

"All Earthly Constraints"

by
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(Rough Draft)

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SUPER:

ALLISON REYNOLDS: When you grow up, your heart dies.

JOHN BENDER: So, who cares?

ALLISON REYNOLDS: I care.

The black screen explodes like a plane of glass into:

INT. APARTMENT - DAY

The omni-typical L.A. apartment: The beige carpet, the sad hanging white blinds in front of the sliding door to the sad little balcony, and so on.

In the center of the room, in a semi-circle, sit six young semi-adults. We pan around and see:

SARA, attractive, ambitious, wearing little glasses and taking diligent notes,

ANTHONY, the actor-type,

JOHN, tall, full of himself, the self-styled leader, wearing all black with a big tab collar, constantly scribbling notes in a black notebook,

DYLAN, shorter than John, a bundle of awkwardness, nerves and insecurities,

And EMILY, nerdy-chic (but mostly nerdy), trying to act like she has it all together.

She's looking out at the rest of the group, waiting for someone to say something, expectant and nervous like a school-kid waiting for her paper back from the teacher.

We pan down and see that each group member has a printed movie script on their lap.

EMILY

Well?

The other group members exchange awkward glances: no one wants to go first.

ANTHONY

I thought it was... fun.

Long silence.

SARA

It was cute.

Emily stares daggers here. Long silence, until John steps in, "I'm in charge here:"

JOHN

Here's the thing. I don't want to offend you, but in this industry-

EMILY

Just get on with it.

John recoils at being cut off, but tries to play it off.

JOHN

Ok, fine. Here's the thing though: This script is... it's masturbation.

Anthony snickers; John shoots him a look.

JOHN (CONT'D)

The protagonist is just so transparently a proxy for the author.

EMILY

What does that mean?

JOHN

The character's name is Emma. Your name is Emily.

Emily shoots him a "So?" look.

JOHN (CONT'D)

She works in a coffee shop. You work in an ice cream shop.

Emily's stare grows even icier.

DYLAN

But-

John puts up a finger to stop him.

JOHN

You know the rules. One critique at a time, rotating counter-clockwise.

(to Emily)

Now our heroine,

(air quotes)

(MORE)

JOHN (CONT'D)

"Emma." It says here that she's the world's greatest screenwriter, but completely unrecognized in here own time, due to the sinister influences of forces beyond her control.

Emily starts to turn red and look down at her feet.

JOHN (CONT'D)

But she's able to defeat the forces of evil, and finally gain the recognition she deserved all along, by transforming herself into a superhero named

(checks page)

"Emmageddon" - who "brings down doom" upon her enemies the razor-sharp wit and impeccable manners of a Jane Austen heroine. And the whole thing takes place in outer space- on an asteroid hurtling towards the Earth! This was supposed to be a comedy, right?

Emily, shrinking into herself, slowly shakes her head "no."

JOHN (CONT'D)

I'm sorry, it's just completely self-indulgent.

ANTHONY

(quietly)

Yeah.

SARA

It sort of is.

Dylan just looks upset, but doesn't say anything.

JOHN

OK, then on to new business. If there are no objections, I have a new project I'd like to submit. I think you'll all find it-

EMILY

Dick!

JOHN

Pardon me?

EMILY

You! You're a dick!

There's a very loud silence. Emily wants to storm out, but she hasn't packed her stuff up yet, so she does so, while everyone tries not to make eye contact with anyone for a few very prolonged beats.

When she finally gets to the door, Sara is in the way, and has to move her chair. Finally Emily makes it, slamming the door behind her.

JOHN
So, moving on.

Dylan hesitates a few beats, looking around at the others, who don't meet his eye.

DYLAN
I have to...

He gets up follows Emily out the door.

EXT. STREET - LATE AFTERNOON

The magic hour- the sun is sinking behind Los Angeles.

Dylan walks out of the apartment complex and looks around. He hears a sniffing, follows it, and finds Emily, sitting a curb, half-concealed behind some bushes.

DYLAN
Emily?

She immediately straightens up and tries to pretend she wasn't crying.

EMILY
Hey. Is the meeting over?

DYLAN
No. I just...

EMILY
Yeah.

Dylan gingerly sits down next to her, careful to leave a few feet of daylight between them.

DYLAN
(looking at her face)
Were you crying?

EMILY
No. No.

She suddenly breaks down crying- not just sniffles this time but real weeping. Dylan tries putting a hand on her back, then pulls it back just as quickly.

After a few beats, Emily pulls herself together.

EMILY (CONT'D)

Shit.

She looks Dylan over, then comes to a decision.

EMILY (CONT'D)

Do you want to get a drink or something?

INT. BAR - NIGHT

Dylan and Emily sit at a table in the midst of a divey bar.

In front of Dylan is a beer, which he's taken maybe two sips of. Emily has a half-empty beer and an empty shot glass. She pounds down another shot, and slams the glass down on the table.

EMILY

You should have one.

DYLAN

That's OK. I don't really...

(trails off awkwardly,
then:)

I thought your script was really good. John's just...

(beat, considering)

...a cock.

Emily half-smiles.

EMILY

Yeah. He kind of is, isn't he?

DYLAN

Seriously, though, your script was really great. Emmageddon is... great.

EMILY

(raising an intoxicated
eyebrow at him)

Yeah?

DYLAN

I just... she's so cool. I wish I could make up something like that.

EMILY

What do you mean, "make up?"

DYLAN

Oh, I didn't mean to... I know it come from you, it's a part of you, it's just something you-

EMILY

Relax. I'm messing with you.

DYLAN

Oh.

After an awkward silence:

EMILY

So are you working on anything?

DYLAN

I've been writing kind of...

(beat)

No.

EMILY

Can I read it?

Dylan laughs.

DYLAN

I guess I am working on something. I sort of... I just don't want to be that guy.

EMILY

What guy?

DYLAN

You know what I mean! The guy who's never quite going to make it. The guy who's kidding himself he has talent. The guy who everybody in the family rolls their eyes at at Christmas, and talks behind his back about when he is going to get a real job!

(beat)

I mean, do you want to be that girl?

EMILY

Do you have a better girl for me to be?

She swallows the rest of the beer and slams it down.

EMILY (CONT'D)

"Stayed in her shitty little hometown and married the local loser who knocked her up" girl?

The waitress brings two more beers. Emily downs half of hers in one gulp.

EMILY (CONT'D)

"Works in an office for thirty years until her fat ass barely fits in the goddamn ergonomic chair anymore" girl? "Does nothing with her life and regrets it on her deathbed" girl?

DYLAN

OK, OK, I get it.

EMILY

Do you?

DYLAN

Yeah.

EMILY

Good.

LATER:

Closing time. There's kind of an awkward shuffling as they try to decide if they're going to walk out together. Dylan makes a false start to stand up, then has to wait for Emily to get herself together. But finally, they end up walking out of the bar together, Emily a little unsteady on her feet.

EXT. STREET - NIGHT

They find themselves under a streetlight, standing by Dylan's beat-up old car, Emily slumped against the passenger side.

DYLAN

So, do you need a-

EMILY

Yes.

EXT. EMILY'S APARTMENT BUILDING - NIGHT

Dylan pulls up outside her building.

DYLAN
Here?

EMILY
Yeah.

Long silence. Dylan toys with the key in the ignition.

DYLAN
So, do you want to...

Emily reaches over and pulls the key out for him.

EMILY
Come on.

INT. EMILY'S APARTMENT - NIGHT

A single girl's apartment, sparse-furnished- and it's messy, stuff flung everywhere, a chaos of clothes, piled-up bills, and such. Dylan takes it all in.

DYLAN
This is... nice.

Emily, not answering him, leaves the room. Dylan hears her O.S., fumbling around noisily in the kitchen.

DYLAN (CONT'D)
You need any help in there?

When he looks up she's standing in the doorway that joins the kitchen to the living room, holding two drinks, leaning against the doorframe with the top button of her shirt undone.

LATER:

They're sitting on the couch together. Music plays low. The drinks are finished. They're both staring straight ahead. Every once in a while one sneaks a glance at the other, then goes back to looking straight ahead.

Finally, Dylan scoots closer, erasing ten of the twelve inches between them. Now they both turn and look at each other, and they're that close to kissing.

EMILY

Come on.

She takes him by the hand and leads him to her-

BEDROOM

Her bedroom is even more chaotic than the living room, with clothes strewn all over everything. Dylan notes a tacky rayon work uniform, as well as the occasional stray bra.

They sit on the bed, but upright, in a duplicate of the positions they had on the couch.

EMILY (CONT'D)

Tell me again.

DYLAN

What?

EMILY

What you told me at the bar.

DYLAN

You're so talented.

She kisses him.

They kiss for a few seconds, and then Emily pulls back. She pulls him down until they're both laying on their sides on the bed, staring at each other.

EMILY

Do you want to listen to some music?

DYLAN

Music?

EMILY

Yeah.

She produces an mp3 player. We watch from above as she puts one earbud in her own ear, then places the other one tenderly in Dylan's.

THE MUSIC IS: Eef Barzelay, "True Freedom."

They come together and kiss as the music plays.

We withdraw from the bedroom into the hall as the music continues, and only a faint light is visible under the cracked bedroom door.

Then into the empty living room, down the hall of the apartment building, and outside into the empty street.

LATER:

In the bedroom. The passionate portion of the evening is now over, and they're lying next to each other on the bed, semi-clothed.

DYLAN
Can I sleep here?

EMILY
Yeah. Of course.

Dylan curls up, as if to sleep, but Emily just stares at the ceiling.

DYLAN
Can't you sleep?

EMILY
Not since I can remember.

DYLAN
Here. Do you want...

He fishes his pants off the floor, and from the pocket finds a little pill case. He gives her a sleeping pill, and takes one herself. Emily brings a glass of water and they swallow them together.

INT. EMILY'S BEDROOM - MORNING

Dylan wakes up. He's slept in Emily's bed, still (mostly) wearing his clothes from the night before.

He quietly stands up from the bed and walks towards the mirrored door of the closet, engaged in a staredown with his own reflection.

The door is open a bit, and something is drawing him slowly towards it. He slides it open a bit and glimpses something bright colored inside:

THE EMMAGEDDON OUTFIT!

It's an actual, real superheroine outfit, like the one described in Emily's script from the writer's group! Dylan holds it gently between his fingers, checking out the "E" logo on the chest and the other awesome details.

He drops it as he senses a movement behind him- in the mirror he sees Emily, semi-clothed, sit up in bed.

EMILY
Oh my God!

DYLAN
I wasn't-

EMILY
What time is it?

DYLAN
(checking a watch he's not wearing)
I-

EMILY
I have to go to work!!

She jumps out of bed and starts frantically flinging through the piles of clothes. She comes up with the pieces that make her work uniform for the:

DREAMVILLE ICE CREAM SHOP.

DYLAN
I-

EMILY
I have to go!

She dashes out the door before Dylan can get a word out.

EXT. PARKING LOT - MORNING

Emily's beat-up old car screeches in and parks, poorly. She dashes through the parking lot and under the marquee of the ice cream shop which reads, "Dreamville."

INT. DREAMVILLE ICE CREAM SHOP - MORNING

Emily hurries in. Behind the case of ice cream stands DARIUS, the boss, and TREY, his assistant manager, always standing half a step behind.

Darius is tall and haughty, wearing a perpetual sneering smirk that says he knows all your dirty little secrets.

DARIUS
You're late.

TREY

Yeah.

EMILY

Sorry, I was just...

Darius raises an eyebrow, lewdly. Emily stares him down. Finally he throws her an apron, turns and walks into his office in the back, followed by Trey.

Emily takes her place behind the counter.

MONTAGE:

Emily serves customers with the bare minimum level of effort possible until the end of her shift.

END MONTAGE

Darius pops back into the front of the store.

DARIUS

Emily, can I see you?

She reluctantly follows him into his-

OFFICE

A sad little room in the back of the store, but full of a surprising amount of ancient computer monitors and electronic equipment of unknowable purpose.

EMILY

Yes?

DARIUS

You were late.

EMILY

Didn't we cover this already?

DARIUS

Did we? I'm just trying to keep it straight. You broke up with Anthony, Tom, that's on and off? Was it Tom? Or maybe somebody new. I don't even know how you keep track.

EMILY

I've told you before my personal life is none of your business.

DARIUS

I understand- really, I do. You can't have much self-esteem- with all your problems- and of course your struggling "writing career."

EMILY

Don't say "struggling."

DARIUS

Struggling.

EMILY

You know what? I'm going to remember you. One day you're going to turn on the TV and you're going to see me- and I'm going to be winning a very prestigious award. And I'm going to mention you in my speech. By name. Right between my mom and God. And then the whole world will know what a sick perverted asshole you are.

She starts to stalk out then turns back.

EMILY (CONT'D)

OH! AND I'M QUITTING!

DARIUS

When?

EMILY

NOT RIGHT NOW!

(beat, then lower,
threatening)

But soon. My script is almost done. And then the world is going to know exactly who you are, and what goes on here.

Darius stares her down, taking her seriously for the first time. She stares him down for a few solid beats. Then she storms out of his office.

HALLWAY

She storms past Trey, who turns around and, unnoticed by Emily follows her outside into the--

EXT. PARKING LOT

Emily gets in her and squeals off. Trey gets in his and surreptitiously follows.

INT. EMILY'S CAR

She's driving, with music playing loud, focused intently on the road ahead. Her phone dings and she checks the text message without missing a beat.

INSERT:

On the screen: FROM: Dylan. MESSAGE: Can we talk?

RESUME

EMILY
(to herself)
Jesus.

She swings the car around.

INT. DARIUS'S OFFICE - NIGHT

He's frantically making phone calls and tapping on multiple keyboards and devices at the same time.

DARIUS
(into phone)
Get me everybody! Everybody! This
is serious! EVERYBODY!!

On his desk is sprawled an open copy of the script
"EMMAGEDDON!"

EXT. EMILY'S APARTMENT BUILDING - NIGHT

Emily pulls up outside her building.

EMILY
(into phone)
Just meet me at my place. I don't
have much time.

DYLAN
(on phone and in person)
OK.

Emily looks out her window and sees Dylan standing there, phone in hand she jumps.

EMILY

Jesus! You scared the shit out of me!

(beat)

How did you get here so fast?

DYLAN

I was... I was waiting for you.

EMILY

Get in.

Dylan gets in the passenger side of the car.

EMILY (CONT'D)

Why were you waiting for me? How much do you know?

DYLAN

Know? I wanted to talk to you. About what happened last night.

EMILY

Oh Jesus.

She looks over his shoulder, sees something out the window.

EMILY (CONT'D)

I have to go.

DYLAN

What did I do?

EMILY

No- we have to get out of here! Now- come on!

She gets out of the car and dashes for her building. She stops and turns back, motions to the confused Dylan, who eventually follows.

INT. STAIRWELL - EMILY'S BUILDING

They dash up the stairs.

INT. EMILY'S APARTMENT - NIGHT

They dash in, and Emily deadbolts the door behind them. She immediately pulls the blinds shut and turns out all the lights, and then dives down behind the couch.

DYLAN

What the hell is going on?

EMILY

Get down!

She grabs him by the hand and pulls him down. They sit side by side on the floor behind the couch.

EMILY (CONT'D)

They could be watching.

DYLAN

Who could be watching??

EMILY

Look. Dylan. I have to explain something to you.

DYLAN

Please don't say "it's not you, it's me."

EMILY

It's not you. And it's not me either. It's Emmageddon.

Dylan is goggle-eyed.

EMILY (CONT'D)

It's all real, OK? It's a conspiracy, led by Darius, my boss at the ice cream shop. I think he's in charge, anyway. It could be bigger than him. It could be world-wide!

DYLAN

Right. World-wide.

EMILY

This is why there's Emmageddon!
This is what the script is about!!
It's all true! Everything in the script is real! He's trying to keep us down- artists- all of us!

(MORE)

EMILY (CONT'D)

That's why we struggle so much!

That's why it's so hard for us!

(quieter now)

It's really true, Dylan. That's why it's so hard. You believe me, don't you?

After a long pause:

DYLAN

OK. I believe you. But you have to prove it to me. I have to see you. I have to see Emmageddon.

EMILY

I can't. I never... Nobody ever...

DYLAN

I'm not leaving.

Emily looks him over for a long beat, then, with her eyes, says "OK."

EMILY'S BEDROOM

Dylan sits on the edge of the bed and watches as Emily, with her back to him, strips off her clothes down to her bra and underwear.

Then she steps into the Emmageddon outfit- the prototypical superheroine outfit, colorful spandex with her logo on the chest.

She turns around and looks at Dylan- he's too awestruck to do anything but stare. She approaches him and kisses him tenderly on the forehead.

EMILY/EMMAGEDDON

Farewell, Mr. Duncan.

And then she's gone.

EXT. STREET - NIGHT

Emmageddon's outfit is visible as a flash of color in the shadows of the apartment building.

She looks from side to side, than makes an exciting superheroine dash for her car. In one smooth motion she dives in, starts the car and burns rubber off into the night.

Darius's spies are sitting in their car by the curb, waiting. As soon as Emily/Emmageddon is gone, they dash towards the apartment building, fanning out to form a perimeter.

INT. EMILY'S CAR - NIGHT

She drives fast, blasting music and checking the mirrors to see if anyone is following her.

EXT. DREAMVILLE ICE CREAM SHOP - NIGHT

She pulls up and parks. She walks to the back of the building, produces a key and unlocks.

INT. DREAMVILLE ICE CREAM SHOP - BACK CORRIDOR

She creeps along the corridor towards Darius's office, where a pale glow is emitting from under the door.

She strides up to the door, gathers her confidence, pushes it in, and barges into--

DARIUS'S OFFICE

He's sitting behind his desk, watching something on a monitor. He looks up, seemingly not surprised at all to see her.

DARIUS

Emily? To what I do I owe the pleasure?

She's flustered for a moment, but then recovers.

EMILY/EMMAGEDDON

I know what you're doing. I'm Emmageddon, and I'm here to stop you.

DARIUS

Oh really? I suppose that explains that spandexy... thing you're wearing. I have to tell you honestly, you're trying just a little too hard. That's not how you find a lasting relationship. Or didn't your mother ever tell you?

She is visibly wounded, but recovers her persona soldiers on.

EMILY/EMMAGEDDON

I'm afraid you're finished, my good sir. I've unraveled your fiendish plan. It's all in the script- and soon the whole world will see it!

DARIUS

Ah, yes your little...
 (with extreme distaste)
 Script. "Emmageddon." Don't think I never knew you were writing about me- poorly. I think I even have a copy around here somewhere.

He finds a copy of the script on his desk and picks it up by the extreme corner. Then he drops it again.

DARIUS (CONT'D)

Unfortunately, what we have here is the Last. Copy. In. Existence. It's over.

EMILY/EMMAGEDDON

I have backups you'll never find!

DARIUS

Won't I? I have all your passwords. All your hard drives have been eight-times zeroed. It's gone.

She starts to say something; he cuts her off.

DARIUS (CONT'D)

Oh, but what about the copies you gave to your little "group?" Behold!

He turns around his monitor so she can watch images of her henchman at work:

ON SCREEN:

EXT. HOUSE / INT. CAR - NIGHT

The team of henchmen pulls up on this quiet street and don ski masks. On the front seat of the car is a pile of already-confiscated "Emmageddon"s.

The camera catches the face of the lead henchman before he pulls his mask on- it's John, from the writer's group.

RESUME

EMILY

John?

DARIUS

Of course. He was with me all along. What did you think he was writing in that notebook of his? I have your script. I have your little friend. It's over.

EMILY

No- it'll never be over. Not as long as one of us is writing. You may stop me, but you'll never stop all of us. Some day one of our scripts will get made- and then the truth will come out about you.

Darius laughs, villainously.

DARIUS

You're right. There are so many of you. You kill one, a hundred more take his place- like rats. I used to despair of ever getting rid of all of you- until I invented this!

Darius presses a button and unveils the beeping, flashing, pulsating control panel for- A SCARY MACHINE!

EMILY/EMMAGEDDON

Pardon me?

DARIUS

Oh this old thing? It's just the control panel for my asteroid-mounted Mind Disintegration Ray.

EMILY/EMMAGEDDON

What does it do?

DARIUS

Oh, it does a lot of things. But this is my favorite: It wipes minds! One push of this button and it sends a signal to the Transponder ray, positioned on an asteroid hurtling towards Earth from the Van Allen belt.

(MORE)

DARIUS (CONT'D)

The rays will fan out over the world, and when the radiation hits you "people" - It'll incinerate that stupid, silly little part of your brain that makes you think you can actually make a difference in the world.

Emily looks horrified.

DARIUS (CONT'D)

If you think about it- I'm kind of a hero. The waiter who's really an actor, the struggling songwriter parking cars, the office drone hoping the boss doesn't catch him polishing his screenplay- the world hates these people. Think of how much happier everyone will be when you're all wiped from the face of the Earth.

(beat)

And it's good for you too. I'm a humanitarian. Once we get you nice and rayed up, your whole life will turn around! No more being unhappy at your job, no more laying awake at night wondering when it's finally going to "happen" for you! You'll finally realize exactly where your place is in this world- and I ask you: what could possibly be more fulfilling than that?

EMILY/EMMAGEDDON

(not entirely convinced)

I won't let you. I'll fight.

DARIUS

You're a joke- just like your writer's group told you. What would ever make you think you could possibly fight me?

Emily cringes back, but then gathers herself.

EMILY/EMMAGEDDON

Because, Mister Powell. I'm Emmageddon, and I'm here to meddle in your outer-space affairs.

She draws the dainty parasol that is part of her effort. The end slides off to reveal the sword blade hidden inside.

Darius smiles, unperturbed. He takes the last existing copy of "Emmageddon" and holds one of those long fireplace "trigger lighters" to it, lighting the corner on fire.

EMILY/EMMAGEDDON (CONT'D)

My script!

She dives for him and they grapple- Darius, Emily, and the script stagger and fall onto the TELEPORTER PLATFORM nestled behind a curtain in the corner of Darius' office. Emily's elbow hits a lever and they are BEAMED UP to-

EXT. SURFACE OF AN ASTEROID HURTLING TOWARDS THE EARTH

They materialize on a Teleporter platform. They're on Darius's outer space asteroid hideout. They're inside a dome which provides atmosphere. There is a large MIND DISINTEGRATION RAY here, pointed towards the distant Earth.

Darius and Emmageddon stand up and square off. Darius still has his trusty "write you up" pen.

DARIUS

I'm afraid I'm going to have to mark you down for this.

He whips the pen and it telescopes out into a yard-long, vicious looking metal baton.

AND THEN THEY FIGHT!

It's balletic, twirling blur as they fight, their weapons, blurring and clashing and sparking against each other when they strike.

Darius backs Emmageddon up against the wall, and starts to overpower her, as she tries to block his baton with her blade held horizontally above her head.

DARIUS (CONT'D)

This is your last chance. I can wipe you right now. You can go back to Earth and this will all be a dream. You can come to work Monday-happy.

EMILY/EMMAGEDDON

Sorry. I don't do cop-out endings.

She spins away, gets behind Darius and trips him to the rock surface.

Darius gets up, escapes, goes over to the MIND DISINTEGRATION RAY, and powers it up, and trains it on the helpless Earth.

DARIUS

You're too late! The launch sequence is initiated! It's all over for you... people.

Emmageddon straightens up to deliver her catchphrase:

EMILY/EMMAGEDDON

Sir, I reject your proposal!

She dives for the machine and strikes at it with her blade. The machine is wrecked but the laser fires off target, STRIKING THE ROOF OF THE DOME and reflecting off of it.

The beam splinters and bounces back, striking Darius, and then hitting Emmageddon directly on the chest, in the logo.

They both fall back onto the teleporter platform. The machine is destroyed. Darius is unconscious.

Emily lies on her back, spent, barely conscious. The Emmageddon logo has been scorched right off her chest. The pages of the

LAST COPY OF "EMMAGEDDON" IN THE UNIVERSE

are slowly floating up off into outer space, page by page.

MUSIC: Josh T. Pearson, "Country Dumb (piano version)," continuing into the next scene.

Emily tries to sit up to catch them, but she's too weak. All she can do is watch, until the Teleporter activates and sends them back to the unknowing, saved Earth.

FADE OUT

FADE IN:

EXT. SUBURBAN STREET - DAWN

When Emily opens her eyes again, she's looking up at a streetlight and the stars as seen from Earth. She staggers to her feet.

Dazed and confused, in the scorched remains of her Emmageddon outfit, she walks down the middle of an empty tree-lined street in the quiet before dawn.

A car drives slowly down the street behind her, then pulls up along beside her as she keeps walking, oblivious.

Dylan leans out the window of the car:

DYLAN

Emily!

She looks over at him, her eyes big like a dazed animal, not recalling who he is, and maybe not who she herself is either.

DYLAN (CONT'D)

It's me. Dylan.

She thinks for a few beats, then seems to remember him.

EMILY

Dylan.

DYLAN

I drove around all night.

EMILY

You did? Why?

DYLAN

I was looking for you? I was worried.

(off her outfit)

What happened?

Emily looks down at her hands and the place where the laser burned the logo off her chest.

EMILY

I don't know.

DYLAN

Just get in, OK?

He opens the passenger door for her and she collapses into the seat.

FADE OUT

SUPER: Two weeks later.

FADE IN:

INT. APARTMENT - AFTERNOON

The apartment where the writer's group meets, the same one from the beginning. Everyone's here who was here before, except John. Sara has taken over John's former "leadership seat."

SARA
Anthony, I read your script.

A pregnant silence as everyone awaits the verdict.

SARA (CONT'D)
I liked it. I have some notes
but... I really liked it.

Everyone smiles and relaxes. Sara continues:

SARA (CONT'D)
I feel like Act One runs a little
long. What you could probably do...

LATER:

The notes-giving has wrapped up.

SARA (CONT'D)
So, who's next? Who has something?

All eyes fall on Dylan.

DYLAN
Ah, I don't know. I had this one
thing I was thinking about... but
it's not ready yet. I'll tell you
guys next time.

ANTHONY
(not unkindly)
Come on, man! That's what you
always say.

DYLAN
I know. I mean it, next time. I
swear.

ANTHONY
Yeah right!

Anthony throws a balled-up piece of paper at him, and the meeting dissolved into good-natured kidding and laughing.

We pan around to each face laughing and joking, until we get to Dylan and Emily, sitting apart from the others. They exchange looks.

EXT. STREET - LATE AFTERNOON

The same place where Emily and Dylan talked after the first meeting. The others wave and walk away to their cars and then Dylan and Emily are left alone together, again.

DYLAN

Hey.

EMILY

Hey.

(beat)

Thanks for the other night by the way.

DYLAN

Yeah. It was... Yeah. No problem.

Emily sits down on the wall, then grabs Dylan's hand and pulls him down next to her.

EMILY

So what's this new idea? You can tell me.

She grabs him flirtatiously and makes him look her in the eye. Dylan breaks the staring contest first.

DYLAN

I don't know. Honestly, I just don't know how into it I am. There's something else I want to do.

EMILY

(grabbing him again)

What! Tell me.

DYLAN

I want to work with you. On "Emmageddon."

Emily drops his hand and a dark look creeps onto her face, like a shadow.

EMILY

Dylan. You don't know. It's been so hard for me.

(MORE)

EMILY (CONT'D)

I wake up in the middle of the night and I don't know what's real anymore, or what's just in my head. It's like a something inside of me just got... erased, and I don't know if I can ever get it back. There's so much I don't remember.

Now Dylan grabs her and looks her in the eye.

DYLAN

I do. I remember every word.

INT. EMILY'S APARTMENT

Emily opens the door and leads Dylan in. It's still a mess.

EMILY

So, this is my place. Sorry it's kind of a mess.

DYLAN

I know. I was here. Remember?

She just gives him a sad, blank look, and then:

EMILY

I usually work in here.

She leads him to her bedroom. She sits down on the bed with her laptop, and invites Dylan to sit next to her.

EMILY (CONT'D)

This isn't weird, is it?

DYLAN

No. I have a feeling I can handle it.

Emily looks at him askance, then smiles.

EMILY

You're kind of weird.

(beat)

I like that.

She sets up the computer and arrays all her scribbled pages of notes around her. Then suddenly, she stops.

EMILY (CONT'D)

I just got the strangest feeling. Like deja vu.

Dylan tries to look her in the eyes and create a "moment," but it passes.

EMILY (CONT'D)

Anyway, we should get to work. You really remember the whole thing?

DYLAN

I think so.

EMILY

I'm glad.

(beat)

You know, Dylan, it's gonna be hard sometimes- It's gonna be really really hard. But if we believe in ourselves, and believe in each other, we can actually do this. And what we're doing is important. For us, and kind of like... for everybody.

(beat)

And don't think I don't know how pathetic, and deluded, and self-important, and flat-out fucking insane I sound when I say that. Because I do.

(beat)

I guess I just don't care anymore.

They work together on the script, hunched over the laptop and the notes. Once Dylan tries to sneak a touch of Emily's hand, but he pulls back before she notices.

They continue on as the sun sinks outside the window.

FADE OUT