

# THE HIGH LIFE

"Better Life"

by  
Chris Kelly

PREVIOUSLY

ON BLACK:

IAN (V.O.)  
Previously, on The High Life...

INT. APARTMENT - LIVING ROOM - DAY

Lee begins pulling out 24 oz. cans of beer from his bag and handing them out. The tops start popping as soon as Lee hands them out.

LEE  
When something as miraculous as all of us coming together from three different continents in a combined effort to satisfy our dreams of making it in this business of entertainment, it's nothing short of the word itself...miraculous. But what does that word even mean? It's been my finding that -

EMMA (O.S)  
I need another one.

CUT TO:

INT. APARTMENT - LIVING ROOM - LATER

LEE  
(apathetically)  
Oh, just drop your Southern euphemisms with your not so subtle undertones of sexist implications. You're starting to sound like Waylon.

The group goes quiet for a moment with the mention of the name.

CHRIS  
Does anyone else feel bad about not inviting him?

LEE  
No.

IAN  
No.

EMMA  
Hell no.

(CONTINUED)

CONTINUED:

CLAIRE

(beat; thinking)  
Kind of.

LEE

Look, we all agreed that Waylon shouldn't be dragged into this. Not only is it going to be an elongated conversation that makes... well, two of us feel guilty, but it's already been decided.

(beat)

God knows he's a good writer, but -

EMMA

He's an asshole.

LEE

I was going to say he's different but asshole works just as well.

CUT TO:

INT. APARTMENT - LIVING ROOM - EVENING

WAYLON

This is just great. You sons of bitches came to LA without me, the only American out of us all?!

CHRIS

It's really not what you think.

WAYLON

(sarcastic; sighing)

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

(beat)

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

CLAIRE

We were going to tell you.

WAYLON

After striking it rich or after you told everybody?

CUT TO:

INT. APARTMENT - GIRLS' ROOM - PRE DAWN

LEE

Oh, Jesus. I knew this was coming.

CLAIRE

What?

LEE

It's about Waylon.

CLAIRE

Again?

IAN

The problem isn't going to solve itself.

EMMA

Shouldn't Chris at least be here for this?

IAN

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

CLAIRE

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

IAN

Why bloody not?!

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

IAN (cont'd)

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

EMMA

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

(MORE)

(CONTINUED)

CONTINUED:

EMMA (cont'd)  
 (motioning to others)  
 It's the schoolgirls that start  
 getting weepy.

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

A Long Beat.

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

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

EMMA  
I never signed anything.

CUT TO:

INT. LIBRARY - FRONT DESK - AFTERNOON

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

AMY  
 You're starting to sound like a  
 stalker again!

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

(beat)  
 The thing is... that I find you  
 unbelievably attractive. In the  
 limited time that I've worked here,  
 it's been extremely simple to pick  
 up on the fact that you're a very  
 kind, very smart, and sophisticated  
 woman.

(MORE)

(CONTINUED)

CONTINUED:

IAN (cont'd)

To cut to the chase, you are absolutely my type and I like to think that, had I not originally come off as Jack the 'aren't you impressed by my bloody accent' Ripper, you might be inclined to lean toward the same direction... attraction-wise.

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

AMY

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

(beat)

For that, I'm sorry.

IAN

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

CUT TO:

INT. APARTMENT - LIVING ROOM - NIGHT

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 than watch TV.

CUT TO:

INT. APARTMENT - LIVING ROOM - NEXT DAY

EMMA

Where has the slacker lifestyle taken you?

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!

(CONTINUED)

CONTINUED:

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.

CUT TO:

INT. APARTMENT - LIVING ROOM - NIGHT

LEE  
I think we should spend tonight  
getting our heads round why we're  
actually here.

CHRIS  
(thinks)  
The chicks?

Claire hits him on the arm, as Lee shakes his head, walking  
over to his backpack and bringing out six white folders.

LEE  
Not exactly.

He hands the folders round, keeping Emma's back. Waylon looks  
at his folder for a moment before glancing back at Lee.

WAYLON  
I'm sorry. Are we on the set of TV  
drama?

LEE  
Not yet, but we will be if these  
bad boys do their job.

CLAIRE  
Is this...?

LEE  
(beat; nods)  
The project...

CUT TO:

INT. APARTMENT - KITCHEN

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.

She pauses, SNIFFING her top.

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

CUT TO:

EXT. PARK - LATER

Lee is under a tree now and, as the light breeze blows across  
his face we catch the words he's saying.

(CONTINUED)

CONTINUED:

LEE

I know they try. I think. But sometimes I wonder, you know? Is it enough? Despite how happy they all seem, do we actually stand a shot at this? In the long run is it going to pay off? There's so much that can go wrong, and, well, with the amount of time we aren't spending on the project, it's time wasted.

CUT TO:

INT. APARTMENT - BOYS' ROOM - MORNING

LEE

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.

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.

CUT TO:

INT. APARTMENT - BOYS' ROOM - MORNING

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!

(CONTINUED)

CONTINUED:

Lee leaps up, eyes wide in shock, before realizing 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.

CLAIRE

(beat)  
This doesn't mean, you know... anything.

LEE

No, no, course not.

(CONTINUED)

CONTINUED: (2)

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...

CUT TO:

INT. APARTMENT - LIVING ROOM - DAY

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.

(CONTINUED)

CONTINUED:

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.

CUT TO:

INT. APARTMENT - BOY'S BEDROOM - AFTERWARDS

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 TAG**

TEASER

FADE IN:

1 INT. APARTMENT - LIVING ROOM - EARLY MORNING 1

Ignoring the red flash of the digital clock reading "4:18 am," CHRIS looks dead, but it's clear he has no intention of going to bed anytime soon.

Looking around for an answer that isn't there, he begins to type away at a computer with a sigh.

CHRIS (V.O.)

Bad night, dear readers. Bad night,  
bad night, and you guessed it! Bad  
night.

What he doesn't realize as he's caught up in updating his blog, is that EMMA stands at the threshold of her bedroom in her PJ's, watching him - concerned.

DISSOLVE TO:

2 INT. ENCORE CINEMA - FOYER - NIGHT 2

TITLE OVER: 36 HOURS EARLIER

CHRIS (V.O.)

The beginning of this chapter in my  
life may be cliché in origin, but  
as the male population will agree,  
it always starts with a girl...

Facing her last customer as she works behind the snack bar, Emma can only sigh as she sees the time on the clock.

EMMA

(muttering)

Five more hours. Just five more  
hours.

Continuing her duties, Emma fills up a large bag of popcorn and places it on the counter among the other tonnes of crap.

EMMA (cont'd)

(forced smile)

So that's two large popcorns, two  
boxes of mints, one packet of  
Smarties, three bags of licorice,  
two hot dogs, one pretzel, and a  
large Diet Coke?

Emma glares at the fat man before her, daring him to ask for something else.

(CONTINUED)

CUSTOMER

Seems about right.

EMMA

Your total comes to thirty dollars  
and fifty cents.

Awaiting the money, Emma watches the customer begin the legendary search for his money. Checking his jacket, padding his pockets, etc.

CUSTOMER

Now I know I had that money  
somewhere...

Drumming her fingers along the counter top, it's clear Emma's biting back a comment. Of course, the man is oblivious to his annoying presence as he looks up at her, embarrassed.

CUSTOMER (cont'd)

So uh, have you seen the Indiana  
Jones movie?

EMMA

Nope. Heard it was shite.

Disheartened at hearing this news, the man finally coughs up the money. Emma rings it through the till, and hands him back his change, overly glad she'll never have to see him again.

EMMA (cont'd)

(perky)  
Enjoy the show!

As soon as he's gone the smile vanishes, and she's met by one of her many co-workers - KIT.

EMMA (cont'd)

My face hurts from smiling. If I  
have to lie to one more customer  
telling them to "enjoy the show"  
when what I really want to say is  
"get the hell out of my face," I'll  
scream.

KIT

It's not that bad.

EMMA

You're new. I'll give it a week  
before you lose all faith in  
humanity.

MANAGER (O.S.)

Ladies, socializing will not be tolerated. If there's time to lean, there's time to clean.

Coming towards the females with a broom and a garbage bag, the MANAGER hands the cleaning supplies over to Emma.

MANAGER (cont'd)

Platt, theatre six just got out. You know the drill. Show our latest recruit how we clean theatres. I'll be in my office if you need me.

With that, he heads off in another direction. The blonde mimics hitting him with the broom before looking to her fellow co-worker.

EMMA

Oh, Tom, one day your time will come.

(to Kit)

He's also new, and a tool on a power trip if you didn't notice.

Passing the broom over to Kit, Emma opens a cupboard and grabs several more garbage bags.

EMMA (cont'd)

Come on, lets make you want to become one of those raving lunatics with a chain saw...

DISSOLVE TO:

Ignoring the anthem of the film playing through the credits, Kit's face looks like she just saw a duck get decapitated.

The duo stand at the theatre's entrance, and before them lies an ocean of spilled popcorn, empty cups in every second seat, along with used napkins.

EMMA

God, I hate people.

With a shrug of her shoulders Emma begins to pick up the popcorn bags and toss them in the garbage bag.

When she comes across a used condom, she can't help but recoil - before she uses a napkin to dispose of it.

EMMA (cont'd)

I'm achieving sainthood, I'm achieving sainthood.

(MORE)

(CONTINUED)

EMMA (cont'd)

(beat)

Who am I kidding? I don't get paid  
enough for this crap!

Meanwhile Kit sweeps down an aisle a few rows down, as Emma  
decides to sit in a seat, apathetic as ever.

A customer just so happens to walk in, clearly in a hurry. He  
spots Emma, and immediately heads over to her.

CUSTOMER

Have you come across a set of keys?

EMMA

Did you throw out your popcorn?

CUSTOMER

No, but what's that have to do with  
anything?

EMMA

You'd be surprised. Basically it  
means you're a pig. I mean,  
honestly, would you leave your  
garbage anywhere else? Hell no! So  
what makes the movies so damn  
different? Tell me that?

Aware he's awakened the beast, the man has no idea what he  
can say. Kit, on the other hand, looks several shades of  
worried.

CUSTOMER

Um... sorry? If it helps, I really  
like your hair.

Distracted by the comment, it takes a few seconds for the  
blonde to get angry again, and get out of her chair.

The man takes a step back, as she heads for the theatre exit  
with a creepy aura of calm.

EMMA

It doesn't matter any more.

KIT

Um... Emma, could you grab the mop?

EMMA

Nope.

KIT

But someone's thrown up in this  
aisle!

Stopping right before the exit, Emma can only turn towards her co-worker. From her body language, it's clear she doesn't give a damn.

EMMA

So... what do you want me to do, wish it away? A little kid vomited. In this business we call it a 'number three.'

KIT

What's two and one?

EMMA

Believe me when I tell you, you don't want to know.

CUSTOMER

Look, I can see that you're upset, and for that I apologize, but about my keys?

EMMA

If I did happen to find your keys, keep in mind I'm more likely to assault you with them. But they're not my problem any more.

CUSTOMER

Alright, can I speak to your manager? I don't think I like your attitude.

EMMA

(shrugging)

Feel free. Do whatever you want. Hell, grow wings while you're at it. His office is right beside the boys' washroom, which is located behind the snack bar. But before you go, could you do me a favour?

Kit bites her lip, she knows this isn't going to end well. The customer can't believe the blonde's nerve, but is flustered as she takes off her company t-shirt in front of him.

Not to worry, she has a lovely plain white vest underneath!

EMMA (cont'd)

(off shirt)

Give this to him.

Handing him the garment, Emma walks out of the theatre, without glancing back.

EMMA (cont'd)

I quit.

CHRIS (V.O.)

Dead guys always have the best nuggets of wisdom, and in this case Shakespeare wins the Pulitzer prize, "All the world's a stage, and all the men and women merely players."

On this we:

**BLACK OUT:**

**END OF TEASER**

ACT ONE

FADE IN:

4 INT. APARTMENT - LIVING ROOM - MORNING

4

CHRIS (V.O.)

It started out like any other day.

Rolling over on his couch, WAYLON yawns and looks over to Chris - who is fast asleep, and snoring his brains out. The rest of the apartment is clearly still in bed.

WAYLON

Buttmunch, are you awake?

Chris, still asleep, just continues to SNORE.

WAYLON (cont'd)

Stop being an assclown! You snore like a pterodactyl, now wake up!

Grabbing one of his pillows, Waylon chucks the pillow at Chris' sleeping form, and naturally Chris jumps up with a start.

CHRIS (V.O.)

Waylon woke me up, simply because he was awake.

WAYLON

Morning!

Chris just glares, and puts the pillow back over his head as a shield, as we:

CUT TO:

5 INT. APARTMENT - LIVING ROOM - LATER

5

CHRIS (V.O.)

The usual race to the bathroom.

Chris leaps over a couch, heading for the bathroom, as CLAIRE walks out from the kitchen and IAN runs out from his bedroom.

The three of them all come to a standstill outside the bathroom door.

CLAIRE

Uh... I have to go to work.

IAN

I just woke up, therefore dibs.

CHRIS

That's not how dibs works!

(CONTINUED)

IAN

Alright, well then, I say my bladder being about to burst far outweighs any need you may have for this facility at this point in time.

Unbeknownst to Ian and Chris, Claire slips into the bathroom and shuts the door.

CHRIS

I disagree. I was here first, and -

IAN

I was born first. What other ammo are you going to try and use to persuade me?

Chris finally notices that Claire's not there, and looks to Ian.

CHRIS

She did it again.

Both guys sigh and take up opposite sides of the bathroom door, playing the waiting game.

CUT TO:

6 INT. APARTMENT - LIVING ROOM - LATER

6

CHRIS (V.O.)

The search for the remote.

Waylon and Ian look under the different couches.

WAYLON

Ian had it last!

IAN

Lies! You were watching wrestling last night!

CHRIS

Have you guys checked the TV?

Glancing over at the TV - sure enough the remote sits on top of it.

IAN

Dibs!

WAYLON

Time to try out that chokehold I saw!

(CONTINUED)

6 CONTINUED:

6

As Waylon heads off to fight Ian for the remote, Chris heads into the kitchen.

7 INT. APARTMENT - KITCHEN - NEXT

7

CHRIS (V.O.)

And lastly, tea with Emma.

Pouring several cups of tea, LEE whistles a jaunty tune, as he hands two cups off to Chris and Emma at the table, before he heads off in the direction of the living room.

CHRIS (cont'd)

So... you got fired?

EMMA

No, I did not get fired! For the last time, I quit!

CHRIS

That's what everyone says! Come on Em, what'd you do? Steal a couple dollars here and there?

EMMA

No! But now that I think about it, I really should have.

CHRIS

You got fired, you're entitled to have regrets over living a life with an ethical code.

EMMA

I did not get fired!

CHRIS

Fine, you did not get fired.

(beat)

Sacked, let go, terminated, dismissed, laid off, what's the difference? The point is, you should learn from this experience and become a stronger person for it!

EMMA

Why would I get fired when there's people like Sophie on staff, who spread rumors that I'm a lesbian? Just because she wanted to sleep with Carl and everyone knows he was interested in me. Before I spilt Sprite on him, I mean.

(beat)

(MORE)

(CONTINUED)

EMMA (cont'd)

If anyone was to get fired, it would be that rumor spreading where. It may seem like I'm rambling but, the fact that working in a cinema is like starring in a badly written soap opera just proves that one is more likely to quit than get fired.

CHRIS

(shaking head)

Excuses.

Chris take a sip of tea, as Emma fights a war with herself to not hit him.

EMMA

Is there anything I can say that will make you believe the truth?

CHRIS

Why do you care so much what I think?

EMMA

It's the principal of the matter!

CHRIS

Alright, I can respect that.

Getting up, Chris grabs his jacket and puts it on.

CHRIS (cont'd)

Off the record, I believe you.

EMMA

Off the record, you're an ass.

The two share a grin, before Lee pops his head in, guitar case in hand.

LEE

Alright kiddies, I'm off to make us rich. Remember to be good, no talking to strangers in trenchcoats! If the FBI calls, I'm not here. And if MTV stops by the answer is "no, we're not interested in doing a reality show."

(Smiling)

Stay out of jail.

With that, Lee heads out the door, leaving Chris and Emma staring at the space he just vacated in utter confusion.

CHRIS

Is he high?

7 CONTINUED: (2)

7

EMMA

(beat)

That was... weird.

Chris can only nod, as we:

DISSOLVE TO:

8 INT. SCHOOL - CLASSROOM - PERIOD ONE

8

The world of grade seven, where kids hitting puberty not only means the beginning of acne problems, but an added bonus of classmates blushing as other kids with lower maturity levels snicker to one another.

CLAIRE stands before them all with a textbook in hand, looking slightly awkward as she shuts the book.

CLAIRE

And that, students, is where babies really come from.

(Class laughs)

The stork was, in fact, just a myth.

Grabbing a piece of chalk, she begins to write down several questions for the kids to answer in the textbook - before a pesky BEEP signifies the PA system's interruption.

PA SYSTEM

Miss Rooney to the principal's office. Miss Rooney to the principal's office.

Several students look interested, while others begin to spread rumors among themselves, as Claire coughs to get everyone's attention.

When that fails, she scratches her nails on the chalk board, getting every student to shut up and listen.

CLAIRE

Alright class, answer the questions I've left for you on the board. I'll be back in a few minutes. If anyone is caught outside of class, the result will be a detention.

Heading outside of class, we follow her into the:

9 INT. SCHOOL - HALLWAY - CONTINUED

9

Heading over to the classroom on the adjacent side of the hall, Claire politely knocks and waits a few seconds before the teacher answers - MRS. ROBERTSON, who can best be described as a little troll.

(CONTINUED)

CLAIRE

Hi, Mrs. Rob -

MRS. ROBERTSON

You've interrupted me teaching a class, get to the point.

CLAIRE

I was just wondering if you could keep an eye on the kids from my classroom for a few minutes.

MRS. ROBERTSON

Not a problem. Wouldn't want them learning from your example.

CLAIRE

I beg your pardon?

MRS. ROBERTSON

(cold)

You heard me. But if you require an explanation, simply put, I wouldn't want them sleeping with a member of the faculty to improve their grades, or in some cases their reputation.

(beat)

Do I need to draw a diagram?

Flustered and embarrassed, Claire's at a loss for words.

MRS. ROBERTSON (cont'd)

Now, don't you have somewhere to be? A "lesson" to teach, or perhaps he'll give you an "order"?

Blushing, Claire turns away, and walks down the hall, traces of a tear in her eye. Mrs. Robertson can only shake her head as she shuts her classroom door.

MRS. ROBERTSON (O.S.) (cont'd)

Principal's pet.

CUT TO:

Typing away at his laptop, "Principal Court" as the name plate suggests, also known as BRIAN looks up with a smile as the door opens to reveal Claire.

BRIAN

Good morning.

(CONTINUED)

Claire's regained some of her composure and shares a smile as she takes a seat. But Brian takes note of her eyes, and extends a hand of comfort.

BRIAN (cont'd)  
Claire... is everything alright?

CLAIRE  
Yes, just peachy.

BRIAN  
Not a morning person. Because in that case... I met your best friend on my drive into work.

Turning around in his spinning chair, Brian grabs something on the counter behind him and spins back with two cups of coffee. He places one in front of his girlfriend, but Claire makes no move to touch the beverage.

BRIAN (cont'd)  
Is it a student? Because I can have them expelled.

Pulling open a cabinet, Brian grabs a file with several sheets.

BRIAN (cont'd)  
All it takes is the proper paperwork, and my signature, and we can officially end someone's education within this fine institute of academics.

Claire can't help but laugh at his attempt to cheer her up.

CLAIRE  
There's this four year old, who I have a theory is really Satan reincarnated!

BRIAN  
There's a priest down the road, we can always give him a call. Maybe we can get two exorcisms for the price of one? The other one is to ward off any chance of rejection, because I was thinking of seeing if you're up for hanging out later?

Still smiling, Claire gets up and heads for the exit.

BRIAN (cont'd)  
Was that too cheesy?

10 CONTINUED: (2)

10

Claire doesn't answer, as she shuts the door, leaving Brian to spin around in his chair and look out the window.

CUT TO:

11 EXT. APARTMENT - STEPS - DAY

11

Running down the steps in his work uniform, Chris in such a hurry he doesn't have time to realize there's a woman in front of him and so he CRASHES into her!

Her camera and paperwork are sent flying as they both collide with the pavement.

CHRIS

Crap! I'm so sorry!

WOMAN

No worries. We can blame this one on gravity.

(off uniform)

And, I'm guessing, work.

Getting up and grabbing her stuff, Chris shuffles some stuff around and gives her a hand up - noticing that though she's a few years older, she's still quite an attractive redhead.

CHRIS

The person to blame for your sudden amnesia would be me. Chris.

WOMAN

(smiling)

Sydney. The person who's not pressing charges as she's a tourist and is already quite lost and embarrassed.

CHRIS

Chris is very happy at your willingness to leave out lawyers. And will stop speaking in the third person as of now.

SYDNEY

And here I thought you might have been an interesting guy.

CHRIS

I guess you'll just have to find out, then. And you can make a well informed decision after.

(beat)

I'll tell you what, how does me showing you some of the LA sites sound?

(MORE)

(CONTINUED)

CHRIS (cont'd)  
Have someone who's lived here a few months, instead of a map?

Handing back her stuff to her, Sydney looks like she's considering, but in that jokey annoying flirty way.

SYDNEY  
Hmmm, getting lost on my own? Or having company for the ride? It's a hard decision. I wanna say yes, but my moral fibre tells me that you have work to get to.

CHRIS  
Say no more.

Pulling out his cell phone, Chris dials a number as Sydney watches on, curious.

CHRIS (cont'd)  
Lucky for you I have no moral fibre.

It rings a few times, until finally:

BRENT  
(filtered through phone)  
Hello, this is Brent from Food-for-All, how can I help you?

CHRIS  
(coughing)  
Hey, Brent. It's Chris.

BRENT  
Oh, no... you can't be sick!

CHRIS  
(coughing again)  
Man, I really wish I wasn't. You know how I love and need the money. And I know I said I'd cover Laura's shift today, but... I've definitely come down with something.  
(beat)  
I think I caught it from one of my roommates.

BRENT  
It happens to the best of us. Just get better, man, I'll call someone else in.

CHRIS  
Thanks. Have a good one.

Hanging up, Chris smirks, as Sydney applauds.

CHRIS (cont'd)

Would you look at that? Seems I'm all better.

SYDNEY

Impressive.

CHRIS

I'm a walking miracle. Now, since my conscience has taken the plunge into darkness and risked my job, up for seeing the city with me?

SYDNEY

After doing that, I don't think I can say no.

Encircling her arm in Chris' with a bright smile, the duo begin to walk off. Sydney glances back once at Chris apartment complex, before looking ahead.

CUT TO:

12 INT. APARTMENT - LIVING ROOM - DAY

12

Reading a book, Waylon is quite happy to ignore the mess that is the gang's living room, as he's lost in his story.

Emma comes out from the kitchen and immediately starts to pick things up, fluffing cushions and all, in an attempt to create some sense of order to their living quarters.

EMMA

How can you just ignore this mess?

WAYLON

Denial. Plain and simple.

She can only shake her head, as she continues tidying up.

EMMA

You could help, you know?

WAYLON

But I know someone else will do it, so why waste my time when it's only going to get messy again?

Realizing the truth of this statement, Emma flops onto the opposite couch, clearly out of sorts.

WAYLON (cont'd)

That's the spirit. Now just imagine, here we are with all this free time on our hands.

(MORE)

(CONTINUED)

WAYLON (cont'd)

While everyone else has to waste their day at jobs that are slowly but surely making them anal before they slip into depression.

Giving his attention back to his book, Emma considers the statement for a while, before looking back at her roommate.

EMMA

Is this seriously what you do all day?

WAYLON

Sometimes. Other times I'll devise a scheme here and there. On occasion I might put some thought into how I'll one day conquer the world.

(beat)

Or when I'm bored I'll annoy the neighbors.

Putting his book down, the southerner leans back into the couch, and lets out a yawn.

WAYLON (cont'd)

Welcome to slacking, 101. The rules are simple: one, anything that requires effort should be put off until later. Two, if you're bored, you're doing something wrong. Three, do what you want, when you want, how you want. Four, the last and most important rule - there's no such thing as too lazy.

Sticking his hand in the couch Waylon looks like he's struggling for a few seconds, until eventually he pulls out a crumpled piece of paper.

WAYLON (cont'd)

It's all right here, in my Slacker's Bible!

He tosses the sheet of paper over to the blonde, who looks at it quizzically.

EMMA

(scanning)

All this says is "Waylon Rocks."

(beat)

Multiple times.

WAYLON

You are looking at the creator of the religion. I'm thinking of calling it "Waylonism."

12 CONTINUED: (2)

12

EMMA

How original...

WAYLON

Mock me all you want because you,  
my lucky female, get to become my  
very first disciple.

With a devilish smirk, Waylon winks at Emma which causes her  
to unconsciously gulp.

DISSOLVE TO:

13 INT. APARTMENT - LIVING ROOM - LATER

13

EMMA

Grab the bastard, and use the pole  
to bash his head in!

Right where we left them, only this time sitting on the same  
couch, the duo seem to be watching Jerry Springer.

WAYLON

Just give the audience some pitch  
forks and I'm sure they'll lend a  
hand!

EMMA

Just whack the bodyguards out of  
the way, for God's sake!

Caught up in the moment, it's time for a commercial break.  
Making the duo immediately lose interest.

WAYLON

Some people...

EMMA

He cheated on her with her  
grandmother and her brother, and  
she's still with him!

WAYLON

Well, she is pregnant with another  
man's child.

EMMA

(sighing)

There's nothing like watching white  
trash to make me feel better about  
myself... and I thought my family  
had issues.

Emma picks up her notebook, along with a pen, and begins to  
jot things down. Every now and then "Hmning" or scratching  
something out.

(CONTINUED)

Eventually Waylon's curiosity gets the best of him, and he looks over her shoulder.

WAYLON

What are you doing?

EMMA

Writing a potential scene for our project. I'm thinking we'll have our sidekick character contemplate suicide.

WAYLON

We're writing a comedy!

EMMA

And it'll be funny, because in the end no one will care if the character slits his wrists or not, so he won't. That's both humorous and character development. Best of both worlds.

WAYLON

Well... you're writing it all wrong!

Putting down her pen, Emma looks at her notes and back to Waylon.

EMMA

The letters look like they form words when they're put together.

WAYLON

So young, so fragile, so ignorant. Emma, I'm going to reveal to you my secret.

EMMA

You aren't going to moon me again, are you? That's one secret I could do without.

WAYLON

You should only write when you're inspired by something. That way, the work that comes out is at it's best, because you not only cared about what you were doing, but you felt motivated to do it.

(beat)

What were you motivated by when you were jotting down your notes just now?

EMMA

Not getting a lecture from Lee?

WAYLON

That's not inspiration! Inspiration is seeing a bunny get eaten by a fox, or a vulture picking at a dead eagle! Or a dolphin getting its ass kicked by a -

The apartment door swings open, revealing Chris in full on make out mode with Sydney.

Neither of them have noticed Waylon or Emma's presence, as Chris closes the door with his foot, while his newfound "friend" helps him remove his coat.

The pair are still going at it like mice in mating season, as they make their way over to the couch the current roommates happen to be sitting on.

It's only when they actually attempt to fall onto the piece of furniture that it's too late - and the pair find themselves lying across Emma and Waylon.

Chris finally breaks away from the woman's lips, and looks up to see Waylon grinning and Emma amused.

CHRIS

Hmmm, this could have gone better.  
But how's life?

Sydney gets off of Chris, allowing him to get off of Waylon and Emma, as Chris blushes.

CHRIS (cont'd)

Guys, Sydney. Syd, meet Emma and Waylon...

SYDNEY

Hello, it's lovely to meet you both.

WAYLON

Ah, young love.

EMMA

Hmm... a redhead, I thought we'd raised you better.

Opening up her notebook to a fresh page, Emma writes down something and shows it to Waylon.

EMMA (cont'd)

What do you think, a five?

(CONTINUED)

WAYLON

Considering the age gap between these star crossed lovers, I think we should deduct another two points on account of her desperation.

CHRIS

(to Syd)

Don't mind them. They're just both out of work, and enjoy trying to drag everyone else down to their level.

SYDNEY

Ignoring them isn't a problem. At least I know how to do my job.

EMMA

Oh, and is charging by the hour something you can put on your resume along with being a -  
(off Chris' look)

Sorry... it's just, he just grew up so fast. Why I remember as if it was yesterday, that we gave him the "talk."

SYDNEY

No worries, Chris warned me how protective you guys are over him. It's sweet.

CHRIS

So... what are you guys up to today?

Getting up from the couch, Emma grabs her coat.

EMMA

Don't worry, Chris, Waylon and I will head out so your hormones can do their dance and shag.

WAYLON

(surprised)

We will?

EMMA

We will.

With a sigh, Waylon finally gets up and heads for the door, while Chris silently thanks Emma.

SYDNEY

Are they always like that?

(CONTINUED)

CHRIS

If you're talking about their ability to judge, criticize and do every other diabolical thing in the Friends Handbook, then I'd have to go with 'yeah.'

Yet, just as the apartment door is about to close, Emma pops her head back in.

EMMA

And remember... safety first.

With a wink, the blonde exits the apartment. Leaving Chris and his new "friend" in an awkward situation.

**BLACK OUT:**

**END OF ACT ONE**

ACT TWO

FADE IN:

14

EXT. BOARDWALK - DAY

14

Walking past the variety of stores selling beach wear, Emma and Waylon walk around. Emma ignoring the fact that Waylon is busy looking around the area through a set of binoculars.

EMMA

Will you put those away? You're asking to get mugged.

WAYLON

I'm scouting potential shooting locations, Em. Forgive my artistic side.

EMMA

Please, we both know -

WAYLON

Hobo, twelve O'clock!

Waylon points directly ahead, and the duo stop as they've found Lee, sitting down strumming his guitar.

LEE

(smiling)

Satan walking, what brings you out in daylight? No souls left to torture in the underworld?

WAYLON

Chris has some chick over, and Emma felt threatened and wanted to evacuate.

EMMA

I did not feel 'threatened.'

(offlooks)

I didn't! I could take that redheaded troll any day.

Crossing her arms and staring at the two guys as if daring them to question the matter, a few seconds pass before Emma huffs and puts a hand through her hair as she sits down next to Lee.

EMMA (cont'd)

I'm bloody sick of the weather here. The sun's out stalking us like a Nazi for most of the day. I'm always burnt to a crisp.

(beat)

I miss rain.

(CONTINUED)

LEE

And the binoculaurs? Did Waylon become a bounty hunter when no one was looking?

EMMA

Nope. He thinks this is a classy way to stare at chicks without being obvious.

LEE

Failing miserably, I take it?

EMMA

Yep.

WAYLON

Hey! I take offense to that. I brought these to look for you in a sea of tourists, prostitutes, and wannabee actors.

EMMA

And several policeman, just waiting to give you a restraining order for stalking.

WAYLON

Fact, it's not stalking if you're twenty or thirty feet away. And so what if I accidentally use my device to look at a few women? I'm a man! It's perfectly healthy. And it's not like I've tapped their phone lines, taken their pictures, or broken out my night goggles.

LEE

I hope that belief holds up in court. Because you've clearly considered the other options.

EMMA

As long as he doesn't give us a rousing speech about how much of a man he is, I'll avoid vomiting.

LEE

So to sum up, Chris is getting laid and you two decided to come and bug me instead of any of the others?

WAYLON

(matter of factly)  
Yeah. Well...

(MORE)

WAYLON (cont'd)  
they have places to be. Where they  
get paid for doing so. And we  
don't. By choice.

EMMA  
We're wasters, is what he's saying.

Emma sighs as a passerby tosses a coin into Lee's guitar case.

WAYLON  
And proud to be. Procrastinating  
unemployed denizens unite!

EMMA  
I've been jobless for less than a  
day and I'm already ready to kill  
myself.

LEE  
Thanks Em, that kernel of knowledge  
makes the pain of getting fired a  
few months ago and decision to  
resort to busking all the better.

EMMA  
Sorry. I'm just saying, it's a  
ridiculous world when Chris and Ian  
can hold down jobs and you and I  
can't.

WAYLON  
Look at it this way, guys.  
Unemployment is like a cavern of  
opportunity. A cavern where you can  
either head to the local bar and  
drink your sorrows away and say  
goodbye to your savings, or you  
have the freedom to do whatever you  
want because you're not obligated  
under any contract. We have what it  
takes to say "fuck you!" to the  
man, and haven't become sell-outs  
like our room mates.

(beat)  
Though they do put food for us on  
the table. It's not delicious, but  
it's food.

LEE  
You really should have considered  
being a life couch.

WAYLON  
And what, have my disciples  
learned?

EMMA  
 (to lee)  
 Local bar?

LEE  
 (nodding)  
 Local bar.

Lee starts to pack his guitar away as we:

CUT TO:

15 INT. APARTMENT - LIVING ROOM - DAY

15

A jingling of keys is heard along with a few curses, until the door opens and Ian steps through, followed by his co-worker, AMY.

Scanning the apartment, Ian sees no-one in sight and grins.

IAN  
 And the bane of my existence is not here for once. Making this a good day.

AMY  
 Or he was never here to begin with and was a hallucination all along. Making me either worried for you, or worried for me. I think I'm going to go with the latter.

IAN  
 Oh, if only that were the case. I'd take insanity over reality any day.  
 (beat)  
 Not to make you worried or anything. You're perfectly safe here. Alone in my apartment. With... me.

AMY  
 And we're back to calling you Jack again.

IAN  
 "We?" Maybe I'm not the crazy one after all, and you have a personality disorder or two. And before this conversation gets more awkward, let's start with the tour and then lunch.

AMY  
 Lead the way.

(CONTINUED)

Walking deeper into the living room Ian brings the tour to a stop in front of the couch.

IAN

Here we have the living room. Where the group often argues over the television and... argues over other things. Surprisingly more often than you'd think.

(points behind television)

A rat was spotted there a few weeks ago, but the girls had us call in the exterminator. This was of course after the guys' makeshift hunting task force, aptly entitled "Project: Kill The Damn Thing" failed miserably after two solid days of staking out and designing hazardous traps not to be tried at home. The casualties were a broken mirror, and Lee - my roommate - had to get four stitches. It was a sad day. But we're safe now from rats and diseases for the time being. That's basically the history of this room.

AMY

(laughing)

I see. And designing your own traps is normal, Jack?

IAN

(shrugging)

We're writers. We have to make our own fun. Moving on.

CUT TO:

Stepping into the kitchen, Ian raises his hand for a halt at the usual mess that lies before them. Plates and cups lining up to get into the sink, chairs strewn about and not tucked into the table, etc.

IAN

The Kitchen. Or as I call it "Lake Chaos." It's a permanent mess and has a personality of its own. We have a toaster that works when it feels like it. Aside from that, this is obviously the place where food you buy disappears. But we finally have a fridge! So I'm not complaining.

(CONTINUED)

16 CONTINUED:

16

AMY  
Have your roommates no honour?

IAN  
Only when it comes to alcohol.

AMY  
Ah, well that's an admirable trait.

Ian can only nod as we:

CUT TO:

17 INT. APARTMENT - BATHROOM - CONTINUED

17

A toilet, a sink, and a bathtub meet us, only unlike the kitchen the bathroom is a "shiny" clean place.

IAN  
The bathroom.  
(off look)  
Enough said.

The duo leave the bathroom.

CUT TO:

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

18

A light moaning comes from the bed, as we see the couple roll around into frame. Chris on top, Sydney obviously on bottom.

IAN (O.S.)  
And the last stop on our tour.

They're going at it like chinchillas on speed, but not to worry, folks! There's a blanket delicately covering the pair's lower half.

IAN (O.S.) (cont'd)  
Which shouldn't be misconstrued or taken as a sign of me coming on to you in any way.

The door swings open.

IAN (cont'd)  
The master suite!

The duo steps into the room. Yet still haven't noticed.

IAN (cont'd)  
Also known as - holy shit!

Ian looks flabbergasted and takes a step back, as Amy looks horrified and covers her eyes with her hands and looks away.

(CONTINUED)

Chris and Sydney, both panting, stop what they're doing (of course) and look awkwardly at the other pair.

CHRIS

(panting)

Hey... roomie.

(beat)

I... really don't know what to say in this situation.

IAN

(getting angry)

Don't know... what... to... say.

CHRIS

It's kind of awkward. I mean, here I am getting some action, when you were clearly about to do the same.

AMY

No, we weren't!

CHRIS

Oh! Ouch. Apparently Ian thought you were, and-

IAN

(quickly)

No, I didn't!

SYDNEY

You didn't?

IAN

No! I was giving her the tour!  
(off Sydney)  
Who are you?

CHRIS

And showing her your bedroom?

SYDNEY

I'm Sydney.

AMY

(to Chris)

We're just friends.

IAN

(to Sydney)

Ian.

CHRIS

So you can't knock?

IAN

Knock? I shouldn't have to knock.  
It's my room! Knocking isn't a  
damn requirement last time I  
checked. Do you think Jackie Chan  
knocks when he walks into his  
bedroom? No! Or Batman? No, because  
Alfred's not a perv.

(beat)

But apparently, I need to get this  
room one of those keys with a  
retinal eye scan to top your  
promiscuity. And... and...

Ian finally looks away from Chris.

CHRIS

What?

Looking at Ian with a raised eyebrow, Chris looks back and  
realizes that he's still on top of Sydney.

CHRIS (cont'd)

(to Ian)

You want me to...

IAN

Would you mind?

Chris rolls over and lies back on a pillow, as Sydney pulls  
the blankets up.

CHRIS

All clear.

Ian turns back around and glares at Chris.

IAN

Alright, back to the yelling!

(beat)

You're having sex!

CHRIS

It's not a crime.

IAN

In my bed! Not Emma's bed, not  
Claire's bed, not Lee's bed! My  
bed! You're naked and thrusting and  
possibly conceiving a bastard child  
in between my sheets!

(MORE)

IAN (cont'd)

Where I dream of Lucy Liu and other celebrity fantasies, and in the one place in this country that I've actually grown attached to and regard as fully my own property. So yes, sex in my bed is a crime.

The light in the room flickers for a second, as no one in the room says anything.

SYDNEY

This isn't your bed? As in, not your room?

CHRIS

(sheepishly)

Nope.

IAN

Why? My bed?

CHRIS

(beat)

I thought any of the others would be awkward.

IAN

Awkw -

SYDNEY

Before you guys get into this again, let me just say this. I'm going to go to the other room. Change. And let you two work this out.

CHRIS

Alright. That's probably best. Thanks.

Grabbing a blanket to cover herself, Chris sits up, and grabs the pillow to cover his lower half in the nick of time. As Sydney stands up and grabs a pile of clothes off the ground.

SYDNEY

(to Amy)

Want to come with?

AMY

Yeah...

Sydney exits first, blanket wrapped around her, as Amy looks at the two guys awkwardly for a second.

AMY (cont'd)

Actually, Ian... I think I'm just going to head back to work.

(MORE)

CONTINUED: (4)

AMY (cont'd)

Our lunch break is nearly over,  
and, well... I'll cover for you.

IAN

Uh...

AMY

You don't have to say anything. I'm  
just going to leave and pretend  
this never happened.

IAN

You called me Ian!

AMY

(beat)

Never happened.

Turning around, Amy exits and closes the door, as Ian turns  
back to Chris.

CHRIS

So...

IAN

Awkward's where we left off, right?

CHRIS

I believe so.

IAN

Good. Now tell me, if having sex in  
my bed isn't awkward, how the hell  
do you define this?

Off Chris' definitely awkward look:

**BLACK OUT:****END OF ACT TWO**

ACT THREE

FADE IN:

19

INT. LOCAL BAR - DAY

19

Sitting in a booth we find Emma, Lee, and Waylon with empty pint glasses before them.

LEE

So what do you two have planned for the rest of the day?

EMMA

I think I'm going to look for a job.

WAYLON

What? Already?

EMMA

Yeah. I've come to a realization that I don't want the group to hate me behind my back, and I like buying shiny things on occasion and not being a mooch. So back to the underworld capitalist job market.

LEE

A nice mature decision, Emma. I'm proud.

WAYLON

'Mature'? She's giving up, and not taking the proper time to reflect on the mistakes of her past job. Going back isn't growth, it's entering the vicious cycle of America! You should tell her she's making a mistake.

EMMA

Thanks, Lee. Besides... I figure last time I went drinking I got promoted. This time I'm nowhere near drunk, but I should still have had enough of the magic juice to get hired by somewhere I hate.

LEE

That's the spirit. And maybe you can even aid Waylon in his billionth attempt.

WAYLON

I swear people discriminate against me because I'm from the South!

(MORE)

(CONTINUED)

WAYLON (cont'd)

If I were a skinny blonde girl, I'd get hired in an instant too!

LEE

He's just upset because if you succeed he's lost someone to hang out with during the day.

EMMA

I'm sure he'll find some way to entertain himself. Maybe he can keep you company on the boardwalk.

LEE

(beat)

Find him a job.

Opening the apartment door with a look of worry, Claire steps through with Brian.

CLAIRE

And so that's the story of the evil cockroach who wanted to take over the world, in a nutshell.

BRIAN

That's what happens when you tell a preteen to get creative? I suspect substance abuse.

CLAIRE

No, it's sweet. Disturbingly so. But it does make it all the more sad now that his imagination will be murdered when puberty gets done with him.

The couple share a quick kiss before Claire shuts the door.

CLAIRE (cont'd)

(to room)

What? No 'take it outside' comment?

A 'keep it PG-13' witty remark?

Glancing around the apartment with a smile at the lack of tenants, her optimistic features drop as she finally takes in the state of the apartment.

BRIAN

Did World Wars Three through Five happen while we were gone?

The couch cushions are not on the couches (the couches too have been moved from their original place and now block the TV, which is on). The cushions have apparently migrated to several new locations around the room.

And some blankets have been tossed over one of the couches, making it look like a retarded fort. TONNES of paperwork has been tossed everywhere! On the coffee table, floor, couch cushions, etc.

CLAIRE

What the frack happened? Were we robbed?

Rushing into the living room, Claire begins fumbling through the sheets. Entering worry mode as she gathers some up and puts them to the side. Trying to form some semblance of order in the mess.

BRIAN

Claire, I'm sure everything's okay. There's got to be an explanation.

Claire is in her own world though, as she keeps rifling through everything, bending down to begin tackling the mess under the coffee table.

CLAIRE

Here's some of Act One. Waylon's passport? A receipt from Starbucks. The newspaper.

Brian heads over to the kitchen, leaving Claire to it for a while.

CLAIRE (cont'd)

Our ideas for a drama. Lee's sketches. Ian's space novel.

Brian enters the living room again and starts helping.

BRIAN

The kitchen looks fine. I mean, it's a mess, but...

(off look)

Not helping, I get it. Has anything been taken?

CLAIRE

I don't think so.

Looking around, the place is still a mess, but a muffled arguing can now be heard:

IAN (O.S.)

Don't apologize!

(CONTINUED)

CLAIRE

Do you hear that?

Cocking his head to the side, Brian nods and glances in the direction of the guys bedroom.

CHRIS (O.S.)

I'm not!

IAN (O.S.)

You just said, and I quote, "Ian, buddy, look, I'm sorry."

CHRIS (O.S.)

And had you let me finish the comment and listened to the tone you'd know I was being facetious!

BRIAN

I guess your roommates might be home after all.

Groaning, Claire gets up and makes her way very awkwardly over to the door. Brian tries to, but TRIPS on the coffee table and hits his head on the couch arm.

CLAIRE

Are you okay?

BRIAN

It's okay. The couch broke my fall....

Getting up with a wince, he hops over the couch and joins Claire.

IAN (O.S.)

In that case, let my rant continue!  
Why should I walk in and find a low-budget porno occurring in my room?  
In my bed!

Claire tenses up again, as she looks to Brian expecting a horrible reaction.

BRIAN

It's okay. They're entertaining people.

CHRIS (O.S.)

I'm sorry, goldilocks, but your bed was just right! It wasn't on a couch in the open for anyone who walked in to see! And it was closer than Lee's!

(MORE)

20 CONTINUED: (3)

20

CHRIS (O.S.) (cont'd)  
So the distance ratio combined with  
my eighteen year old horniness was  
destined for this mattress.

CLAIRE  
(to Brian)  
Shall we?

Brian is smiling, unlike Claire, who takes a deep breath as she opens the door and they step into:

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

21

CHRIS  
Look, you're pissed. I get it. I'll  
wash your sheets. But you walked in  
on me! Is it my fault your door  
doesn't have a lock?

Ian wields his clock radio like a weapon, as Chris has an arm raised in a defensive position. The pillow still covers his privates.

Both are completely unaware that Brian and Claire have entered the room - until Claire COUGHS.

The guys to both look in their direction. Ian still fuming, Chris for once, speechless.

CLAIRE  
(off pillow)  
Do I want to ask?

Claire looks away, but Brian just laughs. Shaking his head at the two guys before him.

CHRIS  
What is this? Everyone-come-home-  
early-for-no-apparent-reason day?

BRIAN  
It's three o'clock, Chris. School  
ended at two-thirty.

CHRIS  
Oh. Well... you're both fine, then.  
I guess Sergeant Psycho and I have  
been arguing for a couple hours  
then?

IAN  
'Sergeant Psycho'? If she's  
pregnant I'm not moving out. You  
can take you, your new girlfriend  
and your baby to the streets.

(CONTINUED)

CHRIS

(to Claire)

He's been holding me hostage here for a while, as we go over the same argument again. And again. And again! Kind of like what I imagined purgatory to be like.

IAN

I have not! Claire, he had sex in my bed!

CHRIS

You won't let me change!

IAN

Because that's the damning evidence!

CHRIS

You can't sue me!

(to others)

He hasn't even let me leave the room!

(to Ian)

You pulled out a lighter before you thought the alarm clock could be a weapon that makes hurting me look like an accident. I'm a hostage.

CLAIRE

I always feared this day would come.

Turning to Brian, he puts his arm around her. She lies her head on his shoulder and sighs.

CLAIRE (cont'd)

Remind me to repress this later.

BRIAN

At least there's no bombs involved.

CHRIS

(overly cheery)

So, Brian, how was your day?

Walking along the sidewalk we find Emma and Waylon.

WAYLON

What about this one? They're looking for a psychic!

He nods at a "New Age" store beside them, where several crystals sit in the store's display case. A "Psychic wanted" sign is surrounded by flashing yellow lights.

EMMA

Nah. The last thing we need is for our lives to get any weirder. Besides, last time I was in a New Age store I was back home, and ended up getting stalked for several days afterwards by one of the clients. And lying to people about their future, fun as it may be... I really don't care.

WAYLON

Alright, but I think it's a resume booster!

EMMA

What about you? Where do you go when you look for a job?

WAYLON

(laughs)  
Em, don't tell Lee or the others, but I never go looking for jobs when I say I am.

EMMA

What?!?

WAYLON

Nope. Not once.

Emma looks ready to hit him, but the news has her completely baffled.

EMMA

But... but... the times you say you have interviews! Or when you say you're going to drop off resumes...

WAYLON

All lies. I believe a job should find me. Not the other way around.

EMMA

That's troll logic! What the hell do you do, then?

WAYLON

Eh, the usual. Hit up an arcade, play some Guitar Hero. Find a nice little internet cafe and chill. Do some writing for my own projects.

22 CONTINUED: (2)

22

EMMA

You are such an... an... assgoblin!

WAYLON

Yeah. But you gotta admit, you're tempted to try it out for a bit. There's an arcade across the street.

Off Waylon's devilish smirk:

CUT TO:

23 INT. ARCADE - LATER

23

EMMA

Die, you waste of existence!

Pointing her toy red gun at the game screen in front of her. Emma takes out a cartoon green alien which explodes in slime.

EMMA (cont'd)

Christ! They're everywhere!  
(shooting)  
Taste my foul eggs, you cur!

Biting her lip, she holds the gun like an expert and SHOTS everything she can on the screen. Finishing, she blows non-existent smoke off her gun.

WAYLON

Did you win?

Preparing to shoot again, Emma GASPS as an alien on the screen jumps out and zaps her. GAME OVER flashes up.

EMMA

Shite. Guess not. How was Nascar?

WAYLON

I took on a twelve-year-old and won in Daytona Beach.

EMMA

Cool. So... Skee-ball?

WAYLON

Hell, yeah!

CUT TO:

24 INT. APARTMENT - LEE AND IAN'S ROOM - DAY

24

A little bit after we last left them. Claire is walking around the room trying to avoid looking at Chris whenever she can.

(CONTINUED)

CLAIRE

Alright! So that explains something I didn't want to know.

CHRIS

Sorry.

IAN

How come she gets a genuine 'sorry'?

CHRIS

Because Claire's a good person and didn't threaten to set me on fire.

CLAIRE

So... not that this issue between you two is not important, but... if you guys haven't left the room this entire time... what the hell happened to our living room?

Chris and Ian both wear "what is she smoking?" expressions.

CHRIS

Sydney should be out there...  
(glaring)  
If Ian didn't scare her off.

CLAIRE

Sydney?

IAN

Chris' boink buddy.

Claire "Ah's" and looks over to Chris as he yawns and stretches.

CLAIRE

Chris! Pillow!

Chris quickly puts the pillow back into the safe position blocking all potential nudity, blushing.

CHRIS

Sorry.  
(beat)  
Alright, so I'm all for figuring out what the hell Claire's talking about. But first, I kind of want to put some clothes on. So why don't you guys head out and patrol and I'll join you in a minute

CLAIRE

That sounds like a plan.

IAN

Fine. But don't think this is over  
between us!

CHRIS

Wouldn't dream of it.

With that Ian, Claire, and Brian march out, as Chris begins  
the search for where his clothes are.

CUT TO:

Stepping out, now fully clothed though his clothes are  
slightly wrinkled now, Chris takes in the room and the others  
inquiring looks.

CHRIS

Holy Vandalised Living Room,  
Batman!

BRIAN

I know.

CHRIS

How did this... when did... how did  
we not hear any of this?

CLAIRE

I believe your egos duking it out  
answers that question.

IAN

I'm betting it was your new  
girlfriend. She looked like a  
screamer.

CHRIS

It could have been Amy. Library  
chicks sometimes have a repressed  
inner rage. She could have thought  
you were trying to get her involved  
in some orgy.

CLAIRE

Will you two stop arguing until we  
figure this out?

Hands to her head, Claire looks around again, not happy at  
the lack of answers.

BRIAN

Made any enemies since coming here?

(CONTINUED)

Ian, Chris, and Claire each take a thoughtful stance as they ponder.

CHRIS

There was that crazy Goth chick who lost her job because of us and blames Emma for it.

IAN

There's that guy in 508 who thinks we're CIA. But he's a loon.

CLAIRE

I don't think I've made any enemies yet...

CHRIS

You did reject a cop once, though!

CLAIRE

Yeah, but that's no reason to break into someone's home in a vague attempt to scare them. That has to be what this is, because nothing seems to be missing.

CHRIS

Yes, but it does serve a purpose if your next move is to call in the police and report what's happened.

(beat)

Cop comes on the scene, does the whole knight in shining armor bit. You bond. You have to go down to the station to fill out paperwork... share coffee... phone number gets put on file.

CLAIRE

You've thought this through way too much already.

CHRIS

It's just a theory!

LEE (O.S.)

There'd better be an explanation for this.

Standing in the doorway, Lee drops his guitar case on the ground, and surveys the scene.

CHRIS

We've been robbed.

IAN

But it's a fake robbery! All a set-up... we think. We're hypothesizing. I blame Chris.

CHRIS

So we're still broke. If it's any constellation.

LEE

Did Waylon let a Jehovah's Witness into the apartment to show us the way to enlightenment again? You know it took me weeks to get all that Rapture off the carpet.

IAN

For once he's actually not to blame!

Lee bends down and start to gather up some papers, while Claire takes a seat.

CLAIRE

Just one normal day. That's all I want. One. Normal. Day.

LEE

Agreed.

BRIAN

Hey, Lee! Happy busking?

Shifting some paperwork back into a pile, it takes a while for Lee to respond.

LEE

Hmm... oh... yeah. A few hundred. People were generous today.

CLAIRE

Well, that's some good news.

CHRIS

Yeah.

SYDNEY (O.S.)

Time for the bad news, then.

Stepping through the doorway. Sydney looks freshened up and sports an entirely different outfit, carrying a laptop bag.

As she glances at the occupants of the room with a smirk, her body language reflects a totally different personality. Something definitely isn't right with this scenario...

(CONTINUED)

SYDNEY (cont'd)

Sorry I left without an explanation before. I had to give a client a call.

LEE

Excuse me, but who are you?

IAN

Chris' new shag buddy. I knew it!

CLAIRE

So she did this then?

CHRIS

Sydney... did you...

SYDNEY

Relax, folks. Nothing was taken. But yes, Chris, I did go through your stuff, and to the others I do apologize. I'm sorry, but it was just a part of the job. And I didn't break and enter, so you can't get the cops involved as I was a guest. Also, my real name isn't Sydney.

CHRIS

(confused)

A job?

IAN

A prostitute? You had sex with a prostitute in my bed! What if there's syphilis all over it now? I demand new bed sheets!

SYDNEY

Prostitute? No. Sorry, Ian.

Taking another step towards the gang, "Sydney" reaches into her pocket and pulls out a wallet.

Opening it with one hand and showing it off to the entire room reveals what looks like an authentic picture and a shiny golden badge.

SYDNEY (cont'd)

Heather Cudmore, Private Investigator.

**BLACK OUT:**

**END OF ACT THREE**

ACT FOUR

FADE IN:

26 INT. APARTMENT - LIVING ROOM - DAY

26

Perplexed looks, confused glances, and a lack of understanding permeates the atmosphere as the group all looks at Heather's badge, then questioningly and back at Chris.

BRIAN

I think I speak for everyone, when I ask... really?

HEATHER

Yes, I'm legit.

The group take this in, Lee nodding as Ian scratches his head. Everyone stares at Heather for a second before eventually focusing their attention on Chris.

LEE

Chris, what the hell did you do? And how many laws did it break?

CHRIS

Note the lack of a smart ass comment, boss. I'm just as confused as you are and haven't a clue.

IAN

(raising hand)

Is anyone else getting a noir vibe?

No-one responds.

IAN (cont'd)

Just me, then.

HEATHER

You really have no idea, Chris? Haven't put all the pieces together yet? I was told you were smarter than this. After all, you've been evading me for some time.

CHRIS

(surprised)

I have?

(beat)

I think you might have me confused with someone else. Unless this is like 'Fight Club.' Do I have an alias? Ooh! Is it Tyler Durden?

(CONTINUED)

HEATHER

I don't. It took me a while. I'm not going to lie, tracking you down wasn't easy. I had to crack the password to your e-mail to finally get some answers. It lead me to a message board. A "Monster Zero Productions"... Ring any bells? Anyway, it let me in on your little plan. And then it was just a matter of time.

Looking at Heather like she's a clown on acid, it only takes a few seconds before Chris gets a horrified look of realization.

CHRIS

Oh, crap!

HEATHER

(nods)

Yep. Thought that recap would help narrow it down. Are you going to try and pull the "bewildered completely innocent" card again?

CLAIRE

Um, I beg your pardon Miss... Cudmore is it? But the rest of us still don't have any idea of what's going on. Or why you scavenged through our stuff.

Chris bites his lip, peering at the side of one of the couches.

HEATHER

Chris, would you like to fill them in, or shall -

EMMA (O.S.)

Did one of us piss off the mafia?

Relieved at the interruption, Chris and the gang turn their attention towards Emma and Waylon as they enter the apartment and glance at what looks like a stand off.

EMMA (cont'd)

And what's she still doing here?

HEATHER

You're charming, you know that.

EMMA

I could so take you.

LEE

(wary)

Emma, you might not want to piss her off.

WAYLON

What? Has Chris' new love interest gone and pulled the "I'm pregnant, give me money" line already? Can't she tell we're broke as it is, if there's six of us in a two bedroom apartment -

IAN

Where only five actually contribute!

Heather has an amused expression at the groups antics, as Emma steps up close to her.

EMMA

Sydney. That's a slut's name if ever I heard one.

HEATHER

Good thing that's not my real name then, huh?

Emma looks to the group for an explanation, as Heather turns around. Focusing her attention back on Chris.

Emma mimes a punch in her direction. But eventually just settles for sticking her tongue out, and steps back.

CLAIRE

She's a private investigator.

EMMA

Well there's a plot twist.

BRIAN

Apparently Chris has got into some trouble.

WAYLON

(shaking head)

I leave you alone for one day...

HEATHER

So, now that we're all caught up. Chris, shall you tell them who hired me, or shall I?

The entire group looks at Chris as he awkwardly avoids eye contact, before looking at Heather for confirmation.

(CONTINUED)

CHRIS

My parents.

HEATHER

Those would be the ones. It would seem your mother and father miss you, Christopher. You don't call, you don't write. They didn't even know where you were for the longest time...

CLAIRE

(shocked)

Chris, you didn't...?

Chris looks down at the floor, aware the entire room's attention is on him, everyone now with mouths dropped - except:

IAN

Did what? What'd the sex fiend do?  
I don't get it.

EMMA

Chris...

Emma puts a hand on his shoulder, and glares daggers at Heather who sports a neutral look.

CHRIS

So... my parents kind of didn't know that I decided to come chase my dream in L.A...

HEATHER

They had to resort to hiring a private eye to figure out where their first born ran off to. To be more precise.

CHRIS

('anyways...')

I hopped a greyhound bus to Buffalo... and from there caught a flight to L.A. The rest is kind of history.

LEE

You... ran away?

CHRIS

I left a note! It didn't tell them where I was exactly, but it told them enough and that I was safe.

(beat)

(MORE)

(CONTINUED)

CHRIS (cont'd)

I'll be the first to admit it wasn't my proudest moment. But my parents and I had been fighting a lot. They wanted me to go to University and become a successful lawyer or engineer. And while, yes, I did get accepted, it didn't change the fact that ultimately I didn't want to go right away. It just wasn't for me, but they didn't want to hear otherwise. So... I left.

HEATHER

The note reads "Mother and Father, I'm eighteen and therefore legally an adult. I respect all that you've given me, I really do. But I need to do this. You'll hear from me within a year. The first born."

Heather pulls what can be assumed is the letter from another pocket.

CLAIRE

Chris... you didn't even tell them after?

CHRIS

I said they'd hear from me in a year! It's only been, what? Three months? I just... had to go. And in my defense, I didn't so much as physically run away as much as I... commuted.

LEE

That doesn't make it any better.

CHRIS

It's not like I hitch-hiked and got abused in foster homes. I was smart about it. And again, aware it's not my best moment.

Lee shakes his head, as a silence envelopes the room...

IAN

(beat)

I don't talk to my parents that much.

EMMA

And I wish mine were different every day.

The duo share a grin, as Lee steps forward.

LEE

(to Heather)

So... what happens now?

HEATHER

I've done my job. Located a missing person. Chris is an adult and doesn't have to go home to Canada. But his parents do know where he is and are expecting to hear from him today.

CHRIS

Oh, crap. You couldn't have made a deal where I pay you double what they pay you to tell them I'm dead or you failed?

CLAIRE

Chris! That's terrible.

CHRIS

Easy for you to say! You didn't have to live with them for eighteen years!

HEATHER

Not gonna lie, Chris, what they paid me... you couldn't have even tried to match.

Ian starts to pick up the couch cushions and put them back in their proper place, having clearly lost interest in the situation.

CHRIS

Damn it!

EMMA

(to Heather)

I knew there was a reason I didn't like you! Harpy.

HEATHER

(ignoring Emma)

Anyways, I'm gonna head out. Chris, call your parents tonight or I'll be back. Eventually. I booked my flight so I'm out of here in a few hours.

Heather starts to head out, leaving the gang to start to reassemble there living room.

CHRIS

Wait! No way in hell you just get to walk out on me just like that!

Heather stops and turns back around.

CHRIS (cont'd)

What the hell was with the sleeping with me bit?

WAYLON

Did his parents pay for that too? Cause that's love.

Chris hits Waylon, as Heather shrugs.

HEATHER

I hadn't been laid in a while. And figured sex was my best way to get in here. Not the classiest private eye move, I know. But, it is what it is. It got the job done.

CHRIS

So you knew who I was the entire time? Accidently meeting me outside was all a set up?

HEATHER

The truth? Yes. I had a theory, and the picture matched. You even served me coffee a few days ago, when I first started tracking you in L.A. But I needed hard evidence and so I knew I had to get into that apartment. I figured after a little toss and tumble in the bed, we'd cuddle as I play the doe-eyed tourist role... you'd eventually go to sleep. Leaving me the opportunity to find some paperwork of yours confirming you were exactly who I thought you were.

WAYLON

And sleeping with him isn't a conflict of interest?

HEATHER

It might be. But I'm really not interested. Chris was just another case for me.

EMMA

Ouch.

HEATHER

Which reminds me...

Shuffling in her laptop bag, she open up a zipper and pulls out a passport! Zipping the bag back up, she tosses it to Chris.

CHRIS

Took it from under the cushion?

HEATHER

Not the best hiding place. But I must admit the fake passport was clever on your part. Maybe you're smarter than I originally thought.

(Reflective)

It definitely made tracking your ass harder, that's for sure. Anyway, I'm off.

Heather turns around and Waylon glances at her ass, clearly attracted to her. Just as she makes it to the door she turns back around, giving the Southerner her full attention.

HEATHER (cont'd)

Sorry, but I'm afraid I'm the best sex you'll never have.

With that, she turns around and finally exits, Waylon raising both eyebrows and rubbing his hands together.

WAYLON

Damn...

Ian has finally finished putting away the cushions and has begun the task of moving the couches. Brian lends a hand, to Claire's obvious annoyance.

Meanwhile Chris shuts the door and locks it. Looking back to Emma, Lee, and Waylon standing n front of him.

CHRIS

(to Lee)

You're mad at me.

LEE

Mad doesn't even begin to encompass how upset I am with you right now.

(beat)

You could have told us, Chris.

Claire comes up and joins them.

LEE (cont'd)

We wouldn't have cared. Instead, you let three shagging months go by and had our place rifled through by some Private Investigator! I'm... I'm disappointed is what I am! You should have trusted us, and you didn't.

(beat)

We're your friends, need I remind you. And it's sad that I have to bring up that card.

Shaking his head Lee obviously has nothing more to say, and heads into his bedroom.

IAN

I know she said she was a private eye, but if that's how she treats all her clients, I still say she was a prostitute. A class act one, but still. It doesn't change the fact that you had sex in my bed, Chris Kelly!

Coming towards the group, Emma and Waylon burst out laughing, as Ian takes up Lee's place.

IAN (cont'd)

It's not funny! You will rue this day, Chris!

CHRIS

Ian, I'm sorry!

IAN

Doesn't matter! Rue it you will! I vow vengeance upon you and your unborn children.

CHRIS

Fair enough.

Waylon is still laughing hysterically.

WAYLON

You had sex... in Ian's bed... dude! Nice.

Waylon continues his laugh, as Chris puts his head down. Not willing to joke with the normal festivities.

IAN

You think this is funny, Waylon?  
Don't even think about having your  
fat ass doing the salsa of love in  
my bed.

WAYLON

(still laughing)  
Wouldn't.. dream... of... it.

IAN

Let it be known that sex in my bed  
is forbidden!

Even Claire bursts out laughing, as Brian comes over and wraps his arms around her.

BRIAN

Want to go for a walk? Just the two  
of us?

CLAIRE

I thought you'd never ask.

Chris sidesteps out of the way, letting the couple make their exit, as Waylon sits down still laughing.

IAN

It's not funny! I vow vengeance  
upon you as well, Waylon. One  
day...

Rolling her eyes, Emma heads into the kitchen glancing at Chris once, before disappearing from view, as Waylon is still laughing uncontrollably. As we...

FADE TO:

Sitting on a lawn chair on the balcony, we find Chris looking up at the L.A night sky. A neon sign advertisement, blinking across from their apartment causes the occasional red light to flash on him, but he doesn't notice.

The screen door behind him slides open, and Emma steps out in her pyjamas.

EMMA

Planning on sitting out here  
forever?

It takes a few seconds for Chris to register her presence, as his attention is clearly elsewhere.

(CONTINUED)

CHRIS

(beat)

Not forever. More like eternity.  
Eternity's good. Or until lightning  
hits. Whichever happens first, I  
won't mind. Maybe I could slip into  
a coma... that'd be nice.

EMMA

I see.

The duo sit there for a time, both looking out at the  
building across from them.

CHRIS

And you're not mad at me like the  
rest of the group?

Emma looks out at the neon sign blinking for a second, before  
looking Chris in the eye.

EMMA

Nah. You didn't have sex in my bed.  
So as far as I'm concerned, we're  
good. And really only Lee and Ian  
are mad at you.

(shrugging)

Waylon doesn't care, and Claire was  
just surprised... but understands.

(beat)

And Ian's normally mad at everyone  
at some point, as you know.

CHRIS

(grins)

Thanks.

EMMA

No problem. So... fake passport?

CHRIS

I was wondering how long it would  
be before that would come up. I  
bought it off eBay.

Pulling it out of his pocket, Chris hands it over to Emma who  
immediately opens it and raises an eyebrow.

EMMA

'Ezekiel Lithium'? That's your  
master alias? Oh, and from  
Switzerland. Of course. Huh.

CHRIS

Yeah, airport security has gone  
downhill. Or I got really lucky.

(CONTINUED)

EMMA

I'm going to hope for 'really lucky at the airport,' 'cause the Photoshop job on this thing? You look like one of the lost Beatles.

The duo exchange their classic smirks as Emma gives back the passport.

CHRIS

So how was your day?

EMMA

Good. Surprisingly. I bonded with Waylon... which was weird in itself. I think we might officially be approaching friend territory.

CHRIS

Ian won't be happy.

EMMA

I mean, he still pisses me off a hell of a lot at times, I'm not going to lie. But now my mind just keeps coming back to... "but that's just Waylon." You know?

CHRIS

He has that effect on people.

EMMA

In other news, I got another job.

CHRIS

Oh? Is this good news?

EMMA

Yeah, it is. No one knows yet. I couldn't tell Waylon he'd lost his Waylonite after twenty-four hours.

CHRIS

(curious)

'Waylonite'?

(beat)

You know what, for once I'm not going to ask.

EMMA

It's a long story. Anyway, I don't start until Monday so I have a few days off until then. But you're looking at the assistant to the assistant to the assistant of some fashion designer.

(CONTINUED)

CHRIS

Ah, well, congratulations!

EMMA

Thank you. It's basically a secretary job of answering phones and a bit of retail, but it brings in money, right?

CHRIS

Money's always a plus.

Nodding her agreement, Emma looks through the screen door, and looks back to Chris who's gone back into coma mode.

EMMA

So... are you going to come in with me? Have a cup of tea? We can trash talk that P.I Bitch?

CHRIS

Nah. I think I'm going to sit out here for a bit. Give my parents a call.

EMMA

(disappointed)

Oh, alright then.

(beat)

But you're not going to run off again, are you?

Chris glares at her as Emma slides the door open and grins.

EMMA (cont'd)

Sorry. Couldn't resist.

CHRIS

Good night, Em.

EMMA

Good night, Ezekiel.

With that Emma shuts the door, as Chris opens his passport and looks at it for a second.

Standing up, he stretches his arm back and THROWS the passport away! Watching it as it hits the neon sign, and THWAPS, getting stuck in between one of the letters.

Sitting back down, Chris sighs before pulling out a cell phone. As he begins to dial a number we:

FADE TO:

28

INT. APARTMENT - LIVING ROOM - EARLY MORNING

28

Ignoring the red flash of the digital clock reading "4:18 am", CHRIS looks dead, but it's clear he has no intention of going to bed anytime soon. Looking around for an answer that isn't there, he begins to type away at a computer with a sigh.

CHRIS (v.o.)

Bad night, dear readers. Bad night,  
bad night, and you guessed it! Bad  
night...

What he doesn't realize as he's caught up in updating his blog, is that EMMA stands at the threshold of her bedroom in her Pj's, watching him concerned. As we slowly:

**BLACK OUT:**

**END OF SHOW**