

THE HIGH LIFE

"Bropocalypse Now"

by
Chris Kelly

TEASER

FADE IN:

1

INT. APARTMENT - LIVING ROOM - NIGHT

1

The apartment is a mess. Take out food bags look like they have nested in corners. Pillows are all over the floor, as are various empty glasses and used plates.

The entire living room's furniture has been rearranged so that all we see is a couch, a computer desk, and an open wide space with carpeting (which the mess surrounds).

LEE stands atop the couch, holding a binder filled with papers. A printer sits on the desk beside him with the computer, printing off one sheet at a time. Slowly but surely.

Lee watches the printer and fiddles with his glasses for a moment, a smile irreplacably stuck on his features.

LEE

(Coughing)

Ahem. Attention one and all!

WAYLON (O.S.)

There are only six of us, and you know us all.

PAN ACROSS the living room to find the other couch stuck between the two bedroom doors where WAYLON, EMMA, and CLAIRE sit. CHRIS and IAN sit on the carpet on either side.

LEE

Yes, well, sadly... that is the case.

IAN

'Sadly'? You wouldn't be standing there without us, chum. Don't be growing an ego now.

LEE

(beat)

Anyways, the point is we came across the Atlantic months ago with a goal. We may have traveled off the beaten path time and again, gallivanting with Cougar Deans and law enforcement, midgets and even a skunk. One time, I recall -

IAN

When were there Cougar Deans?

(CONTINUED)

LEE

(ignoring Ian)

We commuted to our crappy jobs which we still possess - yes. Some of us have since left said crappy jobs, whether of our own choice or not. They were... character building experiences. But what I hold in my hands, gentle brethren, I think makes up for all that. It is a character defining experience and... and...

CLAIRE

He's going to cry.

EMMA

Can you blame him? He's dreamed about this day since he was a little girl. The white dress, picking out the perfect invitations and flowers...

Lee squints his eyes shut as if trying to fight against it, scrunching up his face in the process. A lonely TEAR exits and begins to slide down his cheek.

LEE

I am not. I am composed. I am...

CHRIS

Making an awkward orgasm face?

Lee finally opens his eyes to glare - but his smile is still in place. He points over at the printer, which is still doing it's job and printing.

LEE

(Stern)

No. None of you get to ruin this moment! I will not be defeated in this... my finest hour. For today, we have finally completed the project! Or at least the writing portion of it.

Lee lets out a sigh of relief as everyone genuinely shows a happy face.

CHRIS

Now all that can go wrong is having an agent tell us we're a bunch of hacks and slamming the door in our faces.

(off looks)

But aside from that, yeah!

WAYLON

It's about time! I swear, if Lee tried to keep us trapped in here for one more day I was going to go to an asylum for sanctuary.

(beat)

In spite of my fragile condition.

Waylon sneezes and wipes his nose with his arm. Ian grimaces.

EMMA

And if I had to be near that for any longer I would have lost all attraction for the opposite gender.

(beat)

Sorry, Chris.

CHRIS

No worries. Better Waylon turn you off men than me.

Waylon coughs, and everyone lets out a reaction as if this has been happening for a while.

CLAIRE

You alright?

WAYLON

Like a horse at a stud farm.

IAN

Are they about to put you down?

WAYLON

Nah, now that Sensei over there is orgasming since we've finished the project, I assume he'll no longer be keeping us trapped in here. I've found the will to live again.

Waylon sneezes again and snuffles. Claire pats him on the shoulder.

WAYLON (cont'd)

And I am no longer planning to lead an underground resistance.

(beat)

Emma, cancel our purchases on eBay! We're no longer going to need those Madonna albums.

CLAIRE

Madonna?

EMMA

Weapons of mass annoyance, sweetie.

Claire nods, comprehending, as Lee takes a step down off the couch and onto the carpet.

LEE

I did not keep you lot 'trapped' in here! You were here of your own free will!

CLAIRE

Lee, it's been three days.

LEE

Oh. Well... we're done!

The printer BLEEPS and Lee drops the binder. All eyes shoot to the printer. Lee rushes forward to it.

IAN

No. No. No.

CHRIS

(to apartment ceiling)

Sweet Merciful Higher Power. I know we haven't been on talking terms lately, what with me being busy and yourself off performing what I can only assume is miracles, but if you get us out of this, I swear to God - or whatever title you wish to be known as - that I'll be a better person.

The printer still BLEEPS, and everyone gets up and heads over to the computer.

LEE

Of course this would happen to us! You know, we finally start to get somewhere and -

EMMA

Lee, now is not the time to speak!

Ian sits in the computer chair and looks at the document on the computer. The printing icon has popped up with a question mark.

Claire picks up all the sheets the printer managed to print, and looks at the last page.

CLAIRE

We have at least half of it here.

WAYLON

Any sign of what the problem is?

LEE

I'm technology cancer, that's the
only explanation for this!

The printer BLEEEEEEEPS and then stops.

LEE (cont'd)

(to Ian)

What did you do?

CHRIS

Oh, God, slash pixie slash
omniscient force slash Capitalism
Jesus!

IAN

I didn't do anything, I -

PRINTER

Please load paper in the auto-sheet
feeder.

(beat)

Please load paper in the auto-sheet
feeder.

Everyone in unison looks to the printer and notices the lack
of paper left in the auto-sheet feeder.

CLAIRE

You know, sometimes I'm amazed we
even remember to breathe when we
wake up.

The gang lets out a communal sigh and visibly starts to relax
as we:

BLACK OUT:

END OF TEASER

ACT ONE

FADE IN:

2 INT. APARTMENT - LIVING ROOM - DAY

2

Everyone is much more settled now and everyone but Ian and Lee are back on the couches. Ian and Lee are still by the computer but don't look tense at all. Waylon looks like he's about to sneeze... then does not.

CHRIS

You alright, bud?

WAYLON

Yeah! I'm good.

Ian clicks on a few things on the computer screen and then sits back.

IAN

There. Saved and resaved. Sent to all of our e-mail accounts so that we have back-ups and to my aunt Myrtle... just in case.

(beat)

Now all we have to do is get paper and we're golden!

LEE

Good. That was an unnecessary stroke and a half.

IAN

Yeah, I was ready to develop a drug addiction and call it quits if we lost everything.

CLAIRE

But we didn't.

LEE

We could have! Then what would have happened?

CHRIS

Mass amounts of alcohol.

EMMA

Followed by sleep, recover from hangover, and repeat.

WAYLON

Or Lee would have gone catatonic.

(CONTINUED)

CLAIRE

Followed by the rest of us not realizing since we'd all be passed out, I'm sure.

Ian swivels around in the computer chair and faces everyone.

IAN

So, we're done with the project.
What do we want to do to celebrate?

Everyone looks at one another for a second. And CUT TO:

3 INT. O'GRADY'S - BOOTH - LATER

3

Six pint glasses clink in the air, before the beverages return to their rightful owners. Everyone sits in the booth and takes a drink.

EMMA

Whoo!
(beat)
It feels good to be done. For now.

LEE

(off glass)
To being done with the project!
After months of adventures!

CHRIS

May you never have to strip again!

Everyone laughs but it's all in good fun, as everyone places their drink down on the table.

IAN

To not having killed each other along the way to getting here.

EMMA

To not sleeping with an executive at Fox to get our show on the air!

CHRIS

Em, we might still have to do that.
(grimacing)
Sadly.

EMMA

Well... I'm making a rule now that we don't have to!

CHRIS

I can't say no to that. Can I?

EMMA

Nope. I'm irresistible...

(coy)

And charming.

Emma and Chris share a quick kiss which starts to turn into something more. Claire looks away awkwardly.

Waylon coughs once and then moves over to cough on them, forcing Chris and Emma to get the message and pull apart. Ian rolls his eyes.

EMMA (cont'd)

(off looks)

I am! And if any of you make a comment that suggests otherwise... when we make it to the top I'll bring you down so hard you'll wish you had amnesia, because you won't be able to repress the horrors of my wrath.

IAN

(beat)

Charming, was it?

Emma nods, as Waylon coughs and smacks his hand on the table.

WAYLON

How about... to not having joined a tabloid magazine or any other form of writing aside from what we want!

LEE

Yeah! Go us.

("what about?")

Or to having finally settled into the LA lifestyle, affirmed by the fact that we have become locals in an American bar.

Everyone nods. Ian and Chris look to their glasses on the table, while Lee still nods his head. Everyone's glasses noticeably still on the table.

CLAIRE

(off glasses)

I think we were supposed to say all those lovely sentiments before we toasted.

Simultaneously five dirty looks shoot in Claire's direction.

CLAIRE (cont'd)

I'm just saying!

LEE

Ah, well. To all that everyone has
already said... already!

Lee raises his glass, as does everyone else, and they clink
glasses in the middle again.

EVERYONE

Cheers.

DISSOLVE TO:

4 INT. O'GRADY'S - BOOTH - LATER

4

Waylon is coughing up a storm over everyone's empty glasses.
A WAITER comes over with a tray loaded with new beverages and
starts to pass them out. Five pints are handed down.

And then... a cooler is placed down in front of Ian. Spotting
the alcohol, Waylon appears to make a slight recovery.

LEE

Thanks.

The Waiter smiles as they take away the empty glasses and
exits. Ian opens up the cooler and drinks like it's a normal
day. Waylon watches him in shock.

WAYLON

What the hell is that?

IAN

A cooler. How much have you had?

WAYLON

Are you trying to get us kicked out
of the bar where we're now
recognized? A guy cannot be seen
with such a beverage in public!
Where are your testicles?

IAN

Still present. And come off it, I'm
a man, I can order whatever the
hell I feel like. Alcohol is
alcohol.

WAYLON

Not in America!

LEE

You are asking to get stoned.

(off look)

Not from us. Just from society.

(CONTINUED)

CHRIS

You'll have to enter Witness
Protection.

Waylon nods along to this and Ian takes a sip of the cooler.

WAYLON

Have you no shame? People can see
us!

Waylon starts to enter a coughing fit again and Ian takes another sip of the cooler, as if to get a point across.

IAN

I don't bloody care.
(to girls)
Do either of you see anything wrong
with me drinking this beverage?

Emma and Claire exchange a look across the table before looking to Ian.

EMMA

Look Ian. I've always believed that the alcohol one drinks says a lot about one's character. The cooler... it may lure you in with its pretty colours and its sometimes fruity taste, depending on the flavor. Yes, it's even in a glass bottle, much like what one could find a beer in, but don't let the mirage fool you. The cooler is, at the end of the day, a vagina drink.

IAN

Hell no! What about the New World? Where men and women are equal now? Entitled to do whatever they want? You're both feminists, you should be on my side.

CLAIRE

All of the above is true, Ian. In an ideal world, we can do whatever we want. Yes, women get to vote now, we can get the same jobs as men now, times are better for us.

(beat)

But it doesn't change the fact that the beverage in your hand is, as Emma so succinctly put it, a vagina drink. And the above statements do not apply to you. It's ideal for us.

(MORE)

(CONTINUED)

CLAIRE (cont'd)

So at the end of the day, when us women have been at the polls or have just performed major heart surgery, we get to come home and have a cooler because we've earned it. It's a part of our feminine culture.

IAN

But... but it tastes so good.

CLAIRE

Sweetie, we know. We know it does. It's okay that you're different.

CHRIS

They still love you.

IAN

So... if you guys get coolers, what does the male population get?

EMMA

You guys get the Superbowl.

(beat)

And Rosie O'Donnell. We don't want her any more.

Ian holds the cooler in his hand lovingly, as Claire places a comforting hand on his arm.

CLAIRE

Now put the drink down.

Ian takes a sip before doing so as Waylon sneezes again. This time Waylon grabs a napkin from the table and proceeds to blow his nose in a polite albeit awkward manner.

CHRIS

Waylon, maybe you should head home. These last few days you haven't been feeling your best.

WAYLON

Bah! And miss out on what antics you bastards get up to? Hell, no! I'm better than this damn flu thing!

CHRIS

Uh huh. Maybe it's the fact that I come from a place with a better health care system, but if you're on the rebound, why risk a relapse and have to possibly waste a ridiculous amount of cash on antibiotics?

WAYLON

Don't get all Canadia on me! We
could kick your ass any day!

Waylon takes a swig of his pint and swallows - then enters
yet another coughing fit.

CHRIS

Excellent rebuttal.

LEE

Here we go...

WAYLON

(still coughing)

You... want... to know... what the
rest of the world... thinks of...
Canada?

(with bad accent)

Oh... I'm Canada! We're known as a
polite people. Oh, we're bilingual
and multicultural... even though
it's fucking freezing up here, and
we're all forced to endure each
other, eh? What about the war?
Don't worry, America will save us!

CHRIS

We didn't have Bush as a leader.
And that is not our accent!

WAYLON

You have the French! And provinces?
Isn't that just a rip off of the
"states"? 'Oh, we'll get a word
that sounds different but means the
same thing!' Get your own identity!

Waylon sticks his face right up into Chris' and grins as
everyone laughs. Waylon looks like he doesn't have a care in
the world as he sheds a grin...

Which then turns into a look of "Oh, Crap". Waylon pulls away
from Chris and starts to push Lee out of the way.

WAYLON (cont'd)

Move! Move!

Lee is pushed to the floor and Waylon stands up and starts to
run.

IAN

He's going to blow!

Waylon dodges past several clusters of people before suddenly
coming to a sudden stop and bends over.

(CONTINUED)

(We don't see it, but from the sounds of it we know he's being violently sick). Back at the booth:

CLAIRE

Lovely.

(sighing)

They were just starting to like us here, too.

CHRIS

(off Waylon)

And that's what most of the world thinks of America right now.

EMMA

They're not going to ban us, are they?

Emma looks to Lee for an answer, but Lee is too preoccupied with looking at Waylon, who finally stands up.

WAYLON

I feel better!

Waylon starts to walk over to the booth, as several angry patrons start to complain and glare.

EMMA

Alright, here's the plan - we don't know him! This is the first he's ever entered into our lives, and we're as disgusted as everybody else. He just tricked us into letting him sit with us by buying us a round.

Waylon arrives at the booth, and no one makes eye contact with him. Claire drinks her beer.

LEE

We warned you earlier not to come out with us.

EMMA

(to others)

We don't know Lee either!

WAYLON

I'm not sick any more, dude. Relax. I'm fully recovered. Although my mouth has had better flavors in it.

Emma and Claire are visibly disgusted as Waylon reaches over the table and grabs his beer in one hand and Ian's cooler in the other.

Ian tries to grab back his drink but Waylon brings it to his mouth too quickly and starts to drink.

IAN

Waylon! What the hell do you think you're doing? Do you want me to put a plastic bag over your head?

Waylon drinks from the cooler like he hasn't heard anything and then suddenly stops chugging, and BELCHES.

Waylon then places the cooler back in front of Ian like nothing out of the ordinary transpired.

WAYLON

Thanks. I needed something to get rid of that vomit taste in my mouth.

(off his beer)

And I didn't want to ruin my beer glass, or my beer, by exposing it to that. After all, it's been so good to me over the years.

Waylon takes a drink from his glass as Ian looks like he's torn about what to yell first. Other customers are still complaining about the vomit in the background, and Emma is hiding her face and looking like she doesn't know anyone at the table.

Waylon places his beer on the table and instantly doesn't look so good.

WAYLON (cont'd)

Oh, no.

We know what's coming. Waylon turns around and doesn't make it any further than that. Everyone else tries to look away as he VOMITS - twice as loud, if possible.

EMMA

Run!

As Emma tries to manoeuver herself out of the booth, we:

BLACK OUT:

END OF ACT ONE

ACT TWO

FADE IN:

5 INT. APARTMENT - KITCHEN - NIGHT

5

Lee and Chris are at the table playing cards, yet neither one of them looks like they're paying the least bit attention to the game. Claire enters and flicks on the kettle.

LEE

Just when we were starting to like a place and LA was starting to feel like home. Now we're going to be banned.

CHRIS

Don't worry, Lee. On a scale of one to ten, I don't think a sick client at O'Grady's even registers on the meter.

LEE

But some of the staff know us!

CHRIS

We can wear disguises!

Lee folds his hand and looks like someone just ran over a puppy. Claire opens up a cupboard and pulls out a mug and a teabag.

CLAIRE

I didn't hear the word 'banned' even thrown around.

LEE

Yet! It's just a matter of time before our pictures are on a wall in the bar with a "do not let on the premises" sign.

CHRIS

We're not shoplifters!

LEE

(still ranting)

Next thing you know we'll be excommunicated from LA, and we'll have to move and try and make it big in... in...

(gulps)

Canada!

(CONTINUED)

CHRIS

It's not that bad! I mean, this time of year, hypothermia is a problem if you're not dressed properly, but aside from that our crime rate is pretty low.

CLAIRE

Lee, you're thinking far too much into this.

LEE

Am I? I'm sorry, Claire, if I went to your school and just suddenly decided to share my insides with the building's tiling, do you think the school - or the janitor - would take it well?

CLAIRE

That depends. Do you have a visitor's badge?

Lee stands up and opens his mouth to rebut as the kettle clicks off.

CHRIS

Look, there's an easy solution to this. We'll head on over at another time and apologize for his behavior - but what's done is done, and it won't happen again. Mistakes happen.

(beat)

Besides, if Emma and I have to find a new bar that accepts our fake I.D's I don't think she'll be happy. So we'll just have to make it right the next time we're there.

LEE

That will never work!

CHRIS

Well... we could just deny accountability altogether.

LEE

(beat)

See, I know I've lived with you lot too long because I know that plan might be effective.

WAYLON (O.S.)

Woman! Where is my beverage and bedtime story!

Chris and Lee look to Claire, who has turned around and is ignoring their looks of disapproval as she pours the water into the mug.

A PILLOW comes flying through the kitchen and lands in front of Lee.

WAYLON (O.S.) (cont'd)
 Claire! Can you hear me? Has this
 disease taken my voice too now?

Claire sighs and pulls open a drawer, grabs a spoon and starts to stir the mug.

CLAIRE
 (muttering)
 Nope. The disease is your voice.
 (to Waylon)
 I'll be there in a minute!

WAYLON (O.S.)
 Okay, good. I got scared for a
 minute there! Can you bring the
 pillow back on your way in?

CLAIRE
 (gritted teeth)
 Yes. Anything for a sick friend.

CHRIS
 (off pillow)
 Great. Now the kitchen is infected.

Claire picks up the pillow begrudgingly and holds it in one hand like a weapon, as she heads back over to the counter and grabs the mug of tea as well.

LEE
 Don't smother him with it!

CHRIS
 Or play doctor with him. He'll have
 you running around all night.

CLAIRE
 No, I won't.

CHRIS
 You sound confident.

CLAIRE
 I dosed his tea. He'll be
 complaining about his fever for, I
 say, twenty minutes before he slips
 off into dreamland.

5 CONTINUED: (3)

5

Chris shakes his head and Lee looks surprised.

LEE

You're going to make an excellent mother.

CLAIRE

I try.

Claire heads towards the living room, with the tea in her hand and the pillow under her arm as we FADE TO:

6 INT. APARTMENT - LIVING ROOM - DAY

6

Waylon sprawled along a couch, which he is clearly using as his bed. He's nested among the blankets, pillows, and tissues. He does not look at all well.

Chris, by contrast, is quite chipper as he walks around the living room, his cell phone in hand.

CHRIS

(laughing)

I know. I know. I should have given him decaf. But he tips well.

WAYLON

(mocking)

I know, I know, how about I actually talk to the person in the room... who's dying!

Waylon SNEEZES. Chris eyes flick over, but he says nothing.

CHRIS

I know! Exactly. Nine cups of coffee. What's a tenth going to do?

WAYLON

If I wasn't freezing, I'd throw something at you.

CHRIS

(beat)

You didn't!

(beat)

No, it's definitely customer service. What am I up to?

Chris scans the room, and Waylon gives him the finger.

CHRIS (cont'd)

Earning my way to sainthood by socializing with the leper. What about you?

(CONTINUED)

6 CONTINUED:

6

The camera pans over to the girl's room and we:

INTERCUT WITH:

7 INT. APARTMENT - GIRL'S BEDROOM - SAME TIME

7

Emma sits on her bed talking into her cell phone. Despite the annoyed Claire behind her trying to work on her laptop on her bed.

EMMA

Eh.... not much. Just hanging out with Claire.

CLAIRE

(muttering)
We're bonding, alright.

EMMA

So what do you want to do today?

CHRIS

Nothing strenuous. Want to see a movie?

EMMA

Nothing's good out, remember? We had this discussion yesterday. After our debate about whether there should have been sequels to 'Home Alone' or not.

CLAIRE

(still muttering)
And the day before that. And the day before that.

EMMA

What about bowling?

CHRIS

Nah, We went last week. Do you want to maybe just head out and see where the day takes us?

EMMA

No, we do that every time. I want set plans. Specific. It will determine how much make up I have to put on and how pretty I will have to be.

CHRIS

What if I were to say you're already pretty, though?

(CONTINUED)

WAYLON

I think I'd have just gotten sick
if I wasn't, you know... literally.

EMMA

Of course I am! But enough of the
obvious.

CHRIS

We could hit up "The Tin Cup." Then
maybe...

WAYLON

Run off a cliff and die happily
ever after?

Waylon enters another coughing fit again.

EMMA

Is that the karaoke place? I
thought we weren't allowed back
there after the incident with -

CHRIS

The sixty year old biker dude? No,
you're thinking of "The Groundhog."

EMMA

Oh. Well... we could just stay in.

CLAIRE

No!

WAYLON

No!

CHRIS

Hang on, Em, I'll have to call you
back.

EMMA

Okay. I'll just get changed so I'm
ready whenever. See you soon.

Emma hangs up and is beaming, while Claire looks like she
wants to hit her.

END INTERCUT:

Chris hangs up and looks at Waylon.

CHRIS

Alright, who pissed in your corn
flakes?

(beat)

Aside from the influenza virus.

(CONTINUED)

WAYLON

You don't see how annoying you and Emma are when you're around each other now, because you have this whole 'new couple' vibe.

CHRIS

Hey! We're not annoying. We're adorable.

WAYLON

To each other, yes. To the rest of us, not a chance in hell. All you do is talk... nicely... and emote sunshine out your ass and cuddle and talk about your days.

CHRIS

Some couples do that stuff.

WAYLON

Not around four other people living with them! Maybe it's the virus that's opened my eyes... but you guys have got to stop.

CHRIS

(scoffs)

Frack you.

WAYLON

See! That's the Chris and Emma we never see around this place any more! Instead, we've got the new, white picket fence types who have currently hijacked both your bodies!

CHRIS

That's ridiculous. Nothing's changed about us.

The apartment door opens and Lee enters.

CHRIS (cont'd)

Any luck on the job hunt?

Lee places down his briefcase, and slowly takes a step forward. He looks between Chris and Waylon as if expecting a trap of some kind.

LEE

(cautious)

Why?

CHRIS

Because I'm asking how your day
was.

Lee scratches his head and nods, oddly accepting this.

LEE

Without a jab at my expense? Or
attempt to belittle my existence?

CHRIS

Yep.

LEE

Oh. Er... it was lovely. Thanks for
asking. I have a job interview
tomorrow.

CHRIS

Congratulations.

LEE

Thank you.

Chris nods, then looks like he's had an epiphany as he looks
between Waylon, himself, and Lee.

CHRIS

Oh, God! I'm... nice!

WAYLON

See!?!

LEE

(snapping fingers)
That's what's different.

CHRIS

(horrified)
I'm broken...

LEE

I like Chris 2.0!

WAYLON

I sure as hell don't. He's a goody
goody.

(to Lee)

And Chris and Emma were doing it
again!

CHRIS

What? Lee doesn't care. He walked
in on us one time.

LEE

Which I'm still trying to repress!
Thank you very much.

(to Waylon)

I take it you're referring to the
annoying phone thing where they're
in rooms beside each other?

CHRIS

Man, does everyone find it
annoying?

Lee exchanges a look with Waylon before inhaling deeply, as if a weight has been lifted off his shoulders.

LEE

I'm going to do you a favour and
pretend you didn't ask that.

WAYLON

Destroying your cell phones has
been discussed in depth.

Waylon starts to cough again as a chirpy ringtone rings out and Chris' cell phone starts to vibrate in his hands. Chris checks to see who it is first and then ignores it, letting it ring.

LEE

It's Emma, isn't it?

CHRIS

Yep. The New Me really wants to
answer it.

LEE

And the Old You?

CHRIS

Wants to assault the New Me.

His cell continues to ring and a stomping is heard from the girls bedroom.

EMMA (O.S.)

Chris? I know you're in there,
sweetie.

WAYLON

Actually, Lee murdered him.

The girl's bedroom door opens and Emma steps out, now dressed up as if to go out.

Chris clearly appreciates it, as does Lee. Emma smiles, as Chris notices Lee watching his girlfriend.

(CONTINUED)

CHRIS

Hey! Don't make me ruin the Canadian reputation and make me get violent now.

LEE

Sorry. It's just...

CHRIS

"It's just" is what we'll leave it as.

EMMA

So why didn't you pick up your phone when I called?

CHRIS

The guys may have insinuated that it was infuriating to listen to.

EMMA

Screw them! We're adorable!

LEE

Are you? You don't think it's a little much?

Emma walks forward to Lee, putting her cell phone in her pocket. One second she is cute and feminine, the next Emma looks a little threatening as she steps right in front of him. Her hands are planted firmly on her hips.

Uh oh.

EMMA

'A little much'? 'A little much' is living in a two bedroom apartment with six people. 'A little much' is having to hear Ian snoring through the bedroom walls and I can't say anything because it's four in the morning and I can't get to sleep and I'm genuinely a good person. 'A little much' is having to see your friends who are your roommates 24/7 and you can't say anything like "Hey, go away I've seen too much of you lately" because then your social life is out the window.

(beat)

So no, to answer your question I don't think it's 'a little much' that a girlfriend and boyfriend talk to each other on the phone about their day and what their plans are...

(MORE)

EMMA (cont'd)
 or any other subject they feel like, for that matter! We'll discuss Hitler's vegetarianism if we want to! Like any other average couple. Because the fact that we are a new couple living under the same roof is bloody irrelevant!

Lee takes a step back. Emma's look dares him to raise the matter further.

LEE

Sorry, but it's not just me. Can't you just talk in the kitchen or in a room?

EMMA

We'll do that as well. But phone calls are frankly none of your business, and out of your roommate jurisdiction.

(reasoning/sweetly)

I like having those conversations, even if Chris is just ten feet away, it's a nice coupley way to act... even if I can basically see him whenever I want.

WAYLON

(coughing)

Tenderness aside, it's like listening to a sexual reassignment surgery hearing the two of you around each other.

CHRIS

So get a job, Waylon. You get a complaint when you contribute an income.

WAYLON

Big surprise. You side with Emma. What a twist! I like the old Chris better. New Chris is an asshole.

CHRIS

Will you stop acting like you're ten years old and get over it?

WAYLON

'Get over it'? Are you kidding -

CHRIS

I'm sorry, did I stutter?

Emma watches Chris as if his arguing is a tender moment. Chris stands up, pissed, as Lee leans over towards Emma.

LEE

I don't think I've seen Chris and Waylon legitimately fight before.

EMMA

Is it wrong that I find Chris really attractive right now?

Back at the couches with Chris and Waylon:

WAYLON

No. I'm just sick of listening to your "Oh Emma's great, isn't she?" and seeing you two happy-go-lucky every day. You've been dating over a month, the whole apartment knows your every move and it's sickening being around all this fake new couple-y positivity. Get rid of that new couple smell and start bitching each other out!

CHRIS

You think we like that we have to live with four other people who know what we do in and out of the house? I'd love to have a bit of privacy!

Waylon starts to cough again, and Chris looks like he wants to punch him, but unballs his fists. There's tension in the room.

EMMA

(long beat)

Do you want to just head out and see where the day takes us?

LEE

Yeah, Em, that sounds great. A bit of fresh air, maybe try earn back some points at O'Grady's.

EMMA

I was talking to Chris.

Lee looks awkward, and he sticks his hands in his pocket. Waylon turns around so that he faces the couch, and doesn't have to look at anyone.

LEE

Right. Of course... you were. And my talking is making this more... awkward.

WAYLON

Don't worry, Lee. They always do that. They're all each other sees any more.

CHRIS

Do you want me to put you into a coma?

(beat; to Emma)

Anyways, yeah. Sounds good.

EMMA

Alright, just let me grab my coat.

LEE

It's twenty degrees outside!

EMMA

It's a light jacket. Plus, It's fashionable.

Emma disappears into her bedroom. Lee awkwardly looks between the girls bedroom and Chris and Waylon, who aren't looking at each other.

Emma appears with a jacket in hand and tilts her head towards the apartment door. Chris nods and they start to make their exit.

Emma pauses. She shakes her head to herself.

CHRIS

You okay?

EMMA

Yeah...

Emma takes a step forward, then coughs once. Then Twice. Three times. Chris looks worried.

CHRIS

Oh, crap.

EMMA

No. I'm done. I'm fine. That was it. Just a cough.

Emma nods to herself and takes another step towards the door. She stops. She's not looking so good any more. Her hand goes to her head.

CHRIS

Em, I think you might have -

EMMA

Don't say it.

Emma looks like she might throw up for a few seconds. Her hand goes to her chest. Luckily she doesn't.

She inhales and exhales deeply as she shares a look of understanding with Chris.

Before throwing up on him.

BLACK OUT:

END OF ACT TWO

ACT THREE

FADE IN:

9

INT. APARTMENT - LIVING ROOM - DAY

9

Emma now lays snuggled up on the other couch opposite Waylon. She looks like death, and is sweating to the point where you just feel sorry for the poor girl. Emma looks to Waylon with a look of utter loathing.

EMMA

This is all your fault.

WAYLON

(laughing)

You should have seen the look on your face when you realized you got sick on Chris. I wish I had a camera.

EMMA

Spawn of all that is evil!

(beat)

Including Oprah's Book Club.

WAYLON

That's just the flu talking.

Emma starts to cough, which prompts Waylon to as well. The two of them are coughing up a storm as Ian enters through the apartment door.

IAN

I feel like I should be carrying a pad which contains results.

Waylon and Emma are too busy coughing to respond.

IAN (cont'd)

It's not looking good.

Ian drops his bag on the floor and shuts the door. He takes a few steps in, but doesn't get to close to the sickly roommates - who are still busy coughing.

IAN (cont'd)

My day at work was good. Thanks for asking. Not much happened.

Emma finally stops coughing and takes a deep breath. Waylon coughs a few more times and finally settles, as Ian looks between them both, each recovering their breath.

WAYLON

Sweet mother of Zeus, my chest!

(CONTINUED)

IAN

So... I take it now would be a bad time to ask if there was any mail from UCLA?

Ian spreads a hopeful smile, which Emma and Waylon are not the least bit affected by. They're disgruntled.

WAYLON

What do you think? Has there been any the last twenty times that you've asked?

IAN

No.

EMMA

That's your answer, then.

IAN

(disheartened)

Well... I had to check.

EMMA

Did you? Did it nag away in that teeny tiny brain of yours all day? Did you check online? Think... maybe I should call them and see instead of asking every single day?

IAN

I... guess... I could do that.

Ian appears glum and starts to head towards his bedroom. Emma looks like she's fighting a war within herself over what she's said.

EMMA

Ian...

(beat)

I'm sorry. That was out of line. And I'm sorry for calling you Yosemite Psycho behind your back with everyone else.

(reflective)

And if I take the apology back later for either... I'm also sorry in advance. This bug is making me supremely cranky.

IAN

(nods)

So... no mail from anyone?

EMMA

Nope.

WAYLON

We did get a coupon for five
dollars off our next pizza, though!

Waylon looks blissful at the very thought of that day, then
instantly looks sick again.

WAYLON (cont'd)

Pizza. Not the food of choice to
think of when your stomach's at war
with your throat.

Waylon bolts up from the couch and runs for the washroom.

EMMA

(to Waylon)

Don't be in there too long! Or I'll
be using your bed as a toilet!

Ian heads towards the kitchen. While Emma looks at Waylon's
couch.

IAN

(wry)

Two soldiers down. Four to go.

FADE TO:

Waylon's fast asleep, as Emma walks in from the kitchen with
a fresh hand towel for her forehead. Each step looks like
it's taking a lot out of her as she heads over to the couch.

The main door opens and Chris enters, carrying the shirt he
wore earlier in one hand and a white plastic bag in the
other.

CHRIS

Hey.

Emma shares a small smile as she lowers herself onto the
couch and lies down. Chris heads over and gets down on his
knees. He rubs a hand through her hair.

CHRIS (cont'd)

Feeling any better?

EMMA

Nope. Some of the take out food
from our weekend of working on the
project though came back to say
hello.

Emma adjusts the hand towel on her forehead, as Chris raises
his t-shirt to her eye level.

(CONTINUED)

CHRIS

I know. Some of it decided to check in to my t-shirt.

EMMA

I'm sorry about that. Are you mad at me?

CHRIS

God, no. Accidents happen. It might have killed our sex life for a while, but aside from that you're still the same beautiful, now highly temperatured blonde you always were to me.

EMMA

Okay. So there's no resentment towards me?

CHRIS

No worries, for the last time. It wasn't your fault. Besides, I didn't like that shirt anyway.

EMMA

(beat)

Any luck on washing it out?

Chris unfurls the shirt, and while there is no three-dimensional aspect, there is a strange blob of a stain imprinted upon it.

CHRIS

Nope. Seven washes and it still looks like a functionally retarded sea monkey.

(beat)

It's modern art.

Chris places the shirt on the coffee table and brings up the white plastic bag.

CHRIS (cont'd)

I have brought every medicine known to modern man though. We have Tylenol, Advil, Nyquil, Buckley's... all brave warriors in the battle against infectious low key diseases.

Chris starts pulling them out and placing them on the table. Lastly, he withdraws a tube of toothpaste from the bag.

CHRIS (cont'd)
And toothpaste because dental hygiene is important. And we were out.

Emma smiles and then coughs a few times. The door to the guys' bedroom creaks open. Ian steps out, looking severely under the weather in his green nightgown.

IAN
I... think I may be dying.

CHRIS
(beat)
I brought medicine.

Ian snuffles as he walks over towards the coffee table and starts to rummage through the various medicine bottles. Ian sneezes.

CHRIS (cont'd)
Bless you.

IAN
Frack you.

CHRIS
Not one's typical response, but acceptable given you're under the influence of something.

IAN
Ah! No smart ass comments anymore!
Why aren't you sick?

CHRIS
(shrugging)
I'm extremely lucky and hardly ever get sick. I don't know. What do you want me to say? That I practice the black arts?

IAN
What did I just say?

CHRIS
Nothing. Except for muttering about Waylon.

IAN
Oh. I thought I made a point about your annoying remarks... must have just imagined it.

CHRIS
I guess so.

Chris grins and turns to Emma.

EMMA

Don't wind him up. He's ill.

Ian picks up the tube of toothpaste.

IAN

What the hell is this for?

CHRIS

Halitosis. Mostly. And plaque.

(off looks)

What? That comment's completely true.

The main door opens and Claire and Lee enter. The duo take in the scene before them.

CHRIS (cont'd)

Enter with caution. Or Hazmat suits.

LEE

Oh, balls.

IAN

That's all you have to say for yourself? I'm having fever dreams about a panda dancing with the Kool-Aid guy, and that's all the dialogue you can muster? I've never even drunk any sodding Kool-Aid!

CLAIRE

At least that's creative. If nonsensical.

EMMA

Thank you, Claire. As always, your uncomfortableness with a wacky notion is brought to the forefront.

(beat)

Sorry. Being sick turns me into an evil bitch.

CHRIS

I'm not going to comment on that one.

Lee looks at Emma and Ian, whose noses are both red and are both paler than usual, and to the sleeping Waylon.

LEE

Oh, dear. What the hell are we going to do with three of us incapacitated? Maybe we should go to the doctor.

CLAIRE

And run up a massive bill for him stating something that's clearly just the common flu from the looks of it?

IAN

Oh, this is no ordinary flu! This is some demon seed that's evolved and has managed to outsmart modern medicine.

CHRIS

Ian, you've only been sick for a few hours!

IAN

You don't have it, you can't relate. Whatever this bug is, it's pissed at humanity and now it is going to take it out on us.

CLAIRE

Then there's only one thing to do.

Ian raises an eyebrow as Chris and Lee exchange looks with Claire, having no idea what she's suggesting.

EMMA (O.S.)

But I don't want to be trapped in a room with Waylon and Ian!

Outside of the guys' bedroom, a couch has been moved in front of the door.

Lee, Chris, and Claire stand united in front of the couch. Each of them are wearing yellow gloves and holding a cloth or cleaning utensil in their hand.

CHRIS

It's for your own good!

EMMA (O.S.)

I'll 'own good' you!... when I'm well again and... can stand without getting that woozy headache thing.

Chris takes a step back, and Lee shakes his head at Chris.

LEE

She's in another room. She can't hurt you.

EMMA (O.S.)

Yes, I can!

Chris takes another step back and trips, falling over.

CLAIRE

I'm sorry we had to quarantine you. But it's for the best. My mother used to do this when we were kids and -

IAN (O.S.)

It's inhumane!

CLAIRE

In some states, yes. But oddly enough, as a child it worked. Consider it a home remedy.

IAN (O.S.)

(worried)

Has the room always been this small?

LEE

It's all in your head.

IAN (O.S.)

I feel like the walls are getting closer...

WAYLON (O.S.)

If you feel like wetting yourself, aim in the opposite direction.

EMMA (O.S.)

Not at me!

CLAIRE

Now, we've lysoled and basically disinfected the rest of the apartment, so the bug is officially contained to just you three and that room.

WAYLON (O.S.)

What if we get sick?

CLAIRE

Use your buckets!

EMMA (O.S.)

Gross.

CLAIRE

If you want a drink, food, or medicine, just knock on the door, state your need, and one of us will get it for you. Similar rules apply for the toilet, except one of us will escort you and then monitor whatever surface you touch so they know what to immediately disinfect after you return to the bedroom.

WAYLON (O.S.)

When I was in prison we had more rights!

IAN (O.S.)

What?

EMMA (O.S.)

Is this why you're such a control freak, Claire? And with the making lists and being well mannered to the point where it's like a robot? Was it Mother Rooney?

CLAIRE

For the most part, yes. Any more questions?

WAYLON (O.S.)

Where's my one phone call?

IAN (O.S.)

If I die, none of you are to keep any of my belongings!

Lee's getting annoyed now, and takes a step forward and whacks the door.

IAN (O.S.) (cont'd)

What was that? Oh god, I can't see! I can't fucking see! Holy shit...

(long beat)

Oh. My eyes were just shut. Never mind.

LEE

Are you lot done with your onslaught of questions?

EMMA (O.S.)

You're not going to make another speech, are you?

(MORE)

11 CONTINUED: (3)

11

EMMA (O.S.) (cont'd)
 Because I'm not in the mood.
 Alright, I'm never in the mood.

IAN (O.S.)
 Now you've done it! Now we're going
 to get another speech about the
 pros and cons of speeches!

LEE
 Can it!

EMMA (O.S.)
 Or what?

CLAIRE
 I'll take away your buckets.

EMMA (O.S.)
 (beat)
 Shutting up!

Lee nods, victorious, and we DISSOLVE TO:

12 INT. APARTMENT - KITCHEN - LATER

12

Every surface is shiny and sparkley clean, as Lee, Chris, and
 Claire sit around the table.

Lee looks outside the kitchen and notices the couch blocking
 his bedroom door, before turning to the others.

LEE
 It's better this way, right?
 They'll forgive us.

CHRIS
 After they drop the anvil on us? Or
 when they lace our cereal with rat
 poison?

LEE
 They have to know the decision
 wasn't easy...

CHRIS
 I don't know, you hopped on the
 bandwagon for quarantining them
 pretty quick.

LEE
 Me? What about you? You were ready
 to duct tape the door as well if we
 hadn't stopped you.

(CONTINUED)

CHRIS

I didn't say I wasn't willing to go the extra mile to ensure the protection of the greater good.

LEE

(beat)

They're definitely going to kill us.

CHRIS

Yep.

CLAIRE

Not if they kill each other first.

LEE

That would reek up the place.

(pondering)

Why did we have to use my room again?

CLAIRE

Because it was my fiendish plan.

LEE

So shouldn't your belongings suffer the consequences?

CLAIRE

No. I didn't like that idea. When you come up with your own plan involving human cruelty, you get to call the shots.

LEE

I feel like I should be saying "Yes, my queen."

CLAIRE

(smiling)

Do you want me to destroy your reputation with a vicious rumor?

Lee gets up and heads over to the fridge and starts to root around for food.

CHRIS

See? I always thought Claire was more evil than she let on.

LEE

The trick is to run fast.

The guys smirk as does Claire, until she SNEEZES!

(CONTINUED)

12 CONTINUED: (2)

Silence.

Lee lets the fridge door close itself as he and Chris exchange comprehending looks of what this means. Claire covers her nose and sneezes again.

LEE (cont'd)
Oh, crap! It's airborne!

Off this we:

BLACK OUT:

END OF ACT THREE

ACT FOUR

FADE IN:

13

INT. APARTMENT - GUY'S BEDROOM - THE NEXT DAY

13

Emma sits on the floor, her back against the wall and her head in her hands. Ian lies down on the carpet beside her, looking up at the ceiling.

Waylon lies on one bed, Claire, looking quite unhappy and slightly pale lies on the other.

IAN

How long has it been?

EMMA

(deadpan)

Twelve minutes since the last time you asked, so stop.

Ian sighs and puts both hands behind his head and settles back down. He looks quite comfortable for a second, before the illusion is shattered by him coughing and sneezing.

EMMA (cont'd)

Oh, God, we're going to die in here.

WAYLON

They've caged us like animals.

IAN

(off roof)

You know, if you look at the spackle and dots when you're burning up and slightly under the influence of medicinal drugs, some of the dots actually look like the constellations.

WAYLON

Unless you want to end up as a constellation, I suggest you shut up.

Ian does so as he sighs, and looks like he's about to drift off to sleep anyway, when Emma starts to cough all over him.

EMMA

Sorry!

(quite sickly)

Fetch Bartholomew! Fetch Bartholomew!

CLAIRE

Bartholomew?

(CONTINUED)

WAYLON

Emma's bucket.

Waylon bends over and grabs a bucket off the floor. He brings it to Emma, who cradles Bartholomew in her hands for a few seconds. She swallows profusely, but nothing happens.

EMMA

Alright! I'm good. I don't need him.

Emma passes the bucket back and Waylon puts it in a corner.

CLAIRE

I really forgot how much this sucked as a child.

EMMA

Nah, it's good. You know... when your body isn't trying to spontaneously combust from the inside. And you develop a bond between your inner self... and your bucket.

WAYLON

That's the fever talking.

EMMA

Maybe... but it's like a pillow.

(beat)

An unspeakably moldy and nauseatingly gross infectious diseased... pillow. Where you never want to see it in that sentimental way in spite of the adventures you've shared kind of way, even though it kept you company.

Emma rests her head against the wall and coughs once.

CLAIRE

(worried)

How much medicine have you had?

EMMA

Not enough. I'm still conscious.

CLAIRE

Well... just watch it. Okay?

Emma nods and Claire gets up and heads over to the dresser where the white plastic bag from earlier sits empty. Its medicinal items are sprawled out in plain view beside it.

Claire grabs some Advil and pops out two tablets, taking them.

CLAIRE (cont'd)
Why do we have toothpaste?

IAN
So that we have minty flavored goodness among the smell and flavour of sick.

WAYLON
Why the hell are we still in here, is the question? There are more of us then there are of them! We can take them.

Waylon looks like he's about to fall over any minute, as everyone looks at him like using energy is the one thing they can't do.

WAYLON (cont'd)
We just... need to stand united.
And...
(yawning)
Kick some ass.

CLAIRE
Good plan. We'll get right on that when we're of stable mind and not looking like zombies.

EMMA
They make it look like so much fun in the movies.

Off of everyone looking quite pathetic and sick, FADE TO:

Chris sits on the couch, eating a sandwich and watching TV. The apartment door knob turns and Lee enters dressed in a nice suit.

CHRIS
Welcome to Ground Zero.

Lee pulls out a tissue from his pocket and is not a happy camper as he blows his nose. Chris drops his sandwich and is absolutely horrified.

CHRIS (cont'd)
No!

Lee nods, still blowing his nose. Then stuffs the tissue back in his pocket and shuts the door.

CHRIS (cont'd)

Do I want to ask how the job interview went?

LEE

(stuffed up)

Great. Just fucking dandy.

(beat)

There I was, getting off of the bus and about to go into the place when the virus hit me. I thought to myself 'no worries, it's just stage one, I can go through with the interview. Maybe something good will come of it.'

CHRIS

It does show that you're reliable, if having an unhealthily strong work ethic.

LEE

So I go through the spinning door, and trip over my own feet, landing on the nicely tiled floor. I will myself up and press forward to the elevator. I ponder... maybe I should just reschedule.

CHRIS

(hopeful)

Did you?

LEE

What the hell do you think? I had a headache, I wasn't of stable mind. So I marched on with a wounded knee from my treacherous fall earlier -

CHRIS

Sounds like a future lawsuit if you play your cards right.

LEE

(pressing on)

And I arrive outside the office. I tell the secretary I've arrived ten minutes early, and she's all bubbly and in her own world reading her tabloid magazine, unaware of the fact that I'm dying and in need of some compassion. So I sit down and try to make myself comfortable, as my head is pounding. Over the next ten minutes though, the worst happened.

(CONTINUED)

CHRIS

Vomit?

LEE

If only it had been that easy.

Lee silently curses himself and winces at his reflection of the story.

LEE (cont'd)

So the boss arrives early...

DISSOLVE TO:

15 INT. INDUSTRY - OFFICE - AFTERNOON

15

A nice, sleek business office, filled with expensive glass windows and funky black swivel chairs.

Lee sits in a chair in the waiting area, not looking well. Some sweat along his forehead, he is shaking a little.

The BOSS (Early thirties, in an expensive suit, and oozing with confidence) enters with an ugly small cat under his arm. The Boss talks to the SECRETARY.

LEE (V.O.)

You've met the type, I'm sure. Annoyingly perfect. Probably well connected to the point where he's rich enough to pay someone to kill you and not have his name come up afterwards. He also had a pet cat, which told me that he's the man in charge if he can bring an animal to work and have no one question him on the matter. So he walks over.

The secretary points to Lee and the boss nods, intrigued. He fiddles with his tie and walks over to him.

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

Extends his hand. Says...

BOSS

Hey, Nice to meet you, buddy.

Lee stands up, and sways for a second, but maintains his balance and stops swaying. Lee takes his hand and shakes hands with the guy.

LEE (V.O.)

I'm kissing ass. Being all 'it's a pleasure to be in your presence.' Trying to throw a compliment here and there.

(MORE)

(CONTINUED)

LEE (V.O.) (cont'd)
 The boss is accepting it as I pull
 stuff out of my arse. He's used to
 the praise and starts to tell some
 anecdotal story, when...

Lee sways back and forth once more. His eyes flutter. And
 then he falls forward, fainting onto the Boss, who drops his
 cat. The cat falls onto Lee's back and scratches him, before
 hopping off.

LEE (V.O.) (cont'd)
 The beginning of the end had
 arrived, I fainted on him. I was
 told his cat attacked me.

CHRIS (V.O.)
 Another thing to add to your
 lawsuit.

The Boss bends down and turns Lee over - he's unconscious.
 The Boss checks his pulse and calls out to his secretary.

DISSOLVE TO:

Lee sits on the couch with Chris now, still reliving the
 horror. No one says anything for a while.

CHRIS
 That's it?

LEE
 If only! So ten minutes later I
 wake up, confused as to where I am
 and how the hell I managed to wind
 up on the floor sober. He's
 apologetic, his secretary hands me
 a glass of water. And... I drink
 it. Things are going well, when...
 (beat)
 I tried to hold it in. I knew what
 was coming. But I thought I was
 better than it. It proved me wrong
 though. Oh, it proved me wrong and
 bitchslapped me sideways as I
 keeled over.

CHRIS
 Vomit?

LEE
 Yep.
 (beat)
 On the cat.

Chris starts to laugh and Lee shoots him a dirty scowl.

CHRIS

I'm sorry. I know I shouldn't!
But... years down the line -

LEE

I'll look back and laugh?

CHRIS

No, but I definitely still will.

Lee gets up and then there's a KNOCK from the Guy's bedroom.

IAN (O.S.)

Hello? Is anybody there? We've
discussed it and we've decided that
you're going to let us out as we
are now the majority.

WAYLON (O.S.)

We know our rights!

EMMA (O.S.)

And I want ice cream when this is
all over and I can properly digest
it!

WAYLON (O.S.)

That wasn't part of the deal!

EMMA (O.S.)

I know! But I figure while we're
bargaining I should bring it up.
I've earned it.

IAN (O.S.)

It sounds a bit greedy, Em.

WAYLON (O.S.)

Guys! We need to present a united
front!

Chris stands up, as does Lee.

CHRIS

Alright, come on out! You've earned
your freedom.

IAN (O.S.)

We're opening the door on three!

WAYLON (O.S.)

You mean to tell me we could have
left this place without them at any
time?

IAN (O.S.)

Three! Two!

WAYLON (O.S.)

Here I was, thinking they'd actually locked the door from the other side, and -

IAN (O.S.)

One!

The door swings open - and we hear a bang! Like someone's fallen over.

IAN (O.S.) (cont'd)

I'm okay!

CLAIRE (O.S.)

He forgot the door opened towards him!

Claire steps out with Emma and they start to push the couch away from the door.

Chris heads over and lends a hand, while Waylon walks out, followed by Ian, who's feeling the bruise on his head.

WAYLON

(to Lee)

What the hell happened to you? You look like you puked on a cat or something.

CLAIRE

Finally decided to join the rest of us, huh?

LEE

I was always a follower.

Claire sneezes, and Lee smiles as the girls and Chris stop moving the couch.

Emma marches over to Chris and hugs him. It's nice at first and then just a little too tight as Emma rests her head on his chest.

EMMA

(sweetly)

If you ever try to lock me in a room again, you'd better hope there's a higher power ready to have a divine intervention, because that's the only way you'll be saved.

CHRIS
That's fair.

EMMA
Glad you got the memo!

Emma lets him go and smiles. Everyone who's sick slowly starts to take a seat.

CLAIRE
So, Chris... you're the only one
who's well, I gather.

CHRIS
My immune system is made of steel.

Claire nods, as Chris looks around at all of his sick friends and his eyes widen at what this means.

17 INT. APARTMENT - LIVING ROOM - NIGHT

17

The lights are off as Emma, Lee, and Ian are on one couch, under different blankets. Emma sneezes and Ian coughs.

Waylon and Claire are on the other, watching a movie. The light in the kitchen is on as Chris enters with a tray of bowls.

CHRIS
Alright, who had the noodle soup?

LEE
That would be me!

CHRIS
Okay. There you are.

Chris takes the bowl off of the plate and it looks like a balancing act as he passes it off to Lee successfully.

CHRIS (cont'd)
Dried cereal?

No one responds.

CHRIS (cont'd)
Dried cereal. Going once? Going
twice?
(to Waylon)
Alright, I know it was you that
asked for this.

WAYLON
That I did. But I changed my mind.

(CONTINUED)

Waylon starts to cough as Chris licks his lips, clearly angry.

CHRIS

You. Changed. Your. Mind?

WAYLON

Yeah! Now I'm thinking waffles. Or maybe toast. Bring it out in under five, I'd like to eat it while it's warm.

Chris grits his teeth as he passes out the various other items to the others. And takes a step back.

CHRIS

There. Everyone happy?

IAN

Shh! You're ruining the movie! I love this part.

CLAIRE

Is this Gremlins One or Two? I always mix them up.

IAN

One. Look at the way that gremlin dies mocking the Wicked Witch of the West! Classic.
(matter-of-factly)
You don't feed them after midnight, it's that simple!

Chris nods and turns back towards the kitchen as everyone starts to eat their food.

EMMA

Chris...

Chris stops, he almost made it, one step left to the kitchen. He turns back.

CHRIS

Yes?

EMMA

Can you make me some tea?

CHRIS

(smiling)
Sure.

He turns back to the kitchen.

17 CONTINUED: (2)

17

CLAIRE

I'll have one as well, please!

LEE

Um, can you make mine a decaf?
Thanks.

IAN

Now that I think about it, I could
go for a Sprite. I think my stomach
can handle it.

CHRIS

Alright. On it.

WAYLON

I'll have a Coke!

CHRIS

We're out of Coke.

WAYLON

So run out and get some!

(off look)

What? You can't expect me to head
out in my condition, I'm sick.Chris smiles a smile of understanding with a twinge of
menace.

CHRIS

Alright. Soon as I get a chance.

Chris exits into the kitchen.

18 INT. APARTMENT - KITCHEN - LATER

18

Chris has several tea mugs and glasses lined up filled with
everyone's requested orders. He exhales, clearly overworked,
and then a slow grin spreads across his features.

CHRIS

Time to pull a Claire.

Chris heads over and starts to open a cabinet and root around
as we DISSOLVE TO:

19 INT. APARTMENT - LIVING ROOM - LATER

19

The movie is over and the credits are rolling as Chris enters
with a tray full of cups and places it in the centre of the
coffee table.

(CONTINUED)

CHRIS

There we go. Waylon, I made you a cup of tea. I'll head out to get your Coke in fifteen minutes.

WAYLON

Thanks, man.

Everyone grabs their respective glass or mug and sits back, each taking a sip.

LEE

Thanks, Chris!

CLAIRE

Thank you!

EMMA

You're the best!

IAN

What everyone else has said.

Chris nods, content. As everyone takes another sip.

CHRIS

You're welcome.

FADE TO:

Emma, Lee, Ian, Claire, Waylon and Ian are all fast asleep on the couches. Wrapped up in their blankets, it could be an off-putting Kodak moment if someone took a picture.

Claire lies on Waylon's stomach, using it as a pillow, and looks quite comfortable, while Ian snores, but no one responds.

The apartment is quiet. At last.

BLACK OUT:

END OF SHOW