

THE HIGH LIFE

"Panic Prone"

by
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TEASER

FADE IN:

1 INT. CINEMA - FOYER - NIGHT

1

Close up on an extremely tired and bored-looking EMMA. Her chin resting on her hands, her regulation uniform cap slipped to a jaunty angle.

Slowly pull back to reveal KIT, a pale, brown-haired teenager standing at the confectionery counter in the exact same pose - same look, same cap angle.

Emma SIGHS heavily, and a moment later Kit does the same. Emma flicks her eyes towards her.

EMMA

I've told you, I don't like it when you do that.

KIT

Do what?

EMMA

Copy me.

KIT

I'm not copying you.

EMMA

Yes, you are.

KIT

Am not!

EMMA

Alright, look...

Emma straightens out, turning to face Kit - who copies her movement, gesture for gesture. Emma blinks, then scrunches up her face.

EMMA (cont'd)

Stop it!!

KIT

I'm not doing anything!

EMMA

You so are! You're just doing the exact same thing as me, and have been all bl-

CUSTOMER (O.S.)

Er... miss?

(CONTINUED)

Emma freezes mid-rant, slowly rotating to see a male CUSTOMER standing at the counter. A beat, then Emma fixes on her best 'how may I help you?' smile.

EMMA

How may I help you?

CUSTOMER

(eyes Kit)

Is everything... alright?

KIT

She-

EMMA

(over her)

Oh, we're just fine. Catherine here was just about to go out back and clean up the hotdog cooker.

(to Kit; firm)

Weren't you?

Kit opens her mouth to protest, but Emma just points to her nametag. She has one plastic, gold-painted star on it - Kit has none.

Kit slumps her shoulders in defeat and trudges off screen, and with a victorious smile Emma turns back to the customer.

EMMA (cont'd)

I'm sorry about that. She's new. And young. And annoying. And possibly a borderline psychotic.

CUSTOMER

(grins)

And probably jealous of your looks.

EMMA

So, what can I get-

(blinks)

Huh?

The customer leans across the counter towards Emma.

CUSTOMER

You know, I can only imagine what having to stand next to somebody like you all day could do to a girl's self-confidence.

EMMA

O-kay... that's actually one of the strangest compliments I've ever had.

CUSTOMER

What, I'm not allowed to be nice to an attractive young girl?

EMMA

Not when you're about to give me money for something, no. I'll just feel cheap.

CUSTOMER

Something tells me you're anything but 'cheap.'

Emma hesitates, then shakes her head, trying to regain her professional authority.

EMMA

I'm sorry, did you actually want something?

CUSTOMER

I'll have a large Coke, please.

EMMA

Right.

Emma turns to grab a large cup, when:

CUSTOMER

And your number.

Emma pauses mid-grab, slowly turning back to the customer. His expression tells her he thinks he's winning her over.

EMMA

I'm sorry, sir, I'm not allowed to fraternise with my customers.

CUSTOMER

We're not 'fraternising.'
(waggles eyebrow)
Yet.

Emma takes a step back, pouring him his Coke while he watches her carefully, that sly smile never leaving his lips.

She finishes, fixing the plastic lid on and holding the full cup out towards him.

EMMA

Here you go, sir. That'll be-

SPLASH! As soon as he grabs it, the cup collapses and deposits its contents all down his shirt!

1 CONTINUED: (3)

1

CUSTOMER

Yargh!

EMMA

(flat)

Oh. Oh I am so dreadfully sorry. I must not have put the cap on properly. How silly of me.

Throwing her an angry glare, the man stalks off, trying to shake his shirt dry, and once he's gone Emma sinks back into her natural, bored position on the counter.

EMMA (cont'd)

(wistful)

One day, I'll get fired for doing that... I hope.

She SIGHS again as we cut to:

2 INT. APARTMENT - LIVING ROOM - NIGHT

2

The door is pushed open by LEE, bag over one shoulder and guitar case in one hand as he sorts through the post. He glances up and sees the apartment is empty.

LEE

Waylon? Chris? Ian? I've told you before, the apartment's too small to play 'hide and seek,' and the neighbours said they'd call the police this time if we-

CLAIRE pokes her head out from the girls' room.

CLAIRE

I'm here, it's alright. Nobody else is.

LEE

Oh. Right.

Noticing Claire's wearing a lot of makeup and appears to be halfway through curling her hair, Lee dumps his guitar, bag and post down on the sofa and walks through into:

3 INT. APARTMENT - GIRLS' ROOM - NEXT

3

Lee finds Claire standing before the mirror, curling tongs in one hand, the contents of several make up bags spread across the bed.

Claire's half in, half out of a very slinky black dress, and Lee catches himself looking her up and down before he manages to snap his eyes away.

(CONTINUED)

LEE

So... were you just planning on looking extra special for when the others get back, or is all this effort for me?

CLAIRE

It's for my date.

LEE

'Date'?

CLAIRE

Yes, Brian's coming over.

LEE

Brian?

CLAIRE

I'm sorry, is there an echo?

LEE

(beat; realises)

Oh, yes, Brian as in the principal Brian. As in your boss. Who you appear to be going out with. Tonight.

Claire turns to him with a raised eyebrow.

CLAIRE

Are you alright?

LEE

No, I'm just realising that I'm dropping down the league table in terms of getting any action in this house more with every passing minute.

Claire chuckles and gets back to the business of styling her hair. Lee glances at his watch.

LEE (cont'd)

It's only just half five, though. Even by your standards, that's early to be getting ready.

CLAIRE

I wanted to be finished before he gets here.

LEE

How come?

CLAIRE
(suddenly evasive)
Oh, you know... so we can... be in
and out. Quickly.

LEE
(narrows eyes)
You mean, without having to meet
the rest of us.

CLAIRE
(bites lip)
Well... after what happened with
you...

LEE
(raises hands)
Oh, I get it, I get it. I've set
the standard for how not to invite
people over, is that it?

CLAIRE
It's not that, I just don't want
another... 'Lee' fiasco.

LEE
A what?

CLAIRE
Hmm?

LEE
You said 'Lee fiasco.' I could as
good as see the air quotes.

CLAIRE
I didn't air quote.

LEE
You bloody did.

Claire sighs, putting the tongs down and turning to Lee.

CLAIRE
It's just a, you know... it's
stupid, it's nothing really, so-

LEE
You're going to a lot of effort to
talk your way out of this
'nothing.'

CLAIRE
Waylon and Chris, they...

LEE

They made up a phrase about it,
didn't they?

Claire nods sympathetically. Lee rubs his temples.

LEE (cont'd)

I don't know what's worse - that
they were compelled to do that, or
the fact that what happened was so
bad there's actually a phrase for
it now.

CLAIRE

I'm sure it was just a one off.

He shoots her a 'I call bullshit' look, and Claire takes the
hint to go back to her hair styling.

LEE

Well... I'll be out here, then.
Doing my best to fade into the
background.

CLAIRE

Lee, don't-

CLUNK. The door is pulled shut as Lee exits, and Claire sighs
once again before turning back to the mirror. She stares at
her reflection, mentally psyching herself up.

CLAIRE (cont'd)

Alright, Claire, this is how it is.
No false starts. Clean in, clean
out. No more... Lee fiascos.

LEE (O.S.)

I can hear you, you know...

Claire pauses, then reaches for the tongs again as we:

BLACK OUT:

END OF TEASER

ACT ONE

FADE IN:

4

INT. APARTMENT - LIVING ROOM - NIGHT

4

Claire is sitting on one of the sofa armchairs, fully dolled up, nervously tapping her one high-heeled foot on the floor.

Lee sits on the sofa, leafing through the paper and casting the odd glance in her direction.

Claire goes to chew her nails then stops, looks at the great paint job she's done on them and thinks again, glancing up at the clock and inhaling deeply.

Lee goes back to the paper, a faint smile creeping across his features.

LEE

So... running a little... late?

CLAIRE

(sharp)

Don't. Please.

LEE

I mean, I'd hate for this to be a bad sign or anything.

CLAIRE

Lee...

LEE

One might say it was an omen. A signal from the Powers That Be to tell you that tonight has all the hallmarks of...

He lowers his paper theatrically.

LEE (cont'd)

... a fiasco?

Claire suddenly JUMPS to her feet, startling Lee.

CLAIRE

No, it won't! We're going to have a wonderful evening from start to finish, and absolutely nothing is going to go wrong at any point from the time I leave this room to the time I return!

A beat. Claire's outburst sinks in and she sits back down, looking a little sheepish. Lee goes back to the paper.

(CONTINUED)

LEE
(quietly)
Issues...

CLAIRE
(sighs)
Look, can't you just-

KNOCK KNOCK. Lee looks up as Claire rockets out of her chair, getting to the door in half a second and opening it with a smile to reveal...

WAYLON.

He blinks, looking Claire up and down.

WAYLON
It's nice, but I like the red dress better.

Claire sags and stomps back to her chair as Waylon enters, glancing at Lee who shakes his head - 'don't ask.'

WAYLON (cont'd)
So, what are you two crazy old people up to this evening?

LEE
I'm only twenty-seven.

WAYLON
That's what I said.

LEE
Claire's waiting for her date to show up.

WAYLON
Oh, right. Hopefully, he wasn't on the same bus I was, because there was a...
(beat)
Let's put it this way - there's a reason you're not supposed to stand in the aisle and pretend to surf when buses take fast corners.

Waylon walks past and into the kitchen - and Claire notices the imprint of a FACE in the sweat patch on his t-shirt.

She grimaces as Lee calls back into the kitchen:

LEE
How come you knocked? You've got a key.

WAYLON

I'm also a lazy bastard.

LEE

(beat)

True.

Waylon exits the kitchen, can of beer in hand, and flops down next to Lee on the sofa. He snatches the paper away.

LEE (cont'd)

I was-

WAYLON

Done reading? Thanks.

Lee mutters something under his breath before there's another KNOCK at the door, and Claire jumps up again.

This time, she opens it to reveal CHRIS, who is loaded with shopping bags.

CHRIS

Claire! Hey. You look...
surprisingly pretty.

CLAIRE

(frowns)

Why 'surprisingly'?

CHRIS

Because usually, you don't.

A beat. Claire calmly SLAMS the door in Chris' face and marches back over to her chair.

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

(through door)

And clearly, that was the wrong
thing to say...

Lacking his newspaper, Lee clambers over the back of the sofa to go and open the door, letting Chris struggle inside with his shopping.

Claire seems visibly more twitchy now that three of the usual suspects are here, glancing at the clock again.

CHRIS (cont'd)

(to Lee)

Thanks.

(to Claire)

And you knew full well what I
meant.

She offers a half-hearted smile as Lee helps Chris set his shopping bags down.

LEE
What's all this?

CHRIS
It's for Beer-opoly!

LEE
Beer what?

WAYLON
It's a new game Chris and me
invented. It's 'Monopoly,' only
with beer.

LEE
And I can see it took you all night
to think up that name.

WAYLON
It did, actually...

LEE
(off bags)
There must be...
(counts)
... over forty cans of beer in
here! What's the aim of the game?
Stomach pumping? Alcohol poisoning?

WAYLON
Depends which set of rules we're
using.

CHRIS
In mine, you drink for each square
you land on.

WAYLON
And in mine, it's each time you
roll the dice.

LEE
And a slow descent into alcoholism
follows, I see.

WAYLON
Not for me.

He folds up the paper neatly - then tosses it into the corner, where it scatters into its varied sections.

WAYLON (cont'd)
Tonight... I work.

A beat. Waylon realises everyone is looking at him.

WAYLON (cont'd)

What?

CHRIS

I think life as we know it just came to an end.

LEE

You didn't cross the streams again, did you? I've told you about that before.

WAYLON

Hey! I do do some work round here, you know.

A beat.

LEE

No, you don't.

CHRIS

He's right, man, you don't.

WAYLON

Well... screw you guys!

Waylon gets up marching towards Lee and Ian's room.

WAYLON (cont'd)

I'm gonna stop in and work on the project all damn night now, just to prove you both wrong.

He disappears into the bedroom.

LEE

So, just so we're clear - the way to get Waylon to actually do something...

CHRIS

... is to wait until he suggests it and then call him on it?

LEE

Simple, yet effective.

CHRIS

Just like you.

CLAIRE

Sorry to butt in, but...

They turn to her. Claire is getting more fidgety by the second.

CLAIRE (cont'd)
Is there even the tiniest chance
that you lot could all... not be
here?

CHRIS
But... we live here!

LEE
Claire's date is coming over.

CHRIS
Oh, right. She doesn't want another
'Lee' fiasco.

LEE
(scowls)
Oi!

CLAIRE
No, I just don't want Brian to come
in and find you all sprawled
unconscious on the floor,
surrounded by Monopoly pieces.
That's not the kind of first
impression I was going for.

CHRIS
We can set the board up outside, if
you like.

CLAIRE
(deep breath)
That's not what I mean, I just-

She's interrupted as the door opens - and it's IAN, followed by Emma. Claire sinks her head into her hands and sits back down.

CLAIRE (cont'd)
(to herself)
It was all going so well...

IAN
(to Emma)
And then, right, get this, he says
to me, 'well, sir, I think you
should know how to spell a word
like 'sycophant,' and then I said,
'yeah? Well, I'm sick of your-'

He pauses, seeing Claire all dressed up at last.

IAN (cont'd)
 (gasps)
 Somebody Stepford Wives'd Claire!

CLAIRE
 What?
 (looks herself up and
 down)
 I don't-

CHRIS
 (snaps fingers)
That's it! I knew you reminded me
 of something.

A shocked Claire sags in her seat as Emma shrugs off her coat.

CHRIS (cont'd)
 Good day.

EMMA
 I Coke'd a guy today.

CHRIS
 Hey, nice work! How many is that
 now?

Emma thinks, then walks over to a chart stuck to the wall by the kitchen door. There are several symbols on the chart - the Coke logo, a hotdog, a popcorn tub and other cinema-specific snacks. There are many, many ticks by each picture, and Emma takes a pen from her pocket to add another tick to the 'Coke' row, counting them off.

EMMA
 Seventeen. Fourth one this week.

IAN
 Okay, it's official. You're bonking
 the manager.

EMMA
 What?

LEE
 Either that, or you're actually
 soldered to this job through black
 magic, because there's no way any
normal person could abuse as many
 customers as you have and keep
 their job.

Depressed, Emma flops down onto the sofa's other armchair.

EMMA

It's official. I'm a corporate
whore. I can't quiet even if I try!

She looks up and notices Claire.

EMMA (cont'd)

Oh, you look nice.

CLAIRE

(brightens)

Thank you! You're the first person
to actually say that and mean it.

Claire shoots a look at Chris, but he and Ian are already
rescuing the apartment's battered Monopoly set from
underneath the sofa.

Lee heads over to the boys' bedroom, knocking on the door.

LEE

(into door)

Waylon? Are you in there?

WAYLON (O.S.)

(through door)

Keep the noise down, damn it! I'm
working!

LEE

(listens)

So why does 'working' sound like
you're playing 'Doom'?

WAYLON (O.S.)

(beat)

I'm still warming up.

A computerised VOICE suddenly rings out:

VOICE (O.S.)

(through door)

You have now reached level sixteen!

WAYLON (O.S.)

And I'm a slow warmer.

LEE

Don't be all night. I have a
feeling Claire wants us all out of
the way when her chap gets here.

The intercom for the front door BUZZES, and everybody
freezes.

SLOW MOTION:

Claire starts to get up, but sees Ian and Chris are closer, her mouth hanging open in a cry of horror as Ian reaches for the buzzer...

NORMAL SPEED:

Ian gets to the intercom first, thumbing the call button.

IAN
(into intercom)
Hello, National Arse Display
Centre?

BRIAN
(filtered; through
intercom)
Er... hello? Is Claire there?

IAN
I'll just check. Hang-

Ian is YANKED out of the way by a furious Claire, who takes a moment to calm herself before she answers.

CLAIRE
(brightly)
Hello, Brian! Sorry about that.

BRIAN
Who was that?

CLAIRE
Er, that was...
(quickly)
I'll let you in.

She hits the door buzzer and waits, and when she hears the CLICK of the front door opening she releases the button, stepping back and rounding on Ian.

IAN
Now I know what you're going to
say, but hear me-

CLAIRE
No, you hear me.

She starts POKING him in the chest as she advances on him.

CLAIRE (cont'd)
You are all going to be on your
absolute best behaviour when Brian
gets here, is that clear?

IAN

But we-

CLAIRE

Is. That. Clear?

IAN

Alright, alright! Bloody hell,
woman! Who died and made you She
Who Must Be Obeyed?

Claire GRABS Ian by his shirt, pulling him in close.

CLAIRE

(stern)

Don't make me use my Teacher Voice.

Ian pales at the very suggestion, and Claire starts to grin, knowing that she's got him now. She turns to the others.

CLAIRE (cont'd)

That goes for the rest of you, too.

CHRIS

Hey, we get it.

LEE

Absolutely.

EMMA

No more Lee fiascos. Got it.

LEE

Oh, for fu-

KNOCK KNOCK. Claire releases Ian, who falls backwards off screen with a THUD as she steps over to the door.

She starts to open the door before glancing back round, and her eyes widen in horror as she sees that Chris is still holding the 'Monopoly' board...

BRIAN (O.S.)

Claire?

She whips back round as BRIAN steps inside, smartly dressed and neatly groomed.

BRIAN (cont'd)

Sorry I'm so late, there was this
bus lying on its side in the middle
of the road, blocking all the
traffic.

Claire is stuck halfway between words as he gives her a quick peck on the cheek.

(CONTINUED)

BRIAN (cont'd)
You look ravishing.
(sees board)
Ooh, Monopoly!
(to Claire)
We've got time for a quick game,
haven't we? Our reservation isn't
until nine.

Chris grins as Brian steps forward to shake his hand, and all she can do is slowly push the door closed as we:

BLACK OUT:

END OF ACT ONE

ACT TWO

FADE IN:

5 INT. APARTMENT - LIVING ROOM - NIGHT

5

Where we left them. According to the clock, it's after half past eight - a fact Claire is well aware of, given that she's looking at the thing every few seconds.

Brian, however, is sitting on the sofa with Ian and Chris, the Monopoly set laid out on a small table before them. Emma sits in the other sofa armchair.

There's already a thick layer of empty beer cans on the floor beneath the table, but none over by Brian. He's being a good boy.

Chris BELCHES loudly, indicating he's being anything but a good boy as he starts to roll the dice again.

CHRIS
(slurred)
Right, now to-

EMMA
(waves hands)
Drink!

CHRIS
Whu?

EMMA
Drink!

IAN
(slurred too)
She means 'you're rolling the dice.
You have to drink.'

EMMA
(also slurred)
Yesh! Drink!

CHRIS
Oh. Yeah. My rules.

He grabs a can and takes a swig from it, draining the last of it before crumpling it up and tossing it over his shoulder.

Brian glances at Claire, who manages to switch from sulky to perky in an instant.

BRIAN
We'll be off in a minute. The
restaurant's not that far, after
all.

(CONTINUED)

CLAIRE

No problem.

BRIAN

I just feel I owe it to your housemates to finish this last circuit!

CHRIS

Damn straight!

BRIAN

I haven't played Monopoly in years, anyway. Even with your friend Chris'... unusual take on the rules.

CHRIS

Ah, Beer-opoly is all the rage in Canadia, my friend.

IAN

All my hotels have little people in them.

BRIAN

(back to Claire)

Then we'll go. I promise.

CLAIRE

Really. It's fine.

IAN

Some of them are waving.

EMMA

I think I need the toilet...

IAN

Except that one.

(points to board)

He can go to Hell.

Ian FLICKS one of his hotels away - and he and Emma burst into a fit of giggles. Claire SIGHS heavily, looking towards the boys' room as we cut to:

Waylon is, shock horror, actually typing at the small, old PC on the desk as Lee rifles through pages and pages of handwritten notes.

He has a bundle in each hand, looking from one to the other before huffing and dropping them both back down.

LEE

This is ridiculous. Doesn't anybody put anything in order?

WAYLON

We did, but then you lost something and made a mess looking for it.

LEE

Oh.

(beat)

So why didn't anybody tidy things back up?

WAYLON

Dude, you're the one with the OCD. My job here is to make bad smells and eat.

LEE

Wanting to be neat doesn't mean I have OCD, Waylon.

WAYLON

Sure it doesn't.

LEE

What's that supposed to mean?

WAYLON

Just saying, I went into the bathroom yesterday and felt like I was on the set of 'Sleeping With The Enemy.'

LEE

So I like my towels lined up! What's wrong with that?

WAYLON

Nothing at all. But if the cans in the cupboard happen to form into tidy little stacks, you're out on your ass.

Grumbling, Lee stands and heads over to Waylon, peering at the screen over his shoulder.

WAYLON (cont'd)

Better put your blinkers on. You don't want to get dazzled by my genius.

LEE

The only thing I'm dazzled by at the moment is your blindingly bad grasp of basic grammar.

WAYLON

That's why God invented spell checkers.

LEE

He also invented the English language too, you know. You might want to try looking it up some time.

WAYLON

I'll put it on my 'To Do' list.

Lee peers at the screen, and Waylon pauses to watch him.

LEE

You know...

WAYLON

Go ahead. You can say it.

LEE

This is actually quite good.

WAYLON

(snaps fingers)
Zing!

LEE

For you, I mean.

Waylon's face snaps into a scowl, and he shifts to block Lee's view of the screen before he carries on typing.

WAYLON

I wouldn't expect you to understand. My genius can't be appreciated by mortal minds yet.

LEE

Waylon, we're writing a spec script for a half hour comedy show at the moment. It's not exactly Dostoevsky.

WAYLON

Says you, the man who thinks 'comedy' is something the British invented.

Lee steps back, hands on hips.

(CONTINUED)

LEE

Oh, this should be good...

Waylon swivels round in his chair, starting to count off on his fingers.

WAYLON

Fact. American sitcoms last longer and have way more episodes, thus, more potential for jokes. Fact. American sitcom stars are always prettier. Fact. We invented sitcoms.

LEE

Is this the part where we have your 'why 'Taxi' is better than 'Fawlty Towers' argument again?

WAYLON

Damn straight! You're telling me that Manuel dude could take Latka in a fight? No way, man.

LEE

And I again remind you that Celebrity Deathmatches between sitcom characters is no measure of quality.

WAYLON

You're just jealous because even Chandler Bing could make Blackadder cry like a little angry piglet.

Lee flops back onto the bed, exhausted by this clearly circular argument.

LEE

Fine! Keep on writing the bloody thing, then. Maybe you're the next Larry David and none of us have realised yet.

WAYLON

(beat)
Larry who?

Lee starts to reply, then just shakes his head and lies back down. Waylon shrugs and gets back to work as we cut to:

More alcohol has been consumed, and Ian, Emma and Chris are now noticeably unsteady as the game rolls on.

Claire looks at the clock again, sees that it's a quarter to nine and stands, getting Brian's attention.

CLAIRE
Shouldn't we be going now?

BRIAN
Just a minute, Claire.

He's rolling the dice, blowing on his fist for luck.

BRIAN (cont'd)
I just need to get Sunset Boulevard
and then I'm done.

He keeps shaking, blowing on his fist a few more times, until Ian gets impatient and PULLS his hands apart, sending the dice skittering across the table.

CHRIS
Uh oh...

The dice BOUNCES off the table and rolls off screen, and Emma leaps to her feet in alarm.

EMMA
It escaped!

IAN
It's going for the pipes!

EMMA
Quick! Catch it!

She DIVES to the side, landing on the floor in an undignified heap and bursting into drunken laughter again.

Claire groans and rubs her weary eyes, but sees to her horror that Brian is laughing along with Chris and Ian.

BRIAN
She's, uh... she's quite something,
isn't she?

IAN
You should see her naked.

CLAIRE
(shocked)
Ian!!

IAN
What? It was an accident!

CHRIS
No, it wasn't.

IAN

Ixnay on the idden ebcamway!

CHRIS

(blinks)

The what?

As Ian starts to mime a hidden camera, Claire grabs Brian by the arm and pulls him to his feet.

CLAIRE

Well, that's that. If we can't find the dice, then the game'll have to wait.

BRIAN

(disappointed)

Oh. Yeah, I suppose you're right.

(to Chris and Ian)

Still, it was nice meeting you-

EMMA

I found it!

She sits up, holding the dice up in one hand.

EMMA (cont'd)

It was hiding. Under the chair.

IAN

See? Pipes. Every time.

CHRIS

And that means...

Chris takes the dice and holds it out to Brian.

CHRIS (cont'd)

Finish him!

Brian glances at Claire, who rolls her eyes and quickly nods. With a grin, Brian sits back down, starting to shake the dice and blow on his fist again.

BRIAN

Come on, lucky seven...

He finally rolls, and Chris and Ian watch the dice like a hawk until it lands - on a three.

IAN

Three!

CHRIS

You know what that means!

EMMA

Boobies!

She starts to lift up her shirt, and as the boys start to boggle a red-faced Claire grabs Brian firmly by the arm.

CLAIRE

Definitely time to go!

BRIAN

But-

CLAIRE

Now!

She literally drags him out of the apartment, as Emma gets stuck halfway out of her shirt, her arms pinned against her head.

EMMA

Chris, I don't like that 'Emma strips on a three' rule any more. It's making my arms tired.

The boys sit back, admiring the view as the door SLAMS to signal Claire and Brian's exit.

CHRIS

Oh, you'll get used to it.

IAN

Yep.

Emma struggles for a few more moments, her head pressed against her wrist - and her eyes widen as she looks at her watch.

EMMA

Oh, no!

CHRIS

What?

Emma wriggles around, managing to pull her shirt back down to Ian's obvious disappointment.

EMMA

I'm late!

IAN

What for?

(gasps)

Are you pregnant?

EMMA

What? No, for work!

She stands, instantly loses her balance and flops back down again.

CHRIS

But... you were just at work!

EMMA

I said I'd cover Ronnie's shift.
He's got conjunct... conjecti...
something wrong with his eyes.

Ian watches her as she stumbles past him.

IAN

So have you, Emma. It's called
'being pissed.'

EMMA

I'm not drunk!

She reaches for her coat, missing and knocking the entire coatstand over.

EMMA (cont'd)

I'm just... tipsy.

IAN

If that's tipsy,' I'd hate to see
'spannered' then!

EMMA

(finger to lips)
Ssh! Quiet. You'll upset Lee.

She manages to extract her coat from the mess on the floor, but gets stuck again as she tries to pull it on.

Chris watches her stagger around for a beat, before a Machiavellian smirk crosses his face.

CHRIS

(sly)
You know, Em...

EMMA

(muffled; through coat)
Mmf?

CHRIS

I'd say now's an ideal time to give
us a demonstration of your, you
know... dancing.

IAN

Her what?

Chris sharply nudges Ian to keep him quiet as Emma finally gets her coat on properly.

EMMA

No, I can't.

CHRIS

Yeah, you can.

EMMA

I'm drunk!

CHRIS

That just makes it more relaxed.

IAN

That's what I told her once.

(off their looks)

Er... never mind.

EMMA

Chris, I can't do a pole dance! I'm drunk, I have to go to work, and we have no pole!

CHRIS

I'm sure we can-

The boys' room's door is flung open by Lee and Waylon.

WAYLON

Someone say 'pole'?

LEE

Immediately followed by 'dance'?

EMMA

No! Nobody's dancing. I've got to go. And if I'm lucky, I'll get the sack for being wasted on duty. That'd be nice.

LEE

Good luck. You're going to need it, walking more than five minutes in that state.

EMMA

I'll be fine!

She heads for the door, hands up to steady herself as she manages to open it (on her fourth attempt), stumbling out into the corridor and closing it behind her.

The boys visibly slump in defeat as Lee and Waylon return to their room. A beat, before:

(CONTINUED)

CHRIS

Damn it, we were so close.

IAN

To what?

CHRIS

(beat)

Never mind.

A dejected Chris cracks open another beer as we:

BLACK OUT:

END OF ACT TWO

ACT THREE

FADE IN:

8 INT. APARTMENT - KITCHEN - MORNING 8

It's the next day. We're close in on Chris, his head resting against the counter, fast asleep.

He wakes up with a SNORT, lifting his head to reveal a note of Monopoly money stuck to his cheek.

Blinking blearily, he swats at the note until it falls away, turning to look around the kitchen.

The place is an absolute disarray, with empty beer cans and food wrappers littering every surface - the sign of a good night had by all.

Chris YAWNS, then grimaces, reaching into his mouth - and pulling out a small Monopoly hotel! He stares at the offending article, absently scratching his head as he stumbles into:

9 INT. APARTMENT - LIVING ROOM - NEXT 9

Ian is passed out on the sofa, the board on the floor and pieces spread all over the floor. Ian has made himself a blanket out of Monopoly bank notes, shifting in his sleep and muttering under his breath.

Chris wanders over to him and SMACKS him on the cheek to wake him up.

IAN

Yurg!

Ian sits bolt upright, dispersing his bed of notes across the floor.

IAN (cont'd)

What... did we win?

CHRIS

I can't remember.

IAN

Good. That means I won.

Ian shifts, reaching into the sofa and fishing out first one, then two and then three of the silver player pieces.

IAN (cont'd)

(off game pieces)

And this explains my dreams...

(CONTINUED)

CHRIS

(blinks)

You dreamt about a terrier, a top hat and a boot?

IAN

The dog was tap dancing. In a hat.

Ian shudders at the memory and tosses the pieces away, yawning as Emma steps out of the girls' room.

She's wearing dark glasses and looks deathly pale, and Chris starts on reflex at the sight of her.

CHRIS

Jesus! Em, you need to stop watching 'Evil Dead' before bed.

IAN

Heh, that rhymed.

EMMA

(clutches head)

Brain... hurts...

CHRIS

Oh, Christ, she's become a zombie at last! Ian, fetch the stick.

IAN

(getting up)

Righto.

EMMA

I'm hung over, you idiots.

IAN

So... no stick?

CHRIS

No stick.

IAN

Arse.

Ian flops back down as Emma staggers into the kitchen, followed by Chris:

Emma pauses, surveying the chaos that used to be their kitchen, before staggering towards the coffee pot.

CHRIS

Don't you want to know how we-

EMMA

No.

Chris glances at the ceiling - two slices of pizza are stuck there.

CHRIS

Not even.

EMMA

Definitely.

Hugging the coffee pot like a long-lost sibling, she sinks face first to the counter.

CHRIS

So... how was your night?

EMMA

It was terrible!

CHRIS

Oh, I'm sorry. Did you get fired, then?

EMMA

No... worse!

CHRIS

(thinks)

They fired you, hired you back and then fired you again!

Emma slips off her glasses, looking up at Chris with tired, bloodshot eyes.

EMMA

I got promoted!

She slumps back down, her one hand flailing out for a coffee mug. She grabs hold of a sugar bowl, pouring its contents out onto the counter as she switches the kettle on.

CHRIS

How'd you manage that? You couldn't even walk in a wavy line when you left here, never mind a straight one.

EMMA

I don't know! I can vaguely remember getting there and standing by the screens to take people's tickets... I think I was sick on someone.

10 CONTINUED: (2)

10

She pauses, SNIFFING her top.

EMMA (cont'd)
Yup. It was me.

Emma pushes herself up, opening the fridge and recoiling from the light as she tries to find some milk.

CHRIS
Wait, wait, I don't get it. If you went in to work drunk and even threw up on duty, how the hell did you get promoted?

Emma takes out a pot of yoghurt, pouring it absently into the sugar bowl as she thinks back to last night...

11 INT. CINEMA - FOYER - NIGHT

11

TITLE OVER - Last Night...

A still-blitzed Emma is standing by the entrance to the cinema screens, although 'swaying' would be a better adjective.

She's half asleep, oblivious to a commotion going on behind her as a YOUTH starts running away from two more STAFF MEMBERS.

STAFF MEMBER
Stop him! Emma! Look out!

Emma spins round...

WHACK! The youth runs straight into her, bowling them both over. Emma's flat on her back, dazed, as the struggling youth is grabbed by the two staff members and hauled to his feet.

YOUTH
Let go a'me, man! I din't do nuthin'!

STAFF MEMBER
That a fact?

He reaches into the youth's baggy trouser pocket - and takes out a wad of DOLLAR BILLS!

STAFF MEMBER (cont'd)
Something tells me the usher you just mugged might have something to say about that.

One staffie drags the protesting youth away as the other looks down on the still-prone Emma.

(CONTINUED)

11 CONTINUED:

11

STAFF MEMBER #2

Hey, good work, Emma! I never knew
you had it in you!

EMMA

Had what in me?

He reaches out a hand and helps her to her feet, noticing how
unsteady she is.

STAFF MEMBER #2

Woah! Hey, are you okay? You look a
little-

Emma suddenly leans over and VOMITS - mercifully off screen.
The staffie looks away, wincing.

STAFF MEMBER #2 (cont'd)

Ouch. Yeah, concussion'll do that
to you.

He gingerly pats the doubled over Emma on the back as we
DISSOLVE back to:

12 INT. APARTMENT - KITCHEN - MORNING

12

The kettle boils, and Emma pours hot water into her sugar
bowl, reaching for the pot of instant coffee.

EMMA

I think I must have done something
good, but I got sent home early as
well.

(thinks)

Maybe I killed someone?

CHRIS

I wouldn't think too hard about it.
Universal law of life - if you
question good fortune, it will only
reverse itself.

Emma finds the pot of coffee, but failing to find a spoon
settles for pouring a generous dollop of coffee into her
bowl.

EMMA

Then I'm questioning! I don't want
this much good bloody fortune!
It'll finish me off!

She swigs her 'coffee' - and SPITS out the hideous concoction
she's made for herself as we cut to:

13

INT. APARTMENT - BOYS' ROOM - NEXT

13

Lee turns over in his sleep, starting to come round as rays of sunlight fall across his face.

He comes to rest against something else, however - and his eyes snap open to reveal Claire asleep next to him!

Lee leaps up, eyes wide in shock, before realising that a line of pillows separates the two of them. Confused, he gently nudges Claire to wake her up.

LEE

Er... you appear to be in my bed.
Though thankfully not naked.

Claire blinks, waking up, and stretches out as she sees Lee hovering nearby. She's wearing her nightshirt, don't worry.

CLAIRE

Oh, yes, sorry. Emma was snoring so I thought I should just sleep in here. I didn't think you'd notice.

LEE

Um... okay...

CLAIRE

You curl up into a little ball to go to sleep, anyway. You only used up a quarter of the bed.

LEE

I do?

CLAIRE

(nods)
I hope that's okay.

LEE

No, no, it's fine, it's just...

Lee finds his eyes unconsciously straying to Claire's nightdress-clad form, before she draws the covers up a little higher.

CLAIRE

You have a better chance of seeing God.

LEE

(shakes head)
Sorry. Male reflex. Won't happen again.

(CONTINUED)

CLAIRE

(beat)

This doesn't mean, you know... anything.

LEE

No, no, course not.

CLAIRE

Because you're, well... Lee.

LEE

(blinks)

What?

CLAIRE

Um, I just mean that you, and by that I mean you as a person, not, er...

Frowning, Lee gets out of his bed, revealing a rather fetching set of matching Daffy Duck PJs.

LEE

No, please. Continue.

CLAIRE

You're just not, you know... I don't think any of us, er...

LEE

Claire, please end this sentence soon before my mind fills in the gaps. Because my mind has a very negative sense of humour.

CLAIRE

I just don't, you know... see you... like that.

LEE

(beat)

Oh.

CLAIRE

That's all. So me sleeping here...

LEE

You knew you'd be safe. Safer than taking your chances out there with Waylon and Chris.

CLAIRE

Exactly. And besides, Ian was asleep on the sofa or I'd have gone there.

13 CONTINUED: (2)

13

LEE

Right. Fine. That's... fine.

CLAIRE

(beat)

Nice pyjamas.

LEE

They remind me of home. Coffee?

CLAIRE

Ooh, yes, please.

Lee nods, stepping quietly out of the room:

14 INT. APARTMENT - LIVING ROOM - NEXT

14

Lee shuts the door and pauses, several thoughts running through his mind before he finally shakes his head.

LEE

Not like that.

He heads into the kitchen, glancing across at Ian on his way - Ian is back to sleep again, snoring softly.

15 INT. APARTMENT - KITCHEN - NEXT

15

Emma has her head under the tap, drinking water straight from it as Chris attempts to salvage something for breakfast.

LEE

What the hell happened in here?
Looks like the inside of Waylon's
head!

CHRIS

Beeropoly, remember?

LEE

No, I don't. I was working.
(looks round)
Come to think of it, where's
Waylon?

CHRIS

(shrugs)
No idea. Maybe he went out for
supplies?

Lee thinks as we cut to:

16 EXT. CONVENIENCE STORE - MORNING

16

Waylon is stood outside the local 7-11 - being interviewed by two COPS!

(CONTINUED)

16 CONTINUED:

16

The shop's nervous-looking Chinese owner stands in the doorway, looking on. Waylon is wearing a t-shirt with a line of Chinese lettering on it.

WAYLON

No, officer, I'm serious! I had no idea what it said!

The cops exchange a look as Waylon yells back to the shopkeeper:

WAYLON (cont'd)

And I don't think your uncle is an impotent man whore, I swear! It's just a damn t-shirt!

The angry shopkeeper starts shouting back at Waylon in Chinese, and as he groans and puts his head in his hands we cut back to:

17 INT. APARTMENT - BOYS' ROOM - MORNING

17

Lee nudges the bedroom door back open a little.

LEE

Decent?

CLAIRE

I am.

He steps in, two cups of Starbucks coffees in his hands.

CLAIRE (cont'd)

(smiles)

Just the thing.

LEE

It seems we literally have no food in the entire flat any more, so I sent Chris on a coffee run to use up some of his employee discount.

He hands her a coffee, grabbing his dressing gown and shrugging it on. Claire's still half made up from her night out, and Lee watches her as she gathers up her evening wear.

LEE (cont'd)

Dare I ask how it went?

CLAIRE

Fine. Eventually.

LEE

Well, that's what you get for bringing him here first. Alcohol-fuelled reinterpretations of popular board games a-plenty.

(CONTINUED)

CLAIRE

The meal was fine, the conversation was entertaining, he was a perfect gentleman from start to finish...

LEE

(prompts)

But...

CLAIRE

That's just it. No 'but.' It was... it was a good date. I'd almost forgotten what those were like.

LEE

I think I have forgotten.

CLAIRE

Oh, you'll find someone soon enough. This is Los Angeles, remember? The place where dreams come true?

LEE

I think you're confusing this low rent suburb with Disneyland there.

Claire offers him an encouraging smile as she sips her coffee.

LEE (cont'd)

I'm... I'm glad things went well.

CLAIRE

Good. So am I.

LEE

So... I'll leave you to, you know... do whatever it is you ladies do.

CLAIRE

I would, but all my things are in my room. Unless you keep plenty of make up remover handy?

LEE

Only for my red carpet days.

She smiles, standing and exiting the room, and Lee takes a seat back on the bed, staring into space thoughtfully for a beat before we cut to:

18

INT. APARTMENT - KITCHEN - NEXT

18

A fully-dressed Claire stands next to the sink with Chris, one hand on the shoulder of Emma who sits by her feet, a towel wrapped round her head.

CLAIRE

So there you go. It is possible for one of us to have a successful evening after all.

CHRIS

I never knew we had it in us.

CLAIRE

Makes me wonder what I was so nervous about!

CHRIS

Yeah, I mean it's not like you had really bad sex or anything.

She pauses, and Chris winces as he realises what he said.

CHRIS (cont'd)

Um... sorry.

CLAIRE

There'll be plenty of time for that later.

CHRIS

Really?

CLAIRE

(blinks)

I don't know. Did I just say that?

CHRIS

(smirks)

Yeah, you did.

CLAIRE

(beat; smiles)

Yes, I did.

She takes another sip of coffee when her cell phone RINGS, and she fishes it out of her jeans pocket.

CLAIRE (cont'd)

(into phone)

Hello?

(looks at Chris)

Brian! Hi. How are you?

(listens)

Yes, I had a great night too.

(MORE)

(CONTINUED)

CLAIRE (cont'd)
 What's that? This morning? Er...
 alright, then. Hmm?
 (listens)
 Bring the others? Are you... are
 you sure?
 (listens)
 Oh... right. Well, then. Yes, yes,
 I'll see you... I'll see you soon.
 Bye.

She hangs up, staring at her phone and looking more than a bit surprised. Chris nudges her, prompting an answer.

CHRIS
 Well?

CLAIRE
 He wants to take us all out for
 breakfast.

CHRIS
 'All of us' as in... all of us?

CLAIRE
 Apparently.

CHRIS
 Together?

Claire nods, and Chris shakes his head in disbelief.

CHRIS (cont'd)
 That man has balls of steel. Or a
 brain made of oatmeal. It could go
 either way.

Claire's eyes suddenly widen, and her hands go to her mouth.

CLAIRE
 Oh, God... this is it!

CHRIS
 This is what?

CLAIRE
 This is it! The Lee fiasco! It's
 started! I knew things were going
 too well... what am I going to do,
 Chris? What am I going to do? This
 could ruin everything!

CHRIS
 Don't worry. I'll apply my powerful
 brain to the problem.

A long beat. Claire waits on tenterhooks - until Chris finally shakes his head.

18 CONTINUED: (2)

CHRIS (cont'd)
Nope, sorry. You're screwed.

Claire sags in despair as we:

BLACK OUT:

END OF ACT THREE

ACT FOUR

FADE IN:

19 INT. DINER - MORNING 19

Brian is sitting in a booth, waiting patiently for Claire and the others to show up as the waitress pours him a fresh coffee.

Across the street, as yet unseen by Brian, stands Claire, Emma, Chris, Ian and Lee, looking into the diner.

20 EXT. STREET OUTSIDE DINER - NEXT 20

Claire looks pretty anxious, rubbing her arms for comfort as the others stand around. Emma leans against Chris, still hung over, as Ian struggles to stay awake.

CLAIRE

This is a bad idea. I should just tell him you all have botchelism or something.

CHRIS

Is that a real disease?

EMMA

I think I've got that as well today...

LEE

For goodness' sake, Em, you're hung over, not an extra in 'Outbreak'!

IAN

Did somebody mention monkeys?

CLAIRE

Quiet, all of you!

Everyone snaps to attention, and Claire bites her lip as she turns to face them.

CLAIRE (cont'd)

Sorry. That was the Teacher Voice, wasn't it?

LEE

You can be very scary, you know.

CHRIS

I was flashing back to the third grade.

IAN

I think I just wet myself.

(CONTINUED)

CLAIRE

Come on, we can do this. All we have to do is survive breakfast and then we're good to go again.

LEE

'Survive'? We're not that bad, Claire!

IAN

(looking down)
No, honest. I think I have.

CLAIRE

I didn't mean it like that. What I meant was...

LEE

(haughty)
You think we're going to balls this up for you!

CLAIRE

No!
(beat)
Okay, a little bit. But come on, guys! You know what I'm trying to say... don't you?

IAN

Does anybody have a tissue?

EMMA

I say we just go in there, eat, and leave. Leave the talking to people capable of it.

CHRIS

Let me guess, not including you?

EMMA

Chris, I can't even open my eyes without the world doing a handstand at the moment. Eating breakfast is going to be like trying to fight Chuck Norris as it is.

LEE

Come on, then! Let's go make a mess of Claire's life, then. That appears to be what we're good at.

CHRIS

Hey, at least it's not Waylon.

LEE

Not helping.

EMMA

Where is Waylon, anyway?

IAN

Right, it's getting uncomfortable now. I think I'll wait here.

LEE

God knows. Probably out getting himself arrested, knowing our luck.

EMMA

(sighs)

Can we just go in already?

LEE

Yes, we can. Let's go, everyone!

Lee leads the way, with a still-protesting Claire following him and Chris helping the sickly Emma along.

They don't notice the fact that Ian is still standing there, looking up and down the thankfully quiet street sheepishly.

IAN

I'll, er... dry off first. If that's okay.

(beat)

Right. See you in there, then.

He shuffles off screen as we cut to:

Brian looks up as Claire, wearing her best smile, leads the others in. Brian grins and stands to shake give Claire a quick kiss, shaking hands with the others as they sit.

BRIAN

Hi, hi. Glad you could all make it.

(blinks)

No, wait, I thought there was six of you?

CLAIRE

There is, but Waylon's...

LEE

In prison.

CLAIRE

Still asleep.

A beat. Claire shoots Lee a quick glare before turning back to Brian, all smiles again.

BRIAN

Oh... right. And what about Ian? Is he a late riser too?

CLAIRE

Ian? No, Ian's...
 (looks round)
 Actually, where is Ian?

The others look round, but there's no sign of him. Chris shrugs.

CHRIS

We'll have to start without him.

CLAIRE

But... but how could he have gotten lost? We only came across the street!

Claire is growing more stressed by the moment, and Brian is registering the rising tension.

BRIAN

Is everything... alright?

CLAIRE

(too loud)
 Fine!
 (beat; quieter)
 Everything's fine. We're all...

She NUDGES Lee sharply.

LEE

Ow!
 (off her look)
 I mean... yes. Fine. That's us.

BRIAN

Good, good. Are we ready to order, then? It's all on me.

CHRIS

Really? Sweet!

Chris notices Claire's glowering expression.

CHRIS (cont'd)

(quickly)
 And by 'sweet,' I do, of course, mean that I will still order sensibly and in no way take advantage of your kind offer.

21 CONTINUED: (2)

21

EMMA

I bloody will. Where's the menu?

She gropes out a hand, knocking the sugar pot to the floor with a CRASH, and as Claire winces we cut to:

22 EXT. CONVENIENCE STORE - MORNING

22

The two Cops are still here, looking into frame as they address us.

COP #1

I think this is for the best, sir.

WAYLON (O.S.)

Yeah, says you!

COP #2

There are a lot of Asian citizens in this neighbourhood, sir. Now that we've established it was your t-shirt that caused offence...

Cop #2 holds up an evidence bag, which now contains Waylon's shirt.

COP #2 (cont'd)

... then we should hopefully avoid any further... incidents.

ON WAYLON

Standing shirtless on the sidewalk, his flabby, pale white torso just as God made him.

COP #1

But, ah... maybe you should get home and change, huh?

WAYLON

(mutters)

Fascists...

COP #2

(frowns)

I'm sorry?

WAYLON

I said right away, officers. And thank you for dealing with the situation so courteously.

The cops glance at each other, but their work here is done. Waylon watches them as they head back over to their patrol car and climb inside.

(CONTINUED)

He shoots one last dirty look at the smirking shopkeeper before starting to walk back down the street, muttering to himself with every step.

WAYLON (cont'd)
 God damn dictatorship... country's
 run by Nazis and the freakin' Man
 on your back everywhere you go...

He passes a MOTHER and CHILD - and the terrified child bursts into TEARS as Waylon walks by! Waylon blinks, looking up at the mother as she wrinkles her face up in disgust.

WAYLON (cont'd)
 It's alright, ma'am. I'm from
 Oklahoma.

The mother cradles her bawling child, hurrying away from Waylon as he moves on, and we cut back to:

Everybody has food now. Well, everyone except Emma, who is slumped across the table with a huge cup of coffee in one hand. Chris is tucking into a large cooked breakfast, while Lee chews on a muffin, staring coldly at Brian.

BRIAN
 So, Lee, I didn't get a chance to
 meet you last night. What is it you
 do when you're not working on
 Claire's project?

Lee shoots her a look - 'Claire's project?' - before turning back to Brian.

LEE
 Well, Brian, you could say I'm a
 freelance musician.

BRIAN
 Oh, really? What do you play?

LEE
 The guitar. But sometimes, I play
 the fool.

Brian chuckles, and Lee laughs along, but it's clear Lee's squeezing this fake niceness out like the last bit of toothpaste.

CHRIS
 Yeah, he plays the fool down by the
 boardwalk most days, as a matter of
 fact.

BRIAN

He does?

Confused, he looks to Lee for an explanation.

LEE

(begrudging)

I... busk. I'm a busker.

BRIAN

Oh. I'm sorry.

LEE

(offended)

It's not a bl-

CLAIRE

(quickly; over him)

You know what, Brian? Why don't we leave the others to finish up and we head off?

BRIAN

Are you sure? We're still waiting for Ian and... Whaling, was it?

EMMA

(still face down)

Waylon.

BRIAN

That's him.

CLAIRE

Oh, you can meet Waylon any time. He's usually-

There's a SHRIEK of alarm from somewhere off screen, and Claire freezes.

WAYLON (O.S.)

Okay, everyone, nothing to see here. Get back to your breakfasts.

Emma looks up, her jaw dropping as she watches the topless Waylon lumber towards them. Claire sinks her face into her hands, not needing to see him to know something's wrong.

Brian is literally lost for words as a somewhat sweaty Waylon comes to a stop at their table.

There's a beat. Everyone just stares at him.

LEE

Okay... this should be good.

WAYLON

The damn cops confiscated my t-shirt!

A beat. Lee, Chris and Emma burst out laughing, and even Brian manages a smile as Claire sinks down lower in her seat, quietly withering of embarrassment.

LEE

(sly)
Brian, this is Waylon.

WAYLON

(offers hand)
Hey.

BRIAN

Hey.

Brian shakes - then realises how sweaty Waylon's hand is. He slowly retracts it as Waylon squeezes into the booth, to a chorus of complaints from Emma.

WAYLON

Sorry I'm late. Got the message on my cell that you were here, and this place was closer than going back to the apartment.

CHRIS

And you didn't think to get some more clothes first?

WAYLON

(shrugs)
It's a hot day. Plenty of other people walking round without t-shirts on.

EMMA

Yeah, but most of them weigh half as much as you. Combined.

LEE

Don't suppose you saw Ian on your travels, did you?

Waylon opens his mouth, but is stopped by another SHRIEK from off screen.

WAYLON

No, but I think we're about to.

IAN (O.S.)

I tried to tell them! Stop looking at me like that!

(CONTINUED)

Ian steps into frame - holding his jeans in one hand. He glares at the table, shaking his head.

IAN (cont'd)
You... helmets! Doesn't anybody
listen to me any more?

A bemused Brian looks across to Claire, but she's busy trying to hide under the table, and all Brian can do is offer Ian a sympathetic smile as we cut to:

The door opens. The still semi-clad Ian and Waylon stomp in first, followed by Chris who carries Emma in his arms, and finally Lee and Claire.

The others all disappear into the various rooms, leaving Lee with Claire as she sinks onto the sofa.

LEE
Well, that was...

CLAIRE
(groans)
A disaster.

LEE
No, no, wasn't that bad. I'd say
'fiasco' at worst.
(beat)
That was gallows humour, by the
way.

CLAIRE
Thanks. But it doesn't help.

LEE
Claire, you just survived a
breakfast with us at our most...
(air quotes)
... 'with hilarious consequences.'
After that, short of growing a
third arm I'm pretty sure Brian's
in this for the long term.

CLAIRE
You honestly think so?

LEE
I saw how he was looking at you.
Even after he touched Waylon's
sweaty palm.

Claire manages a hopeful smile at last.

LEE (cont'd)
He's a keeper, as the Americans
say.

CLAIRE
I'm still not sure if I like the
fact that he seems to like you lot
as much as me, though. If not more.

LEE
We're very likeable.
(beat)
When we're not hung over or half-
naked, that is.

Lee start to head for his room, when Claire calls out:

CLAIRE
Lee...

LEE
(pauses)
Yeah?

CLAIRE
Do you... do you really think he
likes me? I mean, still?

LEE
(beat; nods)
Sure of it.

Claire smiles and nods back, and Lee steps into his room:

Ian is finally changed again, busy hanging his other pair of
jeans out the window to dry.

He looks round and notices the sour expression Lee is
suddenly wearing.

IAN
What's the matter with your face?
You look like somebody just gave
you five quid and then shot your
uncle.

LEE
Nothing. Nothing's wrong.

Lee pulls out his chair and sits down before his computer.

LEE (cont'd)
I'm fine.

Ian shrugs and gets back to his makeshift laundromat, and we push in on Lee as he stares at the monitor, the blinking cursor staring right back at him.

He takes a long moment, closing his eyes, before finally reopening them and starting to type, as we:

BLACK OUT:

END OF SHOW