

Roommate From Hell Pilot

By

Anthony LaFauci

Dec. 2017

COLD OPEN

FADE IN:

INT. LIVING ROOM- NIGHT

Passed out on a couch, wearing a vomit-covered tuxedo, and surrounded by empty beer bottles, is SPENCER. He's in his early 30s and has light blue cake frosting smeared across his face. The TV is still on and we hear the innocuous chatter of a police procedural show. The following is quiet in the background and intentionally cheesy.

TV VOICE

Use your head, kid. Your heart
won't get you nothing but a little
beat and a whole lotta broken.

There are a few soft thuds against a door and the sound of keys jingling in the distance. Spencer turns on the couch, annoyed by the noise.

SPENCER

Just come in!

CLAIRE and BRENTT, both in their late 20s are home from a much needed date night, both are a little drunk.

BRENTT (O/S)

Did you hear that? Was that
Spencer?

CLAIRE(O/S)

Brentt, the door's open.

SPENCER

I said, come in!

The couple push the door open and enter the house. They're both well dressed, but slightly worn from a night of wine tasting and such.

BRENTT

Why would the door be--

CLAIRE

Oh my god.

The house is completely trashed. It's the kind of mess that can only be created by an army of college kids in a bad movie. It's the complete, furniture turned over, everything shattered, nearly post-apocalyptic sort of disaster that makes you check to see if your jewelry is missing.

(CONTINUED)

CLAIRE
Where's Aaron?

BRENTT
Spencer, wake up. (he kicks him)

Spencer is hardly awake. He's clearly too drunk to function.

SPENCER
Did you guys have fun?

Claire runs off screen to look in her son's room.

CLAIRE(O/S)
Aaron? Baby? He's not in there.
Brentt, he's not here!

BRENTT
Where's Aaron? (a beat) Are you
wearing my tux?

Brentt kicks Spencer.

SPENCER
I threw up on my shirt--

BRENTT
Where is my baby?

There's a sound from the kitchen. Everyone turns to see the fridge open and close.

CLAIRE
Aaron?

AARON, almost 2, turns the corner in his bright green baby walker. He's covered in cake frosting and holding a beer. Sitting on the tray of the walker is the top of the couple's wedding cake.

AARON
Ta da!

CLAIRE
Get out.

SPENCER
He's a baby, Claire. I mean,
where's he supposed to go?

CLAIRE
GET OUT!

(CONTINUED)

CONTINUED:

3.

FADE OUT:

ACT I

FADE IN:

INT. BEDROOM- NIGHT

Spencer, still wearing the tux, paces around the room, collecting his belongings. He's packing to leave. Brentt is sitting on the bed, lending moral support.

BRENTT

You taught my son to bring you beer.

SPENCER

I told him it was a magic potion. He thinks I'm a wizard.

BRENTT

You know he's only 2, right?

SPENCER

Yeah, I mean, if he was older I'd have to use a completely different lie.

Claire enters the room.

CLAIRE

I can't believe you ate our wedding cake.

SPENCER

To be fair, the baby ate most of it.

BRENTT

You're not helping your case.

CLAIRE

We were saving it for our one year anniversary!

SPENCER

It was just a cake.

CLAIRE

It was a symbol of our love, it's supposed to give us good luck in our marriage.

(CONTINUED)

BRENTT

You ate our good luck, Spence. I didn't even get to taste it.

SPENCER

There might be a bite or two left on the baby chair.

CLAIRE

And you totally ruined Brentt's tuxedo. It's too bad you didn't find my wedding dress, you could have destroyed all of our memories in one foul swoop.

SPENCER

It was a little big. That's why I went with the tux.

CLAIRE

Okay. You need to go.

SPENCER

I'm kidding! I definitely drank too much. Aaron should have cut me off, like, four potions ago.

BRENTT

You were supposed to be watching him. We trusted you to keep him safe.

SPENCER

See, this is a real learning experience for everyone involved.

Claire turns to Brentt.

CLAIRE

When I murder him, you aren't allowed to testify against me, right?

BRENTT

I wouldn't dream of it, Claire Bear.

CLAIRE

I love you so much, right now.

BRENTT

I love you!

(CONTINUED)

SPENCER

Do I really deserve to be tortured?
I said I was sorry.

BRENTT/CLAIRE

No, you didn't.

SPENCER

But, we can all agree that I should
have, right?

CLAIRE

We-- What?

SPENCER

Since we're all on the same page...

CLAIRE

We're not.

SPENCER

Can I, at least, stay the night?

BRENTT/CLAIRE

No.

CLAIRE

I can't believe you won't even
apologize.

SPENCER

For what, bringing your family
closer together?

BRENTT

Oh boy.

SPENCER

(holding his fingers up as he
counts his good deeds)
I taught the baby important life
skills, I drank all the beer
because you're always complaining
about Brentt's belly.

BRENTT

That's fair.

CLAIRE

Are you finished?

(CONTINUED)

SPENCER
Finished? I can think of at least
five other reasons you should be
thanking me, right now--

CLAIRE
Fine. Name them.

SPENCER
(temporarily defeated)
Okay, okay... I don't have time to
get through them all this second,
but I think we can all agree that
I'm the icing that holds this cake
together.

Claire and Brentt scowl.

SPENCER (CONT'D)
Poor choice of metaphors. Noted.

BRENTT/CLAIRE
Ugh. You're the worst.

The couple look at each other lovingly.

CLAIRE
Aw, Scruffles! Look at us, bonding
over our mutual hatred for Spencer.

BRENTT
You're right. We're totally winning
at marriage!

SPENCER
So... I can...

CLAIRE
Fine, you can stay. But, you have
to find somewhere to go by tomorrow
night.

SPENCER
I make no promises.

CLAIRE
Get out.

SPENCER
I make SOME promises, and that is
definitely one of them.

FADE OUT:

FADE IN:

INT. DINING ROOM- MORNING

Claire, Brentt, and Spencer are sitting at the dinner table. With a laptop beside her breakfast plate, Claire is typing with one hand and eating a bagel with the other. Brentt and Spencer are thumbing through their phones.

CLAIRE
Anything yet?

BRENTT
Nothing he can afford.

CLAIRE
What's your budget?

SPENCER
Guys, I got it.

BRENTT
You found one? How much is it?

SPENCER
It's a three bedroom house, live-in
roommates, kid friendly. And the
best news of all--

CLAIRE
You can't stay here.

SPENCER
But there would be so little moving
involved!

CLAIRE
What about this?

Claire runs her finger across the screen, reading a
room-for-rent listing.

CLAIRE (CONT'D)
This guy is looking for a live-in
assistant. And, he'll pay you \$600
a month. You just have to do a
little work around the house, and
everything is taken care of.

BRENTT
That sounds like a pretty sweet
life. If you don't move in, I will.

(CONTINUED)

CLAIRE

You're a stay at home dad. That is exactly your life.

SPENCER

I don't know, guys. You know how I feel about doing work.

CLAIRE

Seriously though, this is perfect. It's a three bedroom house. Free cable, internet. No pets.

SPENCER

That's a deal breaker.

BRENTT

You don't have any pets, and you're allergic to dogs.

SPENCER

But, I've wanted a Gremlin since I was, like, 4.

CLAIRE

You mean a Mogwai, and they don't exist.

SPENCER

Yeah, and like 10 years ago phones were for calling people. Don't underestimate the magic of science, Claire.

BRENTT

He'll literally pay you to live with him.

CLAIRE

I'd pay him to take you.

BRENTT

It's probably a scam, right? Is there a number?

SPENCER

It could be a cult.

CLAIRE

There's an address. It says stop by and make yourself at home, ask for Paul.

(CONTINUED)

SPENCER
That's super culty.

BRENTT
Perfect. Is your stuff in the car?

SPENCER
(lying)
...yes...

BRENTT
Go put your stuff in the car.

SPENCER
Fine. But, I'll never forgive you
for sacrificing me to a
Gremlin-hating super cult.

INT./EXT. CAR/HOUSE- DAY

Brentt and Spencer pull up to the house. It's a standard 3 bedroom house with a one car garage. Spencer is reluctant to leave the car.

SPENCER
So, this is where I die.

BRENTT
This is it. 777 North Pleasant
Street.

SPENCER
That doesn't seem suspicious to
you?

BRENTT
Maybe you're just too cynical to
recognize a good thing when you see
it?

PAUL, a perfectly plain looking man in his 30s, peers into the car window. His eyes are wide and terrifying through his large, unhip glasses. He's only inches from the glass, and right behind Spencer.

PAUL
(He places his hands on the
window as he asks)
Are you here about the assistant
position?

Spencer and Brentt jump.

(CONTINUED)

BRENTT

Whoa!

SPENCER

No, we're just swinging by for a quick heart attack.

Paul laughs ridiculously, like an awkward uncle who doesn't really get the joke but understands it was supposed to be funny. His laugh goes on for a beat too long.

PAUL

That was a very good joke.

BRENTT

Are you Paul?

PAUL

Guilty as charged!

SPENCER

Is this a cult, Paul?

Paul does the ridiculous, George Mcfly sort of laugh.

PAUL

Come on, let me show you around.

SPENCER

(whispering to Brentt)

That wasn't a no.

BRENTT

Take your stuff. Call me if you need anything.

SPENCER

You're leaving me here? Alone. With Paul?

Paul is still staring through the window.

BRENTT

I am in serious need of some me time. Do you know what it's like to live with a toddler?

SPENCER

Yeah, we were roommates until literally this second, remember?

(CONTINUED)

BRENTT

And until now, I've had to put up with two ridiculous children. This is the closest I'll ever get to a vacation, don't you dare take it away from me.

PAUL

Are you coming?

SPENCER

Yes, Paul. Be right out...

Spencer turns to Brentt.

SPENCER(CONT'D)

If you don't hear from me in 20 minutes, it's because they're drowning me in Kool-aid.

BRENTT

You'll be fine.

EXT. PAUL'S HOUSE- DAY

Brentt drives away, leaving Spencer alone with Paul. Spencer holds his cardboard box of belongings as he watches Brentt drive into the distance. Paul waves happily like a creepy cardboard cut-out.

PAUL

So, welcome to the cult.

SPENCER

I knew it.

PAUL

I'm kidding. Come on, let me show you the house.

INT. PAUL'S HOUSE- DAY

Paul and Spencer enter the house. It's a pretty standard place: Tv, couch, and coffee table in the living room ahead, a beautiful kitchen to their left, a dining area behind the couch, bedrooms on either side of the apartment, with a bathroom in the hall to the right.

PAUL

Alright, this is it.

(CONTINUED)

Spencer timidly walks through the threshold, keeping his eyes peeled as if something might jump out at him.

SPENCER

Hm. I don't see any dead bodies anywhere, that's a good sign.

PAUL

(laughing awkwardly)
Well yeah, we keep them in the linen closet, silly.

SPENCER

Seriously though, this is a pretty nice place. You live here alone?

PAUL

No, no, no. George is in the other room. GEORGE!

There's no answer from the other room.

PAUL (CONT'D)

George! I need to talk to you about something. (Turns his attention back to Spencer) Anyway, do you want to take a look around? It's all pretty standard.

SPENCER

You're going to pay me \$600 a month to live here?

PAUL

That's what I wrote in the ad.

SPENCER

And, I get a room to myself?

PAUL

Of course. Unless you'd rather bunk with me, but then I'd have to charge you. (odd laugh)

Spencer looks back and forth, giving the apartment a courtesy glance.

SPENCER

Where do I sign?

Paul pulls a large stack of papers from behind his back. This is the LEASE. He sets the lease on the kitchen bartop with a thud.

(CONTINUED)

PAUL

There's a spot right here on the first page. I'll wait while you read through everything. Take your time, no rush.

Spencer lifts the enormous lease, shakes it like a Christmas present and sets it back on the counter.

SPENCER

Yep. This sure is a lease. Do you have a pen?

PAUL

Of course. (searches his pocket and finds a pen) You really should read it though. I know it looks intimidating, but you know, I can go through it with you if you'd like.

Spencer takes the pen, and grabs the lease by the edge.

SPENCER

It's alright. I'm sure it's pretty standard lease stuff.

Spencer cuts his finger on the edge of the lease.

SPENCER(CONT'D)

Ow. Crap! Sorry.

A few drops of blood spash across the front of the lease.

PAUL

No! It took me all afternoon to print that thing. And now, we're out of ink because someone... George. George, where are you? Someone forgot to refill the printer.

SPENCER

It looks like it only got on the front page.

PAUL

You're right. I'm probably just over-reacting. Go ahead and sign it when you're ready, I'm sure it's fine.

Spencer leans in to sign the lease. The blood spots are visible.

(CONTINUED)

SPENCER

Okay, that's it. I guess I'm officially in the cult.

PAUL

(laughing again)

I can tell I'm going to have to keep my eye on you.

GEORGE, a young guy who is practically Spencer with a hat on, walks into the room.

GEORGE

Hey, Paul. Did you yell for me? I was listening to this--

PAUL

(suddenly creepy)

I did. I did yell for you, George. Twice. You know I have repetitive anxiety disorder.

GEORGE

Sorry man, I didn't hear you. Is this the new guy?

SPENCER

Hey, I'm Spenc--

PAUL

You used the printer yesterday.

GEORGE

Oh, yeah, I just--

PAUL

You forgot to refill the ink, George.

SPENCER

Can I go check out the room or do you need me to be here for whatever this is?

PAUL

You know how important it is to refill the ink, George.

GEORGE

(immediately sweating)

I-- No-- I swear I did. I would never-- I just--

(CONTINUED)

PAUL

You know what has to happen now.

SPENCER

Is this like a theater thing or something? Am I being filmed, right now?

GEORGE

It was an accident. I just forgot. It won't happen again. Please, Paul. Don't.

PAUL

You forgot? It's written in the lease. It's all there in black and white, clear as crystal.

SPENCER

I mean, that's just Willy Wonka.

PAUL

There is no forgetting. It's your job to remember. You didn't do your job, which means--

GEORGE

Please, it was just this one time. I'm so close, please--

PAUL

You're fired.

DEMONIC HANDS BREAK THROUGH THE FLOOR AND GRAB GEORGE'S LEGS. Fire spits into the air as the claws pull George into the abyss.

GEORGE (CONT'S)

Noo- please--nooooooooooooo!

The fire dissolves into darkness, and as the terror settles, a hole is left in the tile where George was standing.

As Paul speaks, he covers the hole with a nearby rug.

PAUL

So, anyhow, I'll get you a copy of the lease by the end of the day, so you can go through it whenever you're ready.

FADE OUT:

FAKE COMMERCIALS/ HELL TV

This is where we will have two minutes of Hell TV.
Commercials that would exist in Paul's world.

A PRODUCT

A TV SERIES

ACT II

FADE IN:

INT. PAUL'S LIVING ROOM- DAY

Spencer's eyes are wide. He looks at the rug, then at Paul,
then at the front door, then back at Paul.

PAUL

Alright, the room is over here, I
think you're gonna love it.

Spencer immediately opens the front door, keeping his eyes
on Paul as he backs out quickly.

INT. PAUL'S LIVING ROOM- DAY

As Spencer closes the door, he realizes that he is back in
the house. He exited through the front door, but now he
somehow entered through another door in the house.

Paul is sitting on the couch. Spencer yells.

PAUL

I will never understand why you
people act so surprised.

Spencer runs to the front door, but as he leaves, he finds
himself stuck in a loop, entering through another door in
the house.

PAUL

Are you almost finished? I'm super
busy today.

SPENCER

Why can't I leave?

PAUL

You can--

(CONTINUED)

Spencer runs through the front one last time. When he enters again he's out of breath.

PAUL
After you finish your chores.

SPENCER
What are you?

PAUL
I'm your boss. And your roommate,
duh.

SPENCER
Are you the devil?

PAUL
Like, angry guy, goatee, horns on
his head, tortures people with
fire? That devil?

SPENCER
Yeah.

PAUL
Ugh. That guy did for demons what
ET did for aliens. There is no
devil. There are definitely aliens
though, and ironically, some of
them look EXACTLY like ET.

Paul stands and approaches Spencer.

SPENCER
Are you going to torture me?

Paul is taken aback.

PAUL
No! You're my assistant. As in, you
assist me, day to day, doing the
things that are, you know, below my
pay grade.

SPENCER
Like what?

PAUL
I told you. Chores.

SPENCER
What kind of chores? I won't
sacrifice animals. I have
allergies.

(CONTINUED)

PAUL

Come on, Spencer. I keep personal assistants around so I don't have to keep track of those sort of things. Luckily for you, George was very good at his job. Aside from the whole printer thing.

Paul walks into the kitchen.

PAUL(CONT'D)

He put together this little calendar over here.

He points to a large white square on the wall. It looks like a dry erase board with the date underlined at the top.

PAUL(CONT'D)

Every day, it will have a list of To-dos for you. Once you clear the list, you get the rest of the day off. Simple.

Spencer walks into the kitchen and looks at the calendar. The board on the wall simply reads "Do the dishes".

SPENCER

So, I just have to do the dishes and then I can leave?

PAUL

Exactly. Easy peesy.

Spencer looks at the sink. It's completely spotless save for one dirty cup.

SPENCER

Where's my room.

Paul smiles.

PAUL

Down the hall. It's the last door on the left.

Spencer lifts his box and slowly walks toward the room, stepping around the rug-covered death hole.

Down the hall, Spencer sees that the room on the right is a perfectly fine bedroom. Big tv, neat bed, perfectly arranged books, etc.

He opens the door on the left to see:

INT. SPENCER'S ROOM- DAY

Blood is dripping from the ceiling. His vents have teeth. His lamp is made of human skin. The entire room looks like it was decorated by Pee-Wee Herman and/or Jeffery Dahmer.

SPENCER

Paul, I think my room's broken.

PAUL

Oh no, did the blood stop flowing?
That happens sometimes, things get
all gunked up. Just give it a
minute.

SPENCER

Nevermind...

Spencer looks around the room and lowers his head in defeat. He sets his box on the floor, takes his phone out of his pocket, and sits on the bed.

He thumbs through his contacts and calls Brentt.

INT./EXT. CAR- DAY

Brentt is sitting in his car listening to a self-help podcast. The PODCASTER'S voice is soft and monotonous.

PODCASTER

If you're going to improve
yourself, first you have to learn
to remove yourself. Get out of your
own way and dare to give yourself
the freedom to be free.

Brentt's phone vibrates. He turns down the podcast and he answers.

BRENTT

If you're calling to ask me to join
your cult my answer is a definite
maybe.

SPLIT SCREEN between Spencer and Brentt.

SPENCER

You need to come get me.

Objects in Spencer's room begin to move and float on their own.

(CONTINUED)

SPENCER (CONT'D)

Right now.

BRENTT

I'm already outside.

Brentt honks the horn and Spencer hears it.

SPENCER

Holy crap. Thank god. I thought you were actually going somewhere.

BRENTT

I'm a stay at home dad, dude. I don't know what to do with myself when I'm alone. I'm listening to self-help podcasts and falling asleep in the car.

SPENCER

I'll be right out. You're not going to believe this.

Both hang up the phone.

CUT TO:

INT. KITCHEN- DAY

Spencer stands in front of the kitchen sink. We should be able to see Paul watching tv and drinking beer in the background.

Spencer cleans the single glass in the sink and watches the white board on the wall. The words fade away until it is only a white square.

PAUL

Oh hey, you finished.

SPENCER

I'm going out.

PAUL

What time will you be back? There's this awesome new show on tonight, I think you'll love it.

SPENCER

Do I have to tell you?

(CONTINUED)

PAUL
It isn't in the lease, if that's
what you're asking. But, ignoring
people is just kind of--

Spencer leaves.

PAUL(CONT'D)
Rude.

Paul shrugs and takes a sip of his drink.

EXT. APARTMENT/ INT. CAR- LATE DAY

Spencer gets into Brentt's car, visibly shaken.

BRENTT
Hey, how did it go? Are you--

SPENCER
Holy crap, holy crap.

BRENTT
Slow down.

SPENCER
This is... How do I... Brentt, you
know me pretty well, right?

BRENTT
Enough to know that you're acting
really weird, right now. Why?

SPENCER
If I were to tell you something
that sounded absolutely crazy, you
would believe me, right? Like, if
you knew I wasn't joking, I could
tell you and you wouldn't think I
was totally insane?

BRENTT
He asked, like a crazy person.

Spencer stares with wide eyes.

BRENTT(CONT'D)
Okay. You're being serious... Um.
Yeah, I guess I'd believe you.

(CONTINUED)

SPENCER

Okay, prepare to have your mind
blown. So, that guy--

BRENTT

Paul?

SPENCER

Yeah. Paul. So, okay, I'm going to
say this and I need you to know
that I'm being 100% dead serious,
right now. Okay?

BRENTT

Yeah, okay...

SPENCER

Paul. Is. A. Wonderful person.
Wait, what?

Spencer looks very confused, he clearly didn't want to say
that. Obviously there is some sort of demonic, lease-related
magic at play.

Brentt laughs.

BRENTT

You jerk, I thought--

SPENCER

I didn't say that.

BRENTT

You mean... that thing you just
said?

SPENCER

I'm trying to tell you that Paul is
amazing.

BRENTT

...I'm glad you guys are getting
along?

SPENCER

No. Dammit. (He tries to speak
slowly, hoping it will help) Paul
is a dreamboat.

BRENTT

If you're trying to make me
jealous, it's working.

(CONTINUED)

SPENCER

I think I'm in trouble. I just--
How can I explain this?

BRENTT

It's fine. I know we've been really
busy ever since we had Aaron. To be
honest, I kind of figured something
like this might happen.

SPENCER

No, you don't get it.

BRENTT

What is there to get? We're
different people now. I know it
probably feels like we judge your
drinking and--

SPENCER

You totally do, but that's not--

BRENTT

We just want you to be happy...
but, like, not puking in our
wedding cake happy, you know?

SPENCER

Look. What I'm trying to say is...
Paul is my new best friend and I
don't need anyone else in my life
anymore.

BRENTT

Wow. That cult works fast.

SPENCER

I would kill to be in a cult, right
now.

BRENTT

I don't know what you want from me,
Spencer.

SPENCER

Just hear me out.

BRENTT

I'm listening.

SPENCER

I can't help it. I'm trying to tell
you something but every time I try
(MORE)

(CONTINUED)

SPENCER (cont'd)
to say Paul is great, I say Paul is
great. Come on! Wait. Alright, I
got it. Paul is great. Seriously?

BRENTT
Wow.

SPENCER
No, I didn't mean that! I meant--
He's like a brother to me.

BRENTT
Just get out.

SPENCER
But, I--

BRENTT
Go.

Spencer lowers his head in shame and exits the car.

BRENTT (CONT'D)
Spence?

Spencer turns and looks through the window.

BRENTT (CONT'D)
You shouldn't have eaten the cake,
and it wouldn't hurt to say you're
sorry.

SPENCER
Wait!

BRENTT
(done listening)
What is it, Spencer?

SPENCER
I love Paul.

Brentt drives away, leaving Spencer alone in the driveway.

SPENCER
Dammit.

FAKE COMMERCIALS/ HELL TV

This is where we will have two minutes of Hell TV.

Commercials that would exist in Paul's world.

A PRODUCT-

A TV SERIES-

ACT III

FADE IN:

INT. PAUL'S HOUSE- NIGHT

Spencer enters the house and he's visibly angry. Paul is nowhere to be seen. The original LEASE is still on the counter.

SPENCER

Paul? Paul, get out here. I need to talk to you, right now. PAUL? I'm serious. Now.

Paul walks into the house from the GARAGE, but he no longer looks human. He's a horn-faced, fiery-eyed, full-fledged demon.

PAUL

Whoa, whoa, what is it buddy? I'm trying to get some last minute work in for the day.

Spencer is petrified.

SPENCER

I... I... Uh...

Paul looks down as if to examine himself and realizes how he must look.

PAUL

Oh, wow. This is embarrassing. Hold that thought--

Paul steps into the garage and comes out again. He looks exactly the same but now he's holding a towel over his crotch.

(CONTINUED)

PAUL
So, what's wrong?

Spencer and Paul stand on opposite sides of the kitchen bartop.

SPENCER
I told Brentt that I love you.

PAUL
That was sweet of you.

SPENCER
Stop. I know that you know what I mean.

Paul laughs awkwardly.

PAUL
You tried to tell him about me, didn't you?

SPENCER
Of course I did? I mean, (he gestures at the ridiculous terror that is Paul) it's bound to come up.

PAUL
Which is why we had to put in a non-disclosure clause. You can't say anything that would reveal our situation.

SPENCER
How am I supposed to live like this?

PAUL
I don't know what you're getting all worked up about. This is your job. Do you really want to be one of those people who talks about work all day? Nobody likes those people. Just leave your work at work.

SPENCER
You just said you were working in the garage.

(CONTINUED)

PAUL

I can work from home because I love my job, but you don't see me shoehorning it into every conversation. We've spoken several times now and not once have I talked about tearing George's skin from his body, or using George's blood as ink for our printer, or any of the other fun things I've been doing to George all day. It's just poor decorum, and quite frankly, it's boring.

SPENCER

I'll keep that in mind...

PAUL

Aw, come on, man, what's wrong?

Spencer blinks with wide eyes, baffled by the ridiculousness of the question.

SPENCER

Can I, at least, have a copy of the lease so I know exactly how I'm going to be tortured from now on?

PAUL

Oh, of course. That's what I was just finishing up, hang on one--

Paul steps into the garage. We hear a wet, disgusting ripping sound, and a man screaming. Paul is tearing George's skin.

PAUL(CONT'D)

Second--- Got it.

Paul returns with a new lease, this time it is absolutely disgusting and clearly made of George flesh.

PAUL(CONT'D)

Here you go!

Spencer drops his head in defeat and takes the lease.

SPENCER

I'll be in my room, crying and looking for loop-holes.

(CONTINUED)

PAUL
(laughing)
That sounds boring. Just come watch
some tv with me.

Spencer slinks off toward his room.

PAUL
I'll take that as a maybe.

Paul shrugs and returns to the garage.

PAUL
(to George)
Oh, George. You really should have
changed the ink.

INT. SPENCER'S ROOM- NIGHT

Spencer tosses the grotesque lease under the bed and sits,
staring at his phone. Blood drips from the walls around him.

He thumbs through his phone.

We see on his screen that he's composing a group text
message to Claire and Brentt. We hear Spencer in voice-over
as he texts.

SPENCER TEXT
Hey guys, I know I've been kind of
the worst. I'm really sorry. I
promise I'll make up for the (cake
emoji)

The blood on the wall stops flowing as Spencer begins to
take his belongings out of the cardboard box.

He sets his things around the room:

A bowling trophy on the nightstand.

A framed photobooth picture of his friends on the dresser.

His phone vibrates and he looks at the screen.

We SPLIT SCREEN between Spencer and

INT. CLAIRE'S LIVING ROOM

Claire sits on the couch alone, obviously eating the rest of the wedding cake. We hear Claire's voice as she texts.

CLAIRE TEXT

Kind of the worst? Don't be so modest. You're a total piece of garbage. (a beat and then another text) But, we love you.

Spencer smiles.

We SPLIT SCREEN again, this time adding

INT. BRENTT'S CAR

Brentt is sitting in his car. We can't tell where he is.

BRENTT TEXT

Are we loving Spencer again?

CLAIRE TEXT

Wait, Brentt? Where are you? Aren't you with Spencer?

SPENCER TEXT

Whoops.

BRENTT TEXT

I'm in the drive way. Sorry.

CLAIRE TEXT

I hope you have a place to sleep out there.

BRENTT TEXT

What else would I be doing out here?

CLAIRE TEXT

You're an idiot.

BRENTT TEXT

I love you too.

SPENCER TEXT

I'll talk to you guys tomorrow. I have a lot to try to explain.

The SCREENS collapse and we're left alone with Spencer. He smiles as he looks around his room. It almost looks normal.

(CONTINUED)

And then the blood oozes again, like a violent waterfall spilling from the ceiling.

Spencer takes a deep breath and stands in front of the bed. He looks at his room and nods in acceptance.

INT. PAUL'S LIVING ROOM- NIGHT

Paul is sitting on the couch, wearing his human suit and comfy looking pajamas. He has a bowl of popcorn in his lap and a smile on his face.

PAUL

Hey! You only missed the first few minutes.

SPENCER

Has anyone ever made it to the end of the lease?

PAUL

Oh, uh... No?

SPENCER

But, if I do, I'm free, right?

PAUL

Obviously. Are you almost finished, I really want to watch this.

Spencer nods his head as if thinking "I can do this". Paul shrugs and tosses a piece of popcorn in his mouth. Spencer's eyes narrow.

PAUL

Are you gonna to sit or just stand there and scowl at my PJs?

Spencer sits beside Paul.

SPENCER

Sorry. So, you're a demon.

PAUL

Uh huh.

SPENCER

And, like, heaven and hell and all that, it's--

(CONTINUED)

PAUL
Oh, no. God no. It's nothing like that.

SPENCER
Then what's it like?

PAUL
Leave work at work, Spencer.

SPENCER
Right... So, what's this show about?

Paul's eyes light up with excitement.

PAUL
Well, there's this cop, okay?

SPENCER
Uh huh.

As Spencer and Paul talk, we slowly cross the room, keeping the couch in the distance as we make our way to the kitchen counter.

PAUL
He was a great detective, like the best, but he was drugged and when he woke up, he found out that his body was stolen. His entire body. Now, he's a severed head that solves crimes. Every episode his sidekick sews his head onto something new, and he uses his new body to search for clues and try to find himself. This time, his head is on a bear.

SPENCER
This is a real show?

PAUL
It's the best. It's called Ahead of the Game.

SPENCER
Of course it is.

PAUL
He cracks cases, you know, using his head. Popcorn?

(CONTINUED)

The original LEASE is in the foreground, with Spencer and Paul in the background.

SPENCER

I could really use a beer.

A beer flies across the room toward the couch and lands in Spencer's hand.

SPENCER

This isn't like goat blood or anything right?

PAUL

No way, dude. I know you have allergies.

Spencer shakes his head and takes a sip.

PAUL(CONT'D)

Alright, it's back on. No more questions.

We zoom into the lease and as we get closer we see a section that is supposed to read, "The terms of this lease will conclude after 365 consecutive days", but a spot of Spencer's blood covered the 6 and the 5, so it reads "The terms of this lease will conclude after 3-- consecutive days".

FADE OUT: