

# THE HIGH LIFE

"Waylonism"

by  
Chris Kelly

**TEASER**

FADE IN:

1

INT. APARTMENT - KITCHEN - DAY

1

Eating food in the kitchen, LEE and CLAIRE watch IAN as he paces the kitchen. Ian checks his watch and the clock on the wall every few seconds, in his own little world.

Claire pours some orange juice into a glass, still with one eye on Ian, while Lee takes a bite from his toast.

CLAIRE

You know, I'm both curious and yet slightly afraid.

LEE

I know the feeling. He's been doing that for the better part of an hour.

CLAIRE

Has he said anything to you?

LEE

Like "Hey Lee, here's the reason I'm bipolar. Do you understand me now?"

(beat)

No.

CLAIRE

Hmm... as long as Homeland Security doesn't burst through the door in the next few minutes, I think we're safe.

LEE

Yeah. Unless Ian reveals some sort of panic room and demands we all follow him in as he threatens us with a gun.

(beat)

Remember the days when that wasn't one of our fears?

CLAIRE

Nope.

(Off Ian)

You could just ask him what he's up to, I guess.

(CONTINUED)

LEE

Me? Hang on now, you want equal rights under this roof, why am I always the one that has to risk his balls and do the asking?

CLAIRE

Cause you're better at the whole confrontation aspect. I just handle the disciplining of the household.

LEE

Alright. But you know what this means? If Ian reveals himself as a drug dealer, you have to deal with it.

CLAIRE

Fair enough.

Getting up from his chair, Claire innocently sips her juice and watches as Lee heads closer to Ian, who hasn't noticed.

LEE

(to Ian)

Waiting for the white rabbit to run by and shout he's late?

No answer. Ian just sticks his head out into the living room for a second, before leaning back in.

LEE (cont'd)

Perhaps you're waiting for some money to be wired to your Swiss bank account?

Ian finally realizes Lee is beside him, and regards him with suspicion.

IAN

Lee, don't be stupid.

(beat)

I'd have my money wired to Australia.

LEE

Of course. How silly of me.

IAN

Now, if you don't mind, some of us are waiting for karma to come knocking. I've finally found a way to convince you all that Waylon is bad news and shouldn't be living with us.

LEE

Of course, I should've realized that's what this was about when you called into work sick.

IAN

That's not the point! The point is that I now have proof!

CLAIRE

Proof?

IAN

Yep! As far as I can tell he didn't tell any of you guys what he was up too. But unluckily for him, I ran into someone who knows what he's doing.

LEE

Ian, you've got to drop this vendetta against Waylon. He's done nothing wrong... in the past few weeks, anyway. He's living with us. Let it go.

A KNOCK is heard from the door, and Ian smiles.

IAN

(ignoring him)  
Proof!

Ian heads out into the living room, while Lee and Claire share a look, before making their way to follow him.

2 INT. APARTMENT - LIVING ROOM - DAY

2

In their usual spot on the couches: EMMA, CHRIS, and WAYLON all look at each other and back to the door as another KNOCK is heard.

EMMA

Who the hell could that be? We're all home.

Emma gets up and heads for the door, as Ian walks in smiling like an evildoer, Claire and Lee entering behind him. Waylon, having lost all interest, turns his attention to the TV.

CHRIS

Yeah, doesn't half the building have restraining orders against us already?

(CONTINUED)

Ian takes up residence near the wall, having a good view of both Waylon and the apartment door. As Emma unlocks it and opens it.

Revealing several people: ASHLEE, a woman in her twenties who looks even younger, she's short and has an innocence and angelic grace about her.

By contrast JOHN is in his thirties, and looks like scum of the earth. Lastly, there's STEVEN, a balding man in his late forties, he has a twitch, and looks like he's been on the run for a while.

EMMA

(not knowing who they are)

Um... hi.

ASHLEE

Hello! How are you on this fine day?

EMMA

I'm... good, I guess. And you would be?

ASHLEE

I'm Ashlee. Or if you are a fellow member of the tribe, my earth name is Compost.

EMMA

Uh huh. So... cult, huh?

STEVEN

We were instructed to come here by the magic leprechaun.

IAN

(blurts out)

You bollocks! First off, I'm British, not a leprechaun. Secondly, I'm not that short.

STEVEN

Oh, look at that, he's here!

ASHLEE

Is the Wondrous One present?

EMMA

The Wondrous who now?

ASHLEE

Why, Mr. Waylon Wyche of course! He who leads us Waylonites out of the darkness and onto the higher plane.

Emma's mouth drops as she, and the rest of the gang all look at Waylon with cocked heads and raised eyebrows.

As The Wondrous One sits on the couch, eats chips, and is engrossed in the TV, we:

**BLACK OUT:**

**END OF TEASER**

ACT ONE

FADE IN:

3 INT. APARTMENT - LIVING ROOM - DAY

3

Still looking at Waylon, everyone confused as hell, Waylon finally looks to the door.

WAYLON

What?

Rushing in, Ashlee, John, and Steven breeze past Emma and charge at Waylon. As soon as they're within two feet though, they all drop to their knees and bow.

WAYLON (cont'd)

Oh. Hey, guys! Welcome to my lair. I didn't think we were meeting up until later.

JOHN

Master, we are here to serve.

ASHLEE

Yes! Show us the way to enlightenment.

STEVEN

The leprechaun told us you'd be here!

LEE

What the...

WAYLON

You guys sure do know the way to warm a Southern man's heart.

CHRIS

(beat)

Are they brainwashed?

STEVEN

Our minds are our own.

JOHN

And Master's to command!

THE WHOLE TRIO

Huzzah! His bidding signals the way to glory!

CLAIRE

Alright, that's enough of that now.

(CONTINUED)

EMMA

Are they paid actors or something?

WAYLON

Em, come on. Like I would do something like that. These guys are just my disciples.

CHRIS

Get out! Really?

WAYLON

Yep, taught them myself.

IAN

Taught them what, exactly?

THE WHOLE TRIO

Huzzah! That knowledge is power! With it we can be saved from the darkness!

Waylon nods proudly as Emma takes a step back, creeped out, while everyone else just looks a little freaked.

CLAIRE

That speaking in unison thing has got to stop.

CHRIS

Do they do any tricks?

WAYLON

John knows how to hot-wire a car. And can pick any lock.

JOHN

Do you require such services, master?

WAYLON

Nah, I think we're good for now buddy. But as soon as we do, you're my guy.

LEE

Alright, we need to have a chat. Now.

WAYLON

Say whatever you want, bro, I have nothing to hide from my followers.

## THE WHOLE TRIO

Huzzah! Truth can always be attained, says the Wondrous One. Rule number seven.

## CLAIRE

(to group)

Apartment meeting in the kitchen.

The group all nods and begins to head that way. Including Waylon's disciples. Claire steps in front of them before they reach their destination.

## CLAIRE (cont'd)

Um... sorry. Not to offend you guys but... this is just for those of us that live here.

Outnumbering her, Ashlee, John, and Steven try to get past Claire anyway. Claire extends both arms out in retaliation, grabbing both walls to block them off.

## CLAIRE (cont'd)

It's not about you. Really. It's about bills and things. Paper work.

## STEVEN

But The Wondrous One said we are welcome. Through his presence we are cleansed.

## CLAIRE

Right, and... and while that's always good, I must -

## WAYLON

Guys, Claire's cool. Just listen to her. Hang out here. Make yourselves at home.

Instantly stopping at the command, the trio nod and head back into the living room without looking back.

## WAYLON (cont'd)

Isn't that neat? How they just do whatever I say?

Claire uncomfortably smiles and nods once, watching the trio make themselves feel welcome for a second... before she and Waylon head into the kitchen.

The last to arrive, Claire immediately joins Lee's side, as Chris, Emma, and Ian have taken up chairs at the table.

LEE

Alright! What the hell did you do?

IAN

I told you I had proof!

WAYLON

Guys, relax. I did nothing wrong here. This is all by the book.

IAN

Yeah, right.

EMMA

Did they seriously call themselves 'Waylonites'?

CHRIS

You did, once.

EMMA

Yeah, but I have an IQ and was clearly joking.

IAN

Alright, so all for kicking Waylon out for starting a cult?

LEE

No one's kicking anyone out yet!

(beat)

Waylon, an explanation before I kill you might help.

WAYLON

You really wanna know? I was bored one day way back when. You guys were all out working. So I thought it'd be fun to start up my own religion.

EMMA

(penny drops)

Oh, God. You've got to be kidding me. You called it 'Waylonism,' didn't you?

WAYLON

(proudly)

Yep!

LEE

Oh, good lord.

WAYLON

Actually, we believe in "The Chosen One." Or as I like to call it, "He or She who may saveth the world from destruction." Cool, huh?

EMMA

You're going straight to Hell.

WAYLON

Not exactly. See, I don't believe in Hell. Waylonism embraces the idea of reincarnation.

EMMA

You're coming back as a toad, then.

WAYLON

Maybe. I haven't fully decided on the afterlife endgame yet. We'll see how things go in the next few weeks.

LEE

And how do you fit into this equation if you're not the Chosen One?

WAYLON

Beats me. I just tell 'em that I'm the prophet that the Chosen One selected as their instrument. Through me, their will is done.

CLAIRE

Do you realize how blasphemous this is?

JOHN (O.S.)

Master, are you okay?

WAYLON

I'm fine, John. Thanks!

(to group)

He's protective, that one. He offered to mug an old lady that looked at me funny the other day.

The group all looks slightly disturbed as Waylon grins.

WAYLON (cont'd)

Don't worry. I said no!

CHRIS

How did you get lackeys?

(CONTINUED)

WAYLON

You mean my disciples? I found them on the internet. Started up a website. We've been having meetings for a few weeks now.

CHRIS

Can I have one?

WAYLON

Get your own!

LEE

You have no morals whatsoever, do you? I can foresee this ending very badly.

WAYLON

Guys, don't waste your time worrying. I do the foreseeing around here now! Now relax, the Wondrous One will keep the henchman out of your hair.

(beat)

I'm just wondering how those dedicated hooligans found me?

IAN

That would be my trying to expose you as a con-artist!

WAYLON

Huh. Well, you didn't hear it from me, but John's been to prison and has a record. He doesn't like to talk about it much, poor fella. But I have no qualms sicking him on you if you pull another stunt like that, Ian! This is not a con, this is faith, and I won't stand for such intolerance in my church.

IAN

Oh, please. Ee both know you're up to something.

WAYLON

Ian, some of us have a higher calling in life.

CHRIS

You just said you started this because you were bored.

WAYLON

Tomato, tomato. I figure if Scientology can be considered a real religion, than this has a shot. This could be a big thing in a couple years.

EMMA

Here we go...

WAYLON

People are always looking for something to believe in. Give Waylonism a chance. You'll learn to love it. In Waylon, you should trust.

LEE

Don't expect us to be calling you 'The Wondrous One' any time soon.

CHRIS

Yeah, that bow thing ain't happening either.

IAN

I should have listened to the voice in my head that told me to take you out a long time ago.

WAYLON

Alright, fine. Don't worship me. Just be nice to my crew.

Lee shakes his head to himself, while the others still look at Waylon surprised at what he's done this time.

CLAIRE

(beat)

So to sum up... the religious fanatics are staying for lunch, then?

WAYLON

Glad you offered, Claire! I knew you guys would grow to like them.

Waylon heads back out to the living room, as everyone else shoots accusing looks at Claire.

CLAIRE

Sorry.

CUT TO:

5

INT. APARTMENT - LIVING ROOM - LATER

5

The gang is spread out in the living room, hanging out. Trying to act every bit like this is normal, as Waylon and his associates are standing up in front of them, Steven writing on a white board with a blue marker.

WAYLON

Alright, so these are "Da Rules."  
As spoken through the Chosen One's  
Will. Rule number one -

CHRIS

Get a better name?

IAN

Yeah, how about "Disciples of  
Doom"?

CHRIS

I mean, 'Waylonism' just sounds  
sketchy. It sounds more like a  
disease if you ask me.

WAYLON

Well, we didn't! It stays, because  
it invokes power, and I think it's  
cool. So, rule number one! Steven,  
if you will.

Steven finishes what he's writing and steps back - revealing a long list of twelve rules written on the board.

STEVEN

Reality TV is designed by the  
devil.

EMMA

A robot could tell you that. A  
robot from Mars.

WAYLON

Rule number two! Never cheat with a  
fellow bro's ho.

CLAIRE

These rules have no semblance of  
order of importance, do they?

THE WHOLE TRIO

Huzzah! Order is a way of enslaving  
the mind. To combat this one must  
choose carefully their own path, or  
else they enable the human  
construct.

(CONTINUED)

WAYLON

Which is rule number three!

LEE

I think there's a paradox in there somewhere.

THE WHOLE TRIO

Huzzah! Paradox is -

EMMA

Alright, Waylon's trained you in his own sick twisted beliefs, we get it. Please stop.

WAYLON

Rule number four -

CHRIS

(reading)

Though shalt only kill if thou hast no other choice.

(beat)

That's just ripping off the Ten Commandments.

IAN

Or skewing them to suit your needs, at least.

WAYLON

So I did some editing. Ask me, I think it's an improvement. Rule number five -

CHRIS

Waylon, we can read, you don't have to say them aloud any more.

CLAIRE

For once, I wish I couldn't.

LEE

Is there a point to all this gibberish? Or did you feel like getting the apartment smited by every higher power there is?

WAYLON

The point, naive Lee, is that as long as we're all on this Earth we are damned.

THE WHOLE TRIO

Huzzah! Damned.

Waylon nods proudly, while the rest of the group examines his disciples, expecting more to their statement.

CLAIRE

And this apathetic world view and asinine behavior was brought on by what, exactly? Fate making you its bitch?

WAYLON

Claire! For the last time, it's The Chosen One! And yes, they spoke to me through the signs. But we have bigger issues to discuss for you guys to really understand this.

CHRIS

Yeah, like did Claire just swear?

CLAIRE

I am an adult, Chris. Waylon as a figure head just isn't sitting right with me at the moment.

ASHLEE

Great men are chosen to lead us from the abysmal existence we currently inhabit.

EMMA

Yeah, and when one walks in, we'll let you know right away, honey.

Chris snickers, as Ashlee looks slightly offended.

STEVEN

This man has a gift! Some of you may see it, some of you may not.

IAN

The only gift Waylon has is how much gas he can pass in a week, and his passion for laziness!

CHRIS

Yeah, these signs might be a good reason to start worrying. Joan of Arc thought God talked to her. Turns out that was a tumor. Want us to book you an MRI, Waylon?

The group chuckles, in contrast to Waylon and his disciples.

STEVEN

We have non-believers in the sanctuary!

CHRIS

I'm just saying, we don't want your fearless leader having an aneurism.

STEVEN

Get out, you blasphemous swine!

CHRIS

(beat)

This is my apartment.

JOHN

Master, your friends' disbeliefs are polluting the area.

ASHLEE

It's true. My spirit feels dirty!

IAN

That was just Emma's cooking, Ashlee.

CHRIS

Is that why my stomach is all acid reflex-y?

EMMA

You don't like it, you don't eat it. I'm not Rachel Rae! You want good stuff, look elsewhere.

STEVEN

They do not take this seriously!

CHRIS

Ya think?

WAYLON

Disciples! It's alright. In time they will see. We are being tested.

LEE

This is testing my patience. Waylon, drop the act already.

WAYLON

This isn't an act! This is religion.

LEE

Right. Well. I'll start a religious war in a second if you and your groupies don't back off!

(beat)

How do you feel about an inquisition?

(CONTINUED)

Off of Lee's threatening tone, and Waylon's for once  
faltering smirk:

**BLACK OUT:**

**END OF ACT ONE**

ACT TWO

FADE IN:

6 INT. APARTMENT - LIVING ROOM - DAY

6

The group looks between Lee and Waylon, waiting for one of them to back down or at least speak until:

CHRIS

It worked for the Christians.

(off Claire's look)

It's true! In fact, the Pope even had his bishops and knights inform him about what people confessed, so he could later blackmail them if they were, say, royalty, or he thought he could get something out of it. The Pope's practically the original gangster.

EMMA

How do you know all this?

CHRIS

Twelve years of Catholic School. Eventually some knowledge seeped its way in.

IAN

It also worked in the Holocaust!  
(beat)  
Not that I support that.

EMMA

Except Hitler was bat shit crazy.

IAN

Like Waylon's not? The parallels are there!

STEVEN

We're being threatened!

JOHN

By a bunch of writers?

ASHLEE

I don't like this...

CLAIRE

(patiently)

No one is starting a Holocaust, and Waylon is not Hitler.

IAN

Maybe he was reincarnated?

(CONTINUED)

LEE

That does support Waylonism,  
doesn't it?

WAYLON

You fascists! Leave me and my tribe  
alone. If I'm Hitler reincarnated,  
than you're Queen Elizabeth the  
second!

LEE

She's not dead, dude.

WAYLON

Oh.

(beat)

Well, fartknocker, you're Barbara  
Walters then!

LEE

Also not dead.

WAYLON

Damn it! Well, in your next  
lifetime I hope you come back as a  
male seahorse. Those fantastical  
things have the duty of giving  
birth.

LEE

Right, well, pregnant future  
lifetimes aside... what are you  
doing with this religion of yours?

WAYLON

Trying to save the world!

The group bursts out laughing, all looking back to Waylon  
again. His serious expression makes them find even more  
humour in the situation.

EMMA

You?

IAN

One of the people more likely to  
participate in ending it? Didn't  
you sign up to be one of the  
harbringers of the apocalypse?

WAYLON

I've turned over a new leaf! It's a  
new era.

LEE

(still laughing)

Tell you what. We'll go out and let you have your mass, or whatever you Waylonites call it. But when we get back, your friends will be gone.

STEVEN

Leave his sacred dwelling? This is worse than that time I was abducted by aliens.

Emma takes a step back, while Lee eyes the guy.

LEE

And they'll never come back. Deal?

WAYLON

Deal. And keep in mind, they're only here because Ian continues to be a pain in my ass.

The gang all starts to grab their stuff as Waylon and his disciples congregate at the TV as we:

CUT TO:

The group - minus Waylon - is walking down a typical LA street. The girls with iced beverages in hand.

IAN

Do you know how much of a bad idea this is? Leaving them alone in our apartment? Waylon's going to change the locks. That's what I'd do.

EMMA

As long as there's no pentagram burned into the carpet, I'll be happy.

CLAIRE

And no human sacrifices in the bedrooms.

LEE

I'm just shocked we didn't see this coming. You think our past selves would have noted what he was up to.

EMMA

It's not like we're going to browse his internet history. All his favorites are porn sites anyway.

(CONTINUED)

CHRIS

Still, it's like "Religion for Dummies" back there.

CLAIRE

Who knew Waylon was capable of all this, though?

Lee, Chris, Emma, and Ian instantly raise their hands.

CLAIRE (cont'd)

Guess I just always tried to see the best in people.

IAN

There is no 'best' in him! I've been saying it since day one, Waylon living with us is a bad plan. I was right!

LEE

We'll give you a medal if this ends up badly. In the meantime, what should we do?

IAN

The library's out of the question! They think I'm sick.

EMMA

Sick because you wanted to be here when Waylon and his sham doctrines got busted, or sick because you're avoiding Amy?

IAN

The first one. Why would I be avoiding Amy?

CHRIS

Lee told us about how you drunkenly professed your love last week, and sent an e-mail asking her out.

CLAIRE

Which is very sweet. The spelling mistakes your drunken self probably made aside.

IAN

You guys have known about this the entire time?!? Is nothing sacred?

CHRIS

I'm going to answer that with a 'no.'

LEE

Sorry, Ian, the girls dragged it out of me.

IAN

Right, I'm sure they had the guillotine sharpened and the heretics fork ready.

EMMA

So you haven't heard anything yet?

IAN

No! Not a single text or e-mail back. I mean, I know asking someone out over the internet isn't always the best way to go, but you'd think she'd have some modicum of respect for me after still putting myself out there.

(beat)

We haven't even been scheduled together until today.

Claire rubs Ian's back, as the group turns a corner and heads down another street.

IAN (cont'd)

I mean, how hard is it to even write the word 'no'? Or "Let's just be friends." Hell, a Muppet could do it!

CHRIS

This rant has been brought to you by the letter N.

(off looks)

Sorry, sound comes from my mouth sometimes. I'll get it checked out.

CLAIRE

Maybe she's already seeing someone.

IAN

She isn't.

EMMA

Maybe she's a lesbian.

IAN

Nope. Heterosexual to the bone. I just don't understand how she went completely cold turkey. I mean, I thought we were friends.

LEE

Women are evil. It's that simple. They play with you like a kitten does with yarn until the next new toy comes along. Then they reveal their ferocious claws and rip out your internal organs, gamboling across the carpet and scattering them like so much cold pasta. That's just the way it goes.

Everyone stops, looking to Lee. The girls with a twinge of anger in their eyes.

LEE (cont'd)

No offense. You're both lovely.

The girls smile at the sentiment and continue walking, while Lee uses his hands to communicate that he clearly didn't mean what he just said to the guys.

CHRIS

And I thought I had issues.

CUT TO:

8 INT. APARTMENT - LIVING ROOM - DAY

8

Waylon stands before his disciples, who are sitting on the couches scribbling furiously into their notebooks.

WAYLON

Henceforth, I decree that from now on November fifteenth shall now be "Waylon Day!"

Ashlee looks up from her notebook and raises her hand.

WAYLON (cont'd)

Yes, Compost?

ASHLEE

I don't mean to nitpick, sir, but we already have two Waylon Days scheduled in the calender year. One on March 25th, and one for July 11th.

She lowers her hand, while Waylon rubs his chin, pondering the dilemma.

WAYLON

Hmm, excellent point. I see what you're getting at. Decisions, decisions.

(beat)

(MORE)

(CONTINUED)

WAYLON (cont'd)

I've got it! November 15th will now be the start of Waylon Week. A mandatory holiday in which everyone takes the week off and parties, giving gifts to their loved ones in honour of me, and getting drunk if they are of age, before doing pub crawls across states. How does that sound?

ASHLEE

Brilliant!

Beaming! Ashlee and company scribble down the new information, as Waylon smiles.

WAYLON

Glad we've taken care of that. Now onto business. John, a reading from the Book of Awesome.

JOHN

I'd be honoured, master. Page five today, or six?

WAYLON

Page five will do. But this reminds me, I should start page seven this week.

ASHLEE

I'll make a note of it in my organizer for you.

John rustles up a questionable stack of papers from his bag. The papers crinkled and stapled together, he flips through it.

JOHN

And now, a reading from the book of Awesome. Chapter two: Cowabunga. Lines fourteen to sixteen.

(beat)

Dudes, lest we forget that cursing is not a crime. Merely a portal to passion. As Zordon once said to Alpha, "Rita's escaped! Recruit a team of teenagers with attitude." Note that 'attitude' is the sword of passion. The Power Rangers knew this, and that is why they always won.

John shuts the papers and sticks them back in his bag.

WAYLON

Now what does this passage teach us?

STEVEN

That you were watching 'Power Rangers' on TV when you wrote this?

WAYLON

Obviously. Which was a sign from the Chosen One that I was meant to incorporate it in our sacred text. And?

JOHN

Billy's gay?

WAYLON

Yes. And?

ASHLEE

The Power Rangers are awesome?

WAYLON

Exactly! Now, what's next on the agenda?

ASHLEE

That charity drive at the mall.

WAYLON

Excellent. Are guys ready?

THE WHOLE TRIO

Huzzah! Charity will save us from damnation.

WAYLON

You guys are the best. Now let's move out, and Ash, leave a note for my friends telling them what we're doing so they don't bitch about not being in the loop.

ASHLEE

Right away, sir!

As Ashlee starts to write on her paper once again:

CUT TO:

Ian stands petrified outside the library, while the girls flank either side of him drag him along, Chris and Lee trailing behind.

(CONTINUED)

IAN

You know what? I think I'm good.  
I'm sick, remember?

(coughing)

Don't want me infecting my love  
interest. Or scaring her away  
forever.

EMMA

Ian, relax. This will be good for  
you. It'll help you get closure.

IAN

'Closure'? I'm fine with leaving it  
open ended, actually. She doesn't  
want to step into the 21st century  
because she's technologically  
challenged, that's her problem.

CLAIRE

Ian, breathe.

The girls stop outside the library doors, Ian convulsing and  
trying to break free from their grip, before eventually  
surrendering. But still having a panic attack.

IAN

(breathing)

Right. Oxygen good.

CLAIRE

That's right. Now we're just going  
in there to talk. Try and  
understand why -

EMMA

She's a bitch.

CLAIRE

As Emma's elegantly deduced. Now  
any questions?

IAN

Why do I have to do this?

EMMA

Because we're girls and our advice  
is solid. You might not understand  
the inner workings of the female  
mind, but we do. Plus, we're more  
rational than men.

CHRIS

Actually, that's not true.

EMMA

Chris, I don't want to hear the whole 'girls are more in tune with their emotions' garbage. Now, Ian, are you ready?

IAN

Can't I just go back to loathing her existence behind her back until I get over her?

EMMA

No.

IAN

Give me one good reason why not!

EMMA

Because than you'll repress it and eventually start killing people, and then I have to hear you bitch when you get caught. That's why. Alright?

CLAIRE

It won't be so bad.

IAN

Easy for you to say, you already have someone! We all know I'm walking in there to have my heart ripped out.

EMMA

Closure.

IAN

Stop saying that!

CLAIRE

We'll get you ice cream afterwards if it ends badly.

IAN

That's the pessimism I admire.

EMMA

Ready?

IAN

God, no!

Emma nods to Claire, and they begin to pull Ian into the library. The electronic doors slide open, and Ian's physical attempts to escape eventually subside, as they reach the stairs.

(CONTINUED)

Chris and Lee remain standing outside the library. Lee nods in the girls' direction.

LEE

Care to follow and see what happens?

CHRIS

Not really. Seems personal.  
(beat)  
Ditch?

LEE

(nods)  
Ditch it is.

The two start to walk away from the library.

CHRIS

Want to head back to the apartment and see if Waylon's ascended to a higher plane?

LEE

I'm betting him being crucified is more accurate.

CHRIS

Either, or. It's sure to keep us entertained.

Lee nods, and the two make a right in a direction we can resume will eventually lead to the apartment and:

**BLACK OUT:**

**END OF ACT TWO**

ACT THREE

FADE IN:

10

INT. LIBRARY - BETWEEN SHELVES - DAY

10

Emma and Claire are huddled together on their tiptoes in between a row of books, trying to peer through a shelf. Ian sits behind them, trying to hide.

EMMA

(whispering)

Do you see her?

CLAIRE

Maybe. Is she the one with the blue top?

EMMA

That's where you're looking. I'm looking at the girl in the biography section. But that is a nice top, good eye. Out of a librarian's price range, though.

Claire moves a few books out of her way, placing them on another shelf.

CLAIRE

I think that's her over there, then.

Trying to get a better view, Emma casually takes a couple books, tossing them behind her. Unaware that Ian has to move to miss them.

IAN

(yelling)

Watch it!

The girls duck down! Emma "Shh's" Ian as they hide. While AMY, two rows away with a book in her hand peers through the shelves, curious.

IAN (cont'd)

(whispering)

We don't want me confronting her while looking like I was mugged by a nerd.

EMMA

(shrugging)

Maybe it would help get you the sympathy vote.

AMY (O.S.)

Is somebody there?

(CONTINUED)

The trio cringe, as they all try to stay very quiet. No one moving a muscle...

CLAIRE

That's definitely her.

Ian and Emma glare at Claire, with raised hands and looks that say "Your words aren't helping!"

EMMA

I think we got that.

AMY (O.S.)

Hello?

Footsteps are heard approaching. Ian, Emma, and Claire jump up. Ian looks at the end of the aisle and slowly walks backwards.

IAN

Crap. Alright, we need a plan. A solid plan, something that says "No, me and my friends weren't watching you work, but by the way they want to know what shampoo you use." If only there was a secret passageway! Think girls, what would Lee do?

Ian turns around, and realizes the girls have booked it and are nowhere to be seen. Turning around, it's too late! Amy stands at the end of the aisle and he's clearly been spotted.

IAN (cont'd)

(to himself)

Right, Lee would have run.

Trying his best "Everything's Normal" smile, Ian waves as we:

CUT TO:

The door to the apartment opens and in steps Lee followed by Chris. Each guy slightly taken aback at the empty apartment.

CHRIS

Hmmm... this is the start of an M. Knight Shyamalan movie.

LEE

You mean a random plot that would never plausibly happen, followed by twist that really isn't a twist?

CHRIS

Not the way I'd have phrased it,  
but you're old, so the  
aforementioned response will  
suffice.

(mock surprise)

Did they have movies back when you  
were a kid?

LEE

Yes, but I believe they called them  
"talkies." And yes, they were in  
black and white.

CHRIS

Of course, I'd expect no less.

Lee raises his eyebrows, while Chris ventures deeper into the  
living room, and spots a folded piece of paper on the coffee  
table.

LEE

What, no acerbic rebuttal?

CHRIS

You went with the insult, so I had  
to drop the Alzheimer's jab I had  
planned.

LEE

That's a shame.

CHRIS

Next time, though. I'm working on  
some stuff. My people will harass  
your people.

LEE

Your people are gits by the way, in  
case anyone hasn't told you.

CHRIS

Oh, they have, but that's what  
they're paid for. If you'd like to  
leave a complaint just stick a note  
under the bed, someone will get to  
it eventually.

Chris picks up the note and opens it.

LEE

And where is our resident personal  
Jesus?

CHRIS

(scanning)

According to this, and I quote,  
 "Bitches, gone to the mall to help  
 out charity... fo shizzle. Peace.  
 With you and for the world."

(beat)

And then it's signed 'Ashlee.' She  
 writes a good Waylon.

LEE

Waylon. At a charity event.

(beat)

I think that's one of the signs for  
 the apocalypse.

CHRIS

He's started his own religion  
 endorsing himself, and you've only  
 arrived at this conclusion now?

LEE

I was a bit preoccupied trying to  
 wrap my head around how he had  
 found himself followers.

CHRIS

Man, that was apocalypse sign  
 number one.

LEE

Want to head down and scurry up  
 some front row seats, then?

CHRIS

Why not? A few earthquakes and  
 plagues could be fun.

CUT TO:

Ian's faintly waving as Amy drops her book, and takes a step  
 forward.

AMY

Jack, what the hell are you doing  
 here? I thought you were out sick.

IAN

I was... and am. Technically.

AMY

And the influenza just waltzed out  
 of your system?

(CONTINUED)

IAN

Advil works wonders.

AMY

And the ruckus and voices I just heard? Is there a logical explanation for that? Because whenever I feel creeped out at my work environment, you're always around.

IAN

I swear... we weren't watching you. There's a good explanation for this Amy, there is.

(beat)

Just let me think of one.

AMY

The fact that you even have to think of one gives me goosebumps and proves my point.

IAN

And I apologize for that. You shouldn't feel threatened around me, I'm harmless. Hell, I have a fear of ducks.

(beat)

Look, I'm trying to be rational here, and for me the fact that I have to try in itself is hard...

(without stopping)

I have feelings for you. And I guess or actually I know I've acted wrongly.

AMY

So you watch me through the shelves? That's comforting. Hey, maybe next time you can show me the shrine of pictures you have of me in your closet. That'd be neat!

(beat)

Now you have five seconds to give me an explanation before I scream for our security friends to come with the mace. Five, four, three, two -

IAN

I have dyslexia!

Amy takes a step back and looks around, as Ian sheepishly rubs the back of his head and awkwardly laughs. The tense situation in the air before is now tense free.

(CONTINUED)

AMY  
(surprised)  
What?

IAN  
I genuinely do.

AMY  
But aren't you a writer?

IAN  
I am. But just because I have  
difficulty reading at times doesn't  
mean I can't, nor does it mean I  
can't write.  
(beat)  
Plus, spell checker.

The two of them share an understanding look, before Amy takes another few steps forward, angry again.

AMY  
Okay, so sympathy or knowing you  
more aside, don't change the  
subject! What does that have to do  
with stalking me?

IAN  
(quickly)  
I wasn't! My friends were. And I  
guess what I'm trying to do in this  
terribly awkward situation is to be  
honest about something and share  
something with you.  
(beat)  
And you know what, you don't have a  
right to be angry! You're the one  
who chose to be a bitch while I put  
myself on the line. And the whole  
'calling security every time you're  
in danger' card is annoying. Are  
you sleeping with one of those guys  
or something?

AMY  
Look, about the e-mail Jack -

IAN  
My name is Ian! And I'm not done  
yet! Look, I like you a helluva  
lot. Bitch move aside. I think it's  
cute the way you think the word  
"Oreo" is funny and so you always  
giggle when someone has them for a  
snack.

(MORE)

IAN (cont'd)

I like how your favorite book is "Alice in Wonderland" even though it was written by a guy on an acid trip. And I am utterly bedazzled at the fact that you're gorgeous and intelligent, so I asked you out. Drunkenly online, was my mistake, but still! You should've responded or at least shown some human decency.

AMY

Ian, listen, I'm sorry about that. Alright? It was immature of me to deny that I had gotten your e-mail. Is that what you want to hear?

IAN

No! This isn't an after school special. I just want you to know that you're in the wrong too.

Amy nervously adjusts her shirt, while Ian has his arms crossed, and glares for a long beat.

AMY

If it's any consolation, I now feel like crap.

IAN

Good!

AMY

And I truly am sorry. My answer was obviously no, but I should've still told you.

IAN

Okay then, I'm glad we cleared that up.

Off the two of them now avoiding eye contact with each other as they each try to focus their attention on anything else but the person before them, we:

CUT TO:

Zippering past an ocean of people flitting in and out into stores, women with their purses, guys looking like they don't want to be there, and children running around playing.

We see a line up of people in the centre aisle. Lined up in front of a booth where we find Waylon...

(CONTINUED)

Sitting at said booth and grinning, there's a banner that looks like it was designed to cheer on a high school football team. It reads: WAYLONISM: WE BELIEVE THE CHILDREN ARE OUR FUTURE."

Waylon's disciples are in the area too, handing out flyers. Except John, who stands behind Waylon protectively.

WOMAN

Do you accept cheques, sir?

WAYLON

Hell yeah we do, ma'am! Cheques, credit cards, cash, even Canadian money. Every donation helps.

WOMAN

Oh, thank Heaven! I mean, I know you don't believe in that stuff, and I don't mean to discriminate. I just want to help. Now, who do I make this out to?

WAYLON

(laughing)

Just make it out to me ,darlin.'  
Waylon Wyche. Ambassador for peace.

The woman politely smiles and starts to write her cheque out as we:

DISSOLVE TO:

Waylon nods along as a man before him talks.

MAN

It's just, I think Waylonism has truly changed my life, man. I mean, reincarnation? Why didn't I think of it before? Now I don't have any money now, but is there any other way I can make a donation to this cause?

WAYLON

I'm glad you brought it up, my good man. You can make a donation online. Just go to [www.waylonskids.com](http://www.waylonskids.com).

(thoughtfully)

And I hope you come back in your next life as a lizard. Cause reptile are cool.

(CONTINUED)

14 CONTINUED:

14

MAN

Thanks, man! I hope you come back as a dragon. Those things are wicked.

The man heads away and Waylon beams as we:

DISSOLVE TO:

15 INT. MALL - LATER

15

A typical California raised stereotype blonde stands before Waylon. Sporting sunglasses, with a designer purse, and chewing gum.

BLONDE CHICK

It's just, I hear that Waylonism is like the new Jewish. You know how being Jewish was in, right? I think it's in. I was Buddhist before I became Jewish. I was wiccan and totally lost before that. I'd try and do the whole Scientology thing but Daddy says it's too expensive. Is there anything I have to do in particular to be a Waylonite? Like, do we fast? Because I'm cool with that.

WAYLON

Waylonism is a way of life. Live the way you want to live, babe.

BLONDE CHICK

Cool! This is so going on my blog.  
(beat)  
Now, who do I make this cheque out to?

WAYLON

Waylon Wyche. Executive in charge of saving the baby piggies.

The girl scribbles Waylon's name down, and pulls her cell phone out before leaving.

Another GUY is about to approach, but Chris and Lee come out of nowhere and cut him off.

GUY

Hey, I've been waiting for an hour!

CHRIS

Sorry, we're friends with Allah or the great dictator. Whatever you guys call him.

(CONTINUED)

GUY

So?

CHRIS

So, when you have to wait an hour to use the bathroom or listen to his stories about having a pet skunk that lives in his pants, your line privileges will come before ours.

As if that settled the matter, Chris and Lee turn around to Waylon and take a step up. In spite of the guy behind them's pissed off stance.

LEE

Hey! Found your note. This is... the last thing I expected you to be doing.

WAYLON

Cool! I was hoping you bitches would show up and lend a hand.

(to Chris)

And it's 'Wondrous One,' assgoblin.

CHRIS

Whatever. Your followers say Wondrous One, I'll say Osiris. Because until you King Arthur something from the stone I'm not buying any of this.

JOHN

Master, would you like me to squash the unbeliever?

John takes a step forward as Chris looks at him like he's stoned. Waylon looking between them for a second as if considering the notion of ass-kicking.

WAYLON

Nah, he's cool. Last thing we want is him poisoning me in my sleep. Thanks again though, John. But I told you about our roommate Ian, he's all yours when you have the time.

JOHN

He will be taken care of.

LEE

(ignoring the previous statement)

(MORE)

(CONTINUED)

LEE (cont'd)

So, nice little set up you have going here.

WAYLON

I know. I told the mall people it was for charity and we were a religion, and they were immediately co-operative when I called them last week. Didn't want a lawsuit on their hands or something. It's funny what religion does to people.

CHRIS

Yeah. Burnings at the stake, exorcisms, stoning people. It's a hoot.

WAYLON

It has its downfalls, I'll admit, buttmunch. I'm not crazy.

CHRIS

I'm just going through an "against religious institutions" phase. People want something to believe in, that's cool. People guilt tripping others and trying to shove a belief down your throats, I'm against.

(off looks)

Catholic School. Issues.

LEE

At least you had the school girls in uniforms.

CHRIS

That I'm not complaining about!

WAYLON

So are you two fine gentleman going to help a man help the helpless or what?

LEE

I'm still rather suspect of this endeavor of yours. Waylon helping people?

(shakes head)

There's just something off with that sentence.

CHRIS

And I'm just waiting for you to get struck by lightning.

WAYLON

You fascists! I'm not up to anything. For the last time, stop doubting me. I'm here for a good cause.

Chris and Lee laugh as Waylon throws a pencil in their direction.

LEE

We'll believe that when... actually we'll never believe that. Sorry.

WAYLON

As long as you two are here, grab a seat and stop pestering me. I have lives to change.

Lee and Chris laugh again, as they make their way around the booth and grab a chair each.

LEE

I can see this ending badly. I just have a feeling.

CHRIS

That could just be John glaring at us like the Gestapo.

True enough, Lee looks behind him and notices John's sneer as he has all of his attention devoted to the back of Chris' head and Lee.

LEE

This just confirms my bad feeling.

CHRIS

Yeah, but at least the girls aren't being watched. So if we go missing, there will be people to look for us.

CUT TO:

EMMA

If only we could hear what they're saying.

Back with Emma and Claire, the duo are between another row of book and have cleared a nice little viewing niche for themselves as they spy on Ian and Amy three rows away.

Books lay askew on the floor, and the girls have yet to notice the two library SECURITY GUARDS standing behind them.

(CONTINUED)

CLAIRE

I think it's going well, though. I mean, they both yelled at each other, but I think they've found a common ground. One of them hasn't raised their voice at the other for the last three minutes.

EMMA

I know, and while I'm happy for Ian to work out his issues, you just know he's going to leave the details out when he tells us later!

CLAIRE

You're just a bit nosey, have you realized that?

EMMA

It's a character flaw. I waited three hours before going through your stuff when we first moved in.

CLAIRE

(shocked)  
What?

EMMA

I just wanted to make sure my roommate was normal and I wasn't bedding near a psycho.

CLAIRE

(narrows eyes)  
At least one of us isn't. Because one of us definitely is.

EMMA

Hey, I had a right to -

COUGH, COUGH. The girls look to each other first, and then behind them, and finally note with horror that there's two security guards behind them.

SECURITY GUARD #1

You two don't seem to be looking at the books.

CLAIRE

Oh, we are. Big fans.

Claire looks to the books that are piled around them on the floor.

CLAIRE (cont'd)

We'd just read those already. We're looking for something with more substance.

SECURITY GUARD #1

Like we haven't heard that line before.

SECURITY GUARD #2

You two seem awfully interested in our employees over there.

EMMA

(pointing)

Who? Them? We're roommates with one of them.

SECURITY GUARD #2

Please, we're seasoned pros. Every stalker says their stalkee is their roommate. So you know what we're going to have to do?

SECURITY GUARD #1

Code: Liberty at midnight.

EMMA

Oh, God! We're not going to have to go on a double date with you are we?

(to Claire)

I call dibs on the tall one.

The two guards immediately get offended, and reach for their belts, as Claire stares at Emma livid at what she said.

Emma is too busy to notice, though, as her attention is on security's hands searching their belt for something.

EMMA (cont'd)

(nervously)

Did I say 'date'? Silly me...I meant... mate. We don't want to mate with you. Not until after a date, of course. We're ladies.

(off Claire's look)

Screw this! Run!

Emma bolts one way and Claire runs in the opposite direction. Both gone in an instant.

SECURITY GUARD #2

They know we were just going to ban them from the library, right?

(CONTINUED)

16 CONTINUED: (3)

16

SECURITY GUARD #1  
Ah, they're LA'S problem now.

The two guards shrug and casually walk down the direction  
Emma went and we:

CUT TO:

17 INT. MALL - DAY

17

Waylon's in the process of explaining something to a RANDOM  
before them and uses a lot of hand gestures, as Chris and Lee  
sit behind them. Lee shuffling through some paperwork.

LEE  
I still think this is crazy.

CHRIS  
It's religion. It has that effect  
on the majority of people.

WAYLON  
(to guy)  
So that's when I realized I had a  
mission! And believe you me, I was  
surprised the higher powers chose a  
masterpiece such as myself for the  
task, but I'm up for the job. The  
question is, are you?

LEE  
(off Waylon/to Chris)  
Good point.

CHRIS  
So you won't be joining a convent  
then and embracing monkshood?  
Future male pattern baldness and  
lack of sex life aside?

LEE  
Piss off! Even though I walked into  
that one.

CHRIS  
I just think a vow of silence would  
be good for you is all.

LEE  
You take a bloody vow of silence!

CHRIS  
I'm just saying, it's an option for  
you if the writing thing fails.  
Plus, you get to wear a brown robe!

(CONTINUED)

LEE

Shut it. Before I buy you a muzzle.

Lee flips over a page and starts to scan it again, eyes focusing in as if he's spotted something.

CHRIS

You didn't find God too, did you?  
Cause one saint in the house is  
enough.

LEE

No, just a funny little number. See  
for yourself. The charity's  
account, I'm guessing?

Lee hands the paper over to Chris.

CHRIS

(scanning)

Zero, seven, three, seven, nine,  
zero, two, four, one, five, five,  
nine.

(pondering)

Isn't that Waylon's bank account?

LEE

How the hell do you know that?

CHRIS

(matter-of-factly)

Photographic memory. And it  
involved access to potential money  
in case of emergency.

LEE

So to sum up with what we've just  
learned, then, all the money from  
this thing, the website, cash, all  
of it is being put directly into  
Waylon's bank account.

Steven and Ashlee rush over to the booth, and with John they tower over Waylon.

LEE

(beat)

Crap, I said that too loud, didn't  
I?

Everyone in the line is in shock, as a women drops her purse and others head up to the table as well, forgetting entirely that they were in a line.

17 CONTINUED: (2)

CHRIS

From the approaching angry mob, I'd  
have to go with 'yup.'

Waylon looks at them all and nervously chuckles, as his hands  
are wrapped around some cash.

**BLACK OUT:**

**END OF ACT THREE**

ACT FOUR

FADE IN:

18

INT. MALL - DAY

18

Everyone still surrounds Waylon, while Chris and Lee have a backseat view to the whole thing.

ASHLEE

Wondrous One, is what your atheist friends said true?

STEVEN

Is all this money really not helping the children? I thought we were using the money to implant them with tracking chips in case they were lost.

CHRIS

(to Lee)

He really belongs in a psych ward.

RANDOM

Is this whole thing a scam?

FAT LADY

But I just became a member!

WAYLON

Now y'all listen here. Alright. Those two sitting behind me don't know anything.

ASHLEE

But they're you're friends! Why would they lie?

WAYLON

They're both pathological liars. It's their parents' fault.

(beat)

They were beaten as kids.

RANDOM

He didn't make eye contact! He's lying!

WAYLON

Hey! Give a man proper time to explain. Now, you all want answers, I'll be more than happy to give them to ya. Just meet me at this address, and I'll reveal all.

(CONTINUED)

Waylon scribbles a random address down onto a scrap of paper and shoves it in front of the crowd.

WAYLON (cont'd)

There. See? Seven o'clock tonight, show up and I'll bring the snacks.

JOHN

You're lying. How the hell do we know you'll even show up to this?

STEVEN

Is the government behind this?

LADY

I want my money back!

CROWD

Yeah!

WAYLON

Now you all know our policy is no refunds. You can't take back from charity. Only give.

ASHLEE

But the money's all going to you! How's that helping anyone?

WAYLON

It's helping me! Seriously, you guys don't know how broke I was.

The crowd takes a dangerous step forward, and Lee and Chris move back in their seats a bit.

WAYLON (cont'd)

But I promise I will use it in the best interest of Waylonism!

CROWD

(chanting)

We want our money! We want our money!

JOHN

There's only one thing left to do.

ASHLEE

(nodding)

We have to teach him a lesson.

WAYLON

Hey! I'm the teacher, folks! Lest we forget rule number nine: forgiveness kind of bites but is sometimes required.

(beat)

So come on, make with the forgiving already!

Silence follows Waylon's statement, as he nervously laughs again and the crowd all glare daggers and starts to inch closer.

RANDOM

Get him!

Waylon shares a shit eating grin, and jumps up. Grabs the cash box in front of him and makes a run for it.

A few crowd members manage to get to where he's going first, but he TACKLES them and they fall to the ground.

WAYLON

High school football, folks. It's handy in the worst case scenario options.

With that he continues running off in the direction for the exit, dodging past the occasional shopper, but the angry mob is not far behind, and is closing in.

Chris and Lee watch until both Waylon and mob disappear from view.

LEE

Now it all makes sense.

CHRIS

I knew I smelt a scheme behind this!

LEE

They're going to kill him if they catch up. Should we do something?

CHRIS

If we had a car I'd be all for being the getaway vehicle, but we don't. So I don't think we should feel as obligated.

Lee nods and looks around at the booth and the mess the angry mob created before them, before looking to Chris.

(CONTINUED)

LEE

Upset you weren't a part of this one?

CHRIS

Am I bad person if I feel inclined to say yeah?

Lee nods as we:

FADE TO:

19 INT. LIBRARY - BETWEEN SHELVES - DAY

19

Ian and Amy are sorting the books out the girls dropped from earlier. Placing them back in their proper place, etc.

Ian picks up the last two and laughs to himself as he realizes one of them is "Alice in Wonderland."

Amy notices, but doesn't say anything. Ian finds the books' original spots and places them back.

IAN

So I guess we're done, huh?

Ian looks to Amy who shares a sad smile.

AMY

Yeah, I guess so.

Ian motions to the exit with his hands.

IAN

Alright, well, I'll be heading off then. Enjoy the rest of your shift.

AMY

Yeah... thanks.

(hopefully)

See you next time you work!

IAN

I doubt it. I think I'm going to ask the boss to give us different hours for the time being.

AMY

Oh.

IAN

It's nothing personal. I mean, yeah it is in reality, but until I get over you it's for the best.

(CONTINUED)

AMY

Ian, you don't have to do this.

IAN

I think I really do. Don't worry, the 'not responding to my e-mail' thing makes it a little easier.

(beat)

Besides, I'm looking forward to working with angst free hours.

Ian waves goodbye, and turns around to head out. He doesn't look back once as Amy looks frozen with guilt as he walks away. Nothing left to say and we:

FADE TO:

Lee, Emma, Chris, and Claire sit at the table and are finishing off a pizza at the kitchen table.

EMMA

Now delivery, that's an act of God.

CHRIS

If only because it saves us from enduring your cooking.

EMMA

Hey, you said you liked bacon and waffles!

CHRIS

Were they waffles? I thought they were soft taco shells.

EMMA

You little -

LEE

Kids, play nice.

EMMA

Fine. Next time Chris cooks, and we can all make fun of that. I think we all remember the dance he did because he successfully made toast.

CHRIS

I ordered the pizza, that's my turn done for the week.

Chris takes a bite of his pizza, as Claire puts her crust on her plate and looks to the group.

(CONTINUED)

CLAIRE

Think Waylon's coming back?

LEE

At this rate, who knows? It's been a few hours. Maybe he left the country.

CLAIRE

I just can't believe he did that. It's despicable.

The apartment door is heard, and everyone looks to the living room.

LEE

Maybe that's him.

It's Ian! He walks in, shoulders down, and looking tired. He doesn't even acknowledge the presence of the group, he just grabs a slice of pizza and sits on the floor, even though there's chairs available.

CLAIRE

Hey. How'd it go with Amy?

IAN

Good in an 'I never want to see her face again' kind of way.

LEE

Shame. Sorry to hear that, buddy.

IAN

No, it's good. It's for the best.

EMMA

Really?

IAN

Yeah. I got closure.

He shares an understanding look with the girls before angrily taking a bite of his pizza.

CLAIRE

At least some good came of it, then.

CHRIS

We can send a virus to her computer if you want?

IAN

Nah, I'll take the mature route this time.

The apartment door CREAKS open, and everyone looks to each other before looking back to their view of the living room, as Waylon slowly steps in.

WAYLON

One of you will betray me.

IAN

I already did!

CLAIRE

Oh my...

Looking like a walking bruise, one hand holds an ice pack to his head, his right eye is black, and he has several stitches - a few under his chin, and a few over his left eyebrow.

IAN

Proof!

Everyone ignores Ian's comment, as Chris pushes out a chair for Waylon to sit on, he does so and grabs a slice of pizza.

WAYLON

How'd you guys know? Man, I was hoping it was delivery night.

Waylon starts to eat, as everyone looks at him for a few beats, clearly expecting some sort of explanation.

CHRIS

Are you okay?

WAYLON

(chewing)

Me? Yeah! Never been better. I've been through worse.

(reminiscing)

This one time, my family was out camping and me and my cousin got hammered. Unfortunately our tents were set up on a cliff, and idiot that I was, I thought I was going for a leak in the bushes... and I fell off.

Waylon bursts out laughing at the memory, while everyone else looks slightly put off.

WAYLON (cont'd)

Don't worry, guys. There was a lake beside the cliff! Luckily enough I fell into a few thousand galleons of water. That woke me up and hurt like a bitch, but it happens.

LEE

And this was worse than the  
Frankenstein style mob that wanted  
your head on a stick earlier?

WAYLON

Hell, yeah! Mother Nature kicked my  
ass at Wyche Camping. Those pansies  
today just got in a few good flesh  
wounds. The doctor says I'll bounce  
back in a few weeks.

CLAIRE

And said angry mob isn't going to  
burn our apartment down to the  
ground?

WAYLON

Nope. I told them to leave you guys  
out of it, and they said everything  
was square once they got all their  
money back.

(beat)

And could hit me until I was  
knocked out. That's why it took so  
long for me to make it back. Aside  
from the hospital trip. Damn  
doctors refusing to give me the  
good drugs!

LEE

Maybe you did something in a past  
life?

Lee laughs at his own joke, while everyone, including Waylon  
looks to him with stony expressions.

LEE (cont'd)

Too soon for a reincarnation joke?

CHRIS

Which Waylonism ripped off from  
Buddhism, by the way.

(beat)

Why do I know this?

WAYLON

We all have our crosses to bear. No  
pun intended.

EMMA

So is this sham religion thing what  
you've been doing this whole time?  
I mean, aside from your duties to  
the couch and your enthusiasm for  
remaining unemployed?

(CONTINUED)

WAYLON

Yep. It's been my pet project for the past few months now. What, you guys honestly thought I just sat around all day and thought of ways to torment you?

CHRIS

Yeah.

IAN

Yes!

EMMA

Wouldn't put it past you.

LEE

It's very... 'you.'

CLAIRE

I thought there might have been hope for you!

Everyone rolls their eyes at Claire.

WAYLON

Well, thank you, Claire.

CLAIRE

Oh, don't thank me, I've lost it now.

EMMA

I must admit, I'm mildly impressed you managed to pull all of this together. Even though it was a scam.

CHRIS

I'm just glad we accidentally got you busted before the government had you audited.

CLAIRE

And I'm happy Brian was busy today and got to miss this entire business venture of yours.

WAYLON

All reasons to celebrate, folks!

LEE

So is Waylonism dead?

WAYLON

Until I find a celebrity to endorse it, yeah.

LEE

Waylon...

WAYLON

I was thinking Keira Knightley, maybe Bruce Willis. I mean, Bruce Willis has that whole action figure hero vibe which I think is cool, but Keira Knightley is just... damn sexy. She can be my pirate of the Caribbean when we role play. Like a sexy tempting Vishnu, or Artemis, or -

LEE

Waylon. Drop it.

WAYLON

I'm just, saying aside from the getting caught I was on to a good thing. I was gonna bring in some good money.

EMMA

Like you'd have shared it with any of us!

WAYLON

Now we'll never know. So, back to Waylonism -

CLAIRE

I think I've had enough of religion for one day.

Claire gets up and starts to leave the kitchen, as does Chris.

CHRIS

Amen.

**BLACK OUT:**

**END OF SHOW**