

# THE HIGH LIFE

"Dimebag"

by  
Lee A. Chrimes  
&  
Waylon Wyche

TEASER

FADE IN:

1

INT. UCLA - SEMINAR ROOM - MORNING

1

TITLE OVER: UCLA WRITING SEMINAR, 2032

A combination of STUDENTS AND ADULTS are packed into the large auditorium, awaiting a speaker. Random chatter, the occasional outburst from fancy college kids.

LEE A. CHRIMES (52, well dressed and British) takes the podium. The audience sits up in their seats, anticipating. This man is well known and respected. Somehow.

OLD LEE

Good morning, room full of eager  
young faces.

CROWD

Good morning.

He scans the crowd - one hand absently playing with a WEDDING BAND round his finger.

OLD LEE

As most of you well know, my name  
is Lee Anthony Chrimes. If that  
name doesn't sound familiar, you're  
probably looking for the Geology  
workshop down the hall. And if  
you're not looking for the workshop  
and still do not recognize the  
name, you obviously couldn't make  
it back to your dorm room after the  
Delta House kegger last night.

Laughter from the students.

OLD LEE (cont'd)

In which case, I applaud your  
resourcefulness in finding your way  
here. I, myself, caught a ride on a  
golf cart from a Delta brother just  
moments ago so I share in your  
grief, but let's make the best of  
it, shall we, and try to refrain  
from snoring?

Another round of laughter.

(CONTINUED)

1 CONTINUED:

OLD LEE (cont'd)

Now, I'm sure you're all aware of my many writing, producing, and directing ventures and the various awards that I've received so I'll not be reciting my resume for you, but instead delve right into the topic at hand.

A quick sip from his water and:

OLD LEE (cont'd)

This lecture is meant to be insightful and, hopefully, inspiring to those of you that wish to follow, however loosely, in my footsteps. I, personally, have found that...

He stops as he notices a hand raised in one of the front few rows.

OLD LEE (cont'd)

Uh, yes, you, sir, do you have a question?

A HIPPY STUDENT stands up in the front row.

HIPPY

Yeah, I was just wanting to know how you got started in the business.

A PROFESSOR quickly makes her way to the podium.

PROFESSOR

I'll have to ask you to hold your questions until after the lecture so that Mr. Chrimes may -

OLD LEE

No, that's quite alright. Perhaps a round of Q&A is just the way to get the proverbial ball rolling.

The Hippy smiles back as he sits down, obviously gleeful that his side was taken over the stuffy Professor's.

OLD LEE (cont'd)

How did I get started, you asked. You obviously haven't read my book.

The crowd laughs.

(CONTINUED)

OLD LEE (cont'd)

I was writing scripts for years before I began getting paid to do it, you see. Not only because I enjoyed it, but it also proved an extraordinary outlet for a twentysomething male with extreme passive aggressive tendencies. Whereas I could not feasibly kill a man in cold blood in this, the real world, I could kill his character dead enough on paper and suffer none of the ill consequences such as imprisonment and the impending bitchdom that would supercede my own will.

(beat; thinking)

So that's how I got started writing in the script format, but if you're inquiring as to how I actually, physically got my foot into the door of the world of entertainment, I suppose that the myopic cloud concealing my future first began to dissipate in the months immediately following my move to LA. But it wasn't so much my being in Los Angeles that helped me, as it was the group of friends that I came to LA with.

(beat)

Those that survived, I mean.

"What I Got" by Sublime starts playing as we CUT TO:

2 INT. APARTMENT - EVENING

2

Where LEE (at the right age this time) is mid-rant:

LEE

You workshy bunch of lazy, irresponsible bastards!

He's yelling at WAYLON, CHRIS, EMMA, CLAIRE and IAN, who variously cringe from the yelling or jut their chins out defiantly.

LEE (cont'd)

I turn my back for five minutes - five sodding minutes - and you all disappear back to O'Grady's like we don't have a mountain of work that'd dwarf Kiliman-fricken-jaro to get through!

(CONTINUED)

WAYLON

All those in favour of punching Lee  
in the throat?

He raises his hand. The others follow.

LEE

Don't think you can sass your way  
out of this!

CHRIS

Who's 'sassing'? This is plain old-  
fashioned mutiny.

WAYLON

My favourite kind.

They bump fists. Lee starts waving his arms as he gets more  
exasperated.

LEE

I asked you all to do one thing!

He scoops up a wad of PAPERS from the counter, shaking them  
furiously at the others.

LEE (cont'd)

One thing!

CLAIRE

Lee, please calm down. It wasn't  
our fault that -

LEE

And you! You. You I'm disappointed  
in most of all.

CLAIRE

Excuse me?

LEE

You're supposed to be the  
responsible one! How could you let  
them get away with forgetting to  
post the outline for the project to  
the studio?

CLAIRE

I didn't -

LEE

(over her)

The deadline's tomorrow morning!  
What, was it going to deliver  
itself?

He HURLS the papers across the room, then spins on his heel and marches over to the front door.

He grabs his coat and exits, SLAMMING the door behind him. Silence falls for a few beats before:

EMMA

He's actually a bit scary when he's that angry.

CHRIS

You think?

IAN

I think I might have just had an accident.

CLAIRE

He's right. We bailed on posting the outline, and now there's no way the studio will see it in time. We'll miss the cut off for the unproduced pilot contest.

WAYLON

(claps hands)  
Eh. No use crying over spilt milk.

IAN

Oh, so it was you who did that?

WAYLON

(ignoring him)  
Lee'll go stomping round the nearest park muttering to himself for a few hours, and we can't get any work done now as it's...  
(checks watch)  
... some time after after lunch, so we may as well go back out. In fact, I think I know just the place...

EMMA

Again? That's what got us into this mess!

WAYLON

That's what got you into this mess. Lee never trusts me with anything, therefore I'm free of any and all blame and/or responsibility.

He settles back on the sofa, hands behind his head.

IAN

(to Waylon)

Only, the kitchen's smelt like a  
dead cat's food bowl for days now,  
and I couldn't work out what was  
causing it...

Claire rises, heading for the coatstand.

EMMA

Where are you going?

CLAIRE

I'll find Lee. The rest of you...  
just try to do some work before he  
gets back.

She exits. The others exchange glances.

CHRIS

She didn't say we couldn't do this  
'work' she mentioned without  
alcohol...

EMMA

I'll get my wallet.

And as the others pick themselves up out of their chairs, we:

**BLACK OUT:**

**END OF TEASER**

ACT ONE

FADE IN:

3

EXT. STREET - NIGHT

3

Waylon and Ian are walking down a street filled with huge, lavish houses. They're also pretty close to the beach.

IAN

Remind me again how this will help?

WAYLON

Because whenever you guys need a jolt of inspiration, you turn to me for the answers.

IAN

I'm only here because Chris is with Emma and Claire's still looking for Lee.

Waylon glances at Ian - then SHOVES him.

IAN (cont'd)

Oi!

WAYLON

How are you gonna learn anything if you never listen?

IAN

What am I about to learn, exactly?  
A skillset for breaking and entering?

He indicates some of the expensive properties lining the street next to them.

IAN (cont'd)

We don't earn enough money combined to even be allowed to walk on this pavement, let alone enter any of the houses!

WAYLON

Sidewalk.

IAN

What?

Waylon stops. Points at his feet - or the sidewalk beneath.

WAYLON

This is called a 'sidewalk.' Say it with me.

(CONTINUED)

IAN

I'll do no such thing.

WAYLON

Damn it, Ian, you're supposed to be integrating yourself with the locals!

IAN

No, you're the one doing that. Which is why you keep getting arrested.

WAYLON

Whatever, dude. We're here.

Waylon turns and starts walking up a driveway towards yet another massive beachfront residence. A dozen high-spec cars are parked outside.

Waylon gets halfway up before he realises Ian isn't following. He turns - Ian is hanging back, shuffling his feet awkwardly.

WAYLON (cont'd)

What?

IAN

(shakes head)  
I'm not doing it.

WAYLON

(as if scolding a child)  
Get over here!

IAN

No! Your plans always end in disaster!

WAYLON

Get! Over! Here!

IAN

No!

WAYLON

Get!

Ian shakes his head. Waylon is reduced to a single-syllable GRUNT - as the front door opens behind him.

Waylon is bathed in light as he turns - and framed in the doorway is the heavenly form of a slender, blonde BABE. She's wearing a bikini and shawl, marguerita in hand.

BABE

Oh, hey! You must be more of  
Victor's friends, right?

WAYLON

That is right. Friends of Victor.

He turns to Ian - whose jaw has dropped at the sight of the girl.

WAYLON (cont'd)

You'll have to excuse my friend. He  
has a very rare form of autism  
triggered by smokin' hotness.

The Babe giggles then steps away, leaving the door open.

WAYLON (cont'd)

(turning)  
So who's the -

WHAP! Ian literally BARGES Waylon aside as he tears into the house. Waylon recovers, grins, and follows Ian as we CUT TO:

4 INT. O'GRADY'S - NIGHT

4

Chris and Emma sit opposite each other in a booth, the bar around them one of those quiet midtown places.

Papers and notes are spread across the table before them, Emma scribbling on a notepad with her head down.

EMMA

Alright. So. Points of conflict,  
Act One. Go.

CHRIS

You know, I really like the way  
your hair falls across your eyes.

Emma looks up - then tucks her hair back behind her ears. She taps on Chris' noticeably blank notepad with her pen.

EMMA

Less flirting. More work.

CHRIS

Okay, okay. Conflict, Act One.  
Uh...

EMMA

Chris, come on. You know that if  
we've made even a bit of progress  
when Lee comes back, he'll be all  
apologetic for blowing up at us,  
and things'll get back to normal.

(CONTINUED)

CHRIS

Assuming we have a 'normal' setting.

EMMA

And I'm still not hearing any points of conflict...

Chris scoops up some of the papers.

CHRIS

Okay... we've got Roxanne, who wants to get the job but can't because the clerk at the temp agency has a crush on her, and keeps giving her shitty placements she hates and quits so he has to come back into the agency and spend time with him.

EMMA

Good. Next?

CHRIS

(leafing through papers)  
Jersey. Saddled with a ridiculous name at birth -

EMMA

For which we blame Waylon entirely...

CHRIS

She's also the proud owner of a peculiar mental illness that means she can only do her tasks round the office in alphabetical order.

EMMA

Is that too... nutty?

CHRIS

That all depends on whether we're writing a sitcom or not.

EMMA

I thought this was a dramedy?

CHRIS

A what?

EMMA

With occasional supernatural elements?

CHRIS

No, you're thinking of...

Chris looks across the notes, suddenly less sure of himself.

CHRIS (cont'd)

Actually, I have no idea.

Emma GROANS, her head sinking into her hands.

EMMA

We don't even know what the project is supposed to be! How are we supposed to come up with something we can sell to a network if we don't even know what it is ourselves?

As if on cue, TARA the waitress drops off two extravagant cocktails. Chris grins as he slips her some notes.

CHRIS

Oh, hey. Look. Alcohol.

Emma grabs her, swipes all the trimmings (umbrella, olives etc.) Out of it and downs half of it in one go.

CHRIS (cont'd)

(quirks eyebrows)

Okay...

EMMA

This is a disaster of epic proportions, Christopher. No wonder Lee got so upset!

CHRIS

What are you saying?

EMMA

I'm saying we'd all better sit down and work out what the hell it is we're all doing and fast...

(sighs)

Or this could be the shortest attempt at breaking into showbusiness ever.

Emma glumly takes another gulp of her cocktail as we CUT TO:

Ian and Waylon step out of the residence into a long, verdant back garden that slopes away from them.

5 CONTINUED:

5

Ian's still wide-eyed with wonder, while Waylon just rubs his hands together gleefully.

WAYLON

This, my British friend, is where the magic happens.

REVERSE ANGLE:

A PARTY is in full swing all down the garden - there are at least three tables full of booze and food, clusters of hip young things dancing to the beat of the massive sound system.

ON IAN & WAYLON as Waylon clamps an arm round Ian's shoulders.

WAYLON (cont'd)

See, this Victor guy I met the other week seemed like somebody we should be hanging with right from the start.

CUT TO:

6 INT. BAR - NIGHT

6

VICTOR, a shaggy-haired surf dude, is kneeling on the bar counter as a waitress pours spirits into his open mouth.

He's wearing a bright t-shirt with the slogan 'It Is Rock O'Clock!'

A chanting crowd, with Waylon at the front, cheers him on as booze splashes across his face and down his body.

CUT TO:

7 EXT. BEACH HOUSE - BACK GARDEN - NIGHT

7

Waylon starts to lead Ian towards the party.

WAYLON

Victor said he was having a shindig and we were all welcome, but I figured I should come with a single wingman first. Scope the place out, you know? Do a little recon.

IAN

And Chris was busy.

WAYLON

Exactly.

IAN

Waylon?

(CONTINUED)

WAYLON  
(distracted)  
Hmm?

IAN  
Do you reckon we've died? A little  
tease of heaven before the  
brimstone?

WAYLON  
I don't know. But I think we should  
find out.

Waylon pats him on the chest, breaking off and approaching a group of hotties over by one makeshift bar.

Ian surveys the party, before the crowd parts for a beat and he gets a glimpse of:

A HOT TUB at the bottom of the garden, full of bikini-clad babes.

IAN  
Good lord, there's a whole tribe of  
them!

Ian tears his eyes from the girls and hurries over to Waylon, who is already mid-flow, beer in hand:

WAYLON  
(to girls)  
So the other day, there we were on  
Ocean Park when Brangelina just  
come waltzing past like they own  
the place, only I have to stop her  
and say -

Ian quickly PINCHES Waylon on the arm, and he yelps:

WAYLON (cont'd)  
You rat fuck son of a bitch!

He whirls to face Ian, the bemused girls stepping away.

WAYLON (cont'd)  
What in the good God damn name of -

IAN  
Sorry. But I had to be sure.

Waylon clenches his fists, but after a few glares and muttered curses manages to dispel his anger.

WAYLON  
C'mon. Let's go find Victor before  
you do anything else too British.

The guys weave through the guests, soon arriving at the hot tub. Waylon raises a hand to get the attention of the giggling girls within.

WAYLON (cont'd)  
Pardon me, ladies, for interrupting  
your... special... sexy bath play  
time, but, uh... have any of you  
seen Victor?

As if on cue, somebody BURSTS UP from beneath the surface of the water, splashing Ian and Waylon.

And as the girls laugh and the water settles, the guys recognize the other person in the hot tub:

WAYLON (cont'd)  
Vic?

VICTOR (19; Canadian, handsome) stands up from the pool, stark naked. Waylon and Ian both quickly hold their hands up to block his genitals from view.

VICTOR  
Hey! Waylon! Dude! Glad you could  
make it.

He jumps out and starts to go for a hug, but is stopped at arm's length as both guys fend him off. He finally looks down, seeing that he's naked.

VICTOR (cont'd)  
Oh, right. The penis.

He looks back to the girls with a smile.

VICTOR (cont'd)  
Wouldn't want to be giving off the  
wrong impression in front of girls,  
would we?

He laughs and jumps back in the hot tub. Waylon and Ian are still flabbergasted. Ian scratches his head with a perplexed look on his face.

IAN  
Okay, I'd like to ask how in the  
hell you managed to blag your way  
into this man's inner circle, but  
on the other hand...

WAYLON  
You wanna get naked and get in the  
hot tub full of beautiful women?

IAN

Hell yes!

Ian starts to take his shirt off, but Waylon stops him.

WAYLON

Ian. Please.

He passes Ian his beer - then strips his own shirt off and races for the hot tub!

WAYLON (cont'd)

Cannonball!

He DIVES into the water, splashing the laughing girls - and sending a wave of water back to DRENCH Ian once again.

IAN

(sighs)

I hope Lee's sulk was worth this.

He takes a glum swig of Waylon's beer as we CUT TO:

Lee is sitting on a bench overlooking a long promenade, palm trees gently swaying in the breeze behind him.

CLAIRE (O.S.)

I thought I'd find you here.

He looks up as Claire enters frame, taking a seat beside him.

LEE

How?

CLAIRE

Because it's the first park you get to when you leave the apartment. You run out of steam too quickly when you get in a rage to walk anywhere else.

LEE

(sighs)

Am I getting that predictable in my old age?

CLAIRE

I'd hazard a guess that you were this predictable in your young age too.

He looks across. She smiles. And it defuses his tense mood a touch. He leans back, exhaling.

LEE

What are we doing, Claire?

CLAIRE

Right now? I'm wondering if it was a good idea to let Ian go off out with Waylon.

LEE

I mean here. In LA.

CLAIRE

Trying to become rich and successful?

LEE

We can't even mail a fucking letter.

(off look)

Sorry.

CLAIRE

We'd all had a busy day, to be fair. Any one of us could have -

LEE

(raising voice)

It was in a stamped addressed envelope! All any of you lot needed to do was stick it in the post box!

He realises he's getting louder as Claire fixes him with a look. He shuts up, bowing his head. Claire rubs his shoulders.

LEE (cont'd)

We can't go on like this.

CLAIRE

If only for the sake of your future blood pressure.

LEE

I mean all of us. The group. I was the one who sat up for three nights solid working on that submission for the pilot contest. Nobody else.

CLAIRE

We've all managed to develop these things called 'lives' here, Lee. They have a habit of getting in the way.

As if to answer, Claire's phone starts to RING. She pouts apologetically as she fishes it out of her purse.

(CONTINUED)

ON PHONE - the caller ID reads 'Brian.' Claire stares at it for a beat, then cancels the call.

CLAIRE (cont'd)  
(off look)  
They can call back.

Lee sits up. Takes a deep breath.

LEE  
I know what I have to do. What we  
have to do.

CLAIRE  
And that is?

He rises, turning to face her.

LEE  
First? I need to score some weed.

He heads out of frame, leaving a bewildered Claire as we:

**BLACK OUT:**

**END OF ACT ONE**

ACT TWO

FADE IN:

9

INT. O'GRADY'S - NIGHT

9

Emma and Chris are now surrounded by several empty glasses - and dozens of scrunched up balls of paper.

Emma's hair and eyes look suitably wild as she starts scribbling again, while Chris lounges back in his seat.

EMMA

Alright, this is it. This is the good shit. This is what's going to make us millionaires.

She finishes, stabbing her pen down triumphantly. Chris turns the notepad round and examines it.

CHRIS

These are the lyrics to 'Baby One More Time.'

EMMA

Bollocks!

She POUNDS her fists against the table. Several glasses fall over with a chorus of CLINKS.

Chris rights them, waving an apologetic hand to the serving staff.

Emma sinks her head face down onto the table. Chris reaches across and pats her shoulder.

CHRIS

It's been a long night.

EMMA

God damn that blonde tart...

CHRIS

We're both pretty wasted.

EMMA

Get her out of my head!

Chris lifts her head up.

CHRIS

Let's go back to the apartment and wait for Lee.

EMMA

And do what? He'll still be mad!

(CONTINUED)

Chris thinks, then grab and unfurls a sheet of paper.

CHRIS

There's got to be some stuff  
amongst this lot we can use.

EMMA

(tearful)  
We're doomed... it's all useless...

CHRIS

Now, now. None of that. And hey,  
even if he's still pissed, we've  
got each other, right?

EMMA

I didn't come here to have a  
relationship! I came to take over  
Hollywood and make everyone my  
slaves.

She THUNKS her head back down against the table - missing  
Chris' hurt expression.

He watches her for a beat, then SNAPS his fingers in Tara's  
direction.

CHRIS

Check, please.

As she heads over, we CUT TO:

A shady-looking DEALER leans casually against a wall. Hands  
in his pockets. Nothing to see here, officer.

Lee shuffles awkwardly into frame, not making eye contact.  
Trying (and failing) to affect the same casual air.

LEE

Er... hello.

DEALER

'S up.

A beat. Lee tries to mimic the dealer's pose.

LEE

So... how are you?

DEALER

(shrugs)  
Alright.

Another beat. Lee glances to his left:

Where Claire waits nearby, arms folded and a thoroughly disapproving look on her face.

Back to Lee as he inches a little closer to the dealer. No eye contact has been made.

LEE

I'm, uh... I'm looking to, you know... get a little... stuff.

DEALER

What kinda stuff you need?

LEE

Oh, you know.

DEALER

(beat)

Nah, I don't.

LEE

A spot of... er...

(whispers)

Marijuana.

DEALER

What?

LEE

(still quiet)

Marijuana.

DEALER

(leans closer)

I can't hear you, man. Speak up. What?

LEE

(loud)

Marijuana!

He JUMPS back, startling himself. He looks round frantically, as though expecting the cops to screech in any second.

The Dealer rolls his eyes and settles back into place, waiting for the jittery Lee to calm back down.

DEALER

Yeah... I got plenty. How much you looking for?

LEE

I... I don't actually know.

DEALER

You don't know.

(CONTINUED)

LEE

How much do people normally buy?

DEALER

Depends how high they want to get.

LEE

How about enough for six people?

DEALER

(whistles)

That's pretty high.

LEE

(realises)

No, no, I don't mean I just want  
enough for six people all for  
myself - I mean, I need enough to  
get six people high.

The Dealer EXHALES, already weary of this conversation.

DEALER

Alright. I can do you enough for  
six.

LEE

Marvellous. Thanks.

The Dealer shoots Lee a frown.

LEE (cont'd)

Um... carry on.

DEALER

Gonna cost you fifty bucks a bag,  
so that's three hundred dollars.

LEE

(loud)

Three hundred dollars?!?

The Dealer tenses up. Lee winces, checking to make sure  
nobody's in earshot. Nobody is.

LEE (cont'd)

I mean... that sounds...  
reasonable.

DEALER

Best deal a guy like you'll get  
this side of town.

LEE

What do you mean, 'a guy like me'?

(CONTINUED)

The Dealer looks Lee up and down. Smirks.

DEALER

Nothing.

LEE

No, no, I want to know what you meant.

The Dealer starts to respond, but Claire hurries into frame and takes Lee by the arm.

CLAIRE

Sorry. He's mentally ill. We don't know what sort yet.

LEE

Claire, he's insinuating something.

Claire digs into Lee's back pocket for his wallet, taking out several notes.

LEE (cont'd)

I don't like insinuations. They get me all tetchy.

Claire then adds to the money with notes from her own wallet, nudging Lee aside to step up to the Dealer.

LEE (cont'd)

I've smoked weed before, you know! I know my way around a Rizla!

CLAIRE

Here you go.

She discretely hands him the wad of cash, waiting while the Dealer surreptitiously takes six bags of WEED from his jacket. Claire takes the bags and tucks them into her purse.

LEE

(getting indignant)  
I got so bashed once, I thought I was a pirate! I stole a dinghy and tried to invade the Isle of Man!

CLAIRE

Pleasure doing business with you.

DEALER

(chuckles)  
Whatever.

Claire hauls the still protesting Lee away, leaving the amused Dealer behind as we CUT TO:

11 INT. APARTMENT - LIVING ROOM - NIGHT

11

Chris opens the door, waiting as the drunk Emma stumbles inside after him. He has to catch her as she wobbles.

CHRIS

Now, let's get you some coffee and wait for Lee to -

He freezes. The room is trashed. Completely trashed. And NAKED BODIES are scattered across the breadth of it.

There are a few GUYS curled up on the bed beneath sheets. And on the floor beside the bed, there is literally A PILE OF NAKED BODIES.

Finally, there's a shaking in the pile and Ian's head pops out from near the bottom. He looks around for a moment before turning to see Emma and Chris. Ian smiles sheepishly.

IAN

Oh, hello.

EMMA

'Hello'? We walk into a disaster area full of naked tarts, and what I can only describe as the leftovers of sodomy, and 'hello' is all you've got?

IAN

Uh... how was your night?

EMMA

Where's Waylon? Waylon?

IAN

What? No! We don't need -

He pushes himself out of the pile, girls falling over to the hardwood floors with a thud. And he quickly realizes that he's NAKED. He quickly covers himself with a pillow.

IAN (cont'd)

I know what this looks like.

CHRIS

Do you?

He looks around the room. Naked guys, naked girls.

IAN

Very much like an orgy, actually, but I assure you, there's a reasonable explanation.

(CONTINUED)

11 CONTINUED:

11

EMMA

Such as?

Ian looks suitably shifty as we CUT TO:

12 INT. BEACH HOUSE - CORRIDOR - EVENING (FLASHBACK)

12

Ian and Waylon are standing in front of the bathroom door, waiting their turn. Both are wrinkled from all the time in the hot tub, and both have their hands covering their genitals. Obviously uncomfortable.

IAN

So...

WAYLON

Yeah.

IAN

This weather's really -

WAYLON

We don't have to small talk.

IAN

Thank God.

They stand like so for a moment, looking everywhere in the room other than at each other. Finally, Victor runs in from outside, dripping wet and not bother to cover himself up.

VICTOR

Guys! Get this, the girls are going to a strip club in a few hours. We must have done something right in a past life!

IAN

(looks down)

Uh, maybe we should wait for -

WAYLON

Wait, my arse! You've been naysaying ever since we got here. A man gets the chance to see some naked boobies, he goes to see said naked boobies!

The door to the bathroom finally opens and one of the girls walks through the living room.

RANDOM BUSTY BROAD

Hurry back, guys.

(CONTINUED)

IAN

There were your naked boobies. It's out of your system, we don't have to go.

VICTOR

Wow.

IAN

What?

VICTOR

You really did a good job of hiding your gayness up to now.

IAN

For Christ's sake, I'm not gay!  
(to Waylon)

The girls were very clear that we weren't to go to one of those places again. Not after what happened last time.

VICTOR

They're the ones wanting to go the strip club!

IAN

Different girls, goddamn it! Emma and Claire will crucify us, and you know it.

WAYLON

Dude, how are they going to know?

VICTOR

The answer to that question, gentlemen, is 'they won't.'

IAN

(hangs head)

Fine. But I'm doing my best Pontius Pilate impression. I'm washing my hands of this. If we get caught, it's on you guys.

VICTOR

Cool with me.

Victor holds his hand up to shake. Ian starts to take it, but quickly realizes that he's going uncovered and pulls his hands back.

IAN

We'll shake later!

12 CONTINUED: (2)

12

The bathroom door opens and he streaks inside, SLAMMING the door as we CUT TO:

13 INT. THE HORSE'S MOUTH - NIGHT

13

"Nothin' But A Good Time" by Poison is blaring through the speakers as Victor, Waylon, and Ian walk in through the front door like they own the place, at least one girl on each arm.

CHRIS V.O.)

This story's going somewhere...  
right?

EMMA V.O.)

And by 'somewhere,' we mean  
'explaining why there are a dozen  
naked tarts in my living room.'

IAN V.O.)

Patience, my friends! This story  
takes its time to be told.

As they start to look around, something's out of place. The room is mostly filled with men, but it's a total "American Wedding" moment. Guys kissing, guys groping. Guys dancing. The guys stop and look around.

VICTOR

I think the girls may have left  
something out about this place.

The girls all laugh and disappear into the crowd toward the front. The guys stand awkwardly for a beat, until:

IAN

Well, this was fun.

Ian turns around to leave, but Waylon grabs him by the arm.

WAYLON

Where are you going?

IAN

(motioning to Victor)  
I've seen enough cock for one day,  
thank you. I think I'll refrain  
from paying to see another.

WAYLON

We've already paid.

IAN

(matter of fact)  
I'm not staying here. All the gold  
in the world couldn't change my  
mind.

(CONTINUED)

## A QUICK MONTAGE OF SCENES:

-- All three guys laughing their asses off, having a good time with the girls around them.

-- Ian trying to escape from a guy giving him a lap dance as Waylon pays him.

-- All the guys making out with their chicks in the corner.

-- Ian onstage, dancing emphatically to some terrible song.

-- Ian throwing up in the bathroom while some flamboyantly gay guys run out in a panic.

CUT TO:

Ian, Victor and the girls are all walking arm in arm, supporting each others' weight in some big conga line fashion. Laughing, singing. Good times.

IAN

(looking over to guys)

Listen.

(hiccups)

The girls... I mean, I mean our girls, not these girls... they can never... ever. Ever, ever, ever. Find...

(hiccups)

Out about... this.

Victor laughs as he looks back to Ian.

VICTOR

We'll take it to our graves.

(beat; looks round)

Hey, where's Waylon?

CUT TO:

Chris opens the door, waiting as the drunk Emma stumbles inside after him. He has to catch her as she wobbles.

CHRIS

Now, let's get you some coffee and wait for Lee to -

He freezes. The room is trashed. Completely trashed. And NAKED BODIES are scattered across the breadth of it.

CHRIS V.O.)

Dude, we were here for that part.

(CONTINUED)

14 CONTINUED:

14

IAN V.O.)  
Oh. Right.

MATCH CUT TO:

15 INT. APARTMENT - LIVING ROOM - NIGHT

15

As we left them. Emma's on the verge of fuming, but Chris is looking curiously around the room.

IAN  
Victor must've left already. Either that, or he's under this lot somewhere.

CHRIS  
So... where is Waylon?

CUT TO:

16 INT. BEACH HOUSE - BEDROOM - NIGHT

16

Waylon leans his head up from between two BIKINI BABES as a CLEARING OF THE THROAT rings out.

He bats his eyes, trying to get the sleep out, and before him finds: A LARGE MAN (40's; built and balding) stands over the bed. A blank look bordering on fury in his eyes. Waylon immediately tenses up.

WAYLON  
Can I... help you?

The guy takes a deep breath.

MAN  
Yeah, you can help me. You can start by telling me just what the hell you're doing in bed with my fifteen-year-old daughters.

WAYLON  
Oh.  
(beat)  
Shit.

BLACK OUT:

END OF ACT TWO

ACT THREE

FADE IN:

17

INT. APARTMENT - LIVING ROOM - NIGHT

17

Lee opens the door - to be greeted by the Bikini Babes as they make their way back out of the apartment.

LEE

Er... hello?

BABE

(smiles)

Hi!

(turns; to Ian)

See you next time, Colin!

She blows him a KISS as she and the others exit. A bewildered Lee and Claire enter fully, to find Ian, Chris and Emma on the couch. Ian's got a Los Angeles Dodgers shirt on that's obviously too big for him.

LEE

What -

IAN

I told them I was Colin Farrell.  
Apparently, they don't watch a lot  
of his films.

Lee takes in the trashed state of the apartment.

LEE

How -

CHRIS

Ian and Waylon went to some beach  
party, got wasted and brought a  
load of chicks back.

EMMA

Only Waylon didn't come back.

Lee looks to Ian - who can only shrug.

IAN

I never said I was perfect.

EMMA

Do you even know who the Los  
Angeles Dodgers are?

IAN

Some crime organization, I'd  
imagine. It's the only thing I  
could find in my room!

(MORE)

(CONTINUED)

IAN (cont'd)

Some bastard must have burned our clothes while we slept.

EMMA

I'd just like to mention that I'm incredibly uncomfortable with this.

CLAIRE

Believe it or not, incredibly uncomfortable isn't your biggest worry right now.

She reaches into her purse - and takes out the bags of weed.

CHRIS

(eyes bulge)

What in the name of sweet leaf -

Lee SNATCHES the bags from her.

LEE

Quiet. I have a very intricate plan that is dependant on all six of us being here. Ian? Where the hell is Waylon?

IAN

I honestly have no idea. Prison?

LEE

(exhales)

Let's just go find him.

They head toward the door.

IAN

Just so you know, we didn't do this on purpose. I mean, this wasn't planned.

EMMA

Idiocy rarely is.

After they leave the room, the PHONE rings a few times until finally the answering machine picks up:

WAYLON (O.S.)

Guys, it's me! If you're there, pick up!

(beat)

Guys?!?

Waylon pokes his head around the corner of a building, on the lookout for his pursuer in the crowds. It's obvious that he didn't have time to put his clothes on.

WAYLON

Alright, look. I'm in my underwear. I've got my wallet, but no money, and there's a psychotic ex-hippy chasing me around the city with a baseball bat.

He ducks back behind the building.

WAYLON (cont'd)

You better come get me! I'm on the corner of -

CUT TO:

19 INT. CAB - LATER

19

Emma, Claire, Chris, Lee, and Ian are jammed into the back of a cab.

CHRIS

This is pointless. There are millions of people in this city!

(beat)

Where's the last place that you saw him?

IAN

I'd rather not say.

EMMA

Oh, my God! How many nasty, perverted things could you do in one night?

No answer.

CLAIRE

We're not going to be doing things like this on a daily basis, are we? I mean, with the orgies. Because I don't think that I can be a part of that kind of arrangement. I already bought my first dimebag today.

EMMA

No, Claire, there will be no more orgies.

(pointedly; to Ian)

Will there?

emma looks out the window at the crowded streets.

EMMA (cont'd)

He couldn't have made it very far if he was as drunk as you got.

(MORE)

(CONTINUED)

19 CONTINUED:

19

EMMA (cont'd)

As lovely and romantic as things were at this beach house, he probably just bent her over in an alley.

(beat; to cabbie)

We'll just get out here.

The guys are looking quizzically at each other, but they're too scared of Emma at the moment to speak up. The cab stops and they start getting out.

20 EXT. STREETS - SAME

20

"Bad Moon Rising" by Creedence Clearwater Revival is playing as we catch up with Waylon, peeping out from behind the random building.

With a deep breath, he sprints half a block to another alley, bemused people watching this half naked man.

He hides behind that building for a moment before doing the same thing again, leering at the crowd to distinguish them from the crazy bastard chasing him.

Another deep breath, and he gets ready to spring away again, he takes one step and SMACKS RIGHT INTO the Girls' Dad.

Waylon stands at about his chest. Reeling away in fear, Waylon ducks beneath the man's grip and SPRINTS THROUGH THE CROWD.

GIRLS' DAD

I'm going to kill you, pervert!

He takes off in a gallop after Waylon, sees the top of his head bouncing through the crowd. He's right on his heels, pushing people out of his way.

As he gets within arms' reach, a Man steps right in his path, and he's BOWLED OVER.

As the Girls' Dad jumps over the body, he looks back up and: WAYLON IS GONE.

He turns around in circles several times, but sees nothing. This sends him into a fury as he debates which way to go. Finally, he takes off to his right.

We FOLLOW HIM for a few steps before we stop at a park bench on the corner. And as a few people move out of the way, in just the right way, to reveal Waylon knelt down behind the bench.

He smiles at his good fortune, but as he looks up, there's a very young, very ugly TEENAGE GIRL staring down at him like she's found her lost love.

(CONTINUED)

WAYLON

Jesus, this is getting ridiculous!

He peers out from behind the bench and takes off in the opposite direction.

21 INT. STARBUCKS - SAME

21

Lee, Chris and Ian are sitting in a crowded Starbucks, off in the corner. Both sipping from large cappuccinos.

LEE

Despite how crass and Americanly cliched this place is, these things are absolutely top shelf, aren't they?

IAN

(nods)  
Magnifico.

CHRIS

And it really does feel good in here, in the air conditioning.

IAN

Air conditioning is nice.

LEE

(sips)  
I mean, how are we supposed to find one man in a city of nine million?

IAN

That's a lot of people.

LEE

And, realistically speaking, I don't think Emma could take us in a fair fight.

CHRIS

We are men.

Lee glances over to the window and his eyes go wide.

LEE

Oh, bloody hell!

He ducks down, and the others instinctively does the same.

IAN

What?

Lee takes a closer look.

(CONTINUED)

LEE

Never mind. I thought it was Emma.

CHRIS

You sure it wasn't? 'Cause I was just kidding about us being able to take her. You know that, right?

Satisfied that Emma's nowhere in sight, they start to turn back to their drinks, but then:

WAYLON SPRINTS PAST the window. The guys do a double take and then look back at each other before jumping up and heading for the door.

Waylon is in mid-sprint down the street when he bumps shoulders with two women by accident.

WAYLON

(without slowing)

Sorry!

The women turn around - it's Emma and Claire! She stares at the man curiously before:

EMMA

Waylon?!?

Waylon immediately stops and looks back, relieved as soon as he realizes who it is.

WAYLON

Oh, thank God!

He hugs Claire, who is obviously uncomfortable with the gesture, and the nakedness as she pushes him away.

CLAIRE

Why are you running through the streets... and why the hell are you in your underwear?

WAYLON

It's a long story that I'm going to tell in all of its magnificent glory - once we get home.

Running to catch up, Lee, Chris and Ian skid to a halt in front of them. They both point to Waylon.

LEE

There he is!

IAN

We found him!

Emma smirks at them, but before she can say anything, a massive hand lands on Waylon's shoulder.

GIRLS' DAD (O.S.)

I hope you had fun last night,  
punk, because you're not going to  
like the sex you're getting from  
now on.

WIDEN TO FIND the Girls' Dad standing behind Waylon with two  
POLICE OFFICERS.

EMMA

(jaw drops; to Waylon)  
What the hell did you do?!?

OFFICER #1

(to Girls' Dad)  
Is this the pervert?

GIRLS' DAD

Hell yes, it is. He violated both  
my daughters!

OFFICER #1

(to Waylon)  
Sir, is this true?

Waylon looks the officer straight in they eye with the most  
engaging, sincere face you've ever seen in your life.

WAYLON

No, it's not.

GIRLS' DAD

Why, you little -

Seeing his moment fading, Waylon seizes the opportunity and  
screams at the top of his lungs.

WAYLON

This man tried to have SEX with me!

All the people in the vicinity stop and take listen.

OFFICER #2

What?

WAYLON

Yeah, do you think I just go  
running round in town in my  
underwear?

(MORE)

WAYLON (cont'd)

The pervert tricked me into going into his house, and the next thing you know he's holding me down and taking my clothes! The only thing I was able to grab before he sodomized me was my wallet!

He holds up the wallet for all to see.

WAYLON (cont'd)

And my driver's license that shows I'm only seventeen.

Everyone in the crowd gasps. He reaches into the wallet and pulls forth an ID and hands it to the cops. And with that, he loses his calm swagger and takes on a very vulnerable look.

WAYLON (cont'd)

I knew it was stupid to go into a stranger's house in the first place, officer, but I'm just a kid. And in the South, where I'm from, we don't have homosexual pedophiles like this man.

The Girls' Dad has stood silent through all this, aghast that such lies had been spun in the first place. But at that last remark, he goes berserk. He jumps toward Waylon, but the officers quickly restrain him.

GIRLS' DAD

I'm going to wring your fat neck till your eyes pop out, you little bastard!

WAYLON

You see? He can't even restrain himself from trying to have sex with me right now! Please...

(childlike)

Don't let him hurt me again...

He turns back around to the guys and lets slip a quick, hearty smile, before suppressing it and turning back to the cops. Lee and the others look to each other, baffled.

OFFICER #1

Let's get this pervert out of here before he scares the poor kid to death.

The other officer nods as he takes out his cuffs to arrest the man.

GIRLS' DAD

No! He's full of shit! The kid's -

OFFICER #2

Sir, we have the authority to restrain you with any means necessary. I suggest you remain calm.

He puts the cuffs on and starts leading him to the car.

OFFICER #2 (cont'd)

You have the right to remain silent. Anything you say can and will...

His voice tapers off into the background as the other officer picks up Waylon's license and hands it to him.

OFFICER #1

I'm sorry for what's happened to you, son. We have counselors that you can talk to if you need it.

WAYLON

No, thank you, officer. I just... really want to get home.

OFFICER #1

We'll need to you to come by the precinct to make a report before you go.

Waylon nods. The cop walks toward his car, slamming the door of their suspect.

IAN

(to Lee)

Remind me not piss him off.

Chris takes the ID from Waylon's hand, examining it.

CHRIS

Dude, this is my license.

WAYLON

I know. It was your wallet, too. Mine was empty.

Chris rolls his eyes as we DISSOLVE TO:

Everyone is now walking home through the streets of Venice, not that far from their house. Waylon is still in his underwear, not phased by it in the least.

EMMA

That was amazing! The way you looked that cop in the eye and lied your ass off to him? Magical.

WAYLON

What can I say? It's a gift.

LEE

But how?

WAYLON

A magician never reveals his tricks.

LEE

You got into the club last night and ordered drinks.

CHRIS

With my ID.

WAYLON

If today's events will be any lesson to you, it would be that sometimes, it pays to be a minor.

LEE

Unbelievable.

WAYLON

What? You think that cop would have turned away, no questions asked, if he thought for a second that the old dude and I were consenting lovers in a cat fight? I should think not, dude. But you tell him that he's going to get his name in the paper for stopping a child predator... petty questions about reality go right out the window.

IAN

That's impressive. I've got to admit.

CLAIRE

And illegal.

IAN

Oh, come on! After that performance, can we really assign blame?

CLAIRE

I'm just saying. Our first time in the States, and I'm a co-conspirator.

WAYLON

There will be plenty more where that came from, girly.

CLAIRE

That's what I'm afraid of.

EMMA

I'm a girl of my word, Claire. I said no more orgies, and there's no more orgies. And now I'm saying no more conspiracies. Alright?

Everyone nods their agreement, except Waylon.

WAYLON

Wait, I only had a threesome. When the hell were there orgies? And when were you going to tell me?

The others walk on, leaving the stunned Waylon behind as we:

**BLACK OUT:**

**END OF ACT THREE**

**ACT FOUR**

FADE IN:

24

INT. APARTMENT - LIVING ROOM - NIGHT

24

Back at the apartment, the place now looking more like its usual self. Waylon is fully clothed, the others sitting around on the couch.

They all watch, entranced, Lee as he carefully prepares six JOINTS from the bags of weed.

CHRIS

Where the hell did you learn to do that?

LEE

Several of my mates back home are proper stoners. You pick these things up.

IAN

Yes, but...

WAYLON

But you're you. The most narcotic thing we see you take are Oreos.

LEE

There's a lot you guys don't know about me.

CLAIRE

As I'm starting to find out...

Lee glances back, meets Claire's eyes and grins. He starts licking the cigarette papers to seal them up.

EMMA

So what's the plan here? Not that I don't mind getting stoned.

LEE

We're going to have a brainstorming session.

He passes a joint to each of them as he finishes them.

LEE (cont'd)

One thing we've never really done since we got here is sit down - together - and work on the project. And that's why none of you know what the hell it's supposed to be.

(CONTINUED)

WAYLON

Isn't it a sitcom?

IAN

I've been writing a documentary.

CLAIRE

So... I should lose my cyborg character, then?

Lee smiles, producing a LIGHTER and igniting his reefer.

WAYLON

Wait a second - you don't smoke!

LEE

Not cigarettes, no. And I'm typically too cheap to buy my own weed, so I smoke other people's.

He hands the lighter to Emma.

LEE (cont'd)

We are all going to get good and monged, and then I'm going to turn on that laptop and we're going to record everything we discuss.

CHRIS

Didn't Black Sabbath write songs like this?

LEE

After 'Sabotage,' definitely.

As the others start lighting their joints, Lee grins and reaches for the stereo, hitting 'Play.'

'Lebanese Blonde' by Thievery Corporation starts to play as we DISSOLVE TO:

The music keeps playing. Lee is on his feet and pacing, while Chris and Emma are slouched against each other.

Waylon is bouncing in his seat, hands tapping to the music, while Ian is balancing things on his chin.

Claire, meanwhile, is curled up in her seat like a cat, watching Lee stalk the room.

LEE

Alright. So. Thirty minute episodes.

WAYLON

That's about all I have the  
attention span for.

LEE

It's about superheroes.

IAN

But really bad ones.

The remote balanced on his chin falls as he speaks.

EMMA

They're the only ones left after a  
battle wipes out all the proper  
ones.

CHRIS

And they were always the butt of  
the community's jokes.

CLAIRE

This is getting too much like  
'Mystery Men.'

LEE

Ah, but that's the thing - we'll  
focus on the villains too.

IAN

Who are just as lame?

LEE

Exactly.

He takes a drag, realises there isn't much left.

LEE (cont'd)

Shall I skin up some more?

WAYLON

Hells yeah!

(beat)

We need munchies.

CHRIS

(punches air)

Yes!

CUT TO:

Waylon munches through a packet of open biscuits as he  
follows the others, Lee absently tossing goods into a basket  
as he talks.

(CONTINUED)

LEE

So we have these two rival groups  
of powers...

CHRIS

And their kids? Families?

EMMA

What if the kids are the focus?

CLAIRE

Oo! It'll be like 'Smallville.'  
Only good.

LEE

Yeah... yeah! So, the kids of the  
heroes, good and bad, are all at  
school together.

IAN

So they're regional heroes and  
villains? Like the Avengers?

WAYLON

(through mouthful)  
Exactly.

EMMA

Some of them know about their  
powers, some don't.

IAN

(light bulb)  
Because their parents all had  
secret identities!

CLAIRE

And most of them are dead or  
missing after the big hero  
smackdown years ago...

LEE

... And that's when this big league  
supervillain shows up.

They reach the CLERK behind the counter, Lee reaching for his  
wallet and realising it's empty.

LEE (cont'd)

Bugger.  
(to clerk)  
Spent it all on weed.

Claire SNORTS with laughter. Chris step up and pays the man.

EMMA

One of the kids should have an alter ego named 'Thunder Girl.'

WAYLON

What the hell for?

EMMA

Because that's one of my many nicknames!

WAYLON

(thinks)

She sounds like a wrestler.

EMMA

But a sexy one.

He concedes that point, still eating the biscuits as he follows the others back outside.

27

INT. APARTMENT - LIVING ROOM - NIGHT

27

Music is still playing as Lee hands round a fresh batch of joints. The gang are working their way through their haul of munchies.

LEE

Last ones, I'm afraid.

CHRIS

Hey, it's done the trick for me.

EMMA

You lightweight!

CHRIS

I am not!

They start playfighting. Lee quirks an eyebrow, glancing at Claire - who does the same.

LEE

So!

He kneels before the laptop, opening it up.

LEE (cont'd)

I can set this to record everything we've bashed out here.

He hits a few keys, then steps back. Silence falls.

LEE (cont'd)

Well?

IAN

I can't remember anything.

WAYLON

(shakes head)

Me either.

CLAIRE

Something about... wrestling?

IAN

No, seriously - where am I?

LEE

(grinds teeth)

Oh, come on! We just finally sussed out what the project's all about!

Anyone?

(beat)

Bueller?

EMMA

(snorts)

Age appropriate pop culture reference! Nice.

Lee looks at the reefer in his hands, then SIGHS.

LEE

Never mind. I'm going to bed.

He trudges back towards the boys' room - then turns back, grabs a tube of Pringles and retreats for good.

WAYLON

I want to go out. Who wants to go out? I think we should go out.

CHRIS

You've had plenty enough excitement for one night.

WAYLON

I'm gonna go out.

He jumps up from the couch, grabs his coat and exits in a blur of motion. And a moment later:

WAYLON O.S.)

(through door)

Hey, am I wearing pants this time?

(beat)

I am. Never mind.

They hear his footsteps THUMP their way down the corridor, until peace returns to the living room.

CLAIRE

I'll make sure Lee's okay.

CHRIS

Good call.

EMMA

Yeah, go be mother hen.

Claire rises - a little unsteady - and heads into the boys' room. Chris and Emma exchange a look - then glance at Ian.

CHRIS

So...

EMMA

We should probably, you know...

CHRIS

Yeah...

They look back at each other. For a long beat.

EMMA

I'd better go to bed.

CHRIS

Yes! Me too. In my room. Which, er, isn't yours. Obviously.

EMMA

Obviously.

They rise, a little awkward - then head off separately, Emma into the girls' room and Chris into the kitchen.

Ian is oblivious, staring hard at the laptop as though trying to remember what it is.

Claire leans back against the door as Lee lies back on his bed, strumming on his guitar.

CLAIRE

You know, one day you'll actually get round to playing a tune on that thing.

LEE

I'll have you know I'm an excellent guitarist.

CLAIRE

I'm sure you are.

She moves to sit down on the bed near him.

CLAIRE (cont'd)

So...

LEE

I'm really starting to dislike that word.

CLAIRE

Your heart was in the right place.

LEE

Shame my brain wasn't, really.

She gives his arm a comforting squeeze. Leaves her hand there a moment too long. Lee reaches over and lays his hand on hers.

A beat - and then Claire pulls away. Lee blinks, realises what he was doing.

LEE (cont'd)

Sorry, sorry.

CLAIRE

No, no, it's fine.

LEE

I tend to get a tad touchy-feely when I've had a bit.

CLAIRE

(grins)

Seriously. It's fine. I mean, it's not like we're going to take advantage of each other in this drug-addled state of mind or anything.

LEE

Yeah...

They hold each other's gaze for a beat - and then Claire's phone RINGS to break the moment.

CLAIRE

(cursing)

'Scuse me...

She checks the caller ID. Sighs.

CLAIRE (cont'd)

It's Brian.

LEE

Brian as in your sort-of boyfriend  
Brian?

CLAIRE

One and the same.

LEE

As in, shouldn't you answer that?

She glances at Lee for a beat, then rises.

CLAIRE

I'll be, you know...

LEE

I know. See you later. Or in the  
morning.

She smiles, answering the call as she exits.

CLAIRE

(into phone)

Hello.

(listens)

What? No, no, busy day. How are  
you?

Once she's gone, Lee lays his guitar by the side of the bed,  
puts his hands behind his head and stares at the ceiling.

Just outside, Claire is still on her phone.

BRIAN

(filtered; through phone)

It just feels like you've been  
avoiding me lately, is all.

CLAIRE

Why would you think that?

BRIAN

I don't know - perhaps all the  
avoiding you've been doing?

CLAIRE

I don't 'avoid.' I'm not an  
avoider. I'm a confronter. A head-  
on tackler.

BRIAN

(beat)

Have you been drinking?

CLAIRE

Is it a weeknight?

BRIAN

Yes.

CLAIRE

Then yes, I probably have. Or at least been in the presence of people with enough alcohol in their systems to vicariously get me a little light-headed.

BRIAN

See, now I know you're drunk because you just used the word 'vicarious' in polite conversation.

Claire fidgets - she doesn't seem to want this call to last much longer.

BRIAN (cont'd)

So... can I see you tomorrow? In a non work-related capacity?

CLAIRE

Um... I'll have to let you know.

BRIAN

Plans?

CLAIRE

Project stuff. With the others. You know.

BRIAN

Yeah, yeah... the 'project.'

CLAIRE

(frowns)

Meaning? I could hear those air quotes in your voices.

BRIAN

Everyone's got their excuse, I suppose. Some people wash their hair, some have a headache, others lose a distant relative. You have this 'project.'

CLAIRE

It's the reason I'm over here!

BRIAN

And it's the reason I never see you!

(CONTINUED)

Claire rubs her eyes. Definitely too late for this.

CLAIRE

Brian...

BRIAN

It's alright, I know that voice.

(beat)

Look, I'll... I'll maybe see you tomorrow. If you can spare a few seconds from your busy schedule.

CLICK. He hangs up. Claire SIGHS and re-enters:

To find Ian poised over the laptop, face bathed in the light from the screen.

CLAIRE

(looks round)

Chris and Emma?

IAN

Asleep. I think they overestimated their own stamina after that much Class 'B.'

CLAIRE

Good.

(beat)

Is, er... is Lee still up?

Ian looks towards the boys' room - and hears light SNORING.

IAN

Doesn't sound like it.

CLAIRE

Alright, then. Looks like I'm going to bed too. Goodnight, Ian.

IAN

Goodnight, person I don't know.

Claire's too tired to hear that as she enters her room.

IAN (cont'd)

Now then...

Ian CRACKS his fingers, hovering them over the keyboard.

IAN (cont'd)

Alright. So. Thirty minute episodes.

30 CONTINUED:

He begins to TYPE.

IAN (cont'd)

About superheroes. But really bad ones. They're the only ones left after a battle wipes out all the proper ones...

And as Ian begins to fill the screen with words, we:

**BLACK OUT:**

**END OF SHOW**