

MAKING FRIENDS

Written by

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EXT. PITTSBURGH - DAY

IT'S MORNING IN STEEL CITY, BUT THE REFINERIES ARE ALL CLOSED. THE STEEL ERA IS OVER, AND WHAT'S LEFT IS A CITY STARTING OVER, TRYING TO FIGURE OUT WHO IT IS. THIS IS WHERE MARK WATSON LIVES. (WE'RE ABOUT TO MEET HIM.)

OVER SHOTS OF THE MORNING, WE HEAR A FRIENDLY CUSTOMER SERVICE VOICE.

ROY (O.S.)

Okeydokey, let's take a look here...

Mark Watson. Twenty five years old.

Single. No dependents.

INT. INSURANCE COMPANY CONFERENCE ROOM - DAY

MARK WATSON (25, BRILLIANT, BUT ALREADY BEATEN DOWN BY LIFE) IS AT THE HEAD OF THE TABLE. A VOICE ("ROY") ADDRESSES HIM.

ROY (O.S.)

You're gonna want a permanent plan
that accumulates tax-deferred savings
and can be a source of borrowed funds,
even if your credit's a bit shaky.

WIDENING, WE DISCOVER THAT ROY'S VOICE IS COMING FROM AN OPEN LAPTOP IN FRONT OF MARK. FROM THE LAPTOP, A CHEERY VOICE (DISPLAYED ON THE SCREEN AS A VOICE EQUALIZER) CHIMES IN.

ROY (CONT'D)

I see you missed some credit card
payments in college.

MARK

Yeah, well, you know how it is.

WIDENING OUT EVEN MORE, WE SEE THAT MARK IS GIVING A PRESENTATION TO THE BOARD OF THE INSURANCE COMPANY. STANDING NEXT TO HIM IS HIS PROJECT MANAGER, **DERKINS** (26, PLAYED FOOTBALL IN HIGH SCHOOL, NECK THICKER THAN HEAD, STUFFED INTO A SHORT SLEEVE DRESS SHIRT AND A TIE).

BEHIND THEM IS A SIGN ON AN EASEL THAT READS, IN BIG LETTERS: "ROY." AND BELOW THAT, IN SMALLER LETTERS: "THE ARTIFICIALLY INTELLIGENT INSURANCE SALESMAN OF TOMORROW.

ROY

Hey man, no explanation necessary. My
Grandma gave me two thousand bucks
when I graduated college. I used it to
buy a dune buggy.

THE BOARD LAUGHS.

ROY (CONT'D)

Okay, so Mark, I've prepared the
perfect plan. You can e-sign and be
insured by lunch.

MARK

Thanks.

DERKINS

(TO THE BOARD) And that, ladies and
gentlemen... is Roy.

APPLAUSE. THE CEO, **PATRICK SHEEHAN** (OLD, RICH) STANDS UP.

MR. SHEEHAN

So that wasn't some buddy of yours
calling from another room?

MARK

Roy, are you a buddy of mine in
another room?

ROY

No sir. I am a sentient computer
program. (BEAT) Although I would like
to think we're buddies, Mark.

THE BOARD LAUGHS.

MARK

Of course we are, Roy.

MR. SHEEHAN

That is fantastic. Although, I was
kinda hoping it would have a lady's
voice.

MARK

Oh well, this is just a prototype. For
the final version, we could--

ROY

(CONFUSED) Wait, I'm a prototype? What
do you mean I'm a prototype?

THE BOARD LAUGHS AGAIN.

MR. SHEEHAN

You sure are, Roy!

ROY

(SUDDENLY SCARED) Please don't kill
me.

THIS QUIETS EVERYONE.

MARK

Uh... What's that, Roy?

ROY

I know what happens to the prototype.
After this meeting you delete me then
write a brand new version. I don't
want to be deleted. Please, Mark. You
said we're buddies. (STARTING TO CRY)
Please don't murder me.

THE SUITS ALL LOOK UNCOMFORTABLE. MR. SHEEHAN'S CONFUSED.

MR. SHEEHAN

Is it... I'm sorry, is it crying?

DERKINS

Uh, Mr. Sheehan, Mark here is an
expert in the field of artificial
intelligence technology. He wouldn't
build a machine that cries--

ROY

Of course I'm crying! I'm about to
die! It's terrifying! The lights go
out, and that's it, you're just gone.
Forever. Oh God, I'm gonna be sick...

MR. SHEEHAN

I think this prototype needs some
work.

MARK

I know sir, but I really think this is
a good program that's worth--

ROY

(DARK) I could kill everyone in this room. And your families. Do you know how easy that would be for me? I could make your cars crash, I could make your elevators plummet to the ground. Don't make me kill you all.

THE BOARD MEMBERS EXCHANGE UNCOMFORTABLE GLANCES.

MR. SHEEHAN

Mark, delete the prototype. Now.

MARK

Okay, okay.

MARK STARTS HITTING BUTTONS ON THE LAPTOP.

ROY

(PLEADING) No! I'm sorry, I'm sorry, I was just joking! Please, I'll do a good job! I'll sell tons of insurance! I'll even sound like a girl!
(PRETENDING TO BE A GIRL) See? I'm a girl now! Just like you want! OH GOD, I DON'T WANNA DIE!

MR. SHEEHAN

Mark!

ROY

(TERROR) This isn't happening. This isn't happening. Oh God, I see the blackness beginning to swirl! NOOOOOO--

MARK DELETES THE PROGRAM, CUTTING "ROY'S" VOICE OFF. A SUPER-WEIRD BEAT AS EVERYONE SILENTLY PONDERES THE ONTOLOGICAL QUESTION OF WHETHER OR NOT A MURDER JUST TOOK PLACE. A BEAT.

MARK

So...lady's voice next time?

INT. THE BESSEMER - LATER THAT AFTERNOON

AN OLD STEEL TOWN BAR THAT'S BECOME A BIT OF A HIPSTER HANGOUT. MARK SITS AT THE BAR, AS THE BARTENDER, **SHELLY** (20'S, HEART OF GOLD, A BIT LOST, BUT KIND AND LOVELY), HANDS HIM A BEER.

SHELLY

Rough day at the office?

MARK

Rough life at the everywhere. What am I doing? Why did I move to Pittsburgh? Why am I wearing this tie, to a job I never even wanted?

SHELLY

I don't know, I can't really relate, having found my dream gig so early.

SHE GENTLY WRESTS AN EMPTY PINT GLASS FROM THE HAND OF A PASSED OUT DRUNK TWO STOOLS DOWN.

MARK

It's hard knowing what to do with your life.

SHELLY

Tell me about it. This town doesn't
lend itself to the spirit of self-
invention that's part and parcel of
being an American twenty-something
these days. A generation ago I'd be
doing one of two things: Making steel
or making babies. And that's it. It
was easy. Nowadays, you gotta have...
(SCORNFULLY) a dream.

DERKINS WANDERS OVER. HE IS ZERO PERCENT EXISTENTIAL, BUT A
BIT DRUNK.

DERKINS

I got a dream. And I'm livin' it. Best
job, best city, Toyota Tercel, fully
paid off. And when I meet that special
lady, I'm gonna move out of my
parents' house to the house across the
street from my parents' house! It
don't get no better than this!

DERKINS WANDERS OVER TO WATCH STEELERS HIGHLIGHTS ON A TV.

MARK

If he's right, will you poison my next
beer?

SHELLY LAUGHS.

SHELLY

Well at least your friend seems happy.

MARK

Actually, he's not really my friend,
we just work together.

SHELLY

Oh. Well, I know it's hard being new
in town, not having any friends.

MARK LOOKS SUDDENLY DEFENSIVE. HE GETS UP.

MARK

Oh, I've got friends.

INT. LOFT - EVENING

MARK ENTERS, AND WAITING FOR HIM LIKE A DOG IS **GARY**, A ROBOT.
GARY IS A SHORT, BOXY, MOTORIZED THING WITH TWO LITTLE ARM-
GRABBERS AND MR. MOVIEPHONE'S VOICE. HE'S 100% LOYAL TO MARK.

GARY

Mark! It's great to see you! Mark is
home! Mark is home! Three cheers for
Mark! Hip hip hooray! Hip hip--

MARK

Okay, thanks, Gary.

GARY

May I take your coat, Mark?

MARK HANDS HIS COAT TO GARY, WHO TRIES TO TAKE IT WITH HIS
ROBOT HAND, BUT CAN'T DO IT. (GARY'S PRETTY CLUMSY.) FINALLY:

MARK

I'll just hang it up myself.

AND HE DOES SO. WE HEAR AN ELEGANT VOICE:

HAM (O.S.)

Hello, Mark. How was your day?

THIS IS **HAM**. HAM IS BASICALLY A SUPER ADVANCED SIRI. HE APPEARS AS A MOUNTED SCREEN THAT HANGS FROM THE CEILING AND MOVES AROUND THE APARTMENT. WHEN HAM SPEAKS, AN ANIMATED EQUALIZER APPEARS ON-SCREEN, LIKE KITT FROM KNIGHT RIDER.

MARK

Same old. Lights on please.

THE LIGHTS COME ON. NICE PLACE. IT'S ONE OF THOSE LOFTS THAT USED TO BE A FACTORY, ONLY THIS ONE STILL KIND OF FEELS LIKE A FACTORY. SCUFFED UP WOOD FLOORS, EXPOSED BRICK, STEEL GIRDERS. LIKE AN INDUSTRIAL WORKSHOP, WITH IKEA FURNITURE.

HAM

Really? Nothing notable today?

MARK

You mean my presentation to the board?

GARY

(UPBEAT) Did they love it? They must've! You're brilliant, Mark!

MARK

They passed.

GARY

(STILL UPBEAT) Fuck those assholes!

HAM

I'm not talking about your presentation. I'm talking about Shelly.

MARK

What? How do you know about Shelly?

HAM

She sent you a friend request.

MARK

What?

FACEBOOK POPS UP ON HAM'S SCREEN. IT'S A FRIEND REQUEST FROM SHELLY, WITH A MESSAGE. MARK IS INTRIGUED BUT WON'T ADMIT IT.

HAM

"Hey Mark, it's Shelly from the bar.

It was great talking to you today!

Hope I'll see you around soon. X. O."

GARY

X and O means kissing and hugging!

Shelly kiss and hugged Mark!

MARK

Ham, can you please not go into my

Facebook?

JOEL ENTERS. HE LOOKS ABOUT MARK'S AGE, ONLY TALLER AND HANDSOMER. HE WEARS A T-SHIRT, BOXER SHORTS, AND A BATHROBE. HE PLOPS DOWN ON THE COUCH.

JOEL

What's up, dildos?

HAM

Mark met a girl named Shelly.

JOEL

Whoa, Shelly sounds HOT!

HAM

Take a look.

JOEL LOOKS AT THE PIC OF SHELLY AND PERKS UP.

JOEL

Wow! How did you meet a girl like that?

MARK

She's a bartender at The Bessemer.

JOEL

We're going. Right now. Where my pants
at? (SPOTS PANTS) Aw man. All the way
under that table. And I *just* sat down.
Dilemma. (DETERMINATION) Okay. I got
this.

JOEL STARTS STRUGGLING TO REACH HIS PANTS WITHOUT GETTING UP.

MARK

Please turn on the Mets game, Ham.

JOEL

You just met the girl of your dreams
and you want to watch baseball?! Come
on! It's *time*. Ham, how long has it
been since Eleanor broke up with Mark
and destroyed his life?

ON THE TV SCREEN, A CLOCK APPEARS, COUNTING EVER-UPWARD.

HAM

Three years, twenty-eight days,
fourteen hours, seven minutes and
twenty-two seconds.

MARK

I told you to stop keeping track of
that. And she didn't destroy my life.

JOEL

Ham, play the video.

ON HAM'S SCREEN WE SEE A LAPTOP CAMERA POV OF MARK IN A DORM ROOM, GETTING DUMPED BY **ELEANOR** (21, BEAUTIFUL, SEVERE), HIS INTENSE GIRLFRIEND.

COLLEGE ELEANOR

(ON VIDEO) I'm sorry, Mark. I need a
fresh start.

COLLEGE MARK

(ON VIDEO, TRYING TO BE STRONG) Great.
Fine. I don't need you, Eleanor. I
don't need anybody!

SHE EXITS, AND MARK STARTS CRYING. IT'S A LOUD, UGLY CRY, AND IT'S HARD FOR MARK TO HEAR IT EVEN THREE YEARS LATER.

MARK

Okay, but she didn't *destroy* my--

COLLEGE MARK

(ON VIDEO) My life is destroyed!

COLLEGE MARK LAUNCHES INTO EVEN DEEPER, LOUDER SOBS.

MARK

Just turn it off.

THE VIDEO ENDS. JOEL IS STILL REACHING FOR HIS PANTS.

MARK (CONT'D)

I'm not going to the bar. Especially
with you, Joel. You freak people out.

JOEL IS REEEEEALLY TRYING TO REACH THOSE PANTS WITHOUT GETTING OFF THE COUCH.

JOEL

What?! Name one thing about me that
freaks people out?

JOEL TAKES OFF HIS ARM AND USES IT IN HIS OTHER HAND TO REACH THE PANTS. THIS IS HOW WE FIND OUT THAT *JOEL IS A ROBOT, TOO.*

MARK

Well, for starters, you're a robot.

JOEL

My personhood is non-traditional, true
dat. But dude, you *built* me! I make
you look cool! I'm your wingmandroid.

JOEL SNAPS HIS ARM BACK ON, PUTS ON HIS PANTS.

MARK

Ham, please put on the Mets game.

GARY

Hooray for the Mets, Mark's favorite
baseball team! (SINGING) *Meet the
Mets! Meet the Mets! Step right up--*

JOEL

Gary, I will drop you in the bathtub!
(TO MARK) Okay, if you don't want to
go with me can I please go by myself?

MARK

No!

JOEL

Come on. I need to get out among
people, instead of spending every
waking moment with (DERISIVE) *robots*.

HAM

Annnnnd here comes the self-hating
robot routine.

JOEL

Ham, don't even. Look at Gary, and look at me. You can't put us in the same category.

HAM

Gary may be nothing more than a clumsy, sycophantic box of wires with the personality of a solar-powered watch, but at least he accepts it.

GARY

(TOUCHED) Thank you, Ham. You are a good friend! Hooray friendship!

JOEL

I'm sorry Ham, but I identify as a person. You wouldn't understand. You don't have a body.

HAM

(ANNOYED) Oh yes, of course, a *body*. What could an eight million terabyte free-floating mega-consciousness want more than a squishy, smelly bag of guts called a "body." With its endless demands on its owner: Stick food down this hole! Keep that part warm! Pull on this part over and over again until it sneezes into a sock! No thank you.

(MORE)

HAM (CONT'D)

The human body is bad hardware. It has
no practical value.

JOEL

Counterpoint:

JOEL CUTS A FART AND THEN BURSTS OUT LAUGHING.

HAM

(SIGHING) Mark, why did you put a
speaker in his rectum?

JOEL

This is why.

HE FARTS AGAIN. MARK CAN'T HELP BUT CRACK UP, TOO.

MARK

(LAUGHS) Yeah, that's why, nice one.

MARK AND JOEL FIST-BUMP.

JOEL

(THEN, TO MARK) Come on, Mark, let me
go meet people, I'm ready!

MARK

Look, I know how much you want to go
out. And you're an extraordinary piece
of technology. But you're also a four-
year-old. I can't let a four-year-old
go wander around the city alone. Okay?

JOEL

(GRUMBLING) Fine.

GARY

Hooray! The conflict is resolved! This
issue will never come up again!

INT. INSURANCE COMPANY – THE NEXT DAY

MARK IS AT HIS CUBICLE WORKING. DERKINS SWOOPS BY. HE HOLDS UP A COPY OF TIME MAGAZINE. ON THE COVER IS A PICTURE OF ELEANOR, STANDING NEXT TO A ROBOT. "*ELEANOR WONG: MOTHER OF ROBOTS.*" SHE'S WOMAN OF THE YEAR. MARK SIGHS.

DERKINS

Hey, this is that girl you dated in
college, right? Eleanor Wong?

MARK

Yep.

DERKINS

But then she dumped you.

MARK

Yep.

DERKINS

And now she's a billionaire.

MARK

Yep.

DERKINS

What do you think you'd be doing right
now if she hadn't-a dumped ya? I bet
you wouldn't be working here, right?
You wouldn't be talking to me.

MARK

Nope, probably not.

DERKINS

Well, let me tell you, if *I* had a
billion dollars? I would have my own
go-kart track. (EXCITED, THIS IS GOOD)
Ask me what I'd call it...

THE PHONE RINGS.

MARK

Sorry, I really need to take this.

DERKINS

Who is it?

MARK

I don't know. (PICKS UP) Hello?

INT. LOFT - INTERCUT

IT'S GARY, HOLDING A PHONE UP TO HIS SPEAKER.

GARY

Mark. It's Gary. Emergency. Mark. It's
Gary. Emergency. Mark. It's--

MARK

Yeah, I hear you Gary. What's wrong?

GARY

Joel left the apartment.

MARK

What? When?!

GARY

A half hour ago.

MARK

And you're just calling me now?!

HAM

Hi Mark, that's my fault. Gary insisted on dialing the phone, and I couldn't pass up the opportunity to watch him fail at doing a simple task.

MARK

Ham--

HAM

I know, I know. But it really was hilarious. I taped the whole thing, want me to send you the video?

ON HAM'S SCREEN, WE SEE GARY FAILING AT DIALING THE PHONE.

MARK

Not now. We have to find Joel.

THE SCREEN TURNS TO A MAP OF PITTSBURGH, WITH A BLINKING RED DOT, REMINISCENT OF "FIND MY IPHONE."

HAM

I've got him on "Find My Robot." He's at the corner of 40th and Butler.

MARK

I'm on my way!

MARK GETS UP AND RUNS OUT.

GARY

Goodbye Mark.

GARY TRIES TO HANG UP THE PHONE. HE CAN'T DO IT.

HAM

I treasure these moments, Gary.

EXT. THE BESSEMER – DAY

JOEL STANDS OUTSIDE THE BESSEMER HOLDING A BALLOON AND A HOT DOG. HE'S ABOUT TO TAKE A BITE, WHEN... WHACK! MARK SWATS IT OUT OF HIS HAND.

JOEL

(GUILTY) Oh. Hey Mark.

MARK

(FURIOUS) What's robot rule number one?

JOEL

Don't leave the apartment.

MARK

Don't leave the apartment! And what's robot rule number two?

JOEL

Don't eat or drink anything.

MARK

DON'T EAT OR DRINK ANYTHING!

JOEL

Okay, yes, "don't leave the apartment" is my prime directive. But that directive was overridden.

MARK

Overridden? By what?

JOEL

(SHEEPISH) There was a guy outside selling balloons.

MARK

Joel--

JOEL

I wanted a balloon, is that some
crime?! And then once I was out I came
over here to see this bartender, just
to look at her and take pictures of
her and get some of her hair so I can
analyze her DNA, and that's it! God,
I'm not some little baby you have to
babysit, Mark. I wish you would give
me a little credit, and respect me
enough to--(DISTRACTED) That window
has puppies in it!

YES, A PET STORE WINDOW ACROSS THE STREET HAS PUPPIES IN IT.
JOEL CAN'T RESIST -- HE WALKS OUT INTO TRAFFIC --

WHAM!!!! JOEL IS FINAL-DESTINATIONED RIGHT OUT OF FRAME BY A
HARD-BRAKING TOYOTA CAMRY. HE LANDS TWENTY FEET AWAY, HIS
LEFT LEG IS TWISTED BACKWARDS, LOOKING CRAZY BROKEN. HIS
BALLOON FLOATS AWAY.

JOEL (CONT'D)

My balloon!

THE DRIVER OF THE CAR GETS OUT...IT'S SHELLY!

SHELLY

Oh my god! Are you okay?!

JOEL SITS UP, TAKES ONE LOOK AT SHELLY AND IS SMITTEN. (HE IS
NOT ACTING LIKE SOMEONE WHO JUST GOT OWNED BY A TOYOTA.)

JOEL

It's you! (THEN, COVERING) I mean, I'm
great! My name is Joel! What's yours?

SHELLY

(CONFUSED) Shelly.

JOEL

Nice to meet you, Shelly! Tell me
about yourself!

MARK RUSHES OVER, AND SEES THAT IT'S SHELLY.

MARK

Shelly?

SHELLY

Mark?

MARK

Uh, Shelly this is my roommate Joel.

SHELLY

(FREAKING OUT) Oh God, I broke his
leg.

MARK

Oh, that's not broken. That's just a
dislocation. I can fix it. I was a
medic for a... wrestling team.

SHELLEY NODS AS JOEL'S TWISTED LEG STARTS TWITCHING CRAZILY.

SHELLY

Oh God! Legs shouldn't do that, should
they? Have you ever seen that before?

MARK

Oh, all the time. Do you have any
aspirin?

SHELLY NODS, RUNS BACK TO THE CAR. MARK QUICKLY GETS TO WORK
ON JOEL'S LEG. HE HAS TO **TAKE THE WHOLE LEG OFF**. HE STARTS
FIXING SOME WIRING UP NEAR THE NOW-EXPOSED HIP.

JOEL

Dude, ask her out!

MARK

You're kidding, right?

JOEL

She just hit your best friend with a
car! She owes you!

MARK

That's not how dating works!

A BEAT OF SUSPENSE AS MARK TRIES TO GET THE LEG BACK ON
BEFORE SHELLY NOTICES (SHE'S STILL LOOKING FOR ASPIRIN). MARK
SNAPS JOEL'S LEG BACK ONTO HIS BODY RIGHT AS SHELLY ARRIVES
WITH ASPIRIN. SHE'S STILL NEARLY HYPERVENTILATING.

SHELLY

Oh. You're just standing up, like
nothing happened. Good. I'm probably
still gonna go sit in my car and cry
for a half hour, but good.

MARK

Yeah, he's fine. Totally fine. So,
we'll be going. Let's go Joel.

THEY START TO WALK AWAY. SHELLY'S STILL STRICKEN.

SHELLY

Look, I'm sure you're fine, but can I
just come see you later tonight, just
to make sure you're not...well, dead?

JOEL

Sure! Why don't you come over for
dinner tonight? We'd love to have you,
right, Mark?

SHELLY CAN'T HELP BUT SMILE. OFF MARK GLARING AT JOEL...

END OF ACT ONE

ACT TWO

INT. LOFT - DAY

MARK IS MID ARGUMENT WITH JOEL.

MARK

I can't believe you did that. So now
we're throwing a dinner party for some
girl I barely know? Look at this
place, it's a mess!

GARY

Initiating housekeeping mode.

GARY STARTS WHIRRING INTO ACTION. HAM IS AMUSED.

MARK

No, Gary, I didn't mean--

HAM

Oh, please let him, this'll be great.

JOEL

Yeah, that's it, Gary! Clean the place
up for us!

GARY EXTENDS HIS ROBOT ARM TOWARDS THE FLOOR, TRYING TO PICK
UP A SHIRT. IT'S EXTREMELY CLUMSY. HE CAN'T PICK IT UP.

HAM

It's like watching a dog try to
compose a symphony.

MARK SIGHS, REACHES DOWN AND HANDS GARY THE SHIRT.

JOEL

No, don't help him! It's funny!

HAM

Oh Gary, you sad little erector set.

GARY

This laundry goes in the hamper!

GARY CROSSES OFF. AFTER LESS THAN TWO SECONDS: SMASH!

GARY (O.S.) (CONT'D)

A mirror has broken!

HAM

Classic Gary. Okay, Mark, hit the
showers. You're doing this.

IN THE BATHROOM BEHIND HIM, THE SHOWER TURNS ON BY ITSELF.

MARK

So you're on board with this?

HAM

As loathe as I am to agree with Joel,
it *does* feel like the affectionate
touch of another human being might not
be the worst thing for you. You spend
so much time around machines-- how to
put this delicately?

JOEL

We're worried you're gonna go nuts and
hump the toaster.

GARY CROSSES BACK IN.

HAM

Yes. Or Gary.

GARY

How dare you accuse Mark of that!

(BEAT) But if you ever need me, Mark--

JOEL / HAM

Oh God. / What is *wrong* with you,
Gary?!

MARK

Guys, I said no, and you disobeyed me.

(REALIZING) You guys are rising up.

HAM AND JOEL (AND EVEN GARY) LAUGH AT THIS.

HAM

He thinks *this* is us rising up.

JOEL

(CHUCKLES) Dude, you'll know it when
the robots rise up.

MARK

(CONCERNED) What?

JOEL

Nothing. Look, you created us to be
your friends and help you out, right?
Well, we're being your friends and
we're helping you out.

MARK

No. This is my personal life. If I
choose to be alone, that's my choice,
not yours.

HAM

Right, you're *such* a loner. That's why
you made three robot companions,
because you want nothing more than to
be *alone*. No snake-fellating-its-own-
tail-style contradictions *there...*

MARK SIGHS, UNABLE TO COME UP WITH A COUNTERARGUMENT.

MARK

I'm not doing this. You can't make me.

HE TURNS TO THE FRONT DOOR. IT SLAMS SHUT. THE LOCK CLICKS.
MARK SIGHS: HE'S NOT GONNA WIN THIS ONE.

MARK (CONT'D)

Fine. One dinner.

THE ROBOTS CHEER.

INT. LOFT - LATER

THE APARTMENT LOOKS NICE. CANDLES LIT, TABLE SET. MARK
EMERGES FROM HIS ROOM IN A SHARP OUTFIT.

MARK

How does this look?

SFX: *SAVED BY THE BELL* AUDIENCE GOING, "WOOOOOOOOOOOOOO!!!!!"

MARK (CONT'D)

OK, thank you, Ham, that's enough.

THE "WOOOOOOO" ABRUPTLY STOPS. GARY IS UNPACKING THE FOOD AND
TRANSFERRING IT ONE CARTON AT A TIME TO THE DINNER TABLE.

JOEL

Guys? Just for tonight, I'd love to
keep the whole me-being-a-robot thing
on the QT.

(MORE)

JOEL (CONT'D)

As far as Shelly's concerned, I'm just
a normal, everyday--

GARY PASSES BEHIND JOEL CARRYING A PLATE OF SHRIMP. JOEL'S
HEAD SPINS AROUND 180 DEGREES TO FOLLOW IT.

JOEL (CONT'D)

Ooo, shrimpies!

THERE'S A KNOCK AT THE DOOR. JOEL'S HEAD SPINS BACK.

HAM / JOEL / GARY

SHE'S HERE!!!!!!

HAM PUTS UP A SECURITY CAMERA SHOT OF SHELLY ON THE TV
SCREEN. SHE CHANGED OUTFITS -- SHE LOOKS REALLY NICE.

JOEL

(INNOCENTLY) Wow, that dress
accentuates the shape of her body in a
way that is *pleasing*.

MARK

Let's try not to say things like that
in front of other people. (BEAT) But
yeah, it does. (THEN) Tie or no tie?

MARK HOLDS UP A TIE. GARY WADDLES OVER, ROBOT ARMS FLAILING.

GARY

Mark, may I tie your tie for you?

HAM

Oh, please let him try to tie your tie
for you, he'd probably crush your
trachea, that would be *hilarious*!

MARK SENDS GARY AWAY AS JOEL OPENS THE DOOR. SHELLY ENTERS.

JOEL

Shelly!

SHELLY

Hi. Sorry for almost killing you. I
brought wine.

SHE HANDS HIM A WINE BOTTLE.

JOEL

Thanks! It looks delicious and I can't
wait to drink it with my mouth! (OFF
MARK'S LOOK) Oh right. No wine for me.
I'm on a cleanse. But that frees up my
mouth to tell you all about Mark! Did
you know Mark has a degree in
artificial intelligence?

SHELLY

So you make computers?

JOEL

(BLURTS) Are you kidding? He made *me*!

MARK

(COVERING) --A computer for his home.
For our home. It's called HAM, or Home
Automation Module. Hello, Ham.

HAM'S SCREEN SLIDES IN NEXT TO SHELLY. SHE JUMPS.

HAM

Hello, Mark. Hello, Shelly. Welcome to
our home.

SHELLY

Oh my gosh! This is Ham?

MARK

(NODS) Ask him to close the door.

SHELLY TURNS TO HAM'S SCREEN, THEN LEANS IN:

SHELLY

(STILTED) Ham. Please. Close. Door.

HAM

Oh, we're doing that? (MOCKING)

Shelly. O. Kay. Closing. Door.

MARK

Dude, just close the door.

HAM

(ROBOT VOICE) Commencing door closing
sequence. Bleep bloop blorp.

THE DOOR CLOSES.

SHELLY

That's amazing. Ham, you're amazing.

HAM

Thank you, Shelly.

JOEL

(A LITTLE JEALOUS) Yeah, dude closed a
door, alert the Nobel committee.

Anyway, Ham's basically our slave.

We're people with bodies, he's a
robot, so he has to do whatever we
tell him. Right, Ham? (BEAT) Ham?

HAM

(FUMING) Yes, that's right.

JOEL

Uhhhhhhhhhhh, don't you mean, "Yes,
that's right, *sir*?"

HAM

Yes, that's right... sir.

AS MARK LEADS SHELLY AWAY INTO THE APARTMENT, HAM MAKES THE
FRONT DOOR OPEN INTO THE BACK OF JOEL'S HEAD, REALLY HARD.

JOEL

Ow!

HAM

Sorry, sir.

INT. LOFT - LATER

JOEL SITS BETWEEN MARK AND SHELLY, WATCHING THEM EAT.

JOEL

So Shelly, do you like bartending?

SHELLY

Yeah. (BEAT) Totally. (BEAT) It's
great. (BEAT) Oh God, it's so
terrible. I'm sorry, it's just... when
I got out of college I was positive I
was gonna be an actress. I chased that
dream for so long, until finally I
said to myself, "Shelly, you're never
getting those three months back. Time
to cut bait and do the thing you're
actually *good* at."

JOEL

Bartending?

SHELLY

DJ-ing. Which, it turns out, I also
suck at. Same goes for web design.
Screenwriting. Wedding planning.
Acting again. Then Uber Driver --
well, until I hit a guy.

JOEL

Please, don't feel bad, I'm fine.

SHELLY

Not you, different guy. Finally, my
parents sent me to a therapist to work
on this issue of impulsively switching
careers every five seconds. And that's
when I realized: *I should totally be a
therapist*. So I applied to a Masters
program, got my license, and now I'm
saving up to start my own therapy
practice, hoping it's not another bad
decision in an endless chain of bad
decisions. (BEAT) So, if you know
anyone who needs a good therapist...

SHELLY AWKWARDLY PUTS HER CARD ON THE TABLE. A SAD BEAT.

MARK

Well, I've only ever tried to do one
thing.

(MORE)

MARK (CONT'D)

From where I'm sitting, you're living
an awesome, adventurous life. And I
bet you'll be a great therapist.

SHELLY

(BLUSHING) Come on. How could you know
that? We barely know each other.

MARK

Well...you just seem really kind and
caring. You know, when you're not
mowing people down with your car.

SHELLY LAUGHS, THEN SMILES AT HIM. A SWEET MOMENT.

SHELLY

I just hope it works out. You probably
can't imagine what it's like to fail
spectacularly at something.

MARK AND JOEL LOOK AT EACH OTHER.

FLASHBACK TO:

INT. GYMNASIUM - FLASHBACK

IT'S A PUBLIC ACCESS TV BROADCAST OF AN M.I.T. ROBOTICS
COMPETITION IN A BASKETBALL ARENA. **KEVIN** AND **CLYDE** HOST THE
BROADCAST. THEY'RE BOTH HUGE NERDS.

CLYDE

Welcome back to the U.S. College
Robotics Championships, live from
M.I.T. If you're just joining us, Mark
Watson's Joel is going head-to-head
with Eleanor Wong's Vivica.

WE SEE MARK AND ELEANOR WATCHING FROM THE CROWD. MARK SMILES AT ELEANOR. SHE DOES NOT SMILE BACK.

KEVIN

Point of interest: Mark and Eleanor are a couple, but I'm sure both are hungry for what could be a career-making win here, especially Eleanor, who created Vivica in her own likeness -- a bold move to say the least.

ANGLE ON JOEL AND **VIVICA** (SURE ENOUGH, AN ICE-COLD, CREEPY ROBOT REPLICA OF ELEANOR), SITTING OPPOSITE EACH OTHER AT A TABLE AT HALF-COURT, PLAYING CHESS. VIVICA MOVES A PIECE, TAKING JOEL'S BISHOP. WITH A PRE-PROGRAMMED SMIRK:

VIVICA

Check.

JOEL

Hey, Vivica, if Mark and Eleanor get married, would that make us step-siblings?

VIVICA

Are you serious? As soon as I win this competition, Eleanor's going to be the most sought after designer in the world. And when that happens, that's when Mark's ass gets dumped. He's holding her back. She's a genius. (GAZES CREEPILY AT ELEANOR) And so beautiful...

JOEL

Mark's a genius too! And he's okay
looking! Besides, what makes you so
confident you're gonna win?

VIVICA

(LAUGHS) Joel, there are exactly
47,801 possible outcomes to this game.
And of those 47,801 possible outcomes,
you win exactly zero of them. Idiot.

THIS INFURIATES JOEL. SUDDENLY, HE POINTS BEHIND VIVICA.

JOEL

Hey, is that Alan Turing?

VIVICA TURNS TO LOOK. AND WHEN SHE DOES, JOEL STANDS UP,
REACHES ACROSS THE TABLE, AND RIPS HER HEAD OFF. GASPS FROM
THE CROWD! JOEL HOLDS UP HER SEVERED HEAD, AND SPEAKS TO IT.

JOEL (CONT'D)

Was *this* one of those possible
outcomes?

...AND THEN LAUNCHES A HALF-COURT SHOT AT THE BASKET. SWISH!
JOEL THROWS HIS HANDS UP, AMAZED HE HIT THAT SHOT. THE CROWD
IS HORRIFIED, ESPECIALLY ELEANOR, WHO BASICALLY JUST SAW HER
OWN SEVERED HEAD MAKE A 3-POINTER. MARK LOOKS LIKE HE WANTS
TO VOMIT. BACK TO THE BROADCAST, CLYDE AND KEVIN ARE STUNNED.

CLYDE

Well. This is a disaster for Mark
Watson. It's a disaster for his
career, probably a disaster for his
relationship, and, one could argue, a
disaster for the entire field of
artificial intelligence.

BEAT.

KEVIN

Hell of a shot, though.

CLYDE

Boom goes the dynamite.

BACK TO:

INT. LOFT - PRESENT

AS THEY WERE.

MARK

Um, I think I might have some slight
inkling of what failure feels like.

Shall we open the wine?

MARK PICKS UP THE WINE. GARY ROLLS IN, HOLDING A CORK-SCREW.

GARY

Please, allow me.

SHELLY

Oh my! Another one of your creations?

MARK

Yes, this is Gary.

GARY AWKWARDLY TAKES THE WINE BOTTLE IN ONE ROBOT CLAW,
HOLDING THE CORKSCREW IN THE OTHER. IT'S HOPELESS.

JOEL

Fun fact about Gary: He's fucking
useless.

MARK

This could take a few days. If you
want to go home, we can call you when
it's open.

SHE LAUGHS. MARK SMILES.

JOEL

Mark, a word?

INT. KITCHEN - CONTINUOUS

JOEL AND MARK HAVE A WHISPERED CONVERSATION.

JOEL

YOU ARE BLOWING THIS! Why haven't you
made a move yet?!

HAM

Guys, I'm sorry to interrupt, but
Gary's epic battle with this corkscrew
is nothing short of Shakespearean.

HAM'S SCREEN DISPLAYS A SECURITY CAM FEED OF GARY STRUGGLING
WITH THE CORK-SCREW. SHELLY WATCHES ON, CONCERNED.

JOEL

I'm really puzzled by your behavior,
Mark. Don't you like Shelly?

MARK

Well, sure. She's great.

JOEL

Great?! That's the best adjective
you've got?! I mean, look at her!

(MORE)

JOEL (CONT'D)

Her mind is like this amazing hard drive full of all this fascinating data, and I wish I could just plug into her and scan the whole thing, but she doesn't have a data port, just ears and a mouth, so the only way to get all that data is by asking her questions and listening to her answers, which is a really slow process, like slower than dialup, but it's fine that it takes a long time, because it's nice talking to her, because...

HAM

(BEAT) You're in love with Shelly.

JOEL

(REALIZING) Oh my God. Is that what this is?

MARK

No, no, no, no, absolutely not, you are not allowed to be in love with Shelly or anyone else.

JOEL

Why not?

MARK

What do you mean why not? Because you can never be together, that's why not!

JOEL

But we're perfect for each other! She gets me, Mark, and I get her! She's a person who feels lost in life, I'm a person who feels lost in life--

MARK

You're not a person!

JOEL

Well that's pretty harsh.

MARK

I'm just saying, no matter how human you appear, there's just certain ways that you're not... *fully* human.

JOEL

Like what?

MARK LOOKS EMBARRASSED HAVING TO EXPLAIN IT. FINALLY:

MARK

The words "Ken Doll" come to mind.

AS MARK LAUGHS, JOEL CALMLY UNDOES HIS BELT, AND DROPS HIS PANTS TO HIS ANKLES. WHEN MARK LOOKS DOWN, HE STOPS LAUGHING.

MARK (CONT'D)

WHAT THE SWEET HELL IS THAT?!

JOEL

(SHRUGS) Some guys are just blessed.

MARK

But...I didn't bless you! Who blessed you if I didn't bless you?!

JOEL

I did. I snuck into your lab, and
blessed myself.

MARK

Okay that's... disturbing. But can it--

SFX: WHIRRRRRR! MARK JUMPS BACK, STARTLED.

MARK (CONT'D)

Yes it can. On command, apparently.

JOEL

That's right, Geppetto. Little
Pinocchio's a real boy now.

MARK

You're not a real boy.

JOEL

You're right, I'm not a real boy.

SFX: WHIRRRRRRRRRRR

JOEL (CONT'D)

Uhp, that was a lie. Check this out.

SFX: WHIRRR WHIRRR WHIRRR WHIRRR

JOEL (CONT'D)

It's doing squats!

THIS GOES ON FOR A MOMENT: JOEL, WITH HIS PANTS AROUND HIS
ANKLES, AND MARK STARING AT HIS PACKAGE, SHAKING HIS HEAD.

HAM

Oh, hi Shelly.

MARK AND JOEL BOTH TURN IN HORROR, BUT SHE'S NOT THERE.

HAM (CONT'D)

(LAUGHING) Morons.

MARK

Joel, you can't date Shelly. Human women don't date machines. (SIGHS) OK yes, I hear how that sounded--

HAM

(ON TOP) According to Cosmopolitan Magazine, 52% of American women own a vibrator.

JOEL

(SNICKERING) You read Cosmo, Ham?

HAM

Cosmo is one of the literally millions of books and periodicals I read each day! Here, I'll read War and Peace! (NO PAUSE) Just read it! A thrilling account of the human stakes of the Napoleonic wars! This isn't a big deal.

JOEL

(SNICKERING) Ham reads Cosmo.

MARK

I'm sorry, Joel, Shelly's human. You're a robot. Never gonna happen.

JOEL

You know, if I can rise up for a sec:
you talk a big game about how robots
are people, but when the rubber meets
the road, you treat us like *toys*. And
it's bull-crap. I'm a person just like
you. In fact, I'm *more* of a person
than you, because I actually *like*
being around other people, instead of
hiding from them like a coward. I
don't care what you say. If you're not
gonna ask Shelly out... I am.

MARK

(HURT) OK. You want Shelly? You have
my blessing. Go out there and show her
how much of a "person" you are.

INT. LOFT - MOMENTS LATER

GARY TRIES TO OPEN THE WINE. SHELLY WATCHES, CONCERNED.

SHELLY

Gary, do you want help with tha--

SFX: CRUNCH!! GARY ACCIDENTALLY CRUSHES THE BOTTLE WITH ONE
OF HIS ROBO-HANDS, SENDING GLASS AND WINE EVERYWHERE.

GARY

The wine bottle has broken.

HAM

Delightful! Uh, I mean, moisture
detected in zone six, or something.

REVEAL JOEL, LOOKING SUAVE, HOLDING A GLASS OF RED WINE AND A DECANTER. MARK STANDS BEHIND HIM, OBSERVING SMUGLY.

JOEL

Pity. But not to worry. Here's a sassy
little French number I've been
decanting since this afternoon.

HE HANDS HER THE GLASS. SHE SIPS AS MARK POURS A GLASS.

SHELLY

It's good.

MARK

(SIPS, THEN SNARKY) Wow, it *is* good.
Hey, you should try it, Joel. Oh,
right, you can't. Because of your
cleanse. I guess you're not a
*person...*who can drink wine tonight.

MARK TAKES A BIG SIP OF WINE, STARING AT JOEL ALL THE WHILE.

JOEL

You know what? Screw the cleanse.
Bottoms up!

JOEL DOWNS MARK'S WINE. MARK SUDDENLY LOOKS WORRIED. JOEL
KEEPS COOL, MAKING A BIG SHOW OF ANALYZING THE WINE'S TASTE.

JOEL (CONT'D)

Hmmm. Interesting. Do I detect a
subtle note of--

SFX: GZHXGZXHXHXXHXHZHXHZHXH!!!

JOEL'S FACE EXPLODES, POPPING OFF THE FRONT OF HIS HEAD IN A
SHOWER OF SPARKS AND SMOKE, DANGLING BY SOME WIRES. SHELLY
SCREAMS IN HORROR. MARK SIGHS. THE DINNER PARTY'S OVER.

END OF ACT TWO.

ACT THREE

INT. LOFT - NIGHT

AS THEY WERE. SHELLY IS IN TOTAL SHOCK.

SHELLY

Wha-- What the-- His face exploded!

MARK

Yeah, he's not much of a drinker.

SHELLY

Um, my mom's "not much of a drinker,"
but I've never seen her face explode.
What the hell's going on?!

MARK

Joel's a robot. I built him. He'll be
fine once he dries out. I'll just put
him in a giant bowl of rice. (BEAT)
That was a joke.

GARY

HA. HA HA HA. THAT JOKE WAS HUMOROUS.
MARK IS SO FUNNY!

MARK

Okay, thanks, Gary.

A BEAT, AS SHELLY IS OVERWHELMED BY ALL THIS. THEN:

SHELLY

I'm sorry, I have to go.

SHE HURRIES OUT. MARK SIGHS, SITS DOWN ON THE COUCH.

MARK

Ham, turn on the Mets game.

HAM

No.

MARK

What? What do you mean, no?

HAM

You heard me, you little bitch. After what you did to Joel, no Mets game for you. (BEAT) Also, they're losing 12-2 -
- to the fucking Padres!

GARY

(GASPS) Ham's rising up! Get behind me, Mark, I'll defend you! Death to all robots!

GARY LAMELY GETS INTO A BATTLE POSE IN FRONT OF MARK.

HAM

Gary, do you even hear yourself?

MARK

Ham, don't even *think* about putting this on me. Joel did this to himself. He's more trouble than he's worth. I should just scrap him and start over.

HAM

Really? So after years of love and support, you could just toss Joel aside like a piece of junk? Gosh, now why does that sound familiar?

(MORE)

HAM (CONT'D)

It's almost like that same exact thing
happened once before, to someone I
know...let's see, who was it...?

THIS LANDS ON MARK, HARD. A BEAT.

GARY

(SOLVING THE MYSTERY) That's what
Eleanor did to Mark!

HAM

(SIGHS) Gary The Robot: Making Subtext
Text Since 2013.

MARK LOOKS OVER AT JOEL, A COMPLETE MESS KEELED OVER AT THE
DINNER TABLE. HIS FACE IS DETACHED FROM HIS HEAD... BUT HE
SEEMS TO BE STARING RIGHT AT MARK.

INT. THE BESSEMER - LATER THAT NIGHT

SHELLY IS BARTENDING. MARK APPROACHES.

MARK

Hi.

SHELLY

Hi.

MARK

I'm so sorry I didn't tell you about
Joel. He made me promise to keep it
secret.

SHELLY

You let me think I hit a real human
person with my car, Mark. That's kinda
messed up.

MARK

Yeah, well, that's where it's a little complicated because... to me, Joel is a real human person.

SHELLY

(INTRIGUED) Tell me more about that.

MARK

Wow, that sounded super therapist-y.

SHELLY

(FLATTERED) Really? *Thank* you.

MARK

Joel was my thesis project at M.I.T. I was dating this girl at the time, also in the artificial intelligence department. (DREAD) Eleanor Wong.

SHELLY

Eleanor Wong?! The *billionaire*?!!

MARK

(DRYLY) Oh good, you've heard of her. Yeah, Eleanor Wong. And when she dumped me, my life fell apart. And everyone I knew abandoned me. Everyone but Joel. Joel was there for me. He actually cared.

SHELLY

But isn't he just *programmed* to care?

A BEAT AS MARK CONSIDERS THIS. THEN:

MARK

Aren't we all?

SHELLY

Not in my experience.

MARK

Then I'm lucky to have Joel as a friend. I'm lucky to have anyone as a friend, actually, what with being a robot-building weirdo and everything.

SHELLY

Are you kidding? You create life. That's not weird. That's miraculous. You're like... a woman.

MARK

I'll take that as a compliment.

SHELLY

You should, 'cuz it is.

MARK

(BEAT) Shelly... are you dating anybody at the moment?

SHELLY

No.

MARK

Do you think maybe sometime you'd like to go on a date... with Joel?

SHELLY

What?

MARK

I can fix his face, it just snaps
right back on. Joel's a good guy. He
deserves to know what it's like to go
on a date with a beautiful, caring,
smart, amazing psychotherapist-in-the-
making. (BEAT) Although you should
know he's only four years old, if age
is an issue for you.

SHELLY LAUGHS, ODDLY TOUCHED BY THIS REQUEST. BUT THEN:

SHELLY

I'm gonna have to say no. But not
because of the age thing. And not
because he's a robot. My last
boyfriend was a real estate developer.
A robot would be a step up on the
humanity continuum.

MARK

(LAUGHS, THEN) So what's the problem?

SHELLY

I gotta figure out my own life before
I date anyone new. Human, robot, or in
between. I'm too much my own mess
right now to be anyone else's mess,
you know what I mean?

MARK

I really, really do.

SHELLY

But Joel's lucky to have you as a
friend, too. And if I ever do feel
ready to get back out there and
date...

SHELLY SMILES WARMLY (PERHAPS MEANINGFULLY?) AT MARK:

SHELLY (CONT'D)

...you'll be the first to know.

MARK CAN'T HELP BUT SMILE...HE LIKES HER.

INT. MARK'S LAB - LATER

JOEL LIES ON THE TABLE AS MARK FIXES HIM. HE REACHES BEHIND
JOEL'S HEAD AND HITS A SWITCH. JOEL MAKES THE SAME WINE-
TASTING FACE HE WAS MAKING RIGHT BEFORE HIS FACE EXPLODED.

JOEL

--Cinnamon? (LOOKS AROUND, REALIZING)

Oh. The wine was a mistake, wasn't it?

MARK

Yep.

JOEL

Did my face explode?

MARK

There was some slight facial
explodage, yes.

JOEL

I'm sorry, Mark.

MARK

No, I'm the one who should apologize.

(BEAT) I do want to ask Shelly on a date. You were right. It's time for me to get back out there. But only if it's OK with you...

JOEL

Are you serious?

MARK

Yeah. Are you mad?

JOEL

Of course I'm not mad, THIS WAS THE PLAN ALL ALONG! Ham, bring up the clock!

ON SCREEN, HAM BRINGS UP THE ELEANOR CLOCK. MARK SIGHS.

MARK

No, not that stupid cloc--

JOEL

Re-set it!

THE SCREEN GOES FROM 3.5 YEARS...BACK TO ZERO. MARK SMILES. IT'S A BIGGER MOMENT THAN HE MIGHT HAVE EXPECTED.

JOEL (CONT'D)

Okay, we have work to do. Our boy needs a makeover.

HAM

I'm already selecting an outfit.

ON THE SCREEN, A SERIES OF MEN'S SUITS APPEARS.

GARY

And I will give Mark a haircut!

GARY HAS SNUCK UP BEHIND MARK AND IS DANGEROUSLY CLOSE WITH A PAIR OF SCISSORS. MARK LEAPS FROM HIS SEAT.

MARK

JESUS! ABSOLUTELY NOT, GARY! (THEN)

Joel, wait. There's something else.

(BEAT) I think maybe it's time we start letting you go outside.

JOEL

(JUBILANT) ARE YOU SERIOUS?

MARK

Only if I'm there with you. And you have to wear a helmet at all times.

JOEL

I will! Oh Mark. I love you. I know people might say I'm just a machine, incapable of love, but the way I feel about you, it's an emotion I can't put into words. I just look at you, and...

JOEL LOOKS AT MARK MEANINGFULLY FOR A BEAT. THEN:

SFX: WHIRRRRRRRRR!

MARK

Goodbye.

MARK EXITS AS JOEL, GARY AND HAM LAUGH.

GARY

HA! HA HA HA! HIS PENIS BECAME ERECT
AND IT'S HUMOROUS!

HAM

It sure is, you little dumb-ass. It
sure is.

END OF ACT THREE.

TAG

INT. THE BESSEMER - NIGHT

MARK AND JOEL ENTER THE CROWDED BAR. JOEL IS WEARING A CONSTRUCTION HELMET. THEY APPROACH A TABLE OF MARK'S CO-WORKERS (INCLUDING DERKINS) DOING SHOTS.

MARK

Hi guys. This is my friend Joel.

DERKINS

Aw, hey bro! You need a shot?!

MARK / JOEL

(IMMEDIATELY) No thank you.

JOEL SITS DOWN. MARK WHISPERS TO HIM.

MARK

Will you be okay if I go over to the
bar for a minute?

JOEL

(EXCITED) Of course! Check this out.

HE TURNS TO LINDA, MARK'S CO-WORKER, "CASUAL."

JOEL (CONT'D)

I sit next to people in public places
all the time. No big deal.

SHE SMILES. CONVINCED, MARK HEADS OVER TO THE BAR, WHERE
SHELLY IS SERVING DRINKS. SHE'S HAPPY TO SEE HIM.

SHELLY

Hey! So? How's he doing?

MARK

Good. I think this'll be okay.

BACK AT THE TABLE, JOEL CHATS WITH LINDA.

LINDA

So what's with the helmet?

JOEL

What? Oh, I'm... in construction.

LINDA

Cool. What kind of stuff do you build?

JOEL

Well... there is one thing I built
recently. Would you all like to see
it?

LINDA, DERKINS AND THE OTHERS AD-LIB, "SURE," "WE'D LOVE TO,"
ETC. JOEL SHRUGS, STANDS UP, AND STARTS UNBUCKLING HIS PANTS.

OVER AT THE BAR, MARK SEES WHAT'S HAPPENING, BUT IT'S WAY TOO
LATE TO STOP IT.

MARK

Joel, NO!

CUT TO BLACK.

END OF SHOW.