

THE HIGH LIFE

"Revelations"

by
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TEASER

FADE IN:

1 INT. APARTMENT - GUYS' ROOM - MORNING 1

Close up on LEE yawning as we pull back and note how he's scratching his head and in his Daffy Duck PJ's.

LEE (V.O.)
Ever get the feeling you're being
watched?

Lee stands up and we spot IAN typing away on a laptop but his eyes are focused on Lee's back.

IAN
Where are you off to?

Lee turns around, still yawning.

LEE
(tired)
To the kitchen.

IAN
(overly suspicious)
Why?

LEE
So that I can fashion a device to
take over the world from the
utensils.
(off look)
Or so I can get breakfast, you
twit.

Ian roll his eyes as Lee turns around and exits, Ian watching him go.

2 INT. APARTMENT - LIVING ROOM - CONTINUOUS 2

CHRIS and WAYLON are up, each with an XBox controller in hand. Lee enters and waves. He watches them for a beat and notes they're in the midst of a video game with guns.

WAYLON
Son of a bitch! I'm on your team!

CHRIS
I know. You just killed the guy I
was going after so retribution was
needed.

WAYLON
That's not fair! How was I supposed
to expect you to go all Terminator?

(CONTINUED)

CHRIS
 (shrugs)
 That's war for you.

Waylon grins as his character comes back to life on the screen. Lee chuckles and the duo finally register his presence. Waylon pauses the game.

WAYLON
 Finally decided to come and play,
 huh?

LEE
 Nope. Just admiring the view of you
 two verbally harassing each other.

WAYLON
 We do practice.

CHRIS
 (off fist)
 Pound it.

Waylon grins and they both bump fists. Lee shakes his head, and starts to head towards the kitchen. Chris and Waylon's casual demeanor drops the second he's turned. They're watching him.

LEE (V.O.)
 Maybe I'm being paranoid.

Follow Lee into:

CLAIRE is frying up some eggs and bacon on the stove as EMMA sits on the counter beside her.

EMMA
 So he's not a bisexual?

CLAIRE
 Nope. Or if he is, he's in denial
 about it.

EMMA
 Maybe you need to give him a little
 push.

CLAIRE
 Why would I -

The girls spot Lee opening the fridge and immediately stop their conversation. They swap nervous glances.

CHRIS (O.S.)
 (faintly heard)
 Acting casual was good.

The girls' eyes widen but Lee makes no reaction to show if he heard the comment or not. Instead he shuts the fridge and looks to the girls.

LEE
 Go ahead, resume your conversation.

Emma and Claire look at each other clearly unaware of what they should say.

LEE (cont'd)
 My God, I've gained the ability to
 finally silence women.
 (wry)
 I am going to die alone.

CLAIRE
 (quickly)
 We were just talking about stuff.

LEE
 (curious)
 Stuff?

LEE (O.S.) (cont'd)
 Maybe it's not just in my head.
 Everyone's been acting bonkers
 lately.

CLAIRE
 Stuff. Important stuff.

Claire looks to Emma for help. The blonde hops off the counter and shrugs.

EMMA
 Yeah... stuff. You know like
 medieval times... criminology...

CLAIRE
 Global Warming...

EMMA
 Gaza Strippers.

Claire jabs Emma in the arm and the blonde squeaks before laughing. Lee looks between them with a raised eyebrow.

LEE (V.O.)
 Oh, God. They know. They have to
 know. What should I do? How the
 hell do they know?

Lee nods and walks over to the table.

LEE (V.O.)

Do I bring it up? Maybe act casual about it? Yeah, I strip, so what? It's a free country.

(beat)

Talking. I should definitely be talking.

Emma grabs a seat at the table, as Claire sets about getting the bacon and eggs off of the pan and onto plates.

EMMA

Claire made the mistake of letting her grade eight class for the week write papers on whatever they felt passionate about.

CLAIRE

(awkwardly)

Yup. Last time I let children participate in free will excursions.

LEE

Gaza... strippers?

CLAIRE

(beat)

Horny thirteen year old.

Emma smirks, as Claire looks to Lee to see if he bought it.

LEE (V.O.)

Maybe they don't know. Maybe I'm just going crazy from leading two lives. I mean, here I'm just Lee, but out there to the seedy underbelly of society, I'm...

(proudly)

Mr. Sandman.

Lee is smiling to himself as the girls look at him curiously.

CLAIRE

Lee?

LEE (V.O.)

I'm like Sydney Bristow... minus the genitals. Or one of those Bond Girls.

(reflective)

Why are all my good spy comparisons involve females?

(MORE)

3 CONTINUED: (3)

3

LEE (V.O.) (cont'd)
 (beat)
 I blame the media.

Lee nods to himself as Emma leans closer to Lee.

EMMA
 Earth to Lee. This is the
 mothership requesting permission
 you come aboard...

Lee finally snaps out of it and looks between the girls.

LEE
 What?

CLAIRE
 Looked suspiciously like you were
 inner monologuing there.

He finally shrugs and exits the kitchen.

4 INT. APARTMENT - LIVING ROOM - CONTINUOUS

4

Chris and Waylon are playing the video game again and once again pause it as Lee enters. Lee pays them no attention as he heads towards his bedroom.

LEE (V.O.)
 They don't know. They can't know.
 Man, I'm driving myself crazy.
 (beat)
 Just stop thinking about it. If
 they knew, they definitely would
 have done something by now.

Lee is just about to make it to his bedroom when:

WAYLON
 What'cha doing?

LEE
 Heading into my bedroom.

CHRIS
 I think he meant later.

LEE
 (surprised)
 Oh... just heading out.

CHRIS
 Can we come?

Lee turns around to face them. His eyes squinting as he looks between them both as if expecting a booby trap.

(CONTINUED)

LEE

Why?

WAYLON

We just feel like we never see you anymore, dude.

(off look)

No need to hug about it.

CHRIS

I mean, you're out there doing your thing. Showing your skills off to the world and making tonnes of cash... and we're here or at the bar without you. Living the Coyote Ugly life.

WAYLON

Seriously, chicks are dancing on the bars and doing freaky stuff and you're missing out on learning an essential skill.

(beat)

How to be a male.

Waylon waits for the laugh, and looks to Lee who's staring up at the ceiling as if in thought.

LEE (V.O.)

Oh, my God. They're taking an interest in me. Now! After I've been under the radar for so long!

(quickly)

Okay, just nod and promise to do something with them soon.

Lee looks to them both and apologetically shrugs.

LEE (cont'd)

We'll hang out soon, guys.

Lee turns around and starts to open his door as Chris and Waylon turn to each other.

CHRIS

It's like he's being stripped away from us.

WAYLON

Maybe if we brought in a pole.

Lee turns back around.

CHRIS

It would class up the place.

4 CONTINUED: (2)

4

WAYLON

Right! Plus, if he thought there was ever a chance Emma would willingly hop on a pole, he'd never leave.

Chris nods as Lee breathes a sigh of relief and heads back into his bedroom.

5 INT. APARTMENT - GUYS' ROOM - NEXT

5

Lee enters and sits on his bed. His back is to Ian who is once again watching him.

LEE (V.O.)

That was close.

(beat)

Or was it? If they don't know, it was just a coincidence.

Lee glances to his watch and notes the time.

LEE (V.O.) (cont'd)

My next show isn't for a few hours.
Plenty of time to act normal and slip out with my guitar.

Lee gets up and starts to root through his dresser for clothes. Oblivious to Ian watching him out of the corner of his eye.

LEE V.O.) (cont'd)

Besides, it's not like they're watching my every move.

BLACK OUT:**END OF TEASER**

ACT ONE

FADE IN:

6 INT. APARTMENT - GUYS' ROOM - LATER

6

Lee stands alone in his room. He's in front of a long mirror and looks like he is practicing a stripper routine as he occasionally gyrates his hips. Lee bites his lips, as he continues to thrust into the air around him.

LEE (V.O.)

Problems. Naive people think they just enter into our lives of their own accord. Wreaking damage where they may.

(beat)

In actuality, problems don't exist without people. We create them, and they are our own personal demons waiting to jump-start personal apocalypses.

He spins around and seductively bends down to the ground for a beat, before jumping back up and starting to use his hip motions again. (Note: If anything it's proof that guys should never belly dance or dance without music).

LEE V.O.)

It's why people lock their doors.

The door swings open and Ian drops his bagel as he spots Lee hips rotating in the act.

IAN

"What the hell?" doesn't even begin to encompass the thoughts running through my mind.

Lee freezes, his face turning red as he spots Ian in the mirror.

LEE

Ian. Hey.

IAN

(smirking)

What are you doing, Lee? And don't say auditioning for "So You Think You Can Dance."

Lee turns around to face Ian, his hand rubbing the back of his neck. Ian retrieves his bagel from the ground. He shakes some random carpet from it and bites into it.

LEE

I was just... exercising.

(CONTINUED)

IAN

Exercising? With your pelvis?

LEE

You have to get those hard to flex areas. My doctor... told me... to do this routine.

IAN

(not buying it)

Uh huh.

LEE

To offset my early arthritis.

The guys look at each other. Ian extends his hand as if to recreate the scene he just witnessed.

IAN

In the hips?

LEE

Yep.

Lee turns back around and spots Ian still grinning in the mirror. Lee's face is still red and he looks like he's silently cursing his existence.

LEE (V.O.) (cont'd)

Problems. We create them.

FADE TO:

INT. BRIAN'S APARTMENT COMPLEX - HALLWAY

Claire and BRIAN are in the middle of a passionate kiss in a yellow hallway.

From the looks of it Brian lives in an okay place. Nice lights jut out of the wall, not one lightbulb out of service. Each door a deep, warm green.

The couple are enjoying the moment as the kiss continues and an OLD LADY and her dog walk by. The old lady shoots a disapproving look but the couple don't notice. Claire finally breaks the kiss with a smile.

CLAIRE

You know -

BRIAN

We could do that all day?

Brian starts to kiss her again and Claire returns the affection for a beat.

(CONTINUED)

CLAIRE

Well, yeah... but in other news,
I'm surprised I've never seen your
place before.

BRIAN

It's your typical apartment.
(coy)
Besides, we have more adventures at
yours.

Claire blushes as Brian shakes his head.

BRIAN (cont'd)

Not what I meant, Claire-Bear. I
was referring to the adventures
with your roommates and the
countless times state laws have
been broken.

CLAIRE

Uh huh. Sure you were.

BRIAN

Pssh... you wish I'd give it up.

Claire laughs as Brian turns around and pulls out his keys.
He fidgets them in the door and it swings open. We follow
them as they step into:

It's a nice place. Hardwood floors, natural earthy colors
along the walls. An open kitchen beside the living room, with
a marble counter-top. Brian's principal money clearly pays
off as we note the nice decorations that look like Brian took
his rooms straight out of pottery barn.

LEE (V.O.)

In love we sometimes look for them.

CLAIRE

Wow... I'm impressed, Mister.

BRIAN

Hopefully that's not all you'll be.

They exchange a look as Claire steps deeper into the
apartment.

CLAIRE

You have a woman's taste in design.

BRIAN

Actually, this was all my ex-
girlfriends idea.

CLAIRE

Oh. How did it end between you guys?

BRIAN

Let's just say non-amicably. When I told her I wouldn't convert to Judaism even if we were to be married, she left me.

Claire frowns, but nods as if understanding. Brian finally shuts the door and we spot the huge NAZI FLAG with the swastika in the center hanging behind the door!

Claire double-takes while Brian doesn't react in the slightest as he starts to settle into his home.

Claire looks between the Nazi flag and Brian and back to the flag - as he starts to WHISTLE.

CLAIRE

(thrown)

So... you took the break up badly, I take it?

Off of her nervous features and Brian's comfortable smile we DISSOLVE TO:

LEE (V.O.)

Often, work is a problem.

The living room is empty. The guys' bedroom door opens with a CREAK and Lee sticks his head out and looks around. Relieved the coast is clear.

LEE (V.O.) (cont'd)

Excellent. Now to just walk on out of here and I'm free.

Lee steps out of his room with guitar in hand and starts to walk towards the door.

LEE V.O.) (cont'd)

Act normal. Breathe. No one knows you're about to take off your clothes for cash.

(beat)

Why has the door never seemed so far away?

He finally makes it and looks around the room once again. The place is quiet. He grins as his hand reaches the knob on the door and twists the knob slowly. The door opens, Lee's face one of accomplishment.

LEE V.O.) (cont'd)
 Woo! See. You've done this
 countless times before. Just go.

Lee pumps up his fist in victory before slipping out and
 shutting the door. There's a long beat.

Chris and Waylon walk in from the kitchen and look around.
 Each with a can of beer in hand.

CHRIS
 He's finally gone.

WAYLON
 Bout time. I was starting to think
 he was onto the fact that we knew.

CHRIS
 It is fun messing with him, though.

Waylon nods as the guys take their usual seats on the
 couches.

WAYLON
 It's Lee. Screwing with him is my
 birthright. Although your joke
 about the adult entertainment
 industry yesterday...

CHRIS
 Comedic gold?

WAYLON
 Hell yeah! I was almost jealous I
 wasn't the one with the comment
 that made Lee spit out beer.

Chris puts his feet up on the coffee table and puts his hands
 behind his head, comfortable in his element. Waylon flicks on
 the TV.

WAYLON (cont'd)
 Now, buttmonkey, are you ready for
 phase three?

CHRIS
 (confused)
 I thought we were on phase two?

Waylon sits forward as Emma enters in a short blue dress,
 putting earrings in. The boys don't notice her, though.

WAYLON
 (counting off fingers)
 Wait. Phase one was make subtle
 jokes to mess with Lee's brain.
 (MORE)

WAYLON (cont'd)

Phase two is let him think we know but ultimately have him blame it on his paranoia. Phase three was our grand finale.

CHRIS

I thought phase two was manipulate him into telling us the truth?

WAYLON

See, I thought that would just happen with phase three.

CHRIS

I suppose, but -

Emma SNAPS her fingers and finally gets their attention. Each guy noting how good she looks.

WAYLON

It's nice that you would go through all that effort to come watch TV with us, Em. Makes us feel all special.

EMMA

I'm going on a date with Josh! Do you think I would waste a dress like this on you two idiots?

She takes a seat next to Chris, who takes a sip of his beer.

CHRIS

(surprised)

You're going on another date with that guy? Why?

EMMA

Because he asked, and he's nice.

CHRIS

The guy's a major douche. You can do better.

EMMA

You just want me to stay at home so you two don't feel like complete failures.

WAYLON

Are we failures if we're content with our lives?

EMMA

(beat)

Yes.

Chris and Waylon clink their cans together and continue to drink as Emma shakes her head to herself.

LEE (V.O.)

And in relationships with everyday people, they crop up through your own actions and you don't even know why.

CHRIS

He's not going to show up.

EMMA

Why the hell not?

CHRIS

He's a dude, that's what we do, stand girls up. We're assholes like that.

(beat)

I blame the system.

EMMA

(stung)

But he... called and -

CHRIS

You should just stay in, spare yourself the humiliation.

Emma stands up and motion to her dress.

EMMA

Do you see the pretty, pretty dress? And the lovely but painful shoes? They don't deserve to stay in this crappy apartment drinking beer and watching 'The X Files.'

CHRIS

(shrugs)

We could go out.

EMMA

Last time I went out with you and Waylon, you threw up on my lap on the cab ride home!

Chris grins at the memory while Waylon gestures to his drink and couch.

WAYLON

I'm not going anywhere, I have beer and 'The X Files.' This is my nirvana.

CHRIS

I was endearing.

(off Emma's stony glare)

There's a new club downtown that we could go to. We could even just go spy on Lee and I'll buy all your drinks.

Emma frowns at Chris and fixes the strap on her shoe.

EMMA

I don't think so.

She gets up and walks into the bathroom. Waylon elbows Chris the moment she shuts the door.

WAYLON

What are you doing? Josh is cool.

CHRIS

He works in a bar!

WAYLON

So do you! Kind of.

CHRIS

I serve coffee! There's a distinct difference.

(off look)

My beverages make people happy and give them a purpose. Without me, they can't wake up properly and do their jobs.

WAYLON

(off beer can)

Booze definitely makes people happy.

CHRIS

Yeah, but Josh is still participating in helping the statistics of drunk driving increase. Plus, some people are angry and become douches after booze. With coffee, they're just angry before, after that first sip they're golden and happy again.

WAYLON

So... Josh is a douche, then?

CHRIS

By association... yes!

Emma steps out of the washroom, some more makeup has been applied.

EMMA

You know Josh is going to show up.
Do you know why, Mr. Christopher?

CHRIS

If not, you'll hold him at
gunpoint?

EMMA

No. Because he is a gentleman.

There's a KNOCK at the door. She grins and shoots a glare at Chris.

EMMA (cont'd)

(sarcastically)

I wonder who that could be?

CHRIS

Bet you it's the pizza I ordered.

EMMA

We'll see.

She pauses and adjusts her dress at the door before opening it. JOSH stands before them in a nice outfit. He smiles at Emma and she returns the sentiment.

EMMA (cont'd)

Hey, stranger.

JOSH

Sorry I'm late. I left you a
voicemail on your cell. I also
tried calling, but I think you gave
me the wrong number to the house.

Emma looks to the guys on the couch, but Waylon and Chris look innocent as she turns back around to her date.

EMMA

No worries. You're here now.

She smiles and gives him a peck on the lips.

JOSH

See, now I'm going to be late more
often.

EMMA

(flirting)

Next time it's assault instead of a
kiss.

JOSH
Maybe I like that.

Emma grins as she grabs her purse and starts to head out.

EMMA
(to guys)
Have fun being manly.

The guys toast her as she shuts the door.

WAYLON
She'll be back in time for phase
three.

Chris is in another world though as he glares at the door.

CHRIS
I can't believe he showed up. It's
just so... so...
(beat)
What's that attribute we hate that
people do?

WAYLON
Be considerate?

CHRIS
Exactly! Who does that in this
century?

Chris shakes his head to himself as Waylon focuses again on his beer.

WAYLON
(manipulative)
So what do you want to do about
it... "Mr. Christopher"?

CHRIS
I don't know. Maybe have him become
a stunt double and accidently have
a mishap which results in permanent
death.

WAYLON
That could take a while to set up.
(off look)
I'm just saying.
(beat)
You really don't like this guy,
huh?

CHRIS
I really don't. I mean, the fact
that he exists bothers me.
(MORE)

CONTINUED: (7)

CHRIS (cont'd)

(beat)

I'm convinced he's functionally retarded.

Waylon stands up and stretches.

CHRIS (cont'd)

Emma is just blinded by the prospect of a love interest and can't see she's being duped.

WAYLON

He did seem a little overly cocky with her earlier.

CHRIS

Exactly. Emma never lets a male have confidence around her! She chips away until she's satisfied they're scared of her or at least respect her.

WAYLON

We aren't either of those things.

CHRIS

We're roommates, those rules don't apply to us. She has to put up with our crap and us hers.

(spitefully)

Josh just happens to be the crap she's dealing with at the moment.

WAYLON

So I take it you want us to deal with her crap?

(beat)

Can we drop the metaphor?

Chris nods as Waylon takes a seat on the couch again.

CHRIS

Project Break Up Emma And Douchebag is go.

Chris and Waylon shake hands to settle it as we:

BLACK OUT:**END OF ACT ONE**

ACT TWO

FADE IN:

10

INT. O'GRADY'S - TABLE - LATER

10

Chris, Waylon, and Ian sit at a table with their respective drinks in front of them.

IAN

And then they asked me where they could find the "C" Section while we're in section "A."

WAYLON

(snorts)

You just said 'C-section.'

No one else laughs as Ian ignores the comment.

IAN

And I'm like "Well, good sir, the floor is arranged in alphabetical order... so if we're in the 'A' section, you're going to have to head down that way." And then I begrudgingly pointed.

CHRIS

So I take it work went badly?

IAN

Has my anecdote done nothing for you guys?

Chris and Waylon seem unaffected.

WAYLON

Next time the abridged version would be preferred.

CHRIS

Or a simple "good" or "bad" to the initial question "how was work?" will also be acceptable.

IAN

No. The full version was necessary to get patron stupidity across.

Claire enters and spots the table with a look of happiness mingled with worry as she takes a seat.

Before anyone can gesture a greeting she grabs Ian's drink and takes a few gulps.

(CONTINUED)

IAN (cont'd)

Hey! Explain your actions, alcohol thief.

Claire puts the glass down, and looks disgusted at what she's just drank.

CLAIRE

Sorry. You always see people do that on TV or in movies after an awkward or tense filled encounter. Thought it might be useful.

WAYLON

It's true. They do promote alcoholism, don't they?

CHRIS

Did it help?

CLAIRE

Not even a little bit.

IAN

So my alcohol was wasted!

Ian shakes his head and downs his drink as Claire sighs and looks to the others.

CLAIRE

I went to the apartment but no one was home. So I deduced that people would be here whom I could talk to about certain advice.

The guys nod. They don't note Claire's disappointment or subsequent silence.

WAYLON

(to Ian)

So, I find I often ask myself who would outwit who in the jungle. A midget or a cannibal.

IAN

Cannibal. Hands down. He'd eat that poor little shagger.

WAYLON

Would he, though? Or would the midget be able to hide in the brush or eloquently convince the cannibal he's in need of a sidekick?

IAN

I guess that could happen. Or the cannibal could let the midget think he was outsmarting him and the minute the midget gets comfortable... Bam! Hannibal Lecter-ed.

CHRIS

But what if the midget knows the cannibal can't deny his love for flesh and uses the cannibals own weapons against him first.

WAYLON

What weapons would a cannibal have?

The guys appear curious, as Claire looks around the table, surprised she's been easily brushed off.

IAN

Maybe the cannibal uses -

CLAIRE

Can we please stop talking about cannibalism and midgets? I clearly have an issue I need your help on.

The guys all turn to her, surprised.

CHRIS

But we're not who you were looking for.

CLAIRE

True. I was aiming for Emma or Lee but... you guys will... do.

WAYLON

Real enthusiasm there, Claire.

IAN

Yeah, women can fake it.

(off looks)

Not with me, but... and we're getting off topic.

Ian turns a bit red as Chris laughs, and eventually all eyes are on Claire. She's looking around at their empty drinks and lack of waiters in the area.

CLAIRE

Where's our waiter?

CHRIS

Ian scared them off on a bet.

(CONTINUED)

IAN

I won five bucks.

WAYLON

They think he was just released
from prison.

CLAIRE

Alright, I'm not going to pursue
that. Back to my problems...

(beat)

So, Brian -

WAYLON

Great guy. You should have brought
him along.

IAN

I really do like you two together.
Your shipper name could be Briare.
Or Clarin.

(beat)

Though that sounds like a weird
bacterial cleaner.

Claire's look silences them as she inhales deeply.

CLAIRE

Not what I wanted to talk about,
guys!

(beat; sighing)

So, you know how a few days ago I
thought Brian might have been a
bisexual?

Everyone nods as if this is common knowledge.

CLAIRE (cont'd)

It gets worse.

(whispers)

I think he's a Nazi.

She waits for a reaction and all she gets are confused looks.

IAN

A what?

Claire looks around, overly suspicious. She gestures for them
to lean in and they oblige.

CLAIRE

(whispered)

I think he's a Nazi.

IAN

Oh.

CHRIS
(loudly)
He's a bisexual Nazi!

WAYLON
That is so cool!

Claire looks up to the ceiling as if this is hopeless.

CLAIRE
This is why I need Lee and Emma.

CHRIS
So what are you going to do?

CLAIRE
That's my dilemma! I think it's a sign that I should break up with him.

WAYLON
It does seem like you're writing him off, though.

No one else at the table looks like they agree with Waylon's statement.

IAN
Are you sure he's a Nazi?

CLAIRE
Let's think - he has a flag hung up behind his front door. A Nazi flag.

WAYLON
That's dedication.

CLAIRE
So I feel like I should break up with him. But at the same time, I can't.

CHRIS
Why?

IAN
Think he'll stick you in a gas chamber or deny accountability?

Claire shakes her head, as Waylon signals the barman for another drink.

CLAIRE
I feel like I'm discriminating.

10 CONTINUED: (5)

10

CHRIS
Against the bisexual Nazi?

Claire nods as we CUT TO:

11 EXT. LA - STREET - SAME TIME

11

Emma and Josh walk hand in hand, clearly having a good time. Josh glances at Emma and she looks at him curiously.

EMMA
What? Do I have something on my face?

JOSH
Nope. I just enjoy looking at you.
(beat)
Not in a creepy way.

EMMA
Non-creepy compliment taken.

They walk for a bit.

JOSH
So where'd you grow up? England aside?

EMMA
In Liverpool, specifically. Not that you really care about that information.
(tuts)
And really, the 'where did you grow up' question? Josh, I expected better conversation from you.

JOSH
(laughing)
Really.

EMMA
Not any more. The bar will be set irreplaceably low.

They stop and Emma gives him a kiss.

EMMA (cont'd)
I mean, you could have asked me... what's the last thing on Earth you'd ever want to do?

She kisses him again.

(CONTINUED)

EMMA (cont'd)
 Or how on Earth have you remained
 single? Though I warn you, that
 question will stop the kissing.

She kisses him again for a long beat.

EMMA (cont'd)
 Or "Emma darling, please may I
 inquire as to the secret you've
 told no one, as the result would be
 a painful death."

She playfully kisses again.

EMMA (cont'd)
 Or maybe -

JOSH
 Emma.

EMMA
 (flirting)
 Yes, Joshua?

JOSH
 Shut up.

He goes in for a kiss and Emma adheres to his request. It's one of those pesky annoying movie kisses that goes on for a tad too long.

Josh's pager goes off and he ignores it for a beat before finally untangling himself from the blonde's lips.

EMMA
 Way to ruin the moment.

Josh smirks as he looks at his pager. His expression falling.

EMMA (cont'd)
 What? If it's an ex paging, she's
 going to be so bummed.
 (off look)
 Our date's ending, isn't it.

Josh nods, before kissing Emma on the forehead.

JOSH
 I really wish it wasn't.

EMMA
 Me too.
 (beat; playful)
 So who is the bitch?

JOSH

Work. Apparently some of our waitstaff have quit so I need to go.

EMMA

Weird.
(off look; quickly)
But acceptable excuse.

They link arms and start to walk in the direction we assume is towards O'Grady's.

JOSH

So, how can I make it up to you?

EMMA

I'm sure I can help you spend your next pay check. For starters.

Josh grins as we DISSOLVE TO:

12 INT. APARTMENT - GIRLS' ROOM

12

Claire is sitting in her bed, writing, yet looking contemplative. The door opens and Emma enters.

CLAIRE

You're home early.

EMMA

Yep. Emma's love life is no match for the American Workforce.

Claire doesn't press the matter further as she goes back to writing. Emma takes a seat on Claire's bed.

EMMA (cont'd)

So Brian's a Nazi?

CLAIRE

(curious)
How did the grapevine get to you?
None of us twitter. It's a house rule.

EMMA

Ian couldn't resist the urge to gossip when I came in. He also attempted to "Heil" a little too loudly, so I'm sure we'll be getting dirty looks from the neighbors soon.

Claire laughs as Emma places a concerned hand on Claire's knee as she takes a seat on the bed beside her.

(CONTINUED)

CLAIRE

(off hand)

You know if the guys walk in right now you'll be fulfilling every male wish fulfillment fantasy in the house.

EMMA

What are you going to do?

CLAIRE

Hmm... I was thinking maybe tell him I don't believe in the socialist regime of the Nazi perspective.

EMMA

Claire...

CLAIRE

I know. I know I have to break up with him, it's just...

EMMA

(dry)

You actually like him now that he's a bisexual Nazi?

CLAIRE

(blinking)

I think I liked him before those things. I don't know.

EMMA

Isn't that the way it always goes?

Claire nods and stares at her blankets, before spotting Emma's hand in hers as Emma attempts to pull her up.

CLAIRE

We're not having a lesbian experience, are we? Because, again, the fact that I vowed to Chris and Waylon that we would have no lesbian love between us...

EMMA

I know what will make you feel better.

CLAIRE

Oh, really?

EMMA

Prepare to have wish fulfillment.

12 CONTINUED: (2)

12

Emma starts to drag Claire out of the bedroom as we CUT TO:

13 INT. O'GRADY'S - BOOTH - SAME TIME

13

Chris and Waylon sit across from each other in a different booth, each drinking water now but enjoying a bowl of wings.

Josh can be seen a few tables away serving some clients. Chris shoots a glare his way but the waiter is oblivious as Chris turns back to Waylon.

WAYLON

So what are we thinking? Get him drunk and in bed with another girl? Then proceed to take a few snapshots and mail them to Emma?

CHRIS

(beat)
Nah. Why would we do that to an innocent girl?
(off Josh)
He probably has syphilis.

They both turn and observe the waiter for a beat as he disappears behind the bar.

CHRIS (cont'd)

What a douche.

WAYLON

We could try and convince Emma that he's evil.

CHRIS

We already tried that and she didn't listen. Remember Earl? Emma always has to learn the hard way.

Waylon nods as he takes a bite out of a wing.

WAYLON

There has to be something. No one's untouchable.

Chris smacks the table and immediately brightens up.

CHRIS

That's it! You're an evil genius!

WAYLON

(proudly)
My enemies and cohorts have always thought so.
(beat)
(MORE)

(CONTINUED)

13

CONTINUED:

13

WAYLON (cont'd)
 Although you currently have evil
 written all over your face. What
 are you thinking? Violence?

Chris shakes his head and looks over to the bar.

CHRIS' POV:

Josh emerges with some drinks in hand from behind the bar and is smiling. He laughs at something we don't hear and looks genuinely content.

CHRIS (O.S.)
 Blackmail.

WAYLON (O.S.)
 Nice.
 (beat; curious)
 How are we going to do that?

CHRIS (O.S.)
 Waylon... evil takes time. But
 everyone always has one mistake
 they never want others privy to.
 The question is... what's his?

Off of Josh handing out some pints, CUT TO:

14

INT. THE SIREN'S ODYSSEY - LATER

14

The strip club is well underway in its usual activities, as we spot Lee dancing his booty off on stage and looking like he's having the time of his life.

LEE (V.O.)
 Stripping is an excellent workout,
 I don't care what people think.
 Well, on second thought I guess I
 do... eh, I've had six shots, what
 do I care? Right!

He starts to moonwalk as he tosses off his shirt into the crowd. He puts both hands behind his head and continues to dance. He has that Lee smirk in place and he winks at a few of the ladies closest to him.

We pan over to the back and spot Emma and Claire at a table with drinks giggling away. Emma WHISTLES but Lee can't hear them as he's too busy pumping his body to the beat of the techno music.

CLAIRE
 You know, the boys are going to be
 mad we didn't include them in on
 the plan.

(CONTINUED)

EMMA

(shrugs)

Eh, we'll just ask them if they really wanted to watch Lee strip again and all will be forgiven.

She takes a sip from her fruity drink, and tries not to spit it out as she spots Lee HOWLING like a wolf, before he rips off his tearaway pants.

CLAIRE

Alright, that's more Lee than I was ever expecting to see in this lifetime...

EMMA

Oh, come on! You love his little booty shorts.

CLAIRE

They do suit him...

They share a giggle as we pan over to Lee dancing. His routine currently involves what looks like a little bit of salsa minus the use of maracas in his hands. He starts to walk towards the end of the stage, towards the audience.

LEE (V.O.)

Alright Lee, work the crowds. Be the tiger!

He starts to step down and gets manhandled by an overly OBESE WOMAN. He politely smiles and continues to shake his body to the beat. He does a brief impression of Mr. Clean and folds his arms and smiles, as he surveys the crowd.

His eyes widen as he spots Emma and Claire waving.

LEE V.O.)

Oh, crap.

(long beat)

How the hell am I going to get out of this? Think, brain, think! What if I tell them I just wandered in here? Maybe a gun - yes, a gun was pointed at the back of my head and I was told to dance!

Lee's stopped dancing and is turning red as we pan over to Emma and Claire again.

EMMA

Worth every penny.

CLAIRE

You know, there really is a difference between seeing Lee stripping in pictures taken by a cell phone and seeing the real event.

EMMA

Better quality live.

CLAIRE

Much. High definition, almost.

(beat; smiling)

Alright, you're right.

EMMA

D'uh!

(casually)

About what?

Claire gestures to the table and to Lee watching them. He gets groped again and smacks the hand away. He tentatively starts to slowly dance on the spot like he's in a Broadway show.

CLAIRE

This place. Oddly... makes me feel better.

Emma rolls her eyes as if that statement was obvious as Lee marches over to them. Some eyes at other tables follow, clearly questioning Lee's decision to stop dancing. But as other strippers do their duty attention is quickly drawn away from our table.

LEE

(high pitched)

What the hell are you doing here?

EMMA

I think a better question is what the hell are you doing here?

LEE

(flustered; high pitched)

I'm... well... um -

CLAIRE

Working?

Claire and Emma are trying not to laugh as Lee turns even more red.

EMMA

Trying to get over your daddy
issues or putting yourself through
college?

LEE

(high pitched)
This is not a joke!
(normal voice)
And besides, at least I'm working.

EMMA

Nice to see the balls finally drop,
Lee. You're going to need those if
you plan on staying in the
industry.

CLAIRE

Your accent really comes through
when you're agitated, did you know
that?

Lee pulls up a seat beside them, in just his little booty
shorts.

EMMA

And 'working'? I think you're
whoring yourself out.

CLAIRE

Is it a career path?

LEE

No. I'm just going through a...
transitional patch.

EMMA

You'd need to get some work done if
you planned on staying.
(off Lee's look)
What? It's a business. Plastic
surgery some new abs or risk losing
great tips.

Lee puts his head in his hands as he looks between the girls.

LEE

So I take it everybody knows?

CLAIRE

Oh, yes.

Claire takes a drink as Lee tries to hide his face.

EMMA

We were debating on starting a Facebook group, but we didn't know if we should make you an admin or not.

Lee sighs. Emma opens up her purse and pulls out a few bills.

EMMA (cont'd)

Cheer up, Lee. We plan on being supportive.

LEE

What?

CLAIRE

Emma and I talked it over and we decided... or Emma decided...

EMMA

(grinning)

That I would like a lap dance.

Lee pushes his chair back and stands up, turning red again.

LEE

No frickin' way.

CLAIRE

(to Emma)

I think this is the part where we maniacally laugh.

Emma nods as she waves the bills in Lee's face.

EMMA

(off cash)

Come on! Mommy wants a lap dance.

(beat)

Forget I said it like that.

LEE

Will do.

Lee starts to walk away but Emma grabs his wrist and pulls him back. She places some cash in his shorts with one hand, and passes a few notes over to Claire.

EMMA

Now you choose to become a stripper... eventually you have to ask yourself, "how far are you willing to go?"

Emma winks, as Lee begrudgingly looks down at the cash in his booty shorts. A MANAGER a few feet away gives Lee an odd look.

As the music picks up again, Emma starts to tap her wrist watch and Lee SIGHS as he apathetically starts to dance.

CLAIRE

Smile. We're going to tell this to our future grandkids.

(beat)

Probably not. But we're definitely going to reminisce about it.

Lee over-enthusiastically smiles as he wiggles himself closer to Emma, who laughs.

EMMA

Consider this vengeance for all the pole dancing related begging and subsequent attempts to get me to dance.

Emma wiggles her eyebrows as Lee looks up to the heavens and proceeds to give the blonde a lap dance as we:

BLACK OUT:

END OF ACT TWO

ACT THREE

FADE IN:

15

INT. APARTMENT - LIVING ROOM - LATER

15

Ian is home alone, sitting on a couch flicking through channels aimlessly. He settles on an infomercial.

IAN
 (off infomercial)
 I'd buy you if Lee let me have
 credit cards.

A KNOCK at the door is heard. Ian looks around, confused as he gets up to answer it.

IAN (cont'd)
 Hello?

RANDOM MALE (O.S.)
 Is that you, Lee?

IAN
 I've never been so insulted in my
 life! Of course it's not Lee. What
 gave you that impression?

RANDOM MALE
 The accent.

IAN
 Bloody Americans. They're all thick
 if you ask me.

Ian opens the door and we see the CLUB OWNER (late forties, short and round with an abundance of facial hair, he looks like he stepped out of a back alley). He has a cigar in hand and inhales as he looks Ian up and down.

CLUB OWNER
 You ever think about stripping?

IAN
 In England we start with hello,
 before the invasive questions.

CLUB OWNER
 Is that a 'no'?

IAN
 What do you think, Jeeves?
 (beat; loudly)
 Oh! You're the strip club owner!
 (happily)
 (MORE)

(CONTINUED)

IAN (cont'd)
I've seen you talking to the
strippers like they're your bitches
at The Siren's Odyssey!

Ian realizes he's said it a little too loudly and glances down the hallway. No one is present but them. The Club Owner looks at Ian and gestures towards the interior.

CLUB OWNER
Can I come in?

IAN
(suspicious)
Why?
(beat)
Sorry, I just don't want you
getting other people's dreams and
dignity all over the carpets. I'm a
bit of a germ phobe that way.

The Club Owner walks in anyway and Ian is about to grab him when he notes the man's GUN concealed in an underarm sling. He silences himself as he shuts the door.

IAN (cont'd)
Please, have a seat Mr. Strip Club
Owner. Anywhere you like.

The Club Owner nods as he selects a spot on the couch, some of his cigar ash falls onto the carpet. Ian merely stands at the door awkwardly, clearly unsure of how to proceed.

IAN (cont'd)
(beat)
So, were you just in the
neighbourhood looking for potential
new clients, or...

CLUB OWNER
I was actually looking for one of
my best male employees.

IAN
(shocked)
Lee? Lee is one of your best
employees?

CLUB OWNER
Why yes. He's actually in high
demand. But today he packed it in
early and said he was heading home.

IAN
And you came here to kill him?
(off look)
Or demand money like a pimp?

The Club Owner shakes his head, and pulls out a card. He pulls a pen out and writes down a number.

CLUB OWNER

This stays between you and me, kid.
Because I like you. I don't know
why. But you have a look.

IAN

(flattered)

You really think I could strip?

(beat; Ian again)

Hey, you can't just win me over
with your cigar smoke and your
offering of mass amounts of money.
I have principles! Of the non-
bisexual Nazi kind.

Ian laughs at his own joke as the Club Owner picks up the card he just wrote on.

CLUB OWNER

This isn't a money offer. This is a
phone number.

IAN

Oh.

CLUB OWNER

So tell Lee when he gets back that
if he's interested, we've had
several female clients express
interest for more than just his...
'dancing skills'.

Ian stares at the card and then to the Club Owner in utter shock.

IAN

You mean... people want to sleep
with Lee?

(beat)

That's a mental image I didn't
need.

He shivers as the Club Owner gets up and starts to walk towards the door.

CLUB OWNER

It's a business, kid. You just tell
Lee if he's willing to put out
there's a whole lot more money to
be made.

Ian nods. His eyes drift back to the card and then to the Club Owner as if he's seeing a new opportunity arise. He opens the door with a smirk.

IAN

You know... Mister...?

CLUB OWNER

No need for names. It just makes things messy if the law is ever involved.

IAN

Right. Well, Mr. Strip Club man, I know for a fact that Lee would definitely be interested.

CLUB OWNER

(surprised)

Really? I thought it was a long shot.

IAN

(nodding)

He actually was debating on finding a pimp the other day but we advised against it. But you... you're someone he knows. Someone he can trust. So if you were to set something up, he would be game, I think.

The Club Owner puffs out cigar smoke in Ian's face. Ian stifles a cough.

CLUB OWNER

Excellent. I'll be in touch, Lee's roommate. I'll be in touch.

The club owner exits and Ian can't suppress a grin as he shuts the apartment door.

Lee, noticeably wearing clothes this time, walks with Claire and Emma down a street.

EMMA

You know, Lee, I've never felt so close to you.

LEE

(darkly)

Shut up.

EMMA

Hey! You can't talk to the customers that way. I paid good money for that show.

Emma grins, as Claire pointedly grabs Lee's bicep.

CLAIRE

(playful)

Which reminds me, have you been working out?

LEE

(grinning)

I actually have! I do those aerobic videos.

CLAIRE

I definitely thought something was different.

She links arms with him as they turn a corner and continue their walk.

CLAIRE (cont'd)

Now, the question is, are you going to maintain your career as an 'exotic dancer' or insist it was all a ruse and secretly you work for the CIA?

LEE

Would you believe I was on a long-term assignment? They believe the boss is a terrorist.

CLAIRE

Who isn't one these days? Silly government agents.

LEE

Exactly.

EMMA

(sadly)

I'm going to miss you stripping.

(beat)

I never thought I would ever say that.

They walk past a street performer actually playing the guitar, and Emma chips a few coins in.

LEE

Are you guys going to keep showing up if I continue?

(CONTINUED)

EMMA

Yes. We're easy people to entertain.

CLAIRE

We just want to be supportive.

Lee shakes his head, turning red again. Claire playfully taps his nose.

EMMA

Will you stop going Rudolph every time you think of stripping and us seeing you?

(reflective)

After that lap dance, nothing should ever feel awkward between us again.

LEE

(beat)

I'm kind of scared now.

EMMA

Me too.

Emma links arms with Lee as well, as Claire's cell phone starts to RING a happy tune. The brunette GROANS and pulls out her cell. We see it's "Brian" on the display.

LEE

Are you going to answer it?

Claire looks like she's debating for a beat, before she sticks it back in her coat pocket.

CLAIRE

He'll call again if it's important.

EMMA

Or if he's starting another holocaust.

(off look)

You know you were thinking it.

LEE

Look on the bright side. Maybe he's calling you tell you he's found another man.

Emma and Lee laugh as Claire ignores them. Her cell starts to RING again and she ignores it once more as we:

17 EXT. LA - DOWNTOWN

17

We zoom from Lee, Emma, and Claire and pass dozens of streets. They flash before us quickly. Hundreds of people flitter in and out as if the world is on fast forward.

Until we finally slow down to what appears to be a nice LA street with a few people until eventually we come to a stop outside familiar territory. O'Grady's.

18 EXT. O'GRADY'S - STREET - CONTINUOUS

18

It's late, as a few people outside have a smoke. The windows are fogged in a typical pub fashion. The bar's red door opens and a few people trickle out, clearly heading home.

We slowly pull back across the street and come to a stop inside an alleyway. The bar can still be seen in full view, but the alley is the only area on the street shielded by shadows.

We note two distinct forms clad in black. One tall and skinny, the other a tad bit shorter and overweight. They step out briefly into the light and we see they're donning ski-masks and dressed in all black.

The taller figure glances at their wrist watch, before pulling up his ski mask - it's Chris.

CHRIS

Damn it, Josh! He can't even leave work on time.

Waylon lifts his mask and shakes his head as they step back into the shadows.

WAYLON

This may be our best scheme yet.

CHRIS

This is what happens when we're left unsupervised.

WAYLON

Unadulterated awesomeness?

Chris nods.

WAYLON (cont'd)

So, I was thinking after we scare the hell out of this guy, do you maybe want to head to a retirement home, or -

CHRIS

No. We are not mugging people.

(CONTINUED)

WAYLON

That's not what I was going to say!

CHRIS

Uh huh. What did you want to do,
then?

WAYLON

(beat)
Never mind.

The door to O'Grady's opens and a few more people exit. None of them resemble Josh in the slightest. As our black-clad duo simultaneously slump, we DISSOLVE TO:

19 INT. APARTMENT - KITCHEN - LATER

19

Ian is in the kitchen making tea, as we hear the sound of the apartment door opening.

IAN

Hello?

No response. Ian pours some water into a cup with a teabag as we hear sounds of someone taking their coat and shoes off.

IAN (cont'd)

Hello?
(louder)
Mr. Strip Club Guy?

No one answers as Ian starts to slowly walk towards the door. When Lee, Claire, and Emma enter the kitchen looking worn out.

Ian almost jumps out of his skin.

IAN (cont'd)

Jesus! Does no one just say 'hello'
anymore?

None of them respond as they each take seats at the table. Claire's cell phone goes off again and she makes no move to answer it.

LEE

You'll have to face him sometime.

CLAIRE

I know. Just not today.

IAN

Are we avoiding the Bisexual Nazi?

EMMA

We're not. Claire is.

(CONTINUED)

Claire shoots Emma a look as she pulls out her cellphone and deliberately shuts it off.

LEE

That'll stop him calling every
twenty minutes.

EMMA

Say what you will about Brian.
Naziism aside, he was a nice guy.

Emma, Lee, and Ian take a second to mourn their friend.

LEE

He is a bit desperate to reach you,
though.

CLAIRE

We were supposed to go out tonight.
But when I saw the flag, I -

IAN

Brought up outdated references to
World War Two?

CLAIRE

Freaked and said I had some
homework to grade that slipped my
mind.

LEE

Believable.

Claire folds her hands and lies her head on the table. Lee rubs her hair for a beat, and she looks grateful.

EMMA

I would have yelled "Viva La
France" and then hasta'd out of
there.

CLAIRE

(disappointed)
It's not funny.

EMMA

(serious)
I know. It's just... when things
get dramatic or suck royally we
make light, Claire. It's a house
trait... or fault.

Claire closes her eyes, while Ian heads back to the counter and maintains his tea.

IAN

Speaking of newfound traits, Lee -

LEE

If you're going to make a stripper joke, note I will sack you.

Ian turns around and takes a sip of his tea nonchalantly.

IAN

That's old news. I'm just saying someone from your newfound organization called requesting a date, and I agreed on your behalf.

LEE

(excited)

Oh, was it Adrianna?

IAN

Didn't catch her name, but she sounded cute. Anyway, I told her you'd be at O'Grady's tomorrow night at six if you're interested.

LEE

Cool.

Lee doesn't catch Ian's sinister smile as he sips his tea, and we DISSOLVE TO:

Several people are stumbling out of the bar now. Chris and Waylon are scanning their individual faces. Chris' eyes light up as he finally spots Josh at the end of the herd.

CHRIS

Douche is on the move!

Waylon nods as they start to head out.

WAYLON

I really wish we had weapons.

CHRIS

Dude, do you want us to get arrested?

WAYLON

Can't a man try to make a new world record?

They head out of the alleyway and fail spectacularly to blend in as we CUT TO:

21 EXT. LA - A FEW STREETS OVER - NEXT

21

A typical sidewalk and road. Josh walks with his hands in his pockets and his eyes on the ground.

In the background we notice our familiar duo ten feet away from him.

CHRIS
(whispered)
Alright, how do we want to do this?

WAYLON
I don't know. Why didn't you think of this before?

CHRIS
I always come up with the plans!

WAYLON
I know! That's your function. I'm the muscle.

Chris hits Waylon, who exclaims and retaliates by hitting Chris back. Josh doesn't turn around but picks up his pace, as Chris and Waylon continue to hit each other.

CHRIS
Should we tap on his shoulder and politely inform him -

WAYLON
We're threatening him. There is no 'polite.'
(beat)
Canada really did a number on you, didn't they?

CHRIS
We could go around and jump out at him -

WAYLON
We should have planned this when we were waiting in the alleyway.

CHRIS
Oh, so now there's a "we" in planning.

WAYLON
Because apparently your brain's on strike.

Chris shoots him a look before setting his ski mask back in place. Waylon follows suit.

(CONTINUED)

Josh finally turns around and notices them. Chris and Waylon, to their credit, manage to look intimidating as they take a step forward and act imposing. There's a long beat as Josh stares them down.

Josh finally bolts, and Waylon turns to Chris.

WAYLON (cont'd)
Now what do we do?

CHRIS
Go after him!

Chris starts to sprint after Josh. He's not too far away from them as Waylon looks like he's debating.

WAYLON
Fine.

Waylon starts to join the pursuit as Josh crosses the street. Chris slowly but surely closing in.

CHRIS
(deep voice)
Josh!

Josh turns around, visibly surprised Chris knows his name, and as he's still running heads straight into a wall and collapses.

CHRIS (cont'd)
(victorious)
I knew he wasn't that bright!

Chris and Waylon rush forward and make it to Josh just as he starts to push himself up. Waylon CRACKS his knuckles while Chris folds his arms menacingly.

JOSH
Look, I'll give you everything I
have on me.

CHRIS
(deep voice)
We don't want your money.

WAYLON
Yes, we do!

Chris and Waylon exchange a look before Waylon finally shrugs, giving up on the matter.

JOSH
What do you want?

CHRIS
Finally! A smart question.

JOSH
You sound familiar.

CHRIS
(deep voice)
No! I don't.

Josh stands up, as Waylon puts his arm out over Josh's shoulder and presses the wall. Looking like he owns the area and knows Josh has nowhere to go.

WAYLON
We're here to blackmail you.

JOSH
With what?

CHRIS
(deep voice)
It seems you have a record, Josh.
One account of drunk driving.
Another of breaking and entering.

JOSH
I was sixteen!

CHRIS
Not the point! The point is that
you will stay away from Emma Platt.
Are we clear?

WAYLON
You're a threat to her.

Waylon leans right in to Josh's face.

WAYLON (cont'd)
And do you know what we do with
threats, Josh? We eliminate them.

Chris nods as Josh looks freaked.

JOSH
Look Emma's a nice girl -

CHRIS
Let's keep it that way. You'll call
Emma tomorrow and tell her you're
sorry but you can't see her
anymore. Are we clear?

Chris cocks his head to the side as if to emphasize his point. A light flickers overhead.

CHRIS (cont'd)

Say yes, and the light stays on and you get to live. I'd call that pretty lucky. Say no, my buddy shuts it off and you disappear.

Josh's eyes are wide with fear. He's sweating. Waylon finally backs down, and Josh utilizes the moment and grasps at the Waylon's ski-mask.

WAYLON

Dude! Personal space.

Josh deftly removes the mask abruptly. Waylon is too flustered from shock to react but Josh's eyes flash in recognition.

JOSH

What the hell?

CHRIS

Hell is where you're going, punk!

Josh SCREAMS and pushes past Waylon. He runs down the street still screaming to nothing in particular as the guys watch amused.

WAYLON

We did the right thing. What man screams?

CHRIS

(confidently)
He won't be back.

Chris smiles as Waylon looks to his partner in crime.

WAYLON

(questioningly)
"Hell is where you're going, punk"?
You've seen way too many action movies.

CHRIS

At least my voice didn't sound like Christian Bale doing Batman.

He pushes Chris playfully as they start to walk in the opposite direction. Josh's yelling in terror can still be heard in the distance before we:

BLACK OUT:

END OF ACT THREE

ACT FOUR

FADE IN:

22 EXT. LA - SKYLINE - TIME LAPSE 22

We watch the sun quickly rise as a mayhem of cars zig zag forth among the average LA scenery. Before the sun slowly starts to set, as we FADE TO:

23 INT. O'GRADY'S - BAR - EARLY EVENING 23

Lee sits up at the bar with a pint in hand. He's glancing around the area, trying to act casual as he examines the female patrons. He coughs, as WOMAN #1 notices him checking her out.

LEE

Sorry.

He glances around again and checks his watch.

LEE (cont'd)

(muttering)

Ian probably lied to me for a laugh. I'll kill him.

He stares down at his pint glass and gets caught in a stare. As a REDHEAD COUGAR (middle aged, slightly overweight, with too much makeup) taps him on the shoulder.

REDHEAD

Sorry. I didn't recognize you with your clothes on.

Lee blushes, as he turns around and grimaces at the woman before him. She laughs and plays with her hair.

REDHEAD (cont'd)

I know, I know. I'm a vision.

LEE

(low)

But of what, is the question.

REDHEAD

Call me Lucy.

LUCY cups Lee's cheeks in her hands and goes in for a kiss. Lee isn't quick enough to escape and must endure it as they get several weird looks from surrounding patrons.

LEE

(as kissing)

Oh, and we're kissing.

(CONTINUED)

Lucy grins as she finally pulls away and hops up on the seat next to Lee.

LUCY

There's more where that came from.

She winks and seductively massages his knee. Lee puts his hand on hers, ready to remove it when he notes the wedding ring on her finger.

LEE

My, God -

LUCY

Please, dear, call me Lucy.

(off ring)

And don't worry. My husband and I have an arrangement.

LEE

Oh, do you now? Because I still have my morals.

(beat)

And by that I mean I'm a faithful... vicarious monogamist.

Lucy smirks and pats Lee's cheek like he's a little puppy.

LUCY

You're so scrumptious up close.

(beat)

Even though I've already seen the whole package... I'd like to see it elsewhere.

She gropes Lee's groin and he JUMPS out of his stool sending it clattering to the ground.

LEE

Wow! Lucy. Look you seem really nice. Really.

(beat)

Did I tell you I think you're nice?

But -

Lucy has her finger over Lee's mouth, and she cocks her head to the washrooms.

LUCY

You'd like to get down to business and go somewhere a little more private...

(grinning)

Let's go... you can have your way with me.

Lucy hops down and walks towards the bathrooms as Lee stands there flabbergasted.

LEE (V.O.)

Oh, dear Christ. My Little Lee may never properly function again.

(beat)

Fucking problems. They're always around us waiting for us to create them...

Off of Lee gulping as Lucy obviously waves him over to the washrooms we DISSOLVE TO:

Claire sits at her night-table as her cell phone goes off. She looks to the ID and sees it's "Brian" again. Her expression falls as she picks up her cell.

CLAIRE

Hello.

BRIAN

(filtered; via cell)

Hey, you!

There's a beat, as Claire stands up and begins to walk around her bedroom.

CLAIRE

(awkwardly)

You called?

BRIAN

Yeah. Just wanted to chat. See if maybe you wanted to come by or go out later.

CLAIRE

Um... let me think about it and get back to you.

BRIAN

(excited)

Come on, say yes! You know anything you do with your boyfriend is better than what you could be doing with your roommates.

(playful)

Although, in your case, that might actually not be true. But still, we should go out.

Claire looks a tad saddened, as she looks at herself in the mirror.

CLAIRE
 (faking Cheer)
 You know what... yeah. I should probably see you later.

BRIAN
 Excellent. Want to come to my place in a few hours?

CLAIRE
 Sure. Sounds... great.

BRIAN
 Alright, see you then.

Brian hangs up, and Claire tosses her cell phone on her bed.

CLAIRE
 (defeated)
 We are dating after all.

She starts to adjust her hair in the mirror and we CUT TO:

Ian is squinting at some call numbers as he holds some books in his hands. His book cart is a few feet away, as he starts to go about placing a few books back in their proper places.

His cell RINGS, and he's quick to answer it. Apparently in a jolly mood.

IAN
 Ian's Extortion Service. Your problems are our benefits.

INTERCUT WITH:

Lee stands alone outside the bar. His eyes flick nervously to the door every few seconds.

LEE
 (filtered; via cell)
 You son of a bitch.

IAN
 Press one for comments. Two for complaints. Then hold and a company representative will be right with you.

LEE

Can you please explain to me why you set me up on a date with a woman in need of plastic surgery?

IAN

(surprised)

A 'date'?

(beat)

And how was I supposed to know how she looked? All I heard was the seductive voice. I didn't ask her to fax over her details.

Ian shakes his head as he puts a book away, while Lee turns away from the bar.

LEE

You should have known it was a trap. She's married, and she's... well, she...

IAN

What?

LEE

(whispered)

Violated me.

IAN

Again, I state 'what?'

Lee looks around to see if any passersby are listening.

LEE

(upset)

She just grabbed Little Lee without any build up or conversation. Her hands just went past the border without any pleasantries. Like I'm some object!

Ian snickers to himself as he walks back to his cart filled with books.

LEE (cont'd)

It's not funny.

IAN

Yes, it is.

(beat)

Anyway, I have to get back to work. I'm getting the angry glare from the boss.

(CONTINUED)

LEE

Fine. But I'm killing you when I get home.

IAN

Oh, before you go, you should probably also know that she also thinks you're a prostitute.

LEE

(furious)

What?

IAN

She's paying by the hour.

With that Ian hangs up with a smirk, as Lee looks at the bar in horror!

END INTERCUT:

The bar door opens and Lucy steps out, flashing her bra strap as she spots Lee.

LUCY

Oh! Did you want to do it in public?

(beat)

That's so exciting! My husband will be so jealous.

(curious)

Would you mind if he joined us?

We'll pay extra.

Lee's eyebrows raise as Lucy forcefully tries to pull him in for another kiss. Lee tries to pull back for all he's worth as we CUT TO:

Waylon looks like he's nesting into the couch. Several sandwiches rest on a plate on his stomach as a movie plays on the TV. He takes a bite, as the front door bursts open and Emma stomps in.

She shuts the door and turns off the TV. Waylon looks at her with a smile.

EMMA

You have five seconds to tell me why I shouldn't throw you off the balcony.

(CONTINUED)

WAYLON

(shrugs)

Whatever you're blaming me of, you have no proof. And besides, a slip of a thing like you couldn't lift my fat ass even if you tried.

Emma marches forward, blowing some hair out of her face.

EMMA

Oh, really? So there's a rational explanation as to why the handsome man whom I was getting along with just fine called me and told me he saw a man who looked just like one of my roommates who told him to break up with me?

WAYLON

I don't negotiate with terrorists.

Emma marches forward and SMACKS his arm.

EMMA

Waylon! There's a lot more abuse where that came from, and I'm a fan of medieval weaponry. Have you ever seen the mess a Pear Of Anguish makes?

Waylon shrugs and takes another bite of his sandwich.

WAYLON

There are no other witnesses. He can't pursue us in court.

(beat)

I've committed perjury before.

EMMA

"Us?" Define please.

(beat)

Is this some weird vendetta by our roommate who strips because I made him give me a lapdance?

WAYLON

Lee gave you a lapdance?

Waylon tosses away some crumbs as Emma looks ready to smack him again.

WAYLON (cont'd)

Okay, not the point. Look, it was Chris' idea!

Emma's stance drops, as Waylon sits up. The blonde is genuinely confused.

EMMA

Why would he -

WAYLON

He said Josh was another Earl, and I believed him. Personally, we were doing you a favour.

EMMA

(pissed)

Well... don't.

(off apartment)

Where is he? I want to slaughter him myself.

WAYLON

He's...

Emma raises her arm ready to hit him again if she has to,

WAYLON (cont'd)

At work! There, are you happy?

The blonde looks anything but as she exits the apartment.

WAYLON (cont'd)

Al Quaeda's got nothing on Emma Platt.

DISSOLVE TO:

Lee is walking with Lucy, whom is still occasionally groping random parts of Lee's body.

LUCY

Look, I paid good money for this. So can we cut to us having sex already?

LEE

Look, Lucy, you see, the thing is -

LUCY

This isn't your first time, is it?

LEE

(shocked)

What? No. I've been with women.

Lots of women.

(MORE)

(CONTINUED)

LEE (cont'd)
I've been with women I regret and
some bodies I'm still trying to
repress, yet still see when I close
my eyes at night... but...

Lucy pinches Lee's butt. Lee once again swats her hand away.

LUCY
"But"?

LEE
I'm not a prostitute!
(beat)
Surprisingly, I'm the second of my
friends to have to claim that to
the Americans.

LUCY
(blushing)
Oh. Well, you dance like you -

LEE
(in his own world)
Maybe it's the international thing.
Yanks hear an accent and
immediately think it's some illegal
immigrant trying to get by and sell
themselves.
(to Lucy)
Oh, who am I kidding? I don't know
what it is.

They continue to talk as Lucy finally keeps her hands to herself. But we don't hear what is said.

LEE (V.O.) (cont'd)
But generally if we're honest with
ourselves, the problems in our
lives aren't as big as they
initially seem.

Chris is cleaning up some stains and spills on a table with a cloth. The place looks pretty deserted and ready to close as we spot one customer in a table near the window. Along with a few messy tables.

LEE (V.O.)
And sometimes they lead us to
moments where we figure out what's
been bothering us all along.

Chris scrubs the table and finally gets the remains of a stain off. He sticks the cloth in his apron and turns around, not seeing Emma enter in a fury.

EMMA

Christopher Aiden Kelly. Start talking and make sure every sentence ends with 'and I'm so, so sorry.'

Chris turns around and looks at the blonde with a smirk.

CHRIS

Since I've been requested... I guess I always knew I would be a waiter at some point in my life. I mean -

EMMA

Don't be clever. Do I really look like I'm in the mood to laugh?

CHRIS

You never know with the British.

He starts to clean up at another table as Emma walks forward.

EMMA

Again, not the time to be cute.
(seriously)
What the hell is your problem with Josh? The one decent guy! The one that's shown an interest in me since I've come to the States.

Chris doesn't react. Emma manages to look more threatening and takes a step closer. Crossing her arms.

EMMA (cont'd)

What the hell is it?

CHRIS

How about the fact that he looks like his face was beaten in by a shovel?

(off look)

Okay, not a big shovel. But a moderate-sized one.

EMMA

Chris -

CHRIS

I don't know. I just had a bad feeling about the guy. Much like what I assume people felt like after watching 'Supersize Me.'

EMMA

(loud)

Chris, stop making outdated pop culture references and -

CHRIS

He's not me.

Emma takes a step back, genuinely shocked.

EMMA

What?

Chris leaves the cloth and mess on the table and looks Emma in the eye.

CHRIS

Look, it's not a big deal. It's just lately I think... or know... that I may or may not have feelings for you. Okay?

He goes back to his work, and stares at the ground as Emma still looks floored by the revelation.

EMMA

May... or may not?

CHRIS

I care if you date another guy, alright? Let's leave it at that.

EMMA

(still confused)

How long... have you felt like this?

Chris stops cleaning the table again as he looks the blonde in the eye.

CHRIS

A... while.

(begrudgingly)

For instance, I care when you're insanely drunk and when you're hungover the next morning.

(smiling)

Sometimes I think it's cute when you threaten others to do your bidding. Or the way you pretend you're this tough independent young woman, but at night you still want your teddy bear and sometimes look like you miss home.

(off look)

Only sometimes, though!

(MORE)

(CONTINUED)

CHRIS (cont'd)

Generally I assume you can kick any of our asses, but you have your moments. Those are the moments where I wish I could make you feel like everything's going to be fine.

(beat)

Alright? You know. Now back to the verbally filleting me?

Emma bites her lip and locks eyes with Chris. It's clear neither one of them knows what to do now or say for that matter.

There's a long beat. Chris sighs and goes about cleaning the table again.

We start to zoom out from the pair slowly. We take in the remaining customers and wait staff as we continue pulling back, the duo still having nothing to say...

BLACK OUT:

END OF SHOW