

THE HIGH LIFE

"Mission: Impossible"

by
Chris Kelly

TEASER

FADE IN:

1

INT. APARTMENT - LIVING ROOM - EVENING

1

The apartment door SWINGS open as IAN rushes in, excitedly waving several sheets of paper in his hand like he's found Willy Wonka's Golden Ticket!

The rest of the gang doesn't notice, though, as they're all wrapped up in their own devices: CLAIRE is reading from a book, EMMA a magazine. CHRIS is typing away on the computer, while WAYLON watches TV.

Looking at each of the gang in turn, Ian is still beaming in spite of the fact that his presence has yet to be noticed.

IAN
(loudly)
Guess what?

Emma jumps up and accidentally closes the magazine.

EMMA
Jesus, Ian! We're not deaf! Crap.
Now I've lost my spot. I may never
learn the secret to finding a good
man.

CHRIS
Have you tried the internet?

Emma ignores the jab, as Chris turns around in his seat.

IAN
Guys, we're talking about me for
once! I have news.

EMMA
(beat)
The Pope died?

WAYLON
I don't care.

CHRIS
You're a serial killer and feel
really guilty about it?

Claire looks up from her book at last.

CLAIRE
You didn't get a girl pregnant, did
you?

(CONTINUED)

IAN
No to all of them.

CLAIRE
(relieved)
Oh, alright then!

Claire instantly directs her focus back to her book and turns the page.

CHRIS
You've decided to turn over a new leaf and let the past stay in the past?

IAN
Yeah... no.

EMMA
Just tell us then, Ian. We haven't got all night.

IAN
I've decided to apply to film school at UCLA!

No one says anything, as Ian has his face frozen in permanent cheer mode, waving the papers as if they're a trophy. If there were crickets in the room, they'd be chirping right about now...

As Chris, Waylon, and Emma all direct their attention from Ian back towards what they were doing before. Emma having to start all over in the magazine, as Claire once again looks up from her book.

CLAIRE
That's great news, Ian!
Congratulations!

IAN
I haven't gotten in yet! I still have to actually apply, but before that I have to write an essay on why I think the institute would benefit from having me.

CLAIRE
Oh. Right... I'm sure you will.

CHRIS,
You can't just say that. No offense Ian, but Claire, you can't give him false hope.

WAYLON

Yeah, you have to have talent for film school. And I highly doubt Ian is the next Spielberg or Scorsese.

IAN

I wasn't expecting support from you.

WAYLON

Good, 'cause you're not getting it!

CHRIS

Look, I'm just saying you'll be going up against thousands of applicants. Film school is competitive. But good luck.

IAN

(disheartened)

Thanks.

Grabbing a seat on the couch, Ian drops the papers on the coffee table.

WAYLON

And when you fail miserably at this attempt, know that I've copyrighted all rights to point and laugh. I think I might make a poster and hand out flyers to our entire apartment.

IAN

Fair enough...

WAYLON

An "Ian's failed" party! Now that's a reason to run in here and celebrate. Or an "I told you so" party... we'll decide the names later.

CHRIS

On the bright side, if that is the case it's one more crappy experience to motivate you as a writer.

WAYLON

And one more reason to commit suicide if you need an excuse.

CLAIRE

Waylon.

WAYLON

Going away and shutting up.

Getting up, Waylon tosses the remote to Emma. Only she doesn't see it coming and so it hits her in the chest and she DROPS the magazine. Waylon disappears into the kitchen.

EMMA

Bloody hell! That's it, the remote was a sign! All this effort just to read about Reese Witherspoon's love life isn't worth it. The universe obviously doesn't want me to know.

(beat)

What are we talking about?

IAN

Me and my odds of getting into film school.

EMMA

Oh.

(beat)

Do something with zombies!

IAN

I have to write an essay on why I'm a worthy applicant and mention what I could bring to the University. As well as pitch a film idea. How would zombies sell that?

EMMA

Easy! Bloody zombies putting human heads on sticks and eating them for dessert... or using them as weapons in an all out zombie war determining which tribe of zombies succeeds in world domination. Quite an offering to make to the establishment.

CHRIS

Or you could just do a drama on the human condition.

EMMA

That's boring! Zombies!

IAN

But I don't like zombies! They're a lame monster.

EMMA

What?!?

IAN

Guys, seriously... what do you think I should do?

CHRIS

Your best. As cheesy as it sounds.

CLAIRE

For once, I agree with Chris.

CHRIS

Thanks Claire. It probably won't happen for a while again.

CLAIRE

No, probably not.

Claire resumes her reading, as Chris turns his attention back to the computer, slowly starting to type. Ian looks to Emma with a hopeful expression.

IAN

Emma?

EMMA

Have no faith in zombies... I have no faith in you.

Getting up from her spot, Emma heads towards her bedroom as Ian slumps into the couch, dejected.

BLACK OUT:

END OF TEASER

ACT ONE

FADE IN:

2

INT. APARTMENT - KITCHEN - DAY

2

Sitting at the kitchen table with a pen in hand and a mug of coffee beside him, Ian stares at the blank page before him.

TICK. TICK. TICK... Ian gets up and yanks the clock off the wall. Turning it over, he pulls out the batteries, and leaves the device on the counter.

Sitting down, he stares at the paper again. Apparently trying to will the words onto the page.

LEE (O.S.)

Any luck?

LEE steps into the kitchen and grabs the kettle.

IAN

Nope. I did start a draft with "I have a dream" but I realized that was already taken, and the entrance board would most likely frown upon plagiarism.

Lee laughs as he fills the kettle with water, before plugging it back in and clicking the button for it to boil.

LEE

You could always bribe them.

IAN

Yeah, but if I get in? Uni will cost enough as it is. Bribing a council isn't worth it.

LEE

(proudly)

I think you've grown as a person.

Grabbing a seat beside Ian, Lee double-takes as he notices the clock, but then makes a conscious choice to pretend he hasn't noticed.

IAN

Where's the rest of the tribe?

LEE

Like they'd leave you alone to work in peace on purpose? Not likely. You jut got lucky. Let's see;

(MORE)

(CONTINUED)

LEE (cont'd)

Claire's on a date, Emma's working late, Chris is also at work, and god knows where Waylon is. Probably breaking several laws as we speak.

IAN

Ah... and your thoughts on what I should do?

LEE

You're a master of bullshitting. I'm sure you'll come up with something. Besides, you have a week before this thing is due, so I wouldn't stress about it.

IAN

This is your great advice to me? From you? The individual who if they were a superhero, would be called either Captain Stress or Captain Long-Term Plan, now ends up being the person that is telling me not to stress? Is that irony? Am I talking to your alter-ego?

LEE

Really lame superhero names aside, I'm trying to make you feel better, you twit.

IAN

It's not working!

LEE

Well... what do you want me to say?

IAN

I don't know! Don't be normal. Be Lee! Tell me something obvious that I forgot to do but should have thought of already. Be so anal that it forces me to do a good job out of spite to your existence.

(pleading)

Do the whole wise sage character thing you try to go for but often fail at.

Lee only blinks, and sits back pondering.

LEE

(beat)

I often fail as the role of sage to you guys?

IAN

Yes! No offense. It's just... your voice gets all weird and freakishly high. You misquote television and movie characters and try to pass them off as your own words. And if you have your guitar with you, you start playing it like you're telling us a folk story to get the message across. It's more creepy than motivational, but that's not the point!

LEE

Refresh my memory, because I've clearly forgotten in my old age. What is the point?

IAN

The point... is that I need you to be that drugged up stress monkey that belongs chained up in an asylum somewhere to tell me what to do! Not this weird... Hippy Lee you've been morphing into lately. What's happened to the Lee the group's come to tolerate?

LEE

I do beg your pardon. I guess living with five roommates has deadened my nerves, if you will.

IAN

Well that just won't do.

Staring at the paper again, Ian HUFFS and tosses the pen across the kitchen.

IAN (cont'd)

You're not even going to yell at me to pick that up? Or tell me if I'm doing the right thing in applying for this?

LEE

Nope. You're a big boy now Ian. This is your decision.

(beat)

And 'Hippy Lee'?

IAN

Oh, that's what we call you behind your back.

LEE

Is it now? I have some names of my own for the rest of you. Explain, please.

IAN

You know... it's... this weird Bizarro version of you that was born after the group got you fired from your internship. I mean, there are certain Lee-isms that still make you the same in some respects, mind you. Like, on occasion, you'll take that superior tone you just did there with anyone who isn't Claire.

LEE

I do not convey a 'superior tone'!

IAN

Yeah, you do. But that's okay, is what I'm saying. It's part of what makes who you used to be you. And it's why on occasion we do listen to you. Rarely. But we do.

(beat)

But ever since that firing moment you've been spiralling into the land of easy-goingness to the point where it's just not the same old classic Lee. Hippy Lee busks, and doesn't look for a job. He asks about the project less and less and isn't concerned with our future. He lets us get away with a ton of shit that Old Lee would have kicked Hippy Lee's ass for!

(concerned)

Hippy Lee just seems to ignore the world he inhabits. For example, one minute you're pissed to find out that Chris ran away from Canada and didn't tell any of us! A day later you're acting like everything's completely normal again, when it clearly was an awkward situation. But Hippy Lee just doesn't talk about it. Hippy Lee ignores the fact that his roommates had a war with their neighbors on the sixth floor. It's just... weird. And seems like you're compartmentalizing like a mad man.

Lee nods, taking everything into consideration as the kettle clicks off.

LEE
I'm fine, Ian.

IAN
See? Weird.

Lee sighs and gets up to grab a cup.

IAN (cont'd)
It's just... I need you to be who you really are right now, and come back from this hiatus or whatever this phase is. We've all changed a lot in the last few months... well, not all. But I just didn't think you'd be the one to become this.

Looking at Ian like an idea just went off in his head, Lee puts back the cup he had just taken from the cupboard.

LEE
Shag tea!
(persuasively)
You know what you need right now?
And might make all of this a little easier? Calm your nerves. Maybe make me feel mine again.

Heading to the fridge, Lee opens the door and a sea of booze greets them! In every compartment and every shelf it's an alcoholic's oasis! Even in the side door, from different brands, to Coke and Sprite in case anyone wants a mixer!

LEE (cont'd)
Alcohol.

Not one item actually considered to be called "food" is in the fridge as Lee reaches in and takes out two bottles. He tosses one to Ian, who has forgotten all about his paper.

IAN
Finally! A good plan.

Unscrewing the lid off, Ian raises his bottle to Lee's and there's a loud CLINK!

LEE
Cheers.

Off their bottles united in the middle of the air, as they just begin to separate we:

CUT TO:

3

INT. APARTMENT - LIVING ROOM - MORNING

3

Emma, Chris, and Claire sit on the couches. Everyone freshly dressed, and hanging out. Completely ignoring the beer bottles around them, as they all have styrofoam cups of coffee.

The door to Lee's room opens a crack, and a HISS emerges from the bedroom.

The door eventually opens fully and a groggy Lee slowly steps out of the shadows, hair a mess, one side of his face a bright red, and still in his daffy duck pyjamas.

LEE

The light... it burns!

He takes another step and almost stumbles! He rubs his red cheek, jaw clearly sore, as he uses his other hand to form a protective shield over his eyes. Chris is about to say something but a look from Claire makes him just sip his coffee instead.

Lee eventually falls into a spot on the couch, happy to be facing away from the sun.

LEE (cont'd)

Afternoon.

CHRIS

Somewhere else in the world, yeah.
Here it's still ten o'clock,
Noseferatu.

LEE

Oh.

CLAIRE

(off room)

So, from the looks of it you had an eventful night.

EMMA

Drinking and not giving any of us a call!

LEE

Sorry... what?

EMMA

Do you know how much of our alcohol you guys burned through? Did you think I wasn't up for the challenge? I could totally out drink you two!

(CONTINUED)

Lee just blinks a few times and rubs his temples. Clearly reeling from last night's escapades.

LEE

Words... forming... sentences...
Ow!

EMMA

Serves you right, drinking without
Platt supervision.

Claire gets up and heads to the kitchen.

CHRIS

From the sounds of it, you'd be
drunk and nowhere near qualified to
supervise.

EMMA

Yes. But I'd be shitfaced, and
therefore happy. That's just good
logic.

CHRIS

One day I'm going to take you to an
AA meeting as a guest speaker.

EMMA

Can I be under the influence?

CHRIS

Why not?

Claire enters the living room with a bottle of water and hands it to Lee.

LEE

Cheers.

CLAIRE

(to Lee)

So how much do you remember from
last night?

LEE

There was... a... 'yesterday'?

Unscrewing the lid and taking a sip, Lee acts like it's the nectar of the Gods.

CLAIRE

I'll take it that you don't
remember, then.

EMMA

Oh, blackouts! Good times.

CHRIS

So you don't remember the name calling, then? 'Cause that was both insulting and funny.

LEE

What did... I say?

CHRIS

When I got home, I believe it went like this...

TITLE OVER: LATE LAST NIGHT

Stepping through the door in his work uniform with a coffee in hand, Chris spots Ian and Lee laughing hysterically.

IAN

Excellent! That's good! That's really good.

CHRIS

Hey, guys. Someone spike the pop again? Or is this drunken fest just for the sake of it?

Finally looking up, but still giggling, Lee shoots a vicious look at Chris for a second.

LEE

(like a news anchor)
It's after ten pm. Do you know where your children are?
(beat)
Because hey, they might have run off from Canada to LA!

With that, Ian and Lee resume their laughing fit, as Chris shuts the door.

CHRIS

Okay, so we're approaching very drunk and ferociously direct comments. Goody.

IAN

Sounds like it would make a good sitcom though, doesn't it?

LEE

Sorry. Sorry. I shouldn't have said that, Chris, that was mean. Maybe I should just leave you a note instead? Would that make it easier?

Shaking his head, Chris starts to head towards the kitchen.

CHRIS

(muttering)

Bite your tongue. Bite your tongue.
No matter how hard it is.

LEE

I mean who knows? You could just up
and leave at any instant and we
won't hear from you for months,
maybe years! That's all I'm saying
mate. And you're work uniform makes
you look like a squire!

CHRIS (O.S.)

Anything else Lee?

LEE

Now that I think of it, yeah! Leave
the name of a good private
investigator if you do suddenly
decide to go will you? Otherwise
who are we going to call?

IAN

Ghost Busters!

With that Lee bursts out laughing again and takes another
swig from the bottle as we:

CUT TO:

A little after we left off.

CHRIS

That was all that you said to me.
Aside from asking for help when you
thought the apartment was under
attack from the Flinstones.

LEE

Chris... I'm s -

CHRIS

Don't. It's cool. Really.

(beat)

And as it turns out, the
'Flinstones' was just the couple
above us having an argument.
They're getting divorced, and one
of them locked the other out of the
apartment for cheating.

(CONTINUED)

CLAIRE

Oh, that's what that was.

CHRIS

Yeah. Lee and Ian still thought dinosaurs were on their way back from the prehistoric era up until they passed out.

LEE

Do you guys recall anything else worth noting?

EMMA

You called me an underage elf. So I slapped you.

Rubbing his jaw again, Lee "Ah's" at the explanation answering why part of his face is in more pain than the rest.

LEE

I apologize.

EMMA

Let the slap be a warning. Any more reminders of my not being legal here will result in a bone breaking.

LEE

Duly noted.

EMMA

Good.

The apartment door opens and Ian waltzes in. Looking content as ever and freshly dressed to boot, it appears as if the night o' drinking hasn't phased him in the slightest.

IAN

Morning, folks.

LEE

Bastard. Where's your hangover?

IAN

I left it in the toilet at around seven. Felt absolutely great after.

CLAIRE

And do you have amnesia too?

IAN

Hmm, let's see. Lee and I got pissed.

(MORE)

(CONTINUED)

IAN (cont'd)

But before we got really drunk, we actually sat down and Lee helped me write out my essay and film pitch for school. So that went surprisingly smoothly.

CLAIRE

That doesn't sound like the wisest plan, Ian. Want me to look it over? Give it some editing?

IAN

Nope. No need. I actually feel really good about this. Last night I was inspired. And that's about all I remember.

CLAIRE

So you don't remember cuddling up with one of my shoes and calling it Hilda?

IAN

(beat)
Really rather not.

EMMA

Or you and Lee harassing me for a pole dance?

Ian just blushes and shakes his head.

CLAIRE

Well... when you do have the time, just slip the shoe back into my room when you can. I won't ask any questions after that. Promise.

(beat)

But why is there no need for me to edit your essay? Something could always use another pair of eyes.

IAN

And I would have taken you up on that offer had you asked three hours ago when I left here. But I just dropped it off. So fingers crossed. I feel pretty good about my chances.

Claire doesn't look as enthused as Ian does, but he doesn't notice.

IAN (cont'd)

Anyway, I'm knackered after last night, so I think I'm going to go to bed for a few hours. Try and keep it down, could you?

CHRIS

Will do.

Heading into his bedroom, the door shuts - as Lee shoots up from his sitting position and stands up!

LEE

Oh, crap!

Looking horrified from his bedroom door, to the coffee table to the kitchen, he looks at the others who all appear deeply confused.

CHRIS

Realize you were the result of an incestuous union?

LEE

(ignoring Chris)

The letter...

CLAIRE

Lee...

LEE

Shite! I think I'm remembering something... no, wait! Several somethings...

Quickly zooming up close into Lee's right eye, until we:

CUT TO:

TITLE OVER: LAST NIGHT

Sitting in the kitchen with several alcoholic beverages around them, Ian is writing furiously on his film program application.

LEE

(slurring)

Ian Austin! You know what, to tell you the truth it's kind of missing something. It's just not a film... name. You know? You should... change it to "Lydia" or "Zeus"!

(CONTINUED)

6 CONTINUED:

6

Ian looks up from his paper and regards Lee like he's a genius.

IAN
Definitely. Zeus it is.

7 INT. APARTMENT - KITCHEN - FLASHBACK

7

TITLE OVER: LATER THAT NIGHT

IAN
If accepted into your program, UCLA will have the honour of being my bitch.

LEE
You're just being honest. Nothing wrong with that.

Ian can only nod and grin like an idiot as he writes it out.

8 INT. APARTMENT - KITCHEN - FLASHBACK

8

TITLE OVER: GOD KNOWS...

LEE
If you want to leave it open so that you get into the directing portion, you need to show that you'll be the one giving the orders.

Ian ponders this for a second, before grabbing the clock for no reason and smashing it against the wall!

IAN
I've got it! What if I write... I fuck the man! The man does not fuck me.

LEE
(laughing)
Brilliant. Then it shows that you're not a sell out who's willing to mainstream.

IAN
Exactly! It says I'm here for the art.

9 INT. APARTMENT - KITCHEN - FLASHBACK

9

TITLE OVER: SOMEWHERE IN BETWEEN..

LEE
Your movie should be about aliens!

(CONTINUED)

IAN
Midget aliens!

LEE
Who want to kill Harry Potter!

IAN
Yes!

Ian brings his hands together and starts to laugh like a maniac, and Lee joins in. Both clearly thinking they're evil masterminds. As we:

CUT TO:

INT. APARTMENT - LIVING ROOM - DAY

The guys and girls are right where we left them, though Lee is just standing there and not saying anything.

EMMA
Lee? Hello....

CHRIS
I think he's going to faint.

EMMA
Maybe I should slap him again.

Swaying back and forth, Lee eventually resorts to dropping back into his spot on the couch. Still conscious.

LEE
We've got to get our bloody hands
on that letter!

BLACK OUT:

END OF ACT ONE

ACT TWO

FADE IN:

11 INT. APARTMENT - LIVING ROOM - DAY

11

A panicked Lee is pacing, still in his pyjamas, as Waylon walks in the front door.

WAYLON

What did I miss?

CHRIS

Lee got drunk and sabotaged Ian's future.

WAYLON

Nice.

LEE

Ian was drunk too! We were idiots and wrote his shagging acceptance letter with whatever we thought was funny instead of what was respectable.

CHRIS

When he remembered what it was that was so funny, he realized what he's done in reality really wasn't so funny.

EMMA

(to Waylon)

Where were you?

WAYLON

Out.

EMMA

Obviously, dumbass. But where?

WAYLON

There are places, with people. I have other friends!

CHRIS

Like who?

WAYLON

Like people that aren't writers. People off the street. I'm not antisocial like the rest of you bastards! I'm a people person and hang out with more than just you five losers.

(CONTINUED)

CHRIS

Uh-huh. Sure.

WAYLON

I do!

EMMA

(losing interest)

Alright, well, Claire, are you still on for our girly lunch?

CLAIRE

What, now? Can we?

LEE

No! You two can't just leave! We have to figure out a way to fix this!

CHRIS

He's back to Classic Lee.

WAYLON

Damn, I thought Hippy Lee was the new and improved version.

LEE

I guess you can't just fight what's in your nature, so you two shut it!

CHRIS

(to Waylon)

I told you being the worrying boss was one of his recessive genes.

EMMA

(to Claire)

We'll hit up the neighborhood bar?

CLAIRE

I guess if the guys can keep the situation under control...

LEE

'Under control'? We're so far from control we're on a whole other circuit board! Claire and Emma, you can't be serious?

EMMA

I am.

(beat)

Someone has to be close by in case Ian suddenly wakes up to keep him distracted.

(MORE)

(CONTINUED)

EMMA (cont'd)

And that someone should have someone else so he doesn't get suspicious. Claire and I already had plans, so I nominate us.

LEE

Oh, that actually makes sense. Good plan. That means Chris and Waylon, you're with me.

EMMA

Alright, now that's settled. Claire, ready to go?

CLAIRE

Why not? I could use some not crazy hi-jinks bonding time.

The two girls begin to grab their stuff and disembark. They leave the apartment, as Waylon takes up shack where they were sitting.

WAYLON

Alright, Team Maximus! Project: Ian Indebted To Us For Life is a go. What's the plan?

LEE

That Ian never finds out about this for a bloody start!

WAYLON

That's no fun. I'm less motivated.

CHRIS

We get to break into a university! I am!

LEE

No. Chris, that is not the plan.

CHRIS

How else do you expect to get the letter back?

Lee bites his lip and begins to pace again.

WAYLON

He has a point, Lee.

LEE

I know he has a point! There just has to be another option we haven't thought of.

(MORE)

11 CONTINUED: (3)

LEE (cont'd)

I don't want to add breaking into a fine academic institution onto my list of things I've done since coming to America, Waylon. We came here to write, not to end up in jail.

CHRIS

But that's already happened to some of us.

WAYLON

I say why bother fighting our nature, right? Besides, if we pull this off, think of how cool it'll be when we tell people!

LEE

We will not be telling anyone!
(beat)
Except the girls.

WAYLON

Why can't we tell Ian? This sounds like it's kind of his fault anyway.

LEE

Because the last thing we need is Ian doing more damage than he's already done, simply by being Ian. God knows he'll rush off on his own anger at himself and everyone else driving him, and that's a wild card we don't need.

(beat)

Plus, I kind of did tell him that writing drunk would be a good idea. So I feel responsible.

WAYLON

Uh huh. And I should care why?

LEE

(angry)

Because I let you live here without paying anything, and that's the last complaint I want to hear about it! So you'll help, or you're out of here!

Surprised at his own words for a second, it only takes a moment for Lee to look at Waylon daring him for a challenge.

WAYLON

I guess I can't argue with that logic.

(CONTINUED)

LEE

Damn straight! Now... are we sure breaking in is our only option?

CHRIS

(sarcastic)

We could go up and explain to the Dean of Admissions that a prospective student drunkenly wrote out his innermost desires and didn't think of the consequences of allowing his id to run free on paper. But I think if we go with honesty, they'll just read the application say "Nope. Too bad," and shut the door in our face.

LEE

That wouldn't be pleasant.

CHRIS

So rather than let rejection punch us in the face and then slam the door in it as well, and consequently win, I say we go with the 'one hell of an adventure' route and do this the way we always end up doing things anyway.

WAYLON

Being manipulative and sneaky?

CHRIS

Exactly.

WAYLON

I vote for Chris' plan. So it wins! Democracy.

(beat)

When do we haul ass out to UCLA?

LEE

I still get to vote!

WAYLON

Yeah, but it doesn't matter.

LEE

Yes, but still. And I vote for Chris' plan too. As much as I hate to admit it he's right. We have to do this our way. And -

CHRIS

You're not going to speech us to death, are you?

LEE

(sighing)

No, I'll try and make this quick. So first, before we go rushing off to break the law and possibly get arrested... we're going to need a substitute to pull the old switcheroo between the two letters. So here's what I'm thinking. We all know how I can churn out scripts and write like a mad man, so give me an hour and a bit and I'll have a new essay ready. You two keep yourselves busy until then and try not to break anything.

WAYLON

I make no promises.

CHRIS

Alright, I'll head out and get supplies. If we're breaking into a university we're going to need some tools. I know a guy.

Grabbing his stuff, Waylon and Lee don't even bother asking as Waylon turns on the TV, and Lee heads for the computer.

CHRIS (cont'd)

Be back in a jiffy.

Chris disappears through the apartment door and as it BANGS shut. Lee suddenly looks like he's about to get sick for a moment.

LEE

(startled)

Uh oh...

WAYLON

What?

We zoom in on Lee's right eye again and as he blinks:

CUT TO:

12 INT. APARTMENT - LIVING ROOM (FLASHBACK)

12

Lee and Ian are in the middle of doing shots off of the computer table, and having a grande ol' time it would seem judging by the half empty vodka bottle beside them.

IAN

Tally ho!

(CONTINUED)

LEE

Bottoms up.

They're both well past drunk as they down the shots. Ian turns his attention to the computer monitor and drunkenly tumbles into the computer chair as he resumes typing. Lee looks over and taps him on the shoulder.

LEE (cont'd)

What are you writing, Lee - I mean Ian! Sorry, I thought you were me for a second.

IAN

It happens. How does "Would you like to be my smurfette" sound?

LEE

(excited)

Are you e-mailing someone? Message me! Message me!

IAN

But I don't want to date you. No offense.

He points at Lee like he knows what he's talking about for what can best be described as a very drunken moment.

LEE

None taken.

(dismal)

I never get any e-mails.

Ian starts to type away as Lee leans in and falls.

IAN

I'm asking Amy out. E-mail wasn't my first choice, but if I show up drunk it might give off the serial killer impression again.

LEE

We don't want that.

Ian nods as he focuses on his typing for a few more seconds and hits 'Send,' before turning back to Lee, quite jolly.

IAN

More liquid courage?

Lee nods, as Ian happily starts to pour some more vodka and misses the shot glasses completely. We zoom back out into:

13 INT. APARTMENT - LIVING ROOM - PRESENT 13

Sober Lee looks worried again as Waylon pokes him.

LEE

We'll worry about that later. One problem at a time.

As Waylon pokes him again and Lee swats his hand away:

14 INT. O'GRADY'S BAR - LATER 14

In a booth to themselves, the girls sit across from each other. Drinks in hand. Menus on the table.

CLAIRE

So just when things were finally starting to settle down, huh? I think a higher power wants us to fail. And I'm kind of afraid for what's next.

EMMA

At least it keeps things interesting. Last thing I'd want is to have hopped on a plane from England to here and find myself constantly bored and with writer's block.

CLAIRE

That's true, I suppose. I mean, can you imagine our biographies when we do make it? They'll be original, no denying that.

EMMA

Though for legal reasons, I think we'll be advised to leave a lot of stuff out. When I make it big though, I think I'm going to get a boat!

CLAIRE

Why?

EMMA

So I can say I have a boat. That's how you know you've become successful. That, or you get a stalker.

(CONTINUED)

WAITER (O.S.)

I thought it was the moment when the paparazzi begins following you or when tabloids start spreading lies?

Turning to there WAITER, with his pen and pad of paper in hand. He's a pretty good looking guy and the girls definitely notice this.

EMMA

That's just a myth America has the media portray. And the paparazzi are like paid stalkers anyway, so I'm still right.

WAITER

(laughing)

I believe you. Now can I take your orders? Or do you need a few more minutes?

EMMA

No we're good. I'll have a cheeseburger and chips. Thanks.

CLAIRE

And I'll have a Caesar salad, please.

WAITER

Alright.

Taking the menus off the table he heads back to the bar, leaving the girls to themselves again.

EMMA

What were we talking about again?

CLAIRE

The oddity that is our lives.

EMMA

Right. Moving on.

(beat)

Anything going on in your love life worth mentioning? Like "Oh, Brian's really sweet. He bought me a house," or have you gone past the whole honeymoon phase and now blame his evil twin for all the problems in your relationship?

CLAIRE

No, nothing to complain about on my end. Brian's really swee -

(MORE)

(CONTINUED)

CLAIRE (cont'd)

(off look)

Nice. And as far as I can tell things are good at the moment.

EMMA

But in the long run... any walks down the aisle? Adultery in the park?

CLAIRE

You watch way too many soaps. And I think it's far too early to be thinking about that stuff yet. What about your love life, any news?

EMMA

(laughs)

Me? My love life is doing zilch. I don't even think it can be resurrected at this point.

Claire gives Emma a "Yeah, right" look, as she takes another drink.

EMMA (cont'd)

What?

CLAIRE

Nothing.

EMMA

No, you had a something on your face just there. Like you think you know something.

CLAIRE

It's nothing. I just thought... that maybe something might potentially be going on... between you and Chris.

Emma SPITS out her drink! And grabs a napkin before giving Claire an "Are you stoned?" Look.

EMMA

What?!? Me... and Chris? No. You're kidding, right? 'Cause no, no, no, no, no, no, no, and no. He wishes, maybe! But no.

CLAIRE

(surprised)

Are you sure?

EMMA

Of course I'm sure! What did you think we were doing, sneaking around like Monica and Chandler on Friends? Or in Seattle Grace?

(off look)

Not that we're sneaking, because we're not! No sneaking. No reason to sneak, even. We're just friends.

CLAIRE

Uh huh.

EMMA

We are! Like I would even date Mr. ~~Used-To-Be-Rich-And-Always-Has-To-Have-A-Witty-Retort-For-Everything~~. What would possess you to even think such a thing?

CLAIRE

I just thought you might have had feelings for him, that's all. I mean, you two just seem to act differently when you're around each other. You just... click.

EMMA

I'm going to stick to my 'possessed' theory. The only feelings that I have for Chris is that I don't wish an STD like herpes to befall him.

Emma is still shaking her head against the notion, as Claire rolls her eyes. And we:

CUT TO:

A bus pulls up to the side of the road, and out comes our three boys. Each taking in the tall buildings before them and the whirlwind of students. It should be noted that Waylon is wearing all black and sticks out like a sore thumb. And Chris is wearing a backpack.

From the pavement, to the trees overhead acting like an archway, to the buildings in site everywhere, all in different shapes and sizes, serving different purposes, it's clear they've entered another world.

LEE

This place is massive!

(CONTINUED)

15 CONTINUED:

CHRIS

It's like a little city.

WAYLON

Looks like an outdoor mall to me.

The three of them begin to walk in and take in the sites
further as we:

BLACK OUT:

END OF ACT TWO

ACT THREE

FADE IN:

16

EXT. UCLA CAMPUS - ADMISSIONS OFFICE - DAY

16

Lee is licking the letter with the essay shut as Chris and Waylon watch some drama students playing charades. They're the typical University cliché style thespians.

WAYLON

You know, drama students have always creeped me out.

CHRIS

I used to be a drama student in high school.

WAYLON

Yeah, but you're retired. I bet you half of them end up doing porn.

CHRIS

Nah, they'll just end up being waiters in the restaurant industry.

LEE

Are you two ready?

CHRIS

Yep. Though I still can't believe Waylon decided to wear all black.

WAYLON

Buttmunch, I'm going incognito. Exnay on the shade-ay. Besides, all the master thieves do it.

CHRIS

You're a walking cliché. How many master criminals do you know? Especially fat master criminals?

LEE

We argued about this on the bus already, Chris. He's a moron.

CHRIS

Yeah, but I still just don't believe it. Oh, before I forget!

Taking off his backpack, Chris unzips the top pouch, and pulls out three cards, before zipping it up again.

CHRIS (cont'd)

These are our student cards.

(CONTINUED)

LEE

Why on earth would you get us
I.D.'s?

CHRIS

Because I wanted us to blend in.
And three strangers on the campus,
while not illegal, is weird.

Handing Lee and Waylon there respective cards, they both
instantly light up as they spot their little pictures and the
holographic UCLA logo.

WAYLON

Cool.

LEE

(off card)
Jack Bristow? Nifty little thing.

WAYLON

Hey! Why the hell is he Jack
Bristow and I'm some random?
(reads card)
'Reginald Fisher'? Who the hell is
that supposed to be?

CHRIS

Beats me. Just play the part.

WAYLON

The part is crap, Kelly. I want
another one!
(beat)
Wait. Who are you?

CHRIS

Austin Powers.

WAYLON

Damnit! Mine sucks! Why couldn't I
be like "James Bond" or "Jimmy
Olsen," "Peter Parker," or... or
"William Shatner" even? Anything's
better than being some nobody! How
did you even score these?

CHRIS

I told you, I know a guy.

LEE

Alright, so we're all aware of plan
'A.'

CHRIS

The boring option, where we go and meet the Dean and try and switch the letters while she's distracted?

LEE

That would be the one.

CHRIS

Alright, let's boogie.

Heading into the building, Waylon is still complaining about his student card as we:

CUT TO:

17 INT. NEIGHBOURHOOD BAR - DAY

17

Eating their food, the girls look like they're finishing up from the looks of their plates. But Claire is bored out of her mind.

EMMA

And another reason why I don't like Chris in that way - and if you're counting, this is reason fifty-four - is because he always has to be right. It's insufferable.

CLAIRE

(weary)

Alright, Em, I believe you.

EMMA

I'm just saying... you brought it up and I have to show you otherwise. Oh! Another thing that annoys me about him! His hair! Like when it has gel in it. He's not David Boreanaz, he can't pull it off. Who is he kidding?

CLAIRE

Uh huh.

(thinking about it)

Wait... I actually like his hair like that.

EMMA

(backpedalling)

Yeah, well, it's nice sometimes, just not all the time. You know?

WAITER (O.S.)

Would you like the bill?

(CONTINUED)

CLAIRE

Yes!

Stepping up to the table, the waiter drops that special pad with the receipt enclosed on their table.

WAITER

Alright, there you are... Emma, was it? And, sorry, I've forgotten your friend's name.

EMMA

Claire. Don't worry, she's not important.

WAITER

Alright, you two have a good day! I hope to see you again.

With that he leaves, as Claire opens up the bill.

CLAIRE

I believe this is for you.

Handing Emma the receipt, we see a phone number scribbled on it and the guy's name, "Josh."

EMMA

Oh! Nice penmanship! Which Chris doesn't have.

CLAIRE

Of course...

EMMA

Looks like the love life might be renting out a space.

CLAIRE

(deadpan)

Delightful.

(beat)

We should head back to the apartment. Ian's probably awake by now.

Emma nods, and leaves some money on the table and we:

CUT TO:

An empty set of chairs, and a desk with an overly perky receptionist block the boys from the door at the end of the room.

(CONTINUED)

RECEPTIONIST

Good afternoon! How may I help you folks today?

LEE

We're here to see the Dean.

RECEPTIONIST

Of course! Do you have an appointment?

LEE

Nop - gah! I mean ah... yes. Yes, we do! Of course we do.

Panning down, we see Chris' shoe pressing heavily on Lee's shoe for a second, before he takes it off and we pan back up to the smiling receptionist.

LEE (cont'd)

(muttering)

Sweet Lucifer, that hurt.

RECEPTIONIST

Alright. Under what name?

Lee glares daggers at Chris who shrugs, as Waylon steps up and places an arm on the desk.

WAYLON

Under "Rooney."

RECEPTIONIST

Alright, give me a second.

Beginning to look through a giant binder, the guys all exchange looks, wondering what the hell will happen.

RECEPTIONIST (cont'd)

Sorry. I'm afraid you're not on the schedule.

WAYLON

What? How can that be? We made this appointment a month ago!

Checking again, it takes a few seconds before the receptionist looks Waylon in the eye.

RECEPTIONIST

Nope. I'm sorry sir, you're not on this list. Maybe you wrote down the wrong date. The Dean's a very busy lady and I can't just let you in if you don't have an appointment today. I'm sorry.

(CONTINUED)

CHRIS

No, we're sorry...

Stepping up to the desk and pushing Waylon back, Chris is entering "another character mode" as he looks downcast, and slumps his shoulders... before looking up with the most innocent puppy dog expression.

CHRIS (cont'd)

We've been lying to you. We don't have an appointment. But, you see, it's a matter of us wanting to thank the Dean at this school personally for solving a family crisis.

Lee watches Chris in awe, as Waylon tries to step up again, but Lee extends an arm to block him, letting Chris work. The receptionist leans in closer to him, clearly falling for the bait.

CHRIS (cont'd)

You see, the Dean saved our sister's life! She donated one of her kidneys.

RECEPTIONIST

Oh, my God!

CHRIS

(amazed)

I know, it was a miracle! And now little Lucy has her whole future ahead of her, thanks to your Dean of Admissions.

(beat)

Lucy wanted to thank her personally, but... you see... she's still in recovery mode. So as her brothers, we promised we'd do it for her. It was the least we could do to drive all the way from Seattle down to LA to say thank you to the woman who saved our sister's life.

Chris grabs the envelope from Lee's back pocket - Lee's eyes go wide as he realizes it's the acceptance letter!

CHRIS (cont'd)

And so Lucy made her this card to show her thanks. And got her a gift certificate to Kelsey's.

Waylon and Lee try to stop from laughing, as Chris turns around to them and grins before looking back to the Receptionist, who's taken on a thoughtful stance.

RECEPTIONIST

Oh, wow. You've clearly all been through a lot. I'll tell you what, just this once, go on in!

CHRIS

Thank you so much!

His job done, Chris heads for the dean's office and the boys follow, content they made it past there first obstacle.

Stopping in front of the door, Waylon knocks.

DEAN (O.S.)

Come in and make it short!

Waylon opens his mouth to reply, but Chris cuts him off.

CHRIS

Remember - be inconspicuous.

Lee nods and GULPS as he opens the door, and the guys step into:

Before them is the DEAN! She's a woman in her forties, who looks like she's never smiled in her life as she lowers her glasses to look up from a file on her oval desk, quizzically at our boys.

DEAN

And you would be?

Stepping into the room further, Lee gulps as Waylon shuts the door.

LEE

(sweating)

Um... we... ha... funny... thing, you see... we were just... uh wondering if.... do you watch Jeopardy?

Chris rolls his eyes, while Waylon looks at Lee like he's retarded.

DEAN

(flat)

Do. I. Watch. Jeopardy.

CHRIS

You can answer in the form of a question if you like.

WAYLON

(quickly)

We're taking a poll. More of a survey, actually.

DEAN

And this is why you're wasting my time, is it?

The guys all exchange looks, as the Dean starts to tap her pen against her desk. Waiting.

LEE

So... uh... moving on to question two! What are your feelings about... lactose intolerance?

Lee WINCES as soon as the words come out of his mouth.

CHRIS

Alright, move over!

(stepping in front of Lee)

We're political activists, here to talk to you about our latest movement. Rather than do the whole hunger strike, or organize a rally, we thought we'd try and talk immediately with the man and -

WAYLON

Or woman in your case!

CHRIS

Yes! You see, we're trying to save the penguins.

DEAN

(not buying it)

Really?

Chris waves Waylon and Lee to start moving away from him and deeper into her office. Though it's fairly obvious what they're doing.

CHRIS

(scoffing)

Of course. There's this thing called global warming and it's killing those poor little suckers off. I mean. really - they're adorable!

(MORE)

CHRIS (cont'd)

We've been talking to PETA about it
and we want to set up a fundraiser.

Waylon walks past a vase, and it knocks over! But he manages
to stop it just in time!

CHRIS (cont'd)

Sell slushies, ice cream, a whole
plethora of a cold environment
theme. Maybe have someone in an
Eskimo costume?

Lee tries to pretend he's admiring her collection of books on
one side, but tries to open up one of the cabinets at the
same time. The Dean looks from Lee to Waylon, back to Chris.

CHRIS (cont'd)

I just don't feel that you're
looking at me and taking me
seriously! We have a cause here and
we believe in it! But we were told
we needed approval from the Dean,
and hence why we are here.

DEAN

Enough!

Lee and Waylon stop what they're doing and turn around.

DEAN (cont'd)

You really expect me to fall for
any of that garbage story you just
pulled out of your ass? I'm not
some doe-eyed naive individual who
believes in the youth of today! I
know your type - even though you're
a good liar, and definitely one of
the most attractive students to
have come in through those doors.

Chris SHIVERS as the Dean eyes him up and down for a second,
her nails CLICKING against the table.

DEAN (cont'd)

I too have been trained in knowing
when I'm being fed bullshit 101. So
you and your troupe get the hell
out of my office before I have
security enforce you off the
property!

CHRIS

'Pulled out of my ass'? I'm sorry,
miss, but we have a cause! And a
right to be heard!

(beat)

(MORE)

CHRIS (cont'd)

If we let the penguins die off,
who's next?

WAYLON

They really are adorable little
bastards.

DEAN

You've been heard. I listened. And
I don't care. When you want to tell
me why you're really here, make an
appointment, instead of trying to
do whatever it is you're trying to
do to my office! Now... get out.

LEE

But...

DEAN

Now, please.

CHRIS

But you could save the -

DEAN

Calling security!

LEE

No need. We're leaving!

DEAN

I already pressed the button!

WAYLON

Run!

The guys dash out of the office and back into:

Running past the perky (and now puzzled) receptionist on the
phone, the boys DASH down the hall.

CHRIS

What happened to inconspicuous? How
hard is it to act like you know
what you're doing?

LEE

I'm sorry - 'penguins'? What the
hell was that all about?

CHRIS

I thought they'd be cuter than
polar bears!

Still running, they haven't noticed that Waylon is now running back towards the receptionist.

WAYLON

(shaking head)

What an ungrateful bitch. She told us she didn't want our gratitude and to waste it on charity! This never woulda happened down South. Believe you me.

RECEPTIONIST

Down South? I thought you were from Seattle?

WAYLON

Ha! Right... uh...

The Dean steps out of her office, arms crossed and heading towards the desk. Waylon quickly waves, running off to catch up with the guys as we:

CUT TO:

EMMA

How do you think the boys are doing?

Sitting at the kitchen table, which for once is clean, are Emma and Claire.

CLAIRE

Honestly, I'm thinking jail. Hoping against it, but it's what my gut's telling me.

Walking into the kitchen with a yawn and scratching his head is Ian.

CLAIRE (cont'd)

Finally decided to join the land of the living, huh?

IAN

Yeah... where is everyone?

EMMA

(overcompensating)

Ian, you're so funny! What do you mean? Nothing's wrong. Everything's fine! The core of the group is right here!

Ian looks at Emma funny, as she tries to play it cool. Clearly not.

EMMA (cont'd)

We hang out all the time. Just the three of us. Remember that time, when that thing happened, and only the three of were there, and yeah... good time, that time.

CLAIRE

She's been drinking.

IAN

Figures.

CLAIRE

The guys you just missed. Waylon shouted 'strip club' and off they went!

IAN

The one good idea he has, and I'm in dreamland.

(beat)

Maybe I'll go catch up.

Emma and Claire swap looks of worry, as Ian leaves the kitchen.

EMMA

You just had to say the magic words. Couldn't have said they went off to work?

CLAIRE

Yeah, that definitely would have been better.

(beat)

But at least my excuse was believable.

The girls get up and head to the living room.

Finding Ian on the couch, the girls spot him with a telephone in hand!

CLAIRE

(whispering)

Alright, we have to -

Wasting no time, Emma rushes over and TACKLES Ian, yanks the phone from his hand and SLAMS it back down on the receiver.

CLAIRE (cont'd)
Or we could do that.

IAN
Hey!

Ian rubs his arm, as Emma gets up off him.

EMMA
Hey yourself! What were you doing?

IAN
Calling the guys.

CLAIRE
Yes, well, you see... you can't.

IAN
Why not?

CLAIRE
Because...

EMMA
In America they prohibit the use of
cell phones in strip clubs!

IAN
What? They do not.

EMMA
Yes, they do! I'm the Pole Dancing
Princess, I think I'm the expert on
the matter!

(off look)
Anyway... they only passed the law
a few years ago. They don't want
the ring tones messing up with the
music of the club. They say it
throws the strippers off the beat.
Too many sprained ankles. Besides
that, the strippers claim it's rude
too! You're there to see them, not
talk to people from the outside.
You don't have your cell phone on
in a movie or at a meeting, you
don't have it on in a strip club!

IAN
O-kay... so do you guys know which
one they went to?

Claire and Emma exchange looks again, as Claire bites her
lip. Ian looking between the two of them expecting an answer.

As Emma suddenly looks like a lightbulb just went off in her head.

CLAIRE

Which one they went to? Hmm... let me think... was it the one down near -

EMMA

Ian. Why go to a strip club when you can get a lap dance right here?

CLAIRE

What?!?

IAN

(slowly)
Emma?

EMMA

(seductively)
I mean, I'm just saying. You and I never really spend any time together.

IAN

(warming up)
No... we really don't. But we should!

EMMA

And let's face it, I can do just as good a job then any of those harpies at the club!

IAN

You could?

EMMA

(nodding)
I have a gift.

Taking off her top, Emma tosses it to the side, where it lands on the floor.

Stepping up to Ian, she still wears an undershirt! But throws her arms around Ian's neck, as she starts to sway her hips.

EMMA (cont'd)

Claire! Music!

Claire nods... still confused at how they got here as she looks to the clock, and heads into her room.

IAN
 (to Claire)
 How drunk is she?

Emerging from her room, with a stereo in hand, Claire plugs it in, as Emma lets go of Ian and takes a step back.

CLAIRE
 Don't worry. Something tells me
 you're not taking advantage.

Grinning like an idiot upon those words, Claire begins to search for a proper strip song on the radio as we:

CUT TO:

23 EXT. UCLA CAMPUS - OUTSIDE ADMISSIONS OFFICE - NIGHT 23

The Admission's office stands before us. Now dark and ominous, as shadows from the surrounding buildings help create an eerie atmosphere as a cluster of students walk by.

Standing under a tree: Lee, Chris, and Waylon look to the building and back to each other.

LEE
 Alright, so everyone knows the
 plan?

CHRIS
 Of course, doofus! It's my plan. If
 one of us gets caught, they were
 working alone.

WAYLON
 Project Phoenix is go!

Rooting through his bag once again, Chris pulls out several walkie talkies, passing them to the others.

CHRIS
 Thought these would come in handy.
 Alright, so we use these only - and
only if we have to - to warn if
 security is coming and to get the
 hell out of here. That means
 Waylon, no whistling through these
 or pretending to be the killer from
 Scream like the last time.

LEE
 When did -

CHRIS
 Long story. Alright, so back to my
 plan. Lee, you have the letter?

(CONTINUED)

LEE

Check!

CHRIS

Waylon, you're ready to stand watch outside the building?

WAYLON

Yep! I dare someone to try and get past me! They'll get several hundred pounds of America on their ass.

CHRIS

Alright team, let's do this.

Everyone nods, and they head towards the building. Walking up the few steps, Waylon stands at the top, and tries to act the part. Crossing arms, and glaring at people who aren't there.

LEE

Good luck!

WAYLON

Luck is for the weak!

Lee tries to open the door, and it swings open effortlessly. So Chris and Lee enter:

The 'Mission: Impossible' theme starts to play (You had to see that coming!) as the door to the building comes to a close. Chris looks to Lee.

CHRIS

That was... easier then expected.

LEE

Yeah. Guess they forgot to lock up for the evening.

CHRIS

Alright, ready to do this?

LEE

Not really.

Chris smiles and pulls out a flashlight. Lee nods as they walk down the hall, acting like they're supposed to be there:

CUT TO:

25 INT. ADMISSIONS - STAIRWELL - NEXT 25

Lee is pressed up against the wall, and slinks up the steps. Slowly but surely. Step by step.

Chris is right behind him. Tip toeing backwards on the lookout, he has his flashlight in hand,

Turning it on... we follow the light, as it reflects the black and white tiled steps the duo walk on:

26 EXT. UCLA CAMPUS - OUTSIDE ADMISSIONS - NEXT 26

Whistling, and swaying, Waylon tries to act as casual as possible as he spots a very, very beautiful girl walk by. He can only raise his eyebrows, intrigued.

27 INT. ADMISSIONS - TOP OF STAIRWELL - NEXT 27

Chris passes the flashlight and hands it to Lee.

CHRIS

Guess this is your stop. Give me the signal through the walkie talkie if we're busted.

LEE

What's the signal?

CHRIS

Eh... make something up. Or lots of yelling, but that might be too obvious.

LEE

Right. I'll think of something. Here's the letter.

Lee hands Chris the envelope and turns around. Entering watch-mode.

CHRIS

Thanks.

Heading forward Chris opens the door and heads through.

LEE

Good luck.

28 INT. ADMISSIONS - OUTSIDE DEAN'S OFFICE - CONTINUED 28

Marching forward with confidence, it all fades as Chris notices a JANITOR a few feet away!

Just casually in the area. Mopping, his attention completely on the floor. In his own little world, as he has his iPod on.

(CONTINUED)

28 CONTINUED:

28

Chris sighs, and stays where he is. Waiting for the janitor to turn around and mop the other way. As soon as he does so, off Chris heads, quickly walking past the janitor, who motions to turn around!

Chris dives and manages to make it under the receptionist's desk!

Sighing again, Chris glares at the soaked mop moving in front of him. And begins the waiting game...

29 EXT. UCLA CAMPUS - OUTSIDE ADMISSIONS OFFICE - NEXT 29

Waylon is now chatting up the fine thing he spotted earlier, and she's clearly into him as he laughs up a storm!

Placing her hand on Waylon's arm and laughing, Waylon starts to laugh as well...

He glances at the building he's supposed to be watching, finally noticing the Dean heading up the steps and entering the building!

He sports an "Oh crap!" look, but then just shrugs.

WAYLON

Too late.

30 INT. ADMISSIONS - OUTSIDE DEAN'S OFFICE - NEXT 30

Head poking out from under the desk, Chris sees the Janitor way closer to the stairwell with his back towards him at last.

Getting up he HITS his head on the desk on his way up! But continues on, one hand on his head, as he makes his way towards the Dean's door.

CHRIS

Now is not the time to go unconscious...

31 INT. ADMISSIONS - DEAN'S OFFICE - CONTINUED 31

Entering the office, Chris flicks the light switch on the right wall and heads towards the Dean's desk.

32 INT. ADMISSIONS BUILDING - TOP OF STAIRWELL - NEXT 32

Lee is on red alert, as he's practically bouncing on his toes. Looking every which way.

UNTIL he hears footsteps echoing and spots the Dean!

Grabbing his walkie talkie, he's about to press the button when:

(CONTINUED)

It's too late as the Dean walks up the final staircase and notices Lee. Looking very afraid.

DEAN

You!

LEE

Uh... yeah. Hey... so ,question three! Violence in video games. What's your opinion?

The Dean shares a wicked smile and pulls a fricken TASER out of her purse!

LEE (cont'd)

Right then. Clearly had an effect. I must be going.

Lee jumps past her, and jumps down the first flight of stairs, running like a mad man, as the Dean heads on:

Sitting in the Dean's chair, Chris has clearly been making himself at home as several drawers are open on either side.

Placing a silver key on her desk, Chris goes through one drawer in particular. Riffling through different envelopes.

LEE (V.O.)

Abort! Abort! We've been compromised!

Chris jumps at the interruption, but keeps going. Passing a "Sarah Mallory," "Jason Kent," "Lily Scarfo," "Ian Austin"!

Grabbing the envelope in victory, Chris smirks, as he places the other envelope in its place.

Wasting no time he shuts the one drawer, and hears a COUGH!

Looking up, Chris' smirk drops as he spots the Dean standing a few feet away. Waving with one hand, taser in the other.

DEAN

Well, well... what have we here?

Chris gulps and we:

BLACK OUT:

END OF ACT THREE

ACT FOUR

FADE IN:

34

INT. STUDENT BAR - NIGHT

34

Sitting on two stools up at the bar, we find Waylon and Lee. Drinking.

WAYLON

It's been a couple of hours. Maybe she killed him.

LEE

What are we going to do? The girls will never forgive us if Chris goes to jail. They like him! They don't like either of us!

WAYLON

Or if he's dead, all thanks to you ditching him.

LEE

I panicked! And it was part of the plan! And hey, who did I find outside thinking with his penis as opposed to his head? A warning would have been nice!

WAYLON

You telling her I had syphilis scared her off, so I'm the victim, Chrimes.

LEE

You'll never admit when you're wrong.

WAYLON

Well... I'm sorry. Alright? There, I said it! I thought you guys would have both made it! That's how it normally goes with us.

LEE

How are we going to explain this to the girls, or even Ian?

CHRIS (O.S.)

You could start by telling them Ian owes me for eternity.

Standing behind them, Waylon drops his drink, as Lee jumps up for a bear hug.

(CONTINUED)

LEE

You're alive!

CHRIS

(off hug)

Not if you don't let oxygen get to my lungs!

LEE

Right. Sorry.

Letting go, and stepping back from Chris. Lee still looks shocked.

CHRIS

I thought you two bozos would be at the nearest bar.

WAYLON

We were grieving for you.

CHRIS

You shouldn't have. And... you came to a bar instead of my aid? You fascists ditched me in the fortress of the beast! Where was my rescue?

WAYLON

(beat)

One day you're going to look back at this and laugh.

CHRIS

At the people I call friends, maybe. Or I'll think that I should've kicked your ass.

(beat)

Still, no calling in a bomb threat to evacuate the building? No bursting through the walls with a hotwired car? Not even dressing up and pretending to mug her so I could escape!

WAYLON

I guess we could have done the last one. I mean I was wearing all black, but we figured you could talk your way out of it.

CHRIS

Well... I didn't.

LEE

So wait, how did you...

CHRIS

Escape the clutches of a vicious cougar? I'd rather not talk about it.

WAYLON

Wait! 'Cougar' as in some old lady looking for some action from some young stud?

LEE

I don't like where this is going.

CHRIS

(quickly)

Not talking about it!

(beat)

Denial is good.

Waylon starts to laugh, as Lee pats Chris on the back.

LEE

Way to take one for the team. So did you...

CHRIS

Did the 'denial' portion of the dialogue not answer your question? Yes Lee, I'm kind of horrified at what I'll do to survive and desperately want to take a shower. And yes, she used the taser.

(beat)

Twice.

Waylon is still laughing, only stopping to signal the barman for another beer. Chris takes a seat next to him.

LEE

(beat)

No, not what I was asking. I was inquiring about the letter?

CHRIS

Oh.

Pulling an envelope out of his backpack, he hands it to Lee. Who regards it happily.

CHRIS (cont'd)

That old thing? Done and dusted. Again, Ian owes me for eternity. I pulled the switch right before Lady Zaps-A-Lot caught me.

LEE

Chris, I apologize for... what you had to go through. But it's time to remind you that Ian doesn't know that we were here. And you can't tell him.

CHRIS

Damn it! Why? I want to own his soul.

LEE

Too bad.

("Sage Lee")

It's time for some peace in that apartment, and if Ian owes you somehow... something tells me it will just start this vicious cycle over again. And we'll be here again. It's called -

CHRIS

Fine! I get it. Stop with the Sage Lee thing.

LEE

Fair enough. Shall we head home?

CHRIS

We've been here all day. I say we get the hell out of here.

Lee pulls out his wallet, and leaves some cash on the table. Lee and Chris begin to head out, Waylon chugging back his beer.

CHRIS (cont'd)

And next time Ian gets drunk and blacks out it's his problem!

LEE

Agreed. And remember, we were never here.

Waylon finally finishes and BELCHES as the glass hits the counter, before running off to catch up!

CUT TO:

WAYLON

That's my good deed for the year.

Walking down the hallway to their apartment door, Chris and Lee ignore Waylon, relieved to be home.

(CONTINUED)

35 CONTINUED:

35

Pulling out the key, Lee enters it into the lock, and opens the door.

36 INT. APARTMENT - LIVING ROOM - CONTINUED

36

Ian sits on a chair from the kitchen, hands handcuffed behind him. As the guys all stop in the door. Clearly confused.

IAN

(dazed)

Hey! You guys will never believe what just happened.

WAYLON

Did we order a stripper?

Emma walks out with some pants and just her bra on.

EMMA

Hey.

Emma grabs her shirt off the floor and puts it on, as the guys finally step into the apartment.

LEE

No! Did you just do a pole dance and we missed it?

EMMA

(matter-of-factly)

Yep!

WAYLON

Sweet Jehovah's Witness, Em, do it again!

CHRIS

Please?

LEE

I mean, it's only fair.

IAN

I think I was in heaven. There were a lot more boobies than I was expecting. And grinding. But definitely heaven.

WAYLON

If Emma doesn't show us her pole dancing skills it can be arranged, Austin!

EMMA

I don't know. I'm just not in the mood any more.

(MORE)

(CONTINUED)

EMMA (cont'd)

And I mean, four guys in one night?
I have enough self esteem in
myself.

LEE

Is that an official 'no'?

EMMA

Yep!

CHRIS

You heard her, she said 'yes'!
(off looks)
Damn it.

WAYLON

You can't do this to us, Emma!
We're males, and we have rights and
expectations.

EMMA

Excuse me? I'll ban your chances
forever if that attitude keeps up.
And believe me, I'm worth it.

IAN

She is!

All of the guys look to Ian jealously.

GUYS

Shut up!

IAN

I'm just saying, the girl has
skill. Not to view Emma from a male
objective view... she has many
other features that are worthy of
awesomeness... but she wasn't lying
about being a pole dancing
princess! That's all I'm saying.

EMMA

Thanks, Ian. I think.

CHRIS

It's not fair.

LEE

We're never leaving her alone with
one of us again! It's all of us or
it's none of us!

WAYLON

Screw that! She offers me one and
you're out busking, tough shit!

EMMA

Oh, boys, will you stop your petty whining if I can make it up to you right now?

LEE

Does this mean a pole dance from you?

EMMA

No. But I have a better idea. Follow me.

Grabbing her coat, Emma exits the apartment and Chris, Lee, and Waylon are right behind her. Waylon shutting the door on the way out, as Ian, sadly... still sits handcuffed to his chair.

IAN

Guys, aren't you leaving someone out of this equation?

(shouting)

Hey! I want to come! What about Ian?

(beat)

Emma you know we're the core of the group anyway... guys! Where are we going?

Hopping in the kitchen chair closer to the door. Ian hops, hops again, and hops once more and then FALLS!

IAN (cont'd)

I'm okay...

CUT TO:

Walking into the strip club, the guys all look around like kids in a candy shop. Eyeing the two girls currently out on stage doing their routine to the music.

WAYLON

Not a she-male in sight. Buddah be praised.

The gang grabs an open table near the middle.

CHRIS

This was your brilliant plan?

EMMA

I think everybody manages to win.

(CONTINUED)

LEE
 (off strippers)
 Amateurs.
 (beat)
 I don't think they'll have anything
 on you, Em.

EMMA
 They'll have to do.

WAYLON
 I'm not complaining!

LEE
 By the way, Em, what happened to
 Claire?

EMMA
 After the first pole dance she went
 off to meet Brian. I think it
 scarred her a bit.

LEE
First?!? There was more than one?

EMMA
 Don't be such a baby.

CHRIS
 I still can't believe that was how
 you decided to distract Ian in our
 absence.

EMMA
 It got the job done.

WAYLON
 I believe it! Now on with the strip
 club festivities! Waylon wants a
 lap dance!

EMMA
 You'll all get your lap dances,
 don't worry. It's on me.

A communal cheer rises from the table as Emma rummages
 through her wallet.

EMMA (cont'd)
 Just remember I don't want to hear
 another complaint about Ian getting
 lap dances, right?

CHRIS
 You're a saint. We'll build a
 statue in your honor.

EMMA

That's more like it.

WAYLON

(pointing)

I want that one!

LEE

They have names, you know.

WAYLON

And fathers! But I don't want to
hear about either!

LEE

(spots one he likes;
points)

Is that one mine?

A stripper starts to head over in the direction of our table
as Emma passes some cash around to the guys.

EMMA

(to herself)

Boys and their petty hormones.
Making me spend my first pay check,
just so I don't have to hear about
it.

As Emma passes a few bills to Waylon, who is as giddy as a
hamster, we:

BLACK OUT:

END OF SHOW