

BUBBLE

Written by

Jordan Morris

7948 Blackburn Ave.  
#3  
Los Angeles, CA 90048  
949-637-8747

SFX: Early morning birdsong. Jogging footsteps. Heavy breathing [WILD TRACK WITH MORGAN]. Distant chatter of voices. \*

This is all happening now. But it's happening someplace else.

In a public park at the crack of dawn, Morgan Kay is out for her daily run. She's wearing a tattered T-shirt, hideous day-glo fanny pack and a look that says "Hey, maybe don't try and talk to me while I'm jogging, okay?"

SFX: Jogging and breathing sounds continue. Chattering voices are getting closer. \*

She pops in earbuds and begins to run across her picturesque urban paradise underneath a beautiful blue sky. Guys with huge lumberjack beards and women dressed like 80s break dancers all brunch and vape and walk shelter dogs and have too-loud conversations like this:

HIPSTER #1

This new cleanse is super bomb. I can eat anything I want to between 1:40 and 1:55am. The rest of the day I just inhale a series of steams.

HIPSTER #2

I'm just so much more present since I deleted Twitter and Facebook from my phone. It's given me more time to just "exist" you know?

HIPSTER #3

Documentaries! I can't get enough documentaries!

SFX: The chattering voices start to fade away. The jogging and breathing sounds continue. In the background a second set of steps and breaths grow in volume. \*

Morgan turns a corner and is flanked by another jogger.

CHAD

Hey, nice fanny pack. You know, "fanny" is what British people call the lady privates.

This is CHAD, a man who clearly just read a how-to on a pickup artist subreddit titled "How to talk to a woman who is wearing headphones" Going to wager a guess and say he's also SUPER into bitcoin too.

MORGAN

Sorry, can't hear you. I have earbuds in.

CHAD

Well, take them out.

MORGAN

These actually don't come out. It's inconvenient, but the plus side is that I don't have to hear strangers' terrible vagina jokes.

CHAD

Hey, wait up! I just thought it would be fun to talk while we jog...

SFX: A creature attacks

Before Chad can finish his sentence, a reptilian monster erupts out of nowhere and latches on to his face. It's about the size of a monkey and has long bat-like wings.

MORGAN

(to herself)

This'll be fun.

MUSIC: Fight Music

SFX: Monster noises. Fanny Pack being opened. Effort noises from Morgan. Screaming and whimpering from Chad.

\*  
\*

Morgan tears open her fanny pack and produces a dagger made of bone.

She shoulder checks the creature off of the jogger, then dodges it's teeth, claws and tail, getting in a shank with her dagger after every dodge. She catches it under the chin and it slumps over, dead.

MUSIC: Fight Music ends

\*

CHAD

Hey, thanks for that. You should let me take your hot monster-killing butt to brunch. I know this great little place that's not a total scene on the weekends...

SFX: Morgan punches him out.

MORGAN

(badass)

Sorry, I had a Powerbar before I  
left the house... oh wait, I  
knocked you out. Well whatever.

She lies on her back and looks at the sky. A billboard  
reads: "Welcome to Fairhaven".

SFX: Electronic flicker

The sky flickers and flashes. It's being projected on a giant  
screen. Through the defective panel, Morgan can see the dark  
red sky outside her perfect Bubble. The defective screen  
flashes back on. Blue sky again.

SFX: Transition

SFX: Creature butchering. Slime sloshing into a bucket.       \*

Slight bathroom FX on voices.                                       \*

Later, in Morgan's bathroom, the creature is strung up over  
the tub. She's skinning it and letting it's orange-ish blood  
drip into a bucket.

Her roommate, Annie lazily watches while eating a breakfast  
burrito. Annie is the kind of person who is used to waking up  
in piles of things.

ANNIE

(Eating a burrito)

Thanks for getting this. I didn't  
think you were going to.

MORGAN

No sweat. What kind of a roommate  
would I be if I didn't provide the  
grease you need to destroy your  
hangover?

SFX: Monster skin ripping. More slime pouring into a bucket

ANNIE

Yeah, it's doing that thing where  
the cheese is all in one big  
deposit. It should be spread out  
more over the length of the  
burrito... but that's not your  
fault.

MORGAN

I could have mentioned it to  
them... to make sure to distribute  
the cheese.

ANNIE

Yeah, I guess you could have.

SFX: Another gush of slime spatters into the bucket.

\*

ANNIE (CONT'D)

Hey, make sure to clean the tub. I might need to shower today.

MORGAN

Don't give me that. You've been wearing the same pair of track pants since Tuesday. They still have the size sticker on the leg.

ANNIE

Oh yeah. They do. Well still... I was thinking today might be the day.

SFX: Morgan hands bucket to Annie

MORGAN

Ok. I'll clean the bathroom, you find some of your junkies and pawn this off on them.

ANNIE

First of all: Don't call my customers junkies. They're simple scumbags. Second: This stuff needs to undergo sophisticated processing before it can get those scumbags properly fucked up without killing them.

MORGAN

My apologies to the scumbag community.

ANNIE

Annnndddd...

MORGAN

And to you, my brilliant hustle-genius of a roommate. The best thing I ever got off Craigslist.

ANNIE

Aw shucks. I know that death struggles are easier for you than feelings, so I really appreciate that.

MORGAN  
 (playful)  
 Yeah, yeah.

SFX: The monster rears to life.

ANNIE  
 It's still alive! Kill it!

MORGAN  
 I don't have any weapons!

ANNIE  
 Hit it with the shower head!

SFX: Morgan wacks the monster with the shower head. Gunk sprays. It slumps over dead.

ANNIE (CONT'D)  
 Shit... my burrito got some gunk on it.

MORGAN  
 Don't eat it.

ANNIE  
 I wasn't going to.

SFX: Transition

SFX: Bar chatter

Music: soft jazzy piano in the background

A hipster cocktail bar. Mitch Murray, a man who tucks in his shirt 3 times a year sidles up to a well-dressed business woman.

MITCH  
 Love this place. After a long day these cocktails are VERY necessary.

WELL-DRESSED WOMAN  
 (playing along)  
 Oh? What do you spend your "long days" doing?

MITCH  
 Right now? Just like... lots of projects. Mostly in the app space. Disrupting. Social media. It's kind of where everything is going these days.

WELL-DRESSED WOMAN

(humoring him)

Couldn't agree more. It's 2018 and the internet's never been bigger.

MITCH

I just want whatever I'm doing to make people's lives better, whether it's in the app space, or the poetry space, or some other space that we haven't even thought of yet. Like robot maids. Oh, the bartender is coming, let me get you something.

BARTENDER

(to Mitch)

You the Postmates guy? Here's the order. Please make sure those assholes see that we included the extra Parmesan this time. I don't need them calling here.

WELL-DRESSED WOMAN

Driving food around for Postmates huh?

MITCH

Technically in the app space.

WELL-DRESSED WOMAN

You got me there.

MITCH

After I drop this off, I can come back and buy you a drink.

WELL-DRESSED WOMAN

Please don't.

SFX: Transition

In a ritzy neighborhood, Mitch climbs a flight of stairs up to a beautiful brownstone.

SFX: Doorbell. Door opens. Sounds of a party inside

Chad, the jogger from earlier, answers the door. I know, I'm mad this dipshit has a nice house too. On the plus side, he's got a black eye where Morgan decked him.

CHAD

Postmates? Hey, would you stick around until I make sure they included the extra Parmesan? Food's here! Everybody eat up, even if you're on a cleanse. We're all going to need our strength for later.

(recognizing Mitch)

Holy shit, Mitch Murray? It's Chad Donaldson! We both went to Fairhaven U!

MITCH

Oh yeah... hey buddy.

CHAD

(to guests)

Hey everyone! This fly motherfucker used to make a cocktail out of Dayquil and Miller High Life and serve it out of a kiddie pool on his balcony.

MITCH

No, that wasn't me.

CHAD

It wasn't? Huh. Well, what did you do?

MITCH

I had some LAN parties. Like where everyone hooks up their computers in the same room to play games. I had a mini-fridge so we had sodas and cold Snickers and stuff. Did you ever come to any of those?

CHAD

No man. I didn't.

MITCH

Oh... well, maybe you did and just forgot.

(an awkward silence)

Hey, are you ok? I noticed the black eye.

CHAD

Ah, it's nothing. Jogging accident. So, what are you up to now?



MITCH

Well... driving for Postmates...  
and some other stuff in the app  
space. It's cool cause you can make  
your own schedule and do other  
projects.

CHAD

Cool. Like what kind of projects?

MITCH

Just like... stuff that's in the  
brainstorming phases right now.

Mitch looks around and notices a silver tray covered with  
knives, saws, and other dangerous looking implements sitting  
casually next to the finger foods. He tries not to look  
shocked.

CHAD

Well, I'm doing the entertainment  
lawyer thing right now, but I hope  
it will be a kind of back door into  
producing.

(to guests)

Hey guys, "back door!"

SFX: He makes a fart sound with his mouth and all his guests  
laugh. Mitch tries to join in.

CHAD (CONT'D)

I'm also getting really into  
Bitcoin.

Ha! See, I knew it! Sorry.

CHAD (CONT'D)

This is my GF Carla, she has an  
Etsy store where she sells those  
dreamcatcher pendants you probably  
see around. That's Kris with a K,  
like half the people in this city,  
she works up at Tandem, and that's  
Brad. That dude gets. Shit. Done.

BRAD

What WHAT!

CHAD

Can you stick around or do you have  
to get back to the grind?

MITCH

(excited but trying to  
play it cool)  
I can chill for a little bit.

CHAD

Great! We're actually just about to  
start the cool shit. Grab a  
cocktail and let's all head to the  
basement.

SFX: Guests chattering

MITCH

Hey, before we do this, can I say  
some stuff about my sexual  
boundaries real quick? I'm not  
seeing anyone right now, so I'm  
totally open to stuff. I think both  
male and female nudity are  
beautiful in their own ways, but as  
far as anything bondage or pain-  
related goes I might have to tap  
out. I am told I'm great at  
cunnilingus.

SFX: Laughter [record this as wildtrack with a group of  
people - these sort of group vocal FX are never great lifted  
straight from the FX drive - much better to mix them in with  
'group voices' you record]

\*  
\*  
\*  
\*

CHAD

Check out this fly motherfucker! He  
thinks this is a sex thing! Bro,  
you've been having a little too  
much of your own Dayquil punch!

MITCH

That wasn't me. I never made that.

CHAD

Dude, tonight's about something way  
cooler than boning down. Come with  
us.

SFX: A chained up monster struggles

They descend into the basement. Chained up in the corner is  
one of the monsters. This one is similar to the one we saw  
earlier, but covered with thick fur. There are two bloody  
stumps where its wings used to be.

CHAD (CONT'D)

The dude I buy molly from knows a guy who smuggles them in from The Brush. They're tons of fun to fuck up.

MITCH

Whoa. I've never seen one up close before.

CHAD

They're great for getting your rage out. Plus, it's kind of like a public service because they like attack people who are just jogging and trying to talk to chicks and shit.

SFX: The beast growls and swipes at Mitch

MITCH

Ah! My arm!

CHAD

Whoa! Cooter brought us a fighter! Mitch buddy, we can bandage that up for you. You'll get the first crack at this little goblin.

SFX: The beast roars and the chain snaps! Everyone screams

SFX: Fight music

Mitch's wound begins to pulse. It's almost like it's reacting to the beast's screams.

MITCH

Get upstairs now!  
Hey man... Monster... whatever... I know you're freaked out. I don't know how I know that. But we won't hurt you if we can just leave.

The monster looks like it's calming down.

SFX: Chad throws a knife and it hits the wall

Just then, Chad grabs one of the knives from the tray and hurls it, missing the monster by a bunch.

SFX: The monster roars.

The monster roars and its claws rocket out of its hands to twice their size. Mitch's wound pulses like crazy. Before the monster can strike...

MITCH (CONT'D)  
(pained)  
Ahhh!!!

SFX: The Sting. A goopy laser blast

Mitch points his hand and a messy blast of organic goo and bright light fires at the monster and strikes it dead.

MITCH (CONT'D)  
Okay, I'm headed out to make some more runs. Make sure to rate me five stars.

SFX: Transition

SFX: Frantic knocking

MORGAN  
Hey... can I help you?

MITCH  
(frantic)  
Hi, you're Annie's roommate right? I'm Mitch. She and I went on like two, two and a half Tinder dates earlier this year. I think I crashed on that couch when we were drunk. Nothing happened sexually and we kind of just stopped texting. I think it was a mutual thing. I just had some crazy stuff happen with an Imp from The Brush. This guy I went to college had one and he didn't remember my mini-fridge.

MORGAN  
Shit. This is going to be annoying, isn't it?

ACT 2

Annie sits with a still-shaken Mitch on the couch. Morgan is making food in the kitchen.

SFX: Morgan busy in the kitchen

MITCH

Sorry I came by. I just remembered you guys make drugs or whatever from stuff that comes from The Brush.

MORGAN

(to Annie)

Wow, you tell guys you meet on Tinder that you and your roommate make narcotics from the blood of carnivorous Imps?

ANNIE

(to Morgan)

I was desperate for something to talk about! This guy opened with a 30 minute story about how someone he went to high school with used to eat bees.

MORGAN

(to Annie)

Well, talk about your siblings or prestige streaming television like a normal boring person on a bad date. At least that won't get me thrown in jail.

ANNIE

(to Morgan)

I start all my Tinder conversations with "are you a cop?" They can't lie. It's like an amendment or something.

MITCH

You know, I've had a lot of luck with the bee eating story in the past. It's got lots of universal themes.

MORGAN

(to Mitch)

So, you got tagged by a Brush Imp huh? The kind with the fur? Did you chop off whatever part he touched?

MITCH

No... was I supposed to chop something off?

MORGAN

Yeah. Probably would have been a good idea.

ANNIE

You might be fine. Morgan is big on worst case scenarios. So, most stuff that gets in here from The Brush is kind of poisonous in big doses. We cut the poison with household chemicals and make a little mixture that helps you see part of what they see.

MORGAN

If something is born in the Brush or lives there long enough, it perceives things we don't. That's part of why they're so good at killing us.

ANNIE

(whispers to Mitch)

She was born out there. Do you remember when the government brought kids into Fairhaven from out there?

MITCH

Holy jeez. You're one of The Brush Babies!

MORGAN

Please don't call me that. It sounds like Bush Baby, those big-eyed tree monkeys and I can't compete with those adorable little assholes.

MITCH

Sorry... what should I call you?

MORGAN

How about "Morgan, whose house I'm about to leave so I don't die of Brush poisoning on the nice new-ish couch we found on the curb"?

ANNIE

He was scratched like an hour ago and he's fine. Look, it's healing up and everything.

(MORE)

ANNIE (CONT'D)

Plus, you said when it happened you could kind of communicate with it?

MITCH

Yeah, it was listening to me right before I... killed it with a goopy beam.

MORGAN

Ah. You've got The Sting. Some people I grew up with spent years mastering The Sting.

MITCH

I don't hate the sound of that.

MORGAN

It's nearly impossible to control. Like, it could go off and kill your sex partner while you're doing it.

MITCH

Yeah, not really a concern at the moment.

ANNIE

So good news! You probably won't die but you can do some cool new stuff that might kill everyone you care about.

MITCH

(halfheartedly)  
Cool.

ANNIE

Can you bounce now? Morgan has a meeting tomorrow and I'm still drunk from dinner so this whole conversation has been a real challenge.

SFX: Transition

Bonnie Klien, CEO of Tandem Industries is finishing up a call. She's the kind of person who is constantly finishing up a call. Morgan shuffles in and sits down on a yoga ball, the only thing to sit on in the minimalist office.

BONNIE

(into phone)  
Well, if those little turds in the innovation division don't innovate, what are we paying them for?

(MORE)

BONNIE (CONT'D)

(to Morgan)

Just a sec Morgan I'll be right with you.

(back on the phone)

Take away their Goddam hover boards and VR headsets and whatever else they're using to jerk off with on company time until they start making us some money. They can keep the foosball table. I'm not a monster. Okay, you too.

SFX: Phone hanging up

BONNIE (CONT'D)

Morgan! How's my favorite?

MORGAN

Good. Just living life, you know?

BONNIE

That's kind of what I wanted to talk about. When I convinced Tandem to bring you kids into Fairhaven fifteen years ago, we didn't ask for anything in return. We just wanted to give you a future. A future to pursue art or music or improv or parkour...

MORGAN

Or working at Tandem...

BONNIE

Sure, if this is where your passions lead you. But I just don't think people who pay good money to live here want to hear about you and your pals running around killing those things and making your dope out of their blood.

MORGAN

I'm not sure you know what's going on....

BONNIE

Don't give me that shit, please and thank you. You live in a Goddam corporate-created bubble. We have surveillance everywhere and we caught you dragging some Brush nightmare into a taqueria.



MORGAN

Whoa. I didn't bring it in the taqueria. I left it outside while I bought breakfast burritos.

BONNIE

I get that for the first chunk of your life you had to fight those things to stay alive. I get that. You live in civilization now!

MORGAN

I know. And I like it here. I don't mean to be an ungrateful shit about things...

BONNIE

Hooray! A nugget of sense!

MORGAN

But... wouldn't it be better if we weren't so trapped here? I know the Brush is full of terrible stuff that eat faces, but it's also got some of the most amazing things I've ever seen.

BONNIE

Just want to remind you that the last time you saw it you were twelve, but continue to not make sense.

MORGAN

I get why people love it here, but I think they'd like to see what's on the outside. Let me take some people who want an adventure. I can show them where I grew up. The Dark Hills and The Shadow Sea...

BONNIE

Okay, here's part of your problem: Those fanatics you grew up with gave everything such terrible names. "The Dark Hills" sounds like a place you go to get an STD from a wizard.

MORGAN

Yeah, they're bad. Give my ancestors a break, it's hard to name stuff.

BONNIE

If people want an adventure, we provide that! That's what Tandem started creating Deliberate Communities, so that everything you need is right here.

MORGAN

I'm not talking about a rock climbing gym or a virtual reality game, I'm talking about actually seeing the world.

BONNIE

Well sometimes when people go out to see the world they don't come back.

MORGAN

I know you know what it's like out there. And it must be hard, considering what happened to your parents...

BONNIE

Nope. We are definitely not taking this detour. I know you've got various urges or energies or whatever. I just think there's a way we can put them to better use. We're starting a new app called "Huntr" Do you have time for a little presentation?

SFX: Bonnie pushes a button. A screen comes down.

Soothing/cheesy music plays. Think: something you'd hear in a Kickstarter video.

COMPUTER VOICE

Huntr: An evolution in safety. Because you've chosen to live in one of Tandem's Deliberate Communities, safety is one of your utmost concerns. The dome around your city effectively keeps out 99% of this planet's wildlife, colloquially known as "Imps," whether they be insectoid, reptilian or "other" in nature.

(MORE)

COMPUTER VOICE (CONT'D)

For that rare one percent that may penetrate our borders, there's Huntr: An elite killing force of Imp-slayers made up of people just like you! Let's hear from some.

TERTIMONIAL #1

I love my graphic design job, but on the weekends, I use Huntr to protect my community from terrors from beyond our walls... and make a little extra cash while I'm at it!

TESTIMONIAL #2

Take it from me: A millennial Mom: There's nothing like opening Huntr after I put the kids to bed. The excitement and pride I feel after taking down a pack of Imps is unparalleled... and with weekly bonuses and in-app tipping, it's not a bad side hustle either!

COMPUTER VOICE

Huntr: A evolution in safety. Sign up for the Beta today!

Music: Music stops

SFX: Screen rising

BONNIE

We know that the Bubble is getting... compromised more and more lately, and we want Fairhaven residents to feel safe. So, we thought you and anyone else who has a penchant for exterminating those things could respond to people who report sightings on the app.

MORGAN

H-u-n-t-r? Why is there no "e" in there?

BONNIE

"Hunter" with an "e" was already taken. It's a hook-up app for gay men with particular body hair requirements. Give me your phone.

MORGAN

Hey!

BONNIE

I'm downloading the beta now. Just try it. If someone reports something, the GPS will show you where. And we'll even give you tools so you don't have to keep shanking them with your homemade whatevers.

MORGAN

I'm sorry but I just don't think I can...

BONNIE

Did I mention we know what you and that booze-sack roommate of yours have been doing with the blood? Fairhaven Security would love to look the other way on that if you'd just give this a shot.

MORGAN

Oh... so we don't have a choice then?

BONNIE

(cheerful)  
Absolutely not!

SFX: Transition.

SFX: People fleeing, screaming [wildtrack crowd screaming options please!]

\*  
\*

Morgan is walking with much determination into a crowded farmer's market from whence people are fleeing. A huge, steel Tandem-provided spear is slung across her back. She's uncomfortable with it despite how super cool it looks.

HIPPIE WOMAN

(scared)  
Hey! Are you from Huntr?

MORGAN

I guess so. Hold on, I have to ask you some stuff? Are you hurt?

HIPPIE WOMAN

No.

MORGAN

Do you feel yourself developing strange powers?

HIPPIE WOMAN

Well, I've always been a little bit psychic...

MORGAN

I'm going to put down "no." Do you realize that by using the Huntr app you cannot hold Tandem or any of its subsidiaries responsible for any injury or property damage?

HIPPIE WOMAN

Yes.

MORGAN

Peachy. So, you're having some sort of monster issue?

HIPPIE WOMAN

I'm not sure I should be telling you this but I have a guy who brings in pomegranates from The Brush, they're just more robust than the ones the grow inside...

MORGAN

Not to cut you off, but this app is charging you by the minute...

HIPPIE WOMAN

Right, sorry. I was unloading my trailer today and saw a thing... It's like a pod I guess? Here it is. Is that what you would call it? A pod?

SFX: A space pod pulsates. Growls come from within

MORGAN

Yeah, "pod" works.

HIPPIE WOMAN

I thought I could just sell for the day and keep it hidden, but then it started making noise and everyone freaked. Oh shit... it's opening.

SFX: The pod unfurls. A screeching monster emerges

Music: Fight music.

The pod screeches and unfurls like a pill bug. It lashes out at her with a stinger. Morgan leaps back and positions the metal spear she's been carrying on her back.

She points it towards the bug, which swipes the spear away just as an electrical bolt fires from the tip.

SFX: Laser blast

It hits the gate to a petting zoo and a bunch of baby goats come streaming out.

SFX: Baby goats

HIPPIE WOMAN (CONT'D)

Can we take a minute to appreciate how cute this is?

MORGAN

It's great. I hope someone is filming it.

The bug takes advantage of everyone being distracted by basically the cutest thing that could ever happen and flies toward the park.

SFX: The bug unfurls its wings and flies past them.

MORGAN (CONT'D)

Crap. It's flying away.

HIPPIE WOMAN

Ohmygod! What are you going to do!?

MORGAN

(beat)

I think I'll order some Thai food.

Act 3

SFX: Transition

Later, in the park, Mitch is walking next to Morgan, a huge bag of Thai food in his hand.

MITCH

So... you don't want the Thai food?

MORGAN

No. I called in the order to Postmates because I needed to get a hold of you because I need your weird newly mutated blood stream. But... I might want it later, so hold on to it.

MITCH

Ok. Cool.

MORGAN

So, I'm guessing because you haven't died, the Imp's venom is mingling nicely with your insides.

MITCH

That seems right.

MORGAN

So, I'm guessing you can sense this thing that's hiding in the park somewhere.

MITCH

Gotcha. So how do I start?

MORGAN

(sighs)

When I lived out there, there were guys in my family who could communicate with them. It was less about language and more about senses. I know I sound like a widowed yoga instructor, but just... trust your senses or some shit.

MITCH

(takes a deep breath)

Can I put down the Thai food? The smell is kind of distracting.

MORGAN

Yes. Fine.

SFX: Mitch puts the food down

MITCH

We should come back for it though. I don't think anyone will mess with it. These noodles are really good...

MORGAN

Forget the food!

SFX: Morgan punts the food bag into the distance. Slight exertion noise from Morgan would be great to get as a wildtrack.

\*  
\*  
\*

MITCH

Sorry. Good kick. Okay... I'm definitely maybe not sure, but I think we should walk in this direction.

SFX: Transition

SFX: Tramping through bushes

MITCH (CONT'D)

(whispering)

I'm not surprised things didn't work out with me and Annie. She's just kind of adrift, you know? Doesn't really know what she wants.

MORGAN

(whispering)

I don't want to be a dick because you're helping me and everything, but isn't that kind of your deal too? I mean, you drive food around for rich people and stoners.

MITCH

To be fair the rich people are often also stoned.

MORGAN

You know what I mean.

MITCH

I do have a thing you know.

MORGAN

Yeah?

MITCH

A party bus. I want to own the world's most kick-ass party bus.

MORGAN

Okay... amiable dream.

MITCH

I was on a party bus once for my cousins bachelor party and it sucked. Mine is going to have a voice-activated sound system so you can just yell "Come Sail Away" and it will totally play "Come Sail Away."



MORGAN  
Or like any song?

MITCH  
I guess... but in a party bus  
situation do you want to hear  
another song?

MORGAN  
(smiling)  
That's an excellent point. It does  
have a slow part and a fast part.

MITCH  
(yelling)  
Right! Two parts! The two parts is  
key!

SFX: The bug shrieks

MITCH (CONT'D)  
Woah!

MORGAN  
It's up that tree. Talk to it. Get  
it to come down.

MITCH  
So we can kill it?

MORGAN  
Maybe we can help it find it's way  
back to the outside.

MITCH  
(to Morgan)  
Maybe brandish the weapon a little  
less?  
(to Imp)  
Hey dude. I know she looks pretty  
heavily armed at the moment, but we  
want to help.

SFX: Bug growls.

MITCH (CONT'D)  
(to Morgan)  
It doesn't want help. It wants to  
kill and eat us.

SFX: Fight music

Morgan reaches for her spear. The bug knocks it out of her  
hands with it's tail and pounces on her.

She holds it off with one hand and reaches in her fanny pack with the other. She grabs her trusty dagger and rams it into the bug, breaking off the point. She pushes it off her.

MORGAN

(to Mitch)

The Sting! Use The Sting!

MITCH

I don't know how!

MORGAN

I can't yoga teacher you through this right now just do it! We are at the fast part of "Come Sail Away!"

The fast part of come sail away begins to play in Mitch's head... or it would if it wasn't so expensive.

Music Cue: The fast part of "Come Sail Away" BUDGET VERSION  
"Come ride a boat, come ride a boat, come ride a boat with us!"

The creatures rears up and flashes it's many pointy things. Mitch closes his eyes and sure enough, summons The Sting.

SFX: The Sting. It hits the bug. It dies.

SFX: Morgan unzips her fanny pack and applies chapstick.

MORGAN (CONT'D)

(panting)

Want some chapstick?

MITCH

(panting)

Nah. I'm good.

SFX: Transition.

SFX: Morgan's footsteps. She is talking to Annie via Facetime.

\*

MORGAN

Say that again. My reception is terrible here.

ANNIE

So, you killed the bug. Great. But why can't we use the body?

MORGAN

I'm kind of a Tandem employee now. We kill it, they send a clean up crew.

ANNIE

Seems like a huge waste. Think of all the getting faded that could happen with all that thing's guts.

MORGAN

I mentioned that they know we've been doing that right? Like the whole reason I'm doing this is to keep us out of jail. Plus... it pays pretty good so I think we'll be able to make rent.

ANNIE

Ugh. Fine. So wait... do you have to cut Mitch in on it too?

MORGAN

Yeah, but he handled himself really well. He's pretty cool when he's not being a nervous wreck. You should give him another shot.

ANNIE

Nah. I'm kind of doing a non-monogomous exploration kind of thing right now. He seems too fragile to handle all the innovative sex I plan on having.

MORGAN

Hey, I have to run. I'm here.

ANNIE

Where's here?

MORGAN

(embarrassed)  
Van's house.

ANNIE

Van! Why on earth would you...

MORGAN

I just need to get something from him!

ANNIE  
(suspicious)  
Really? Ok. Well, I won't wait up  
for you tonight then.

MORGAN  
It's an item. It's not sex. I'll  
see you in a few.

SFX: Hanging up

She approaches the apartment. The outside is decorated with Tibetan prayer flags. A big "Coexist" sticker hangs in the window facing the street.

SFX: Knocks

Van Joyce answers, he's one of ten people in the entire world who looks good with a man-bun.

VAN  
Hey! So glad you texted! Come on  
in. Can I get you some raw water?

MORGAN  
No, thanks. I just need my thing.

VAN  
Totally. Can I just finish up my  
workout?

MORGAN  
I guess?

SFX: Van breathes in and out

MORGAN (CONT'D)  
What are you...

VAN  
Male kegels.

MORGAN  
That tracks.

VAN  
599. 600. Done. So, what have you  
been up to?

MORGAN  
Well, have you heard of Huntr?

VAN

Totally! It's awesome right? I met with Bonnie about it. She's been calling in all the Brush Babies.

MORGAN

Wait... really?

VAN

Yeah, I've gotten like, six kills already.

MORGAN

So you want to be doing this?

VAN

It's the best. I was just starting to get sick of rock climbing so the timing was great.

MORGAN

She's not blackmailing you?

VAN

No way. I mean, you and I talked about this while we were lovers...

MORGAN

Don't say "lovers" say "dating." When you say "lovers" I feel like there's ants on me.

VAN

Cool. I get that. Well, when we were together, we always talked about how there's something missing living in Fairhaven. Like, it's great and there's great coffee and an art scene...

MORGAN

...and your ultimate frisbee team.

VAN

Oh, I quit that. Too much drama. You know how Ultimate gets.

MORGAN

Sure.

VAN

So, Fairhaven is great. But living out there was a constant rush.

(MORE)

VAN (CONT'D)

I think that's why I rock climb and train Krav Maga and ride sexual jet skis...

MORGAN

Stop. Put a pin in that. Explain it to me later.

VAN

I mean, sometimes I just feel trapped here.

MORGAN

Right. I know. But this is better... right?

VAN

(killing the moment)

But now, with Huntr, we don't have to choose!

MORGAN

Hey, speaking of, can I get my hatchet now? I tried to use one of the weapons that Tandem gave us but...

VAN

Yeah, they're kind of sterile huh? They gave me these claw gauntlets, which are still kinda cool.

SFX: Claws popping out of gauntlets

VAN CONT'D)

Dope, right?

MORGAN

Yeah, dope... but I think I prefer the traditional gear.

SFX: Van opens a trunk and gets her axe

VAN

Here's your axe. I get it. You like stuff that's familiar. Hey, me and some guys are going to that bocci ball bar tonight. Wanna come with?

MORGAN

(torn)

I don't think so. I'm trying not to...

SFX: Hunt app buzzing

MORGAN (CONT'D)

Huntr?

SFX: Second Huntr app buzzing

\*

VAN

Yeah. Looks like it. You want to team up? Could be fun.

MORGAN

I'm kind of already teamed up with someone. It's new and not that serious, but I think we have a good dynamic.

VAN

Hey, it's cool. I'm glad you're happy. Looks like whatever it is, it's big enough that multiple people called it in. So, I'll grab my GoPro and see you there. Text me if you get there and it's lame.

SFX: Transition

SFX: Footsteps on path. Distant nighttime cityscape atmos.

\*

Morgan and Mitch are in a desolate warehouse district. Morgan's axe hangs from her belt. Mitch is holding a bag of takeout.

MORGAN

You don't have to bring Thai every time we do one of these.

MITCH

I know. I just happened to be getting food for myself when you texted. It's not Thai, it's Indian.

SFX: Mitch pawing through his bag

MITCH (CONT'D)

You can have some of the curry but it's got meat in it and I don't know if you're a vegetarian. I got some of those onion balls and those don't have...

MORGAN

Come on man.

MITCH

Right. Sorry.

SFX: Mitch punts the takeout [wildtrack 'effort noise' from Mitch]

\*  
\*

MORGAN

Thanks. Good kick. Food on me after we finish this.

MITCH

What are we looking for? This place looks deserted.

MORGAN

There's multiple requests from this area. I'm guessing something's wrong at that stupid speakeasy that's in one of these abandoned warehouses.

MITCH

Speakeasy?

MORGAN

Yeah, it's one of those "doesn't look like a bar" bars. With an entrance in a dumpster or something. My ex loved shit like that. Anything with a password...

MITCH

There's light coming from under that door? The one with the all seeing eye painted on it.

\*  
\*  
\*  
\*

MORGAN

That's probably it. But it won't be that simple. There's some sort of stupid secret entrance somewhere.

\*  
\*  
\*  
\*

SFX: Dude crashing through a window

DUDE

Aargh!

\*  
\*

An unconscious dude flies out the second story window.

MITCH

We could get in through that window the dude just flew through.

SFX: Transition



Inside the speakeasy

The bar patrons all cower on the ground, leaving hundreds of dollars of complex, playful craft cocktails on the bar. Imps all menace them but don't attack. Standing on the bar is a SINISTER MAN, in dark robes with a bandit's mask covering his face. A huge sword made of bone is slung over his shoulder. Morgan and Mitch watch from the window.

SINISTER MAN

So, lesson learned? If any of you contact anyone tries to call for help before I find what I'm looking for, my poison-filled associates will deal with you. Lovely. Seems like we're all on the same page.

MITCH

(whispering)  
Who's that?

MORGAN

(whispering)  
A very dangerous pain in my ass.

MITCH

What should we do...

SFX: Van bursting through the skylight

MORGAN

Van!

VAN

Off to the races, amigos!

MORGAN

(RE: Van)  
You moron, don't try to have a catchphrase.

MITCH

Who's that?

MORGAN

A different pain in my ass.

Music: Fight Music

SFX: Van fights the sinister man

The Sinister Man points towards Van and the Bugs start to attack. Morgan leaps in through the window. She has his back.



Morgan leaps up on the bar. She nods to The Sinister Man. He nods back and redies his weapon. He takes big swings with his heavy sword, which Morgan narrowly dodges. She takes fast hacks at him with her axe. With one last gasp, she kicks him as hard as she can.

SFX: Morgan tosses the axe. It hits the Sinister Man and he screams, then yanks it out.

He flies back and she throws her axe. It hits him in the shoulder. He screams and yanks it out. The Sinister Man sees that he's beaten. He leaps out the window.

VAN (CONT'D)  
He's getting away!

\*  
\*

MITCH  
I'll use the sting!

\*  
\*

MORGAN  
No wait!

\*  
\*

Morgan holds Mitch back. From the rooftops the Sinister Man turns to look back at Morgan. They nod to each other. He leaps off into the night.

MORGAN (CONT'D)  
Well, good to see you Dad. Always  
love it when you visit.

END.