidy pigtails and
her dress is dirty.

Chris eventually ignores her presence, but Waylon's
established eye contact.

WAYLON

What the hell? Chris, do something
to make it go away.

CHRIS

Like what?

WAYLON

I don't know, throw a stick or
something. They chase sticks,
right?

CHRIS

No, that's dogs.

WAYLON

Oh, yeah.

CHRIS

Damnit, if it weren't for the law
we could use Lee's guitar as a
weapon. Whose bright idea was it to
give children rights?

WAYLON

Once again, we're defeated by The
Man! One day, Kelly, we'll find out
where he lives, and arrive with a
bazooka and-

CHRIS

Wyche, it's on the move!

(CONTINUED)

Walking over to the duo with her head down, nothing is said for a few seconds until the little girl looks up at them.

LITTLE GIRL

Hi, my name is Kira. What's yours?

Waylon pretends he can't hear her, but Chris kneels down to her level.

CHRIS

I'm Chris.

KIRA

That's an awful lot of money. My Daddy use to have a lot of money, but he lost his job and we had to move out of our house.

CHRIS

Oh.

KIRA

We lived with my Grandma for awhile, but then she died and Daddy started drinking a lot. We live in a box now.

CHRIS

Oh.

(to Waylon)

I can't believe I'm saying this, but... give her the money.

WAYLON

What? Are you crazy? I'm not giving her the money! It's our money!

CHRIS

Technically, it's Le-

WAYLON

It's our money!

CHRIS

She lives in a box!

WAYLON

I'm sure its a real nice box.

Chris snatches the bill out of Waylon's grip.

WAYLON (cont'd)

Hey! What about the beer?

Chris ignores him and hands the money to the little girl who grins, she then suddenly STAMPS on Chris' foot as hard as she can.

KIRA

Idiot! Do I look like I live in a box? These shoes are Gucci!

With that, she runs off, leaving Chris jumping around in pain and Waylon looked shocked.

WAYLON

What the hell is a Gucci?

CHRIS

Gucci is a high fashion Italian brand created in the 1930's by Guccio Gucci...

Waylon smacks Chris across the back of his head with the back of his hand.

WAYLON

Now isn't the time for your rich boy bullshit! Get that kid!

And with a hard shove forward, Chris runs off as fast as he can, slowly followed by Waylon.

CUT TO:

Claire, Emma, Lee and Ian arrive back in the apartment together, with Lee carrying his guitar case which he throws onto the sofa.

EMMA

Anyone want a cup of tea?

LEE

I'll have one.

EMMA

Great can you do me one too? Milk and one sugar, thanks.

Lee rolls his eyes and mutters something under his breath before walking off into the kitchen. Emma pushes Lee's guitar onto the floor before settling herself on the couch.

IAN

I'll be in my room if anyone wants me. I have some reading to do.

(CONTINUED)

He throws the girls a suspicious look before disappearing into the bedroom, slamming the door behind him.

CLAIRE

Does Ian seem a little bit weird to you?

EMMA

Ian has always seemed a little bit weird to me, I tend to just ignore it now.

CLAIRE

He's been really distant since the whole South Park thing. Do you think he's alright?

EMMA

I'm sure he'll be fine, and even if he's not, it's not really our problem is it? Ian's a big boy, he can take care of himself. And if he seriously flips his lid, then it's his own fault. Besides, we have more important things to think about, like you and the principal.

CLAIRE

The more I think about it, the more confused I get about the whole thing.

EMMA

You should so go out with him, even if it's only once. Besides I have the perfect pair of shoes you could wear. They cost me a whole month's rent and I'm never going to wear them.

CLAIRE

Then why did you buy them?

EMMA

Because they're pretty. Come on, Claire! Do it for me! I've never been asked out!

CLAIRE

Earl asked you out.

(beat)

What happened to him anyway?

Emma suddenly looks slightly panicked.

EMMA

Nothing, nothing at all. It certainly didn't involve me, Waylon and a hose with some tabasco sauce. Where would you get an idea like that?

Lee re-enters with two cups, he holds one out to Emma.

LEE

Here you go.

EMMA

I have to go.
(to Claire)
For totally unrelated reasons to what we were just talking about.

She jumps up out of the chair and heads out of the door leaving Lee looking totally confused.

LEE

What just happened?

CLAIRE

I have no idea and I was talking to her. I just don't get kids these days.

CUT TO:

Kira runs through the street with the hundred dollar bill still clutched in her hand. She runs up a gravelled path and opens the front door, checking over her shoulder before slamming it behind her.

Seconds later Waylon and Chris appear, out of breath, but ready for war.

CHRIS

Alright, so the Gremlin has a home. Do you know what this means?

WAYLON

We can resort to violence? 'Cause that banshee has asked for it!

CHRIS

Keep in mind she's a kid! We know from experience this species is far more dangerous than any other challenge we've faced.

(beat)

(MORE)

(CONTINUED)

CONTINUED:

CHRIS (cont'd)
Waylon, it's time we turn to the
art of manipulation.

As the duo look upon the looming house with grim expressions,
Kira can be seen smiling out from a window on the second
floor, as we:

BLACK OUT:

END OF ACT THREE

ACT FOUR

FADE IN:

23

EXT. SUBURBAN STREET - DAY

23

Chris is still going on about the dangers of children as the duo arrive at the door.

WAYLON

Are you going somewhere with this?

CHRIS

Just saying, we have two ways of winning this: Intimidation, or chocolate.

Waylon ponders this as he knocks on the door, now all that's left to do is wait...

CHRIS (cont'd)

Can I be the bad cop this time?

WAYLON

Stick to protocol. You're the good cop.

CHRIS

I'm always the good cop!

WAYLON

Do you really think people would take me seriously as the good cop?

Chris' look says it all, Waylon has raised a good point. Yet he still looks as if he's about to retort before:

The door opens to reveal Kira's MOTHER. A woman in her thirties who would redefine the term "babe," with long blonde hair and... you get the idea.

MOTHER

Hello.

Her understanding eyes speak to the guys, so much so that they're at a loss for words.

MOTHER (cont'd)

Can I help you?

Waylon's lost in a fantasy as Chris is caught off guard by the woman's suggestive smirk.

It doesn't take long before Chris steps up to the plate, cheesy salesman smile in place.

(CONTINUED)

CHRIS

Hi, I'm Alex Bristow, and it would seem we've had a slight misunderstanding with your da-

Elbowed out of the way by Waylon, the southerner is in love.

WAYLON

A slight misunderstanding of just how damn beautiful you are, that is!

CHRIS

What he means to say is that some mo-

Waylon stamps on Chris foot before giving the mother an apologetic look.

WAYLON

We were going to try and sell you some windows to make a bit of quick cash. But they wouldn't last a year, and I just wouldn't be able to sleep if I had known I had a conned an angel such as yourself.

Smiling like a drunk monkey, Waylon's demeanor only causes the woman to giggle.

MOTHER

Oh, why thank you! Would you like to come in for some iced tea? It must be hard going from house to house with the sun beating down on you two fine gentlemen, I'm sure your both very hot.

CHRIS

While we'd normally have to-

Waylon puts his arm around Chris and squeezing him close, and Chris knows he's not going to win this battle.

WAYLON

Decline! Due to professional courtesy and all, I'm sure we can make an exception just this once.

MOTHER

Excellent! Do come in, just leave your shoes on the mat, I'll be in the kitchen getting the drinks ready. Feel free to watch some TV in the living room. Make yourselves at home.

Walking off into the house, Waylon's all too happy to cross over the threshold before he gets pulled back by Chris.

CHRIS

What are you doing? I'm sure the mom would give us the money if we asked for it.

WAYLON

Are you out of your mind? We have a chance to have sex! Of course I'm going to take that over the money.

CHRIS

"We" will be doing no such thing, did you not see her ring finger? She's off the market.

WAYLON

I don't care. Besides, you were drooling all over her before your materialistic senses started tingling.

CHRIS

And you were off in dreamland, not realizing that this scenario is just a little too out of the ordinary. Seriously, the woman is practically a Stepford wife but her daughter's a demonic sprite! It doesn't add up! Strange things are afoot at the Circle K, my friend.

Waylon's not listening as he enters the house, leaving Chris no other option but to follow him as we:

CUT TO:

Typing away on the computer, something attracts Lee's attention as Claire comes out of the kitchen with a cup of tea.

CLAIRE

Alright, you've either found gold, or the president of Fox has just been diagnosed with cancer.

LEE

Neither! Though both still can happen.

Exiting the internet, he spins around in his chair and gives Claire the look of "I know something you don't know."

(CONTINUED)

LEE (cont'd)
Guess what?

CLAIRE
I believe I already did.

Claire takes a sip of her tea, amused at the excitement in Lee's eyes.

LEE
South Park isn't cancelled!

Ta da! Fireworks don't follow the statement, but Lee's mood is definitely picking up.

LEE (cont'd)
The hearts of many fans were once again being toyed with by an evil site that tried to sound all official. Not to worry though, there are several sites that have published articles to inform everyone that this source is indeed fake.

(beat)
Just goes to show, people will believe anything they find on the internet. Ian will be delighted once he hears!

CLAIRE
Question though, where exactly is Ian?

LEE
I knew it was too quiet around here.

Getting up from the desk, Lee disappears into his bedroom, coming out seconds later shaking his head.

LEE (cont'd)
Where the hell would he go? We're the only ones who would put up with him!

CLAIRE
Think we should check the news?

Lee can't help but smile at the joke as he returns to the computer, while Claire sits down on the couch, taking a moment to enjoy having the apartment to themselves.

DISSOLVE TO:

25

INT. LIBRARY - MAIN OFFICE

25

A man in his forties with an air of seniority about him sits at a desk, putting some files away. Let's call him MR. WINDMILL.

He glances at the clock, before a knock at the door shakes him from his reverie.

MR. WINDMILL

Come in.

Opening the door, Ian comes in with an envelope in his hands. As usual he's ranting, and ignores Amy trying to grab him out of the executive's office.

IAN

I've come to a decision... I quit!
The money is shite, the customers
have zero personality and some
nerve telling me to shush, when I'm
one of the people who helps them
find the book that shuts them up
for hours as they realize they're
probably going to die alone! Anger
management classes be damned, this
job isn't worth it!

Slamming his envelope on the desk, Ian finally looks at Mr. Windmill, man to man, only it's clear Ian isn't familiar with this individual.

IAN (cont'd)

And you're not Mr. Clark....

AMY

I tried to tell you.

Trying to save his dignity, Ian begins to take a few steps closer to the door.

IAN

Well, when either of you see him,
tell him exactly what I said.

MR. WINDMILL

I'm afraid that will never happen.
You see Mr. Clark, simply put, was
a moron so I fired him, or in
polite terms "asked him to leave
the company."

(beat)

You, on the other hand... you, I'd
like to stay with the branch.

(CONTINUED)

IAN

What?

MR. WINDMILL

You're honest, and not afraid to tell the customer they're wrong. That's exactly the kind of attitude this dingy old place needs.

IAN

But... but, the anger management classes? Everything I just said? My raised tone of voice?

MR. WINDMILL

Forget about them! Hell, you've earned yourself a promotion putting up with them alone. I hate it when those bastards shush me.

Ian can't help but laugh to himself - this is the last way he expected this situation to play out, as we:

FADE TO:

Sitting in a fancy room, the decorum has Chris and Waylon looking, but definitely not touching as Kira's mother comes back on the scene with a tray.

MOTHER

There you boys go, sorry for the wait.

WAYLON

Oh, it's no problem. You have a lovely house!

CHRIS

You really do. Speaking of which, where could I find your bathroom?

Waylon immediately shoots a glare at his partner in crime, but Chris only shrugs it off.

MOTHER

It's just down the hall and to your right.

CHRIS

Alright, thanks.

Getting up and leaving the room, Waylon has murder in his eyes but it immediately vanishes as the woman looks at him.

(CONTINUED)

26 CONTINUED:

26

MOTHER

I don't know how you do it. Working outside, going door to door in all that heat. You're practically a hero...

Waylon's at a loss for words - the mother's actually showing an interest in him!

CUT TO:

27 INT. KIRA'S HOUSE - HALLWAY - CONTINUED

27

Walking past several family photos, it's clear Chris has no intention of going to the bathroom as he spots stairs leading to the second floor.

With a glance back towards the living room, he cautiously takes a step on the first stair before tensing, awaiting the fatal creak...

But it never comes.

The first land mine out of the way, he proceeds up the rest of the steps into:

28 INT. KIRA'S HOUSE - SECOND FLOOR - CONTINUED

28

Not wasting time, Chris opens a door, but his look alone says he hasn't found what he's looking for.

Moving on down the hall, he opens a few more doors on either side until eventually he comes to a stop in front of one room in particular. Jackpot.

29 INT. KIRA'S HOUSE - KIRA'S BEDROOM - CONTINUED

29

Playing with her Xbox, Kira's attention is completely focused on the television as Chris leans against the door frame. It's pretty clear this girl is definitely spoiled rotten, with a room full of expensive toys.

CHRIS

Well, well, well...

Kira jumps at the creepy tone, and gapes in horror as she realizes just who exactly is at her door.

KIRA

You!

Taking a step into the room, Chris looks the girl straight in the eyes.

(CONTINUED)

CHRIS

Yup, me. And guess what? You have something of mine.

KIRA

(laughing)

Like you can prove it.

Taking another step closer, you'd think Chris was a hit man the way he begins to close in on the girl.

CHRIS

Now, here's how this is going to work. You can call me a bully, a "meany" or whatever else is in your vocabulary, I really don't care. But when it comes to money, I never forget.

(off fingers)

Nicholas Wood still owes me a dollar and thirty-two cents for the time I bought him a burger at McDonalds when I was twelve, while Ethan Williams still owes me four cents because he forgot to take into account the tax when he bought a box of smarties when we were seven. Anal of me, hell yes, but if I had only charged interest, I bet I would have seen that money back.

(steely)

Now... where is my hundred?

Kira's lost in fear now, but her eyes give the location away as Chris follows their direction to the dresser. There isn't much time to enjoy the victory though, because Kira SCREAMS!

KIRA

Mom!!

Without wasting a second, Chris grabs the money and heads for the door, but glances back at Kira once to add:

CHRIS

Have a nice life.

He books it as we:

CUT TO:

Kira's mother frantically rushes out with a curious Waylon, as Chris comes barreling down the stairs, the hundred dollar bill in hand.

(CONTINUED)

CHRIS
 (to Waylon)
 Time to go!

The mother's confused as she tries to put the puzzle pieces together, while Waylon immediately jumps into the action of escape.

WAYLON
 Just another day in LA...

Chris can't open the door fast enough as he jogs out, Waylon following seconds afterwards and slamming the door.

Kira's mother looks up the stairs towards her screaming daughter, and then after the two men who just left her house without an explanation. Baffled, she shakes her head.

DISSOLVE TO:

Jogging into frame, Chris and Waylon finally come to a stop in the middle of a park. Both are panting for breath, and Chris takes a sip from a water fountain as Waylon wipes the sweat from his eyebrow.

WAYLON
 (breathless)
 I don't... think I've... ever...
 run so... far... in my life!

Glancing around the area, Chris lets Waylon take his share of water from the fountain, as the duo look ready to collapse.

CHRIS
 At least... we've lost... the cops.

Waylon can only nod as the duo walk through the park in silence for a few moments.

CHRIS (cont'd)
 So... what are we going to do
 tomorrow, Wyche?

Taking the hundred out of his pocket, and raising it in the air like a champion, the bill is caught by a slight breeze, escaping the confines of Chris' hands and blowing across the grass a good few metres away.

Chris chases after it, but it's still blowing, ignoring his curses...

... Conveniently coming to a stop in front of a hobo at a park bench. His eyes magically light up as if he's found the golden snitch.

CHRIS (cont'd)
(yelling)
Hey! Touch it and I'll shove you in
the garbage! You'll be eaten by all
of your buddies from the alley!

Despite the threat, the man snatches the bill from the ground
and runs like hell into the distance.

Chris vaults over the bench, and continues throwing more
threats into the atmosphere as he races after the hobo.

We pan back to Waylon, who hasn't moved from the water
fountain. The southerner can only shake his head at Chris'
antics, and smiles as he cracks his knuckles, pondering the
question asked of him moments ago:

WAYLON
The same thing we do every day,
Kelly...

Waylon starts to follow Chris, who is still chasing the hobo
and screaming bloody murder as we:

BLACK OUT:

END OF SHOW