SFX: Kissing noises from the other room. an we get some wildtrack smooching noises? Get someone to snog their own forearm - usually does the trick!

Morgan lies awake in bed, unable to sleep. She tosses and turns as quiet murmuring and kissing noises come from the living room, which I think we can all agree are the grossest kinds of noises to faintly hear from afar. Annie, as per usual, has someone over.

SFX: Crash! "Ouch!" from standard guy Get the ouch as wild track please

SFX: Morgan gets up and walks to the other room

MORGAN
What happened? Did you break my nice lamp? Wait... who is he and why is he covered in goo?

ANNIE
Shit. Sorry, Morgan, I didn't realize you were awake. This is (Annie pauses, she doesn't know his name and mumble a combo of ever generic guy name)
... this is Stevathonark.

STANDARD GUY
Sorry, accidentally knocked this over. I'm classic klutz! What is this anyhow?

ANNIE
Some pure-cut Brush-bile I'm experimenting with. You didn't get any in your mouth or eyes did you?

STANDARD GUY
I mean... I don't think so.

ANNIE
It should be fine. Just like, be aware of your body and if it starts to mutate. I'd wash it off quick though.

STANDARD GUY
I'll be right back then.

SFX: He goes to the bathroom. Sounds of running water.
MORGAN
Who is that? Swim Coach Guy?

ANNIE
No, I haven't seen him in weeks?

MORGAN
Way Too Obsessed With Asian Culture White Guy?

ANNIE
It's "Standard Guy." That's the only code name I could come up with for him. He doesn’t really have any characteristics.

MORGAN
What do you mean "No characteristics?"

ANNIE
He's always wearing a nice pair of slacks. His review of every movie is "It was good, but maybe 15 min too long." He goes to the dog park "just to observe." His strongest political belief is that he’s anti-daylight savings time. You know... Standard.

MORGAN
Can we start using actual names for the people you date?

ANNIE
Nah, it’s cleaner this way. Both organizationally and emotionally. If I start talking about something that “Paul” or “Cortland” did, it'll get too real. I’m not ready to humanize them like that.

STANDARD GUY
Hey, love these towels! They from Target? That place is great. I always go in for a couple of things and end up spending fifty bucks! Every time!

MORGAN
(to Annie)
Yeah, that’s pretty standard.
ANNIE
We need a bigger place. We weren't even in any weird positions and I broke that jar of Brush-bile. I shouldn't be knocking anything over during missionary.

Morgan looks around, the place is cluttered with Annie's Brush-bile experiments and an array of Tandem weapons: A spear, large blaster gun, and ninja turtle-style daggers. Plus they have a ton of DVDs for some reason. Like, I see having a few of your favorites but how many times are you going to re-watch The Chronicles of Riddick?

MORGAN
You're right, this place isn't working. Plus, since Mitch became a world-famous meme, our Huntr business is going great. We can look for a new place.

ANNIE
I know a great realtor. We can go by there tomorrow.

STANDARD GUY
(shouted from other room)
Anyone seen my polo shirt? It's kind of an off-beige color.

SFX: Transition

Morgan and Annie sit across a table from Madaline, the owner of Keep-It-Real Estate. She is a put-together woman with high school drama teacher levels of pep.

MADELINE
(cheerful)
Ooo, two girlfriends, making it in the big city! Love it! Oh to be young and broke again. Well, maybe not broke but the young part? Yes please!
(beat)

MORGAN
So, you can find us a new place?

MADELINE
(suddenly all business)
Absolutely, yes. My fee is a two months rent.
ANNIE
Jesus. You can make that kind of money being a human Craigslist?

MADELINE
Ahahahahaha! Funny! She's funny! Keep-It-Real Estate has access to every available apartment rental and condo real estate property within Fairhaven proper.

MORGAN
So we have to use you?

MADELINE
Correct. But there's one way to avoid the fee.

ANNIE
I don't know what Marco told you but I haven't done that in years.

MORGAN
What?! Who's Marco?

ANNIE
Uh... no one. I make up fake guys sometimes.

MADELINE
Such a hoot! No, you can make an appearance on "Nab That Pad," the reality show I do with my husband on Shiplap TV!

ANNIE
Oh! That's my favorite show to put on in the background when I'm doing chores or when the person I'm sleeping with has no idea what they're doing.

SFX: Madeline slams a ton of paperwork down on the desk

MADELINE
Just sign the release on every tabbed page and we can get started.

SFX: Cheesey reality show music

MADELINE (CONT’D)
Hi, I'm Madeline!
CHASE
And I'm her hubby, Chase!

MADELINE
We help the young and hip nab an apartment as interesting...

CHASE
And as dangerous!

MADELINE (V.O.)
As themselves.

MADELINE/CHASE (V.O.)
This is Nab That Pad!

CHASE
Let's meet today's nabbers!

ANNIE
(giving a testimonial)
Hi! I'm Annie. I'm into making money through various channels, all legal, and I'm looking for a spacious place with great natural light and strong support beams where I can hang my (bleep)swing. Can I say (bleep)swing on here?

Editor: Make sure the actor actually says "fuck" here and I'll replace with a beep in post.

MORGAN
Hi. I'm Morgan. I want a place that's indoors. I also want to not be doing this show.

CHASE
Our first stop is a place that I think will be a perfect... "fit."

SFX: Gym sounds

Music: Upbeat hip-hop

MADELINE
Here we are in Clenched Fist-ness, Fairhaven's newest Crossfit gym.

CHASE
Oh man, look at these yolked studs! Yo bro-seph, toss the medicine ball-ski over here!
SFX: A dude throws a medicine ball at Chase. It knocks him over. He laughs.

CHASE (CONT’D)
Oh yeah! One of the guys!

MADELINE
C'mon Chase, we're here to show these ladies a potential pad, not goof around.

ANNIE
I like all the sweat but where's the apartment?

CHASE
Right back here!

SFX: Chase pulls a metal sliding door

SFX: Showers

Chase pushes a metal sliding door back to reveal a warehouse loft beside the gym's bathroom and showers.

MORGAN
So we're living by the showers?

ANNIE
We'll take it!

MORGAN
No we won't.

MADELINE
It's shower-adjacent! And walking distance from tons of hot spots. LoLo Orange, Down and Out Burger, Metro Outfitters.

RIPPED GUY
Out of the way, we need the bathroom! We got a puker!

SFX: Guy puking Wild track puke noise form someone would be good

SFX: Everyone in the gym grunts like Tim Allen wild track this please!
RIPPED GUY (CONT’D)
Hell yeah! First puke of the day
means free muscle milk body shots
at the nutrition bar!

MORGAN
This won't work for us.

SFX: Transition
SFX: People milling about.

MADELINE
Apparently, fitness wasn't their
thing.

CHASE
But I stole a bunch of dirty towels
from the locker room. (sniff)

MADELINE
Our next stop features dorm style
living for these two who are
apparently still in college,
emotionally.

SFX: People milling around.

MADELINE (CONT’D)
Welcome to ShareLoft, a conscious
community of young people who live
together in harmony.

ANNIE
This seems to lack privacy?

CHASE
Everyone gets their own private
sleep pod! I call top bunk!

MADELINE
Ha! Oh I love that big child-man!
If only cunnilingus didn't make him
so dizzy. Whattya say, girls, isn't
this fun?

MORGAN
Sorry, I wasn't paying attention. I
thought that guy doing devil sticks
on the unicycle was going to crash.
MADELINE
Before you say another word, let me show you the community garden and brainstorming chalkboard wall!

SHARELOFT RA
Hey, welcome to ShareLoft, I'm an RA and available for any questions or inter-personal emotional processing you might need. I'm also a certified doula if you decide to bring a child into the community.

MADELINE
All this space and loving acceptance at a fraction of the cost!

ANNIE
How much is it exactly?

MADELINE
A standard twin pod is three grand a month and a double is seven.

SHARELOFT RA
And if you're around when anyone gives birth, do please join us at the placenta feast.

SFX: Transition

CHASE
Our final stop was a dank basement!

SFX: Dripping water.

MADELINE
I heard your request for privacy loud and clear and it doesn't get anymore secluded than this.

CHASE
Not only is this a spacious two bedroom unit, the lack of sunlight's perfect for catching up on that shut-eye.

ANNIE
I love that.
MORGAN
I like that there's a door and this is pretty close to our current place, so that's a plus.

ANNIE
Yeah, we already know what's around here. And the lack of windows mean I could make my Brush-

SFX: Morgan punches Annie in the shoulder

MORGAN
(whispers)
Cameras.

ANNIE
Brush-inspired needle-point. I have an Etsy store.

CHASE
I love etsy! I found a guy on there who made me some Shrek jammies! He originally had some problems with drawing Shrek pregnant like I wanted, but everyone has a price.

MADELINE
Relationships are about compromise.

CHASE
There's 400 more square feet than your current place and you only have to share this pad with one other creature.

MORGAN
One... other... creature?

SFX: The lights flicker and the walls rumble

MORGAN (CONT’D)
Oh good. A toddler-sized worm behind a secret wall.

CHASE
Straight from The Brush, it's Squirmp, the Worm-Sage!

SQUIRMP
(in a soft high-pitch)
Bide your time flesh mammals.

(MORE)
This mortal plane will meet its demise at the hands of a lunar burst that will cover these lands with an all-consuming ice dust.

MADELINE
Isn't he ADORABLE?

MORGAN
No.

CHASE
He loves to predict the end-times!

ANNIE
How often does he do this?

CHASE
It varies. It's kinda random now that I think about it. The previous tenants said it usually happened around 3am.

SQUIRMP
A great carnivorous plant from below will devour your world and digest it into a ball of pure hate.

ANNIE
Wait... that time it was different.

CHASE
Yeah, he's not real consistent.

MORGAN
We might have to pass on this one. I think because I work for Huntr I'd technically be obligated to kill him.

MADELINE
You're a Huntr?

CHASE
Wow! That's cooler than an anatomically correct Sonic the Hedgehog!

MORGAN
Yeah. I'm a licensed freelance contractor on the Huntr app. The hours are crazy and a little bloody but it pays okay, so. Here we are.
MADELINE
I think I might have something for you in
(Madeline leans in towards Morgan and whispers)
The Dark District.

SQUIRMP
A great volcano will wipe out the-

CHASE
Sorry, little guy. We're gonna check out another place.

SFX: Chase slams the door

SQUIRMP
(from behind the door)
It's cool. Hey, on the way out can you see if the guy left my Amazon Prime packages?
ACT 2

SFX: TRANSITION

SFX: A busy marketplace

The Dark District is a ramshackle industrial area where market stalls line the streets. There are no cars, just cooking-oil powered mopeds. People haggle for various alien products at the stalls. If Anthony Bourdain saw this place he'd shit his pants over how fucking undiscovered it was.

ANNIE
Madeline? What happened to the show?

MADELINE
One, no cameras. I can't publicly do business here. Two, please use my code name. That's both for anonymity and adrenaline rush purposes.

ANNIE
Okay, Crimson, what about the episode?

MADELINE
We can finish it in post. I told Chase to throw some wigs on interns that look like you and shoot them from behind going into a really cute cave.

ANNIE
A cave?! Is it too late to see the cave?

MORGAN
Speaking of, why no Chase?

MADELINE
Please, that walking sack of enthusiasm would blow our cover the second he spotted a moped.

SFX: A rusty door opening

MADELINE (CONT’D)
Here we are. Move-in might be hard since it's a walk-up but you're going to DIE once you get there.
MORGAN
As long as there aren't any muscle-head bros, doulas, or psychic worms, I'd say we're doing o... wow.

MADELINE
This place is completely open concept, the floors are hardwood, sustainably sourced of course, and the kitchen counters are poured concrete which is very durable. There are two bathrooms, each with a waterfall shower, and three sectioned off rooms that could be bedrooms, offices, orgy dens, whatever you kooky gals get into.

ANNIE
Well, we might have to knock out one of the office walls to expand the orgy den... other than that, it's perfect.

MORGAN
So perfect. What's the catch?

MADELINE
Five grand a month.

MORGAN
Nope!

ANNIE
Wait! No! We can do it.

MORGAN
How?! That's double what we pay!

ANNIE
Tandem doesn't monitor this neighborhood which means I can start making and selling stuff again. Besides, the stuff I make is so much better than what they're selling out there in the marketplace.

MORGAN
Wait, how do you know it's better?
ANNIE
I bought and took some stuff on the walk over and I barely feel anything. Seriously: Check this out. Patting head, rubbing stomach.
Z Y X W V U T S R Q P...

MORGAN
Okay, I get it. Hey Madeline, this place seems awesome, but why isn't it rented yet?

MADELINE
Well, one of the fun quirks of the Dark District is that it's not monitored Tandem, so Imp attacks are... frequent. But I imagine you two will be able to handle it.

ANNIE
Woah, that's Morgan. I don't fight. Unless it's with a drive-thru employee who tries to charge me for dippin' sauce. We might have to pass.

MADELINE
The kitchen has an espresso machine built into the wall and the stall just out front sells those churro ice cream sandwiches.

MORGAN/ANNIE
Sold./Holy shit, yes.

MADELINE
Crimson strikes again!

SFX: Transition

Back at the old apartment Annie, Morgan and Mitch are surrounded by boxes and moving supplies.

MITCH
One box down!

SFX: Mitch lifts the box. CRASH! Everything falls out.

MORGAN
Jesus, Mitch, you have to tape the bottom!
ANNIE
If you broke my footlong bile-bong, I will get Morgan to murder you.

MORGAN
No need, I'm very close to murdering him without an official request.

MITCH
It wasn't anything fragile! I'll tape up the box and re-pack it.

SFX: Annie takes something out of the box

ANNIE
Awwww, this is the menu from that Japanese place down the street. We ordered from it the first night we moved in.

MORGAN
Wow, and we held onto that this long? We've really got to set up a better cleaning schedule.

ANNIE
(doubly touched)
That delivery guy was the first person who spent the night.

MORGAN
Yep. I remember. How I didn't note that red flag, I'll never know.
(picking up a chapstick)
Yay! My fancy chapstick!

MITCH
All re-packed!

MORGAN
Great, here's a sharpie so you can write what's in there.

MITCH
Wait, what?

MORGAN
You know, how we're sorting everything into piles according to their category that way it's easier to unpack? The kitchen stuff's in the kitchen, bathroom stuff, weapons...
ANNIE
Drug stuff, sex toys, unread
Malcolm Gladwell books that make us
look smart.

MITCH
I just kinda threw a bunch of stuff
in based on how light it was, that
way I wouldn't be hard to carry?

MORGAN
Get out.

ANNIE
Did you just pull the "suck really
bad at something so you don't have
to do it" trick? Cause that's kinda
my thing.

MITCH
No, but that's a really clever
idea. I think I'm just
uncoordinated and unhelpful.

SFX: The box crashes again

MITCH (CONT’D)
Whoops. That probably wasn't enough
tape.

MORGAN
God Mitch you are so lucky you're
good at killing monsters.

MITCH
Thanks! See ya!

ANNIE
You know, I'm really gonna miss
this place.

MORGAN
Yeah. A lot went down here.

Music: Wistful acoustic music

SFX: Pouring champagne and giggling

ANNIE
That one time that sexually fluid
Scandinavian champagne rep rented
the guest room and let me taste-
test her product off her tush.
MORGAN
That one time I arranged all the books on the book shelf by color.

SFX: Spanking. Neigh-ing. Wild track of this please! *

ANNIE
That time that S&M enthusiast made me dress up as a dominant horse and go to town on his tush.

MORGAN
That time I finished my fourth re-watch of the entire series of Frasier.

Music: Stops

ANNIE
Wait... those are your memories?

MORGAN
Frasier really holds up.

ANNIE
Hey, Morgan, if you want to take this opportunity to just get another roommate, I get it. I know I can be a little crazy what with all my sex and my drugs. And my usual sex while on drugs. It can be a lot. And-

MORGAN
Oh my god, no! Are you kidding? Annie, you were the first Bubble-born person who didn’t make me feel like a freak after I moved here. The first time I killed a brush creature, you saw an opportunity and thought it was useful instead of screaming and getting all weird like my first seven roommates.

ANNIE
Yeah right! The first time you did that I was like, you mean this girl can kill those things and get me fresh brush-bile on the regs? Uh, ka-ching!

MORGAN
I do love it when you make cash register sounds at me.
ANNIE
Because I grew up like I did, with ultra-permissive ex-hippie parents, I've never been good with self-control. Having a super-disciplined warrior woman in the other room keeps my debauchery at a nice, manageable 8 out of 10, ensuring I don't have a repeat of the summer before you moved in.

MORGAN
What happened the summer before I moved in?

ANNIE
I can't say too much, legally-speaking, but I can tell you that it feels great to get the feeling back in my left glute.

MORGAN
Oh, this one?

SFX: Butt smack

ANNIE
Ow! Don't do that unless you get the other one!

MORGAN
We really are a good pair of weirdos, huh?

ANNIE
I think so.

MORGAN
I think definitely.

ANNIE
Oh! Do you think I could use that entryway closet for my leather horse corset?

MORGAN
Don't push it. The horset stays in your room.

ANNIE
Fair.
MORGAN
Hey, maybe you can try that on the next time you hang with Standard Guy.

ANNIE
Oh him. Yeah... I don't think I'll see him again.

SFX: Transition

We're at Standard guy's nondescript office where he does... something? With computes maybe? That seems right. He's burning the midnight oil. His similarly dressed co-worker approaches his desk.

CO-WORKER
Hey buddy, I'm gonna Postmates some late night grub from that 24 hour diner. Want your standard order? Cobb Salad, light dressing?

STANDARD GUY
You know what, I think I wanna change it up. Get me a chicken melt with extra jalapeno and a vanilla shake also smothered in jalapenos.

Standard Guy's eyes start to glow red but his Co-Worker doesn't notice as he's jotting this odd order onto a notepad.

CO-WORKER
Whoa! Somebody wants something spice-ayyyyy! Well, alright then.

STANDARD GUY
Oh... one more thing.

SFX: Roar!

Standard guy hulks out into a snarling bear-like feral beast with huge claws and jagged fangs.

STANDARD GUY (CONT’D)
I'll also have all of your delicious essence.

SFX: Growling. Screams. Wild Track
ACT 3

SFX: Unpacking. Annie unloads trashbags

At the new apartment, Morgan is hanging her Tandem weapons neatly on along a hanging grid against one living room wall, as Annie pulls piles of clothing from various trash bags and simply flings them into her room.

MORGAN
Thanks for getting all those guys to help us lug stuff up here.

ANNIE
Oh sure, it's amazing what some guys'll do if they think you're the manic pixie dream girl who's going to inspire their next big dream. (in a sexy baby voice) I'm a kooky gal who lives on the edge, but all I need's a big strong man to tame me with his touching screenplay.

MORGAN
You don't feel bad for using them?

ANNIE
God no, they walk around The Bubble entitled despite offering me nothing while I provide them with the crazy story they'll tell at parties for the next few years.

MORGAN
Huh, well when you put it that way.

SFX: Knock at the door. Morgan opens it.

Morgan opens the door to find a guy with a septum piercing and a tank-top that says "Strict Vodkatarian".

VODKATARIAN
Suh. Is Annie here?

MORGAN
It's for you.

ANNIE
Oh, hey, come on in. I'll find the stuff around here somewhere just gimme a sec.
VODKATARIAN
Coo.

SFX: Annie rummaging

ANNIE
This stuff's super chill, unless you hit it more than twice in an hour, then it’s like that last 20 minutes in Requiem For A Dream.

VODKATARIAN
Yikes. Thanks for the head's up! I'll Venmo.

MORGAN
You're already selling here?

ANNIE
Hey, I'm good at what I do and people were chomping at the bit for my return to the business. You should be grateful. Besides, with the raw materials I can get out here, I'll be able to make the best stuff out there and slowly rise to the top of the heap of the underground drug world. And that kind of position's never gone wrong for anyone ever.

SFX: Another knock

MORGAN
You weren't kidding about people chomping at the bit.

SFX: Door opens

It's Standard Guy. In his original form, but wild eyed and shaky.

MORGAN (CONT’D)
Oh... it's you. Standard Guy... I mean... It's You!

ANNIE
Whoa, are you drunk?

STANDARD GUY
Annie! Annabella Powell! I love you! No, in fact, I more than love you, I'm madly in love with you with ever fiber of my being!
ANNIE
O...K. Again, are you drunk?

STANDARD GUY
No, I've never felt more in tune with myself.

MORGAN
Wait. We literally just moved in.

ANNIE
That's right. How'd you even find me here?

STANDARD GUY
I followed your scent.

MORGAN
Oh my god!

ANNIE
Gross!

STANDARD GUY (CONT'D)
I traced your scent because you're all I can think about. It makes me crazy.

MORGAN
Clearly.

ANNIE
Listen...
(mumbling a made-up name)
Stevothan. You're great and nothing at all like the people I usually date. You're never late, in fact, you show up ten minutes early which, while a little annoying, shows that you care. You take me to do the most run-of-the-mill dates like dinner and a movie, or bowling when you're feeling adventurous. You're anecdotes are forgettable and so I don't really feel any pressure to listen and the fact that you're not that great at sex means I can take that time to go over my to-do list. You're a nice guy and a break from the usual crazy stuff I deal with. But as mind-numbingly pleasant as you are, I don't think you're for me. It's like the old saying goes, it's not me, it's you. You get it, right?
MORGAN
Brutal.

STANDARD GUY
No! I'm not pleasant, or forgettable, or run-of-the-mill! I'm exciting! I add a shot of espresso to my coffee. I listen to UNCENSORED rap tracks. I goof off at working by watching YouTube videos of people falling down.

ANNIE
(feigning impressed, she's a terrible actor)
Wow. Cooooool.

SFX: Standard guy's voice starts to change

STANDARD GUY
I know you call me Standard Guy behind my back. But something happened to me. That’s not who I am anymore. I’m... NOT.... STANDARD GUY!

SFX: Roar!

ANNIE
AHHHHHHHHH!

Music: Fight music

Morgan grabs the Tandem spear off the wall and tosses it to Annie who catches it despite her freak out. Morgan twirls a ninja turtle dagger in each hand as she gets into her fighting stance.

STANDARD GUY
I'm no beta! I'm an alpha, goddammit!

Standard Guy slams his fist down on the open-concept kitchen island that doubled as a breakfast bar, the poured concrete counter top crumbles.

Morgan and Annie each try to keep him at bay with their weapons.

ANNIE
No! We're going to lose our security deposit!
MORGAN
Shit! Just keep him away from the built-in espresso machine!

STANDARD GUY
I want to take time off work to backpack for a couple of months!

SFX: Couch breaking
Standard Guy karate chops their couch, cracking it right down the middle. Annie and Morgan continue talking to each other, as they fend off and take swings at Standard Guy.

ANNIE
That's good. Let him wreck the furniture, I got most of it from the street anyway.

MORGAN
We have to talk more about appropriate freeganism. A plastic chair's okay, but street-side upholstery's really gross!

STANDARD GUY
I want to barrel age my own whiskey!

SFX: Table breaking
Standard Guy breaks their coffee table over his knee.

ANNIE
This is weirdly the hottest he's ever been!

STANDARD GUY
I want to restore a hardwood floor then invite people over so I can explain the process of sanding it down and refinishing it!

Standard Guy rears back, knocking Annie's spear out of her hands. He whips around and sets his sights on Morgan. Morgan holds her own and lands a few strikes but he's so overcome with anger that he continues to corner her despite getting pummeled.

MORGAN
Uhhh, just realizing I have no idea where my fanny pack is! Do you think Mitch put it in some weird box?
ANNIE
Wait! The drugs!

SFX: Annie rummaging

MORGAN
Cool. How about you get high after we don't die tonight?

ANNIE
No, he spilled a jar of bile on himself the last time he was here. I think that's what's got him all riled up and dangerous but weirdly sexy.

Annie suddenly finds a jar of bile and a syringe, she fills the syringe then runs at Standard Guy and plunges the needle into his back, shooting the pure bile into his body. Standard Guy starts to convulse and foam at the mouth.

ANNIE (CONT’D)
Oh no no no, don't vomit on the hardwood.

SFX: THUD! Standard Guy hits the ground

MORGAN
Is... is he?

ANNIE
Don't check his pulse. Let's just move him. If we don't know for sure that he's dead, we didn't move a dead body. We just got rid of an unwanted drunk.

MORGAN
Good idea. Tandem doesn't know we're selling stuff in this neighborhood but I don't want to risk them finding out we maybe might've killed a guy.

ANNIE
In self-defense but, yeah, I don't want to go to prison.

MORGAN
(frightened realization)
Me either.
ANNIE
I'm too attractive for prison. It'd be dangerous, like throwing a steak at a pack of beagles.

SFX: Transition

Morgan and Annie are each wearing hoodies and gloves. They struggle to carry Standard Guy's body to a dumpster in an alleyway.

MORGAN
Lift with your knees on the count of three. One, two, three.

SFX: Tossing standard guy in the dumpster.

ANNIE
(trying to reassure herself)
Wow. So crazy that Standard Guy showed up blitzed out of his mind then got even more wasted.

MORGAN
Yep. Sure hope he sleeps it off in that cozy dumpster.

ANNIE
Hey, you wanna get one of those churro ice cream sandwiches?

MORGAN
God yes, that sounds so good right now. Anything normal. You're right. We didn't have a choice back there.

ANNIE
Yep and, again, for all we know, he's just wasted. I'm sure he'll be fine.
(beat)
I might lean into dating more ladies, they might be less drama.

MORGAN
You know what? I think that's a great idea.

ANNIE
Ladies and horse enthusiasts.
MORGAN
Well sure. Don't want to limit yourself.

SFX: Transition

Some hours later in the Fairhaven morgue. Standard guy lies naked on an autopsy table. Suddenly, his eyes shoot open and he pops up. Bonnie Klein, the CEO of Tandem Industries sits on a chair next to him, non-chalantly fucking around with her phone.

BONNIE
(without looking up from her phone)
The good news is, you're not dead anymore. The bad news is, you work for me now.

STANDARD GUY
Why is that bad news? Are you hard to work with?

BONNIE
I'll give you the rundown in the car. Let's go.

STANDARD GUY
Where are my clothes?

BONNIE
That boring button down and those infuriating bootcut jeans? I burned them. We'll get you new clothes. What is your name exactly? You know what, doesn't matter. Let's go.

END