

Sitcom

"PILOT"

Written by

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COLD OPENINT. TELEVISION STUDIO - DAY

The sitcom "Jill & Bruce" is being filmed. Actor CURTIS GRANT is playing the role of "Bruce," a tough, no-nonsense Brooklyn construction worker. The role of the ditzy, air-headed "Jill" is played by SHERYL HIGBY.

On set, the character of Bruce has just recovered an expensive designer dress from the kitchen sink.

CURTIS

(As Bruce)

And that, babe, is why we don't put clothes down the garbage disposal.

SHERYL

(In a squeaky voice)

But their whole fall fashion line seemed like trash to me.

The studio audience LAUGHS. Standing nearby is DAVID WILDER. He watches the episode being taped with a mixture of excitement and awe.

DAVID (V.O.)

TV sitcoms. The place where millions of people tune in to watch loveable characters in utterly unique situations.

The character of Bruce puts his hands on Jill's shoulders.

CURTIS

If the apple don't fall far from the tree, babe, then that must've been one special tree you fell from.

SHERYL

Hey! How did you know I fell from a tree when I was little?

CURTIS

Lucky guess.

Again, the studio audience erupts in LAUGHTER right before the onset director yells...

DIRECTOR

Cut! That's a wrap on episode 12.

Instantly, Curtis, who just a moment ago was playing a gruff construction worker, switches back to his true self, an effeminate, flamboyant British actor.

CURTIS

About bloody time! I thought I was going to get actor's carpal tunnel from doing that scene so many times. Who could have imagined it would be so difficult to pull a dress out of a bloody hand basin? I told them they should have used a pair of knickers!

David stares as Curtis passes him by.

DAVID (V.O.)

Amazing how characters can be so different from the real life actors.

David approaches Sheryl, the actress playing Jill.

DAVID

Sheryl Higby? Hello. I just wanted to say that I'm a huge fan of your work.

SHERYL

(In her character's ditzy voice)

Oh my god! That's awesome. I love fans. People, fans. Not the ones that blow air, you know. They're just okay. Not very friendly, though. It's always...

She cups her lips and makes a swirling SOUND, similar to that of a fan.

David CHUCKLES.

DAVID

That's funny, Ms. Higby, but you don't have to stay in character for me.

SHERYL

Oh my god! I'm so sorry. Sometimes you pretend so long you forget when to stop. Just a second.

She closes her eyes and clasps her hands as if meditating.

SHERYL

(Chanting)

Ommmmmmmm.

David stares at her like she's crazy, until she suddenly stops.

SHERYL

(In the same annoying voice)

There we go. All better.

David nods awkwardly.

DAVID (V.O.)

Then again, some characters seem pretty true to life.

SHERYL

Did you come to watch the rehearsal today?

DAVID

No, actually, my name is David Wilder. I'm the new associate producer.

A LOUD CRASH is heard as one of the crewmembers drops a piece of equipment.

All activity on the set comes to a abrupt stop. The set workers turn and stare at David with a look of anger, fear, and disgust.

DAVID (V.O.)

Not exactly the warm welcome I was
hoping for.

David smiles nervously.

END OF COLD OPEN

ACT ONEINT. CONFERENCE ROOM - DAY

The senior crewmembers for "Jill & Bruce" are sitting at the conference table, along with the lead actor and actress of the show.

Clearly noticeable is RONALD TINFILL, lead cameraman for the show, twitching fiercely with fear. He suffers from paranoia and anxiety.

To Ronald's left is AMANDA STONE, a former Miss California who is as cold-hearted as she is attractive. She's flipping nonchalantly through a magazine.

To the other side of Ronald is HEATH GREEN, lead writer for the show, wearing a t-shirt that reads "POT IS HOT," with a picture of Parish Hilton smoking a blunt.

RONALD

This is it! I feel it! I have a radar for this sort of thing. I'm getting fired!

HEATH

Relax. You're not going to lose your job, man.

RONALD

The axe is coming. I can practically feel its cold steel against my skin.

SHERYL

Didn't you say the same thing the last time a producer was hired?

RONALD

Yeah, but I had a cold then. The radar was off.

HEATH

I think the radar might be retarded.

AMANDA

(To Ronald)

All I know is if you don't stop twitching, I'm going to shove this magazine in your ear.

RONALD

That's exactly what he wants. To turn us against each other.

CURTIS

Well, bollocks, maybe this new chap will finally give my character the depth he deserves. I'm thinking of a scene where my character cries as he listens to an Italian aria. Perhaps "Vissi d'arte" by Puccini.

HEATH

Your character's a construction worker from Brooklyn.

CURTIS

I see. Perhaps something by that bloke Kid Rock, then.

The chatter dies as David walks into the conference room.

DAVID

Hello everyone. Let me officially introduce myself. My name is David Wilder, and I'm going to be the new associate producer for "Jill & Bruce."

RONALD

(To himself)

This is the end. I feel it.

DAVID

I know bringing in a new producer usually means layoffs and radical changes...

Ronald takes a big GULP.

DAVID (CONT'D)

...but I want to assure you all that I'm a huge fan of "Jill & Bruce," and I want to help make the show the best it can be.

RONALD

(Feeling calmer)

I like that. That sounds positive.

AMANDA

The last producer said the exact same thing.

RONALD

Really?

AMANDA

Then he fired half the staff.

DAVID

I promise, nothing like that is gonna happen. But before we talk about the show, it might be a good idea to make some acquaintances. Our stars, Sheryl Hill & Curtis Grant, hardly need introductions.

(Points to Amanda)

Why don't we start with you?

AMANDA

My name's Amanda Stone. I'm the personal assistant to the lead associate producer, which I suppose makes me your personal assistant.

DAVID

Nice to meet you, Amanda.

AMANDA

(Conceited)

Yes, I know it is.

David's not sure how to interpret the comment.

DAVID

Um, okay. Next.
(Points to Heath)

HEATH

Name's Heath. I, like, put words
on a blanket sheet of paper until
they form sentences and stuff.

DAVID

So, you're our lead writer?

HEATH

Yeah, I guess some people it
"writing." Can't imagine why,
though.

DAVID

Okay. Good to have you, Heath. And
you must be--

Ronald pops up from his chair and starts shaking David's
hand.

RONALD

Ronald Tinfill. Lead Cameraman.

DAVID

Good to meet you, Ron.

RONALD

(Still shaking hand)

Thank you, sir. Thank you. Did I
mention I have 3 children? All
financially dependent on me? Also,
a sick mother. She has Bruxism.
She grinds her teeth at night. It
can cause cavities.

DAVID

Um... okay.

RONALD

Just thought you should know.

Ronald finally releases David's hand and sits in his seat.

CURTIS

Excuse me, David, but I was wondering what changes you were planning on making to the show.

DAVID

Excellent question. "Jill & Bruce" has a long history as one of the most successful single camera sitcoms on television. However, as you know, the ratings have been slipping the past two seasons.

Ronald suddenly stands up and starts pointing at Heath.

RONALD

It's all Heath's fault! He's the writer! Blame him! It's his stories that are flushing us down the toilet!

HEATH

That's so uncool, dude.

DAVID

I'm not here to blame anyone, but it's important that we make our next episode the best one yet. Especially since it's due tonight at 9. To accomplish this, I called a few friends of mine at Panavision and got them to lend us the new Red One camera.

(Shouting off screen)

Bring it in, guys!

Two crewmembers bring in the state of the art, highly expensive camera, along with a chilled bottle of champagne.

Everyone at the table watches in amazement.

EVERYONE AT TABLE

(Together)

Ooooooooooh.

DAVID

But that's not all. I've brought in a very special guest director. You may have seen his work in such classic films as "The Silent Bell" and "Light Needs Shadow." Ladies and Gentlemen, I give you Ian Birdman.

David gestures, and Ian Birdman, the elderly Oscar-winning director, enters the room. He walks with the labored steps of a 76 year old. Everyone at the conference table breaks out into APPLAUSE.

HEATH

I can't believe it. We've got, like, a real director for a change.

SHERYL

It sure seems like this new producer knows what he's doing.

RONALD

I love him! I love him already! I only just met him and I love him!

David gestures for the APPLAUSE to die down.

DAVID

Hopefully, this will be the first in a long line of talented guest directors. Now, let's open some champagne.

David grabs the bottle and prepares to pop off the cork.

DAVID

To a smooth and trouble-free shoot!

David POPS the cork near the old director's ear.

The director grabs his chest, falls to the ground, and dies of a fatal heart attack.

The cast and crew at the table quickly get up and circle the old man on the ground. POV shot as the cast stares down at the corpse.

SHERYL

Is he...?

HEATH

He's totally dead.

AMANDA

So much for trouble-free.

INT. CONFERENCE ROOM - LATER

Ian Birdman's body is being carried away on a stretcher by ambulance workers.

David watches in a daze, completely dismayed by his terrible luck. Heath approaches him.

HEATH

Well, they always said TV will kill a director's film career. I just didn't think they meant literally.

David glares at Heath.

HEATH

What? Too soon?

David turns and walks off to his...

INT. PRODUCER'S OFFICE - DAY

Amanda follows close behind him.

DAVID

I'm dead.

AMANDA

Technically, Ian Birdman's dead. You're just irrevocably screwed.

DAVID

(Thinking aloud)

I can fix this.

AMANDA

I doubt it.

DAVID

I just need to find a new director
and finish the episode, that's
all.

AMANDA

Not gonna happen.

David finally turns to her.

DAVID

Did you come here to spread your
own special brand of optimism?

AMANDA

I'm supposed to help orient new
producers in their new office. So
here goes.

(Pointing to each item)

Chair. Desk. Cabinet. Walls.
Questions? No? Good. Call me if
you need something.

Amanda starts to leave.

DAVID

(Still thinking out loud)

We just have to make sure Mr.
Lords doesn't find out.

AMANDA

Oh, that reminds me. Mr. Lords is
on Line Three. Tootles!

Amanda exits.

David, anxious, sits at his desk and picks up the phone.

DAVID

Mr. Lords, sir. How are you?

INTERCUT TELEPHONE CONVERSATION - DAVID AND JULIUS

JULIUS LORDS, the executive producer for "Jill & Bruce," is talking on his cell phone while getting massaged by two gorgeous women in bikinis.

JULIUS

The real question is, how are you?

DAVID

Peachy, Mr. Lords. Never better.

JULIUS

Any problems?

Through his office window, David can see and hear Ronald scrambling through the studio in a panic.

RONALD

He's only been here 20 minutes and he's already killed someone! We're all next!!!

DAVID

Um, nothing major, sir.

JULIUS

Excellent. I have complete faith that you'll be able to turn that show around.

DAVID

Thank you, sir.

JULIUS

And I want you to know that I'm working just as hard to keep "Jill & Bruce" on the air.

(Whispering to masseuses)

Little lower, honeys.

DAVID

I appreciate that sir. Thank you.
Have a great day.

David hangs up the phone. Outside, Ronald continues his ranting.

RONALD

I can't lose my job! I can't!

DAVID

God, I'm screwed.

INT. TELEVISION STUDIO - DAY

Ronald is still running through the studio in a panic.

RONALD

This is the ennnnnnddddd...

He passes by Heath and Curtis.

HEATH

I'd like to say that's not something you see everyday... but it kinda is around here.

CURTIS

It's fascinating, really. Death affects us all so differently, and today, we witnessed the death of a legend. A god in the pantheon of film.

HEATH

Ummm... aren't gods supposed to be immortal?

CURTIS

Be that as it may, I strongly feel that new life can still spring from this solemn event.

HEATH

Are you saying you want to have a baby with me?

CURTIS

No, bloody hell! I want my character to breath new life. I want more character development. I want something groundbreaking for a change!

HEATH

Like what?

CURTIS

Well, perhaps my character can have a mid-life crisis and quit the construction business. Perhaps he can become a professional ballet dancer and travel Europe for a few seasons with The Royal Ballet. Then maybe he'll meet Ricardo, a fellow troupe member, who will inspire in him a raw sexual awakening. Three years & two French poodles later, they'll buy a shack in the Hawaiian island of Nihoa and live out the rest of their days in blissful tranquility. What do you think?

Curtis looks over and sees Heath staring at him with an expression of complete and utter shock.

CURTIS

Right, then. Went too far. I'll just walk away now and pretend we never had this conversation.

Bruce starts walking away. Heath continues to stare with the same shell-shocked gaze.

INT. PRODUCER'S OFFICE - LATER

Amanda enters carrying a stack of mail and places it on David's desk. David is on the phone.

DAVID

Hello? Yes, I'm still holding. Oh, he can't, can he? Thanks anyway.

David hangs up the phone.

DAVID

That's the fifth director that's turned me down.

AMANDA

Don't take it too hard. You seem like the type that's experienced plenty of rejection.

DAVID

What am I going to do?

AMANDA

You could pray.

DAVID

Pray?

AMANDA

Yeah. Supposedly gives people hope or something. Of course, in your case, it would be false hope, since your screwed beyond redemption.

DAVID

Hope! That's it!

David grabs the phone and starts dialing.

AMANDA

Who are you calling?

DAVID

Esperanza Rojas. Esperanza means hope in Spanish. We went to film school together. I heard she was directing now. I just hope she's not making A-list, multi-million dollar movies just yet.

EXT. PARK - DAY

CLOSE-UP on ESPERANZA "ESPY" ROJAS, a beautiful Mexican-American director. She's crouching behind a film camera.

ESPY

Action!

PULL BACK TO REVEAL a lily on the ground, the current subject of the camera's gaze.

ESPY

Bloom, damn it! Bloom! These damn foliage actors. What do you need? Some motivation? Pretend there's a lawnmower coming around the corner.

Her cell phone RINGS. She checks her caller id, then answers.

ESPY

Hello?

INTERCUT TELEPHONE CONVERSATION - DAVID & ESPY

DAVID

Espy, hi. It's David. I don't know if you remember me--

ESPY

(Interrupting)

The answer's no.

DAVID

Wait, what? What do you mean "no"?

ESPY

No, as in negative. Negatory. Not gonna happen. I'm not going to direct your episode.

DAVID

(Flabbergasted)

What? How did you know?

ESPY

I know everything, David. It's a curse. Plus, the word's already gotten out about how you killed the greatest director in cinematic history.

DAVID

I didn't kill him! Not on purpose,
anyways.

ESPY

The answer's still no.

DAVID

But... why not?

ESPY

Because, unlike some, I refuse to
sell out.

DAVID

It's a paying job, Espy. Be
realistic. You can't film
sunflowers all your life.

ESPY

Shows how much you know, Mr. Big
Time Producer. I've moved on to
lilies now.

DAVID

Come on, Espy. Why won't you do
this for me?

ESPY

The question is why are you doing
this? What happened to that kid in
film school who was gonna be the
greatest screenwriter of all time?
He's turned into some soulless,
corporate TV corkscrew killer.

David SIGHS.

DAVID

Will you do it or not?

ESPY

I thought "no" was pretty self-
explanatory.

DAVID

You'll have full creative control.

Espy stops. She smiles widely.

ESPY

Just the words a director wants to
hear. Be there in 20 minutes.

She hangs up and grabs her camera as she leaves the park.

ESPY

(To flower)

And you. Go over your lines. I
want them memorized by the time
you get back.

END OF ACT ONE

ACT TWOINT. TELEVISION STUDIO - DAY

Ronald is jittery. His left arm starts shaking, so he grabs it. But then he notices his right arm start to twitch, so he grabs it with his left hand, leaving his arms uncomfortably crossed.

Then his leg starts to shake. He crosses one leg over the other, and stands in the middle of the studio set like a twisted pretzel. Still, he's relieved. The twitching has stopped.

And then his head starts to shake.

RONALD

Okay, that's it! I need to calm down! I'm not going to get fired. It's all in my head. I just need to relax, and find my happy place.

(Looking around)

Where is it? Where are you, little happy place?

Sheryl is passing by.

SHERYL

Hi, Ronald. How are you?

RONALD

I'm fine, Ms. Higby. I'm just a little nervous about the new producer.

SHERYL

Oh, I know all about being nervous. I get anxious every time I step on set.

RONALD

Really?

SHERYL

Uh huh.

She leans in close to Ronald.

SHERYL

I have a secret ritual for
fighting the jitters. Wanna know
what it is?

RONALD

(Nodding)

Very much.

SHERYL

Well, first I close my eyes and
take a deep breath.

She does just that. Ronald, hesitant at first, imitates her
movements.

SHERYL

Then I find my inner harmony. The
place inside myself where
everything is balanced and whole.

She brings the palms of her hands over her head. Ronald
follows suit.

SHERYL

And then, I start chanting the
names of my favorite boy bands.

RONALD

(Shocked)

What?

SHERYL

(Chanting)

BACKSTREET BOOOOOOOOYYYYYYYYYSSSSS.
OOOOOOOO-TOOOOOOOOOWWWWWNNNN.

RONALD

But Ms. Higby, I don't think--

SHERYL

(Interrupting)

NNNNNNNNNN' SYYYYYYYYYYNIC.

RONALD

Ms. Higby...

She suddenly snaps out of her trance.

SHERYL

There we go. All better. It's a foolproof system.

RONALD

Um, thank you, Ms. Higby, for sharing that with me.

SHERYL

Okey-doodle. Have a nice day!

Ronald is weirded out. He watches Sheryl leave, then he looks down and notices that his arm is twitching again. He grabs it and gazes around. He's all alone.

Slowly, he puts his arms over his head and closes his eyes.

RONALD

(Chanting)

MENUUUUUUUUUUUUDOOOOOOOOOO. NEW
KIDS ON THE BLLLOOOOOOOOOOOOCKKKK.

Espy enters the studio and walks over to Ronald, since he's the only one present.

ESPY

Hello. Could you tell me--

RONALD

(Cutting her off)

98 DEGREEEEEEEEEEESSSSSSSS.

(To himself)

Wow, this really works.

ESPY

Um, excuse me. I just got hired. Could you tell me where to find the associate producer?

Ronald quickly snaps out of his trance.

RONALD

Ha Ha! I knew it! You're my replacement, aren't you?

ESPY

No, I don't think--

RONALD

They think they can replace me?
Me?! With some no good hussy to
boot!

ESPY

(Offended)

Excuse me?

RONALD

Do you even know the F-Stop range?
Or how to operate a Chapman
Hustler? Do you know what the HMI
in an HMI light stands for?

ESPY

Hydrargyrum medium-arc iodide.

RONALD

Ha! You are a she-devil, aren't
you! Well, if they're going to
hire a new camera operator, then
they're going to have to find a
new camera!

In his crazed, paranoiac fit, Ronald knocks over the new
camera, which SMASHES on the ground.

ESPY

Oh, that's not good.

The rest of the crew, including David, come running at the
sound of the CRASH.

DAVID

What happened?

RONALD

I ran into my replacement, that's
what happened! You tried to pull a
fast one on old Ron, but Ron
pulled an even faster one!

DAVID

Ronald, she's not your replacement. She's Ian's replacement. She's the new director.

RONALD

The new... Oh...

Suddenly cheerful, Ronald starts shaking Espy's hand.

RONALD

Well, it's a pleasure to meet you, Miss. I look forward to working with you.

AMANDA

I'd better call the cemetery.

DAVID

You want to bury the camera?

AMANDA

No. Your career.

RONALD

No worries. I can fix this.

Ronald starts assembling the broken pieces.

HEATH

Wow. He's a breaker and a fixer. Impressive!

DAVID

This is a disaster.

AMANDA

I'd say it's more of a catastrophe, really.

DAVID

I'm ruined. My first day on the job and I can't even tape the episode.

HEATH

Cheer up, boss. It isn't all that bad.

DAVID

It isn't?

HEATH

No, wait, it is. I forgot about the dead director.

David, crestfallen, starts slouching back to his office.

DAVID

It's over.

Curtis, oblivious to what just happened, approaches David on his way to the office.

CURTIS

Excuse me, David. Would this be a bad time to talk about the artistic direction of the show?

DAVID

(In a daze)

Everything I touch dies.

CURTIS

Alright, then. I'll take that as a yes.

Curtis leaves and David enters his...

INT. PRODUCER'S OFFICE - DAY

David enters like a depressed zombie. Espy follows him in.

DAVID

You were right, Espy.

ESPY

What do you mean?

DAVID

I couldn't make it as a writer and now I've botched it as an A.P.

ESPY

I never said you couldn't make it as a writer.

DAVID

My mistake. It was everyone else in the world that was right.

ESPY

You're too hard on yourself, David. You always were. I mean, everyone has setbacks their first day.

DAVID

Setbacks, yes. Body bags, no.

ESPY

Okay. Dead bodies aside, I believe in you. And I know you can help make this show great.

DAVID

Really?

ESPY

If I'm lying, may a champagne corkscrew strike me down where I stand.

David smiles and Espy does the same. Suddenly, Ronald comes rushing into the office.

RONALD

Good news, Mr. Wilder! I fixed the camera!

DAVID

(Excited)

Really?

RONALD

Uh huh. And now the bad news.

DAVID

What bad news? You didn't say anything about bad news.

RONALD

I don't have to announce the bad news.

DAVID

Yes, you do! You say, "I have good news and I have bad news." Then I get to pick which one I want to listen to first.

RONALD

But you already heard the good news.

DAVID

Well, yeah, I guess it doesn't work now.

ESPY

(Exasperated)

What's the bad news?

RONALD

The camera images are tainted green, and I can't get rid of it.

DAVID

Great. Will somebody please shoot me?

RONALD

With the camera?

DAVID

No, no. Something more lethal would be nice.

ESPY

Put the suicidal thoughts on hold. I have an idea.

INT. TELEVISION STUDIO - LATER

A television on the set is playing the recently shot episode of "Jill & Bruce." The episode was shot completely in green.

CURTIS

(As Bruce)

That's the last freaking time I
eat tacos that smell like used
motor oil.

The episode is shot through Bruce's POV. He sees everything as green because of food poisoning.

SHERYL

(As Jill)

Are you okay, pookie bear?

CURTIS

(Seeing Jill in green)

Did you change your hair, and
face, and skin...?

The entire crew and cast are watching the episode, along with the show's executive producer, Julius Lords.

Julius stares at the TV screen, deadpan, while David tries to read his face for a reaction.

The rest of the group is watching the episode in awe.

SHERYL

I can't believe she filmed the
whole thing in green.

HEATH

I don't think I'm high enough for
this.

CURTIS

(Satisfied)

Now that's groundbreaking.

JULIUS

Turn it off. I've seen enough.

Heath turns off the television.

JULIUS

Wilder?

DAVID

Yes, sir.

JULIUS

Was I sold a bad pouch of cocaine
or was that episode taped entirely
in green?

DAVID

Mr. Lords, I can explain.

JULIUS

(Sounding angry)

Save it...

(And then his voice softens)

...for TV Guide magazine. They're
going to want to hear about it.
That's exactly the type of
ingenuity I expected when I
brought you aboard.

He puts his hands on David's shoulders.

JULIUS

I'd tell you I'm proud of you, but
that's not really in my nature.

DAVID

Thank you, sir, but I can't take
all the credit. The idea actually
came from our director, Esperanza
Rojas.

Julius looks over at Espy and grins.

JULIUS

Beautiful and talented. I'm
impressed.

ESPY

Sleazy and shallow. I'm not.

JULIUS

Ouch! Your words sting me to the core of my shallow, sleazy soul. Insults aside, good work...

He turns to the entire crew.

JULIUS (CONT'D)

...all of you. Now, I gotta run. I have another massage; I mean I have another meeting, to attend.

Julius leaves. And the group breaks into a round of APPLAUSE.

CURTIS

To David!

The CHEERING continues. David smiles, all of the stress of the day turning into relief and pride. He looks over at Espy. They exchange tender glances.

EXT. PARK - NEXT DAY

Espy is once again behind the camera, shooting the same stubborn lily.

ESPY

Give me more emotion, damn it! Think Orson Welles in "Touch of Evil."

DAVID (O.S.)

I think you have to rethink your casting agency.

Espy turns and sees David standing behind her.

ESPY

If it isn't my favorite soulless corporate sellout.

DAVID

I come bearing gifts.

He holds up the paperwork that he brought with him.

DAVID

A season long contract. Standard pay. And the magic words, full creative control.

ESPY

You know just what to say to a girl.

DAVID

Now speak the magic word.
(Spelling it out)
Y-E-S.

ESPY.

Okay. I'll do it.

DAVID

Great!

ESPY

But on one condition.

DAVID

Fine, I'll sleep with you. God, the things I have to do for this sitcom.

ESPY

Nope. I'm afraid it's worse than that. I'll direct, but the next episode has to be written by you.

David shakes his head in disbelief.

DAVID

You don't quit, do you?

ESPY

Not when I know I'm right.

DAVID

You have a deal.

They shake hands. Then Espy grabs her camera and they start walking away out of the park.

DAVID

Espy, I think this is the start of
a beautiful friendship.

ESPY

God, how cliché!

DAVID

Yeah, like taping flowers is so
original.

ESPY

You're just jealous.

DAVID

Of the lily?

(A Pause)

Yeah, you're probably right.

They walk off toward the horizon. Behind them, the lily
finally starts to bloom.

FADE OUT.

END OF SHOW