

OVERANALYZERS

by

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ACT ONE

INT. HOUSE PARTY - 1:30 AM

Five 20-somethings stand in a circle at a late-night house party, music and lights pumping. MATT (positive, neurotic), SHELBY (sharp, brick wall of cynicism), BERG (chubby, gay, contemplative), MARVIN (stylish, Asian, uncouth), and ABBY (excitable, girly, truly strange). They each hold a pill.

MATT

See you guys on the other side.

They take the pill simultaneously. As the cool up-tempo music rises to take us into a sweet party montage we--

HARD CUT TO:

INT. "THE OFFICE" - THE NEXT MORNING - 08:00 AM

No montage. It's 8:00 AM, Wednesday morning. A small shared office space with some desks, some couches, a small fridge. The five sit around in various states of hungover disrepair.

SHELBY

Who does hard drugs on a Tuesday?

MATT

We wanted to try something new.

SHELBY

But Tuesday? Easily the least drug-oriented day of the week.

ABBY

What did we even take?

MARVIN

Some new synthetic.

BERG

Okay, but what kind of drug is it?

MARVIN

No idea. They can put anything in a pill these days. You just take it and hope it's not PCP.

MATT

Text your dealer and find out.

SHELBY

Yeah, it's 8 AM. I'm sure he rises with the sun, like all drug dealers.

Marvin pulls out his phone and starts texting.

ABBY

No one has any idea what it was?

BERG

Maybe we can figure it out. What was everyone's high like?

MARVIN

Damn, we're so millennial right now. Sharing an office space to do our online jobs and talk about party drugs.

SHELBY

Gross. Don't say "millennial."

MATT

My high was real trippy.

BERG

Shrooms?

MATT

Could be. I was blowing minds.

FLASHBACK TO:

INT. HOUSE PARTY - LAST NIGHT

Matt and Shelby sit on a couch with OTHER PARTIERS. They pass a joint and listen to Matt as he philosophizes.

MATT

...But our generation is so into our phones that we forgot about the world around us. You wanna know my favorite viral video? It's called real life. And that shit is always HD.

Everyone reacts like he just said something amazing. ("Wow." "Profound, dude.") PARTY GIRL turns to Matt with phone out.

PARTY GIRL

What's your last name? I want to friend you.

Matt stands up, grabs her phone, and dramatically throws it on the ground. Everyone GASPS.

PARTY GIRL (CONT'D)

Why'd you do that?

MATT

Because this is the only friend
request we need.

Matt extends his arms and wraps her in a full-body hug.
Everyone's minds are blown. Shelby looks on, impressed.

CUT BACK TO:

INT. "THE OFFICE" - MORNING

Everyone laughs and shakes their heads at Matt.

SHELBY

Honestly, it was like watching a
kid with a learning disability try
to give a TED Talk.

MARVIN

See, this is why I think The Purge
is actually a pretty good idea.

SHELBY

Yeah, there should definitely be a
day where it's legal to murder Matt
specifically.

MATT

I was high! Plus people were
actually digging it.

SHELBY

Nobody was "digging" it.

MATT

That girl did. Gave me a little
thank you present.

Matt turns and points to a big hickey on his neck.

SHELBY

Yeah not quite, buddy.

FLASHBACK TO:

INT. HOUSE PARTY - LAST NIGHT

A similar scene but from Shelby's POV. Shelby sits next to a
way more drugged-out Matt, the only one paying any attention.

MATT

...You wanna know my favorite viral
video? It's called real life. And
that shit is always HD.

SHELBY

(dry)

Wow. Profound, dude.

Matt looks up at Party Girl, on her phone, not looking at him. He stands up, grabs her phone, and throws it on the ground.

PARTY GIRL

(annoyed)

Why'd you do that?!

MATT

Because this is the only friend request we need.

Matt reaches out and wraps her in a full-body hug. Party Girl freaks out and BITES Matt on the neck. Matt screams.

CUT BACK TO:

INT. "THE OFFICE" - MORNING

MATT

I do remember some shrieking...

Everyone laughs even harder.

ABBY

Are you really gonna get offline?

MATT

I can't. I work in tech.

SHELBY

You run Twitter accounts for a family of feminine products.

MATT

Yeah, and we're revolutionizing how women engage with their personal hygiene brands.

MARVIN

...Dogg, that was the worst sentence of all time.

MATT

Yeah, I might actually still be high.

SHELBY

It must have been Xanax or some kind of downer, because I was even more depressed by Matt than usual.

ABBY

Uh, no way that pill was a downer.
I was super energetic.

FLASHBACK TO:

INT. HOUSE PARTY - LAST NIGHT

We follow Party Girl and her FRIEND as they run away from Matt and walk into a large bathroom...

INT. BATHROOM - CONTINUOUS

...Where they find Abby re-applying makeup. The girls lean down, snort, and come up, presumably having done lines of coke. They adjust in the mirror, noticeably up and excited.

ABBY

That dress looks so cute on you.

PARTY GIRL

You're sweet! But your ass looks amazing in those jeans. Pilates?

ABBY

Ugh, I should. Where'd you get that lipstick, btw?

PARTY GIRL

Sephora.

ABBY

It looks so hot on you. Seriously.

PARTY GIRL

Thanks, but you--

ABBY

Like I'd legit have lesbian sex with you. Just bend you over the sink and go to town on that vaj.

The girls exchange an uncomfortable look. Abby just smiles, oblivious that she made it weird.

ABBY (CONT'D)

But seriously that dress is so cute.

CUT BACK TO:

INT. "THE OFFICE" - MORNING

ABBY

I was trying to be nice!

MATT

You offered to finger her.

ABBY

I meant it like... metaphorically.

SHELBY

How does a metaphorical fingerbang work exactly?

ABBY

I don't know! I got over-excited! That pill must have been speed or something 'cause I was super hyper.

BERG

Or... maybe you just did coke with those girls?

ABBY

What? No.

(then)

I mean it's possible.

(then)

If I had a big nosebleed thirty mins ago, does that mean anything?

SHELBY

Yeah, sweetie. It does.

MARVIN

You know what? This actually explains what happened to me.

FLASHBACK TO:

INT. HOUSE PARTY - LAST NIGHT

As Party Girl and friend leave the bathroom, we find Marvin a few feet behind them, on his phone, looking at Party Girl's Tinder profile. He sees her and walks over.

MARVIN

What's good, Cinderella? I think we just matched.

PARTY GIRL

I don't think so.

MARVIN

Oh we did.

(shows her phone)

And damn if you aren't the finest girl in a one mile radius.

PARTY GIRL
That's not my profile. I'm just in
my friend's picture.

Marvin now notices a second, less-attractive girl in the pic.

MARVIN
Oh...

PARTY GIRL
But she's here!

She motions to her friend, who walks over. Still not as hot.
Marvin takes one look, then turns back to Party Girl.

MARVIN
Well, I thought I was matching with
you so... I feel like technically
you still have to hook up with me?

Party Girl frowns. She disagrees.

CUT BACK TO:

INT. "THE OFFICE" - MORNING

Marvin is worked up.

MARVIN
Tinder needs a button that means
"No on you, but yes on your hot
friend please put us in contact."

BERG
Which has what to do with the drug?

MARVIN
Huh? Oh, nothing. I'm just sick
of all these mediocre chicks riding
the coattails of their hot friends.
It's offensive to my people.

MATT
...Korean-Americans?

MARVIN
No. Low-level sexual predators.

BERG
Well, what did you feel?

MARVIN
From the drug? Didn't feel shit.
I must've gotten a bad pill.

This sparks something in Berg. He looks off, lost in thought.

FLASHBACK TO:

INT. HOUSE PARTY - LAST NIGHT

Berg sits on a couch, calm and contemplative. Party Girl flops down on the couch next to him, exasperated.

PARTY GIRL

Don't even talk to me. If another person tries to hug me or Tinder me or finger me in a bathroom I'm gonna freak out.

BERG

I won't. I'm gay.

Party Girl's eyes light up.

PARTY GIRL

Oh my God! I love my gays. We're totally gonna be best--

Berg places a single finger on her lips.

BERG

No. I'm not "your gay." We're not going to drink cosmos. We're not going to sing Beyoncé in the car. We're not going to call each other bitch. Go away.

Party Girl stares at him for a long beat.

PARTY GIRL

(through the finger)

I hate everyone at this party.

CUT BACK TO:

INT. "THE OFFICE" - MORNING

SHELBY

Girl had a rough night.

BERG

Anyway, it made me chill enough to say what I felt, so I assumed it was some kind of weed thing.

ABBY

Maybe...

BERG

No, there's a different pattern.
Matt, you were optimistic. But
you're always optimistic.

MATT

True.

BERG

Shelby, you were cynical.

Shelby grunts her approval.

BERG (CONT'D)

Abby was excitable.

ABBY

Totally!

BERG

Marvin didn't feel anything.

ANGLE ON Marvin's blank, emotionless face.

SHELBY

A true psychopath.

BERG

And I was a bold social truth-
teller, like I always am.

MATT

Little strong...

BERG

So we all just acted like ourselves.
It's like we didn't take anything.
We probably got sold a bunch of sugar
pills. Our "highs" were a placebo.
(then)
Plus Abby clearly did a huge amount
of cocaine.

ANGLE ON Abby, wiping away another nose bleed.

ABBY

I think it's actually an altitude
thing.

MATT

So... we all got really high on
pretend drugs last night?

BERG

Yes. We are some very cool people.

MATT

At least we tried something new.

SHELBY

Yeah, what a fantastic new experience. Can't wait til next Tues when we join a suicide cult!

MATT

(smiling and standing)
Alright, I should get to work.
It's Glampon Week.

A beat of silence.

SHELBY

Just... so many questions.

MATT

We're introducing a new product.
Glampons.
(then)
Like glamorous tamp--

BERG

Glamorous tampons, yeah, we're there with you.

MATT

They're basically just... tampons with glitter on them.

ABBY

Oh my God, I've been doing that to my own tampons for years! It makes your period even more fun.

MARVIN

"More" fun?

MATT

So I have to tweet at super specific times, some kind of online engagement algorithm they worked out. Big day.

SHELBY

Truly a historic day for the Internet, yeah.

They all move to desks and couches, open their laptops, and start to work. After a moment, there's a BEEP BEEP.

MARVIN
Dealer texted back.

MATT
Wow, dude's up bright and early.

Marvin picks up his phone and reads. He looks concerned.

SHELBY
What is it? What did you do?

MARVIN
Apparently I, uh, accidentally
bought some... Travel Molly.

BERG
What the hell is "Travel Molly"?

MARVIN
It has a delayed release. You take
it a few hours before you get
searched at the airport or a
festival so you can be high without
smuggling in drugs.

SHELBY
Why do you need to be high on a
plane??? My generation is garbage.

MARVIN
Anyway, it takes like six or seven
hours to kick in.

ABBY
Ohhh, so that's why we weren't
high. It didn't kick in.

BERG
Yet. It didn't kick in yet.

They all share a scared glance.

MATT
And it's going to...

Matt looks down at his phone. It reads "8:30 AM." CRASH
ZOOM on his eyes as they dilate crazily.

MATT (CONT'D)
Right now.

END OF ACT ONE

ACT TWO

INT. "THE OFFICE" - 8:30 AM

Everyone's eyes are wide, legs jumpy, clearly on drugs. Matt paces around the room, particularly anxious.

BERG
Okay so. We're high.

MATT
We are high. On a workday. During Glampon Week.

SHELBY
(grinning)
That is permanently funny.

MARVIN
We can do this. We all work online. Our bosses won't know.

BERG
It might actually help! Could expand our brains.

ABBY
Totally!

BERG
For example... new app idea. Amazon, but no wasted time for deliveries. You just go to a big room, sample the products, then buy them there.

MARVIN
Straight-up, that is a store.

Abby turns her laptop to show a listicle she's working on.

ABBY
"9 GIFs Only People Who Are High on Wednesday Morning Will Understand."

MATT
Might be a bit specific...

Marvin is typing happily at his laptop.

MARVIN
I can work. Don't feel anything.
(then, face falling)
Wait. Just felt a profound sense of connection to the universe. Shit.

BERG

Yeah, we can't work today. Let's e-mail in sick.

ABBY

Party day, y'all.

MATT

I can't. I miss even one tweet, I'm fired. You know how many unemployed college grads want my job?

BERG

Dude, you can do it wherever. That's the beauty of working online. Just bring your phone and tweet from that.

Marvin has his phone out.

MARVIN

Already Yelping hard. Found a bar that's open. Shelby?

Shelby's on her phone too.

SHELBY

Got an Uber, no surge pricing. Ab?

Abby's looking down at her phone.

ABBY

I'm just staring at my phone, it's so bright, I don't know what's happening.

BERG

Matt?

They all turn to Matt, the final piece. He considers. Then the drugs kick in. He smiles, big.

MATT

Let's tear this Wednesday morning up.

CUT TO:

Now we get our sweet drug sequence with upbeat music, except it's happening very very early in the morning.

- They're in the elevator grooving to some heavy dubstep. The elevator DINGS and the doors open. RANDOM GUY walks in.

CUT TO HIS POV: They're actually just dancing to shitty elevator muzak. He watches for a moment, then quietly steps back out to wait for the next elevator.

- Outside the bar. An Uber pulls up and they all jump out. Shelby turns back to the driver (ARSLAN).

SHELBY
You're the best, Arslan!

ARSLAN
I like you too. You have nice lip.

Shelby turns back to the gang with "Yikes!" face on.

SHELBY
Oo-kay. Not loving that that dude
has my cell number.

- They walk into The Snakepit, a true dive bar. Marvin points at the grizzled BARTENDER.

MARVIN
Bottle service, bro!

The Bartender grunts unhappily.

- At a booth. The Bartender, scowling, places five glasses, some well vodka, and a bottle of half-drunk orange juice on the table. Berg pours the drinks as Matt looks at his phone.

MARVIN (CONT'D)
Matty, how's Twitter looking?

MATT
Just sent out the 9:06 tweet.
Gettin' a lot of buzz.

ABBY
Really???

MATT
...Well no, not yet. But I'm
seeing some tweets about vajazzling
so people definitely have sparkly
vaginas on the brain.

Berg finishes passing out the glasses and raises his.

BERG
Here's to Matt. The sparkliest
vagina I know.

They all CHEERS!

INT. THE SNAKEPIT - LATER

Things have calmed down just slightly. Matt, Shelby, and Berg chill at the booth while Abby and Marvin are at the bar.

BERG

We actually might be on to something here, partying during the day. Uber was super cheap. No lines for a drink. Taco Bell is always open.

SHELBY

We do have to work at some point.

BERG

We could work at night, then party during the day.

MATT

Dude. That could totally work. Off-cycle partying...

JONAS (O.S.)

Not a bad way to live.

They all turn to see a hipster/alt-looking dude, late 20s, sitting at the next booth. This is JONAS. He's very cool.

JONAS (CONT'D)

Been off-cycle for a while myself. I feel like having a beer on a Wednesday? I do it. The work week is just a corporate invention to sell calendars anyway.

Matt's eyes go wide, he loves what this guy is putting down.

MATT

Yeah like... what if Tuesday was after Friday one week? Or would that freak everyone out too much?

JONAS

You get it, man. I'm Jonas.

MATT

Matt. You want a drink?

JONAS

Why not? It's Wednesday, right?

Matt laughs way too hard. Jonas gets up to join them.

BY THE BAR - SAME

Marvin and Abby are at the bar, scoping the place out. Besides them it's mostly elderly alcoholics.

ABBY

This drug is making me an absolute hornbeast right now.

MARVIN

Seriously. No avails though. Everyone here is old as shit.

Abby's eyes settle on the grumpy-ass Bartender, who is firmly middle-aged, but not elderly.

ABBY

Not everyone. Look at pretty boy over here.

Marvin looks over at the Bartender, who coughs grossly for an extended beat, then spits in the sink. Marvin looks back.

MARVIN

I'll sign off on it.

Abby downs her drink and slinks over to the Bartender. She grabs a Navy baseball cap off the head of one of the alcoholics and strikes a pose.

ABBY

So? Do I look cute?

BARTENDER

(not looking up)
Sure.

ABBY

You're not even looking!

The Bartender says nothing. Abby giggles, girly.

ABBY (CONT'D)

You're like literally hilarious.

BARTENDER

I didn't say anything.

ABBY

I know! I love a man who can make me laugh without talking. Like a hot mime.

The Bartender looks up, annoyed.

BARTENDER

I'm working, sweetheart. Not interested.

ABBY

I'm just trying to be friendly.
(then)
Want to go to the bathroom and watch porn on my phone?

The Bartender slams his hand down on the bar.

ABBY (CONT'D)

As friends!

BARTENDER

What the hell is wrong with you?!
Are you on drugs???

JONAS (O.S.)

Aren't we all on drugs?

They turn to find Jonas standing. He points to the Bartender's coffee cup.

JONAS (CONT'D)

Caffeine is a drug.
(points at cigarettes)
Nicotine is a drug.
(indicates the bar)
Even alcohol is a drug. Which makes you a dealer, my man.

Berg leans over to Matt.

BERG

See, this is the kind of shit you should've been saying last night.

SHELBY

Yeah, this is actually mind-blowing.

Jonas starts to walk towards the bar.

JONAS

Everything's a drug when you think about it. Their drug of choice just happens to be...

Jonas looks at Marvin.

MARVIN

It's, uh... delayed-release MDMA.

JONAS

It just happens to be delayed-
release MDMA. Didn't know that
existed, but okay. So how about we
ease up on the judgment, old-timer?

BARTENDER

Jesus. I'm done with you people.
Get the hell out of my bar!

JONAS

Take it easy. We don't want any--

ABBY

Trouble?

Abby grabs a beer bottle, smashes it on the bar, and holds up
the broken bottleneck like a shiv.

ABBY (CONT'D)

I got your f**king trouble right
here.

HARD CUT TO:

EXT. THE SNAKEPIT - MOMENTS LATER

All five and Jonas stand outside the bar. Abby is still
holding the broken bottleneck.

SHELBY

Just a... super intense reaction
from Abby in there.

ABBY

Sorry not sorry.

SHELBY

You're "sorry not sorry" for
threatening to stab a bartender?

BERG

(on phone)

Checking Yelp, no other bars open.

ABBY

Shit. I need ass! I'm honestly
about to just go to a grocery store
and buy a cucumber.

SHELBY

Ice your vagina down, woman. It's
like 11:25 AM.

ABBY
Cannot deal with your negativity.
Marvin, I need a wing.

MARVIN
Down. Don't wanna see my girl
shoving a vegetable up that thing.

Abby and Marvin bump fists and head off together.

SHELBY
I'm sure that'll be a good thing
that goes well.

BERG
So. What are we doing?

JONAS
I actually know a chill spot close
by. It's not exactly mainstream
though. Definitely not on "Yelp."

MATT
Sounds perfect. Yelp sucks. I
hate having information about the
places I'm going.

They start to walk, Jonas leading. Berg leans over to Matt,
who has his phone out.

BERG
How are the tweets going?

MATT
Just sent out the 11:27, one more
to go. The big unveiling.

BERG
Exciting, man.

MATT
Yeah. I guess.
(then, to Jonas)
Yo J, what's your last name? Gonna
friend you.

JONAS
Can't. I don't have Facebook.

Everyone is stunned.

MATT
You don't... have...? What?

JONAS

I'm off-the-grid. Social media is just another way for the government to keep tabs on all the sheeple, man.

MATT

But how do you connect with friends?

Jonas puts a warm arm around Matt's shoulder.

JONAS

What do you think I'm doing right now? You should try it. Disconnect.

MATT

Man. Sounds like a dream...

(back to reality)

No. I can't. I need to be online, we're rolling out a hashtag.

SHELBY

Oh my God, there's a hashtag. Please please please tell me what it is.

MATT

It's uh... #FindYourInnerGlampon.

Shelby smiles wider than we've ever seen her smile.

SHELBY

...So your company is inviting me to find the glamorous tampon hidden inside myself?

MATT

(embarrassed)

We are.

Jonas sighs.

JONAS

I think that speaks for itself. Getting high on a Wednesday morning was a great start. But you really wanna try something new? Cut the cord, brother. Be free.

Matt bounces his phone in his hand, staring at it, deep in thought. Could he live without it???

BERG

Matt, I know you're high, but you'll miss your last tweet. Think of your job. Think of the hashtag.

Matt looks up and grins.

MATT
(over-drama)
Oh I am, Berg. And I think I just
found my inner glampon.

Matt rears up and slams his phone on the ground, breaking it
to pieces. He looks up, proud. A beat.

BERG
...Dude, you didn't have to fully
break your phone, you could've just
deactivated Facebook and Twitter.

JONAS
Yeah I was thinking you could even
just throw it in airplane mode for
a bit.

SHELBY
Legitimately insane behavior, Matt.

MATT
Okay, well obviously I got caught
up in the drama of it all and made
a strong choice, so...

JONAS
The important thing is you did it.
And just in time. We're here.
Welcome to the chill spot.

They all look up. Jonas is standing in front of a small area
underneath a bridge with some cardboard, grocery bags,
shopping carts. Homeless stuff.

JONAS (CONT'D)
Take a seat anywhere, guys.

Matt starts to sit down, but Jonas stops him.

JONAS (CONT'D)
Except right there. Couple of
strays had a fight last night and
there's cat blood all over the
pavement.

ON Matt, looking more than a bit worried.

END OF ACT TWO

ACT THREE

EXT. SIDEWALK - MORNING

Marvin and Abby stalk the streets, considering their options.

ABBY

Where the hell do people hook-up on
a Wednesday morning?

MARVIN

Dunno. Could hit up a yoga studio?

ABBY

They're already in position. I
could just kinda slide under a dude
and then the ball's in his court.

(then)

How about a park?

MARVIN

Worked for gay dudes in the 80's.

They walk some more. Marvin stops suddenly.

MARVIN (CONT'D)

Wait. I know the spot. Hot
people, mad drinks, open all day.

ABBY

Where?

MARVIN

Dude. Hotel pool.

ABBY

Hotel pool. That's perfect.

MARVIN

Totally. Those places are an orgy
waiting to happen!

HARD CUT TO:

INT. HOTEL POOL - MORNING

Abby and Marvin at an indoor hotel pool -- think down-market
Holiday Inn -- fully clothed. The only other people are a
group of SENIORS doing pool aerobics. No party.

MARVIN

This is not the scene I envisioned.

ABBY

Yeah. I don't see an orgy breaking out anytime soon.

ANGLE ON a YOUNG FAMILY sitting on pool chairs close by, staring. Marvin turns to them, annoyed.

MARVIN

She said she doesn't see an orgy breaking out. Calm down.

Marvin turns back to Abby, rolling his eyes.

MARVIN (CONT'D)

Political correctness man...

Abby looks back at the pool, a determined look on her face. She rips off her t-shirt.

ABBY

F**k it. I'm taking a run at the aerobics class.

Abby finishes stripping down to her underwear and dives in the pool. Marvin watches, smiling to himself.

MARVIN

(quiet)
Proud of you.

EXT. UNDER A BRIDGE - MORNING

Matt, Shelby, and Berg sit with Jonas in his under-bridge area. He's filling Dixie cups with a thick purple liquid.

JONAS

Alright, drinks on the house.
Everyone like wine?

They pass the cups to each other warily.

JONAS (CONT'D)

And don't worry. It's none of that corporate wine bullshit. Just a man with some grapes, some time, and a big plastic tub.

Shelby sips and grimaces.

SHELBY

You can really taste that plastic.

MATT

So, uh... Where are we exactly?

JONAS

Here? Ah, it's just a place for chill people to chill without society pressuring them to "be inside" or whatever. Way off-the-grid.

SHELBY

It's kinda more like... directly under the grid.

Shelby points at the overpass. A beat.

BERG

...Jonas, I feel like I have to ask. Are you homeless?

JONAS

What? Of course not. Am I houseless? Yes, absolutely. But homeless? No. Nature is my home.

(beat)

I also crash at the homeless shelter on 5th a few nights a week.

BERG

Ah.

JONAS

Yeah, they have great soup.

SHELBY

We'll, uh... check that out.

JONAS

This is actually a big part of why I'm not on Facebook or anything.

MATT

I thought you weren't on Facebook because you're "off-the-grid."

JONAS

Yeah, literally. I'm off the electrical grid. Can't charge my phone.

MATT

So did you mean any of the shit you said back there?

JONAS

Honestly... I was pretty high back at the bar. Everything is a drug when you think about it, right?

(MORE)

JONAS (CONT'D)

(then)

Especially that acid I took. Acid is always a drug. Even when you don't think about it.

Matt stands up quickly, panicked, reality rushing back in.

MATT

Shit! It's Glampon Week and I have no Internet. Guys?

Shelby and Berg pull out their phones.

SHELBY

No bars. Berg?

BERG

Coming up empty. Not even 4G.

JONAS

Yeah we're off the cell grid too.

MATT

Damn it!

JONAS

Hey. Chill, brother.

MATT

Last time I "chilled" I ended up drinking prison wine in a homeless man's nest.

(to Shelby and Berg)

It's 11:50, my last tweet is in eight minutes. We have to get back to the office now.

Matt takes off running, Shelby and Berg close behind him.

MATT (CONT'D)

Call an Uber!

SHELBY

No service, can't get one.

MATT

What did people do before Ubers?

BERG

No idea.

MATT

How do we not know this? We were alive!

INT. "THE OFFICE" - 12:00 PM

Marvin and Abby are back in the office, both on their phones. Abby's hair is still wet from the pool.

ABBY

...I mean they looked kinda hot from far away but once I got up close it was like, wow I don't wanna make out with any of these grandpas.

(then)

Who are you texting?

MARVIN

Hail mary. Throwing a "You up?" to some of my regular hook-ups.

ABBY

I mean... it's noon. They're up.

MARVIN

Yeah, guess it doesn't make as much sense during the day.

ABBY

Whatever. We're never gonna find a chick and a dude as horny as us.

MARVIN

That's... actually a good point...

Marvin reaches out and grabs Abby's waist with both hands.

ABBY

Um. What are you doing?

MARVIN

I don't know. What are you doing?

ABBY

I'm not hooking up with you!

MARVIN

Who said I wanted to hook up?!

ABBY

You're holding my waist.

MARVIN

And that means I want to hook up with you? What??? I hold Matt's waist all the time.

ABBY

...You do?

MARVIN

Yeah! We stand and we talk and we hold each other's waists. Like bros.

ABBY

Okay. I guess that makes sense...

Abby reaches out and holds Marvin's waist.

ABBY (CONT'D)

What do we do now?

They make eye contact for a long beat. Then Marvin slowly tilts his head and leans in, parting his lips...

ABBY (CONT'D)

Dude!

MARVIN

What? Matt and I lean in with our mouths open all the time!

The door flies open and the others run in, out of breath.

ABBY

What happened?

SHELBY

Matt smashed his phone on the ground.

BERG

And Jonas is homeless.

Matt runs to his desk, opens his laptop, and starts typing.

SHELBY

What happened to you guys?

MARVIN

Abby molested a pool aerobics class.

ABBY

Then we held waists.

MARVIN

As friends.

Matt sees something on his screen. His face falls.

BERG

What is it? Did you get fired?

MATT

No. Worse. No one even noticed.
Because no one tweeted the hashtag.

Matt opens a drawer and pulls out three small, sparkling rods that could only be... GLAMPONS. He throws them on the desk.

MATT (CONT'D)

Guess these are useless now.

Shelby starts giggling. Berg gives her a death stare.

SHELBY

Sorry... It was a revolutionary
hashtag, Matt.

They all flop down on the couches, depressed.

MATT

Whatever. Life is meaningless.

BERG

There is a downside to drugs.

ABBY

Definitely coming down.

Shelby massages her temples.

SHELBY

Are you allowed to throw an
intervention for yourself?

MARVIN

Yeah, you guys did some weird shit.

SHELBY

Us? Abby tried to initiate sex
with a pool aerobics class.

MARVIN

Oh, grow up. Pool aerobics is a
f**kfest.

ABBY

At least I didn't break my phone on
the ground, insanely.

MATT

At least I didn't try to finger a girl in a bathroom when I'm not even a lesbian.

ABBY

Actually I'm drunk bi. It's a legit sexual orientaysh.

BERG

GUYS! ENOUGH!

They all turn to Berg, the voice of reason.

BERG (CONT'D)

I thought we could handle it, but we can't. We're not strong enough to party on a weekday morning. Let's just get back to work and party at night, like usual. Agreed?

Everyone begrudgingly nods. They grab their laptops, find a spot, and get back to work. After a few moments, Matt refreshes Twitter. And something comes up! He reads.

"@shelbyshel: You'll never believe where I found mine. Inside my vagina! #FindYourInnerGlampon"

Matt grins and looks over at Shelby, who just stares straight ahead at her own laptop. He turns back to his computer. Everyone works for a bit, five or ten seconds. Then:

BERG (CONT'D)

...Well, this is dull as shit.

Everyone immediately agrees. "Sucks," "Huge letdown."

MARVIN

I, uh... actually have a few pills left.

They all exchange a look.

ABBY

I could do anoth.

MATT

Feels like it would almost be disrespectful not to finish them?

BERG

Yeah, there are kids in Africa who don't have any drugs at all.

They all gather, Marvin distributes the drugs, and they find themselves in the exact same position they were in at the beginning: in a circle, each holding a pill.

MATT

See you guys on the other side.

They all take the pill, excited. A beat. Then their expressions all fall simultaneously.

MARVIN

Forgot about the seven hour thing.

MATT

Yeah. We did.

Shit. Until Berg reaches down and pulls out a big plastic jug full of purple liquid.

BERG

Anybody down for some street wine?
Stole it from Jonas on my way out.

Everyone cheers! Berg takes a gulp, then hands it to Abby.

BERG (CONT'D)

You know, this isn't that bad.

Abby takes a sip and swishes it in her mouth.

ABBY

Yeah, I'm getting some notes of...
is it... hot plastic?

We PULL BACK as they pass the wine around, taking monster swigs, and the off-cycle party begins again.

END OF SHOW