

desperate

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Season Two Premiere

by
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EXT. LIBERTY ISLAND - DAY

Open on a shot looking up from the ground at the majestic STATUE OF LIBERTY. The sun is just over Lady Liberty's shoulder, casting most of the statue in a dim shadow.

PAN DOWN to a group of tourists at the base of the statue taking pictures of it and of each other.

To the left of them, sitting on the end of a bench, is ANTHONY 'TONY' BLACK, our slightly portly young British friend, with a laptop resting on his legs.

He clears his throat before beginning to type.

TONY (V.O.)

Hello, Adam. I hope things are well back home. I'm typing this from a bench in front of the Statue of Liberty. Paul brought me on my first tour this afternoon.

He pauses to look up at the statue again before continuing.

TONY (V.O.)

Much like virtually everything else in this city, or this country for that matter, it looks better on the telly. My roommates are doing better from the last time I wrote you, thankfully.

INT. CLASSROOM

MICHAEL 'MIKE' JAY, everyone's favorite African American workaholic, is sitting in one of a dozen or so chairs arranged in a circle. His arms are crossed and his body language screams 'I'd rather be somewhere else.'

Directly across from him is a squirrely man in a shirt and tie, holding a large stick. The rest of the circle is made of casually dressed, nondescript people.

TONY (V.O.)

Mike's legal troubles have been taken care of.

The squirrely man, also known as the THERAPIST, is explaining something using the stick as a visual aid. We can't hear what he's saying though, as Tony's voice-over drowns him out.

TONY (V.O.)

He was put on probation and ordered to do counseling for his emotional, uhm, issues.

The therapist passes the stick to the man next to him. PUSH IN on Mike, who seems to be getting more agitated by the second.

TONY (V.O.)

He's still working at that restaurant and has been promoted to bartender, so that's a good thing. I do wish he'd spend a little more time on his writing, but he's understandably busy trying to sort himself out.

The stick is held out in front of Mike and he slaps it to the ground. The therapist crosses the room and picks up the stick, waving it in front of Mike.

PUSH IN on Mike's face as he SMIRKS before a SMASH CUT TO:

INT. DOCTOR'S OFFICE - RECEPTION AREA - NEXT

The therapist walks down the aisle, sans his pants, like he just spent the last three hours riding a horse. As he passes the camera, we see the stick protruding from his ass!

TONY (V.O.)

We're hoping that next week he'll finally switch his schedule so his anger management classes are before his substance abuse sessions.

He passes by Mike, who is at the reception desk talking to the nurse. She pauses to look at the therapist in shock and awe.

MIKE

(grinning)

Tuesday aight for next week? It's my only off day.

INT. GROCERY STORE

ARCADIO 'ARC' REYES, the raunchy British playboy is walking across the rows of shelves with his girlfriend, MIRANDA, whom is carrying a hand basket.

TONY (V.O.)

Arc is still seeing Miranda. I think she'll do a world of good for him, to be honest. Just last week she made him do the dishes at home after Mike and Paul cooked us all dinner.

(beat)

Unfortunately, Arc being Arc, he never actually turned the fucking water on, so I had to go back and do them myself later.

They turn down one aisle and start down it. Arc FREEZES.

They're in the baby section. Miranda strolls down, looking at the assorted rattles and bottles.

MIRANDA

This'll only take a minute. My friend's having a baby shower.

Arc's head snaps to one side. ZOOM IN on a pack of diapers.

His head snaps in another direction. ZOOM IN on a stack of baby wipes.

Another head whip. Another ZOOM IN on a fold out stroller.

TONY (V.O.)

Of course, he hasn't told her about the little bundle of joy due in a few months with Levinia. I do hope he gets on with it before he winds up on Springer or Maury Povich.

Arc puts his hands on his head and does a slow, horrified 360.

Miranda, who has her back to Arc, is completely oblivious to Arc's nervous breakdown. She holds up a clear bottles with fluffy bear decals all over it.

MIRANDA

(squeals)

Oooh, this is cute!

Finally, Arc FAINTS. The sound of his landing gets Miranda to turn around and quickly rush to his side.

EXT. PARK - DAY

Back at the park with Tony. We're in tight on him as he continues his email.

TONY (V.O.)

Paul and I have learned to get along. He's actually not a bad chap, mercifully. We hated him on the forums, but I guess the old adage about people putting up fronts on the net is true. He's not nearly as annoying in person, crap television viewing habits aside.

(beat)

He seems to be genuinely happy, so good on him. I don't even mind he and Gabriel necking all the time.

PULL AWAY to reveal the just-mentioned PAUL ROBINSON in a passionate make out session with his buff mate, GABRIEL, right next to Tony.

TONY (V.O.)

I just wish he wouldn't make it a point to do it around me.

Paul collapses into Tony's lap with Gabriel on top of him, still kissing. A disgusted Tony pushes Paul's head off of him. The couple roll off the bench to the ground, never breaking their lip contact. Paul briefly glances up at Tony and winks at him. Tony just shakes his head.

TONY (V.O.)

(while typing)

As for me, well the new job is in writing and actually pays well, which is good. Can't say it's the most glamorous though.

INT. OFFICE BUILDING - MAIN LOBBY - DAY

Tony, with his laptop bag slung over his shoulder, hits the call button for an elevator. It arrives and he steps on. He holds his arm out to stop the door from shutting as a cute young lady dashes across the lobby to catch it.

YOUNG LADY

(out of breath)

Thanks. I'm running late.

She steps into the carriage.

YOUNG LADY
6th floor, please.

Tony's face noticeably drops a little and he suddenly looks embarrassed.

TONY
I'm actually, uh, going down.

YOUNG LADY
(confused)
Down? But we're on the first-

She stops and frowns as she gets it.

YOUNG LADY
(sneers)
Oh.

She steps off the elevator. Tony hit the button marked 'B' and the elevator doors shut.

INT. OFFICE BUILDING - BASEMENT - NEXT

The elevator arrives at the end of a dark, dank hallway in the basement with pipes dripping water onto the floor.

Tony exits the elevator and hangs his head in shame as he walks down the hall and stops at a door to his left. He opens it to reveal a long flight of stairs leading even further underground.

INT. TABLOID OFFICE - NEXT

The office is swirling with the sleaziest group of people imaginable, which is saying something for New York.

Tony's EDITOR, a mid fifties man in a wheelchair with a badly arranged toupee on his head, rolls up to Tony as he sets his belongings on a desk barely wider than himself.

EDITOR
(in a horrible accent)
Top o' da mornin' to ya, laddie!

TONY
(through gritted teeth)
For the umpteenth time, I'm not Irish.

EDITOR
(waves it off)
Bah, you all sound the same to me.
I've got a big story for ya.

Tony noticeably perks up.

TONY
Do you, now?

The editor nods and turns his chair to face out in the same direction as Tony's desk. He waves his hands at the other writers and yells:

EDITOR
Watch out. Incoming story!

Everyone clears out of his path, revealing a huge DARTBOARD with dozens of Post-Its all over the far wall. The Editor picks up a set of DARTS from his lap and flicks one of them at the board.

EDITOR
(squints; reads)
The Mayor...

He throws another dart into another Post-It.

EDITOR
(reading again)
... and his daughter...

He throws a third dart.

EDITOR
(reading once more)
... photographed together at a S&M
Club.
(throws up his hands)
Brilliant! I smell Pulitzer.

He turns his chair back to Tony.

EDITOR
I expect a draft on my desk by
lunch!

He wheels away and Tony just slumps in his chair, burying his face in his hands.

EXT. PARK - DAY

Tony pauses his typing and lets out a deep sigh before continuing.

TONY (V.O.)

The most concerning thing, however, is our project. See, we set ourselves a deadline of a year in New York to get our script sold and start our screenwriting endeavours proper. I guess it's easier to be optimistic when we were chatting on the forums or over IM, but in reality, nothing's gone well on that front.

(beat)

So I know I said I wouldn't be returning home anytime soon, but you may be seeing me sooner rather than later.

Tony clicks a few times, then closes his laptop and stares off into space as we FADE TO:

INT. SCHOOL - TEACHER'S LOUNGE

Paul is sitting off in a corner by himself with a notebook he's scribbling notes. His coworkers, resident gossip queen CHAKIRA and beefcake gym teacher JONAH, sit at a table together across the room.

JONAH

(to Chakira; low whisper)

So you claim to know everything, right? What's he always jotting down in that thing?

CHAKIRA

My sources keep coming up empty. Every time, I ask him, he claims to be doodling. Last time I called it a diary, he threw a hissy fit as only Paul can.

JONAH

What do you say we get it from him and read it for ourselves?

CHAKIRA

Gonna be tough. We'll need a third.

Chakira looks off to a nearby vending machine, where a slender pale woman wearing an ankle length skirt and a plain white blouse is getting a Snickers. This is AMY REES.

CHAKIRA
Hey, Crocodile Huntress.

Amy frowns and stomps over to Chakira's table. She has a high pitched Australian accent.

AMY
Call me Bindi and face certain death.

CHAKIRA
(grins)
I know you're still new and all, but we don't like shy people here in New York. You wanna earn your stripes?

AMY
My stripes? Is this some sort of hazing?

JONAH
No, more like a recon mission.

Jonah points over to Paul, who is none the wiser to their schemings.

JONAH
Mr. Robinson over there writes in that book of his every free moment he gets. We wanna know what he's writing about.

AMY
From what I've heard, I wouldn't be surprised if they were illicit stories about you and him.

Jonah blinks, confused.

CHAKIRA
Whatever. We'll distract him. You snatch the book, okay?

AMY
I really don't feel comfortable. Paul's been such a sweetheart since I started here and-

CHAKIRA
 (ignoring her)
 Great, so you're in! Let's do it!

JONAH
 I'll get the ball rolling.

Jonah walks over to Paul, who immediately closes his notebook. Jonah steps behind him.

JONAH
 Paul, you okay? You look tense.

PAUL
 (on edge)
 I'm fine. I'm just...

He trails off and almost looks like he just had an orgasm as Jonah starts massaging his shoulders.

JONAH
 You need to loosen up, buddy.

Paul's eyes roll up in the back of his head. The man's beyond cloud nine now. Chakira walks over to him next and sits down in a chair opposite him.

CHAKIRA
 Hey Paul, remember that hand trick you showed me to hit the male G spot?

She contorts her hands together in a odd way, with two fingers sticking out the top.

JONAH
 We don't have G spots.

PAUL
 (whimsically)
 Oh, yes you do. I'd be happy to-

JONAH
 (rushed)
 I'm fine, thanks.

Jonah continues rubbing Paul's shoulders as Paul sits up and grabs Chakira's hands. His notebook is resting on the arm of his chair.

PAUL
 See, I'm better at it because I'm double jointed.

Jonah glances over to Amy and flicks his eyes down to the prone notebook. Amy sticks her nails into her mouth.

Jonah silently pleads with her to go along with it. She takes a deep breath and starts over.

PAUL
(moving Chakira's hands)
The trick is to-

He stops as Amy quickly snatches the notebook away!

PAUL
Hey! Give that back, Amy!

Paul jumps to his feet and lunges for Amy, but Jonah grabs him from behind and holds him back.

Paul struggles to reach Amy until he realizes he's wrapped up in Jonah's muscular arms. He takes a moment to enjoy that before going after his book again.

PAUL
I said give it back!

Amy opens the notebook and starts to silently read. She stops and her eyes go wide.

AMY
BVC?

CHAKIRA
(standing up)
Don't be stingy with the dish,
girl. Share!

Chakira grabs the notebook from a shellshocked Amy and starts to read for herself. She gets a few seconds in before frowning.

CHAKIRA
You're writing... fanfic?

PAUL
(offended)
It's not fanfic! It's a virtual
series.
(beat)
Oh and-
(lunges at Chakira)
Give it back!

Jonah simply releases Paul and he falls face first to the ground. He flips around to his back and looks up at Jonah.

PAUL
 You were supposed to hold me back!
 With those...
 (seductive)
 ... long, strapping, sweaty,
 muscular-

Jonah holds up his hands begging Paul to stop.

JONAH
 Seriously, Paul, fanfic?
 (looks up to Chakira)
 At least tell me it's something
 good he's fic'ing.

CHAKIRA
 (shaking her head)
 The O.C.

Jonah sighs.

JONAH
 I feel like I did when I was a kid
 and peeked at my Christmas gifts
 the night before.

Chakira drops Paul's notebook on the floor. She and the disappointed Jonah leave the lounge.

Paul collects himself while Amy picks up the book and walks over to him.

AMY
 You're from BVC, the internet
 forum?

PAUL
 (dismissive)
 Yeah, yeah, yuck it up. Make fun of
 the nerdy-

He pauses when he actually processes that she knows the forum by name.

PAUL
 Wait, how do you know about BVC?

Amy's voice gets a little higher with excitement in her next line.

AMY
You're the Paul Robinson?

Paul nods.

AMY
(excited)
Oh my God! This is crazy. I was a
member there!

Now Paul gets excited. His face totally lights up.

PAUL
Really? Wow, what was your member
name?

AMY
Reeamya!

There's an awkward silence. Like crickets chirping silence.
All Paul can do is blink absentmindedly.

PAUL
Come again?

AMY
(incredulous)
Reeamya!
(beat; dejected)
I, uh, didn't post much.

Paul's excitement returns.

PAUL
Still though, this is fantastic! I
mean what are the odds? Oh, you
have to come over tonight and meet
the rest of the guys.

AMY
What guys?

PAUL
MJ, Tony I-Changed-My-Name-Every-
Other-Day, and Arcadio. We're all
here.

Amy YELPS as Paul grabs her arm and yanks her out of frame.

INT. BOYS' APARTMENT - LIVING ROOM

Arcadio is laid out on the couch, blearily watching a program on TV. A woman's SCREAMS can be heard followed by the sickening sound of human flesh tearing.

Arcadio grimaces at the no doubt gruesome scene.

Tony walks in, wiping the sweat off his brow. He's carrying an immense stack of papers.

He and Arc exchange quick greeting nods before Tony's eyes divert to the TV.

TONY

(disgusted)

Oh God. Is this Alien 1? I don't remember this scene.

ARC

(nonchalant)

Nope. Discovery Channel. This is a woman giving birth.

The woman on screen lets out a guttural SCREAM followed by more fleshing tearing.

ARC

And there's the head.

TONY

It's horrifying.

(beat)

I need to call my Mum and tell her I love her.

ARC

Yeah, tell her I love her too.

Tony frees one of his arms from the stack he's holding to flip off Arc. Then he sets the stack on the coffee table and slumps into the nearby recliner.

ARC

What's all that?

TONY

Work. I turned down the story our chief gave me, so I got another one. Monitoring Kirstie Alley's diet.

Arc looks at the stack and frowns.

ARC
How much is that? A month?

Tony shakes his head.

TONY
This past weekend.

Paul almost bursts into the room, still yanking Amy behind him by her arm.

PAUL
Guys! You have to hear this!
(looks around)
Where's Mike?

Arc and Tony both stand up. Arc points off to the bathroom.

ARC
Shower. What's up?

PAUL
This is huge, guys!

He yanks Amy in front of him.

PAUL
This is Amy Rees and she knows
about BVC! She was a member there!

Amy looks back and forth between the two men and meekly waves.

AMY
(weakly)
Hi.

ARC
Paul, you made me stand up for
this?

Arc falls backwards into the same position on the couch he was in before.

Paul steps around to Amy's side.

PAUL
Amy Rees, that's Arcadio Reyes and
this is-

TONY
(cutting in; suave)
Anthony J. Black.

His accent is noticeably more posh. He gently takes her hand in his own.

TONY

Pleasure to meet you, my dear.

Amy smiles nervously and yanks her hand away just as Tony puckers his lips and bends over to kiss it. He only needs a second to straighten up and recover from the rejection.

TONY

Yes, well, can I get you something to drink? Paul keeps a ready supply of girly drinks around.

AMY

Actually, I don't drink.

Tony snickers to himself.

TONY

What are you, Mormon or something?

AMY

We prefer LDS, but yes.

TONY

LDS? Is that the one where you worship aliens and have those tester thingys to test for thingys in the bloodstream?"

AMY

(irritated)

That's scientology.

Tony blinks and there's a LONG awkward silence in the room.

Behind Amy, Paul lifts his foot and mimes sticking it in his mouth. Arc can barely contain his laughter.

TONY

(under his breath)

Denomination confuses me. Can't we all just pray to Terry O'Quinn?

ARC

(calming down)

So you know about our old haunt, eh?

Amy sits down on the couch. Arc moves his feet away just enough to give her room.

AMY

Yes, the writing was incredible. I was so sad you guys closed it down.

TONY

Yes, well, we had a higher calling, if you will. We shut it down to move here. Trying to make it professionally.

Despite being thoroughly insulted a few minutes, Amy actually gives Tony a look of respect.

AMY

(impressed)

Really? That's very daring of you.

TONY

Well, I've always been known as a risk taker.

Tony noticeably perks up again at the compliment, puffing his chest out a bit. His accent is still in super posh mode. Arc and Paul both roll their eyes.

TONY

We can't say the endeavour's been entirely successful, but there's been progress. Perhaps you'd like to read our pilot?

The bathroom door opens, breaking the silence, and a soaking wet Mike steps out, clad only in a towel.

PUSH IN on Amy's face as the opening to 'Puppy Love' kicks in.

PUSH IN on Mike as the camera goes into soft focus. He dries his face with a second, smaller towel, the entire movement done in SLOW MOTION.

BACK TO normal speed and focus. Amy's breathing is noticeably heavier and she has to put her hand on her chest to stabilize herself.

MIKE

(off Amy)

Who's this?

AMY

I'm... I'm

PAUL
 (disinterested)
 Mike, Amy. Amy, Mike. She knows
 about BVC, but I'm sure you don't
 give a toss.

MIKE
 Nah, that's straight. Small world,
 right?
 (beat)
 Aight, Imma go get dressed.

He ducks into his and Paul's room. Amy watches him leave.

AMY
 (to Tony)
 Uhm, could I get a glass of water?

Tony bolts up from the couch.

INT. PAUL AND MIKE'S ROOM - NEXT

One wall has pictures of girls in bikinis. The opposite has
 shirtless men. It's obvious who sleeps on which side.

Mike, now wearing boxers, sits down on the bed and starts
 applying lotion to his legs. There's a knock at the door.

MIKE
 Yo.

The door slightly cracks open.

TONY
 Mike, are you decent?

MIKE
 Yep.

Tony slips in and shuts the door behind him.

TONY
 Mate, I need your help.

MIKE
 (wry)
 What else is new?

Tony sits down on Paul's bed.

MIKE

Wouldn't sit there. Gabe slept over last night. You didn't notice me on the couch?

Tony shoots up like he was shot in the ass.

TONY

How do you make that virgin sangria drink you always make for Paul?

Mike looks up at him.

MIKE

Trade secret, muthafucka. Why?

TONY

Mike, out there is a tasty girl with a jones for all things BVC. If there's an easier way to get some tail, I've yet to see it. It's like.. an omen.

Tony slowly raises his arms and looks to the heavens. A white light shines down on him and ANGELS start to sing.

SLAP!

Mike reaches up and smacks Tony across his face, ending the angelic chorus.

MIKE

Stop that! I hate when you do that higher power shit.

He goes back to applying his lotion.

MIKE

Aight, Paul should still have some of that sparkling grape juice we had for Easter. Mix a two count of that with 3 parts fruit juice, one part OJ, and a splash of grenadine. Throw a squirt of Sprite in.

He looks up to Tony, who looks like he's being spoken to in ancient Sumerian.

MIKE

Fuck it, I'll make it. Just let me get some clothes on.

TONY
 (grins)
 Cheers.

Tony steps back out of Mike's room. Mike shakes his head incredulously before slipping a shirt over his head and we
 FADE TO:

INT. BOYS' APARTMENT - LIVING ROOM - LATER

Arc's still laid out on the couch, taking up all of the space save where Amy is sitting. Paul's sitting in the recliner closest to the kitchen.

Amy's flipping through a stapled stack of papers, skimming reading the contents.

There are sounds of ice hitting glass coming from the kitchen.

AMY
 So, after finishing my 5th Masters,
 I moved over here to do some
 student teaching and the sub spot
 for Mr. Gentile-

Paul noticeably winces at the name.

AMY
 - came up. I'm hoping I can get a
 job in the science department
 though. That's my true passion.

Tony emerges from the kitchen with a colorful looking drink. He holds it out to Amy who warily leers at it.

TONY
 (grinning)
 Not a drop of alcohol to found.

Amy accepts the drink with nod. Tony attempts to take a seat next to her, but Amy doesn't move to make room for him. Their eyes meet briefly before Tony smiles nervously and takes a seat in the other recliner.

Amy takes a sip of the drink and sighs in satisfaction.

AMY
 (to Tony)
 This is wonderful! Did you make it?

Tony opens his mouth to respond, but before he can get a word in:

MIKE (O.S.)
Tony can't even make ice.

Mike comes out of the kitchen carrying four open beer bottles. He distributes one to each of his roommates before pausing and looking for a place to sit.

AMY
Oh!

Amy soundly slaps Arc's legs and he winces before sitting up and letting her move over to create a spot for Mike.

A slack jawed Tony watches the whole exchange.

Amy sets her drink on the coffee table and goes back to the papers sitting in her lap.

AMY
(holding up the papers)
This is great work, guys. Just from skimming it, I can tell you're onto a winner. How long did it take to write this pilot?

PAUL
Oh, it was a breeze after Tony outlined it. He gets pretty detailed.

TONY
(smug)
Try seventy-five pages detailed.

He looks pretty proud of himself until:

ARC
Yeah, seventy five page outline for a fifty three page script. You're not long winded or anything.

And Tony loses his smile.

AMY
Regardless, I really think you all should be aggressively pushing this. Heck, I know someone at VFS that might be able to get you all a meeting.

Paul SQUEALS before quickly covering his mouth in embarrassment. Tony's eyes go wide.

TONY
 (leaning forward)
 Really?

ARC
 (frowning)
 What's VFS?

TONY
 Vancouver Film Studios!

There's those crickets again. Mike and Arc swap confused looks.

MIKE
 Say what now?

TONY
 Battlestar Galactica?!?

Arc just shrugs.

PAUL
 Supernatural?!?

Mike and Arc swap another blank look.

TONY
 How can the two of you say you want
 to be sodding screenwriters if you
 don't even watch television?

ARC
 (raising his hand)
 In my defense...
 (pause; thinks)
 Ah, fuck it, I just couldn't be
 bothered.

MIKE
 Yeah, 'cuse me for not living with
 my Mom 'til I was 25. Brotha had
 bills to pay.

Tony and Paul both jolt out of their seats and rush over to Amy, each dropping down to one knee and grabbing one of her hands like they're about to propose.

Amy, for her part, looks like a mouse in a snake pit.

PAUL
 (hopeful)
 Can you really do that for us?

Arc and Mike sweep Paul and Tony away from Amy with their arms.

ARC
Guys, you're frightening our guest.

AMY
(wary)
Uhm, I mean I could try to...

TONY
(standing up)
Well, I'm sold!

Tony steps around the couch and picks up their landline, quickly making a phone call.

TONY
(pauses; into phone)
Yes, this is Anthony J. Black, can I speak to the Editor please?

ARC
What the hell are you doing?

Tony holds up a finger to Arc, asking him to wait a minute.

TONY
(into phone)
Yes, sir, I just wanted to inform you that I won't be in to work next week.
(pauses)
When will I be back? Well, when you take that raccoon skin you call a toupe off your head and grow some real hair, you git!

A shocked Arc and Mike jump up from the couch and rush over to Tony, trying to wrestle the phone away from him. Tony manages to keep his mouth to the speaker.

TONY
(struggling)
And another thing! If you do lose the fur, don't wear turtlenecks anymore, lest you enjoy looking like a busted condom!

Mike finally traps Tony's hands behind his back, allowing Arc to snatch the phone away.

ARC
 (into phone; rushed)
 Yes, so sorry, sir. One of my
 roommates was playing a prank. Bye
 bye now.

Arc hangs up and Mike releases Tony.

TONY
 MJ, Arc, this is our big chance.
 Don't you see?

Mike glances over to Amy and sheepishly grins at her.

MIKE
 Uh, 'cuse us one moment.

Mike points towards the kitchen and glances over at Paul.

MIKE
 Aight, huddle up!

The four boys head into the kitchen, leaving a very
 overwhelmed Amy alone on the couch. She picks up her drink
 and takes another sip while flipping through their script.

INT. BOYS' APARTMENT - KITCHEN - NEXT

Mike and Arc are standing side by side with their arms
 crossed looking at Tony and Paul standing side by side
 opposite them, also with their arms crossed.

All of them speaked in hushed, yet harsh whispers for the
 duration of this scene.

PAUL
 (anxious)
 Guys, this is perfect!

ARC
 (wry)
 Uh huh.

TONY
 Stuff it, Arc.
 (to Mike)
 You don't see the divine
 intervention here? Not only is our
 Ms. Rees quite the piece, but she
 knows about our background from the
 forums and she has a connection to
 the entertainment business.

(MORE)

TONY (CONT'D)

(beat)
It's like...

Tony slowly raises his arms, palms up to the ceiling.

TONY

... an omen.

He looks to the sky as a light shines down on him and ANGELS sing.

The sound abruptly starts just as he ducks under a slap from Mike.

As he stands back up, arms lifting to the sky again, the light returns and the ANGELS sing again.

Then the sound and light cuts out again as Arc slaps Tony in the balls with the back of his hand!

Tony doubles over and violently coughs.

MIKE

(winks at Arc)
'Preciate that.

Arc briefly grins before turning his attention to Paul.

ARC

Paul, you can't be serious about this too.

PAUL

Why not? What have we accomplished here so far?

Tony, who has been coughing out the pain (and probably one of his testicles), finally stands back up, now with his hands cupped over his balls.

TONY

Paul's right.

ARC

(points at Tony)
And the fact that you of all people just said that proves this is a bad idea.

TONY

We've been here for months with dick to show for it.

(thumbs towards Paul)
(MORE)

TONY (CONT'D)

Unless you're Paul, that's not a good thing!

PAUL

(sarcastic)

Well, Levinia's showing. Does that count?

Arc's expression goes from irritated to angry in the span of a millisecond and he takes a step towards Paul. Mike holds his arm out to stop Arc's progress.

MIKE

Aight, hold up. Let's compromise. Why can't we just send the script off to Amy's friend and wait to hear back?

(to Tony; pointedly)

That way, we ain't doing no stupid shit like trying to lose the only real paying jobs we've had.

PAUL

(whining)

But that's not enough!

Paul curls his hands into fists and raises his foot to stomp like a pouting child and Arc holds his hand up to Paul's face.

ARC

You throw a tantrum and I swear I'll microwave your NuWho DVDs again.

Paul slowly lets his foot back down, but he does sneak in a lower lip tremble.

ARC

(to Tony; points to Paul)

And you're siding with him?

MIKE

How do we even know Amy's connection is legit?

TONY

Well, let's ask her.

They all nod and step out to:

INT. BOYS' APARTMENT - LIVING ROOM - CONTINUOUS

Mike's at the forefront of the group. Amy turns to see the boys coming back out and grins as her eyes fall squarely on Mike.

MIKE

Question for ya. How do you know someone at this studio?

AMY

Oh, well see, my mother's mechanic's dog's groomer moonlighted as the dominatrix for a key grip from Warner Brothers who dated a make up girl for Smallville and her brother's fiance's third cousin on her mother's father's side served a prison term with a girl who works for the studio now.

Blank stares all around before Mike turns around and pushes the other three back into:

INT. BOYS' APARTMENT - KITCHEN - CONTINUOUS

Mike's vehemently shaking his head. They face off two against two again. They continue talking in whispers so Amy can't eavesdrop.

MIKE

(emphatic)
Fuck. No.

ARC

She lost me at the mechanic.

TONY

(pleading)
Guys, when are we going to get an opportunity like this again?

PAUL

Look, the kids aren't back in school for another couple of weeks, so I can miss a few days of work. We just each agree to take a long weekend, go up, and see what happens. No harm, no foul.

Arc and Mike swap wary glances before Arc shrugs and steps over to Tony and Paul's side.

ARC
I could do with a road trip, I
guess.

MIKE
(bitter)
You traitor.

TONY
Three against one, Mr. Jay.

MIKE
And I still ain't budging. I mean,
we gotta pay rent tomorrow. I ain't
got money to put up for a hotel.

ARC
That's not a problem. We can just
stay at Paul's mum's place.

All the color drains out of Paul's face and he turns to Arc.

PAUL
Beg your pardon?

ARC
You said your mum moved to
Vancouver after divorcing your dad,
right? We can't just crash there
for a few days?

Paul thinks to himself for a moment before:

PAUL
Yeah, I don't like this plan
anymore.

Paul steps over to Mike's side now. Mike gives him a friendly
slap on the back.

MIKE
Aight, what now?

TONY
Fine, let's just settle this like
men, the old fashioned way.

Mike breaks out in a wide grin as he rolls his sleeves up.

MIKE
Oh, now that's what I'm talking
about.

He cracks his knuckles and Tony takes two steps back.

TONY
No, you ape, I didn't mean that!

Mike deflates as Arc and Paul look to Tony for an explanation.

INT. BOYS' APARTMENT - LIVING ROOM - MOMENTS LATER

The boys dash out of the kitchen with Tony at the forefront.

TONY
Amy, quick!

Amy nearly jumps out of her skin at the sudden interruption and turns around. Tony produces a quarter.

ARC
Call it in the air!

He flips the coin. Amy's eyes go wide.

AMY
(terrified)
Uh! Uh, I dunno!

PAUL
Hurry!

ARC
Pick!

AMY
Tails!

The quarter hits the ground and the boys huddle around it. Mike jumps away and groans. Tony jumps up and down like a high school cheerleader.

MIKE
Fuck!

TONY
Oh yeah, you like that, MJ? Who's your daddy, mate?

MIKE
Aight, we pay rent before we leave so when this shit doesn't pan out, we're ain't homeless when we come home. Agreed?

The other three boys nod their heads before Tony turns to Amy.

TONY
 (poshness back in place)
 Amy, we'd greatly appreciate it if
 you could set us up with a meeting.

Amy pops up, possibly more giddy than Tony was a second ago.

AMY
 Ooh, a road trip! That's great.
 When do we leave?

ARC
 Wait, who said anything about you
 going?

AMY
 (nods to Mike)
 Is he going?

MIKE
 (grumbles)
 Unfortunately.

AMY
 Well, I'm in! 'Sides, I know a
 friend with an RV. See, my old next
 door neighbor's nan's-

ARC
 (holds out his hand)
 Stop!

Mike claps his hands to get everyone's attention.

MIKE
 'Kay, quick gameplan. Today's
 Tuesday. You three cut me checks
 for rent and I'll drop the big
 check downstairs after I deposit
 them tomorrow. Paul and Amy, put in
 for your days off work and pick up
 the RV on your way home. I gotta
 work tomorrow night, so we can't
 leave until Thursday morning. Gives
 us all time to get our shit
 together. Cool?

TONY
 Deal.

Tony holds out his fist for a pound from Mike. Mike just slaps it away.

PAUL

I won't have any cash for gas for the RV after I pay for rent.

Mike digs into his back pocket and pulls out his wallet, handing a bank card to Paul.

MIKE

Fill it up on this.

Paul takes the card with a nod.

INT. APARTMENT COMPLEX - STAIRWELL

TITLE OVER: TWO DAYS LATER

Mike, Tony, and Arc are coming down the stairs, all of them with large duffel bags slung over their shoulders.

MIKE

Paid the water bill?

TONY

Check.

MIKE

Changed the voicemail to say we're out of town?

ARC

Done.

MIKE

Got the route to Vancouver laid out?

TONY

Paul did it.

Arc and Mike stop dead in their tracks and throw Tony a withering look.

TONY

What? You expected me to do it?

ARC

(tapping Mike's shoulder)
I'll look over it.

Mike nods and they resume their descent.

MIKE

Reconsidered how stupid of a plan
this is and decided to turn back?

TONY

(grinning)

Not a chance. Mike, you really need
to remove that stick from your
arse. Haven't you ever done
something on a whim just to chase a
dream?

MIKE

I moved here, didn't I?

They get to the bottom of the stairs and walk out the front
door to:

EXT. APARTMENT COMPLEX - CONTINUOUS

Tony continues his 'carpe diem' speech.

TONY

That's not enough though. Project X
has just sat there fermenting like
mildew since we came to New York.

A blaring HORN gets their attention. Amy is sitting in the
passenger seat of a large, admittedly very nice looking RV
waving at the three of them.

Paul walks around from the driver's side with the keys.

TONY

We can't just write the damn thing
and hope someone important happens
by it. At some point, we had to
take a leap of faith.

Paul tosses Mike the keys. Mike catches them in stride with
one hand.

MIKE

Aight, kid, I'm with you. Damn.
Just stop the 'I Have a Dream'
speech.

CUT TO a few moments later. Mike's climbing into the driver's
seat with Amy, still in the passenger seat, staring at him
with a goofy grin on her face.

AMY

This is so exciting, isn't it?

MIKE

(wry)

Yeah, can't you see the excitement
on my face?

For effect, he waves his hand in front of his icy expression. Tony pops his head in from the back as Mike cranks the ignition and shifts into drive.

TONY

Christ, Mike. Would it hurt you to
smile just once? We're on our way
to our destiny.

Mike looks over at Tony and smiles as wide as he can.

MIKE

(through gritted teeth)

I can smile! See? Look at me
smiling! Aight? Ya happy? Good.
(drops the smile)
Now fuck off!

They're in traffic now.

TONY

Everything will work out.

MIKE

Man, for a dude who watches as much
TV as you do, don't you know saying
shit like that only leads to-

He stops as the RV SPUTTERS and dies just before they get to a stoplight.

There's dead silence in the RV. Arc and Paul's heads pop out next to Tony's.

ARC

What happened?

MIKE

I think the battery's dead.

Mike tries to crank the engine a few times with no success.

PAUL

You know what this is? It's a sign
we shouldn't be doing this?

MIKE
(mocking)
Oh no, it's not a sign, fellas!
It's... it's an omen!

Mike raises his arms as mysterious light from the heavens shines down on him. A chorus of angels begin to sing just before Tony SLAPS him across the face.

Mike holds his cheek and looks at Tony with murder in his eyes. The penny drops for Tony and he ducks into the back of the RV. Mike rips his seatbelt out and hops in after him.

Arc and Paul watch as the sounds of Mike tossing Tony around emanate from the back.

PAUL
Get him! Yank his hair!

MIKE
You hear those angels singing now,
bitch?

Arc turns to Amy and shrugs.

ARC
Welcome to our world. Get a helmet.

Amy nervously smiles before sticking her head in the back to watch the fun.

END OF SHOW