

LESSTHAN3

"#20Cents"

Story by

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&

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Teleplay by

Justin M. Lesniewski

LESSTHAN3

"#20Cents"

CAST

ELIZABETH.....ACTOR  
ALEXANDER SMITH.....ACTOR  
ERIC MATTHEW MUSSOLINI.....ACTOR  
DELILAH "SUCCUBUS" HOROWITZ.....ACTOR  
JORGE "SPEEDY" GONZALEZ.....ACTOR  
COSPLAY.....ACTOR

GUEST CAST

ELIZABETH'S DATE.....ACTOR  
KEVIN SORBO.....ACTOR  
PHOTOGRAPHER.....ACTOR  
CLERK.....ACTOR  
CASHIER.....ACTOR  
NERD #1.....ACTOR  
NERD #2.....ACTOR  
ANGRY DRIVER.....ACTOR  
FEMALE DRIVER.....ACTOR

LESSTHAN3

"#20Cents"

SET LIST

Interiors

ELIZABETH AND ERIC'S APARTMENT

ELIZABETH'S DATE'S CAR

ALEXANDER'S APARTMENT

ELIZABETH'S CAR

COFFEE BEAN

ELIZABETH'S OFFICE

ALEXANDER'S OFFICE

TOLLBOOTH

GAS STATION CONVENIENCE STORE

WENDY'S

OUTSIDE COSPLAY'S ROOM

COSPLAY'S ROOM

Exteriors

STREET OUTSIDE THE APARTMENT

APARTMENT COMPLEX HALLWAY

CITY PARK

CITY STREET

BATTING CAGES

COLD OPEN

INT. - ELIZABETH AND ERIC'S APARTMENT - MORNING

WIDE ON ELIZABETH BENNET, an attractive Filipino women in her mids-20s conservatively dressed, and ERIC MATTHEWS, a Hollywood handsome man in his mid-20s dressed comfortably in jeans and a t-shirt, eating breakfast at the kitchen table not looking at each other. Eric is lackadaisically reading on an iPad, flicking past pages. Elizabeth's head is propped up on her arm and her knee is raised to her chest as she slowly stirs her cereal.

ELIZABETH

I have to tell you about last night...

ERIC

Is the Quaker Oats guy making you?

Elizabeth looks up from her cereal and sees the Quaker Oats container staring directly at her.

ELIZABETH

As intimidating as he may be, no.

She turns the container so the face is no longer pointed at her.

ELIZABETH (CONT'D)

Just put the iPad down and listen.

Eric puts the iPad down.

ERIC

Go ahead.

ELIZABETH

Ok, so I was waiting by the door...

INT. - ELIZABETH AND ERIC'S APARTMENT - LAST NIGHT

Elizabeth is, as she said, waiting by the door. She is dressed in casual date attire. Since she has been waiting awhile, she has taken to playing Angry Birds on her phone.

ELIZABETH

C'mon, kamikaze, you never do what I say!

(beat)

(MORE)

ELIZABETH (CONT'D)  
 Yellow, kamikaze. I never realized  
 how racist you are, Asian Bird.

A car honks loudly. Elizabeth looks out and sees a beat-up sedan parked on the side of the road. She stops playing her game and calls her date.

ELIZABETH'S DATE  
 Hello?

ELIZABETH  
 (sardonic)  
 Hi.

ELIZABETH'S DATE  
 (frazzled)  
 Oh! Hi! I'm outside!

ELIZABETH  
 (still sardonic)  
 I know.

INT. - ELIZABETH AND ERIC'S APARTMENT - MORNING

ERIC  
 He didn't come to the door and  
 knock?

ELIZABETH  
 (disbelief)  
 I know!

EXT. - STREET OUTSIDE THE APARTMENT - DUSK

The skies are a foreboding gray as Elizabeth walks over to the car tepidly and stands next to the driver side for a few seconds. With the window rolled up, ELIZABETH'S DATE, a mid-20s male who is a computer programmer and wearing a wrinkled white t-shirt that is two sizes too big. He waves at her like an excited child. Elizabeth sighs and lets herself into the passenger side of the car.

INT. - ELIZABETH'S DATE'S CAR - DUSK

ELIZABETH  
 Hi.

Elizabeth crosses her arms. Her date is unaware he is off to a bad start.

ELIZABETH'S DATE  
 (all smiles)  
 How are you?

As they start to pull away, Elizabeth looks down to see her date is wearing dirty jeans and sandals and socks.

ELIZABETH  
 I'll be better once we get some food.

ELIZABETH'S DATE  
 I think you'll really like where we're going. It's one of my favorite places.

Elizabeth uncrosses her arms.

ELIZABETH  
 (slightly more upbeat)  
 Yeah? What kind of cuisine do they serve?

ELIZABETH'S DATE  
 Well...

Before he is able to respond, the car stalls and rolls to a stop. Elizabeth looks to see if he is driving stick. He isn't. Simultaneously, they both look at the gas gauge. Empty. Now they look at each other.

ELIZABETH'S DATE (CONT'D)  
 (grinning sheepishly)  
 Looks like we're out of gas.

ELIZABETH  
 Looks like it.

An awkward beat passes as he stares at her.

ELIZABETH'S DATE  
 Would you mind getting out and pushing?

ELIZABETH  
 Are you kid-

Elizabeth takes a breath as she convinces herself it's best not to argue. She realizes what she's gotten herself into, concedes, and turns to open the door when-

The sky opens up. On the sound of rain drops pelting the car.

FADE OUT.

END OF COLD OPEN

ACT ONE

INT. - ELIZABETH AND ERIC'S APARTMENT - MORNING

Elizabeth is driving home the absurdity of the story to Eric.

ELIZABETH

He made me push the car. In the  
*rain.*

ALEXANDER

Nice story, Bridget Jones.

The shot cuts quickly to show ALEXANDER SMITH, an athletic man in his late 30s and Elizabeth's boss dressed similarly to Eric in jeans and a polo, standing by the fridge, holding a sandwich in one hand and the door open with the other.

ALEXANDER (CONT'D)

Do you have any mayo?

Elizabeth is too stunned at seeing Alexander here to know how to react. Eric is bothered, but can't overcome his natural affability.

ERIC

What in the, how did, who are you?

Alexander walks over, switches his sandwich to his left hand, and extends his right.

ALEXANDER

Alexander Smith. Elizabeth's boss  
and your landlord and new neighbor.

They shake hands. Elizabeth clearly wants to interrupt this but isn't sure how.

ERIC

Alex Smith? Like the quarterback?

ALEXANDER

Not like the quarterback.

ELIZABETH

He's jealous.

ALEXANDER

(faux-offended)

He's overrated.

(distracted)

Is that an iPad?



Alexander picks up Eric's iPad without asking. Eric flails at him trying to block the grab.

ALEXANDER (CONT'D)  
I just got one of these too.

Alexander starts pushing the screen randomly.

ERIC  
Don't do that!

ALEXANDER  
I'm just trying to see what you have on here, games, books, porn?

Elizabeth rolls her eyes.

ELIZABETH  
Really? Porn? On an iPad?

ALEXANDER  
I don't know how these things work.

ERIC  
I was looking at a script on there. I have an audition for "The Phantom Tollbooth."

ALEXANDER  
Never heard of it.

ELIZABETH  
Of course not.

As Eric talks, Alexander turns the Quaker Oats around, is shocked by the face, and turns them back around.

ERIC  
What do you think toll booth operators are like? Do they get annoyed if you give them the wrong coins?  
(impersonating)  
"You gave me two dimes. What am I going to do, make two pay phone calls in the 90s? Pay up."

Elizabeth is chuckling, but has still had enough.

ELIZABETH  
What are you even talking about?  
(to Alexander)  
And why are you even here?

Alexander is blissfully unaware he is intruding.

ALEXANDER  
I just moved in next door. I wanted  
to get your guys' help with  
something.

ELIZABETH  
(disbelief)  
You what?

Alexander puts his sandwich down and starts walking out of  
the apartment.

ALEXANDER  
Come with me.

Eric gets up and Elizabeth looks at him confused.

ELIZABETH  
What are you doing?

ERIC  
Going with him...

Elizabeth looks at the sandwich...

ELIZABETH  
You took two bites!

...then throws her hands in the air as she follows the two  
guys into the outdoor hallway.

EXT. - APARTMENT COMPLEX HALLWAY - MORNING

The three walk down the hall. COSPLAY, a 20s female in her  
late 20s who is reluctant to reveal her name dressed in a gi  
from the Karate Kid, is walking toward them carrying a box.

ALEXANDER  
(to Eric)  
By the way, you guys should do  
something about that colonial guy  
on the cereal box. Scratch his face  
out or something.  
(Shivers)  
Creepy.

Eric ignores the comment, too transfixed by Cosplay.

ERIC  
Who are you?

Alexander stops in his tracks.

ALEXANDER  
Yes. Who are you?

There seems to be a moment of recognition between the two. Is Alexander asking about her identity as Eric was or her out-of-place attire? The costumed girl rolls her eyes and walks past Elizabeth.

ELIZABETH  
I know how you feel.

INT. - ALEXANDER'S APARTMENT - MORNING

The three enter the apartment to find...nothing. There's a baseball bean bag chair, an empty pizza box, a Yellowbook with pages torn out and strewn about, an iPad, and a bunch of baseball bats leaning against a wall.

ALEXANDER  
This is...my bat cave.

He picks up a bat.

ALEXANDER (CONT'D)  
Get it?

ERIC  
(laughing)  
Hey, that's pretty good.

ELIZABETH  
No it's not.  
(to Alexander)  
Why are you here?

ALEXANDER  
My wife kicked me out. She said something about needing to learn to take care of myself. So I thought to myself, "Hey, I own that place where Elizabeth lives."

ELIZABETH  
Always the first thought you should have. Why are we here?

There is a pregnant pause as Alexander thinks.

ALEXANDER  
(hesitant)  
I need furniture?

Eric nods energetically causing Alexander to smile. The two are bonding, like two halves finally find each other.

ERIC

It's true. He does need furniture.

Elizabeth looks at the two of them, bends down, and picks up the iPad.

ELIZABETH

Use Google.

She hands the iPad to Alexander and walks to the door.

ELIZABETH (CONT'D)

I don't have time for this. I have to get to work. Right, *boss*?

Alexander grins.

ALEXANDER

About that. I thought that since we're next door neighbors now...

ELIZABETH

We're not carpooling.

SMASHCUT:

INT. - ELIZABETH'S CAR - MORNING

They're carpooling. Elizabeth is driving, trying to focus on the road. Alexander is fiddling with his iPad, trying to figure it out.

ELIZABETH

(sarcastically)

Did you get to Google yet?

ALEXANDER

Yes! This is amazing! I can buy a beanbag chair *with Batman on it*.

ELIZABETH

You could also not buy a beanbag chair.

Dings start going off as Elizabeth gets text messages. Since her phone is connected to the dash through bluetooth we see the names "Eric" and "Succubus" popping up repeatedly.

ALEXANDER  
 (confused)  
 Is that mine?

ELIZABETH  
 No.

The texts are coming fast and furious now as Elizabeth is trying to ignore them. Finally, her phone rings and the name "Succubus" pops up.

ALEXANDER  
 Who's that?

ELIZABETH  
 No one. Be quiet.

Elizabeth answers the phone. On the other end is DELILAH HOROWITZ, a late-20s woman dressed as the wannabe-Hollywood-bigshot she is who Elizabeth has given the unflattering nickname "Succubus" for reasons we're about to witness.

ELIZABETH (CONT'D)  
 Hello?

EXT. - CITY STREET - MORNING

Delilah is standing on the street somewhere unidentifiable positively glowing with excitement.

DELILAH  
 So you are not going to believe who I just met.

INTERCUT BETWEEN ELIZABETH AND DELILAH

ELIZABETH  
 No. I'm probably not.

DELILAH  
 Thor!

ELIZABETH  
 Chris Hemsworth?

DELILAH  
 Who? No. Thor!

ELIZABETH  
 Chris Hemsworth *is*...  
 (sigh)  
 Just tell me what happened.

DELILAH  
(an excited child)  
So I was standing in line for  
coffee...

CUT TO:

INT. - COFFEE BEAN - EARLIER THAT MORNING

Delilah is standing in line between NERD #1 and NERD #1, Think "The Big Bang Theory," fiddling on her cell phone. In front of them is "THOR," a tall muscular guy with shoulder length blonde hair who we only see from the back.

NERD #1  
Dude, look who it is.

He points to the guy in front of him, who we assume is Chris Hemsworth.

NERD #2  
Who? I can't tell.

NERD #1  
I'll give you a hint. Greek God.  
Iconic character.

CUT TO:

INT. ELIZABETH'S CAR - MORNING

ELIZABETH  
Thor was Norse, not Greek.

CUT BACK TO:

INT. - COFFEE BEAN - EARLIER THAT MORNING

NERD #2  
That's *Hercules*?

Nerd #2 reaches forward to tap the man who now assume is Kevin Sorbo on the shoulder. Nerd #1 stops him.

NERD #1  
Dude, don't touch him! He'll snap  
you in half.

Delilah's attention is finally caught. She looks up from her phone and leans forward.

DELILAH  
 Wait, are you telling me that's  
 Thor?

As Kevin Sorbo takes his coffee and leaves, Nerd #1 looks at Delilah like she's retarded.

NERD #1  
 (sarcastic)  
 Yeah, lady, that's Thor.

Delilah turns to watch Kevin Sorbo walk out then follows him until he goes into a GNC.

CUT BACK TO:

INT. - ELIZABETH'S CAR - MORNING

STILL INTERCUTTING BETWEEN ELIZABETH AND DELILAH.

ELIZABETH  
 So you're stalking Hercules?

DELILAH  
 Thor. And I'm not stalking him. I'm  
 pursuing him.

ELIZABETH  
 Well I'm sure you'll reach Mt.  
 Olympus in no time.

DELILAH  
 Is that where he lives?

ELIZABETH  
 I have to go. I'm on my way into  
 work.

END INTERCUT.

Elizabeth hangs up the phone. For a few seconds, there is serene silence. Then the dinging starts again. The word "Boss" is displayed. He is emailing her from his iPad.

ELIZABETH (CONT'D)  
 (to Alexander)  
 What are you doing? I'm sitting  
 right here.

Two more dings. Emails from Alexander.

ALEXANDER

Did you know you could email  
pictures from the web on this  
thing?

Elizabeth doesn't respond.

ALEXANDER (CONT'D)

What do you think of this couch?

Another ding.

END OF ACT ONE



ACT TWO

EXT. - CITY PARK - DAY

In a lush city park JORGE "SPEEDY" GONZALEZ, a former major league turned minor league ball player in his mid-30s, orates in a Speedy Gonzalez costume. He is trying his best to seem enthused, but not really succeeding. Fortunately this is a low budget local advertisement.

JORGE

So follow me to the offices of  
Hernandez y Garcia.  
(imitating Speedy)  
¡Andale! ¡Andale! ¡Arriba! ¡Arriba!

INT. - ELIZABETH'S OFFICE - DAY

As Jorge runs off screen and the ad cuts to its final shot, we PULL OUT to see Elizabeth and Jorge watching it on YouTube on her computer.

ANNOUNCER (V.O.)

Hernandez y Garcia, el agentes de  
la gente.

As the ad stops, Elizabeth looks at Jorge.

ELIZABETH

What's the problem?

JORGE

It went viral.

ELIZABETH

That's good. We can use this.

Elizabeth is completely calm. Jorge is having trouble processing why.

JORGE

I'm not even Mexican.

ELIZABETH

Sure you are.

JORGE

I'm Dominican. You know that.

ELIZABETH

I know that, but does everybody  
else?

JORGE  
(attitude)  
I'm black. How many black Mexicans  
do you know?

ELIZABETH  
That's racist.

JORGE  
Oh sure, the Asian girl is going to  
tell me about racism.

ELIZABETH  
Filipino.

JORGE  
Same difference.

ELIZABETH  
(incredulous)  
*That's* racist.

Jorge doesn't care. He still isn't accepting that this is  
happening.

JORGE  
It went *viral*.

ELIZABETH  
(as to a child)  
Yeah...and this is the most fame  
you've had in years.

JORGE  
Dressed up like a cartoon  
character.

ELIZABETH  
This is LA. You're the face of the  
franchise. If anything, you  
should've asked if you could keep  
the hat.

(beat)  
Nevermind, actually, I bet we can  
do a cross promotion with Warner  
Bros and get one.

Elizabeth starts typing furiously on her computer, now  
oblivious to Jorge's plight. An idea flashes across her face.

ELIZABETH (CONT'D)  
I've got it! Speedy Gonzalez Day at  
Six Flags.

JORGE  
 You want me to dress up like that  
*again?*

The ding of Elizabeth's phone interrupts the conversation.  
 She looks to see a text from "Boss."

ALEXANDER  
 (text message)  
 Could you and Jorge come to my  
 office?

Ding.

ALEXANDER (CONT'D)  
 (text message)  
 And make it

Ding. Ding. Ding. Ding.

ALEXANDER (CONT'D)  
 (text message)  
 ¡Andale!  
 (text message)  
 ¡Andale!  
 (text message)  
 ¡Arriba!  
 (text message)  
 ¡Arriba!

Elizabeth looks up from her phone at Jorge.

ELIZABETH  
 He just figured out how to text.

JORGE  
 (dryly)  
 Increible.

CUT TO:

INT. - ALEXANDER'S OFFICE - DAY

Elizabeth, Jorge, and Alexander are standing in the doorway  
 to the office. All of the furniture is pushed to one wall  
 while all of the artwork/decorations are pushed to the  
 opposite.

ALEXANDER  
 It needs Fun Shoe.

JORGE  
 It needs what now?

Jorge looks at Elizabeth.

ELIZABETH  
Don't look at me. I'm not getting  
involved.

Alexander can't grasp that he's not making sense.

ALEXANDER  
Fun Shoe...

He grabs his iPad and opens Wikipedia.

ALEXANDER (CONT'D)  
Look, I was doing research on the  
Pedia-

ELIZABETH  
(unamused)  
Nobody calls it that.

ALEXANDER  
-on furniture when I found out  
about this thing where based on the  
energy of the room you rearrange  
your furniture to optimize your  
luck.

JORGE  
(realizing)  
Oh, *Feng Shui*?

ALEXANDER  
(excited)  
Yes! You know how it works then?

JORGE  
I have no idea. Ask the Asian girl.

Elizabeth reacts the same as she did to Jorge's Asian comment  
before.

ELIZABETH  
(incredulous)  
Racist.

Before the conversation can continue, the first few bars of  
"Golden Boy" by the Barenaked Ladies starts to play. It's  
Elizabeth's ring tone for Eric.

ELIZABETH (CONT'D)  
(familiar)  
Yes?

INT. - TOLLBOOTH - DAY

Eric is eating a submarine sandwich and leaning his back against the toll booth opening. Honking can be heard in the background.

ERIC

I'm on my lunch break if you want to continue your story now.

INTERCUT BETWEEN ELIZABETH AND ERIC

ELIZABETH

Are you sure, it sounds pretty busy where you...where are you?

Alexander now has Jorge pushing furniture around in the background.

ERIC

I'm in a toll booth, doing research for my role. It's interesting. A lot of people seem angry. I really have to find my center and keep my cool.

Alexander feigns like he is helping, but Jorge grunts as he does all the lifting himself.

ERIC (CONT'D)

Besides it doesn't sound too quiet there anyway.

ELIZABETH

They're...moving around some assets. Do you want to hear it or what?

A dime hits Eric in the back of the head. He reaches to shield himself reflexively.

ERIC

Go ahead before I get killed.

CUT TO:

INT. - GAS STATION CONVENIENCE STORE - LAST NIGHT

Still dressed in her date outfit, Elizabeth walks into the store breathing heavily, her face dripping with sweat. She drags herself over to the counter.

CLERK

Yes?

ELIZABETH

My...date forgot to fill up. I need to bring him a gallon of gas so he can get the car here to fill up.

CLERK

Ok, do you have a cannister?

ELIZABETH

A what? No...

(realizing, resigned)

Do I have to buy one?

CLERK

We don't have any.

ELIZABETH

This is a gas station-nevermind. I really don't want to walk all that way back just to ask for what he most likely doesn't have.

CLERK

Why'd you go on a date with this guy again?

ELIZABETH

(unsure)

He was nice?

CLERK

I'm nice. What's your number?

ELIZABETH

555 not the best time, dude.

CLERK

(laughing)

Fair enough. Look, if you get a gallon of water and dump it out, you can fill it with gas and bring it to him. You just can't take too long or it'll eat the through the plastic.

ELIZABETH

Oh good. I was hoping to somehow turn this into an Olympic event.

Elizabeth goes to the cooler in the back of the store and grabs a jug of water. She heads toward the exit, pushes the door open ringing the bell...

CLERK  
Hey, where are you going?

ELIZABETH  
To get gas...

CLERK  
You have to pay for that.

ELIZABETH  
It's water...  
(beat)  
I'm going to put *your* gas in it.

CLERK  
That's \$2.38.

Elizabeth walks back to the counter and puts three dollars down. While the clerk runs the register and makes change, she chugs as much of the water as she can.

CLERK (CONT'D)  
Don't drown yourself.

ELIZABETH  
What? I paid for it, I'm not going to waste it.

CLERK  
It's water...

Elizabeth forces a smile, takes her change, puts the cap back on the water, and heads for the door.

CLERK (CONT'D)  
(yelling after her)  
Good luck with your date. Call me when it doesn't work out.

CUT BACK TO:

INT. - ALEXANDER'S OFFICE - DAY

STILL INTERCUTTING WITH ERIC.

ELIZABETH  
I had to pay for the water myself. And when I brought him the gas, he didn't even say thank you.  
(MORE)

ELIZABETH (CONT'D)

He just looked at me funny and asked "Why are you carrying it in a water jug?"

Another dime hits Eric in the back of the head.

ERIC

Ow.

ELIZABETH

And you're never going to guess where he took me to eat...

Indistinguishable screaming is heard in the background. Eric turns around to see an ANGRY DRIVER cupping a handful of change.

ERIC

(to driver)

What's your deal, man?

ANGRY DRIVER

You've got a whole line of cars. Do your job instead of talking to your girlfriend.

Eric is completely unaffected. This is part of his research.

ERIC

It's hard to stay focused though. I need something to occupy my mind. This job kind of sucks.

In Alexander's office, Elizabeth is listening to all this while Alexander now only directs Jorge on where to move all the furniture, ceasing pretending to help.

ANGRY DRIVER

Then text her.

The Angry Driver hands Eric a bunch of change and starts to roll away. Eric counts it quickly and then yells after him.

ERIC

This is only \$1.30. You still owe me 20 cents!

ANGRY DRIVER

(yelling)

I threw it at you already. Pick it up!



The man drives away. A FEMALE DRIVER pulls up and stares at Eric with the phone to his ear. She has a defeated look on her face.

ERIC  
 (to Elizabeth)  
 I have to go. These people are  
 crazy.

ELIZABETH  
 (looking at the Feng Shui)  
 Tell me about it.

END INTERCUT

INT. - ALEXANDER'S OFFICE - DAY

Elizabeth refocuses on Alexander and Jorge's ridiculous activity and notices a PHOTOGRAPHER, male mid-20s with scraggly facial hair, on the other side of the office's window snapping pictures a mile a minute.

ELIZABETH  
 Hey, Mexican movers I found on  
 Craigslist, did you notice the guy  
 outside taking pictures of you?

Jorge drops the end of a couch he was dragging. Alexander, sitting on the other end, waves to the Photographer.

JORGE  
 I'm not Mexican.

ALEXANDER  
 I hope he got my good side.  
 (beat)  
 Which side is someone's good side?

Elizabeth walks over to the window and opens it, hitting the photographer in the face because of how close he was standing.

ELIZABETH  
*What* are you doing?

PHOTOGRAPHER  
 Getting some good shots. Your boy's  
 the hot story.

ELIZABETH  
 Really? LiLo hasn't done anything  
 crazy today? No break downs, drugs,  
 car crashes?

PHOTOGRAPHER

No one cares when a dog barks. It's LA. Use it to your advantage.

(beat)

By the way, tell them they're reading the energy of the room all wrong. They need to focus everything around the South corner.

Elizabeth turns to Alexander and Jorge.

ELIZABETH

Did you hear that? He said you're senile so you should retire and go to Florida for the winter.

The photographer laughs and hands Elizabeth his card.

PHOTOGRAPHER

You're cute. Give me a call.

She takes the card and slams the window in his face. He falls backwards out of the show.

ELIZABETH

(to Jorge)

Come with me. We have to check the damage.

Jorge and Elizabeth leave the office. Alexander looks around confused.

ALEXANDER

So we achieved Fun Shoe?

CUT TO:

INT. - ELIZABETH'S OFFICE - DAY

Elizabeth and Jorge enter into the office, intent on using the computer. However, Delilah is already on it. Over her shoulder we see pictures of Chris Hemsworth.

ELIZABETH

(as speaking to a child)

Delilah...what are you doing here?

DELILAH

What does it look like I'm doing?

Elizabeth and Jorge both look at the computer more intently.

JORGE  
You're looking at pictures of Chris Hemsworth?

DELILAH  
Who? This is Thor.

JORGE  
Chris Hemsworth is-

Elizabeth signals with her hand for him to be quiet.

ELIZABETH  
I see that. But why are you *here*?  
Couldn't you do that at your apartment. Or the library. Or on your smart phone?

DELILAH  
(annoyed)  
Because he's here, *obviously*.

JORGE  
Chris Hemsworth is here?

DELILAH  
Who *is* that? I'm talking about Thor.

Elizabeth's patience has worn thin.

ELIZABETH  
(to Jorge)  
Chris Hemsworth isn't here.  
(to Delilah)  
Get up.

Delilah does as commanded, standing next to Jorge. She gives him the look up and down and instantly changes her demeanor to preening. Elizabeth sits at her computer and starts clicking furiously.

DELILAH  
(to Jorge)  
Hi. I'm Samantha. I don't know why she calls me Delilah. She thinks it's funny or something.

She extends her hand. Jorge accepts it tentatively.

JORGE  
Ok, Samantha. It's nice to meet you. I'm Jorge.

DELILAH  
 (trying too hard)  
 Ooh, Jorge, I like that name. What  
 are you, Mexican?

Jorge is visibly annoyed. Before he can respond, Elizabeth exclaims.

ELIZABETH  
 See!

The group focuses on the screen again. A picture of Jorge holding up the end of the couch as Alexander sits on it is displayed prominently on a tabloid blog with the headline "Speedy's Loco Training Regiment."

JORGE  
 (upset)  
 See!

DELILAH  
 (excited)  
 See!

Elizabeth and Jorge spin around to see what Delilah is referring to, as there is no way it's the blog. We just catch the back of Kevin Sorbo through the door frame as he walks by.

DELILAH (CONT'D)  
 I told you he was here!

SMASHCUT:

EXT. - BATTING CAGES - DAY

Elizabeth, Jorge, and Delilah are watching Kevin Sorbo in the batting cages. From behind we watch them and only see Sorbo's back. Delilah is gleeful as high school girl about to be asked to prom. The Photographer bounces around taking pictures of the group.

ELIZABETH  
 Well, this story just keeps getting  
 better.

Jorge leans over and whispers to her.

JORGE  
 She knows that's Kevin Sorbo,  
 right?

Elizabeth's head drops.

END OF ACT TWO

ACT THREE

EXT. - APARTMENT COMPLEX HALLWAY - NIGHT

Elizabeth walks up to her apartment to find the door wide open. Alexander is walking behind her carrying a Batman beanbag chair. She looks at him as he walks by.

ELIZABETH  
You're really going to keep that?

ALEXANDER  
It smells like-

CUT TO:

INT. - ELIZABETH'S CAR - EARLIER THAT NIGHT

Elizabeth is focused on driving, ignoring all the dinging from the text messages she's receiving. Alexander gets really excited and hits her on the shoulder.

ALEXANDER  
Pull over!

ELIZABETH  
(in pain)  
What? OK...

Before the car even stops, Alexander jumps out. He returns a couple seconds later clutching the Batman beanbag chair to his chest.

ELIZABETH (CONT'D)  
Back seat.

Alexander sits in the backseat.

ELIZABETH (CONT'D)  
(grossed out)  
What does that thing smell like?

CUT BACK TO:

EXT. - APARTMENT COMPLEX HALLWAY - NIGHT

ALEXANDER  
(proud)  
Justice.

Alexander peels away, down the hall to his apartment.

INT. - ELIZABETH AND ERIC'S APARTMENT - NIGHT

Elizabeth enters her apartment to see boxes everywhere, some open, their contents strewn about.

ELIZABETH

Hello?

Cosplay walks out of her room and stops.

COSPLAY

Hi.

The two size each other up for a moment.

ELIZABETH

Who are you?

Cosplay looks at her costume then back at Elizabeth.

COSPLAY

Really?

(exasperated)

You people!

Cosplay runs back into her room, slamming the door.

ELIZABETH

(confused)

That's racist?

Elizabeth's phone starts dinging again. She looks to see she has texts from Jorge and Delilah.

JORGE

(text)

Met a huge fan from Toronto. He loved the video. You were right. Let's do this.

Jorge's next text is a picture of him with the fan who is dressed "stereotypically Canadian"--in a Blue Jays hat and a Maple Leafs jersey with pins of the Maple Leaf and the word "Eh?"

ELIZABETH

That might be racist. I don't even know.

A few more dings.

DELILAH

(text)

OMG!!!

(MORE)

DELILAH (CONT'D)

(text)

U wont believe it!!

(text)

I have a date with Thor!

(text)

:) :) :)

ELIZABETH

She's right. I won't believe it.

Delilah's next text is a picture of her with Kevin Sorbo. She's holding the camera with one hand and he looks kind of terrified.

ELIZABETH (CONT'D)

(wryly)

Unbelievable.

Eric returns home carrying a pizza. He looks around the room.

ERIC

What the hell happened?

ELIZABETH

I think some girl dressed as the Karate Kid is squatting in our empty room.

ERIC

Oh yeah, I forget to tell you that Alexander said we're getting a new roommate.

Eric puts the pizza down on the kitchen counter. They start eating it.

ELIZABETH

How was the toll booth?

ERIC

It was alright, until I put this on anyway.

He takes a Phantom of the Opera mask out of his bag and puts it on.

ELIZABETH

(disbelief)

Are you serious?

ERIC

Yeah, you might see that one on the news. I feel really prepared for this audition now though.



ELIZABETH  
Eric, there's no actual tollbooth operator in "The Phantom Tollbooth."

ERIC  
I know. I'm reading for the voice of the Tollbooth.

ELIZABETH  
(not understanding)  
The Tollbooth...talks?

ERIC  
Yeah, I thought you've read the book? Anyway, how about the rest of your story?

Elizabeth regains her composure as Eric takes off the mask and locks the front door.

ERIC (CONT'D)  
No interruptions.

Elizabeth grabs a slice of pizza.

ELIZABETH  
So you're not going to believe where he took me to eat...

SMASHCUT TO:

INT. - WENDY'S - THE PREVIOUS NIGHT

Elizabeth and her date are standing in the entrance to Wendy's. Elizabeth is staring at him with her arms crossed, tapping her foot.

ELIZABETH  
(disbelief)  
Are you serious?

ELIZABETH'S DATE  
Super serial.

ELIZABETH  
Excuse me?

ELIZABETH'S DATE  
Al Gore on South Park...

ELIZABETH  
 (short)  
 I know the reference. I watch South  
 Park.

They walk up to the register.

ELIZABETH'S DATE  
 Ok, you can have any two items-

He holds up two fingers, as if talking to someone who isn't  
 very bright.

ELIZABETH  
 (still, disbelief)  
 You're serious?

ELIZABETH'S DATE  
 Off the dollar menu.

ELIZABETH  
 (defeated)  
 You're serious.

Elizabeth's date is not grasping how badly he is embarrassing  
 himself. The CASHIER has a big grin on his face as he  
 understands.

ELIZABETH'S DATE  
 Yeah...

ELIZABETH  
 (to cashier)  
 Ok then I'll have a Frosty and  
 small fries.

The cashier is holding back laughter.

CASHIER  
 (grinning widely)  
 Will that be all?

Elizabeth's date isn't picking this up at all.

ELIZABETH  
 (frustrated)  
 Really, dude?

CASHIER  
 Ok. That'll be \$2.18.

CUT BACK TO:

INT. - ELIZABETH AND ERIC'S APARTMENT - NIGHT

Eric is laughing so hard at this story. Elizabeth is not pleased.

ELIZABETH  
Really, dude?

ERIC  
C'mon, you have to laugh at that.

ELIZABETH  
(incredulous)  
At what? The food cost \$2.18. The gallon of water to carry the gas cost \$2.38. I paid 20 cents to go on that date!  
(beat)  
And why only two items?!

ERIC  
What's his job again?

ELIZABETH  
Computer Programmer.

ALEXANDER (O.C.)  
Well what did you expect? He sits in front of a computer all day.  
Nerd.

As in the beginning of the first act, Alexander is standing at the kitchen counter, this time eating their pizza.

ALEXANDER (CONT'D)  
Where'd you get this? It's pretty good.

ERIC  
I locked the door...

ALEXANDER  
Dude. I'm your landlord. I have a key.

ERIC  
(understanding)  
Right.

Eric grabs another slice of pizza.

ALEXANDER

(to Elizabeth)

By the way, that beanbag really brought the room together. And it made me realize, I don't need to buy furniture. I'm just going to hang out here anyway.

As Elizabeth watches the two guys enjoying herself, her phone dings with another text. She takes it out of her pocket to check it.

ELIZABETH'S DATE

(text)

I think I owe you 20 cents.

END OF ACT THREE

TAG

INT. - OUTSIDE COSPLAY'S ROOM - NIGHT

CLOSEUP on the door as a thumbpad and iris scanner lock are being installed by a pair of white gloved hands. As they finish we PULL OUT to see Cosplay, dressed in full Tom-Cruise-Mission-Impossible gear, inputting her thumb print and iris pattern and entering her room.

INT. - COSPLAY'S ROOM - NIGHT

Cosplay slams the door shut and makes sure it's secure.

COSPLAY  
Finally, insulated.

A mumbled voice comes from somewhere. We turn with Cosplay to see the security monitor she has set up. On it, Alexander is peering directly into a camera outside the apartment, clearly confused.

ALEXANDER  
(through monitor)  
Did I say you could install this?

Cosplay sits and leans back, resting her feet on her desk.

ALEXANDER (CONT'D)  
(through monitor)  
I'm tweeting about this!

Ding. Cosplay looks at her phone.

ALEXANDER (CONT'D)  
(text message)  
Tenant installed security cameras  
without my consent. #20Cents

Ding.

ALEXANDER (CONT'D)  
(text message)  
\*#2Cents

Cosplay leans forward and pushes a button on her computer's keyboard.

COSPLAY  
Those aren't tweets.

On monitor, Alexander looking even more confused.

CUT TO BLACK.

END OF SHOW