

Roommate From Hell Pilot

By

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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)

CLAIRES  
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.

CLAIRES(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.

CLAIRES  
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!

CLAIRES  
Get out.

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

CLAIRES  
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!

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?

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.

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?

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 splash 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--nooooooooo!

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, anyhoo, 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.

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 calender. 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.

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 bar top.

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.

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.

CLAIREE 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?

CLAIREE TEXT

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

SPENCER TEXT

Whoops.

BRENTT TEXT

I'm in the drive way. Sorry.

CLAIREE TEXT

I hope you have a place to sleep out there.

BRENTT TEXT

What else would I be doing out here?

CLAIREE 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: