

Script: Double Trouble

Episode 01

Let the show begin

Após um show do famoso músico Dave Last, uma grande fã chamada Priscilla e seu irmão Roy esperam uma chance de encontrarem Dave na área dos camarins. Priscilla mal consegue ficar parada de tanta ansiedade, enquanto Roy passa o tempo todo mexendo em seu celular.

Priscilla: Wow! I can't believe we got access to the backstage area. You are a genius, Junior.

Roy: Hey Pris! I've already told you to call me Roy. I'm not your little brother anymore.

Priscilla: Yeah, yeah... But you'll always be my little brother. The "Super Nerd".

Roy: Yeah, and thanks to "Super Nerd" you are here.

Priscilla: Cool down, Roy! If they discover you made fake VIP credentials we'll be in trouble!

Roy: What? Don't forget that YOU asked me to do that. I do not even like Dave.

Quando Pris olha para o final do corredor, ela vê Dave e seu guarda costas, Kowalsky, se aproximando. Priscilla olha para Dave com brilho nos olhos, enquanto Roy não dá muita importância.

Priscilla: Oh... He is so handsome!

Roy: Who's the teenager now?

Priscilla: Look, Roy! Don't spoil it this time, OK? When I hug him, you take the picture. Alright?

Roy: OK, OK!

Dave e Kowalski chegam na porta do camarim onde encontram Roy e Pris.

Priscilla: Hi, Dave. I'm your biggest fan and the president of your largest fan club in New York. Here, let's take a pic!

Kowalski: Step away, miss. This is the backstage area. Staff only.

Priscilla: But we have credentials!

Kowalski: You do? Let me see that.

Kowalski: No way kids, these credentials are fake, they're from last tour. Try to be smarter next time.

Dave: Let's go, Kowalski, get rid of these freaks. They're blocking my way.

Priscilla: But... But Dave... I...

Kowalski: Get out of here kids! Go on, scram!

Pris e Roy são obrigados a se retirarem sem conseguir nem uma foto, o que deixa Pris irritada com Roy.

Priscilla: Grrr... You always ruin my life! You suck!

Roy: Come on, give it a rest...

Dave entra em seu camarim e lá encontra sua namorada, Rachael Deckard. Há uma garrafa de champanhe aberta dentro de um balde com gelo entre eles, e duas taças já servidos para eles. Dave tira seus óculos e pega uma taça.

Rachael: Dave! You were awesome today! The fans were dazzled by your performance!

Dave: Babe... I'm always great.

Rachael: Honey, as you know, today is a special night.

Dave: Hmm... sure...

Rachael: I have prepared everything. I made reservations for dinner in a very romantic place.

Dave: Oh, yeah? Sweetie, I...

Rachael: Also, I have something important to tell you. But not here. This requires a special moment.

Dave: Babe... I forgot to mention... Mr. Powell already asked me to attend Arnold's birthday party. Can you believe that? He is a big fan of mine.

Rachael: Arnold? Dave, what are you talking about?

Dave: You know... The Terminator! Everybody knows that movie!

Dave coloca seus óculos de volta, se empenhando em imitar o papel.

Dave: "Hasta la vista, baby."

Rachael: I'm serious! Today is our anniversary! Did you forget that?

Dave: What? Of course not, I just...

Rachael: I'm trying to tell you something important and you're joking. Don't be a schmuck, Dave!

Dave: Sorry, babe... But you know I have priorities with my career. I'm an artist! In addition, there will be lots of reporters. It'll be good for us!

Rachael: Is that supposed to make me feel better? I'm trying, Dave. I'm really trying to keep our relationship. But you've changed so much this past year.

Mr. Powell, o acessor do Dave, abre a porta do camarim, interrompendo Rachel.

Powell: Dave, the plane is leaving. You need to go now.

Dito isso, ele sai. Dave se levanta, e se aproxima da Rachael.

Dave: Take it easy, you're overreacting.

Rachael: Take your hands off me! I can't take it anymore! ... When did you become such a jerk?

Dave: Sorry, beauty. Gotta go. I'll make it up to you tomorrow, I swear.

Rachael: Don't bother coming back!

Dave deixa Rachael e vai pegar seu jato particular pilotado por Arlene. Durante o voo ele fica entediado.

Dave: I'm so bored...

Com um copo de champanhe em sua mão, Dave olha em direção à cabine da piloto.

Dave: Hum... Fantastic.

Dave vai até a cabine com duas taças de champanhe. Arlene se mantém séria e focada em seu trabalho.

Dave: Hey, foxy.

Arlene: Please, sir. My name is Arlene.

Dave: So, Arlene, you're new to the team, right? 'Cause I never forget a pretty face when I see one.

Arlene: Be careful, Mr. Last. We might have some turbulence ahead, you'd better go back to your seat.

Dave: Let it shake baby.

Arlene: Sorry, sir. This is a safety procedure. I insist that you return to your seat.

Dave: Don't tell me what to do on my own plane, OK? And now... be a good girl and enjoy this champagne I brought for us.

De repente uma turbulência faz o jato balançar e Dave acaba derrubando o champanhe no painel de controle. Instantaneamente, luzes vermelhas piscam alertando falhas nos controles.

Arlene: You idiot! What did you do?!

Dave: Do something, you amateur!

O avião começa a cair deixando um rastro de fumaça. Arlene veste um dos paraquedas e abre a porta do avião. Dave está apavorado.

Dave: Thank God we have parachutes. Hand me one!

Arlene: Take it.

Dave: Hey! How do I put this thing on? Help me!

Arlene: Read the manual. Bye, bye!

Arlene salta do avião, sorrindo, deixando Dave para trás.

Dave: No! Come back!

Dave fica apavorado.

Dave: Oh my God, I'm gonna die!