

THE HIGH LIFE

"Vindicated"

by
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TEASER

FADE IN:

1 INT. WAYLON'S APARTMENT - EVENING

1

WAYLON leans back in his leather recliner, comfortable in his element. The TV is on, with a typical evening entertainment news show. Waylon turns the volume up while MARY SUE, sitting on the other couch does not pick up on the hint. Her attention focused on Waylon.

MARY SUE

So then I told Sylvia, "Sweetheart, there ain't nothing you can do. Oh, no, no, no, no. Um. Hmmm." I did that thing black people do when they make a point. Yes I did!"

(Giggling)

I mean some people can't just take some simple advice.

She laughs again. Apparently quite the comedian in her own little world. Waylon fakes a smile and she smacks him on the arm affectionately.

MARY SUE (cont'd)

And did I tell you the story about Barbara and her little Weiner dog "Neptune"? Devilish little rascal.

WAYLON

I think you did.

MARY SUE

(surprised)

Oh.

(thinking)

Oh! I did not tell you about Thomas. The boy who left his gypsy parents and-

WAYLON

(deadpan)

You did.

Mary Sue bites her nails. Clearly expecting to have had an excellent story to tell. Her eyes widen! She SNAPS her fingers.

Waylon's look says it all: Uh Oh!

MARY SUE

Well this one boy in my buildin'...

(whispering)

Two weeks ago he got so drunk. It was filthy.

(CONTINUED)

Waylon looks around. They're the only two in the room so why is she whispering?

MARY SUE (cont'd)

The next day he woke up-

WAYLON

With a tattoo of Pegasus. Who'd a thunk it?

MARY SUE

I know!

Mary Sue nods excitedly and starts to giggle again. The Southern Belle would almost be cute if one were deaf.

Waylon picks up the remote, ready to flick the channel when:

ROBIN enters from her bedroom.

MARY SUE (cont'd)

Good Evenin'. Robin. How are you on this fine day?

Robin stops. Almost surprised Mary Sue is talking to her.

ROBIN

(blinks)

You annoy me.

MARY SUE

Oh Robin! Just because you are my boyfriend's roommate does not mean I have to play nice.

ROBIN

"Boyfriend"?

Robin laughs like that is the best thing she has ever heard. Mary Sue stands up and puts her hands on her hips, attempting to look tough. Waylon and Robin don't even register this.

ROBIN (cont'd)

Sweetie, let me let you in on a little secret, okay? Just because you and Waylon have...how shall I put this delicately...

(air quotes)

Done the Salsa of Love

(matter-of-factly)

Does not make him your boyfriend. Okay? I've watched you hang around here for two weeks and am surprised Waylon here hasn't offed himself already.

(MORE)

CONTINUED: (2)

ROBIN (cont'd)

I mean...why else do you think I made Jenny put all of my guns in storage?

MARY SUE

Waylon! Are you going to sit there and let her insult me?

Waylon looks between the two women. Clearly having to pick a side.

WAYLON

Mary Sue, you're great. Really.

ROBIN

We'd really just like it if you went somewhere else.

Waylon and Robin start to laugh as Mary Sue, turning several shades of red starts to storm out.

MARY SUE

Well, I have never been so insulted in all my life. Except for that time when Jimmy Bartlett told me I was like Syphilis to conversation.

She SLAMS the door shut, as Waylon and Robin's snickering slowly dies down.

WAYLON

Thanks for saving me the hassle of a break up.

ROBIN

Any time. You owe me twenty bucks though as we discussed earlier.

WAYLON

Of course.

The focus on the TV: A Redhead Entertainment HOST stands in front of a clearly fictitious fiery background.

HOST

(filtered; through TV)

For those die hard movie buffs out there, here is some burning scoop! I know some of your ears are tingling right now! Here's the latest news from Warner Brothers.

ROBIN

What are we watching?

WAYLON

Some entertainment crap.

(CONTINUED)

1 CONTINUED: (3)

HOST

The film studio has just announced there plans for a new superhero project. Where the Superhero in question is actually the villain...

Waylon sits up, turning the volume up more.

ROBIN

I think I did Porn with her once.

HOST

It's a unique twist, and a hard sell. But it has the company brimming with excitement and the script is being worked on as we speak.

Robin leans in, examining the Redhead's figure and breasts.

ROBIN

Oh, yeah. It was with her.

HOST

Apparently the first scene will start with the villain killing a super hero!

Waylon's shocked as he stands up.

HOST (cont'd)

Look for this movie to hit theatres some time in 2010. Entitled-

WAYLON

The Ontology of Evil.

(pissed)

Son of a bitch! What kind of assgoblin is behind this? My life is already ten dishes of fuck at the moment.

"The Ontology of Evil" pops up in 3-dimensional writing across the screen seconds later. Robin is unaware of Waylon's erratic behavior. He grabs his coat from the closet and rushes out.

Robin just watches the host on the screen, and quirks an eyebrow.

ROBIN

Star Whores: Return of the Orgasm...

(MORE)

(CONTINUED)

1 CONTINUED: (4)

1

ROBIN (cont'd)
(beat)
Good times.

FADE TO:

2 INT. GANG'S APARTMENT - HALLWAY - LATER

2

Waylon runs down the hallway and comes to a stop outside the familiar door we all know. He KNOCKS several times.

There's a long beat. The door opens, to reveal IAN. Waylon's panting... he's just come a long way. Ian looks a mix between angry and surprised.

IAN

What the hell are you doing here?

BLACK OUT:**END OF TEASER**

ACT ONE

FADE IN:

3

INT. GANG'S APARTMENT - LIVING ROOM - CONTINUED

3

WAYLON

Nice to see you too, buttmunch.

Waylon pushes past Ian into the apartment. LEE and CLAIRE exchange a worried glance on the couch. While EMMA enters from the kitchen and immediately FREEZES.

IAN

I didn't say you could come in!

WAYLON

No time for fake pleasantries.

(cordially)

Lee, Claire.

IAN

Pleasantries? What circle of hell did you stumble out of and think that would ever be a scenario between us?

Waylon comes to a stop in front of the TV. Everyone focused on him.

LEE

(awkwardly)

Hey.

WAYLON

So there I was watching TV in my apartment -

EMMA

What are you doing here?

Waylon stops. Looking between Claire and Lee, he turns his attention back to Emma.

WAYLON

They didn't tell you?

EMMA

Tell us what?

WAYLON

(surprised)

I never left LA.

The balcony door slides open and CHRIS enters. Double-taking as he sees Waylon in the living room.

(CONTINUED)

CHRIS

Did we perfect time travel while I was out?

IAN

So... wait. You never left LA? And Lee and Claire knew?

CLAIRE

Well, 'accidently had a chance encounter' is how I would phrase it.

LEE

Waylon also got into the Fellowship of the Pen.

Ian nods, before looking pissed. While Chris and Emma walk over to the center of the living room. Each shooting accusatory looks at Lee and Claire.

CHRIS

So to clarify, you've known Waylon was in town for weeks?

LEE

Honestly, yeah.

Lee shrugs, while Claire looks apologetic.

IAN

And you were going to tell us when? The next 'accidental chance encounter' at a bar?

WAYLON

Alright, guys. Other reason why I hauled ass all the way over here knowing full well the glares I would be getting.

Chris, Ian, and Emma are true to Waylon's words: glaring to their full capabilities. Claire takes a seat, and gestures for Waylon to continue.

CLAIRE

You were saying...

WAYLON

Right so apparently "The Ontology of Evil"-

IAN

Standing right in front of us.

LEE

Ian now is not the time for this.

IAN

When is? Pencil me i-

WAYLON

Our idea for a Television Show is in the process of being made into a movie by Warner Brothers!

That shuts everyone up.

LEE

You're sure?

WAYLON

Well considering their first scene was our first scene, yep. And the synopsis is word for word.

EMMA

I always thought major corporations were evil.

IAN

But how did they get our Pilot idea?

Everyone shoots an "Isn't it obvious?" look in Ian's direction.

CHRIS

I'm betting our handy dandy thief has decided to become an entrepreneur.

WAYLON

Exactly. I say we hunt the bastard down and kick some ass.

CLAIRE

Or we could handle this in a way that won't lead to jail time.

(off looks)

I'm just saying.

LEE

So how are we going to handle this?

Lee looks to everyone in turn. One thing becomes clear, they have no idea.

4 EXT. WARNER BROTHERS STUDIO - ESTABLISHING SHOT - MORNING 4

Not as evil as one might first suspect. A twelve story complex stands tall before us. From shiny windows to nice cars in the parking lot. It is quite clear that money is no problem for this studio.

5 INT. WARNER BROTHERS STUDIO - LOBBY - DAY 5

Our gang, minus Waylon stands in front of a golden colored elevator waiting. Ian HUFFS.

IAN

So what are we going to do?

Lee shrugs. As Waylon runs over.

WAYLON

I'm here! I'm here!

(beat)

Sorry I'm late.

Chris nods begrudgingly, while Emma stares at the elevator, ignoring Waylon. Ian presses the button.

Claire and Lee are the only ones that clearly aren't bothered by the southerner's presence.

CLAIRE

Glad you could make it. After running all the way over last night to tell us we were beginning to think you lost interest.

LEE

Or that it was an elaborate practical joke.

WAYLON

They were both fair options. But then I rolled over, saw Mary Sue laying there and thought... I have got to get out of here!

LEE

I'm surprised she didn't follow you here.

WAYLON

I left her a note with a different location.

(grinning)

She thinks I'm at MGM, Lot Seventeen. They don't even have a Lot Seventeen. I am so awesome.

(CONTINUED)

5 CONTINUED:

5

Lee rolls his eyes, and checks the Elevator status. Apparently it's on floor five.

CLAIRE

I thought you guys broke up last night.

WAYLON

We did. But now we're back on.

(off look)

I'm a man Claire! I can't turn down free sex.

CLAIRE

Maybe you should think with your other head for once.

(wincing)

Pretend I never said that.

LEE

Why Claire I'm beginning to think we're having an influence...

Waylon snickers. BING! The elevator door opens and the gang piles in. As does an EXECUTIVE in a suit. The doors start to close as we zoom in to:

6 INT. WARNER BROTHERS STUDIO - ELEVATOR - CONTINUED

6

Ian presses the number 14. The Executive presses number 6. (Note: The elevator is quite crowded with 7 people). Everyone is shoulder to shoulder as the elevator starts to move.

CHRIS

(to Ian)

Do we think bursting in with firepower is an option?

IAN

It is America. Isn't that expected?

CHRIS

But we left all our firearms at home.

EMMA

I can scissor kick the secretary.

The three share a grin, while the EXECUTIVE looks frightened.

EMMA (cont'd)

I won't use a witty one liner though. It's overdone nowadays. Besides-

(CONTINUED)

WAYLON

Guerilla street war is the way to go.

The jovial mood is lost on the others. There's an awkward beat. Emma turns to Chris.

EMMA

Let's go for coffee later.

Chris nods. Emma clearly ignoring Waylon. Lee looks up to ceiling as if to say "God help us".

CLAIRE

Anyway...

Waylon playfully punches Chris on the arm. Chris expression falls.

WAYLON

You and I can 'good cop' 'bad cop' this douche when we track him down. Right? Like the good ol' days.

CHRIS

(beat)

Maybe. Or we can remember that you don't live with us anymore and being trapped in a confined space with you does not make us friends again.

BING! The doors slide open. The Executive pushes past Claire, which consequently pushes everyone into each other for a beat as the Executive steps out. The elevator doors close again. BING!

WAYLON

What the hell crawled up your ass and died?

LEE

(Whispering; to Claire)

They're going to kill each other.

CHRIS

I don't know. Maybe it's the fact that I haven't seen you for a month or so...And you showing up acting like everything's normal and fine grates just a tad.

WAYLON

Well I think evicting me means you don't get to decide what warrants a feel good moment.

(CONTINUED)

Chris is seething. Waylon equally pissed. No one is looking at each other until:

CHRIS

Well you moving out has been the best thing that's happened for the rest of us in a long while.

IAN

It's true.

WAYLON

Ian, for once can you just bud the fuck out? In case you haven't noticed no one cares what you think.

IAN

(smug)

I knew there was a reason no one missed you or even mentioned your name around the house. It's like you were never there.

Ian looks like he wants to say more, but a look from Chris tells him to back off. This isn't his fight.

CHRIS

(to Waylon)

So I think you'll understand if we fail to exchange Christmas cards this year. The endless list of your faults sums everything up.

EMMA

Or it could be that you have clearly been seeing Claire and Lee on the social calender and didn't bother to tell us you were around.

WAYLON

So you're talking to me now and not just fascinated by the decorum on the wall?

EMMA

Well when your gravitational pull refuses to let me escape your orbit, what choice do I have?

That point stung. Emma shakes the hair out of her face and stares at the wall again. It's quiet for a long beat.

CHRIS

(to Waylon; snarky)

What? No low brow insult back from
the world's ultimate heckler?

WAYLON

Sorry. Just trying to find the
right word to describe your
girlfriend, because 'bitch' doesn't
begin to cover it.

IAN

O-kay. Time out.

BING! Floor 14. The doors start to slide open.

CLAIRE

(Whispered; to Lee)

Longest. Elevator Ride Ever.

Chris PUNCHES Waylon in the jaw, sending the southerner
stumbling out of the elevator. PAN OVER to:

INT. WARNER BROTHERS STUDIO - 14TH FLOOR RECEPTION

It's a nice office. Swanky and yet sleek and modern. A
receptionist is on the phone behind her nice mahogany desk.
Glass doors are on the far end. A few other people sit in
chairs along the walls reading magazines, waiting.

Waylon rubs his jaw, clearly not expecting that. A
receptionist hangs up the phone, and looks over intrigued.

WAYLON

You really want to do this male
Rachel?

Waylon grabs Chris from the elevator and before Chris has
time to say anything Waylon tosses him to the floor.

INT. WARNER BROTHERS STUDIO - ELEVATOR -CONTINUED

LEE

And here we go.

CLAIRE

I'm starting to think this was a
bad idea.

Lee just nods, as the group steps out back into:

INT. WARNER BROTHERS STUDIO - 14TH FLOOR RECEPTION

Chris stands up slowly. Adjusting his shoulders and shooting
a glare in Waylon's direction.

(CONTINUED)

CHRIS

You really shouldn't have done that.

Waylon can't hide the smile on his face. His hands say it all: Bring it.

Chris eyebrows raise before he PUNCHES Waylon again, only to have the Southerner retaliate with a PUNCH right back. The duo start hammering their fists into each other, while simultaneously trying to block the other from getting any damage in.

Over with the others:

EMMA

Boys are stupid.

LEE

You think they'd save it for the executive meeting.

CLAIRE

And miss making a scene? That's not us.

Back to the fight:

Chris stumbles back a few steps. Blood dripping from his lip. Waylon just smiles. Shaking out his bloody knuckle.

WAYLON

Putting up more of a fight than I expected there Prep. Ready to call it quits?

Chris locks eyes with Waylon.

CHRIS

Hey listen... I think that's the sound of you dying alone.

Chris charges, and Waylon can't hide his surprise as Chris TACKLES him to the ground.

Chris doesn't have the upper hand for long though, as Waylon overpowers him and rolls over, causing Chris to be on his back and struggling for air for a few seconds.

The pair roll around on the floor for a while. Each only gaining the upper hand for a few seconds.

Over with the others acting like this is completely normal:

IAN

Anyone care to make a wager on who wins?

LEE

My money's on Waylon. No offence Em, but he's double Chris' size.

IAN

Guess I'll root for the underdog then.

(off look)

I'm not biased.

EMMA

Security should be getting here soon.

CLAIRE

Should we try and stop them?

The look from everyone else tells us that clearly they shouldn't as we head back over to the fight:

Waylon has Chris in a headlock. They're both sweating and red in the face. Panting for breath.

WAYLON

You know I used to be on a wrestling team.

Chris grits his teeth, as Waylon tightens his hold.

CHRIS

Did you eat your opponents?

With that Chris headbutts Waylon. Causing the Southerner to release him. Waylon's slightly dazed. Chris rolls away from him and into a sitting position.

He rubs the back of his head, the headbutt clearly hurting his skull more than he expected.

They're both bloody and bruised. Each recollecting their breath as they share a look for a beat. Then...

Chris starts to laugh...

One would almost think Chris was having a mental breakdown as he continues to laugh and Waylon joins in. The others look to each other and then at the pair like their insane as they continue to laugh.

All eyes in the room are on them and two SECURITY GUARDS approach, but pause as they witness the scene. Waylon and Chris can't stop laughing at themselves.

(CONTINUED)

SECURITY GUARD #1
What do we think? Drugs?

SECURITY GUARD #2
Isn't it always?

SECURITY GUARD #1
It could be a lover's quarrel.

SECURITY GUARD #2
Dude, this isn't Canada!

Chris and Waylon are still giggling like psychopaths at themselves as Lee steps over to the Security guards.

LEE
You wouldn't by any chance happen to know where Mr. Gascon's office is?

SECURITY GUARD #1
Down the hall. Fourth door on the right.

Chris pushes himself up, almost tripping in the process as his laughter dies down. He walks over and extends a hand to Waylon, who takes it.

Security watches as Chris pulls Waylon up.

SECURITY GUARD #1 (cont'd)
So... do we do anything or just...

SECURITY GUARD #2
Pretend it never happened?

SECURITY GUARD #1
(nods)
Means less paperwork.

The guards walk away. Ian and Emma join Chris and Waylon.

IAN
Helping the enemy up? Chris!

CHRIS
Ian shut up.

IAN
No! You hate him! He hates you!
Friendship ruined forever.
Eviction. Betrayal. Come on!

WAYLON

(to Chris)

You've seriously hung out with this guy in the last few weeks?

CHRIS

He's not so bad when one's intoxicated.

EMMA

I guess the bromance is back on.

(winces)

Can we pretend I never said "bromance"? I want that word removed from pop culture.

They start to walk down the hall with Lee and Claire a few feet ahead. Ignoring the looks from any passerby's who notice their bloodied states.

CHRIS

Erased from memory.

EMMA

Good.

WAYLON

(to Emma)

So you and I are okay now as well?

Emma stops. Looking between the hopeful Chris and Waylon. She sighs.

EMMA

No. You and I aren't. I'm not going to pretend like the last few weeks haven't happened.

(beat)

That being said, just give me time.

Waylon's expression falls. Emma shrugs...what did he expect? She pushes past them and runs up to Lee and Claire.

Chris, Ian, and Waylon start to walk again at a slower pace.

CHRIS

Give her time. Or copious amounts of alcohol.

IAN

No! You two can't just beat each other senseless in a shower of violence and prime example of male aggression and suddenly act like everything's normal.

CHRIS

What do you suggest we do?

IAN

There has to be discussion of thoughts and feelings and-

WAYLON

So Ian's still a chick on the inside?

CHRIS

Pretty much.

The duo grin and walk off as Ian glares.

IAN

(muttering)

I did not steal each of your DVD'S and claim it was the other one who took it to have you be friends again! Even if all our crap got stolen anyway. Damn it! My theft was planting a seed,

A person walking by gives Ian a look. He realizes the others are quite ahead of him and starts to run to catch up.

IAN (cont'd)

(To Chris)

I had good money on you for the fight!

BLACK OUT:

END OF ACT ONE

ACT TWO

FADE IN:

10 INT. WARNER BROTHERS STUDIO - OFFICE -SHORTLY AFTERWARDS 10

MR. GASCON (Early thirties, in a suit) looks as weasely as they come. He sits behind a desk, writing on some documents when there's a KNOCK at the door.

MR. GASCON

It's open!

The door opens and our gang enters. Lee looking almost surprised at how easy this was.

MR. GASCON (cont'd)

(confused)

Hello...

Lee steps forward and extends his hand. Mr. Gascon just looks at it.

LEE

Hi. Lee A. Chrimes. Aspiring Writer and-

MR. GASCON

Oh. "Aspiring" like there aren't a million of those in this city.

(bitchy)

You know your type can't just waltz in here right? I'm not an agent. I represent no one.

LEE

Sorry. Just thought I'd introduce myself. As there's a certain matter we'd like your help with.

MR. GASCON

Well in case you can't tell I'm quite busy at the moment.

(to Waylon and Chris)

And can you not get blood on the carpet when you leave? I just had this place redone.

He starts going about his work again as if the gang is not there. Emma marches forward, and cracks her knuckles.

EMMA

Oh hell no! You are going to listen to-

(CONTINUED)

Claire grabs the blonde's hand and stops Emma from swatting the oblivious Mr. Gascon. Emma lets her arm fall and Mr. Gascon looks up, acting surprised that they are still there.

MR. GASCON

Oh! The elevator is just back the way you came. Press the ground button and show yourselves out.

(beat)

And Thank you for visiting Warner Brothers today.

The group is taken aback as Mr. Gascon, who smiles, enjoying his own attitude a little too much.

WAYLON

(whispering; to Ian)

Alright this guy's a douche.

LEE

Mr. Gascon we're in a predicament of sorts. And while you're not being the least bit helpful, just humour us, or point us in the direction of someone who can get us some answers.

CHRIS

Or knows what they're doing.

The producer looks at each of them, as if a predator on the hunt. He comes back to Emma who looks like she's using all of her will power to not hit him.

MR. GASCON

O-kay. But only if you ask nicely.

(to Emma)

That means with manners.

EMMA

Sir, with all due respect we're aware of what you've already said. And being an-

CLAIRE

We've just come here because your company seems to be making a movie-

MR. GASCON

Well...as a famous studio we are prone to do that.

IAN

(whispering; to Waylon)

I don't think they've invented a word to describe how much I hate this guy.

Claire steps forward, putting on her teacher face. She's had enough.

CLAIRE

Look, I'll cut to the point. Skip the pleasantries because clearly you had no friends or human contact growing up. I can understand why.

(coolly)

Your studio is making a movie, "The Ontology of Evil", which is a film based on an idea that we came up with. We've come to you because looking up information online it would appear that you're the producer currently looking for a screenwriter to helm the project.

Mr. Gascon leans back in his leather chair, taking a bite of his pen.

MR. GASCON

See... the problem with that muffin, is that "The Ontology of Evil" is a film that has just started development. So there is no way you and your merry troop of welfare associates are the creative entities behind such a production.

LEE

Then how do you explain the first scene being what we discussed in depth between the six of us five months ago.

MR. GASCON

(shrugging)

Coincidence?

He rotates in his chair, visibly amused by the group's plea.

MR. GASCON (cont'd)

Even if it was your idea, what do you expect me to do about it?

CHRIS

Creative control? Or Royalties?

IAN

Maybe the name of the individual who brought this project to your attention.

MR. GASCON

Now what use would that be of to you?

CLAIRE

We were robbed two months ago. So we thought we lost a lot of our work. But when we saw our idea in movie form being mentioned on an entertainment show-

MR. GASCON

Muffin, even if it was your movie.
(beat;smiling)
It's not anymore.

CHRIS

Seriously? In a country where everyone can buy a gun how has someone not shot you?

Mr. Gascon leans back again and presses a button under his desk.

WAYLON

Just give us the name, and we'll be on our way.

MR. GASCON

Actually security will be here to take you in about a minute.

CLAIRE

You know this isn't right.

MR. GASCON

Oddly, I just don't care.

EMMA

We'll sue you!

IAN

That could lead to more money than we would make originally.

Mr. Gascon chuckles and fold his hands out, amused at the group.

MR. GASCON

Alright, so say you sue me.
Nevermind the fact that as one of
the elite studios in the business
we have a team of highly paid and
qualified lawyers to deal with
these things. Let's talk like that
won't crush you. Do you have any
proof?

EMMA

(blinks)
Proof?

Everyone looks to each other: Do they have anything to use?

CLAIRE

It was stolen.

MR. GASCON

(smiling)
See if that statement holds up in
court.

Mr. Gascon goes back to his paperwork, while Claire slumps,
defeated as she looks to the others.

Waylon storms out and Lee sighs. Knowing they've lost this
one. As we DISSOLVE TO:

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

11

Emma, Chris, and Ian sit on one side, their drinks in front
of them. Lee sits across from them. Emma takes a drink.
(Note: Waylon is over at the bar. Seen in the background)

EMMA

(outraged)
Proof! How can we not have proof?

LEE

We've been talking about this for
the last hour. Can we change the
subject please?

IAN

No. This is an injustice. There has
to be something we can do. Lee use
your brain to devise a scheme.

Ian pounds the table, expecting Lee to get right on it.

LEE

Sorry, all out of miracles at the
moment.

(CONTINUED)

EMMA

Let's blackmail him.

CHRIS

We'd need information on him to do that.

EMMA

That could take a while.

LEE

(dry)

How about we just kill him. Then we can go to jail! Our money problems are solved and we can write as much as we want.

CHRIS

Great plan. Except for the latter stuff. You can be somebody's bitch.

Waylon comes over to the table.

WAYLON

Alright, ya'll I'm heading out. If anyone has any plans on how to prove the movie is ours let me know.

IAN

Right now we're discussing murder.

WAYLON

I'm in. Just tell me when and where.

LEE

No. I draw the line at murder.

CHRIS

I'm sure you said the same about stripping at one point but look how you eventually came around.

(beat)

Soon you'll be drawing a whole new line. Welcome to the life of the morally gray.

Waylon scratches his beard, and looks up to the ceiling, while everyone else engages in hopeless depression.

WAYLON

Well my little ducklings, Uncle Waylon might just have an idea.
(off Lee's look)

(MORE)

11 CONTINUED: (2)

11

WAYLON (cont'd)
It won't break any federal laws
this time. But I'll be in touch.

IAN
"Ducklings"? Really?

CHRIS
I'm down for some vigilante
justice.

Waylon nods and waves. Everyone nods back. Emma and Ian
somewhat awkwardly.

IAN
So that was awkward... or was it
just me?

LEE
Yeah just a bit.

Off of their solemn nods we CUT TO:

12 INT. GANG'S APARTMENT - GIRLS ROOM - LATER

12

Clare sits at a small desk with a funky colored lamp on
beside her bed. (The desk is set up like a study, with files
and notes, and drawers)

She has a file open, but the look on her face tells us it's
nothing helpful as she turns to her laptop screen, which has
a blank document open. She leans back in the chair.

CLAIRE (V.O.)
This would be a lot easier if I had
superpowers. Would I want super
speed though? Or would that make
things always appear anti-
climactic?
(beat)
The powers would probably go to my
head.

CUT TO:

13 INT. WARNER BROTHERS STUDIO - OFFICE - DAY DREAM

13

Mr. Gascon sits behind his desk and is the middle of a
conversation on the phone when the Door SMASHES open.

Claire enters, dressed in a ridiculous spandex green
Superhero costume. Her hair is blowing in an imaginary wind.

MR. GASCON
Who... who are you?

(CONTINUED)

Claire marches forward. Her hair still billowing in the non-existent wind, she picks up his desk with one hand as if it doesn't effect her at all.

CLAIRE

I'll ask the questions from now
on...

(beat)

Jackass.

Claire chucks the desk and it soars CRASHING though the window. Papers and the phone collide with the ground as glass SHATTERS along the carpet. Mr. Gascon rolls back and hits the wall in his wheely chair.

MR. GASCON

You'll never get away with this.

There's nothing between him and Claire now. He's visibly sweating.

CLAIRE

Funny, I think I will. Let's see if
your corpse complains as much as
you.

(Off Destruction in Room)

Oh, and insert moral reasoning for
damaging material goods here.

Mr. Gascon is terrified as Claire starts to march towards him and we...

CUT TO:

Claire shakes her head and sighs.

CLAIRE (v.o.)

Yep. Absolute Power corrupts
absolutely.

(beat)

And why was I wearing spandex in my
own daydream? Living with four guys
has definitely impaired my
judgement.

Pan over to find Emma watching Claire with interest from her bed.

EMMA

What'cha thinking about?

CLAIRE

Ways for us to prove the project is
ours.

(CONTINUED)

EMMA

No luck?

CLAIRE

My mind is apparently a big fan of violence.

She gets out of her chair and falls onto her bed. She struggles to find a comfortable position.

While Emma doesn't even blink. She's focused on something.

CLAIRE (cont'd)

You have "emotional trauma" face.

EMMA

No. More like "Consistently struggling to be inconsistent" face.

(Tentatively)

Your...friendship with Waylon. Is it weird?

CLAIRE

Well it's not "not" weird. I mean we did kick him out. But he was also a part of the problem...so-

EMMA

It was weird.

CLAIRE

Well not weird in a finding out your childhood programmes suck when you flick them on again and your older.

EMMA

Yet weird in a sense of "I woke up with this tattoo and have no idea who this person is."

CLAIRE

Yeah.

EMMA

Lee, what do you think?

EMMA'S POV:

Lee sits on the floor in the corner, with a book.

14 CONTINUED: (2)

14

LEE

I have no idea what you're talking about.

CUT TO:

15 INT. APARTMENT - KITCHEN - LATER

15

Chris is rooting around the fridge and apparently having no luck. Ian sits at the table looking through a UCLA book.

CHRIS

Sweet Jehovah's Witness, you'd think we'd have some food that's not expired.

IAN

(surprised)

You just leave it in there as well?

CHRIS

Yeah! I kinda want to see what will happen if Lee eats it.

(beat)

But as a prospective university student you should just get used to eating anything.

Chris shuts the fridge, giving up, and hops up to sit on the counter top.

IAN

I'm not going to develop the eating habits of a homeless person.

CHRIS

That's what they all say. Then you see something move out of the corner of your eye and dive for it because it's not fast food.

(joking)

Just remember Cannibalism will not get you any friends.

(thinking)

Except fellow cannibals I guess.

Ian grins, flicking a page in his University book.

IAN

Dude, I'm an international student. I won't be able to pay for food. Tuition is enough as it is. I'm going to be working for eternity. Now that I realize I'm in the grown up world working officially sucks.

(MORE)

(CONTINUED)

IAN (cont'd)

(beat)

Know any nice loan sharks?

Chris laughs as his cell phone rings. He spots who's calling and looks surprised as he answers.

CHRIS

Hello.

(beat; nodding)

I like it.

(a long beat)

Liking it less.

(Sighing)

I'll be down now.

Chris hangs up and exits the kitchen, as Ian looks up curiously for a long beat. We hear the sound of the front door opening and shutting, and Ian turns his attention back to his books.

IAN

Fine, don't invite me to your super secretive mission. I didn't want to go anyway and -

EMMA (O.S.)

Are you talking to yourself?

Ian immediately turns red as he looks up and spots Emma standing in the kitchen doorway.

IAN

What? No! Just thinking aloud. It's not odd.

EMMA

It's a little odd.

Emma steps deeper into the kitchen as if unsure of what should be done next. She looks around, focusing on nothing in particular.

IAN

Can I... help... you with something?

EMMA

Me? No, I'm good. Just forget it.

(hurriedly)

I'm off to go try and make things right or less awkward with Waylon,

Emma starts to walk out of the kitchen, while Ian turns his attention back to his books.

IAN

What could go wrong?

(Smug)

Yes I'm aware I just jinxed you.

Emma stops in her tracks.

EMMA

You just had to say it.

She starts to head out again, but stops just before the door.

EMMA (cont'd)

Ian Austin if I don't come back in twelve hours it means I accidentally committed murder and have gone underground.

With that the blonde slowly takes another step towards the door...before sighing and turning back to Ian.

EMMA (cont'd)

Do I have to say it?

IAN

Yep.

EMMA

(begrudging)

Do you want to come?

IAN

You're aware of your Waylon-Ian history repeating itself cycle? Similar to good and evil, yin and yang? I may not be the best man for the job.

EMMA

Ian your hatred of Waylon is exactly why you coming is the best possible scenario.

(Reasoning)

If it doesn't go well we can go to the bar and bitch about the experience.

(Off UCLA books)

Plus do you really want to add up bills which may have you face the consequences of the real world?

IAN

Touche.

15 CONTINUED: (3)

15

Ian closes his book and they start to exit.

CUT TO:

16 EXT. LA - STREET - NEAR WAYLON'S PLACE

16

Ian and Emma walk down a typical LA street. Passing some condemned closed down building signs and the occasional convenience store. Emma's on her cell phone.

EMMA

(On phone)

Okay, I see the next set of lights.
And note the artistic work of the
graffiti.

Emma gestures ahead and herself and Ian continue walking along the sidewalk.

CLAIRE (O.S.)

(filtered; cell)

Now is it really necessary for me
to stay on the phone with you? It
sounds like you guys are on your
way.

EMMA

Yes! We've already gotten lost
twice! And I don't want to be found
dead looking like an extra in a low-
budget music video.

As if that settles the matter, Emma keeps the phone to her ear as Ian takes in their rough neighbourhood surroundings.

IAN

So are we at the part of our
"reformed-pseudo-awkward maybe not
redeemed friendship" where we can
just drop by and hang out?

EMMA

You're thinking we should have
given him some warning. When in
fact we don't have his number and
just an address.

CLAIRE

It is common courtesy.

EMMA

Not talking to you Claire. Sorry!

(CONTINUED)

IAN

Yeah. That way if we mysteriously die or disappear due to a turf war between the bloods and the crypts at least he'll have been expecting us.

CLAIRE

Well...I actually do have things to be doing so do you see a homeless person that looks like Bob Barker yet?

Emma stops, surveying the area. BOB BARKER HOMELESS GUY is across the street on the corner, holding a coffee cup.

EMMA

I see him.

CLAIRE

Alright than you're practically the-

EMMA

Holy fuck monkeys.

IAN

Em, that's how aids happened.

Emma stops. Frozen, her eyes locked on something up ahead. Ian turns to her, then attempts to spot what she's looking at.

EMMA

You have got to be kidding me? The universe is playing some sadistic joke.

CLAIRE

Care to let us in on it Em?

(beat)

For scoffing purposes only.

Emma points and we follow the direction across the street where we spot a cafe with chairs and tables outside. Among the crowd and closest to us we see: JENNIFER. Chatting away with her friends, completely oblivious as we pan back to Emma whose floored by this sight.

EMMA

I hoped she had been hit by a car.

BLACK OUT:

END OF ACT TWO

ACT THREE

FADE IN:

17

EXT. STREET - WHERE WE LEFT OFF

17

Emma starts to march forward. Ian is deeply confused.

CLAIRE

Wait. Em you can't just go
assaulting Waylon's roommates.

Emma stops her march, and looks disgusted.

EMMA

They're roommates! You knew about
this and didn't tell me! I'm
beginning to see a pattern with
your information management.

CLAIRE

Your impending psychotic breakdown
might have something to do with it.
(beat)
What are you going to do?

EMMA

Vengeance. Plain and simple. Flesh
Wounds to start. Then we'll get
psychological.

IAN

(shouting)
Whose Emma about to go all Lizzie
Borden on?

Ian leans in to listen in on Emma's cell.

CLAIRE

An old employee.

Emma looks annoyed as Ian nods as if he understands it.

EMMA

Claire, gotta go. Ian and I have
some vengeance to take care of.

CLAIRE

Emma Platt I'm warning y-

Emma hangs up, and glares over at Jennifer.

EMMA

The slut of the galaxy! She's the
one that set loose a skunk in our
apartment.

(CONTINUED)

IAN

Oh.
(shrugs)
Well I'm game.

EMMA

(scathingly)
Jennifer.

Emma's eyes squint as she watches her arch nemesis. Her cell starts to ring, but she ignores it.

EMMA (cont'd)

You know I waited outside her old apartment for 2 days and she never showed? Evil bitch from hell.

IAN

I know. Chris told me. He also thought you let it go.

EMMA

Let it go? Ian it's America. I just assumed she got gangbanged and then some arsonist had his way with her.

(beat)

But now that I have my chance this is too personal to not do anything.

Emma looks at Jennifer and then back to Ian.

IAN

What do you want to do?

Emma nibbles at her fingernail, an evil smile soon forming...

DISSOLVE TO:

Outside are one's typical trees and nice vehicles one would expect if in a hell dimension or if one were married to a Stepford Wife. (We're definitely in the middle of Suburbia)

Sitting in the passenger seat we find Chris with his head against the glass staring dismally at their surroundings. Waylon leans back in the driver's seat, eating from a bag of chips...while Mary Sue is in between them... as annoyingly bubbly as ever.

MARY SUE

Oh I just love a good stake out!
Don't you?

Silence. Waylon eats a few more chips. While Mary Sue looks out at the surrounding area, absolutely fascinated.

(CONTINUED)

MARY SUE (cont'd)

The Suburbs are just beautiful in the darkness, aren't they? All mysterious, yet completely safe. I could just walk around here for hours and not feel the slightest tremor of fear.

WAYLON

Do you want to babe? Maybe get some fresh air?

CHRIS

If you see headlights just head towards them.

Waylon shoots Chris a look, and Chris just shrugs.

MARY SUE

And leave you two boys all awkward and alone in a vehicle? No, no, no. A lady's job is too help everyone feel comfortable and welcome.

She looks between Chris and Waylon and pats them both.

MARY SUE (cont'd)

I am fine right here.

WAYLON

Great.

(beat)

So have you been on many stake outs?

MARY SUE

Just on the boyfriends I thought might be cheating on me. Not many. But I am experienced enough to know about the art of blending in.

She gestures towards her brightly coloured outfit as if she doesn't stick out like a sore thumb.

CHRIS

Target coming! Duck.

Chris, Mary Sue, and Waylon all duck as we push out into:

Outside the red pick up truck we see a Red BMW with Mr. Gascon behind the wheel. The high beams are on, and he's slowly driving before turning into a driveway a few feet ahead.

19 CONTINUED:

19

Inside the red pick-up truck we see two female hands appear on the dashboard, before Mary Sue's head pops up to watch.

Mr. Gascon's car parks in the driveway, and he steps out of the vehicle.

A male hand pulls Mary Sue back down.

20 INT. WAYLON'S TRUCK - CONTINUED

20

Mary Sue is disgruntled and complaining, as we see how cramped and crowded the bottom of Waylon's truck is.

Note: The trio ducking... makes their body's look like a chiropractor's nightmare... had they been in an accident and not in these positions by choice. It's uncomfortable to say the least.

MARY SUE

I was just having a look.

CHRIS

Thieves say the same line when they are breaking and entering.

MARY SUE

But still! How else are we-

CHRIS

Shh!

Mary Sue does not look pleased, but buttons it anyway. There's a long beat...followed by another long beat. Chris and Waylon exchange looks as if to say: What do we do now?

Waylon cracks a grin, as he notes the strange positions himself and his companions are in.

WAYLON

(whispering)

Pretty sure my Ex Girlfriend said I'd never find anyone who would try this karma sutra position with me.

Chris snickers.

MARY SUE

Waylon Wyche my answer is also no when we get to the actual lovemaking later.

CHRIS

Alright. Repressing that.

(beat)

Do we think we can sit up now?

(CONTINUED)

WAYLON

I don't know. I don't usually follow executives home from the office. What do you think?

CHRIS

I asked you! You can't just turn it around on me.

Mary Sue shakes her head and "tsks" as she sticks her head back up to peek outside.

MARY SUE

Well... he's gone.

CUT TO:

21 INT. WAYLON'S APARTMENT COMPLEX - 11TH FLOOR - SAME TIME 21

Emma and Ian stand in front of Waylon's door. Emma knocks, a smile firmly plastered in place.

A beat. The door opens and Robin stands before them, sizing them up.

IAN

Hello.

ROBIN

(taken)

A British accent?

She lets the door open more and looks fondly at Ian.

ROBIN (cont'd)

Are you by any chance royalty or a noble?

IAN

Sadly no.

ROBIN

(losing interest)

Oh. Never mind then. What can I do for you?

EMMA

(extremely fake nice)

We're wondering if Jenny is home. We're her... 'Friends'.

ROBIN

Huh? I wasn't aware that beast was capable of socializing. Come on in!

Robin steps back and the two of them enter into:

22

INT. WAYLON'S APARTMENT - LIVING ROOM - CONTINUED

22

Robin heads over to her kitchen and starts mixing a drink, while Emma and the others take in the weirdly designed apartment before them.

IAN

It's like we stepped into Tim
Burton's imagination.

ROBIN

So how did you guys meet Jenny?

EMMA

Wor-

IAN

Cult.

Emma shoots him a look, but Robin nods as if that's what she expected to hear. Ian stares at the weirdly horrendous paintings.

ROBIN

Jenny should be home soon. She just
went to get some coffee.

(fondly)

Kids. Back in the day we'd drop
acid and chill on the subway.

EMMA

(devilishly)

Jenny does drugs too though doesn't
she? She was telling us all how she
just got back from rehab.

Robin's eyes light up, as Emma walks over to her. Ian is still infatuated with the paintings.

ROBIN

She did? Jenny never told me that!
I would have thrown her a party! Or
tried to sleep with her sponsor.

(beat)

That's what step mom's do.

EMMA

We still can! Hell we could send
her to rehab again just for old
time's sake.

ROBIN

Oh! Maybe that could be her
birthday present!

Robin starts to hop up and down excited.

(CONTINUED)

IAN
(Sarcastic)
Nice paintings.

ROBIN
(shocked)
Really? I hate them myself.
(pointing)
I have nightmares about the clown
with the acid burned face all the
time. I've tried to take them down,
but Jenny gets all "My art is my
life" and starts spewing other
bohemian crap.

She takes a swig of her drink as Emma eyes the paintings now
with interest. A plan clearly forming in her head. Ian takes
a step back from a painting as if it was about to follow him.

IAN
I'm not going to sleep for a while.

Emma looks at each painting, trying to mask her surprise.

EMMA
Which one is Jenny's favorite?

ROBIN
The one above the fireplace.

Looking to the fireplace. We see a painting of a baby doll
holding a lighter. A house burns in the background, and a
rainbow of black and white is above all of this nightmarish
destruction.

IAN
Does Jenny have a history of mental
health problems?

Emma jabs Ian in the side as she sidles over the fireplace
entranced by the painting for a few seconds, before turning
to Robin with a fake smile.

EMMA
(sorority impression)
Do you know what would just be
fabulous? I was thinking if we
could... like maybe. Oh my Yahweh,
super excited about this idea.
(excited)
K' Maybe we could like take this
painting for a few days and get it
framed professionally? Wouldn't
that just be awesome? Jenny would
so love me forever.

Emma giggles for effect and makes annoying hand gestures as Robin looks pensive.

ROBIN

Sure. If it gives me a few days of not making me want to hang myself, what's the harm?

Robin laughs to herself as Emma's facade drops.

IAN

(sorority impression)
And then oh my god we'll be sisters forever and-

SMACK! Emma's fist removes itself from Ian's groin area and she heads towards the fireplace. As she single handedly starts to take the painting down...

The lights are off as Chris and Waylon nose around Mr. Gascon's property. Mary Sue is bent over, examining the BMW.

Chris is inspecting the garden, and crouched low, while Waylon is peering into a window nearby. Suffice to say they are far from inconspicuous. (If anyone were to see them, they would immediately call the cops)

CHRIS

(whispered)
See anything?

WAYLON

A house I'd like to live in if the fame and fortune aspect of our plan ever kicks in.

Waylon moves over to inspect another window. Eyes widening at whatever he sees.

WAYLON (cont'd)

Well he's definitely having an affair. Because that woman wasn't in the pictures in his office.

CHRIS

We're in LA. Affairs are to be expected.

BEEP! BEEP! BEEP! The red BMW lights start to flash on and off, as it's car alarm has clearly been triggered. Oh shit! Chris and Waylon book it away from the house.

Chris jumping over few garden gnomes as Waylon tries to pull out his keys.

CHRIS (cont'd)
Where the hell's your girlfriend?

WAYLON
My girlfriend. I prefer to think of her as an associate of whom I share no commitment too.

CHRIS
Well she's your accomplice if we get arrested.

Mary Sue pulls herself from under the car and has oil all over her.

MARY SUE
Whoops.

She gets up and starts to wipe herself down as she trots over to the car.

CHRIS
(shouting)
Run!

WAYLON
Dude! I was going to pretend we didn't know her and were just passing by.

Waylon opens his truck door and hops in the driver's seat and turns the key as Chris dives into the truck's back and rolls to a stop with a CLANG!

CHRIS
That's harsh.

WAYLON
I think of it has the perfect break up.

MARY SUE
I'm coming! I'm coming!

The car alarm is still BLARING as Mary Sue hops into the truck and barely has time to shut the door as Waylon SLAMS his foot down. The car peeling away from the scene as Mr. Gascon opens the door in his nightgown.

Mary Sue is flushed and fighting for breath, fanning herself with her hands as Waylon drives.

Chris is sitting up in the trunk, holding onto the sides of the vehicle for dear life as his hair blows in the wind.

The back window is open though, so he's privy to the conversation.

WAYLON

What the hell did you do?

MARY SUE

Just took some brake fluid out of his car.

CHRIS

You did what? I'm the cynical one and even I know that's insane. Lee is going to kill us.

MARY SUE

Well I had to defend your honour.

Mary Sue shakes her head, as if her actions are perfectly acceptable. Waylon chuckles, clearly impressed.

Chris is the only one who looks out of sorts.

MARY SUE (cont'd)

This is how we handle things in the south.

WAYLON

I really beg to differ. But I think I'm falling in love.

Waylon is still driving like a maniac and Chris loses his grip and falls over in the trunk as we CUT TO:

Emma carts the hideous painting down the hallway by herself as Ian is at a distance behind her.

EMMA

I have to do everything myself.

IAN

This is your vendetta.

EMMA

Still!

IAN

You could have taken it to the trash or to the garbage, but no you bring the damning evidence back with us.

EMMA

There is a method!

Lee and Claire step out of the apartment and begin to close the door when they spot the painting and their jaws drop.

CLAIRE

We are not hanging that up.

EMMA

Of course not! We're burning it.

IAN

"We"?

CLAIRE

I was wondering what you would do.

LEE

(grimly)

Just don't burn the rest of the place, alright?

Emma nods and steps into the apartment, ready to enact her revenge.

EMMA (o.s.)

Your terms are acceptable.

IAN

So where are you guys off to?

CLAIRE

Where else?

LEE

The bar.

Lee and Claire start to walk out, while Ian gives one last look at the departing pair with a bemused grin. And walks into:

Emma has the painting pressed up against the coffee table. She's standing back and examining it.

EMMA

You know from this angle...

IAN

You understand the artist's inner turmoil?

EMMA

No, I was going to say it's still psychotic.

Ian steps over and shivers.

26 CONTINUED:

26

IAN

We have got to meet a normal American someday.

EMMA

Agreed. At least we haven't met one who's a fan of car chases though.

CUT TO:

27 EXT. ROAD - LA - SAME TIME 27

Waylon's truck is swerving in and out of traffic. Cars are HONKING! Yet Waylon shows no signs of slowing down...even though no car is following them.

Chris is holding on for dear life in the back.

28 INT. WAYLON'S TRUCK - LA STREET - CONTINUOUS 28

Waylon checks the rearview mirror, and turns the wheel with one hand. As Mary Sue is excitedly flushed and looking around.

WAYLON

Whoo! Feels good to be doin' this again.

MARY SUE

I feel like someone should write a song about this.

She peers out the window, and rubs her hands. Adrenaline clearly pumping.

WAYLON

Only if we get caught.

29 EXT. ROAD - LA - CONTINUOUS 29

The red pick up truck finally starts to slow down. The turning signal blinks on and the truck maneuvers into a parking space on the side of the road.

Chris breathes a sigh of relief and finally lets go of both sides of the truck. They're outside a familiar spot: O'Grady's.

Chris hops out of the truck and falters for a second. As Waylon and Mary Sue step out of the car.

MARY SUE

Alcohol? Again? We just almost got arrested and this is your answer.

(CONTINUED)

WAYLON

Yep.

CHRIS

(to Waylon)

You drive like a psychopath.

WAYLON

D'uh.

Waylon walks into the bar without missing a beat, as Chris shakily looks at the red truck and glares. He's still white from the shock of the drive as we CUT TO:

INT. GANG'S APARTMENT - LIVING ROOM - SAME TIME

Grey smoke clouds our view as we see Ian coughing and batting a towel repeatedly against the ground.

An Alarm is Beeping! But there's no fire. Just a tonne of smoke filling the room, and a box of matches on the end-table.

IAN

(coughing)

Holy... You owe me for eternity...
Batman.

Emma steps forward with a bucket of water and pours it over what's left of Jennifer's painting. It lies before them; black and burned. As the water hits, the painting sizzles a bit and more smoke rises.

EMMA

What did she paint this thing with?
Gasoline?

She walks over to the balcony and opens the door to let some fresh air in, as she holds up a hand and coughs.

IAN

I've never seen this much smoke
before. It's kind of what I imagine
the afterlife to look like.

Ian finally stops coughing, and kicks the painting.

EMMA

That wasn't as Cathartic as I hoped
it would be.

Ian drops the towel and Sighs. Unaware of the dark figure behind him as Emma stands on the couch and starts to fidget with the fire alarm.

The dark figure steps closer and we see it's Jennifer as Emma pops off the alarm and removes the batteries. The beeping ceases.

EMMA (cont'd)

Ian can you take the blame for this when we have to explain the scorch marks to Lee? He already knows you like to play with matches.

Ian is about to respond when Jennifer whacks him over the head with a baseball bat. Ian collapses to the ground. Unconscious. The poor guy didn't have a chance.

JENNIFER

You destroyed my painting.

Emma's head whips around. It takes her a few seconds to see through the clearing smoke and note Ian on the floor, and Jennifer with a bat.

EMMA

You know you just committed assault right?

JENNIFER

(shrugs)

You committed theft.

Jennifer steps closer, Emma glances around. She doesn't have many escape routes and she knows it. She gulps, before giving Jennifer a hopeful smile.

EMMA

Call it even?

BLACK OUT:

END OF ACT THREE

ACT FOUR

FADE IN:

31

INT. APARTMENT - LIVING ROOM - A LITTLE LATER

31

A lot of the smoke has gone now, as we note Ian unconscious on the floor and drooling beside the black remains of the painting. The phone starts to ring as we pan around the living room.

The baseball bat has been abandoned by the TV and we see in the TV's reflection that Emma and Jennifer are in the midst of combat. Although it's on the floor, we pan over and note the blonde and goth rolling around aggressively.

Until Emma's head whacks upon the coffee table and Jennifer winds up sitting atop Emma. She holds the blonde down with one hand as she checks out her fingernails. While Emma blinks multiple times... clearly dazed.

The phone continues to ring, and Emma finally bites Jennifer's arm. Jennifer screams. It's definitely a chick fight.

Jennifer slaps Emma across the face and Emma clenches her teeth and pinches Jennifer's leg and twists. The phone's answering machine kicks in:

CLAIRE

(filtered)

Hey, you've reached Chris, Emma, Ian, Waylon, Lee, or Claire. Wow that's a lot of people. Leave a message to whoever and they'll get back to you as soon as possible.

Beep. Jennifer grabs both of Emma's arms and pins them to the floor.

CHRIS (V.O.)

Hey Em. You didn't pick up your cell and Lee said you were home... anyways... why was I calling?

Jennifer digs her nails into Emma's wrists. The blonde grunts in defiance and spits in her face. Emma tries to wiggle Jen off but the force is strong with this goth chick.

CHRIS (cont'd)

Oh. Right. So we almost got arrested... again. And we're at O'Grady's if you want to tag along. Sincerely, your favorite boyfriend.

Click. Chris has hung up. Jennifer smiles a toothy grin.

(CONTINUED)

JENNIFER

Guess you don't have the boyfriend
or your roommates to help you now?
Huh?

Jennifer's distracted by her own gloating and doesn't notice Emma has finally wriggled one arm loose. She punches Jennifer square in the jaw. Using Jennifer's delayed reaction she punches her again and swiftly escapes the floor and makes it to a standing position.

Emma shakes the hair out of her eyes, adrenaline clearly kicking in as she takes an action pose Bond would be proud of.

EMMA

Rather do this myself.
(beat)
Whore.

Jennifer gets up and Emma backs towards the TV cautiously.

JENNIFER

You got me fired!

EMMA

I did no such thing. My friends got you fired. I didn't care for your existence until after.

JENNIFER

Then by association you were the by-product that got me fired.

Emma pauses, as Jennifer raises her arms.

EMMA

You didn't hear a word I just said did you?

Jennifer takes a step closer and rubs her jaw.

JENNIFER

Alright. Let's drop the banter and get to the me kicking your tiny blonde ass.

Emma takes another few steps back and looks to Ian, still in dreamland and of no help.

EMMA

What is it with Americans and always resorting to violence?

Jennifer scoffs and points over to the burnt carpeting a few feet away.

JENNIFER

You're the one who used fire and
burned my work.

(off painting remains)

That got me a prize.

EMMA

Hello? I'm British. We scheme, it's
what we do. We also use words to
mask how we really feel.

Jennifer dives for the blonde, but Emma side steps her and
KICKS Jennifer in the back.

EMMA (cont'd)

But in case it wasn't obvious, I
don't like you.

Emma quickly swoops up the baseball bat off the ground as
Jennifer turns around and notes how the blonde has the upper
hand.

JENNIFER

Hey, you said to drop the bat and
play fair.

EMMA

Yeah... about that. That law only
applied to you.

Emma shrugs and starts to walk back towards the couches and
Ian. Jennifer stands up and takes a few tentative steps
forward. Visibly disgruntled.

JENNIFER

But that's cheating.

EMMA

(slowly)

Bri-tish. Scheming.

(casually)

So unless you want to still do
this, knowing I have a weapon and
can get away with hurting you since
your breaking and entering. I'd say
scram.

Jennifer glares as Emma picks up the phone and starts to
dial.

JENNIFER

I'm leaving.

EMMA

I know. I just really don't like
you.

(CONTINUED)

31 CONTINUED: (3)

31

JENNIFER

This isn't over.

EMMA

I really think it is.

We can hear the ringtone dialing and watch as Jennifer exits. Emma looks to the door with a smirk of victory and hangs up. She kneels down to check on Ian.

EMMA (cont'd)

You always get the head injuries.

CUT TO:

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

32

Claire stands at the bar waiting for drinks, as she bobs her head to the beat. Conversations are occurring all around her, as she glances over at the booth where we spot: Waylon, Mary Sue, Chris, and Lee.

She drums her fingers on the counter and looks at the bar man whose busy preparing orders.

GUY (O.S.)

Claire?

Surprised Claire turns around and spots a GUY whose clean shaven, and is quite attractive. His eyes light up as he see's her face. Only Claire has no idea who this guy is from the look on her face.

CLAIRE

Um... Hello?

GUY

(laughs)

I thought it was you. I thought the last time you came in here I scared you off.

Claire looks around like he's crazy.

GUY (cont'd)

Don't tell me you've repressed our meeting already? I'm the guy that's been texting you. Or stopped texting you, I guess.

Claire's face "Oh's" before instantly turning red. It's Text Message Guy!

CLAIRE

Yeah about that... y'see... the thing with the thing -

(CONTINUED)

TEXT MESSAGE GUY

(laughing)

I forgot how cute you were when you babble.

CLAIRE

(gulping)

Cu-Cute?

(beat)

I babble?

TEXT MESSAGE GUY

Yeah. Listen I just wanted to apologize in person. I was a huge douche sending you some of those texts.

(beat)

In my defence you sent some pretty suggestive stuff my way as well... but I came on too strong and for that I apologize.

(beat)

Anyways that's all I had to say.

Claire nods, unsure of what just happened as Text Message Guy heads back into the crowds. She turns back around and sees that her drinks have arrived. She starts to grab them, when:

TEXT MESSAGE GUY (cont'd)

You know what, sorry to bother you again. But if I don't do this I'm going to kick and obsess to myself in an internal voice-over later.

Claire turns around and there he is again, smiling.

TEXT MESSAGE GUY (cont'd)

So... I figure, why bother with that stereotypical noir drama right? We're both adults. So I should take a shot now, and ask this amazing girl out.

He raises his eyebrows, clearly testing the waters as Claire's expression is unreadable.

CLAIRE

Um...

TEXT MESSAGE GUY

Tell you what? Don't tell me now. Think about it, alright?

He pulls out a piece of paper and pen and scribbles down his number.

CLAIRE
Sounds fair.

He gracefully hands it over to her, and the pair share a lingering to the point of cliché look at each other.

CLAIRE (cont'd)
So I get to think about it?

TEXT MESSAGE GUY
Yep. Take a few weeks and if you're interested give me a call, I'll take you out to dinner.

He tips off his non-existent hat and disappears into the crowd as Claire pockets the number and turns back to the drinks with a smile.

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

33

Drinks are being consumed by our gang, as are fries and wings. Mary Sue is chatting as Waylon is all ears.

Chris looks drunk and signals a WAITRESS for more, as Claire and Lee exchange a sober look.

MARY SUE
So I said to her, 'How do you know that' and she responded in a coy tone 'I just do'. Then I thought, 'Hmm... she's not telling me something' but I said 'Georgina tell me, please.'

CHRIS
Can you not narrate every detail Waylon's girlfriend?

MARY SUE
My name, is Mary Sue.

Chris giggles hysterically at the fact.

WAYLON
And then what did she tell you?

Lee groans as Chris still laughs and points at Mary Sue.

CHRIS
Your name... is stupid.

MARY SUE
Yes, well your name is -

EMMA (O.S.)

Alright. Emma's score: a thousand points of awesome. Emma's evil bitch nemesis: Game over.

Emma marches over to the group, cheer oozing out of her in spite of the ashes and bruise on her face. Mary Sue looks torn between reprimanding Chris or finding out what happened.

LEE

Do I want to know what happened?

CHRIS

(trying to sober up;
slurring)
Are ya oh... okay?

EMMA

No to the first, yes to the second!

She grabs a chair from an empty table and pulls it over. She rubs a hand through Chris' hair, and his drunken state is apparently happy with this.

CLAIRE

She's not dead is she?

EMMA

No. Only in fantasy.
("moving on")
Anyway, so Ian is recovering back at the apartment. Poor guy got knocked unconscious.

Emma shakes her head, as Lee drops his wing.

MARY SUE

What happened sugar?

Emma double takes as she spots the fellow blonde.

EMMA

Whose this?

WAYLON

My... girlfriend.

Emma nods, before looking disgusted. Waylon also looks disgusted at what he's just said and turns to his beer.

LEE

So Ian is... 'recovering'?

EMMA

Yeah, he got knocked out.

WAYLON

By a girl?

EMMA

He didn't see it coming. Anyway he's woken up and is fine. Aside from his ego. But he felt like staying in and also says that his being knocked out means he shouldn't get blamed for the scorch marks in the living room.

Emma starts to drink some of Chris' beverage as Lee's eyes widen.

LEE

(pissed)

The what marks?

EMMA

We were attacked!

CLAIRE

There goes our security deposits.

(to Lee)

At least we almost lasted a year.

Lee glumly nods, as Emma grabs a fry, and extends her hands to grab their attention.

EMMA

So there we are having a fight to the death. Blah, you know the usual chick fight.

CHRIS

I missed a chick fight!

(curious)

What happened to the head rubbing?

EMMA

(winking)

I'll give you the details later.

(beat)

Anyway, point is... what is my point?

She nibbles on the fry, pondering, as the others look at her. Her hand once again starting to rub Chris head. Chris appears quite happy at the fact.

MARY SUE

Justice was served?

LEE

Bitch went down?

(CONTINUED)

CLAIRE

Um... I got nothing. What Lee said works.

Emma nods as she grabs another fry.

WAYLON

Man Chris you're going to have to tell me those details later. Alright, man?

Chris looks over to Waylon like he's ridiculous and sobers up for a moment.

CHRIS

Seriously? Just because I chose to be civil after a fist fight, which was awesome by the way. And then proceeded to the bar and then fail in an attempt to get vengeance on an executive that screwed us does not make us alright again.

WAYLON

Seriously? Even after that car chase?

CHRIS

There wasn't a car chase!

WAYLON

There so was.

CLAIRE

When was there a car chase?

MARY SUE

Oh Claire it was just fabulous. Let me tell you first I thought 'We're going to die young and gorgeous. This is so romantic' then-

Claire zones out as Mary Sue continues to talk away but we don't hear what's said.

WAYLON

(to Chris)

So who pissed in your corn flakes?

CHRIS

Don't steal my catch phrase! Look It's not like I despise you or anything. Hanging today was extremely weird but also kinda cool... when my heart was at a normal rate.

(MORE)

(CONTINUED)

CHRIS (cont'd)
I'm just saying things can't go
back to the way they were right
now. I need to...

He snaps his fingers a few times in Emma's direction. Until
the blonde leans forward.

EMMA
Think.

CHRIS
(snaps fingers)
Them's the word! That's why we're
dating.

Chris points between himself and Emma a few times as Waylon
looks a little stung and sits back. He looks over to Lee who
just shrugs, while Emma sits back and downs Chris' pint.
Chris still pointing between them, even though everyone else
is moving on.

EMMA
Yep. Verbally eloquent as always.
It's a symbiotic relationship.

She starts to grab another fry as a WAITRESS (early thirties,
attractive) comes over and looks quizzically at the table.

WAITRESS
Emma Platt?

Emma raises her hand as she bites the fry.

EMMA
That's me.

WAITRESS
I'm really sorry, but I have to ask
you to leave.

EMMA
What? Why?

Even Mary Sue shuts up as all eyes are on the waitress.

WAITRESS
There have been complaints from a
lot of clients about sexual
harassment and inappropriate
behavior.

EMMA
I've been sitting here the whole
time.

WAITRESS

Look, don't make a scene. These customers have spoken to management and however shocked they may have been to learn who it was, they have to follow the policy.

LEE

Policy?

WAITRESS

Our policy is to ban the customer in these instances. Your name came up more than eight times tonight.

EMMA

(shocked)

Wait... you're banning me?

Emma's grip tightens on the table as the Waitress slowly nods.

EMMA (cont'd)

(Shriek)

NOOOOOOO!

The sound is unholy as all eyes in the bar suddenly go to the booth. The Waitress blushes, as Emma looks to the gang unsure of how this could have happened.

She scans the entire bar and when she looks at the exit we spot Jennifer who simply grins and exits the establishment. As the bar door swings shut:

BLACK OUT:

END OF SHOW