

CINEMA 9  
("Pilot Episode")

by

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COLD OPEN

FADE IN:

INT. SC VILLA APARTMENT - DAY

**DREW DAVIDSON** (21) - Dead-beat, 5 o'clock shadow. - slouches uncomfortably on his couch; holding cell phone to ear.

ANSWERING MACHINE(V.O)  
You have 4 new messages. First new message. 7:45 AM.

Drew opens a twist-off beer and sips it.

Loud beep on cell phone.

BEN LANDRY (V.O)  
Hi Drew (Feminine voice) this is Ben Landry, Dan Rikman's assistant. I hope your having a great day! But I regret to inform you that Rikman Management does not accept unsolicited query letters. On behalf of Rickman Management I would like to thank you for thinking of us; unfortunately we are...

Drew glances down at screenplay on his coffee table.

BEN LANDRY (V.O) (CONT'D)  
...Unable to take-on your pilot episode for "Mama-Bang-Bang". Best of luck to you, and your script. (long pause) Okay-okay I did read the script and it's just wonderful! I'm not supposed to do this but I'm going to leave a copy on Rick's desk-just in case. Have a beautiful day! Bu-bye.

Drew picks at a bowl of cold top ramen balanced in his lap. Yummy.

Phone beeps loudly.

ANSWERING MACHINE(V.O)  
Next Message. 8:30 AM.

DAN RIKMAN (V.O)

What the fuck am I looking at! Why did my faggot assistant put this faggot script on my faggot fucking desk! (Ben Landry apologizing in background). Fuck you Ben! Fired! (Sound of breaking glass - Ben Landry screams) - God Fucking dammit! Get out!!! Ah! Let me ask you something Drew - do you have a time machine? Because there's 5 minutes of my fucking life gone! Wasted! Reading your shit! Fucking dog-shit! fucking faggot shit! One more email from you and I swear I'm going to show up at your no-doubt, shit-hole studio apartment and jack off in your GODDAMN top-ramen!!!

Phone beeps loudly.

DREW

Jesus Christ.

Continues eating top ramen.

ANSWERING MACHINE(V.O)

Next message 8:45 AM.

SUSAN DAVIDSON (V.O)

Drew this is your mother. I'm gonna say something you don't want to hear.

DREW

(Frustrated)Ugh..

SUSAN DAVIDSON (V.O)

Writing is just a cream dream  
Drew! There's no money in it! If you were able to show me one paycheck maybe, just maybe I'd support your decisions! You know that by the time I was 22 I already had your brother, a job, a house... You need a real job son. I talked it over with your Dad and we are done sending you money. Love you.

Phone beeps loudly.

Drew sets down his phone and takes his beer into the shower with him.

ANSWERING MACHINE(V.O)  
Next message. 8:55 AM.

Phone beeps loudly.

BRETT (V.O)  
Hey buddy! Your favorite cousin  
here. Any luck with the Lit.  
Agents?...Anyways just checking in  
on you. Hope your alright!...Oh  
yeah I got you that interview with  
Ms. Snyder - It's at 3PM! Please  
don't show up late... or drunk!  
Alright see you soon. Love you  
buddy.

Phone beeps loudly.

ANSWERING MACHINE(V.O)  
End of messages.

EXT. SC APARTMENT PARKING LOT - DAY

Drew turns the key in the ignition of his car. Nothing  
happens. Turns key again. Nothing.

DREW  
Fuck.

EXT. DOWNTOWN - DAY

Drew weaves between traffic on his skateboard coming to a  
stop outside of a large movie theater. He looks up at the  
marquee and see's the larger and life words: "Twilight".

CUT TO BLACK:

TITLE: "CINEMA-9"

ACT ONE

FADE IN:

INT. OFFICE - DAY

Drew sitting in adjustable stool-chair - drenched in sweat  
- nervously rubbing his fingers on the sandy grip-tape of a  
skateboard.

WOMAN (O.S)

As I was saying, lucky for you  
Jimmy is no longer working for us  
so we do have an opening.

Drew stops fidgeting and looks across the desk in front of  
him REVEALING: **Ms. Snyder** (33) butch, horn-rimmed glasses,  
pantsuit.

MS. SNYDER

There's only so many times I can  
walk in on a man rubbing-one-out  
to my wife.

Ms. Snyder notices Drew eyeballing the framed picture of  
her attractive wife. Snyder turns the picture face down on  
the desk.

MS. SNYDER (CONT'D)

Don't you fucking think about  
it...

DREW

(nervously) I...I...

MS. SNYDER

You wouldn't believe how many  
times I had to Windex that thing.  
Thank god it's in glass now.  
Anyways Andrew...Should I call you  
Andrew?

DREW

Drew's fi --

MS. SNYDER

Alright Drew. Well as I was  
saying, in lieu of Jimmy's  
compulsive masturbation stunt; I  
now have one full-time position  
open, and its yours if you want  
it. We start at \$8/ an hour, and  
it's not all glorious. But you  
know, it's a job; and we have a  
wonderful staff.

DREW

(hesitantly) Yeah, that'd be cool I  
guess.

MS. SNYDER

Alright. Lets take one more quick  
look over your resume...So your  
Brett's cousin, okay.

(MORE)

MS. SNYDER (CONT'D)  
Under previous employment you  
wrote down "writer".

DREW  
Yeah, I love to write--

MS. SNYDER  
Don't give a fuck... Alright.  
Alright. Okay so you have been a  
cashier before, that's actually  
good...So tell me why do you want  
to work here?

DREW  
Well my writing career isn't  
really going anywhere and I owe my  
landlord money so I--

MS. SNYDER  
Would it be possible for you to  
start today?

DREW  
Umm I guess so.

MS. SNYDER  
Good. Good. Big day today and  
we're short staffed. Let me just  
see if we can find Jimmy's old  
work shirt.

Ms. Snyder fumbles through her desk drawers.

MS. SNYDER (CONT'D)  
Here we go.

She pulls out a long-sleeve collared shirt covered in  
unforgiving light stains. She grabs a bottle of Windex and  
sprays the shirt a few times.

MS. SNYDER (CONT'D)  
There we go. right as rain.

Throws shirt to Drew - landing on his finger. Drew examines  
the shirt - small star insignia on lapel. Below insignia  
faded letters read: "Cinema 9. Jimmy".

MS. SNYDER (CONT'D)  
Go on out to the bathroom and get  
changed. I'll send someone over to  
meet you. Just leave the  
skateboard in the office.

Drew exits the office.

Ms. Snyder puts the picture of her wife back up; facing her. She sprays Windex onto her hands and slaps them together. She puts her hands down her pants.

MS. SNYDER (CONT'D)  
Just me and you...

INT. MOVIE THEATER BATHROOM - DAY

Inside bathroom stall: Drew begrudgingly puts on his new jizz-stained work shirt, tucking it in. A near poisonous septic smell is growing from the adjacent stall. Horrible bowel movement noises.

DREW  
(Plugging-nose) My  
fucking god.

GUY TAKING DUMP  
Sorry about that amigo! Pop-corn  
butter gets me every-time. Looks  
like brown gold.

More horrible noises.

DREW  
(genuinely concerned) You okay in  
there?

Drew takes flask out of his pocket. Quick shot.

GUY TAKING DUMP  
Just gotta pinch the rest out an  
I'll be err...all good.

Sounds like a shit waterfall.

GUY TAKING DUMP (CONT'D)  
Say you seen "Twilight" yet? I'm  
here with my daughter to see it.  
Sexy...

Giant liquid release

GUY TAKING DUMP (CONT'D)  
...Vampire movie. Damn I'm  
probably missing the good parts!

You hear a chant of "Team Jacob" from outside of the bathroom.

GUY TAKING DUMP (CONT'D)  
Team Jacob!

DREW  
(weirded out)okay good luck.

Drew exits bathroom.

INT. MOVIE THEATER SNACK BAR - DAY

**Claire** (25) - torn jeans, cute butt, - Ferociously pumping liquid butter into a popcorn bag. She turns around and hands the dripping popcorn bag over the counter to goth-girl. Butter drips out of the bag onto the customers "Jacob-Twilight" shirt.

GOTH GIRL  
You suck.

^CLAIRE  
Jacob sucks!

Goth girl stomps away.

INT. MOVIE THEATER LOBBY

Lobby is flooded with goth girls and parents. Just outside the men's bathroom **Emilio** (25) short trained hair, professional demeanor - stands holding a clipboard.

EMILIO  
Aw you must be the new guy!

DREW  
I'm Drew.

EMILIO  
Emilio (handshake)Nice to meet you. Picked a hell of a day to start.

They peer over the sea of goth kids running around.

DREW  
Yeah, I guess, vampire movie?

EMILIO  
Yeah it's a super shitty one too. I mean I like "Blade", "Queen of the Damned" was okay. But this...ugh (spits on ground) What a waste. What we need is more Wesley Snipes in this world. That guy is a bad-ass.



DREW

I guess.

EMILIO

He is. Have you seen "Blade"?  
Never-mind. Anyways let me show  
you around the place.

INT/EXT. - THEATER FRONT DOOR - DAY

A group of three young teens (15) are having their  
backpacks searched by the theater **Door-Man**(38)-lanky.

TEENAGER

What the hell man. You can't do  
this!

DOOR-MAN

Actually since the recent  
Cine-Plex shootings management is  
having me check any and everyone  
with a bag. It's a safety thing  
really. Nobody goes into this  
building with an un-searched bag.

Beautiful woman walks past Door-Man carrying a bag.

DOOR-MAN (CONT'D)

(Smiling)Enjoy your movie ma'am.

TEENAGER

(Bummed)What the hell man.

DOOR-MAN

Aha. Well what do we have here.

Door-Man pulls a 12 pack of the backpack.

TEENAGER

It's my brothers I swear! He  
borrowed my backpack the other  
Day --

Beer confiscated.

DOOR-MAN

Alright boys, head on up.

The bummed out fifteen year old's grab their backpacks and  
run over to the indoor escalator.

Door-Man cracks open a beer-can, sips it.

15 year old see's Door-Man drinking his beer and flips him off. Door-man gives the kid a thumbs up.

DOOR-MAN (CONT'D)  
Oh to be young and sober.

Emilio and Drew come walking by. Noticing their presence Door-Man quickly hides the beer.

DOOR-MAN (CONT'D)  
Emilio!

EMILIO  
Door-Man!

INT./EXT. BOX OFFICE - DAY

Peering out the box office window **Josh Holiman** (23) tired, dark rings under his eyes - views the onslaught of "Twilight" fans gathered on the sidewalk. He looks down at his computer screen: *"TWILIGHT" SOLD OUT.*

JOSH  
Wow. Sad.

A **Police officer** (43) cliché mustache - walks up to the voice-hole in the glass.

JOSH (CONT'D)  
(W/out looking up) "Twilight's" sold out. Fuck off.

POLICE OFFICER (V.O.)  
Excuse me?

Emilio and Drew enter box office.

JOSH  
(Eyes on screen) I'm not going to say it again kid. Go jerk-off to "True-Blood" in the comfort of your home like everyone else who missed the Fandango pre-sale!

EMILIO  
Josh!

JOSH  
Shit! Sorry officer what's up?

Officer slaps a mugshot poster of an overweight man with a mullet against the glass.

POLICE OFFICER  
Have any of you seen this man.

EMILIO  
(To Drew) No.

DREW  
Nope.

JOSH  
Na sorry.

POLICE OFFICER  
(concerned) I'm going to need to  
speak with a manager.

Emilio puts walkie-talkie to his mouth.

EMILIO  
Snyder do you copy?

No response.

EMILIO (CONT'D)  
Snyder do you copy?

Still no response.

EMILIO (CONT'D)  
She's not answering her walkie.  
Just go ahead inside and take the  
escalator up to the lobby. Her  
office is the last door on the  
right.

Police Officer slides a copy of the mugshot through the  
window slip. nods and exits.

EMILIO (CONT'D)  
Josh this is Drew, Jimmy's  
replacement. Drew, Josh.

Josh hardly acknowledges that drew is there. Staring out  
window.

JOSH  
Feast your eyes on this shit-show.  
Look.

DREW  
Umm what I am I looking at?

EMILIO  
Is that --

JOSH  
Yes that's a 40 year old man  
sharpening his K9's with a nail  
file. Christ.

INT. MOVIE THEATER - AUDITORIUM 1 - DAY

A theater employee walks the dark isle of a near empty  
auditorium with glow-stick. A horrible Nicolas cage movie  
is playing on screen.

INT. OFFICE - DAY

Police officer enters office unannounced.

POLICE OFFICER  
Oh, shit!

Ms. Snyder quickly pulls her hands out of her pants.

Police Officer, turned away, slaps himself in the face.  
Regains professional stance.

POLICE OFFICER (CONT'D)  
Excuse me umm, ma'am.

MS. SNYDER  
(Blushed) How can I help you  
officer?

POLICE OFFICER  
Ma'am we have reports of this man  
(holding up poster) touching  
himself up and down the coast. He  
was in Regal earlier today  
watching "Kung-Fu Panda" but  
managed to get away.

MS. SNYDER  
"Kung-Fu Panda"? Really?

POLICE OFFICER  
Sick offender's like this love  
that Pixar shit ma'am...Honestly I  
don't understand it myself.  
Couldn't get hard if I tried-  
watching that crap haha.

MS. SNYDER  
Okay officer --

POLICE OFFICER  
Joe Smith, ma'am.

Officer and Snyder shake hands. He looks at his hand after  
- sticky, wet.

OFFICER JOE

Ew.

MS. SNYDER

Thanks for the warning Joe. We'll  
keep our eyes peeled for that guy.

OFFICER JOE

(Focused on his hand)

You do that.

Officer Joe exits office.

Ms. Snyder looks down at the Sex Offenders mugshot left on  
her desk.

MS. SNYDER

Sick bastard.

She sprays Windex on her hands. Re-positions photo of her  
wife and goes back to touching herself.

INT. MOVIE THEATER LOBBY - DAY

Drew and Josh walking towards the snack bar. Drew is  
texting on phone.

BRETT (TEXT)

*You get the job?*

DREW (TEXT)

*Here now. Big Twilight day :(*

EMILIO (O.S.)

Dude I'm telling you. Do a rewrite  
with Snipes as the protagonist!

BRETT (TEXT)

*HAHAHAHAH. LOL !!! HAVE FUN!*

EMILIO (O.S.)

Nobody can resist that beautiful  
black face. Drew?

DREW (TEXT)

*(sad face emoji) G2G TTYL. Thanks  
for job hook-up.*

EMILIO

Drew!

DREW  
What's up?

EMILIO  
Snipes man! Snipes!

DREW  
(Hates it) I don't know.

Emilio's walkie-talkie going off: BEEP.

MS. SNYDER (V.O)  
Emilio do you copy?

EMILIO  
(Into walkie-talkie) Roger.

MS. SNYDER (V.O)  
I'm gonna have you check  
auditoriums 3 through 7. Have  
Claire train the new guy at the  
snack bar.

EMILIO  
(Into walkie-talkie) Affirmative.

DREW  
Claire?

EMILIO  
(Pointing her out) Blonde over  
there by the pop-corn machine. I  
gotta go do some theater checks.

Emilio walks off.

EXT. STREET CORNER IN FRONT OF THEATER - DAY

It's a beautiful southern California day. Black hair and mascara are a common site in the ever-growing crowd of "Twilight" fans hanging out in front of the movie theater. A man with short bleach blonde hair, combat boots and trench coat walks hastily-by the crowd of goths.

GOTH KID  
Hey fuck you Spike!

TRENCH COAT GUY  
Buffy will always be better!!!

GOTH KID'S PARENT  
He's actually right Bobby.

INT. MOVIE THEATER SNACK BAR - DAY

Drew walks up behind Claire by the popcorn machine.

DREW  
Hey there, I'm Drew.

Surprised Claire drops hot-dog bun she's holding.

DREW (CONT'D)  
Shit, sorry. Claire right?

CLAIRE  
Yep.

DREW  
Didn't mean to startle you there.

Picking up hot-dog bun.

CLAIRE  
It's okay. This is actually perfect.

Claire eagerly begins to add nacho cheese and popcorn to the bun.

CLAIRE (CONT'D)  
You see were not allowed to sell  
shit that drops on the  
floor...so...

Continuing prepping bun.

CLAIRE (CONT'D)  
Just add a little goodness to the  
bun and wala!

She holds her disgusting snack with pride.

DREW  
It's like a ghetto grilled cheese.

CLAIRE  
(Smiling) Technically it's a  
"shame sandwich".

She takes big bite.

CLAIRE (CONT'D)  
(Food in mouth) Here try some!?

DREW  
I dunno...

CLAIRE  
C'mon new guy...Sorry what's your name again.

DREW  
Drew.

CLAIRE  
You gotta try it! Mm-mm... Shamey. Shamey. Shamey.

DREW  
(Smiling)Alright fuck it.

Drew takes a nibble of the "shame sandwich".

DREW (CONT'D)  
Actually not half bad haha.

CLAIRE  
What'd I tell ya.  
"Shame-Sandwich". Kinda my culinary coup-de-grace.

Goth Girl walking past snack bar, see's them sharing the "shame sandwich" and shoots disgusting look.

CLAIRE (CONT'D)  
Good luck washing out the butter stain!

Goth Girl stomps off towards the bathroom.

CLAIRE (CONT'D)  
(Quietly) Bitch.

INT./EXT. - BOX OFFICE - DAY

Angry "Twilight" fans crowd the glass booth window.

CROWD  
(Chanting) Twilight! Twilight!

JOSH  
I told you all! (Mockingly)  
Sold-out! Sold-out!

A balding middle aged man makes his way through the chanting crowd to Box Office window.

BALD GUY  
One ticket for "Bangkok Dangerous".



JOSH  
Thank fucking god.

INT./EXT. THEATER FRONT DOOR - DAY

Eager "Twilight" fans - pushing and shoving one another at Door-Man's ticket ripping podium.

DOOR-MAN  
Come on everyone! Form a line!  
Form a line!

Door-Man quickly ripping ticket after ticket - dropping stubs in podium slot.

DOOR-MAN (CONT'D)  
Theater 1 will be up the stairs  
and to your left. Theater one will  
be up the stairs and to your left.

Door-Man see's small child in his peripheral.

DOOR-MAN (CONT'D)  
Nice costume little guy!

Kid, holding un-ripped ticket, smiles showing fake vampire teeth.

DOOR-MAN (CONT'D)  
Wow cool teeth buddy!

Kid waves around un-ripped ticket teasingly and runs past the podium onto the crowded escalator.

DOOR-MAN (CONT'D)  
Hey kid! You little shit! Get back  
here!

Door-Man abandons his post running after the kid - pushing and shoving his way up the crowded escalator.

Customers waiting to get tickets ripped look around at each other, shrug, and walk past the unmanned podium.

END OF ACT ONE

ACT TWO

INT. THEATER SNACK BAR. - DAY

A small line of customers are being served snacks by various employee's. Drew and Claire stand by popcorn machine filling bags.

CLAIRE

Wow, so Juniper finds out about her mom's true identity at the end. Isn't that kind of predictable?

DREW

Well..

CLAIRE

Sorry I'm not trying to hate on your script. I know writing's hard.

DREW

Do you write?

CLAIRE

Fuck no. I've been doing some auditions for commercials but so far nothing good. My agent keeps promising me a meeting with Spielberg - but I'm pretty sure he's just saying that...

DREW

Why? I could see you on TV.

CLAIRE

You don't even know me. I appreciate it though. But yeah he just wants to tap this ass.

Claire jiggles her butt, spilling pop-corn on the ground.

CLAIRE (CONT'D)

Oh my god have you seen this yet?

Pointing at mugshot of pervert taped behind the counter.

DREW

Haha yeah I saw it.

CLAIRE

So creepy. Get this I heard he came here last week and got butt ass naked during "WALL-E". I mean what the fuck.

DREW

(David Attenborough impression)  
Here we have a pervert in his natural environment! The pervert stands rigorously tugging his genitals to children's animated Fantasy/Science Fiction film "WALL-E". The pervert performs this act completely nude; with little disregard to those he offends.

CLAIRE

Hahaha.

DREW

Whoa! Claire check this out.  
(Pointing).

Drew and Claire see the Door-Man struggling with his shoe lace caught in the escalator. A kid in a vampire costume runs past him into the crowded lobby.

INT. MOVIE THEATER LOBBY - DAY

DOOR-MAN

Someone get that kid! Get that little shit!

Displeased parents jump over Door-Man at the top of escalator, not stopping to help.

Drew and Claire rush over to the escalator and cut the shoe lace free with the edge of a popcorn scooper.

DREW

You okay man?

DOOR-MAN

You guys see where that kid went? Little shit ran right past me at the podium.

CLAIRE

I dunno.

DOOR-MAN  
(Looking for kid)Your out here  
somewhere. Where are you vampire  
waldo? Where are you?

Door-Man scans the crowded lobby for the kid. Door-Man and kid lock-eyes. Kid smiles and taunts Door-Man with un-ripped ticket.

DOOR-MAN (CONT'D)  
I got you now you little bastard.

The kid runs over to a loose A/C vent-cover on wall. Kid pushes vent cover to the side and crawls in.

DOOR-MAN (CONT'D)  
Goddamn-it.

CLAIRE  
It's just a kid man. Who cares if  
he sneaks in. What's the big deal?

DOOR-MAN  
Big deal is there's a kid crawling  
around in a vent. If he gets hurt  
or anything. I could get sued or  
fired for this shit. Fuck!

CLAIRE  
Crawl on in there.

DOOR-MAN  
I can't fit in that shit.

Door-Man and Clair look to Drew.

DREW  
No way man!

CLAIRE  
You don't have to worry about  
getting your shirt any dirtier.

Drew looks at his shirt and grins.

DOOR-MAN  
Come on new guy. Jimmy would-a  
done it. Do it for Jimmy!

CLAIRE  
(mockingly)Yeah do it for Jimmy!

DREW  
 Alright, alright! I'll do it. Not  
 for Jimmy. (grinning). Fuck here  
 goes nothing.

Drew pushes A/C vent-cover to the side, and crawls in.

INT. THEATER A/C VENT - DAY

DREW  
 Hey kid! come on outta there. I  
 got some candy! (Quietly) What's  
 wrong with me.

Kid peeks back from around a far away corner of the vent  
 tube grinning; then crawls out of sight.

DREW (CONT'D)  
 Shit

Drew chases the kid further and further down the  
 ventilation tube. They pass by open vent-screens where you  
 can see and hear movies playing in the various auditoriums.

DREW (CONT'D)  
 Come on kid. It's not safe in  
 here.

Echoing noises of the kid crawling further away down the  
 vent tube.

DREW (CONT'D)  
 Aw fuck it.

Drew's phone beeps. He stops. Checks his messages.

BRETT (TEXT)  
*How's that first day goin dude?*

DREW (TEXT)  
*Lost in vent.*

BRETT (TEXT)  
*WTF???*

INT. MOVIE THEATER LOBBY - DAY

Ms. Snyder approaches Claire and Door-Man.

MS. SNYDER  
 Hey Door-Man what are you doing?  
 back to your station!

DOOR-MAN

Yes ma'am.

Door-Man walks off.

Claire stands back against the wall; blocking the open vent cover.

MS. SNYDER

Claire. What are you doing?

CLAIRE

Nothing.

MS. SNYDER

Yeah that's what I thought. Back to work! You're not getting paid to do nothing.

Snyder walks off.

CLAIRE

(Face to vent) Drew are you okay in there?

DREW (V.O.)

I'm lost! Help me get out of here!

CLAIRE

(Face to vent) You find the kid!

DREW (V.O.)

No!

Customers passing by give Claire concerned looks as they see her on her knees talking into the vent.

CLAIRE

(Face to vent) I gotta go back to the snack bar. I'll check back on you in a bit. Good luck!

DREW (V.O.)

(echoing out vent) What?!?!?

Claire walks off.

INT. THEATER A/C VENT - DAY

Drew sits uncomfortably in A/C vent drinking whiskey out of his flask. You hear echo of kids voice giggling from far down the vent.

INT. THEATER AUDITORIUM 4 - DAY

Emilio is leaning against the back wall; tears in his eyes. "The Boy With The Striped Pajamas" plays on big screen. Old woman approaches him.

OLD WOMAN  
(Whispering) Excuse me, young man?

EMILIO  
(Whispering) Hey.

OLD WOMAN  
(Whispering) Is there any way we can get the heat turned up in here? It's freezing.

EMILIO  
(Whispering) Yea, sure no problem.

OLD WOMAN  
(Fiddling with hearing aid) What?!

DREW  
No problem!!!

Other people watching the movie look over at Emilio pissed.

OLD WOMAN  
(Whispering) Aw thank you sweetie.

INT. AUDITORIUM 4 - QUIET ROOM - DAY

Emilio on walkie-talkie.

EMILIO  
Snyder, do you copy?

MS. SNYDER (V.O)  
What's up?

EMILIO  
We got a old lady complaining about the temperature in auditorium 4. Is it alright if I crank the heat up in there?

MS. SNYDER (V.O)  
Is there alot of people watching?

EMILIO  
Na, just her and a couple of  
others.

MS. SNYDER (V.O)  
Ah go ahead its fine.

EMILIO  
Copy that.

INT. A/C VENT - DAY

Drew is starting to feel drunk. Crawling further down the vent he pauses taking swigs of whiskey from his flask.

INT. THEATER AUDITORIUM 4 - DAY

Back-wall of the auditorium. Emilio presses buttons on the digital thermostat until we see it read "94-F".

INT. MOVIE THEATER SNACK BAR - DAY

Claire hands a customer small pop-corn and soda.

CLAIRE  
Are you sure you don't want to  
sign up for a cine-plex rewards  
card?

CUSTOMER  
(Quick and angry) No!

Josh comes behind the snack bar and fills a cup of soda.

JOSH  
Hey.

CLAIRE  
Hey Josh. Break time?

JOSH  
Yeah, finally. It's a shit-show  
downstairs. If one more quote  
unquote vampire asks me if he has  
permission to enter, I'm literally  
going to kill myself.

CLAIRE  
I hear you.



JOSH  
Yeah. So how's the new guy working out?

CLAIRE  
You know I think he's actually enjoying the work.

JOSH  
(Speculatively)Right...

INT. THEATER A/C VENT - DAY

Drew, drenched in sweat, crawls quickly through the vent tunnel.

DREW  
Fuck! Fuck! Fuck! Fuck!

Overheating.

Drew bursts through a close-by vent cover into auditorium 5.

INT. THEATER AUDITORIUM 5 - DAY

"WALL-E" is playing on the big screen. One customer sits in theater seat by the vent.

Grasping for air Drew takes a swig from his flask.

CUSTOMER  
Hair of the dog?

DREW  
Huh?

CUSTOMER  
Oh I've been there. Used to drink every day. Hated my life. Changed all that shit though. Put the bottle down.

DREW  
You in AA?

CUSTOMER  
No. I just made an active choice to stop. It was easy after my wife left me. Kids still don't talk to me.

DREW  
Sorry man.

CUSTOMER  
It's okay. Just had to replace my  
habit with another habit.

Drew takes another swig from his flask.

CUSTOMER (CONT'D)  
Take a load off. You've been  
working hard all day.

Customer pats his hand on the seat next to him.

Drew looks around the auditorium. It's just him and the  
customer.

DREW  
Ah what the hell.

Drew takes the empty seat next to the customer.

CUSTOMER  
Oh man watch this. (Pointing at  
screen). I love this part.

Drew watches part of a stupid scene of the kids movie.

CUSTOMER (CONT'D)  
Popcorn?

DREW  
Ah, why not thanks man.

CUSTOMER  
My pleasure.

Drew reaches his hand into the popcorn bucket on the  
customers lap. Inside the bucket he feels a man's penis.

The light on the big screen reveals the customer's face:sex  
offender.

DREW  
Ah!!!!

CUSTOMER  
Snake got the worm!

INT. MOVIE THEATER LOBBY - DAY

Drew is sitting on a bench in the lobby dumping hand  
sanitizer on his tainted dick-hand.

CLAIRE  
That's fucked up.

JOSH  
Haha holy shit man you actually  
fell for the popcorn trick?

DREW  
Dude...(disappointed).

JOSH  
Haha holy fuck man that's classic.

The police officer has the pervert-customer in handcuffs -  
escorting him out.

OFFICER JOE  
Really? "WALL-E" again?

CUSTOMER  
Oh you know me.

OFFICER JOE  
5 theaters in one day. I hate to  
say it but I'm actually impressed.

CUSTOMER  
Say officer, do they have TV in  
jail?

OFFICER JOE  
Fuck yeah we do.

INT. ENTRANCE TO AUDITORIUM 1 - DAY

Emilio stands - holding a trash can - outside the  
auditorium that "Twilight" is being screened in. The movie  
has ended and teary-eyed fans pass-bye to exit.

EMILIO  
(To customers) Please pick up your  
trash. Please throw away your  
trash...

A crying "Twilight" fan passes by Emilio.

FAN  
It was so (sobbing) good.

The fan carelessly throws her half full soda cup in  
Emilio's direction, spilling all over him.

EMILIO  
Fucking "Twilight".

END OF ACT TWO

TAG

EXT. CORNER OUTSIDE MOVIE THEATER - NIGHT

Fans exit out the doors of the movie theater. The neon marquee shines bright in the night sky. Men are offering women their coats. Children are eating their popcorn to-go. All is well in the universe.

EXT. MOVIE THEATER ROOF - NIGHT

After hours: the staff of the movie theater hanging-out on the roof - drinking-beers and smoking-cigarettes.

JOSH

Well I think you would've made Jimmy proud. Day one, and you've already touched a cock! To Drew!

EMILIO AND CLAIRE

To Drew!

All the employee's raise their beer cans and drink.

Drew's cell phone buzz's.

BRETT (TEXT)

*Dude that's fucking crazy!? Remind me to never shake your hand again LOL.*

DREW (TEXT)

*LOL.*

BRETT (TEXT)

*At-least you've got some new material to write about. HAHA.*

DOOR-MAN

Hey Drew, you ever find that kid?

INT. THEATER AUDITORIUM 6 - NIGHT

The wide eyed kid stuffs his face with popcorn, intently staring at violent "Punisher: War-Zone" scene playing on the big screen.

FADE TO BLACK:

END OF EPISODE.