

Super Depressed

By

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INT. STUDIO APARTMENT - EVENING

FADE IN:

JOSH (35) looks haggard and is unshaven. He's wearing an old Led Zeppelin t-shirt and boxer shorts while sitting at a fold-out card table in his filthy one-room apartment.

He spins the cylinder of a revolver and pauses. He raises the gun to his head, presses the gun tight against his temple. He winces and begins trembling. He takes a deep breath... But he just can't do it. He exhales forcefully.

He opens his mouth and shoves the barrel in. His eyes open wide, and then clamp shut.

BEGIN SERIES OF FLASHBACKS - JOSH REMEMBERS

MONTAGE - VARIOUS LOCATIONS

A) SUPER: 5th Grade

YOUNG JOSH (11) and YOUNG DAVE (10 1/2) sit in a middle school library teasing YOUNG JULIE (11) as she attempts to read. She shushes them a few times, they just laugh.

B) SUPER: Junior Year

TEEN JOSH (16) and TEEN JULIE (16) are making out in the back row of a movie theater. TEEN DAVE (15) sits two rows in front of them and has tears running down his face while yelling at the screen.

TEEN DAVE

WHAT THE HELL? Two people could
have fit on that stupid floating
door!

The people around Dave shush him while Josh and Julie are still going at it.

C) All three of them celebrating their High School graduation.

D) Josh and JULIE (27) on a romantic date.

E) SUPER: Three years ago

Josh driving with Julie as a passenger. Sudden flash as another car plows into the passenger side.

F) Josh, with a cast on his arm and bruises on his face is

(CONTINUED)

sitting next to Dave. Both men are crying. They are at a funeral.

END OF FLASHBACK SEQUENCE

INT. STUDIO APARTMENT - EVENING

With the gun in his mouth, tears form in his eyes. Again, he chickens out, slamming the gun on the table.

JOSH
Goddammit!

Frustrated, he begins to slowly bang his head on the table. Not hard enough to injure himself, but hard enough to make a *THUMP* *THUMP* *THUMP* sound. He stops banging his head on the table, but the *THUMP* *THUMP* *THUMP* continues.

Josh stands up and walks to the door, opening it to reveal DAVE, (34) balding, pudgy, and wearing a Flash t-shirt two sizes too small stands in the doorway, smiling.

DAVE
Dude!

Dave brushes past Josh, who doesn't have enough energy to stop him.

DAVE (CONT)
Look, I know you've been a little bummed lately, so I got you... Well us technically, something that I think will help snap you out of it.

JOSH
Yeah? What?

DAVE
Two tickets to ComicCon next month!

Josh shrugs.

DAVE
Aw, come on! These babies sell out quick. Dude. We'll go make fun of Shatner and hit on some hot cosplay chicks. Whaddya say?

Dave punches Josh's arm playfully.

(CONTINUED)

JOSH

Yeah, fine, whatever. Look, I was right in the middle of sumthin', so can you please just go back to your internet "girlfriend" now?

Josh makes air quotes when referring to Dave's girlfriend.

DAVE

I keep telling you she lives in Canada! Now when you get done spankin' it, you know where to find me.

Dave exits as Josh closes the door, then leans against it, looking more defeated than before.

DAVE (O.S.)

(From the other side of the door)

Don't forget to wash your hands!

Josh stumbles toward the small bathroom.

INT. BATHROOM - DAY

Josh looks at his reflection, but his depressed expression doesn't change. He opens the mirrored medicine cabinet and finds more than a dozen pill bottles.

JOSH

Fuck it.

Josh grabs as many of the bottles as he can carry, exits the bathroom, and walks toward the kitchenette.

INT. STUDIO APARTMENT - DAY

Josh drops the pill bottles onto the table as he passes, but continues walking to the refrigerator. He opens the fridge which is bare, except for a bottle of mustard, a dried out onion, and a bottle of cheap vodka.

Josh grabs the bottle of vodka, slams the door shut and turns to get a glass. He picks one out of the sink that has a moldy film covering the mystery liquid the glass contains.

He pours it out, clumps and all, barely rinses it, and walks over to the table. He sits in the chair and pours the vodka into the glass which still has remnants of...something in it.

(CONTINUED)

Josh examines the bottles: Zoloft, Phenergan, Ibuprofen, Senna, Hydrocodone, Ambien, and Valtrex.

JOSH

These oughta do the trick.

Josh opens all of the bottles, emptying them on the table and begins grabbing them a handful at a time, washing them all down with vodka. After ingesting all of the pills, he finishes off the glass of vodka and stumbles over to the bed, holding his belly uncomfortably as he flops down on the bed and doesn't move.

DISSOLVE TO:

INT. STUDIO APARTMENT - DAY

SUPER: 14 hours later...

Josh is in exactly the same position as he was when we last saw him. His eyes burst open very wide as he sits up and rushes to the bathroom.

From the bathroom, groans are heard.

JOSH

AAAAUUUGHHHHHHHHH..... Goddammit!

The toilet flushes and Josh uncomfortably stumbles out of the bathroom, confused.

JOSH

How did the shit softener work but not that other stuff?

Josh walks over to the kitchenette drawer and pulls out a knife. He puts the knife to his wrist, slices, but nothing happens. He saws at his wrist with the knife, but realizes that it's so dull that it doesn't even break the skin.

JOSH

What a piece of shit.

Josh examines the knife which is exceptionally dull. Although he finds that the tip is still sharp, as he jabs the tip of the knife into his fingertip.

JOSH

OW! Son of a...

(CONTINUED)

Blood trickles from his finger for a moment, and then stops. He wipes the blood away, but it has apparently staunched already. He turns the tap on and washes the blood off...Nothing.

There is no puncture wound or any evidence of damage. He rubs his fingers together while looking confused. It doesn't hurt at all.

Josh looks around the apartment. Still holding the knife, he sits at the table. He places his left palm on the table, raises the knife and...

Josh slams the knife into the back of his hand as hard as he can.

Josh screams like a banshee. He stands up, but his hand is securely stuck to the table with the knife embedded in it. Instinctively, he yanks his hand back, pulling the table with him, knocking the pill bottles, gun, glass, and the rest of the table's contents onto the floor.

JOSH (CONT)

OW! OH GOD! MOTHER FUCKER!

As he flings around, the table becomes dislodged, but as he looks at the palm of his hand, the blade is sticking out at him.

Josh screams again and stumbles over to the sink.

JOSH (CONT)

Fuckfuckfuckfuckfuckfuck!!

He clamps his eyes shut, yanks the knife out of his hand and again...

JOSH (CONT)

OW! OW! OW! OW! OW!

Eyes now open, Josh drops the knife onto the floor, presses on the center of his palm, and then freezes. When he pulls his other hand away, the blood is still there, but there is no puncture wound. Looking at the back of his hand, it looks dirty and bloody, but otherwise... Normal.

JOSH (CONT)

What. The. Fuck?

Josh washes the blood off of his hands and stumbles over to the floor beside the bed where his clothes are and puts on his pants, shoes, and a hoodie. He grabs his wallet and exits the apartment.

EXT. CITY STREET - DAY

Josh walks down the street. He passes a convenience store where a bicycle is lying on the ground but isn't locked up. He grabs the bike, jumps on, and starts riding toward the train station.

EXT. TRAIN STATION - DAY

Josh arrives at the station and ditches the bike behind some bushes. He checks the Arrival/Departure board momentarily and starts walking toward the Amtrak platform.

EXT. AMTRAK PLATFORM - DAY

There are a few people on the platform when Josh arrives. While looking around to make sure he isn't seen, he jumps off the platform and starts walking away from the station.

EXT. TRAIN TRACKS - DAY

He follows the tracks for a mile or so and waits for a train to come by. He eventually hears one approaching and removes his hoodie and pants while he waits for the train to get closer.

The Amtrak Express is speeding along the tracks at nearly 70 miles per hour. Josh hides behind a bush about 10 feet back from the tracks, and when he's sure he won't be seen by the engineer...

He runs toward the tracks and and dives in front of the train.

BLACKOUT.

EXT. DRAINAGE DITCH NEAR THE TRACKS - DAY

FADE IN:

Josh lies crumpled and twisted like a pretzel. He lies face down with his left leg facing backwards and the left side of his face completely smashed in.

Josh coughs and spits out a few teeth. He rolls onto his back and winces as his left leg moves back into its normal position. The tips of his three middle fingers on his right hand are missing and he is coughing up blood.

Josh mutters, as best he can in his condition:

(CONTINUED)

JOSH
Well, shit.

Josh notices his missing fingertips and teeth, but otherwise just lies there for a bit, recovering, and also apparently regenerating. Within 15 minutes, his teeth have returned and his fingertips are healed over and are beginning to grow back.

JOSH
So... Wolverine... Chas Chandler...
Deadpool...
(Josh sighs)
At least I'm in good company.

Josh laughs to himself.

He slowly stands and walks about a dozen feet down to the stream running through the ditch. He washes as much of the blood off as he can before retrieving his clothing, getting dressed, and walking back towards the station.

DISSOLVE TO:

INT. BATHROOM - DAY

As Josh is in his shower as blood washes down the drain past his feet. It becomes clear that he's talking to Dave who is in the other room.

JOSH
Hey, I'm telling you the truth!

DAVE (O.S.)
(From the other room)
I'm not saying I don't believe you,
I'm just saying I don't believe
you.

JOSH
Bring me a knife. I'll show you.

DAVE (O.S.)
(From the other room)
I'm not bringing you a knife! What
are you gonna do? Murder me and
then not kill yourself again?

JOSH
Fine, then just come in here.

Dave enters the bathroom.

(CONTINUED)

DAVE

You better not try anything sexual.
I don't want whatever it is you've
got.

The shower curtain opens just enough to see Josh hold out his left arm and in his right hand he's holding a Bic disposable razor.

Dave's eyes widen as he yells...

DAVE

NOOOOOOOOO....

Smiling, Josh quickly slices his wrist with the razor. Bright red blood spurts out, hitting the walls and shower curtain as a wide-eyed Dave turns around and pukes in the sink.

JOSH

HA HA! You saw that right?

Dave closes his eyes tightly, cringing from the sight of the blood.

JOSH (CONT)

OK, now look again.

DAVE

Dude! I gotta call 911!

JOSH

Shut up and look, you big baby.

Dave very tentatively looks at Josh's wrist. It's completely normal. As the blood is washed away, there is no wound. No evidence of any injury at all.

Josh rubs it up and down, taps it with his finger a couple of times, all the while grinning like a 14 year old boy in a porno shop.

Dave looks Josh in the eye, while Josh nods at how awesome this is, then Dave looks back at Josh's wrist.

DAVE

But..I...You just...

JOSH

Yep. I don't know what the fuck is going on, but this is wicked cool. Now get out of my bathroom, you pervert. I'll be out in a minute.

Dave retreats to the other room while Josh dries off, puts on his clothes, and then exits the bathroom.

INT. STUDIO APARTMENT - DAY

DAVE

You can't tell anyone about this. I mean, you shouldn't have even told me!

JOSH

No shit, Sherlock. I don't even know what the limitations are or even when it started.

DAVE

If you cut something off, will it grow back?

JOSH

Well... My fingertips did, but I'd be hesitant to try with anything more... Important.

DAVE

That's so cool. Totally Deadpool and shit.

JOSH

Well, except that I'm prettier.

Josh laughs at his own joke.

DAVE

I'm serious. Like... What if it's only self inflicted stuff that you recover from? What if someone else shot you or something?

JOSH

You have a point. You want to do the honors?

Josh looks around.

JOSH (CONT)

Now where'd that gun run off to?

DAVE

Are you fucking kidding me? I'm not going to shoot you!

(CONTINUED)

Not immediately finding the gun, Josh looks around for the knife which is still lying on the floor near the sink, walks over and picks it up.

JOSH

OK fine, then just stab me. Just a quick *boop* *boop* *boop* and you're all done. (Smiling) Leave the rest up to me.

Josh tosses the knife to Dave, who dodges and lets the knife fall to the ground.

DAVE

I can't... I mean... You're my best friend!

Josh walks over and picks up the knife.

JOSH

Stop being a pussy and stab me!

DAVE

No!

Josh forcefully places the handle of the knife in Dave's hand, and while Dave is holding it, Josh impales himself.

Dave screams. Josh winces in pain.

DAVE

NOOOOOOOOOOOOOOOOOO!!!

Josh falls to his knees, bleeding onto the floor as Dave loses his mind.

DAVE (CONT)

(Crying)

I TOLD YOU THIS WAS A BAD IDEA!

Josh pulls the knife out of his abdomen and drops it. He groans a bit and winces as he gets up, then smiles at Dave.

JOSH

See? Just a little blood, that's all. Perfectly fine otherwise.

Still smiling, Josh looks down at his shirt and frowns...

JOSH (CONT)

Oh, dammit, this was my favorite shirt.

Dave sits on the floor, still freaked out, but no longer crying.

DAVE
You're... OK?

Josh smacks his belly a couple of times, lifts his shirt up, and other than blood on his shirt and a bit on his stomach, there is no evidence of injury.

JOSH
So I guess it's not just self
inflicted. Let's go eat!

Josh extends his bloody hand to Dave. Dave grimaces. Josh offers his clean hand and helps Dave to his feet.

DAVE
Seriously? You just took two likely
fatal injuries in a five minute
time span and all you can think
about is food?

Josh gives Dave a blank look.

JOSH
Norm's?

Dave shrugs.

DAVE
Roscoe's. We can take my car.

JOSH
Oh great. The baby poop mobile.

DAVE
Hey, it's very easy to spot. I
never lose it in a parking lot.

INT. RESTAURANT - DAY

Josh and Dave are eating their food as a waitress walks by with a tray overloaded with dishes. Dave is drumming his fingers on the table. As the waitress passes, a glass wobbles and falls off the tray. Without looking, Josh reaches out to grab it before it hits the floor.

The waitress doesn't notice and continues walking. Dave, however just shakes his head.

(CONTINUED)

DAVE

So now you've got cat like reflexes too?

Josh smirks while eating a french fry.

EXT. CITY STREET - DAY

Josh is carrying a Styrofoam to-go box as the two men exit the restaurant. They approach Dave's car, which is a sickly green color.

JOSH

So I'm thinking, you could be my sidekick.

DAVE

You are NOT a super hero.

JOSH

I could be "Captain Indestructible" and you could be my occasionally brave assistant, "Undershirt!"

DAVE

Get in the car, before I test your powers again, "Major Payne" in my ass...

INT. DAVE'S CAR - DAY

Once both are in the car, Dave turns to Josh.

DAVE

Look, I'm being serious. You don't know what the limits of this "thing" might be, and I'm kind of worried about you. I mean... I'm glad you're finally happy about something, but seriously... And not to mention that whole "Great power, great responsibility" thing.

JOSH

I won't do anything stupid. And if you don't lay off the Spider Man clichés, you're going to find yourself getting stabbed.

Both laugh.

(CONTINUED)

DAVE
Ready for more?

Josh coolly puts on his sunglasses.

JOSH
Let's do this.

Dave turns the key but the car doesn't start right away. The two men look at each other. Dave sighs and waits a moment and tries again. The car still won't start.

Josh looks blankly at Dave who looks impatient.

JOSH (CONT)
Today maybe?

DAVE
I'm trying! Just... Just give it a second.

Dave drums his fingers on the steering wheel then makes another attempt. This time the car starts. Dave shoots a snarky look at Josh.

MONTAGE - SET TO MUSIC - DAY

Josh and Dave are testing the limits of Josh's abilities. Jumping off roofs, running over Josh's various appendages with Dave's car, and...

EXT. ALLEY - DAY

DAVE
Found one! Oh, two!

Dave pops up out of a dumpster with a couple of intact glass bottles, holding them excitedly.

JOSH
OK, so remember, it still hurts, so don't go all bat shit.

Dave begins climbing out of the dumpster.

DAVE
Got it. No bat shit.

Dave rushes Josh from behind, hitting him in the back of the head with a bottle, slicing a gash into the back of Josh's scalp and ear.

(CONTINUED)

JOSH
OW! GODDAMMIT!

Josh crouches over holding his hand over the wounds, which quickly disappear, although blood is still all over him.

DAVE
That is so fucking cool!

Both men neglect to see a man hiding behind the dumpster, watching them.

JOSH
OK, I'm done. No more. I think
we've experimented enough for one
day.

BALD JOE, a street heathen with a drug habit, steps out from behind the dumpster wielding a knife. Both Dave and Josh have their backs to him, until he speaks.

BALD JOE
Money. Gimme your money.

Dave is caught off guard and doesn't notice the knife. Dave turns around facing Bald Joe while Josh only turns his head to see what's going on.

DAVE
What?

Bald Joe rushes at Dave, stabbing him in the belly as he passes. He continues running past both men down the alley. Josh grabs for him but narrowly misses, but takes off running after him.

Dave stumbles forward, then collapses by the dumpster. Now unable to cry out, he leans his back against the dumpster while bleeding heavily as he slides into a sitting position.

Dave continues to bleed out as Josh runs back to him. The blood is pouring out of his belly and beginning to ooze from the corners of his mouth. He is barely conscious.

JOSH
Dave! Oh my God! What the fuck?!

Josh begins to panic.

DAVE
(Softly, requiring effort)
It doesn't really hurt. I'm just
sleepy. Night Night.

(CONTINUED)

Dave closes his eyes.

JOSH
KEEP YOUR EYES OPEN!

Josh looks around and yells to a passing jogger.

JOSH
Call 911! Please! My friend just
got stabbed!

The woman pulls out her phone and Josh returns his attention to Dave as Dave opens his eyes slowly.

DAVE
(Feebly, Smiling)
It's all good. Go find some
ComicCon babes.

Dave coughs blood. A few people begin milling around, at least one of them taking a video on his cell phone. Sirens are heard in the background.

JOSH
Hold on dude, just hold on.

Josh feels around for the stab wound and when he finds it, he sticks his finger inside. Blood pours out of the wound. Josh closes his eyes and concentrates. He pulls his finger out, but rests his hand on the wound.

JOSH (CONT)
You're gonna be OK.

Tears begin to form in Josh's closed eyes.

JOSH (CONT)
You're gonna be fine.

An ambulance parks at the end of the alley and the EMT's rush toward the two men. Josh moves aside when they get close.

JOSH
He's been stabbed! He's bleeding
everywhere.

EMT #1
Please stand back and we'll take
care of your friend.

The EMT's get Dave onto a gurney and wheel him off to the ambulance. As they get Dave loaded in, one of the EMT's yells to Josh.

(CONTINUED)

EMT #2

We're taking him to Mercy. You can meet us there.

Josh just stands there. Somewhat numb, he waves an acknowledgment to the medic.

INT. HOSPITAL ER WAITING ROOM - DAY

Josh checks in at the desk and is told to wait.

SUPER: Four hours later...

NURSE

Is there someone named Josh here?

Josh, who is almost asleep in an uncomfortable looking position in one of the many chairs, perks up.

JOSH

Me! I'm Josh!

NURSE

You came in with Mr. Phillips?

JOSH

Yeah, Dave. Is he OK? I've been waiting for..

NURSE

He's asking for you.

Josh looks incredibly relieved.

JOSH

Oh God, I was waiting forever, I though it was going to be bad news!

NURSE

The doctor has some questions for you. They're really not sure what happened.

JOSH

Yeah, he got stabbed by a mugger.

NURSE

I'll let you talk to the doctor and the police.

INT. HOSPITAL ER PATIENT ROOM - NIGHT

As they enter the room, Josh sees two police officers and a Doctor talking to Dave who in most respects, looks and acts mostly normal.

DAVE

Josh! Holy shit, can you believe this?

JOSH

Yeah, it's kinda unreal... What's going on? Why are the cops here?

POLICE OFFICER

Were you present when Mr. Phillips was attacked?

JOSH

Yeah, then I ran after the guy, but he was faster than me. When I got back to Dave, he was in pretty bad shape. A lot worse than I thought.

DOCTOR

You both say he was stabbed, yet we found no evidence of any stab wounds.

DAVE

Crazy shit, huh?

JOSH

No, I saw it. It was right above his belly button. He was bleeding everywhere.

DOCTOR

Have a look. There was some evidence of recent internal bleeding, and we had to give him a couple of units of blood, but there doesn't seem to be any indication of injury or trauma that might have caused it.

The Doctor moves Dave's gown aside and amid the dried blood there's...nothing. Nothing but Dave.

Josh looks at Dave. Dave shrugs.

(CONTINUED)

POLICE OFFICER
With no evidence of a crime,
there's not much we can do.

The officers head for the door.

DAVE
And I feel totally fine now.

DOCTOR
You appear to be doing well, but
I'd like to keep you overnight to
make sure there isn't something
else we might have missed.

POLICE OFFICER
We have your contact information. A
detective will contact you if
there's anything else we need.

The officers exit.

DOCTOR
I have to say, your story is very
confusing. We have every bit of
evidence that you're telling the
truth... Except for an actual
injury.

JOSH
Doc, do you mind if I talk to Dave
alone?

DOCTOR
I'll get him transferred upstairs,
there's nothing else we can do down
here. He's all yours.

The Doctor exits.

JOSH
Dude.

DAVE
Dude.

JOSH
Are you thinking what I'm thinking?

DAVE
I know, right? I'm totally
invincible, too!

Josh gets a pained look on his face.

(CONTINUED)

JOSH
Alright, here's the deal...

DAVE
What? What's the deal?

JOSH
Apparently... I can heal other
people too.

DAVE
WHAT???

JOSH
Shhh! Keep your voice down. When
you were "on your way to the
light," I stuck my finger in your
hole..

DAVE
Oh, Dude that's gross!

JOSH
Shut up, you idiot. On your worst
day I wouldn't stick my finger in
your ass. The stab wound. I stuck
my finger inside the stab wound.
Then I sort of pressed on it for a
second and...

DAVE
AND??

JOSH
And then the medics took you away.
Then I drove your piece of shit car
over here, sat in the most
uncomfortable chair on the planet
for four hours, and here we are.

DAVE
Wow. I can't believe you'd let me
die before sticking your finger up
my ass.

Josh rolls his eyes.

JOSH
Fine, next time I'll let you paint
the whole alley bright red.

DAVE
I'm kidding! I guess... I just
don't know what to say.

JOSH
You're welcome. Now stop making it
weird.

DAVE
For the record, YOU fingered ME.
Talk about weird...

JOSH
Touché.

DISSOLVE TO:

EXT. CONVENTION CENTER - DAY

SUPER: Three weeks later...

WIDE:

Hundreds of people are seen entering and milling around the entrance. Huge ComicCon banners are everywhere. Batman can be seen in all shapes, sizes, and ages wandering around.

INT. CONVENTION CENTER - DAY

Josh and Dave are wandering around ComicCon amid numerous costumed individuals dressed a Super Heroes, Science Fiction characters, Anime characters, and the like. Hot girls, fat guys, and the occasional celebrity.

DAVE
Dude, I gotta pee. I'll meet you
back here in 10.

JOSH
Got it.

As Dave is walking away, William Shatner and his entourage pass him, and after Shatner has passed, Dave blends into a crowd of people and yells:

DAVE
SHATNER IS A HACK!

To which no one responds or reacts at all. Dave looks disappointed as he enters the men's room.

(CONTINUED)

Josh is standing alone waiting for Dave. A beautiful blond woman in a yellow jumpsuit and knee high boots walks by, but trips a few feet from Josh. She awkwardly rolls her ankle and cries out in pain. Josh rushes over to her.

JOSH

Oh my God, are you OK?

CHRISTINA (28) is in tears and crumpled on the floor.

CHRISTINA

Shit! I think I broke my ankle!

JOSH

Let me have a look...

CHRISTINA

No! Don't touch it!

Christina unzips her boot and her ankle is very swollen and beginning to bruise.

JOSH

Just let me help you until the real medical team arrives, OK?

Christina relents.

CHRISTINA

OK. Just don't mess with it.

JOSH

That looks kinda nasty. I'll just sit here with you, if that's OK?

Josh smiles at Christina and then looks around innocently, while holding his hand over her ankle. She's on the verge of tears and doesn't notice what he's doing. A short while later the medical team arrives to assess her.

MEDIC

Miss, what happened?

CHRISTINA

I think I jacked up my ankle, but now it feels a lot better.

MEDIC

Let me have a look, but if you're not injured, we'll have to be on our way.

The Medic checks her out and finds nothing wrong.

CHRISTINA

It doesn't even hurt anymore. I don't understand.

MEDIC

Well if you have any more problems, we have a table just inside.

Christina thanks them as they walk away. She zips her boot and stands up. Josh smiles at her, and she shyly smiles back at him.

Dave walks up as the medics are exiting.

CHRISTINA

Thanks for your help... I guess?

DAVE

Did I miss something?

JOSH

Not really...

Josh returns his attention to Christina.

JOSH

I'm Josh, and this is my oldest and ugliest friend, Dave. Dave, this is...

Dave smiles at Christina, who politely smiles back.

CHRISTINA

Christina. Hi.

DAVE

Hi.

(Fake whispering)

Don't let Josh fool you, he's older than me.

Christina snort-laughs but Dave seems oblivious to Josh's intended insult. Josh and Christina start walking toward the main exhibit hall.

JOSH

So, Christina... Can I buy you some Nuclear Nachos? Maybe a \$12 bottle of water? Or possibly a massively overpriced grilled cheese sandwich?

Christina smiles.

(CONTINUED)

DAVE
Hey, what about me?

JOSH
Get your own grilled cheese.

Josh glances back at Dave, who's still standing in the same spot, looking confused.

JOSH
Are you coming, Undershirt?

Dave grumbles to himself as he follows them into the main hall...

FADE OUT.

CREDITS