

As We Know It

By

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FADE IN:

INT. KITCHEN - DAY

An egg is lifted slowly from a carton. As the egg is taken from the carton over to a glass on the kitchen counter, the radio can be heard faintly in the background.

RADIO (V.O)

...have been urged to stay at home at all costs. Any unauthorised civilians discovered in town or city centres across the country during this time will be treated as potential looters, and as a threat to national security...

BRUCE is seen cracking open the egg and pouring the contents into a glass. He is a guy in his late twenties, wearing a pop culture reference T-shirt and pyjama trousers. He starts to pour some salt, pepper, hot sauce and Worcester sauce into the glass as he brews up a prairie oyster.

A door can be heard creaking open followed by some shuffling as JAMES slowly walks into the kitchen, dragging his feet. He is also a guy in his late twenties, still in pyjamas.

Clearly the night before has taken a toll on him: his hair a mess, his eyes red and all the energy stolen from him. He slowly steps into the kitchen as Bruce turns around. James sarcastically smiles. Bruce grins as he sees James shuffle and he leans against the kitchen counter.

BRUCE

Wow. You look like shit.

James grimaces and he reaches up into the kitchen cabinet, looking to find a glass. Bruce pats him on the shoulder to get his attention. James turns and Bruce hands him his concoction.

BRUCE

Here, drink this.

James lifts the glass to his eyes to examine it. He grimaces again and lowers it.

JAMES

What's this?

(CONTINUED)

BRUCE

Prairie oyster. The perfect cure
for a horrible night. James Bond
drinks them, so they must be good.

James looks at Bruce questioningly.

JAMES

Really?...

Bruce shrugs.

BRUCE

Well, in the books he does at
least. But then again that's also
where he said gay guys can't
whistle, so you maybe you can't
quite trust his judgement.

James raises the glass.

JAMES

Well, have you ever seen a gay guy
whistle?

Bruce shrugs. James raises his eyebrows then downs the drink.

BRUCE

That's the spirit.

James' face scrunches up as he slams the glass down onto the worktop.

BRUCE

Or not.

(He slides over the egg carton
and looks at it.)

Ah. These expired a few days ago.

James looks at Bruce like he just survived a murder attempt.

BRUCE

Hey! I can't help it, the store's
out of fresh eggs!

James shakes his head and he takes a loaf of bread from the counter and opens it, taking a couple slices out and putting them into a toaster. Bruce rests against the counter.

BRUCE

But regardless of questionable
beverages...You look like you've
drank a lot...What's up?...

James groans as he puts his face into his hands.

JAMES
(Muffled through hands)
Urgh...Emily.

BRUCE
What did you say?

James groans again and lowers his hands as he sighs.

JAMES
Emily.

BRUCE
Ah yes, the girlfriend.

JAMES
Ex-girlfriend.

Bruce nods with the realisation.

BRUCE
Ah. Right. *Ex*.

JAMES
Yeah.

The toaster pops up and James grabs a plate and a knife from the side of the sink, cutlery clinking as he grabs them. He removes the pieces of toast from the toaster and drops them onto his plate. He opens the fridge, pulls out a tub of margarine and starts to make spread it onto his toast.

BRUCE
Are you going to tell me what happened?

James scrapes a large amount of margarine onto the toast.

JAMES
(Shaking head and shrugging shoulders)
I dunno, she said we were drifting apart, complaining that we never go on dates and we barely see each other. Ended up having a huge fight and now here we are.

BRUCE
Well, when was the last time you saw her properly?

James pauses to think then turns to Bruce.

JAMES
A few days after her brother's
birthday I think.

James goes back to buttering his toast.

BRUCE
Jesus. James, that was nearly two
months ago.

James stops mid-spread.

JAMES
Shit. Wait. No, isn't it the 23rd
today?

BRUCE
It is.
(He straightens up a little.)
Of May. Her brother's birthday was
in March.

James ponders for a moment.

JAMES
That does sound like a long time.

BRUCE
It sounds like two months. What the
hell have you been doing?

James shrugs.

JAMES
I dunno...Writing?

BRUCE
Writing? Writing what?

JAMES
Trying to finish my new book.

James takes a big bite out of one of the pieces of toast.

BRUCE
But the publisher dropped you three
months ago.

JAMES
Which is exactly why I need to
finish this book and win them back.

Bruce shakes his head.

BRUCE

James, the publisher dropped everyone. They're closing the business. No-one wants to read books any more.

JAMES

What are you talking about? People haven't stopped reading, it's not like it's the end of the world.

Bruce turns to the window and rests against the windowsill.

BRUCE

Yeah, about that...

Pulling out of the kitchen, more and more of the surrounding area is revealed, showing just how bad the situation is. A town in disarray. Trash littered across roads, abandoned cars, maybe even a fire or two.

It's almost as if human sacrifices have been going down. Dogs and cats living together. Mass hysteria.

Looks like the end of the world is coming.

TITLE CREDITS

INT. LIVING ROOM - DAY

The news is playing quietly on TV as James sits down on the sofa next to Bruce with toast and a mug of warm tea. James takes another bite of toast.

JAMES

(Mouth full)

So you're telling me...

Crumbs fly out a little. Bruce brushes off some that landed on him.

BRUCE

Come on man, eat *then* speak.

James chews then shallows the bite.

JAMES

So you're telling me that the country has been put in the threat of nuclear attack overnight.

BRUCE

No, not *overnight*, but I suppose a recluse like you locked in your room, writing lord knows what, hasn't exactly had the time to watch the news lately.

JAMES

The news?

BRUCE

Yes, the news. It's something you can watch on TV that *isn't* a repeat and *isn't* porn. Or a repeat of porn for that matter. You can even get the news on the *internet*.

JAMES

Thanks you Bruce, I know what the news is.

BRUCE

That's good to hear. So why haven't you caught up with the world?

JAMES

Too busy watching porn.

Bruce turns the volume up on the TV. James takes a loud bite of his toast so Bruce turns it up a little more. A newscaster is on screen with the news bulletin 'The End Is Nigh?'.

NEWSCASTER (ON TV)

...last night, when North Korea confirmed preparations to launch a nuclear attack on the west after negotiations fell through for a third and final time. With the world's powers poised for retaliation, and with the world on the verge of a nuclear holocaust, rioting and panic has spread through the country, leading to nationwide disarray. The Government today issued a statement that-...

James finishes his toast and puts the plate on the side, staring at the TV.

JAMES

Well. Shit.

James takes a sip from his mug.

(CONTINUED)

BRUCE
Yeah. *Shit*.

James and Bruce pause, staring at the TV.

JAMES
So...
(He taps his fingers on the
armrest)
Xbox?

Bruce slowly turns and throws a look at him. Then sighs.

BRUCE
Oh...I don't see why not. I'm not
exactly busy.

JAMES
Now that's what I wanted to hear.
(He smiles and downs the rest
of his drink.)
Hmmm, warm.

INT. KITCHEN - DAY

James puts his mug and plate in the sink and starts to wash them, shouting across to Bruce in the next room.

JAMES
So...I get dumped by my
girlfriend...And the world is on
the brink of destruction?

BRUCE (O.S)
I know! Some people just can't
catch a break!...

JAMES
At least I still have my book to
finish!

BRUCE (O.S)
Errm...What part of 'the publisher
closed the business on a count of
the impending apocalypse' did you
not understand?

James scrubs his plate.

JAMES
I'll finish my book, they'll pick
up the option, go back into
(MORE)

(CONTINUED)

JAMES (cont'd)
business to publish it and all will
be okay with the world again!

James rinses his plate and mug.

BRUCE (O.C)
And the apocalypse?

JAMES
Oh, just a minor inconvenience.

James turns off the tap, puts his plate and mug away and walks over to the living room. He peeks his head through the doorway.

INT. LIVING ROOM - DAY

James looks into the living room at Bruce.

JAMES
My work will stand the test of time.

James walks over to the couch and sits next to Bruce, who has set up the Xbox ready for a game.

BRUCE
You're delusional.

JAMES
No, I'm dedicated. I'm going to finish my book today and I'm going to contact the publisher later, you just watch...But for now, Xbox!

BRUCE
Hallelujah. Now come on and play already.

James picks up a controller and joins the game. As the timer counts down to start the game, James and Bruce begin to play a causally. Laid back. Far from exaggerated or exhausting, enough so they can still chatter while having fun.

BRUCE
You know, I wish Call of Duty was less like the real world. Realistic enemies, nukes, politics...Why should games be grounded in reality when really they should be all about fantasy?

(CONTINUED)

JAMES

Well...It's not *completely* true to
real life with its accuracy...

BRUCE

See that's why I like Halo. It has
aliens! Aliens are cool! Aliens
don't remind me of the trouble we
face in the real world...I mean,
why can't more games be like Halo?

JAMES

The real question is...

(Smiles after he gains the
lead on high score)

Why can't the *real world* be more
like *Halo*?

Bruce slows down his playing to process that statement.

BRUCE

What...A world full of aliens
wanting to destroy humanity with
technology and weapons far superior
than ours?

JAMES

Well...

(Beat)

I didn't think of *everything*...

BRUCE

Lately I wonder if you think *at all*...

JAMES

Oh yeah? Well how about this...

James smirks as we hear a death scream from the game.

BRUCE

Oh come on man! That's not cool,
we're on the same team! What are
yo-...

James' smirk widens to a grin. The game shows his character
crouching up and down onto Bruce's character's face.

BRUCE

Now that's just immature.

(Sighs as they continue with
their game, then changes tone
a little.)

(MORE)

(CONTINUED)

BRUCE (cont'd)

So. Are you going to talk to Emily again?

James freezes, and the sound of bullets hitting his game character can be heard for a couple of seconds before another death scream from the television. He coughs.

JAMES

W-why would I want to do that?

He shakes it off and tries to focus on the game again.

BRUCE

It's the end of days. You might as well reconcile with her...Clear your conscience, you know, all that jazz.

JAMES

(Defensively)

Why would I have anything on my conscience?

BRUCE

Well by the sounds of things you weren't exactly there for her...I'm sure she felt rather neglected if you've been spending more time on your book than you have her.

JAMES

Hey! The time I spend in her is none of your concern!

Bruce pauses for a beat. Not sure whether or not to follow up on James' Freudian slip.

BRUCE

...I didn't say *in* her...

JAMES

Well....I....I say shut up! Don't try to school me on relationships!

BRUCE

Look, man....I'm just saying. I thought you may want to clear the air with Emily before the world goes up in flames.

JAMES

And I'm just saying maybe you
should butt out for a moment and
let me do what I want!

James puts his controller down. He has escalated in such a short amount of time it's clear that he still has problems processing this change in his life. He stands up.

JAMES

I'm sorry man...I'm sorry... I just
need to splash some water on my
face or something...Cool off...I'll
be right back.

BRUCE

Sure, take your time. I'll be here.
I'm not going anywhere. The
upcoming apocalypse kinda made sure
of that.

Bruce is fully aware that he's angered the beast, but he's not backing down yet. James steps out of the living room and rushes to the bathroom.

INT. BATHROOM - DAY

A tap is running as James splashes water on his face repeatedly. He pulls his hands down his face, stretching it until he raises his face and stares at himself in the mirror. He sighs, grabs his towel and dries his face.

JAMES

Come on James. Snap out of it.

James rubs his chin and feels a little stubble, but ignores it. He puts his towel around his shoulders.

JAMES

Snap out of it man. Girls ain't
nothing but trouble. Fresh Prince
and DJ Jazzy Jeff knew what was
going on.

He shakes his head and walks to the door and opens it. He stops at the doorway.

JAMES

Wait, what?...How the hell did I
ever get laid?

He closes the door behind him.

(CONTINUED)

JAMES
Oh yeah. Alcohol.

INT. HALL - DAY

James walks down the hall to his room on the ground floor when his stomach rumbles. James frowns when he realises the toast he had earlier just wasn't enough to hold him. He shouts over to Bruce down the hall.

JAMES
Hey Bruce! What have we got that I can have for breakfast?

INT. KITCHEN - DAY

Bruce walks over to the fridge as James stops in the kitchen doorway, leaning against the door-frame. Bruce opens the fridge and looks through it.

BRUCE
(Scanning the shelves)
We...Have...Bacon.

Bruce stops and turns to James. James realises that Bruce means that all there is is bacon and nothing else.

JAMES
Well. I guess I'll have bacon.

BRUCE
Excellent choice, sir.

James walks into his bedroom. Bruce is feeling generous.

BRUCE
I'll make you a bacon sandwich,
sound good?

JAMES (O.S)
Actually, that would be great!
Thanks!

Bruce notices the carton of out of date eggs on the worktop.

BRUCE
Oh hey! We still have some eggs,
want some?

(CONTINUED)

JAMES (O.S)
Fuck off!

BRUCE
It's the thought that counts!

INT. JAMES' ROOM - DAY

James opens his drawer and pulls out a shirt to put on. For a shut-in, his floor of his room is rather devoid of mess. What mess there is is all on his desk. There are many sheets of paper with prose printed on it alongside post-it notes and scraps of paper. Evidence of ideas noted down on anything at hand.

There's a figurine of Han Solo frozen in carbonite from Star Wars on his desk. A small Nerf gun sits on the side, a target on the wall with a picture of Boba Fett on it has modified Nerf darts stuck in it. When James tries to write, clearly he can get bored and distracted easily.

James opens the curtains to let some more light in the room. His room faces the street and doesn't have a particularly inspiring view. The least of which would be seen in this current point in time.

His eyes lay on a picture frame to the side of his computer. It's a picture of him and his ex-girlfriend Emily, lounging in the park together, happy and cheerful. He smiles for a second before reality kicks in. His smile fades as he puts the frame face-down, hiding the picture from view.

BRUCE (O.C)
Food's up!

JAMES
Oh thank god...

INT. KITCHEN - DAY

James closes the door to his room as he steps back into the kitchen. Bruce slides a plate with a bacon sandwich on it across the worktop to him.

BRUCE
There you go.

JAMES
Thanks. That was fast.

BRUCE

I'm the quickest bacon sandwich
maker in the west, what can I say?

James takes a bite out of the sandwich. It's perfection.

JAMES

My god you know how I love my
bacon.

BRUCE

What would you ever do without me?
Come, let's kick back in the other
room.

James gestures to Bruce to go first and he follows him into
the other room.

INT. LIVING ROOM - DAY

James and Bruce simultaneously hit the couch with their
respective sandwiches and bite into them, savouring the
taste. James speaks with a slightly full mouth.

JAMES

(Mouth full)

I'm gonna miss-

BRUCE

Come on! What did I say earlier?

James swallows the bite quickly.

JAMES

I'm gonna miss a world without
bacon.

BRUCE

Aren't we all.

JAMES

I'm going to miss a load of things.
Being alive, for one thing.

BRUCE

Yup, that's kind of a biggie.

Both of them are staring into space through their
conversation, taking bites every now and again.

(CONTINUED)

JAMES
Do you think we'll feel anything
when it happens?

BRUCE
I don't know, I really don't know.

JAMES
Think it would be like Terminator?

BRUCE
Which one?

JAMES
T2. Judgement Day.

BRUCE
What, like in Sarah Connor's
nightmare when her flesh just gets
blasted off her skeleton?

JAMES
Yeah.

BRUCE
I hope not, that scene fucking
scared me as a kid.

JAMES
Me too. Jesus.
(Stares off to the side in
thought)
We're all going to fry.
(He looks at his sandwich.)
Fry like bacon.
(He takes a bite out of his
sandwich.)
Do you think we'll taste like
bacon?

Bruce throws James a rather concerned look.

BRUCE
Thankfully we won't need to know
because we'll all be dead.

JAMES
Now that's just morbid.

Bruce shows a look of bafflement towards James but sighs and shakes it off. That's just James for you. James shrugs and finishes his sandwich and dusts the crumbs off his hands.

JAMES

Well....I have the rest of my day sorted. I'm gonna finish this book if it's the last thing I do!

Bruce gives James a look.

JAMES

Okay, it probably will be the last thing I do! But hey! At least I'm keeping myself busy! Unlike you... What are you even planing on doing anyway?

Bruce thinks for a moment.

BRUCE

Errm...Call the parents, my sister, other people...Make my peace with everything.

JAMES

So what, suddenly you're getting all zen on us?

BRUCE

Pretty much.

JAMES

The end of the world works in mysterious ways I suppose.

James puts his plate on the coffee table, and Bruce follows suit.

BRUCE

Yeah, but before all that....I'm going to help you out with this Emily thing. And we're going to enjoy today. And then maybe things will get all soppy and sentimental.

James shakes his head and starts to get up.

JAMES

There really isn't any problem, I don't need any help with this at all, really.

Bruce puts his hand in front of him to stop him getting up.

BRUCE

Oh really? You don't have any unresolved issues? You're the king of bad break-ups.

JAMES

I don't know what you...

Bruce puts his hand out.

BRUCE

Phone.

James is confused.

JAMES

What?...

BRUCE

Phone. Give it to me.

James reaches into his pocket and pulls out his iPhone, which Bruce then takes from him.

JAMES

I don't see the point of this...

Bruce gets off the couch and sits across from James on one of the footrests. He begins to start scrolling through the contacts.

BRUCE

My god man...Do you not delete your ex-girlfriends' numbers?

James sits back on the couch.

JAMES

I may have forgotten to delete a few.

BRUCE

A few?...

Bruce looks through the names.

BRUCE

They're all on here! Look...

Bruce scrolls down the contact list and finds a random girl. He presses the name and reveals their mobile number and contact photo.

BRUCE

What? And you even have *pictures*
for all of them?...

JAMES

Hey, I need to make sure who's who!

BRUCE

See, you have difficulty letting
go...Prime example:

Bruce scrolls down the contact list until he finds the name 'Davina' and he opens the contact.

BRUCE

Davina. You have Davina on here.
You broke up with her, haven't
spoken to her for years and she's
been married and *divorced* since
then.

Bruce starts typing on James' phone.

JAMES

And? I dodged that bullet. How do
you know I just don't have her on
there in case I ever wanted to
gloat?

James' phone vibrates and Bruce reads the text that was just received.

BRUCE

"Get away from me you sad, pathetic
loser."

James looks over to Bruce.

JAMES

You sent her a text?!

BRUCE

Gloating, huh?

JAMES

What did you say to her?

BRUCE

Something I assume is a lot less
embarrassing than anything you've
said...But I digress...

Bruce resumes his scrolling of James' contact list and finds another name, 'Kim'.

(CONTINUED)

BRUCE

Kim? She kinda moved to another town not long after you broke up and you haven't seen her since...

Bruce bashes out a quick text as he speaks.

JAMES

We still keep in touch.

James' phone vibrates again with a new text that Bruce reads out.

BRUCE

"Fuck you stalker."

JAMES

Okay, I still keep in touch.

BRUCE

Two for two. This doesn't look good James...

Bruce finally finds the kicker. 'Sophie'.

BRUCE

Sophie?! What?! James...James...You do realise that girl died?!

JAMES

I had nothing to do with that!

BRUCE

Still...Jesus man...Jesus.

Bruce absent-mindedly sends another text message while he speaks.

BRUCE

You need to kick yourself into gear! I am going to make it my mission today to help you clear up everything with Emily! She won't be another name in this contact list by the time I'm done helping!

JAMES

...You're just really bored and need something to do aren't you.

Bruce concedes.

BRUCE
It's the end of the world. What else do I have to do?

James' phone vibrates with another text message. Bruce reads it.

BRUCE
"Who the hell is Sophie? And who the hell are you?"

Bruce is puzzled for a second before he clocks on.

BRUCE
Oh, *right!* Sophie's *dead!* And someone else has her number now!...

JAMES
Wow. Just...wow. And you think that *I'm* unbelievable.

Bruce shrugs.

BRUCE
Women. You can't live with them...And they apparently can't seem to live with *you*, come to think about it...

James gets up.

JAMES
Wow. Thanks man. Look. I'm going to go write.
(Points back to the exit with his thumb)
Upstairs. Maybe *then* I can escape your unwanted attempts to help me.

BRUCE
You'll be thanking me later, mark my words!

James leaves the room.

JAMES
(Without looking back)
Sod off.

James trudges out of the living room.

INT. SPARE ROOM - DAY

James steps into the spare room, carrying his laptop and adapter. He places the laptop on the desk by the window with a slight thud and uncoils the tangled power adaptor, manoeuvring around to plug it in.

He opens up the laptop and turns it on to a chime. Stretching and preparing to open up his word processing file to continue work on his book.

While he spins around on his office chair for a moment his laptop makes a welcome sound to say it's loaded and James spins back into position and opens up the file.

JAMES

Now...where was I...

James stares at the sentence he was last on and reads a little back in his work to get up to speed. He clicks his tongue and twirls a pencil in his fingers as he attempts to get into writing mode.

A clock ticks away in the background as James is completely lost for words. He taps his pencil on the desk until he sits up and starts typing. Once he is finished it is just him tweeting 'Can't think of anything to write! :/'

Time elapses as James tries to write... James goes through all kinds of distraction and suffers writers block and does everything available to him in the room but writing.

He sighs and he gazes out of the window, searching for inspiration.

JAMES

Urgh...I just need some
inspiration...

He doesn't find it, but he sees something else.

Across the street in full view is a pretty girl in her early twenties across the street through her bedroom window. Curtains completely open. James admires her from a distance as she gets up from her desk.

As she removes her cardigan she follows by pulling off her top. At this point James slowly sits up.

He watches the girl who is completely unaware of him as she gets ready to change.

(CONTINUED)

JAMES
Hello Inspiration...

The girl takes off her jeans and walks over to her cupboard, where she grabs something else to wear. As she walks back to her bed to change, she looks straight out of the window-

-And locks eyes with James who is staring at her.

James freezes. He's caught red-handed blatantly staring. He slowly rotates in his office chair, not changing posture as he turns towards the wall to his right, admiring his curtains.

The girl across the street opens her window and leans out of it. Shouting at the top of her lungs.

GIRL ACROSS THE STREET
Fucking pervert!!

She then quickly closes the window and shuts the curtains in a flash.

He is embarrassed and looks down at the ground.

JAMES
Wow, I'm glad no-one else saw that.

James opens up his laptop again when he hears the front door open and close. He shrugs this off for a second before he starts to hear muffled speech downstairs. Curious, James stands up and walks out the room.

INT. HALL - AFTERNOON

James walks down the hall to the kitchen where he can hear Bruce talking. As he approaches he can see Bruce talking to someone out of his viewpoint. James smiles and walks up to Bruce.

JAMES
Hey, who are you talki-...

James says as he steps into the kitchen and rounds his head to see the guest leaning on the kitchen counter.

EMILY.

James' eyes open wide and he freezes. Standing in the kitchen doorway. There is a very awkward silence as the three hold a Mexican stand-off of sorts. Eyes flicking around to one another until someone speaks first.

JAMES
(Voice cracks)
B-Bruce! A word please!

Bruce nods. No-one moves. James looks down and clears his throat. Emily crosses her arms. James' eyes dart to look at her for a moment and then he averts them again.

Emily rolls her eyes.

EMILY
(Pointing with thumb at living room)
I guess I'll go in there...

Emily slowly steps over to the living room, shoes tapping the kitchen floor as she walks across to the door. It seems like an age to James.

She eventually leaves the room, leaving James and Bruce on their own. James quickly rushes up to Bruce, his back to the living room door.

JAMES
What the fuck man, why is *she* here?!

BRUCE
Listen, this is for the best. I invited her down here-

JAMES
You invited her down here?!

BRUCE
Yes, I invited her down here so you two could talk about stuff.

JAMES
How did you even get her down here?

BRUCE
I just sent her a text...

Bruce holds out James' phone. James has only just noticed that Bruce still had it.

JAMES
Hey, give me back my phone!

James snatches it from Bruce and looks through his texts. He reads one Bruce sent Emily.

JAMES

"Omg plz come bk to me baby"?! What the fuck? I don't text like that, I'm a writer.

BRUCE

It's never been said if you were a good writer...

JAMES

Seriously, you're going to do that now?...

BRUCE

Okay, *that* was uncalled for, I'll admit.

Bruce throws a look back at the living room.

BRUCE

But look, I got Emily round so you can show her that all is well and for you two to reconcile and salvage something. It's the end of days! You don't want to go out with unfinished business! I'm sure you want to make up for everything to give yourself a clean slate!

JAMES

No.

BRUCE

Oh I'm sure you do a little bit.

JAMES

No. She's a total cold and heartless bitch and she broke my heart. And she is *in there-*

(He points back at the door)

-And she is completely smug about ruining a good thing. She is...a robot. Willing to destroy anything and everything. I hate her.

EMILY (O.C)

You know, I've been able to hear every single word from your little conversation over here.

James is taken aback from this interjection.

JAMES

Oh. You *have*?...The...whole
conversation?...

EMILY (O.C)

Yeah.

JAMES

Even that last part?

EMILY (O.C)

Maybe not all of it. I had to plug
myself in and recharge for a bit.
What, with being a *robot* and all...

James cringes at the realisation that his conversation with Bruce in perceived privacy was so easy to eavesdrop.

JAMES

Ah...

Bruce pats James on the back.

BRUCE

Go get her.

Bruce rushes into the living room to escape the awkwardness of the kitchen. Emily strides in, closing the door behind her as she steps towards James and stops dead in front of him.

JAMES

So.

EMILY

So.

JAMES

You look good.

EMILY

I know. You look like shit.

JAMES

I know.

Emily sighs.

EMILY

Look, James...

JAMES

No you look...How could you just dump me like you did? Do you have any idea-

EMILY

What? No, no you can't seriously be turning this to make this all *my* fault. I did nothing wrong. This is all on you! Where have you been all this time?

JAMES

I've been trying to write-

EMILY

You've been trying to write your stupid book that isn't-

JAMES

Hey! It is *not* a stupid book!

EMILY

You've come nowhere towards finishing it! How have you been able to spend all this time away from me and *not* get anything done?!

JAMES

I have been getting things done!

EMILY

Yeah the title, and I bet that even *that* isn't definite!

JAMES

I am getting along quite swimmingly with it thank you very much.

EMILY

And how well have we been getting along? You're supposed to be my boyfriend and I hadn't seen you in two months until yesterday!

JAMES

We've spoken on the phone before then!

EMILY

Yeah, when I ask you where the hell you've been! You were being a shitty boyfriend! Only ever caring

(MORE)

(CONTINUED)

EMILY (cont'd)
for yourself, never caring about
me!

JAMES
I am *not* a shitty boyfriend. And I
did care about you!

EMILY
Yes you are a shitty boyfriend. You
were never there for me when I
needed you. I have needs, James.

JAMES
Emily, don't.

EMILY
You're always hidden in your room
writing stupid stories and sending
them off with foolish dreams of
hitting it big when you don't-...

James rushes forwards and kisses Emily. As they embrace
James breaks a long kiss.

JAMES
I am not a shitty boyfriend.

EMILY
(Taken by surprise)
What-

James pushes Emily backwards against the wall and they
heavily make out.

SMASH CUT TO-

INT. JAMES' ROOM - AFTERNOON

James lies on his bed staring up at the ceiling. Emily is
laying on her side, sleeping. James is surprised by the
escalation of events.

JAMES
Wow. Those events escalated quite
quickly.

James pauses. Something's up.

JAMES
Wait a minute...

James pats himself and looks under the covers.

(CONTINUED)

JAMES
Yup. Thought so.

James shakes his head.

INT. KITCHEN - AFTERNOON

James shakes himself out of his daydream and after a second of adjusting back to reality he returns back to his argument with Emily.

JAMES
(Aloud, still thinking of the
daydream)
I'd never wear *that* to bed...

EMILY
(Confused)
What?

James quickly recovers and tries to pick up where they were.

JAMES
I'm sorry, what were you saying, I
zoned out for a moment there.

EMILY
I *said* you're supposed to be my
boyfriend and I haven't seen you in
two months! Don't you even care
enough to pay me a *little*
attention?!

Emily fumes. James avoids falling into the path his daydream went into.

JAMES
Look, I'm a little out of it at the
moment...You know, the end of the
world and everything. Can
you...just please just come back
later?

Emily shrugs.

EMILY
I only really came down here to see
if I can pick up my stuff.

JAMES
Ah.

(CONTINUED)

EMILY

But, like you said, it's the end of
the world...Why should I bother
picking up what I haven't seen in
two months?

James looks into Emily's eyes.

JAMES

Are you sure that's the only reason
you came down here?

Emily pauses for a moment, a solitary moment of weakness
which she quickly recovers from.

EMILY

Yes.

(She nods.)

It was silly for me to even come
down here. So I'll be leaving. I'll
be back later to pick up my stuff.
Good luck with the future James. I
hope you don't disappoint any more
women in the future.

Emily wheels around and walks into the hall to the front
door.

JAMES

It's the end of the world today!
What women are there going to be?

Emily shouts from the hall.

EMILY (O.S)

Knowing you you'll find a way to
disappoint *someone*!

The front door swings open then slams shut. James hangs his
head as Bruce slowly steps back into the kitchen and over to
James, patting him on the back.

BRUCE

Well that was...Painful. Very
rather painful.

JAMES

Tell me about it.

BRUCE

It was like watching a train
crashing into another train. In
slow motion.

JAMES

Thanks.

BRUCE

And both trains were on fire.

JAMES

Thanks.

BRUCE

With Björk playing in the background.

Bruce pats James on the back again.

BRUCE

Are you going to go after her?

James looks at Bruce like he's crazy.

JAMES

Are you crazy? I am *not* going any further with this. It's the end of the world and I am not going to be miserable. Let's do something!

Bruce is excited by James' sudden drive to do *something* other than mope or write.

BRUCE

Excellent! He has life in him yet!
I propose that we order some take-away!

JAMES

Take-away I could go for right about now.

Bruce takes his own phone out of his pocket and speed-dials their favourite take-away. The phone rings.

BRUCE

I want one of every meal, and...
(Bruce looks at James,
channeling Neo)
Beer. Lots of beer.

Beat.

Nothing.

BRUCE
Or not! Because that place is
closed!

Bruce hangs up. James sighs. Bruce does not accept defeat.

BRUCE
It's alright, there *must* be a place
open today...Where are all those
menus we have...

James looks over to one of the counters which has a massive pile of take-away menus that have been put through the door throughout James and Bruce's time living in this house. James steps over and looks through them. He grabs a selection and hands them to Bruce.

BRUCE
Alright, one of these must work...

Time skips by and the pile dwindles as Bruce continues his quest for some takeaway.

BRUCE
(Still adamant on succeeding)
Okay. How many menus are left to
try?

James holds two menus in front of Bruce. One in each hand.

JAMES
Two.
(Holding first menu)
Abrakebabra...
(Holding second menu)
Or Chicken Cottage.

James and Bruce look at each other for a moment with a knowing glance, and James chuckles the Chicken Cottage menu over his shoulder.

BRUCE
Abrakebabra it is! Sounds
enchanting.

James hands Bruce the menu and Bruce dials the number, and someone answers on the second ring.

BRUCE
Ah! You're open for business!

Bruce smiles. Finally. A place that's open on Judgement Day.

BRUCE
Yes, we would like-

INT. LIVING ROOM - AFTERNOON

James and Bruce are sitting on the couch. James is drinking a glass of water as they both lay back and watch some television. Bruce takes a sip from the drink in his mug.

BRUCE
Look man. I'm sorry I tried to magically solve your problems with Emily and the entire female gender today.

James downs a big gulp of drink.

JAMES
It's alright man. It's the thought that counts. Not a great thought, but the gesture is there.

BRUCE
I just thought I'd do good for once you know, help you out.

JAMES
Jesus Bruce, did you kill a guy or something?...Ever since you found out about today you've been on a quest to do good...

BRUCE
I'm just trying to actually do something for a change. Help someone out. Make up for a lifetime of slacking.

James smirks at his statement.

JAMES
Slacking? Since when have you ever been guilty of *slacking*?

James and Bruce sit silent for a beat while both men take another drink.

JAMES
If you wanted to help me out, you could have just tried to help me finish my masterpiece.

(CONTINUED)

BRUCE

I am *not* going to help you out with your 'masterpiece'. Hell, I don't even know what your book is about.

James perks up and puts down his drink, preparing to describe his magnum opus.

JAMES

Okay, check this out. I might as well tell you about it.

BRUCE

I'm listening.

JAMES

It's a book about a screenwriter. But he has writer's block. And he can't think of how to end his screenplay, which is about a novelist, who *has writer's block*.

Bruce just stares at James. He can process the information, but still, it's something else entirely. And not necessarily in a good way.

BRUCE

Wow.

JAMES

(Enthusiastic)

I know!

BRUCE

Just...wow...It's very...Meta...

JAMES

Yes! Meta! That's exactly how I wanted it to be!

Bruce tries to press on through hearing this book premise.

BRUCE

Well...How's the book going?

JAMES

Not great.

BRUCE

How come?

(CONTINUED)

JAMES
I got writers block.

BRUCE
Of course you did...

There is a knock at the door. Bruce checks his watch.

BRUCE
A-ha! Take-away's here!

Bruce and James get up and walk over to the front door.

INT. FRONT DOOR - AFTERNOON

James leans on the wall next to the front door as Bruce begins to open it. He starts to talk before he's even finished opening the door.

BRUCE
You know, you took more than 30 minutes so...

Bruce pauses as he looks at the deliveryman.

BRUCE
Rory?!

The deliveryman looks up from the bags he is carrying and smiles. RORY is a good friend of both Bruce and James. He's in his late twenties and is sporting a rather unflattering purple work shirt wearing your standard 'Hi! My name is Rory' name tag. On the back of his shirt is the picture of a magic wand summoning all kinds of take-away goodness. It's a shirt that isn't fashionable but it does the job of selling what it's selling.

RORY
Hey guys!

James leans around the door frame to see Rory and his face lights up.

JAMES
Rory!

Bruce smiles.

BRUCE
What are you doing working today man? Don't you know it's the end of the world today?

(CONTINUED)

RORY

Yeah, I know, my hours suck.

James takes the bags that Rory is currently holding and takes them to the kitchen.

RORY

You guys sure bought up the place today. You'd have thought there'd be some sort of party going on.

BRUCE

No, sadly it's just me and James here today. If we had ordered earlier maybe you could have caught Emily.

RORY

Emily? Didn't she break up with James already?

James arrives at the front door again when he hears this.

JAMES

Thanks man. Thanks.

James takes another couple of bags and takes them into the kitchen.

JAMES (O.C)

Is anyone going to help me with these bags?

Bruce sighs and picks up some bags and helps while Rory goes back to his car to bring in the drinks. He opens the side door to a rather badly-painted purple Ford Transit van, continuing the magical theme of the take-away service.

INT. KITCHEN - AFTERNOON

Bruce puts down the last of the take-away bags on the kitchen counter. The kitchen is now essentially full to the brim of take-away. Rory enters the kitchen with the drinks and places them on the floor.

RORY

Abrakebabra! Your order has been delivered!

BRUCE

Do they seriously make you say 'Abrakebabra'?

(CONTINUED)

RORY

Yeah...At least they stopped making us use magic wands made out of kebabs as props.

JAMES

Surely that would have smelt...

RORY

Oh they did.

(Vietnam flashback)

They did...

Bruce takes out his wallet.

BRUCE

Well, like I was saying earlier, you took more than 30 minutes so...

Before Bruce can finish Rory takes a stand.

RORY

Hey now wait a minute, you *did* kinda buy out the entire store pretty much...Why do you even *need* all this food?

BRUCE

We're having a blow-out to celebrate the time that we have left on this earth! And what says apocalypse better than a crap-ton of cheap beer and food poisoning!

JAMES

Hear, hear!

Rory looks disappointed.

RORY

Oh.

BRUCE

...Yes Rory?

RORY

Well...I kinda thought all this food was going to go to somewhere else.

BRUCE

Like what?

(CONTINUED)

RORY

Well you know, it's the end of days...all this food...I thought I was catering an orgy or something.

Silence. Bruce and James exchange an awkward look. James breaks the silence.

JAMES

Um...Come again?

RORY

You know, a good old-fashioned orgy! Like ancient Rome! Or...Eyes Wide Shut! People just going to town on each other, not giving a fuck because it's the end of the world!

BRUCE

You're trying to tell us-

JAMES

-That you thought you were catering an orgy-

BRUCE

-Supplying a ton of food-

JAMES

-From *Abrakebabra*.

Rory tries to defend his insane notion.

RORY

Hey! Come on, people do crazy shit when it's something like this! Why judge them on their tastes in take-away?

BRUCE

Because you seriously thought you were going to supply food to an orgy...

JAMES

...From *Abrakebabra*.

RORY

Well excuse me for wanting to be knee deep in an orgy as opposed to standing in the middle of a sausage factory!

BRUCE
(Looks between the men present)
It's hardly a sausage factory.

JAMES
Yeah, if anything it's a sausage stand.

Rory is visibly annoyed by the other two making digs at his dreams. However outlandish they may be.

RORY
Can't blame a guy for dreaming...Look, if it's alright by you guys, I'll be off just as soon as you pay for all of this.

Bruce and James look at each other, they feel sorry for the poor idiot.

BRUCE
Oh come on Rory, stick with us today. I seriously doubt that you'll get another call today.

JAMES
Especially one from an orgy.

Bruce hits James' shoulder to get him to hush. He then walks over to where Rory put the drinks and pulls out 3 beers.

BRUCE
Come, let's just hang out and enjoy each other's company.

Bruce opens the beers and hands them to James and Rory. He then proposes a toast.

BRUCE
To friendship!

JAMES
To friendship!

RORY
I swear to god, if I'm missing out on precious orgy time because of this...

BRUCE
Shut up and drink!

RORY
(Rolling eyes, reluctant)
To friendship!

They all down their drinks. The afternoon has just begun. Bruce smiles and puts his arms around Rory and James.

BRUCE
Today, life is good!

JAMES
I seriously doubt that, but I'll let you have that one.

BRUCE
Haha!
(Smiles and pats his two friends on the back)
Now lets rip into this food!

An eating and drinking montage develops as Bruce, James and Rory rip into the large amount of food that has been summoned through the miracle of Abrakebabra. They can all be seen having fun and laughing and passing food around of all kinds of varieties.

INT. LIVING ROOM - AFTERNOON

Bruce, James and Rory are sitting on the couch. They are completely full, unable to eat another bite. There is still a ton of food left over.

BRUCE
Urgh...Why did we think this was going to be a good idea?...

JAMES
I don't know...

RORY
I'm not even supposed to be here today...

Bruce tries to sit up.

BRUCE
Oh my g-...Would you just shut up about your orgy that isn't going to happen?...

(CONTINUED)

RORY

I meant I shouldn't be on the clock
today...It's my last day on earth,
I shouldn't be going to work. I
should have just stayed at home.

BRUCE

Oh.

RORY

Should have stayed at home so I
could organise an orgy.

Bruce hits Rory on the shoulder. Rory remembers something.

RORY

Oh! I have something we can do to
pass the time...

Rory reaches into one of the bags on the floor.

JAMES

I swear to god Rory, if you're
grabbing condoms you are out of
here in an instant!

RORY

No, nothing like *that*, something
much better...

Rory pulls out a DVD. Timecop. Starring Jean Claude Van Damme. Bruce and James both sit up straight away.

BRUCE

Is that motherfucking Timecop?!

RORY

It is indeed motherfucking Timecop!

JAMES

Why the hell do you have a copy of
it on you?

RORY

Why *wouldn't* I have a copy of it on
me?

BRUCE

You brought Timecop to what you
thought was going to be an orgy?

RORY

Gotta do *something* in-between all
that sex and take-away.

Bruce and James look at each other and shrug.

JAMES

Why isn't it already in the DVD
player?!

RORY

Oh it's getting there!

Rory stands up and strides over to the DVD player, flings away whatever disc was in it beforehand and puts Timecop in its rightful place. He then moves back to his seat and presses play on the DVD.

BRUCE

Van Damme at his best.

JAMES

Such an underrated action star.

RORY

It's a crime his career is so
overlooked.

BRUCE

I know right? Man, what ever
happened to the Muscles from
Brussels?

RORY

Cocaine. Cocaine happened to the
Muscles from Brussels.

JAMES

And Double Team.

BRUCE

I haven't seen that one.

RORY

Two words: Dennis. Rodman.

BRUCE

Ah.

RORY

Well we can't be too harsh...JCVD
was good.

BRUCE

True, but it didn't encapsulate the two main elements that make for a perfect Van Damme movie. The splits.

JAMES

And gratuitous butt shots.

RORY

Both of which come into play in Timecop.

BRUCE

Maybe the best movie about time-travel ever?...

JAMES

Oh it's up there at least.

James takes a drink from his bottle and stares at the TV for a moment.

JAMES

Man...if I had a time machine like in Timecop and could go back in time...I'd try to save my relationship with Emily...

Rory has a different idea in his mind that takes James off point.

RORY

If I had a time machine like in Timecop and could go back in time, I'd totally have a threesome with myself and someone.

Bruce and James slowly turn to look at Rory.

JAMES

What?

RORY

I'd go back in time and have a threesome with myself and someone.

BRUCE

Dude...Have you paid any attention to this movie?...

JAMES

Yeah, "two versions of the same matter cannot occupy the same point at the same time". Even a simple high five and you'll degenerate into goop.

RORY

Oh crap, I didn't think about that...

JAMES

Yeah, I wouldn't like the prospect of exploding with goop coming out of me if I touched myself...

RORY

Holy shit, could you just imagine what would happen if my junk touched my past self's junk in that situation?...

BRUCE

(Grimacing)

Well I can now. Thank you for that Rory...

Bruce takes another sip of his drink disgusted. He goes for another as James and Rory do as well.

INT. KITCHEN - AFTERNOON

James, Bruce and Rory walk into the kitchen. They've rested up after their massive meal and they lean against different kitchen counters. They are still beaming off their Van Damme-a-thon.

BRUCE

Now *that* is how you spend an apocalypse.

JAMES

Gorging ourselves on take-away and watching the greatest action star of the early 90s kick ass through time. Doesn't get much better than that.

Rory checks his watch.

(CONTINUED)

RORY

Oh wow, it's like 6:30 in the afternoon...What do you want to do now? Nothing can really top Van Damme, am I right?

James straightens up a little from his relaxed lean on the counter. He looks at Bruce.

JAMES

Oh, I don't know Rory. I think there's something we can do that can beat that.

Bruce takes a second and then clocks onto what James is talking about. He slides over a little towards one of the kitchen drawers.

BRUCE

Oh yeah. I know what we can do to let off a little steam...

James shuffles along his counter a little, with some cereal boxes sitting behind him on the counter. Rory is curious of the suspicious behaviour.

RORY

Guys, what are you-

Bruce in a flash opens one of the drawers and pulls out a Nerf gun. In the same instant James tips over a cereal box and pulls out the gun hiding in there. They both aim at each other.

JAMES

Nerf War.

BRUCE

Nerf War.

Rory just stands there, lampshading the random outburst.

RORY

Err...What?

James puts on an air of faux-seriousness.

JAMES

A Nerf War Rory. The one thing that could ever surpass the greatness of Van Damme is that of Nerf. Whether you're a child or a grown up, Nerf can make or break a man. You don't know your own limits until you have opened fire on another man. It

(MORE)

(CONTINUED)

JAMES (cont'd)
brings something out of you. Nerf
War is Hell. Nerf War is living.

Rory just stares blankly at James.

RORY
Once again...What?

BRUCE
Don't ruin the moment Rory! Grab a
gun and fight!

RORY
I would, but I don't have one.

James gestures with his gun over at the oven.

JAMES
Go look in the oven.

Rory steps over to the oven, confused, and then he opens it up. He pauses and then pulls out a Nerf gun.

RORY
...What?...Seriously? Where the
hell did you guys get all these
Nerf guns?

Bruce grins.

BRUCE
James here got run over by a stock
trolley full of Barbies in Toys R
Us and got injured. Rather than try
to get money out of them he milked
them out of every Nerf product they
had in store. I used to think that
his choice of Nerf over money was
the worst decision he made. Then we
had our first Nerf War.

James smiles.

JAMES
The Great War of '09. I remember it
well. Many lives were lost that
day.

James and Bruce tap guns together then stand back from each other again.

BRUCE

Now. Rory. If you're smart, you'd point that gun somewhere. This is war.

Rory raises the gun and pulls back the hammer, priming the first shot. James and Bruce do the same as they stand in their Mexican stand-off. Silence for a moment, and then they all start firing at each other. Quickly they start to move away from their triangle into different positions.

Bruce falls back towards the back of the kitchen and opens one of the cupboard doors under the counter to hide behind. Rory rushes back into the living room doorway. James backtracks into the hall.

INT. HALL - AFTERNOON

James moves backwards, firing a couple shots into the kitchen. He rushes over to the coat hooks and reaches into one of the coats to grab a random stash of Nerf ammo. He looks around quickly and he dodges a Nerf dart that whistles past his face. He shuffles over to a stand holding umbrellas and tennis rackets and reaches behind them to pull out a Nerf shotgun.

He smiles, opens it to check the ammo, closes it and cocks it.

INT. KITCHEN - AFTERNOON

Bruce opens a drawer and grabs Nerf ammo by the handful, some of it spilling onto the floor. He reloads his gun and then fires a shot as he slides across the kitchen to the kitchen sink. He opens the cupboard door to use as cover as he reaches inside and pulls out a Nerf rifle and gazes at it. Bruce smiles.

BRUCE

Sophia.

INT. LIVING ROOM. AFTERNOON.

Rory steps back into the living room and looks around everywhere for another gun. He knocks some take-away boxes off the coffee table. He lifts up the couch cushions in the hope of finding a gun hidden underneath it but to no avail. He sighs, tips the coffee table over for cover and sits behind it.

(CONTINUED)

RORY
Great. Just great.

INT. HALL - AFTERNOON

James slowly progresses back to the kitchen down the hall, shooting his Nerf shotgun.

INT. KITCHEN - AFTERNOON

The Nerf shotgun shots bounce off the door Bruce is hiding behind. Bruce pops up over the door and fires his Nerf rifle at James.

INT. HALL - AFTERNOON

James ducks the shot and goes prone, firing the other barrel of his Nerf shotgun. The shot flies past Bruce. James opens the shotgun and the bucks fly out. He scrambles for two more bucks, but Bruce shoots at him again. James quickly abandons the shotgun and rushes through the door into his room. He fires from his original Nerf gun at Bruce but runs out of ammo. James frowns and then abandons that gun too. Swiftly, he ducks inside his room and closes the door.

INT. JAMES' ROOM - AFTERNOON

James sighs and looks around. He's running out of options and defeat in this situation is not an option. He looks around his room searching for ideas.

JAMES
Think godamnit, think!

James' eyes rest on his desk and he sees the answer: The Nerf gun he has on his desk. He picks it up and checks the ammo. Two shots. Perfect. He grabs some tape and rushes back to the door.

INT. KITCHEN - AFTERNOON

Bruce looks curiously at James' bedroom door. He doesn't lower his guard, opting just to point his prized Nerf rifle Sophia directly at the door.

JAMES (O.C)
I don't have a gun! I don't have
gun! Don't shoot!

Bruce stands up from behind his cover. He is still cautious, gun still aimed at the door.

BRUCE

Well why don't you come out here
and surrender?

JAMES (O.C)

Okay! Okay! Just don't shoot
alright! I'm an unarmed man!

Bruce slowly cocks the Nerf gun.

BRUCE

Well alright then, now come on out!

There's a pause, and then James' bedroom door slowly opens. James steps out, hands raised. He's unarmed, like he says. He slowly walks into the room. Bruce keeps his gun aimed at him as James steps into the kitchen.

BRUCE

My, my, how the mighty have fallen.

JAMES

Yeah, yeah, stop gloating.

James puts his hands on his head.

BRUCE

I don't think you're in any
position to give anyone orders
right now James.

Bruce smiles. James starts to laugh. Bruce starts to laugh too. James reaches at his back where all there is is ripped-off tape, and no gun.

BRUCE

Not when your gun fell to the floor
the moment you came in here.
Yippy-kai-yay, motherfuck-

Bruce pulls the trigger of his gun and it fires...but there is no dart in the chamber. It's empty. Bruce's eyes open wide.

BRUCE

Oh...Balls.

James quickly spins his head around and sees the gun on the floor that fell off his back. He dives across the kitchen to grab it as Bruce drops his rifle and reaches for his Nerf

gun. Bruce rushes over to James and points the gun down at him while James quickly spins onto his back and aims his gun up at Bruce. They pause for a period of time, just aiming at each other. Essentially a stalemate. Any second either or both of them will pull the trigger and it's all over. James realises there is a slight oversight in all of these recent events.

JAMES

Wait a minute. Where's Rory?

BRUCE

Where *is* Ror-

Bruce starts to question the same thing when Rory comes rushing into the kitchen.

RORY

Ahhhhhhhhhhhhh!

Rory runs up to Bruce and pistol whips his head with the Nerf gun.

CUT TO BLACK

INT. LIVING ROOM - AFTERNOON

Bruce is rushed to the couch in the living room with James supporting him. Rory is right behind them.

RORY

Oh my god oh my god oh my god I am so so sorry!

BRUCE

You *pistol-whipped* me!

RORY

I know, I'm sorry!

BRUCE

You cracked me in the head with a bunch of plastic!

RORY

I didn't know what else to do!

BRUCE

How about not hit me in the *fucking* head!

Bruce sits on the couch and holds his head, James rushes out of the kitchen to grab some ice.

(CONTINUED)

BRUCE

Jesus Christ...Why the fuck did you think that was a good idea?

RORY

I ran out of ammo! And I couldn't find a gun!

BRUCE

There was a gun behind the door!

RORY

What?

Rory walks over to the living room door and swings it to reveal the biggest, most impressive of the Nerf guns seen.

RORY

Oh.

BRUCE

Yeah. Oh.

Rory opens the door again as James comes in. He gives him some ice which Bruce then puts on his head where Rory pistol-whipped him.

JAMES

My god Rory! Come on! This is why you didn't know about Nerf wars before! If you're not going to respect the etiquette of *firing* Nerf guns-

RORY

I didn't have any more ammo!

JAMES

There was some ammo behind the door!

RORY

What?

Rory swings the door closed again and sure enough, next to the Nerf gun there is a stack of ammo.

RORY

Oh.

JAMES

Damnit Rory!

Bruce shakes his head.

BRUCE

There's only one thing that could
make up for this.

Rory turns to Bruce and walks up to him.

RORY

What can I do, what is it?

Bruce smirks and turns to James.

BRUCE

Get the special ammo.

James smiles. Rory is curious.

RORY

Sp-special ammo?

James walks out the room.

INT. JAMES' ROOM - AFTERNOON

James' door opens. James breezes past his desk. James pulls the modified Nerf darts that are stuck in the picture of Boba Fett on the wall. James breezes past his desk again. James' door closes.

INT. LIVING ROOM - AFTERNOON

James puts the coffee table on its legs again and slams down a Nerf revolver on the coffee table. He slams down the modified ammo next to it. They are Nerf darts with a pin stuck through the tip so it can attach to a dartboard or other target when fired. Rory looks at James and then back to Bruce.

RORY

W-what are we doing?

James opens the Nerf revolver and puts a dart in an empty chamber.

JAMES

We're gonna play a little Russian Roulette.

James spins the barrel and with a flick of the wrist locks the revolver back into place. He passes the gun over to Bruce who aims at himself and he pulls the trigger. Empty chamber.

(CONTINUED)

BRUCE
That's one.

Bruce passes the gun back to James who slams it on the table and slides it over to Rory. Rory looks at the gun, then at James and then Bruce. He picks it up and raises it towards his head. Rory looks at Bruce.

RORY
Is this what you want?

Bruce nods. Rory turns to James.

RORY
Is this what you want?

James smirks and nods. Rory slowly puts the Nerf gun to his temple.

RORY
I hate you, James.

Rory slowly squeezes the trigger and closes his eyes as the Nerf gun clicks, but the chamber is empty. Rory sighs with relief and hunches over the table. Rory slides the Nerf gun back to James, who picks it up. Rory puts his hand on James' wrist.

RORY
Surely shooting yourself point blank with one of those is going to hurt.

James laughs.

JAMES
It's just one shot.

RORY
One shot?! One shot?!

James laughs and widely grins.

JAMES
Yeah.

James pulls Rory's hand off his wrist with his free hand and raises the Nerf gun to his head and pulls the trigger. It's the one loaded chamber. The Nerf gun fires as Rory leans in towards James.

RORY
James! James!

James holds his head in pain.

JAMES
Fuck! Son of a bitch! That fucking hurts!

RORY
You shot yourself!

JAMES
I was hoping that you were going to shoot yourself first! Fuck!

James lets go of his head and turns towards Rory. The Nerf dart is sticking out the side of his head.

JAMES
How do I look?

Bruce can't help but enjoy James' misfortune.

BRUCE
Like an idiot who just shot himself with a pointy Nerf dart.

James touches the dart and recoils with pain

JAMES
Fuck, ow....Ow...

James touches under his wound. Blood.

JAMES
*Yup, I'm bleeding. I'm bleeding.
Shit. I better clean this up.*

James tosses the Nerf gun at the wall and storms off to the bathroom.

INT. BATHROOM - AFTERNOON

James runs a tap and dabs his head with wet tissue paper under his wound, cleaning the blood from the side of his head.

JAMES
Now let's see if I can get this out of-

(CONTINUED)

James reaches for the dart and touches it, but he can't force himself to pull it out.

JAMES

Nope. Nope, that's staying in there.

He throws the tissue in the nearby bin.

JAMES

Fantastic.

He turns to leave the bathroom and turns the light off.

INT. LIVING ROOM - AFTERNOON

James walks in on Bruce and Rory mid-conversation.

BRUCE

...and then she said that he's all delusional about his writing career.

RORY

Well she's right, he-

JAMES

Hey, what are you guys talking about?

Rory stops talking as they both turn to James who walks in and sits on the couch between Bruce and Rory.

BRUCE

Oh, nothing...we...

RORY

Emily! We were talking about Emily!

Bruce just stares at Rory and gives him a dirty look.

RORY

I mean...S-Star Wars! We were talking about...

Rory can't keep up the poorly attempted recovery.

RORY

Emily! We were talking about Emily!

Bruce rolls his eyes.

BRUCE

Yeah. We were. I was telling him about how she came round here earlier and how the two of you didn't exactly get along well.

RORY

I believe the words 'apocalyptic' were used to describe what happened at one point. Fitting.

JAMES

You're lucky you weren't around to experience it. It was...not nice.

BRUCE

Well, he's going to have a chance if she's coming back later to collect her things...

James is knocked by this fact that he's forgotten up until this point.

JAMES

Oh shit, yeah. You're right. What am I going to do?...

RORY

You don't have to do much, you just have to hand her things over and you'll be done. You've done it plenty of times before, I'm sure.

James stares into space.

JAMES

Well...Not exactly...

BRUCE

Of course you have, you've had plenty of girlfriends you've broken up with, you've had to return stuff all the time!

JAMES

No...

Bruce looks at James for a second.

BRUCE

Oh...James...You...

SMASH CUT TO

INT. JAMES' ROOM - AFTERNOON

James, Bruce and Rory are standing around James' cupboard in his room, looking inside it.

BRUCE
...Idiot...

The cupboard is full of broken hearts and bad memories. Teddy bears, photos, clothes, instruments, all sorts of artefacts from relationships gone by over the years.

BRUCE
You really have a problem letting go, don't you?

JAMES
Girls...Just haven't really wanted to face me in the past after a bad break-up...

RORY
So why haven't you tossed all this junk away...Is this a Seal CD?
Which girl owned the Seal CD?

Rory picks up a CD and looks at the back of it.

JAMES
Hey, don't make assumptions! That could be my CD.

RORY
Name one Seal song.

JAMES
The...theme song from Batman Forever?...

RORY
Uh-huh...
(Beat)
Can I keep this?

Bruce rummages through the cupboard, chucking pairs of shoes and countless generic Valentine's Day gifts over his shoulder.

BRUCE
Seriously man, I thought you were hung up on all these girls before...This is just borderline creepy...You need to let go.

(CONTINUED)

James tries to defend himself as he picks up some of the items Bruce chucked on the floor.

JAMES

It's not like I look at this stuff!
I don't remember what stuff belongs
to which girl...Like I don't
remember these Converse shoes
belonged to Jess, and that this
teddy bear was Samantha's and this-
(He drops the items he picks
up in realisation.)
You're right, I need help.

Rory puts an arm around James' shoulder.

RORY

There's only one way to help you
get over all of this. We need to
play a game of-

Rory takes a lighter out of his pocket and lights it.

RORY

- "We didn't start the fire."

BRUCE

Why am I friends with all the crazy
people?

EXT. BACK GARDEN - AFTERNOON

Billy Joel's "We Didn't Start Fire" starts playing as Rory leads James and Bruce into the back garden, all of them carrying a pile of stuff that had belonged to James' previous girlfriends.

RORY

Whoo! Fire!

James and Bruce look at each other, scared.

A fire starts in a bin which Rory places in the middle of the garden and they start chucking in papers.

BRUCE

Goodbye sad awkward love poetry!

Bruce chuckles in a notebook.

(CONTINUED)

JAMES
Goodbye...Sackful of cuddly toys!

James opens a bag and empties the cuddly toys in the fire.

BRUCE
Whoo! Look at that fur fry!

RORY
Is this not a cathartic way to get
rid of the past?

JAMES
This isn't actually a bad idea!
Look at all this baggage I have!
And I'm getting rid of it all!

Bruce smiles and pats James' back in agreement.

BRUCE
Yes! This is good! Clean your
palette. Forget your Davina's and
your Sophie's and your...

Bruce looks at the back of a pair of underwear in his hands,
noting the stitched in design.

BRUCE
... "Hot Bitches".
(Chucks underwear into the
fire)
This is a new fresh start for you!

Rory comes over to them with a big bottle of perfume.

RORY
Hey guys! Look at this! Who needs
this much perfume?

JAMES
Remember Jasmine?

The three guys shiver in disgust.

RORY
What ever happened to her?

JAMES
Oh. She's...A prostitute now...So
there's that...

BRUCE
And to think I ever questioned your taste in women.

RORY
Is perfume flammable?

Rory moves to throw the bottle into the fire.

BRUCE
(Too late to stop Rory)
No wai-!

The bottle smashes into the fire and the flames increase, causing the three men to withdraw.

RORY
(At fire)
Holy fuckballs!
(Turns to James and Bruce)
I asked you two if perfume was flammable!

JAMES
You didn't give us time to tell you!

RORY
I was in the heat of the moment!

BRUCE
Well look at what the fucking Irony Fairy ordered!

JAMES
Holy shit man...This isn't good at all. We need to stop this fire before it spreads!

RORY
I've got it! I've got it!
(He looks around. Idea.)
Tea towels! Yes!

Rory runs into the house to grab a tea towel. Bruce and James step back from the raging fire.

BRUCE
(To James)
Still hung up on girls?

JAMES
For some reason my mind isn't on
girls at the moment.

The flames flick and crackle in the middle of the back garden as Rory comes back into the garden, tea towel in hand.

RORY
I've got it! I've got it!

Rory rushes over to the fire.

JAMES
(To Bruce)
This is one hell of a cathartic afternoon.

Rory runs back the way he came past the two of them, tea towel in hand. Only now it's on fire.

RORY
I don't got it! I don't got it!

Rory swings the tea towel around as he moves away.

RORY
Help! Shit!

The towel swings around Rory's head.

RORY
Okay, now I'm regretting my "Let's burn James' shit" idea now!

James and Bruce roll their eyes and Bruce slaps the back of his hand on James' chest.

BRUCE
Okay, show's over.
(Points to garden hose)
Grab the hose.

James grabs the garden hose and Bruce walks over to turn it on. As it does, James blasts the fire and Rory with the spray of water, putting out the fire and drenching Rory in the process.

The fire extinguishes. James and Bruce walk over to Rory, still dripping from being hosed. He tries to dry himself with the tea towel, but obviously fails.

RORY
Ah. Right.

The guys regroup and look at the extinguished fire. All the memories of James' past relationships are gone. Burnt up in the fire, all of that history lay in ashes.

RORY
Wow. That was pretty intense.
(Produces a bottle)
Thank god I didn't throw this bottle of absinthe I found in there.

Bruce pats Rory on the back.

BRUCE
Come on you pyromaniac. Let's get you dry.

Bruce and Rory walk off into the house. Bruce looks back to James.

BRUCE
(To James)
You coming?

James is not looking at them, instead looking at the site of the fire.

JAMES
Yup. I'll be there in a second.

Bruce and Rory leave as James walks over to the fire. He pokes through it. Bit of a stupid move.

JAMES
Ow!...
(Sighs)
Duh...

He looks closer at the objects. His eyes move over the burnt remains of the objects he saw earlier. Teddy bears, clothes...Then he notices something.

He grabs the tea towel Rory had earlier and reaches in. He pulls out a broken frame with a picture that hadn't burnt up in the fire.

It's the picture of himself and Emily at the park from his desk.

James looks at the photo silently and opens the back of the frame, taking the photo out of it. He stands up, folds the photo and puts it in his pocket. James then leaves to go back inside.

INT. KITCHEN - AFTERNOON

James walks back into the kitchen. Rory is drying himself with a towel given to him by Bruce.

BRUCE

Ah, you finally made it back inside. And I thought Rory was the one fascinated by fire.

(Smirks)

Then again, I've never seen anyone faster than Rory running away from a fire.

RORY

Oh shut up.

BRUCE

You probably could have put the fire out with your piss you were so scared!

Rory punches Bruce in the arm and laughs. James thinks to himself for a moment and excuses himself.

JAMES

Guys...I think I'm gonna take five. Maybe I'll try to write some more. This experience has certainly cleared my mind. I think I'm getting back into the zone.

Rory and Bruce look at each other and nod.

BRUCE

Sure man, I'm glad we could help.

RORY

Glad we could help give you the spark to start your creative fire.

Bruce hits Rory.

BRUCE

No. Bad. No more fires from you. Metaphorical or otherwise. Now where's that lighter of yours?

James walks past them and upstairs.

INT. SPARE ROOM - AFTERNOON

James walks into the room where his laptop is set up and closes the door slowly behind him. He rests his back against it and sighs. He then quickly pulls out his phone and calls someone. Nothing but the answering machine. *Emily's* answering machine.

EMILY (O.C)
Hi, this is Emily. Leave a message
after the beep. Beeeeeeeeeep.

The answering machine then beeps and James speaks into his phone.

JAMES
(Into phone)
Emily oh my god Emily! This is
James! I am so sorry I am....No.

James hangs up.

JAMES
(Into phone)
No. No that's not good.

James redials. He gets the machine again.

JAMES
(Casual)
Hey Emily. I just wanted to know if
you wanted to hang out, talk about
everything or whatever maybe?...No.

Hangs up.

James calls again.

JAMES
(Cool)
Wanna chat? Or not. I don't
care....No.

Hangs up.

Redial.

JAMES
(False wrong number)
Oh Emily? Oh I'm sorry, I was
trying to dial a girl I have been
(MORE)

(CONTINUED)

JAMES (cont'd)
having hot sex with and I must have
got the wrong num-...No.

Redial.

JAMES
Hey Emily-

Emily is actually on the other line now.

EMILY (O.C)
Hello?

James throws his phone at the wall and it smashes.

JAMES
(Beat)
I think that went well.

James sits deflated on his chair and wakes up his laptop to look at his writing. He sighs and drops his head onto the keyboard, the screen filling up with nothing constructive.

JAMES
(Into keyboard)
I'm such an fucking idiot.

He raises his head, stares into the screen, and then gets up.

INT. LIVING ROOM - AFTERNOON

James walks into the living room to see Bruce and Rory watching TV. Something is not right.

JAMES
Did you guys...
(Looks from one to the other)
...Swap shirts with each other?

The two of them look at each other and concede defeat. They did.

RORY
Damn, I hoped you wouldn't notice.

BRUCE
(To Rory)
Can we swap shirts back now?...This shirt is wet and it still smells like Abrakebabra. Which is not a good thing.

(CONTINUED)

Bruce and Rory get up and swap shirts. Bruce puts his back on.

BRUCE

Much better.

(Sniffs)

Now why does *this* shirt smell like Abrakebabra?...Do you just naturally smell like that?...

RORY

You try working there. It's like the smell just merges with your pores...

BRUCE

I'd rather work where I do now. I don't smell like Abrakebabra and I get laid.

RORY

Where *do* you work?...

BRUCE

Nowhere at the moment.

JAMES

You don't get laid either.

Bruce turns to James.

BRUCE

Hey quiet you! None of us are!

RORY

I would be if I went to a damn orgy today!

BRUCE

Shut up!

JAMES

Shut up!

Rory does indeed shut up. He looks at his shirt.

RORY

Yeah...I'm going to change my shirt. I'm not hot enough to rock a wet t-shirt.

Rory trudges out of the room to grab a shirt from his van outside.

Bruce and James turn to each other.

BRUCE

How's the writing going?

JAMES

(Confused for a moment)

Hmmmm?...

(Clocks on)

Oh right! Yeah...Nah, I didn't do
any writing. I got distracted. I...
called Emily...Several times...

BRUCE

Wait, what?!...What did she say?

JAMES

"Hello?"...

Bruce is on the edge of his seat to hear more. But there is no more.

BRUCE

...Is that it?

JAMES

Yeah...

BRUCE

She didn't say anything else?

JAMES

I didn't get to hear anything else.
I threw my phone at the wall.

BRUCE

You broke your phone?

JAMES

I got scared.

BRUCE

You got scared?! You threw your
phone after being scared by the
person who you were calling?!

JAMES

I wasn't expecting her to answer.

BRUCE

(Super confused)

What?!

Bruce's phone starts to ring and the two of them stop what they are doing. They look at each other as Bruce takes out his phone.

(CONTINUED)

JAMES

Oh god, is that her trying to call
you?...

Bruce checks the caller ID

BRUCE

(Relieved)

Oh. No. It's just my mother.

(Answers phone)

Not now mum. Important things are
happening.

Bruce hangs up. A beat passes and he realises what he just did.

BRUCE

Wait. Shit...Why the hell did I
hang up on my mum?...Oh...I can
call her back...

JAMES

Bruce. Bigger fish.

BRUCE

Right. Yeah. So you called her,
huh?

JAMES

Yeah.

BRUCE

And you didn't speak to her when
she answered.

JAMES

Yeah.

BRUCE

Makes sense.

JAMES

It does?

BRUCE

Ye--NO. No it doesn't, you idiot.

JAMES

What was I supposed to say?

BRUCE

Well maybe "Hello" would be a nice
start!

JAMES
No! What?...Are you crazy?

BRUCE
Crazy?!

Rory steps back into the living room, fresh new shirt on his torso, cheery and happily stepping into this conflict zone.

RORY
Hey g-

BRUCE
(Interrupting, still looking
at James)
-Leave.

RORY
(Processes the scene and
leaves)
Leaving.

Rory closes the door behind him.

BRUCE
James. Today is the end of the
fucking world! You need to make up
your mind about if you're over
Emily and want to make your peace
with it or if you want to fight for
her! What's it going to be?

JAMES
I don't know...

BRUCE
Then think quickly! The Doomsday
Clock is pretty much at midnight
and Emily is going to be here later
for your final chance to talk to
her!

Rory's voice can be heard from the kitchen.

RORY (O.C)
I can still hear you guys you know!

BRUCE
(To Rory)
Then stop listening to us!

RORY (O.C)
(Beat)
O-...Okay then! I'll just turn the
radio on.

Rory does indeed put the radio on, blasting out a piece of cheerful music ("Daybreak" by Michael Haggins) in the background.

Bruce turns his attention back to James.

BRUCE
Now what is it going to be? Are you
done with her or are you going to
keep on fighting?

JAMES
I...don't know...

BRUCE
Yes you do know. Come on. Try
telling me about how you two met
again.

JAMES
How is this going to solve
anything?

BRUCE
Just do it.

JAMES
(Sighs)
We were at the cinema, one of the few people in the screen for a showing of Play It Again, Sam...one of Woody Allen's first movies...The projector broke mid-movie, and we both vocally expressed our annoyance. Even when I first saw her in that darkened movie theatre and I just knew she was beautiful. As they went to fix the projector I moved to sit next to her. I introduced myself. I was the writer who loved Woody Allen and aspired to be as successful and prosperous as him. She was an amateur photographer and with an equal admiration for Allen. She told me more. She loved dogs, she hated Marmite, she thought that Firefly was unjustly cancelled. She had

(MORE)

(CONTINUED)

JAMES (cont'd)
never read a Nicholas Sparks book
and she had read every Douglas
Adams book. She watched the old
Doctor Who shows from the seventies
and she had never still watched a
Twilight movie. She felt that Boba
Fett died like a chump in Return of
the Jedi and thought that Empire
Strikes Back was the best Star Wars
movie. She loved walking in the
rain and had never been to
Disneyland. We just kept talking
and talking about everything and
anything, and before long we
realised we had spoken throughout
the entire movie, not spending a
single moment to look over at the
screen. And when we left the cinema
we just continued talking. And we
walked for ages until we realised
we were in the middle of nowhere.
So we just turned right around and
walked all the way back, talking
all the same. From that day I
realised she was *perfect* and there
would never be anyone who could
compare to her. And I realised...

(Coming back to reality)
...That I need to win her back.

BRUCE
That there's your answer.

JAMES
Oh my god Bruce. I don't want to
lose her.

BRUCE
I know.

JAMES
(Shouting)
Oh my god Bruce I don't want to
lose her!
(Pats around his trousers)
Where's my phone? Where's my
phone?!

BRUCE
You said you threw it at a wall.

JAMES

Oh shit, yeah...

(Gestures to Bruce's phone)

Let me borrow your phone. Come on,
this is for love!

BRUCE

I have to call my mum first, she's
gonna kill me for hanging up on her
at a time like this.

JAMES

(Shouts to Rory)

Rory! Can I use your phone?

RORY (O.C)

It's out of battery!

JAMES

(Shouting to Rory)

The radio really doesn't block out
the sound, does it?

RORY (O.C)

No! I heard it all! It was a nice
story though!

JAMES

Damnit, you two are usel-...

The front door knocks, leading James to stop in his tracks.
James and Bruce look at each other.

Beat.

RORY (O.C)

Door!

JAMES

(To Rory)

Yeah, we know!

RORY (O.C)

I'll get it!

JAMES

No!

James runs out of the living room-

INT. HALL - AFTERNOON

-and into hall where Rory is going down to get to the door. James stops him.

JAMES

Whoa, whoa, whoa. I've got this.
You just go back to your radio,
okay?

RORY

O-kay....?

Rory goes back into the kitchen. James rushes to the front door at opens it, smiling.

JAMES

Emil-...Oh.

It's not Emily. Who it is however is Bruce's mother, Ruth. A woman in her late fifties, Ruth can be seen fuming, like her son had just hung up on him earlier without explanation.

JAMES

Ah. Ruth.

RUTH

Where the hell is my son?! He hung up on me all of a sudden-

JAMES

(To himself)

-That was like two minutes ago-

RUTH

-And I am absolutely worried because I thought They had got to him and killed him!

JAMES

(Needing clarification)

Who would have got to him and killed him?

RUTH

Our enemies in the east.

JAMES

(Confused)

We have enemies?

(CONTINUED)

RUTH
We all do! Those pesky Russians...

JAMES
(Starts to understand)
Oh, *those* enemies!...Don't you mean
the *Koreans*?...Didn't you even
watch the news?...

RUTH
Oh they're all the same!

JAMES
W-wow...And I thought *I* was
ignorant about everything.

RUTH
What did you say?!

JAMES
I said that Bruce is in the living
room and you should give him a good
shout for rudely hanging up on you
earlier and come in, please, thank
you, ma'am.

James holds the front door open to allow Bruce's mother to enter the house. He points down the hall.

JAMES
He's just through there.

Ruth walks off down the hall to try and find Bruce.

RUTH (O.C)
Bruce?! Where are you you little
twit?! You scared me to death
hanging up on me like that!

BRUCE (O.C)
Mother! I was just-ow, ow, ow, ow,
ow!

James cringes at the sound of Bruce being berated by his mother, the sounds of pain presumably coming from an ear being twisted or some other form of panicked attack from his mother who had a panic attack before coming over.

James closes the door and goes to his room.

INT. JAMES' ROOM - AFTERNOON

James steps into his room and walks over to his notice board. He reaches into his pocket and opens out the photo of Emily and him. He smiles. Pausing for a moment, he reaches to put the photo on the notice board, but he is out of pins. James looks around for a moment and then realises something. That modified Nerf dart has been stuck in his head all of this time. He finally pulls it out-

JAMES
(To himself in pain)
Ow...F-fuck...

-And uses it to pin the photo to the board and he smiles, dabbing his wound with a tissue. Next to the photo sits a collection of cinema ticket stubs. One of which being 'Play It Again, Sam'.

James walks over to his bed and collapses onto it. He sighs for a moment and relaxes. Then from under his pillow he grabs a small Nerf gun and uses it to shoot his picture of Boba Fett once again.

JAMES
I've still got it.

Outside James can hear the noises of Bruce and his mother fighting followed by the sounds of her storming off followed by Bruce following her.

BRUCE (O.C)
Wait mum! Wait!...

James sits up and puts his Nerf gun down, moving to his bedroom door. He slowly opens it to see what's going on.

INT. HALL - AFTERNOON

Bruce and Ruth are at the front door. James keeps his distance and lets the two of them sort everything out.

BRUCE
I said I'm sorry mother.

RUTH
You had me worried to death! I don't know what to do right now with everything as it is. I wanted to know that you're okay.

(CONTINUED)

BRUCE

And I am okay.

(He puts his hands on his
Ruth's shoulders.)

I'm okay and I'm sorry I hung up on
you. I was in the middle of
something with James, he's had
problems with a girl.

RUTH

That Emily girl?...But they were
so-

BRUCE

(Interrupting)

Shhh, mum...Don't worry about that,
things are fine. Look. I love you.
Just be safe.

Bruce hugs his mum tightly and kisses her cheek.

BRUCE

It's all going to be okay. Just go
back home and soon everything will
all be over.

Ruth hugs Bruce back even more tightly.

RUTH

Please take care of yourself. And
for god's sake, call me before the
end.

BRUCE

Let's not think about that, mum.

He kisses Ruth and Ruth reluctantly lets go, stepping out
back to the street.

RUTH

Goodbye Bruce.

Bruce waves and smiles.

BRUCE

See you next Wednesday.

Ruth chuckles and walks away. Bruce slowly closes the door.
James walks up to him.

JAMES

Everything cool with your mum?

BRUCE

I guess. The way things are right now, it's at least better than it could be.

James pats Bruce on the back.

JAMES

It'll be okay. Come, let's chill.
It's been a long day.

INT. LIVING ROOM - AFTERNOON

James and Bruce walk into the living room together where they find Rory rocking out on a Rock Band guitar to know music. Clearly he was caught up in the moment where he needed to rock. Rory is completely oblivious to the fact that James and Bruce have entered and continues to play.

JAMES

W-what the hell are you doing?

Rory stops his fake-guitaring and slowly turns around to face James and Bruce.

RORY

(Unable to think of an explanation)

Errm...

Bruce slowly steps forward.

BRUCE

And the real question is...

He walks over to pull out a Rock Band microphone and drumsticks.

BRUCE

...Why aren't you doing it with the rest of your band?

Bruce chuck's the microphone to James, which he catches.

INT. LIVING ROOM - LATER

The three of them are all set up to play Rock Band. Rory on guitar, Bruce on the drums, and James on the microphone singing.

The three of them are in front of the television, ready to play.

(CONTINUED)

BRUCE

Are you guys ready for this?

RORY

Hell yeah we are!

JAMES

Hit it!

BRUCE

Okay!

(Tapping sticks together)

One, two, three, four!

The three of them start playing the song "It's The End Of The World As We Know It" by R.E.M. All three of them rock out on their respective instruments, and eventually, over some time...

...They fail the song. The television shouts boos and the screen has 'Song Failed' emblazoned on it.

BRUCE

Okay. Clearly, we were pushing it,
playing on medium.

RORY

Musicians we are not.

JAMES

Apparently playing Rock Band is
harder than it looks.

(Beat)

Again?

BRUCE

Yeah!

RORY

Yeah!

James chooses to retry the song and the three of them start playing the same song once again.

INT. LIVING ROOM - THREE MINUTES LATER

As the song starts to come to a close the three of them clearly have got the hang of things and are actually doing an competent playthrough of "It's The End Of The World As We Know It" by R.E.M.

BRUCE

(Over drumming)

We're actually doing alright!

(CONTINUED)

RORY
I know, right?!

The three of them are enjoying themselves, completely forgetting the fact that it really is the end of the world as they know it today. James is caught up in singing, unable to voice his own thoughts as the song comes to an end.

JAMES
(Singing)
-and I feel fine!

Rory and Bruce finish their guitar and drum parts respectively and the three of them all cheer and smile. They did it. The results come on the screen. Five stars. On Easy. But hey, they did it.

RORY
(Celebrating)
Whoo! Hell yeah! Five stars! We fucking rock!

Rory takes off the guitar and swings it to the floor, breaking it. James and Bruce just watch this unfold.

JAMES
That was my guitar!

Rory finishes smashing the guitar and shows he instantly regrets it.

RORY
Oh...my god man...I'm...I'm so sorry...I was just all caught up in all the rock.

JAMES
We were playing R.E.M.!

Bruce leans forward.

BRUCE
(Interjects)
R.E.M. are rock.

JAMES
(To Bruce)
Quiet.
(To Rory)
Still, you broke that guitar.

Rory picks up all the shattered pieces.

RORY

Oh man, I'm sorry...I'll buy you a new one!

JAMES

How are you going to buy me a new one? It's the end of the-
(Pauses)
-World.

It sinks in that the world is going to end today. The three of them look at each other in mutual recognition and James begins to laugh.

He twirls his microphone and smashes it on the ground. Bruce joins in with The Who-esque destruction of the instruments, going to town on the drum kit. The pieces of guitar Rory holds are soon chucked back down and smashed some more by Rory.

The three of them totally destroy their Rock Band instruments like there's no tomorrow. Rory once again gets carried away as they chuck takeaway packets and junk around. Rory heads over to the TV. As Rory picks it up he starts to shout.

RORY

(Shouting)

Ahhhhhhhhh!

James rushes up to Rory and stops him before he smashes it.

JAMES

Whoa, what are you doing?

INT. KITCHEN - AFTERNOON

The radio in the kitchen is tuned to a radio station. The kettle is turned on. Three mugs are laid out and teabags are dropped into each.

James, Rory and Bruce lean on the kitchen counters, hanging out.

JAMES

My god you guys, it's the end of the world.

RORY

(Mutters)

As we know it.

(CONTINUED)

JAMES

(To Rory)

I'm being serious.

(To both)

It's the end of the world you guys.

That's crazy. I'm 27. I haven't even done much with my life yet.

BRUCE

Well you're not the only one, look at Rory over there, working at Abrakebabra...The best thing he had going for him when he woke up today was a prospective pre-apocalyptic orgy!

RORY

Hey, wait a minute! Don't just bring me into this, what about you? What do you have going for you that's so much better?

BRUCE

Oh wouldn't you like to know.

RORY

I would.

BRUCE

(Straightens up)

Oh you would?

RORY

(Straightens up)

I would.

BRUCE

(Walks closer to Rory)

You would?

RORY

(Walks closer to Bruce)

I would.

BRUCE

You w-...

(Defeated)

Yeah, I don't have anything going for me either...

The two retreat. James comes forward.

(CONTINUED)

JAMES

Guys, come on. We should just hang out and have fun and enjoy ourselves. I broke up with my girlfriend and we're under nuclear attack. It's been a bad day.

RORY

(Mutters)

Please don't take a picture.

JAMES

And I'd rather we just laugh about things and not have it be a case where everybody hurts.

RORY

(Mutters)

Take comfort in your friends.

JAMES

(Highlighting Rory)

My god we get it! R.E.M. have a song for everything!

RORY

(Beat)

Yeah, I've got nothing for that one.

The kettle boils. James starts to make tea.

JAMES

(Back on track)

What I'm saying is...I wouldn't want to have today any other way. Just spending it with my two best friends is all I need.

RORY

(Whispers)

Gaaaaaaaaay.

JAMES

True. Would I want to spend the end of days making love to a beautiful woman-

RORY

(Interrupting)

-Or twenty women! Am I right?...
(Looks back and forth between James and Bruce)

(MORE)

(CONTINUED)

RORY (cont'd)
Right?...Right?...

James and Bruce don't react.

RORY
(Point deflated)
Orgy...

JAMES
(Returning on task)
Would I prefer to have my
girlfriend here by my side at
Judgement Day?...Sure.

James finishes preparing the teas and slides them across the counter for Rory and Bruce to collect. James sips his mug of tea.

JAMES
Hmmm, warm.

Rory and Bruce take sips and approve of the beverage.

JAMES
But I'm more than happy to be here
having one last blow off before the
big finale. So basically...thank
you guys.

James straightens up and takes a deep drink from his mug.

JAMES
And now if you'll excuse me, I feel
in the perfect mood to finish this
book. I shall also achieve
something productive today for a
change...Even if it is ultimately
for nothing. I'm going out on a
win.

RORY
(Over mug)
Have fun!

BRUCE
Yeah, we'll be in the living
room...watching Timecop again
probably...We pretty much have
exhausted or ruled out every other
option.

RORY

We could still have another Nerf war!

BRUCE

No thank you. I'd rather be run over by a trolley full of Barbies than have you charging in and pistol whipping me again.

James moves to leave.

JAMES

Well guys, whatever you do end up doing, please don't disturb me for a bit. I'm finally back in the zone, I need my space to write.

The three of them branch off, James moving to the hall, Rory and Bruce moving to the living room. Meanwhile in their absence in the kitchen, the radio news broadcast starts.

RADIO

This is an official government announcement. An enemy missile attack has been launched against this country. It is estimated that the missile will arrive in approximately-

INT. SPARE ROOM - AFTERNOON

James comes into the spare room humming. R.E.M. to be specific.

JAMES

(Realising)

Damnit Rory...

He puts down his mug and heads back onto his laptop, waking it up with a button press. He begins to type for a bit, still humming R.E.M. when there is a knock on the front door. James ignores it.

The knock continues. James still continues to try and write. After a third knock James shouts down to Bruce and Rory.

JAMES

(To downstairs)

Guys! Come on! I'm in the zone, get the door!

Nothing.

(CONTINUED)

The knock repeats. James gets up and goes to the window, opening it.

JAMES
Oh for crying out loud, who is it?

James leans out of the window to try and see who is at the door, but the angle he's at makes it hard to see who it is. He leans around trying to find out who it is. Eventually he realises who it is.

Emily is at the front door.

JAMES
Emily!

James smiles for a moment, then slowly tips forward.

JAMES
Oh...Cock.

James falls out of the window onto a bunch of rubbish bags which cushions his fall. Just.

EXT. FRONT GARDEN - AFTERNOON

James groans. He's still alive. If that's how you can describe it. Emily runs up to him.

EMILY
Oh my god! James! Are you okay?

JAMES
(Shaking it off)
I'm fine. I'm fine. I'm actually glad we forgot to put the rubbish for a change. I'm-

James tries to get up. He fails.

JAMES
(Stays where he is)
Ow! Ow!...Yeah, I'm not fine. Could you help me up?

Emily puts an arm around him and helps lift him back onto his feet. They walk towards the front door.

EMILY
Why did you fall out of the window anyway? You could have just answered the door...

JAMES
I was all in the zone with my
writing...

Emily wheels around as they make it to the front door,
facing each other.

EMILY
Oh come on James, seriously? You're
still writing that silly thing?
Hasn't it kind of already gone past
the point where-

JAMES
(Interrupting, defending
himself)
No, wait, hear me out! I'm on a
roll! I feel like I can actually
finish writing something good for a
change!

EMILY
Well, that's great for you to
discover now.

JAMES
Why are you even down here anyway?

EMILY
I got your message.

JAMES
What message?

EMILY
All of them.

JAMES
What?
(Realises what she meant)
Oh!
(Beat)
Oh.
(Beat)
Shit.

EMILY
And apparently you wanted to talk.

JAMES
Right. Yes...
(Takes Emily's hand)
Look.

(Summons up the strength)
I'm sorry. I was a horrible boyfriend. I spent more time to myself than with you. I was distant, I appeared not to care about you and I was never there when you needed me. But...I'm sorry. It's bad that it took a day such as today to realise...You're amazing. So much more deserving of good things. But I want to fight for you. I want to win you back. I want to make it up to you, to be the boyfriend you actually deserve...What do you say?...

Emily places a hand on James' cheek. She softly smiles.

EMILY
(Shakes head)
No.

James lowers his head a little.

EMILY
(Beat)
I can't just take you back.
Especially after what happened.
Especially now.
(Beat)
But...
(Emily steps forwards and kisses James softly)
...It's a start.

The two of them hold their position, smiling at each other. It doesn't last for too long however, as some air raid sirens can be heard.

JAMES
What the hell is that?

EMILY
It's the air raid sirens!

JAMES
What? Why?...It's not World War II!

EMILY
They're being used as warnings for an imminent nuclear attack! Don't you read the news?

JAMES
I only started today...

Emily takes James' hand.

EMILY
We have to get inside!

James opens the front door and the two of them run inside, down the hall into the kitchen, looking for somewhere to find shelter. James tries to open the cupboard under the sink but there's no room in there for the both of them. They frantically look around but there isn't anywhere. It's too late. The two of them look into each other's eyes and slowly move closer together. James kisses Emily deeply and passionately, and then the two embrace and hold each other closely as the sirens continue to wail. Emily buries her face into James' shoulder as James looks down, preparing for the worst.

Silence.

Beat.

James and Emily look up. Nothing. They look at each other. James looks around.

JAMES
Was that it?...Are we dead?
(Sniffs)
Why does heaven smell like
Abrakebabra?
(Eyes widen)
Or are we in hell. Oh my god,
that's it isn't it! Hell smells
like Rory!

EMILY
(Points to radio)
Um...

There is a news broadcast explaining the situation.

RADIO
-where it appears as though the missile broke up over the ocean before it could even come near to land. Scientists theorise that the increase of the world's pollution burned up the missile, while other theories blame poor Korean build quality. In light of these recent events, forces have moved in to
(MORE)

(CONTINUED)

RADIO (cont'd)
capture control of the remaining
missiles. Further precautions are
being made to make sure that this
potential international disaster
will never become a reality.
Breathe easy folks. We survived.

JAMES
Wait...So the missile didn't even
make it anywhere near here?...We're
alive?

James perks up and grins, and grabs Emily and twirls her.

JAMES
We're alive!
(Beat)
So...How about now? Will you take
me back?

EMILY
Still a no, tiger.

JAMES
Ah, what?...Come on...

Emily kisses James once again.

EMILY
You're going to have to work for
it. Don't think surviving the end
of the world is going to make me
forget anything.

JAMES
It's a start.

James leans over to kiss Emily when she stops him.

EMILY
Whoa, wait, what are you doing? Did
I say you could kiss me?

JAMES
But you just-

EMILY
(Pats James' cheek)
One step at a time James. One step
at a time.
(Looks around)
Now. Where's Bruce?...

JAMES
He was with Rory just a second ago...

James starts enter the living room.

EMILY
Oh Rory's here?...
(Follows James)
Thought he would be on the patrol
for some apocalyptic orgies or
somethi-

INT. LIVING ROOM - AFTERNOON

Emily enters the living room with James. Bruce and Rory are indeed in the living room. Hugging each other close in an embrace not that much different from how James and Emily were.

EMILY
Oh wow. Maybe he found something better than an orgy.

Rory and Bruce spring to life. They recoil away from each other and move to either side of the room.

BRUCE
(Surprised)
Oh my god! Jesus!...Please tell me
we didn't kiss or anything!

RORY
I...Don't think we did! I just remember that we were just scared about the oncoming nuke when...

Bruce and Rory look at each other.

Bruce and Rory start patting themselves.

BRUCE
Are we dead?...

RORY
Is this hell?...

BRUCE
Oh my god. We're in hell!

RORY
We're in hell and I still work at
Abrakebabra!

James interjects into this exchange.

JAMES
You're not in hell!

Rory and Bruce turn to look at James, only now realising he's in the room.

JAMES
The missile didn't even reach here.

James steps forward, putting his arms around Bruce and Rory.

JAMES
We survived the end of the world
guys.

The three of them cheer and dance on the spot and group hug.

Bruce looks over and notices Emily standing in the background.

BRUCE
Oh! Look! Emily's here! Did you two
get back together then?

EMILY
Oh, nope. No we haven't.

BRUCE
Oh.

James turns to Emily.

JAMES
We're working on it.

James and Emily smile at each other. Then the guys pat each other on the back and chat inaudibly moving out to

DISSOLVE TO

INT. SPARE ROOM - DAY

A white screen. The words 'THE END' on them. A mouse cursor slides up and clicks 'Save' and then 'Print'.

James has finished his book. It has been 5 days since the events of the supposed end of days. James looks much smarter than before, now clad in a sharp-looking suit. As the printer begins to print page after page of his book in the spare room, James looks out of the window.

The outside world is looking a lot better than how it was before. It's bright and sunny. A less desperate time, a more peaceful and prospective time.

James peers across the street where he can see the girl from across the street through her window once again. This time she is brushing her hair, minding her own business. She turns to see James, who smiles and waves, but in response she just gives him the finger.

The printing finishes and James collects his manuscript, drinking from his mug. He then leaves the room.

INT. KITCHEN - DAY

R.E.M.'s "Shiny Happy People" plays on the radio as James comes down the hall, manuscript in hand. He puts down his mug and flicks through his manuscript, moving to the living room.

INT. LIVING ROOM - DAY

Bruce, Rory and Emily are sitting on the couch watching a movie on the television when James come in, manuscript in hand. James steps in front of the TV much to the annoyance of the others.

RORY

Get out of the way! We're trying to
watch Double Team!

James steps out of the way to let them continue to watch their Van Damme/Dennis Rodman team-up.

JAMES

I thought you didn't like Double Team.

(CONTINUED)

RORY

I don't, but it's the only other DVD I have and we somehow wore out Timecop...

BRUCE

Plus I haven't watched it yet so this is a first for me. And I don't know what you're talking about Rory, this may just be the best thing I have ever watched. Three words: Sky diving basketball.

JAMES

(In agreement)

That does sound ridiculously awesome.

RORY

(In disagreement)

It really isn't...

JAMES

(Turns to Emily)

What's your take of this mid-nineties masterpiece?

Emily shakes herself awake from a daydream.

EMILY

Oh, what did you say? I wasn't paying attention...I was too caught up by the sound of my IQ plummeting.

BRUCE

James, control your woman.

JAMES

I can't, she's not my woman.

(Smirks)

Yet.

Emily smiles. James raises his manuscript.

JAMES

But what I can do is show you my manuscript. At last, it's finally complete. All of my hard work has finally paid off.

(Puts the manuscript on the table)

And I have a meeting with my publisher later today to see when

(MORE)

(CONTINUED)

JAMES (cont'd)
we can start publishing this bad
boy.

James goes to sit with the others.

JAMES
It's a beautiful day.
(Motions to manuscript)
I've finished my book,
(Motions to Bruce and Rory)
I have the company of my best
friends,
(Motions to Emily)
I've won back-

EMILY
(Correcting)
Winning.

JAMES
I am *winning* back Emily, and who
knew?
(Motions to the suit he's
wearing)
I can still rock a suit. Life is
good. There is nothing that could
possibly go wrong to ruin this hot
streak.

As if by tempting fate, the air sirens begin to go off once
again.

JAMES
(Collapses back into chair)
Oh for fuck's sake.

CUT TO BLACK

THE END