

IMPROVISERS

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Genre: Comedy

Logline: An amateur improv comedy troupe get caught up in a hostage situation, and attempt to use their games and impressions in order to make it out alive.

INT. COMEDY CLUB - NIGHT

SAM (20's) very slim, stands on a STAGE surrounded by a gargantuan group of people. Limbs from the crowd leak onto the edges.

SAM

So can I please get a location that
could fit on this stage?

Behind Sam are six other people. It looks like they're in a police line up but PROUD to be there.

Audience members throw out random suggestions like
"Walmart!", "Cup cake stand!", "Gym!"

SAM (CONT'D)

I heard gym! Okay, Luke and Katie
are going to create a scene for you
right in front of your VERY eyes!
(To Luke and Katie)
Guys, your suggestion is gym!

LUKE (20's) and KATIE (30's) leave the line up and walk in front of Sam as he backs up and joins everyone else in line.

Katie enters the imaginary gym with a look of surprise.

KATIE

Paul?

Katie moves closer to Luke as he imitates putting down weights.

LUKE

(surfer dude-like)
Erika?

The audience laughs.

KATIE

I didn't think I'd run into you
here.

LUKE

I'm trying to get ripped for
summer. How's the divorce going?

KATIE

You mean OUR divorce?

Katie gets a huge laugh from the audience.

KATIE (CONT'D)
We just got out of the office where
we signed legal papers--

Suddenly, out of the line up JERRY (30's) jumps into the scene with his hands on his hips. Like a superhero except terrible.

JERRY
What up, shit heads? I'm your
personal trainer.

Luke and Katie are now a bit disoriented. Jerry gets a laugh from the audience.

LUKE
Uh, is this your-- the new guy
you've been seeing?!

Behind them, ASHLEY subtly moves in closer to Sam.

ASHLEY
What the hell's he doing?

SAM
(To himself)
Oh please Jerry, not this shit
again.

CUT TO:

SAM (V.O.)
We're gonna play town hall. The
game all about bickering! Our
players are going to get down into
the audience, and their suggestion
will be--

An audience member screams "hookers!"

CUT TO:

ELLIOT (20's) stands up amongst the crowd in the direction of Sam, who is still on stage speaking in a spotty southern accent.

ELLIOT
Sheriff, the hookers have taken
over our community!

Jerry stands up behind Elliot and nudges him out of the way. Also doing a southern accent, only more pronounced.

JERRY

Sheriff! I've got these fishing
hooks I wanna sell to you and the
townspeople.

Sam and the rest of the group look PISSED.

The audience laughs as everyone else looks ANGRY. Jerry quickly rolls out a piano and begins playing "Closing Time". The audience cheers.

INT. COMEDY CLUB (BACKSTAGE) - NIGHT

Jerry bursts through the door of the backstage hangout, which is full of posters, pictures and framed portraits of improv comedy legends.

JERRY

What a great show! We killed it.

SAM

Hey Jerry? We really need to have a
word with you.

JERRY

You wanna go get drinks?

The rest of the group huddles around Sam and Jerry.

JERRY: (CONT'D)

Or sacrifice a goat... what's up
with the circle?

SAM

You ONCE AGAIN decided to make the
show tonight all about you!

JERRY

Oh come on, we all got a chance to
shine tonight. Right?

LUKE

My parents flew down from Beaufort,
South Carolina. And I was in ONE
scene. Now they think I'm a
failure! I haven't seen my dad cry
like that since I told him I wanted
to do improv comedy!

SAM

Jerry, like I always say: the
spotlight is like a ball of energy.

(MORE)

SAM (CONT'D)

You gotta pass it around every once in a while. Like in basketball! You gotta pass that ball, but can't seem to do so.

JERRY

That doesn't even matter if I'm the funniest one here.

SAM

Improv isn't all about being funny. It's about the camaraderie. And you ruin that, every single show.

JERRY

Does everybody feel this way?

Nobody makes eye contact.

Jerry then walks up to TRAVIS, who is hoping he doesn't say anything to him.

JERRY (CONT'D)

Tommy... come on, we've had some solid laughs together.

TRAVIS

No! My name's Travis, dude. I venmo you every day. How do you not know my name?

SAM

You're done. Pack up your shit and go.

JERRY

You're kicking me out? I came to LA just to do this... with you guys. Give me another chance. I can barely afford the classes as is.

SAM/SAMANTHA/ELLIOT

I'm helping you pay for them!/Me too!/What the hell, Jerry!

JERRY

And together we-- I'll just leave.

Jerry heads for the exit. The rest of the group ignores him.

RACHEL

That was great, Sam. He's a dick.

SAM
What a selfish idiot.

ELLIOT
Total garbage human.

SAMANTHA
I heard he's still a virgin

TRAVIS
We're talking pretty loud, I bet he
can hear all of this. He hasn't
even left the room yet.

Jerry looks back at them wistfully, then heads out.

EXT. COMEDY CLUB - NIGHT

Los Angeles is as lively as always. Car horns honk in the distance, people walk by laughing and grabbing ubers.

Jerry sulks toward the secluded parking lot. He stops and pulls out his keys in front of a beautiful red Ferrari. He hits his unlock button and a 1990 Pontiac Trans Sport lights up instead.

INT. SPORTS BAR - NIGHT

ROYCE
Whatta ya think?

ROYCE (40's, dad bod.) Holds up a one sheet poster for a movie titled "Down the Riverside". In front of JED (40's, jet black hair, snake tattoo on neck) who looks beyond confused at the image.

JED
Where's my name?

ROYCE
Jed, you're getting 4% of
theatrical residuals. I mean, come
on!

JED
You're social networking me. This
is my story and I'm not gonna get
the recognition I deserve!

ROYCE

It's a team effort, Jed. We can't sell a movie by plastering someone's name nobody has ever even heard of. Do you understand that?

JED

(Intensely)

But this is my... movie. My idea. I want it back. You can't do this--

ROYCE

Please, save the theatrics, my friend is about to meet me here I can't have a client flipping out.

JED

I'm warning you, I'll bring my lawyer into this. Just give me the final cut like you promised.

ROYCE

I can't do that, but *what I can* do is invite you to a Producers guild fund-raiser next week.

Jed sinks into his seat.

ROYCE (CONT'D)

Held at the production company...
Jed?

Jed snaps back to Royce.

JED

Okay. Goodbye, Royce.

Jed grabs his jacket and leaves walking right by Jerry, who makes his way inside and dodges waitresses carrying pints of beer.

Jerry makes his way further into the back and is flagged down by Royce.

ROYCE

Already got us two orders of wings and I'm not even drunk yet, that's how hungry I am.

JERRY

Great. Sorry I'm late.

Jerry sits down opposite Royce in a booth.

ROYCE
How was the show?

JERRY
Pretty good! The club was packed
and the laughs were-- I was kicked
out.

Royce slowly spits his beer back into the bottle.

ROYCE
What?

JERRY
They don't want me on the team
anymore, Royce.

Suddenly a WAITRESS makes her way to their table.

WAITRESS
What can I get you started with?

ROYCE
Just one second we're having a
depressing moment... actually
another order of wings.

WAITRESS
Sure thing.

The waitress leaves.

ROYCE
What do you mean? They don't want
you on the team?

JERRY
I'm selfish and don't work well
with others.

ROYCE
I know, but why did they kick you
out?

JERRY
Because I'm selfish and don't work
well with others. That I was making
the show all about ME. But that's
what you DO when you're the
funniest person on the team.

ROYCE
I thought it was all about having
each other's back.?

JERRY

That's more of a youth group or AA thing.

ROYCE

So you're just done now? What are you gonna do?

JERRY

I can't join other classes they're too expensive... I wasn't even paying for these.!

ROYCE

Oh yeah that reminds me... when am I getting that 50 bucks back?

JERRY

(beat)

Uh, how's your movie thing going?

ROYCE

Well I just pissed off the guy we acquired the rights from.

JERRY

I don't know what any of this means. English please.

ROYCE

It's stupid. He's pretty scary, though; he has a snake tattoo on his neck and always smells like cheap--

Royce notices Jerry is incredibly depressed and quickly attempts to cheer him up.

ROYCE (CONT'D)

Hey wanna hear something funny?

JERRY

(insincere)

Uh, sure.

ROYCE

We got new interns today, they're like little MacGyvers. By that I mean young and resourceful, not small children that look like Richard Dean Anderson.

JERRY

I don't know who that is.

ROYCE

MacGyver.

JERRY

Why didn't you just say they look like MacGyver?

ROYCE

Will you let me finish my goddamn story?

Jerry takes one of Royce's beers and starts drinking while pretending to be invested in his story.

ROYCE (CONT'D)

Anyway, this other kid put two ice packs on the paper shredder that's always overheating, and he saved us like two hours! I wish somebody taught me smart things like that.

Jerry puts the beer down and looks straight forward. He has an IDEA!

ROYCE (CONT'D)

Then I made him pick me up some wings for lunch--

JERRY

Wait.

(Beat)

Yeah! If I can't afford to learn improv I can just teach it right? And that's free!

ROYCE

What's your logic on that? Don't you have to be certified to teach?

JERRY

Like math, economics, and scientology! But not comedy... not improv. I would just need a place to practice.

The waitress comes back with three orders of wings.

ROYCE

You could do it at my work.

JERRY

You have a space?

ROYCE

Yeah, big building. I mean it's under renovation right now but I'm sure it'll be fine.

JERRY

This is gonna work. I can feel it in my BALLS.

ROYCE

Who the hell's gonna be crazy enough to join you though?

INT. DOCTOR'S WAITING ROOM - DAY

RECEPTIONIST

Chris Campstein

CHRIS (29), who looks an awful lot like Daniel Levy from Schitt's Creek, shoots up like a ROCKET. He beelines for the...

INT. DOCTOR'S OFFICE - DAY

CHRIS

You're sure that was sterilized?

Dr. Radnor moves in closer with a stethoscope.

DR. RADNOR

Chris, for God's sake. I've been doing this for 17 years. You don't think I know that the hell I'm doing?

Dr. Radnor puts the stethoscope on backwards then corrects himself.

CHRIS

Anyway back to my current problem. Shh. Listen, do you hear that?

Chris slowly blinks in anticipation of sharing a remarkable discovery.

DR. RADNOR

What's that.

CHRIS

It's a, well... I'm not sure. You tell me. Sounds like a loose bone or something in my left eyelid. Can that happen?

DR. RADNOR

No

CHRIS

Eye bones coming loose?

DR. RADNOR

No, Chris.

CHRIS

Broken eye bone? I rub them really hard sometimes after I wake up from naps at work.

DR. RADNOR

You don't have fucking eye bones! Chris, please.

CHRIS

I just don't wanna loose my sight.

DR. RADNOR

Have you been exercising at all?

CHRIS

Well, I went to that yoga class I was telling you about.

DR. RADNOR

You didn't tell me about any yoga class.

CHRIS

Must've been my therapist. Or my dog, Biscuit. Anyway I went and the instructor, who looks like Lou Ferrigno but less hulky--

DR. RADNOR

And in these classes you... are interacting with other people?

CHRIS

Mhmm.

An awkward silence makes its way into the room. Only the sounds of Chris shifting on top of the paper sheet laid out for him can be heard.

DR. RADNOR

So you're touching--

CHRIS

Not touching yet.

Dr. Radnor pulls up a chair and sits a couple of inches below Chris. Like a father about to teach his son an important life lesson. Except Chris is squeamish and making it weird.

DR. RADNOR

Chris, can you do me a favor and push yourself a little more?

CHRIS

My body is only capable of bending in so many ways.

DR. RADNOR

I'm not talking about the yoga. Do something with others. Literally reach out. I think It'll help you.

CHRIS

But what if I can't?

DR. RADNOR

Just try it.

Chris reaches forward and knocks all of Dr. Radnor's equipment on the ground. Glass shards everywhere.

INT. DOCTOR'S OFFICE WAITING ROOM - DAY

Chris makes his way out the door. Chris is distracted by a Facebook ad on his phone. It's a colorful Improv poster by Jerry. **"Want to learn Improv comedy?! For free??"**

INT. CASTING ROOM - DAY

NATALIE

STOP!

NATALIE (30's) is holding a script and facing three people at a table as they watch.

NATALIE (CONT'D)

After all these years of BULLSHIT. Now is finally the TIME. My time... to leave you. Once and for ALL! No longer can you lay your hands on me, no longer can you USE me, and no longer CAN YOU--

CASTING DIRECTOR

That's great, thanks.

The casting director begins flipping through Natalie's resume. As the ASSISTANT and DIRECTOR smirk in her direction.

NATALIE

But there's... two pages left--

CASTING DIRECTOR

You know that's okay. It says here your most recent work was on a chap-stick commercial.

NATALIE

Yeah! I--

CASTING DIRECTOR

How was it?

NATALIE

Oh! Great I was really--

CASTING DIRECTOR

Not you, the chap-stick.

Natalie's thrown off.

NATALIE

Oh... good. It was pineapple I think.

CASTING DIRECTOR

OMG, yum!

DIRECTOR

That's quite a leap. From commercial actress to FILM star.

ASSISTANT

Do you see what we're getting at?

Natalie remains silent.

CASTING DIRECTOR

Are you new to LA? Most people from here have natural confidence, and I'm just not getting that from you.

NATALIE

Confidence? I've lived here for 10 years starting next--

DIRECTOR

Jesus.

(To Assistant)

(MORE)

DIRECTOR (CONT'D)
Let's not book the commercial
actors next time.

NATALIE
Is this a casting session or a
roasting session?

CASTING DIRECTOR
Maybe you should try comedy
instead. Thanks, Natalie.

EXT. CASTING OFFICE - DAY

As soon as she leaves the building, Natalie begins to sob. She pulls out her phone and looks up "comedy classes near me." After wiping her tears away, she spots Jerry's advertisement.

INT. KINDERGARTEN CLASSROOM - DAY

SHAUN (30's, classic New Yorker), sits in front of a small kindergarten class, lined up against the wall with other parents. Above him hangs a banner which reads CAREER DAY. MRS. OLSEN (40's) sits at her desk, waiting for the day to end.

OFFICER DAN (40's, policeman) stands at the podium, speaking to the class.

OFFICER DAN
And after my partner was shot in
the head, I had to carry his body
for 3 miles to escape the remaining
cartel. Now, keep in mind, I still
couldn't find my fingers--

The teacher immediately cuts him off.

MRS. OLSEN
Thank you so much for that... vivid
description, Officer Dan. We have
to move on. Kids, say thank you.

KIDS
THANK YOU!

MRS. OLSEN
Our next exciting parent is Shaun
Davidson! He's a...

Shaun hops to the front of the class.

SHAUN

Hey, kids! My name is Shaun
Davidson.

KIDS

Hi Shaun.

SHAUN

And I'm a comedian! Or should I
really say, I'm Christopher Walken.
(impersonating Chris
Walken)

Oh, wow! Look at all these young
ones. Such big great minds. Ready
for a good day. But to have a good
day, ya gotta have more COWBELL!

He's met with silence then a cough.

KID #1

Who?

SHAUN

Y'know, Christopher Walken! The guy
from... The Country Bears.

KID #1

Can you do the Rock?

SHAUN

I'm pretty sure that'd be racist.

KID #2

How come you look sad?

KID #3

Do you make enough money to live?

KID #4

Is it fun being a sad comedian?

SHAUN

The job is a TON of fun, but
sometimes you can get tired after--

KID #4

Do the Rock!

TEACHER

Kids! Let's use our inside voices.
Mr. Davidson will be more than
happy to do an impression of the
rock even though he looks nothing
like him and is nowhere near as
successful or tall.

CUT TO:

The bell rings and students start grabbing their backpacks.
Shaun approaches his son, BRADY (6).

SHAUN

Did ya laugh? Saw you smile a
couple of times.

BRADY

People laughed when you
accidentally fell over all the
desks.

SHAUN

I don't care about anyone else I
wanna know if YOU laughed.

BRADY

(unenthusiastic)
Not really. I have to go now dad.

The teacher waits for Brady as the rest of the class follows.

SHAUN

That hurts me beyond comprehension
but okay buddy! I'll be back to
pick you up at 3:00! We'll get
tacos from that place you like!

BRADY

Okay! Bye!

SHAUN

Bye, Brady! Tell mom I--

Everyone walks out of sight.

SHAUN (CONT'D)

Say hi.

Shaun then looks at his phone and sees Jerry's improv ad on
Facebook.

INT. PRODUCTION BUILDING - DUSK

Jerry makes his way to the elevators before practice and is stopped by FADORKA (40's, the body of THE ROCK, dressed to the nines).

FADORKA
Can I help you?

JERRY
Yeah I... have improv rehearsal on the 22nd floor.

FADORKA
There aren't any rooms available at this time.

JERRY
Wait what? My friend works here. I have permission from him.

FADORKA
But not from me.

Jerry's thrown back by Fadorka's attitude. He notices Fadorka's nametag.

JERRY
I swear to you... Fadorka.
(Unsure)
Is that your first name?

Fadorka glares at him. Jerry spots people in nice suits and dresses making their way up the elevators to the higher floors.

JERRY (CONT'D)
We wouldn't even be in the way of whatever you got going on here--

FADORKA
Who?

JERRY
Me and my improv troupe.

FADORKA
Oh, you have more clowns with you?

JERRY
That'd be a clown troupe, I said improv troupe. They're gonna be here any minute--

FADORKA

You make a funny? With your clown friends? "Me make people go ha ha"?
Hmm? Losers.

JERRY

I don't know why you're acting like a bully from the 1950's right now but--

FADORKA

Piss off, kid. Or I'm about to start a scene with you right here.

Jerry makes his way out of the building in a depressed manor.

JERRY

(impersonating Fadorka)

You make a funny? I have the worst name ever. Time to go home and neglect my wife.

As Jerry walks by the front desk, he's stopped by the receptionist, ALLY (30's) incredibly bubbly, with very short hair, and a welcoming smile.

ALLY

That's a pretty good impression.

Jerry just awkwardly smiles and makes his way out of the building.

ALLY (CONT'D)

Wait, come here.

Jerry makes his way over to Ally as she quiets her voice a bit. She motions for him to lean over the desk.

ALLY (CONT'D)

On the 24th floor there's a space... it's also under renovation though if that's okay.

Jerry is surprised by her generosity.

JERRY

Uh... yeah. Thank you so much.

ALLY

Don't worry about it. There's gonna be so many people up there tonight that you won't be noticed.

JERRY

I'm friends with Royce. What's going on tonight?

ALLY

I know Royce. Fund-raising party for the PGA. I'll get Fadorka off your group, don't worry about it. He's new here and already thinks he runs the place.

INT. REHEARSAL SPACE (24TH FLOOR) - NIGHT

Plastic sheets drape over cardboard boxes and florescent lights that have yet to be installed.

Some of the windows have clear wrapping still in tact with them. The walls are drying from fresh paint.

A window washer platform can be seen right outside their view.

The group is small. With Jerry are Natalie and Chris.

HURLEY (30's, resembles a yak dressed like Kramer from "Seinfeld") sits next to JORDAN (37, African-American).

JERRY

Alright, thank you all for coming we're gonna get started now.

Out of nowhere, "Kiss Me" by Sixpence None the Richer blares from one of the speakers being installed above, and it's comically LOUD. Everyone immediately COVERS their ears.

JORDAN

What the hell is that?!

HURLEY

It's the sweet sound of death!

Jerry goes to the exposed wires and shuts the music off.

NATALIE

Must be some faulty wiring.

Shaun awkwardly enters the room.

SHAUN

Hi! Is this improv? I heard 90's music.

CUT TO:

Everyone is NOT loose or comfortable. It's as if someone has died. Jerry picks up on this vibe quickly.

JERRY

Listen I know this is a bizarre place for rehearsal but no need to worry! Totally normal otherwise. And I feel good!

CHRIS

And I'm uncomfortable.

Jerry lets the jab slide.

JERRY

So our first game...

Shaun pulls out a juul and inhales.

JERRY (CONT'D)

Please don't do that in here.

SHAUN

It's fine, it's just vapor.

Shuan exhales and Chris starts coughing loudly.

CHRIS

Still causes cancer.

NATALIE

Chris, it's just water.

JERRY

This isn't our space. I don't wanna get in trouble.

SHAUN

Would you rather I smoke a cig?

JERRY

No that's... horrible too.

Shaun sarcastically puts his juul away.

NATALIE

Shouldn't we... introduce ourselves?

JERRY

Right! That's normal. My name is Jerry Emans!

Jerry grabs two chairs and places them a couple of feet apart facing each other.

JERRY (CONT'D)

I was taught this exercise back in college. We don't have to play any characters, we'll just be ourselves. Start a conversation with the person in front of you. Who's up first?

CUT TO:

Chris sits opposite of Hurley as everyone else watches them.

CHRIS

Okay wait, I don't know how to start.

JERRY

Just ask him a question, Chris. Or better yet, make an assumption.

CHRIS

What was your name again?

HURLEY

Hurley.

CHRIS

Nice to meet you. Uh... You look like... a republican.

Chris begins to shift in his seat. Shaun chuckles.

JERRY

Jesus Christ.

CUT TO:

Shaun and Natalie sit opposite each other.

SHAUN

Hey, name's Shaun.

NATALIE

I'm Natalie.

SHAUN

You're an actress I think. Pretty sure I've seen you in stuff before.

NATALIE

Wow. I didn't think anyone would've noticed--

SHAUN

Porn?

NATALIE

(sarcastically)

No, not yet. Just commercial work.
What about you?

SHAUN

Comedian. I do little shows here
and there.

NATALIE

That makes sense. Like what? Ever
at Laugh Factory?

SHAUN

I wish! I actually just performed
at a talent show.

The group laughs, while Shaun stays silent.

SHAUN (CONT'D)

No really.

The group stops laughing.

SHAUN (CONT'D)

Yeah I came in second right behind
that golden retriever that can sing
along to the wind chimes.

HURLEY

Holy shit, Atticus the Singing Dog?

SHAUN

No, his son Mark.

CHRIS

The dog's son?

HURLEY

(to Jordan)

Now THAT is a talented dog family!

SHAUN

I thought improv was all about
having each other's back! I feel
uncomfortable.

JERRY

What the hell, guys? Have some respect.

NATALIE

Sorry! That's cool, Shaun. What are your sets like?

SHAUN

I just make fun of everyday things... I do impressions too.

NATALIE

No way! You gotta do one now. Sorry to put you on the spot.

JORDAN

Come on Shaun!

HURLEY

SHAUN!

SHAUN

You guys know Christopher Walken?
(As Christopher Walken)
I got a fever... and the only prescription is Advil. My fever is mainly my crippling depression. I was in Mouse Hunt.

The group laughs at Shaun's spot on impression of a clinically depressed Christopher Walken.

CHRIS

Do Harrison Ford!

SHAUN

I can only do Christopher Walken
I'm sorry.

JERRY

We're gonna jump into a three person scene. Let's get a suggestion, where are me, Chris and Natalie?

Jerry, Chris and Natalie are met with nothing but silence, as Jordan, Shaun and Hurley sit back and watch.

JERRY (CONT'D)

It could be anywhere.

Silence.

JERRY (CONT'D)
Just name a location guys.

HURLEY
Graveyard.

JERRY
Which graveyard?

HURLEY
The graveyard.

JERRY
Ok, great! Thank you.

HURLEY
My name is Hurley.

JERRY
Right. The suggestion is graveyard.

Chris stays on one side of the room shoveling at nothing, while Natalie and Jerry enter on the other.

JERRY (CONT'D)
Gee Sarah, it was a neat idea taking me to a graveyard for our first date.

Natalie tries to match Jerry's energy, but is completely over-acting.

NATALIE
Well, you know me! Always trying to live life on the dangerous side. Hey... that must be the gravekeeper.

Jerry and Natalie approach Chris, who's still imitating the motion of digging.

CHRIS
No, I'm not a gravekeeper, I'm President Ronald Reagan--

JERRY
Alright, let's pause for a second here. Chris...

Chris continues imitating the motion of digging, with imaginary dirt flying in the direction of Jerry.

JERRY (CONT'D)
(playfully)
You're just getting dirt all over
me buddy, I'm gonna stop ya.

Chris stops the motioning and listens.

JERRY (CONT'D)
I like the use of nonexistent
props... but you just committed the
ultimate sin. Can somebody tell me
what it was?

The group is now silent and confused.

HURLEY
Seppuku?

JERRY
He's still alive, so that should've
clued you in that he didn't...
commit seppuku.

SHAUN
Good guess though.

JERRY
It really wasn't. Chris, the sin
was that you said "no". In improv
you never say "no". It's always
"yes, and..." Then you commit to a
scene.

CHRIS
Sorry about that.

JERRY
It's okay! Just everybody remember
to never say no. Because in
Improv... no is the real N word.

Jerry let's out a small chuckle as everyone looks at him in
disbelief.

All of a sudden Jordan, the only person of color, stands up
and exits the room to answer his phone.

JERRY (CONT'D)
That one really didn't land.

Jerry laughs awkwardly then,

JERRY (CONT'D)
Did anybody catch that guy's name?

CHRIS

You think he'll be back next week?

Chris gets the first solid laugh from the group as Jerry looks defeated. Chris looks happy.

JERRY

Everyone just stay right here.
Take 5!

EXT. PRODUCTION BUILDING - NIGHT

Jerry looks for Jordan but notices something in the corner of his eye.

He spots two men loading heavy looking dark bags out of a van and into Royce's building. He looks at them for a couple of seconds but is quickly spotted and continues on his way.

INT. BALLROOM GALA - NIGHT

MUSIC BLARES. Well dressed people drink, laugh, and take photos. Royce gets a phone call from Jerry.

ROYCE

Are you here? I went to check the
22nd floor but there was nobody
there.

INT. HALLWAY - NIGHT

JERRY

(defeated)

Yeah, the receptionist moved us
because the asshole you got working
security wouldn't let me in.

ROYCE (O.S.)

As long as you're in. How's
practice going?

JERRY

Y'know it's awkward we don't have a
lot in common, it'll just take some
time to adjust. They also might
think I'm a racist.

ROYCE (O.S.)

So they think you're a racist. No
big deal!

JERRY
It's a very big deal!

ROYCE (O.S.)
Remember how long it took you to
get on the-- what the hell was your
troupe called?

JERRY
The Extraterrestrials--

ROYCE (O.S.)
Horrible name. But you'd stay up
all night making me practice games
with you after I got off work. I
hated you for not letting me sleep
for 3 weeks--

Jerry spots Jordan down the hall.

JERRY
(quickly)
Thanks man, I'll see ya later.

Jerry hangs up and catches up to Jordan.

JERRY (CONT'D)
Hey! Sorry about that man...
tasteless joke.

Jordan puts his phone away and immediately tries to explain.

JORDAN
Hey Jerry, I'm sorry about that.
Listen my wife has a tumor and we
don't know if it's benign yet so I
keep checking on her.

JERRY
Wait, what?

JORDAN
Sorry I barged outta practice like
that. Haven't been able to focus at
all today... I'm honestly just
taking your class to keep my mind
off things.

Jerry remains confused.

JORDAN (CONT'D)
Name's Jordan by the way.

JERRY
You're apologizing to me when I
just made a lame racist joke?

JORDAN
What racist joke--

JERRY
Nothing, let's head back to the
others.

INT. REHEARSAL SPACE (24TH FLOOR) - NIGHT

Chris, Natalie, Shaun and Hurley wait for Jerry to return.

CHRIS
I'm telling you, there's something
off with this guy. I mean just look
at his name-- when's the last time
you met someone named "Jerry".

SHAUN
I like him! Seems neat.

NATALIE
He just doesn't seem that
professional.

Jerry and Jordan enter the room.

JERRY
Hey guys! Sorry for all the
craziness. This is Jordan.

NATALIE/JERRY/CHRIS/SHAUN
Hi Jordan.

HURLEY
Salutations, George!

Jerry attempts to get things started as quickly as possible.

JERRY
Let's jump in! How about me and
Chris--

Jerry grabs Chris by the arm to bring him into a scene.

CHRIS
Ahh! You're touching me!

JERRY
What? I'm not--

CHRIS
You were about to come in contact
with my shoulder!

Jerry takes a deep breath.

JERRY
No, I was just trying to start a
game.

CHRIS
You just said "no". Which, by the
way, is NOT the real N word!

Chris smiles and winks at Jordan.

JORDAN
I'm not following.

JERRY
But we're not in an actual scene
right now so I can say NO.

CHRIS
I'm sorry. Who's been getting more
laughs here?

NATALIE
Well, improv isn't all about making
people laugh.

CHRIS/JERRY
Yes it is/That's true!

Jerry and Chris stare at each other.

The rest of the group awkwardly watch them.

JERRY
Alright, let's move into a two
person scene. Me and Chris will
start. Somebody give us a
suggestion.

"Kiss Me" starts BLARING on the speakers again. The entire
troupe covers their ears.

Jerry once again fidgets with the wires and "Kiss Me" comes
to a halt.

SHAUN
Who the fuck is so intent on
listening to "Kiss Me"?

NATALIE
Me when Marcus Floyd stood me up
during senior prom.

SHAUN
Can't relate.

JERRY
(impatient)
Suggestion!

HURLEY
Shetlen.

The group looks INSANELY confused by Hurley's suggestion.
Chris and Jerry get into position to start the scene.

CHRIS
Is that like a type of pony? A
shetlen?

SHAUN
No that's the word for small
chicken. A chitlin.

JERRY
(annoyed)
Guys--

JORDAN
I thought that meant pig
intestines, right?

NATALIE
I think he means the guy from
Fantastic Four who played the rocky
orange guy.

JERRY
No, that's Michael Chiklis! Hurley,
what did you even mean?

HURLEY
I don't know anymore.

JERRY
Guys just pick a normal suggestion!
Like a dog or car or a fucking
everyday normal object!

SHAUN (O.S.)
Jehovah's Witness.

"Kiss Me" starts playing on the speakers again. Just as loud as it was before.

JERRY

Oh come on!

Jerry kicks the speaker where the music is coming from. It stops.

NATALIE

You can't get mad at us like that,
it's our first practice. We just
met everyone.

JERRY

It may as well be our last, because
I'm not cut out for this.

NATALIE

Cut out for what?

CHRIS

Being funny?

JERRY

I'm funnier than you, dude.

NATALIE

Take it easy! You two are supposed
to have each other's backs.

JERRY

Here we go with more of the have
your back shit! Y'know, I thought
my old team had my back until they
kicked me out!

Jerry is SUDDENLY cut off by Fadorka barging into the room!

Fadorka stops dead in his tracks to see the 6 improvisers
staring at him. He quickly fumbles around for something under
his jacket. Fadorka pulls out a GUN!

Chris, Natalie, Jordan, Shaun and Hurley jump down to the
GROUND in a panic.

CHRIS

I knew this was gonna happen!

NATALIE

How could you possible know?!

Jerry stays standing and spreads his arms wide.

FADORKA

What the hell are you people doing
up here?!

JERRY

We were just...

Jerry tries to think of an excuse.

JERRY (CONT'D)

Doing our thaaannnnnggg.

FADORKA

What?

SFX: BOOM! POP! BANG! Gunshots go off from downstairs.

INT. BALLROOM GALA - NIGHT

A big group of party guests are thrown off by men with guns taking over the ballroom. They SCREAM as the exits get blocked.

Royce spots them ahead of time and quickly makes his way out of one of the free exits.

ROYCE

(to himself)

Holy shit.

He quickly catches a glimpse of one of the men as he leaves to hide.

ROYCE (CONT'D)

Jed?

INT. REHEARSAL SPACE (24TH FLOOR) - NIGHT

A distracted Fadorka takes his eyes off Jerry long enough for him to CHARGE.

Jerry KNOCKS the gun out of Fadorka's hand, which causes it to slide across the ground and go off.

Fadorka quickly gets back up but is knocked out by Shaun with a fire extinguisher! Fadorka collapses like a tree onto the ground.

SHAUN

Guys I think there's people taking
over the building downstairs!

Jerry looks at the entire situation that just happened in DISBELIEF. He says NOTHING.

CHRIS
Is it terrorists?!

JORDAN
Holy shit! We gotta hide.

NATALIE
Jerry! What's going on!?

CHRIS
I'm calling the police--

Their insistent chatter is abruptly cut off by the sound of light static, coming from the crotch area of an unconscious Fadorka.

HURLEY
His penis is talking!

Jerry slowly moves towards the body of Fedorka and reaches for a walkie talkie going off.

SHAUN
It's obviously a walkie talkie, not a cock.

NATALIE
Hurley, why would that even be... one of your assumptions?

CHRIS
(on the phone)
Hello, 911? Yes, there's been multiple gunshots going on downstairs I'm at 372 South Broadway. Ok, get here soon. Love you too, bye.

Chris hangs up the phone.

Jed's voice can be heard coming in through the radio.

JED (WALKIE)
Come in-- Fadorka?

Jordan shushes everyone.

JED (WALKIE) (CONT'D)
Are you okay-- I heard firing on your end. What's going on? Do you need backup.

CHRIS
(panicked)
Backup? They can't send more guys
up we only have one fire
extinguisher.

SUDDENLY Jerry gets an idea.

NATALIE
What do we do? You said that guy's
name was Fadorka right?

Jerry clears his throat.

CHRIS
Just tell him it's the wrong
channel--

He clears his throat again. He picks up the walkie talkie as
if he's about to say something to it.

Shaun leans down next to Jerry.

SHAUN
What are you planning? You're about
to do something, I can see it.
(To everyone else)
He's got crazy eyes!

CHRIS
The cops are on their way let's
just stay here and hide until--

NATALIE
Don't do anything stupid Jerry--

JED (WALKIE)
FADORKA? ARE YOU OKAY? OVER.

SHAUN
Do whatever you're about to do!

NATALIE
Don't egg him on!

What comes out is not Jerry's normal voice but instead, his
impression of Fadorka.

JERRY
(into the walkie, as
FADORKA)
Yes, and everything is clear up
here.

After a few seconds pass...

JED (WALKIE)
Did I hear a gun go off?

Jerry looks back at everyone else.

JERRY
(as Fadorka)
That... was to scare the two
witnesses I found.

JED (WALKIE)
I thought you said everything was
clear? Over.

Jerry looks back at the group in fear. They silently scream
obscenities.

JERRY
(as Fadorka)
It is. I just have two witnesses
now...

JED (WALKIE)
Who? Over.

Jerry looks at Shaun...

JERRY
(as Fadorka)
Christopher Walken.

JED (WALKIE)
Famous actor Christopher Walken? No
way! Prove it! Over.

Jerry pulls Shaun in closer to the walkie talkie.

SHAUN
(as Christopher Walken,
into the walkie)
Help me... this is Chris Walken.
I'm universally enjoyed!

Jerry hangs up.

JERRY
Are you Chris Walken or porn?!

SHAUN
I can't think of what the hell to
say right now! Give me a break!

JORDAN
We're dead--

Chris slowly slides Jerry a note that reads **"Say: I think I have the flu, I'm gonna head home."**

Jerry shrugs it off and the walkie talkie responds again.

JED (WALKIE)
Just our luck. Who is the other?
Over.

JERRY
(as Fadorka)
Robert... Loggia--

SHAUN
(violently whispering)
He's dead! He's dead--

JED (WALKIE)
...ROBERT LOGGIA IS DEAD. OVER.

JERRY
(as Fadorka)
I meant a guy who looks like him.
He got away, so keep your eyes
peeled for a guy who isn't Robert
Loggia, because he's dead, but just
looks exactly like the actor, over.

Jerry lets go of the walkie and looks back to everyone else.

SHAUN
That was like an essay of talking.

NATALIE
What are you doing!?

JERRY
I don't know! We're an improv
troupe, we're improvising! We don't
need a "plan"! This is the ultimate
test!

NATALIE
Ultimate test? This is like forcing
a first grader to ace a driver's
test after downing a 6 pack of
White Claw!

HURLEY
That IS the ultimate test!

JORDAN

No offense, but that's a shitty plan and it's gonna get us killed.

JERRY

Relax. I don't even like White Claw.

JORDAN

Not that plan! The improv one.

JERRY

Oh I see. But they bought it, didn't they?

JORDAN

For how long? What if they come up here and see we're just a group of random people!

JERRY

Long enough to get the hell out of here-- the elevator.

Jerry sprints to the rehearsal space door but stops.

NATALIE

They probably have guys watching the elevators.

JERRY

What about the stairs?

Shaun peaks his head out of the rehearsal space door.

SHAUN

There's a lot of guys out there, that's out of the question.

JORDAN

Wait, look over there!

Jordan points toward the window washing platform outside.

JERRY

I know the windows are dirty, Jordan, but we need to focus. If we all jumped out the window right now, what are the odds that we would die?

NATALIE

Literally 1000 percent.

JORDAN

No! We can use the window washing platform to get down to the ground!

CHRIS

I'm not doing some Mission Impossible shit with a group of people I barely know--

JORDAN

How else would we escape? Or we can hide?

Natalie and Chris walk towards the edge and look down at the ground WAY BELOW THEM.

NATALIE

I'm gonna die a failed actor!

CHRIS

You're right these windows are dirty.

JERRY

HEY!

Jerry catches everyone's attention.

JERRY (CONT'D)

Do you see what Shaun and I just did?

CHRIS

Spotty impressions?

JERRY

We worked together... like a team! Just like you were talking about, Natalie.

NATALIE

You really think improvising our way outta here will save us?

JERRY

It might work. The cops won't be able to make it up here if the place is locked down.

The walkie talkie suddenly comes back alive.

JED (WALKIE)

FADORKA?

JERRY
(as Fadorka)
Speaking.

JED (WALKIE)
YOU KNOW WHAT TO DO. Terry and
Bradshaw are interrogating the
hostages. Keep an eye out for the
editor. I'll meet you on the
rooftop before midnight. Helicopter
won't wait for us, over.

Jerry puts down the walkie talkie.

NATALIE
The editor?

JORDAN
If he knew you knew what to do,
then why did he tell you exactly
what you need to do?

CHRIS
Get a load of Mr. Exposition.

Jerry hushes everyone so he can reply.

JERRY
(as Fadorka)
Copy that. What about Christopher
Walken?

JED (WALKIE)
Keep hold. I'd like to meet him.

Hurley picks up one of the chairs in the room and hurls it at
the window. The chair smashes into a million pieces like it's
made of glass. The window is FINE.

CHRIS
How does that work?

JERRY
Alright, so we'll probably die.

JORDAN
Everyone calm down! We just bought
ourselves some time to GTFO.

SHAUN
Who says "GTFO?"

JORDAN

I'm trying to save time by cutting down on words and you're wasting it right now--

SHAUN

What are you doing with that extra time?

Jerry turns towards the group.

JERRY

We can't just leave. My friend Royce is still here in the building! He's the entire reason we're here.

CHRIS

Well text him thanks for inviting us to his terrorists party, in the meantime lets GTFO!

JORDAN

Thank you! Three seconds saved right there.

The group heads toward the window while Jerry stays back and tries to text Royce. They move a chair out of the way.

CHRIS

Careful, that chair's made of glass I think.

Jordan tries breaking the window. He picks up a pillow from one of the office couches and hurls it at the window. The window SHATTERS.

CHRIS (CONT'D)

We're in the twilight zone.

Jerry slowly peaks his head out. The wind from outside causes his hair to fly back. He's able to see all the way down to the cement pavement.

JERRY

(Nervously)

Who wants to go first? Nobody?

Jerry SLOWLY taps the window washer platform with his foot.

It creaks and sways a bit, the group backs up out of FEAR.

CHRIS

So stairs are out of the equation?

JORDAN

Fuck this. I'm gonna stay here and hide.

JERRY

This was YOUR idea! What about G T F O!

JORDAN

How bout G T F-NO. I'm staying here.

Jordan hides behind a couple of cardboard boxes. Hurley follows behind him.

JORDAN (CONT'D)

Hold on, what the fuck--

HURLEY

(quietly)

Shhh, they'll hear us!

JORDAN

(beat)

Who?

SHAUN

Before we do this should we all have code-names? I call Nighthawk.

CHRIS

That has to be the most cliché code-name ever.

SHAUN

You can be anal prolapse--

JERRY

Guys! Let's focus. Looks like we have to do a bit of a... hop. I'll go first.

SHAUN

Just a little hop, you got this. And if you fall and die we'll make corrections based off of your failure.

Jerry lets the wind hit his face. He looks down at the window washer platform. All the noises around him become silent.

He takes THREE really DEEP but QUICK breaths and then JUMPS!

Everyone else watches. Chris turns away as Natalie and Shaun quiver.

Jerry lands on the platform, causing it to swing forward. His force propels the metal platform back into the glass window.

He nervously starts chuckling, and leans over the same rail he almost fell off of. Taking in the height once again.

JERRY
(Relived)
Shit, holy SHIT!

Jerry turns back around to the rest of the group as they look in bewilderment.

JERRY (CONT'D)
(yelling)
Who's next?

SHAUN
I think I shit myself for you.

JERRY
Natalie, you can do it!

Natalie moves in closer to the edge of the window looking as doubtful as ever.

NATALIE
(unsure)
Uh huh.

JERRY
Just jump, I'll catch you--

NATALIE
I can't--

SHAUN
If I can do it, you can too.

NATALIE
You haven't done it yet!

Shaun suddenly LEAPS forward towards Jerry.

JERRY
OH MY GOD--

Shaun lands with a louder THUD than Jerry did. The platform swings with a loud CLANK!

CHRIS
Are you out of your mind?!

SHAUN
I'm okay!

Shaun picks himself up and brushes his pants off.

SHAUN (CONT'D)
Real bad day to wear corduroys.

JERRY
Let's do a countdown next time,
okay?

SHAUN
My bad, Natalie you can do--

Natalie suddenly JUMPS just like Shaun did, bumping into Jerry and Shaun. The platform creaks and pushes forward once again.

JERRY
What in the FUCK-- please say when
you're gonna jump! Let yourself
announce it beforehand!

Chris looks at all three of them, as if they're 100 miles away.

SHAUN/NATALIE
Come on, Chris!/You got this!

JERRY
It's just a little jump.

CHRIS
I'm gonna die!

JERRY
No you're not I swear you'll live!
Just jump! We'll catch you!

CHRIS
Do not touch me!

Chris keeps looking down at the noisy city streets below.

NATALIE
Don't even think, just do it!

Chris hops up and down in place waving his arms around. He's about to--

JERRY

Just don't jump too hard--

Chris JUMPS! He lands hard on the platform, causing him to almost launch himself over the edge.

Jerry grabs him by the shirt right before Chris almost is fully over the edge.

JERRY (CONT'D)

Help!

Natalie and Shaun grab Jerry. Chris's face fills with fear as he stares down to the ground.

Chris's shock turns into annoyance after he realizes Jerry is touching him. Jerry pulls Chris back from the edge and the whole group falls back onto the platform.

CHRIS

I told you not to TOUCH ME!

JERRY

What?! I just saved your life!

They all get up and brush themselves off.

CHRIS

Is anyone here a doctor?

SHAUN

You seriously think one of us is a doctor? We stated our professions earlier, remember? We all suck.

JERRY

Hey, how about next time I let you fall?

CHRIS

Then I'll come back as a ghost and haunt your ass!

JERRY

No you wouldn't. You'd freak out about no longer being able to wash your hands!

NATALIE

Are you really fighting while we scale a building! I know this is ridiculous, but if you two don't start getting along right now we're NEVER gonna make it.

CHRIS

You touch me again I'm gonna snap
your dick off--

JERRY

Not if I snap yours off first!

NATALIE

Stop talking about touching each
other's dicks!

Chris and Jerry glare at each other.

SHAUN

The sexual tension here is
palpable.

Natalie notices the control panel on the window washer.

NATALIE

This is how we get down.

The rest of the group looks at each other. They're ready to
get the hell out of here.

Chris, Jerry and Shaun look at Natalie with intense
anticipation as she's about to hit the DOWN button on the
control panel.

NATALIE (CONT'D)

Let--

JERRY

Let's do this.

NATALIE

Thanks for ruining my moment.

Natalie SMASHES the DOWN button!

The window washer begins descending down in the slowest way
imaginable. Making a pathetic mechanical noise as well.

They all stand in silence... except for that pathetic
mechanical noise.

CHRIS

Um, is there like a button to make
it go faster?

The group stares downward.

JERRY

Everyone doing okay?

They give Jerry a look of disappointment.

JERRY (CONT'D)
Is that a maybe?

Natalie peaks over the railing of the washer platform.

NATALIE
I don't think it'll go all the way
down. They're not designed that
way. There's an opening right below
us!

SHAUN
Must be more renovation shit.

JERRY
We'll go as far as we can--

They slowly pass the opening with sheets of plastic swaying
in the wind, like ghosts.

JERRY (CONT'D)
I also think we gotta go back for
Jordan and Hurley--

As Jerry is halfway through saying this, two guards come into
frame in the background.

INT. OFFICE (18TH FLOOR) - NIGHT

The guards face away from the window, not noticing.

GUARD #1
I've been standing on my feet too
much.

GUARD #2
How the hell else would you stand?

The group freaks out behind the unsuspecting guards as they
SLOWLY move back up a floor in the window washer.

GUARD #1
You know when you're at like Disney
Land for a couple of hours and your
legs are just like... blah.

GUARD #2
I don't enjoy working with you. I'm
serious, I'll shoot myself.

EXT. WINDOW WASHER - NIGHT

They stop the washer at the floor with the opening.

CHRIS

Oh that's just GREAT. More bad
guys!

JERRY

(optimistic)

They could be nice bad guys! Let's
not rule out our options here.

NATALIE

What if we got off on the floor
above? Just sneak our way back
down. We're closer to the ground
than we think.

SHAUN

We've come this far.

The group looks at each other with a faint hint of trust
developing.

INT. UPPER OFFICE (19TH FLOOR) - NIGHT

The group quietly make their way onto the office floor from
the washer.

JERRY

Alright, we just gotta be quiet, we
don't wanna run into--

Jerry bumps ROYCE on the other side of the wall.

JERRY (CONT'D)

ROYCE!

Everyone becomes startled and lets out a scream.

ROYCE

What the hell? Jerry-- what are you
doing here?!

JERRY

I was just trying to have a decent
improv rehearsal, and now bad guys
wanna take over so we're using our
shitty improv skills to survive.

Jerry reveals the walkie and Natalie punches him in the
shoulder.

JERRY (CONT'D)
Ow-- THAT'S THE WALKIE HAND.

CHRIS
I knew we weren't supposed to be here, you asshole! You lied to us--

JERRY
I just wanna be back on a team! My life is so depressing when I'm not making people laugh!

Royce attempts to intervene.

ROYCE
Hey--

Natalie and Jerry pay no attention to Royce.

NATALIE
Well look at us now. We are the farthest from any sort of TEAM we can possibly be! We're literally in the plot of Die Hard!

SHAUN
Have you guys seen 5? Talk about a turkey.

CHRIS
Oh shut up, Chris Walken--

SHAUN
He'd never be caught dead in a movie like Die Hard 5.

ROYCE
Hey! Guys!

JERRY
You were losing faith in me just like my troupe!

NATALIE
You're just too focused on yourself to see that we were willing to learn!

JERRY
I used to carry a show all by myself! Now I'm about to be shot to death!

ROYCE

JERRY!

NATALIE/JERRY

What!/What!

ROYCE

Somebody please explain!

Everyone looks at Jerry.

JERRY

That asshole security guard,
Fadorka! He barged into practice
with a gun.

SHAUN

Him and the other clowns taking
over your workplace!

JERRY

Royce, what the hell is going on.

ROYCE

Remember that guy I was telling you
about at the bar? With the snake
tattoo?

JERRY

No?

ROYCE

(Disappointed)

Do you ever listen to what I have
to say?

JERRY

It's rare.

CHRIS

Wait a minute snake tattoo-- I saw
him when we arrived. Kinda handsome
right? Looks like Gerard Butler.

SHAUN

You think *Gerard Butler* is
handsome? Come on.

CHRIS

Don't disrespect Gerard Butler like
that. I don't settle for less.

SHAUN

You're into men, you've already
settled for less--

NATALIE

Would ya just let him finish--

CHRIS (O.S.)

He's a good looking bad guy! Like
in Phantom.

ROYCE

Well his name is Jed and... look
short story is me and my company...
this building that you're in, kinda
screwed him over.

SHAUN

What'd you guys kiss?

ROYCE

No? I work in acquisitions and
after we acquired one of his
bizarre stories from his life, we
promised him final cut of the movie
we made and he's... well he's not
getting that.

NATALIE

Oh my God, that's why he's looking
for the editor!

ROYCE

Editor?

NATALIE

He's gonna steal back the movie and
fly away with it in a helicopter.

The rest of the group look at Natalie in shock.

CHRIS

That's the dumbest plan ever. Just
wait for Netflix! What a baby.

NATALIE

I'm assuming!

ROYCE

The editing bay here is full of a
dozen other movies. There's no way
he's gonna be able to find his
movie's file.

(MORE)

ROYCE (CONT'D)
Wait a minute, have you been
fucking talking to him over the
walkie?

JERRY
Well... yeah.

SHAUN
They think I'm Christopher Walken.

ROYCE
Famous actor Christopher Walken?

SHAUN
(as Christopher Walken)
I need more cowbell. Give it to me.

Royce looks confused.

CHRIS
It's actually not that bad.

INT. REHEARSAL SPACE (24TH FLOOR) - NIGHT

Jordan and Hurley peek their heads out from behind a couple
of stacked up cardboard boxes. Jordan is attempting to call
his wife.

HURLEY
So what are you thinking... ISIS?
Alt right? Who could be behind the
whole thing?

JORDAN
I don't care man, I just wanna get
the hell outta here and see my
kids.

HURLEY
Me too.

JORDAN
(To himself)
God dammit answer the phone!

Jordan hangs up the phone.

JORDAN (CONT'D)
You have kids?

HURLEY
Not in the U.S.

Hurley notices Fadorka's leg twitch.

JORDAN

Oh fuck.

Fadorka SPRINGS back to life.

Hurley and Jordan scream and hold each other as Fadorka rushes towards them.

CUT TO:

INT. UPPER OFFICE (19TH FLOOR) - NIGHT

The Improvisers crowd around Royce.

ROYCE

You guys have made it this far
because you... improvised your way
out of getting killed?

CHRIS/NATALIE/JERRY

To an extent./Somewhat./I shouldn't
have gone to a conservatory.

The guards can be heard coming closer.

SHAUN

Oh God--

NATALIE

(To Royce)

Dammit. How have you been getting
by the guards?

ROYCE

Hiding under my desk.

The group run back to Royce's office space.

SHAUN

Can we all fit in there?!

ROYCE

I barely can.

The guards sound as if they're getting closer.

JERRY

The ceiling.

SHAUN

Chris's fat ass won't fit up there.

CHRIS
What the hell, Shaun!

JERRY
We don't have a choice, everyone
up!

The guards hear noises coming from the office and go to investigate.

Natalie is the last one on the ground. Royce anxiously hides back under his desk as Jerry and the rest of the group (now in the ceiling) attempt to hoist Natalie up.

The guards gets **CLOSER**.

CLOSER

AND CLOSER

UNTIL...

Natalie throws her hands up and spins around to face the guards. Jerry and the rest of the gang retreat and watch.

NATALIE
Wait don't shoot! **I'm the editor!**

The guards keep their guns drawn directly at Natalie.

GUARD #1
You? You're Hank Richardson Jr.?

The group watches in anticipation and sheer terror.

NATALIE
Yes... it's a family name. And I know where the final cut you're looking for is.

GUARD #1
Who names their daughter Hank Richardson Jr.?

NATALIE
...Hank Richardson Sr.?

CHRIS
(whispering to Jerry)
She's doing great--

NATALIE
I'm sorry, I'm just a STUPID WHORE.

CHRIS
(whispering to Jerry)
Oh there's the overacting--

JERRY
(To himself)
Reel it back.

Guard #2 pulls out his walkie talkie, while Jerry quickly turns his off.

GUARD #2
Jed, we found the file. And the editor.

JED
Bring them to me, I'm on the 22nd floor. Fadorka, do you copy? I haven't been able to find you. Clock is ticking!

The group look at Jerry in anticipation. Jerry signals not to make any noises.

NATALIE
Hold on! I don't have the file literally on me... that's ridiculous. My... bodyguard has it.

GUARD #1
Bodyguard?

GUARD #2
You better stop bullshitting, sugar tits.

NATALIE
Sugar tits? What year are you from? I had a feeling somebody would come and steal it... good thing I planned ahead.

The guards move in closer with their guns still aimed at Natalie.

GUARD #2
Well, where the fuck is your bodyguard? Huh?

NATALIE

A couple of floors up. He's undercover. I tried escaping while he stayed behind and guarded the file. Duh!

Guard #2 puts his gun down and grabs Natalie by the neck.

GUARD #2

You're gonna take us to him. Or I will personally shoot you myself.

NATALIE

You got it... sugar tits.

CHRIS

(whispering to Jerry)

That insult didn't work, he's a man.

The two guards direct Natalie out of the office and to the upper floors. Jerry and Chris carefully make their way out of the ceiling.

Shaun falls through the ceiling and lands on Royce's desk. He quickly pops up with dust and chalk covering his body.

SHAUN

I'm okay! I broke your coffee mug, and fucking... laptop. Damn I think you had some mints too I may have crushed.

ROYCE

Shit! Really?

SHAUN

I'll buy you new mints, I'm sorry!

JERRY

They took Natalie! What are we gonna do?!

CHRIS

This dust is gonna give me CANCER!

JERRY

Focus! We need to save Natalie. Oh, who am I kidding, we're screwed!

Shaun runs over to Jerry and attempts to calm him down.

SHAUN

Hey boss--

JERRY

Why are you calling me boss--

SHAUN

Because you're the fucking BOSS,
boss! We gotta save our friends
now, not just the hostages, boss!

JERRY

Oh God I forgot about the hostages!

Royce goes to peak outside the office door, and spots two new
guards heading their way.

ROYCE

Guys, more guards coming this way--

SHAUN

Oh God-- Quick! Back to the
ceiling.

CHRIS

Oh, the one YOU fucking broke? I'm
the fat one?

SHAUN

I'm HUSKY okay?!

ROYCE

We can't all fit under my desk,
Remember!

CHRIS

Running out of time here--

JERRY

Okay, okay... follow my lead.

CUT TO:

The two new guards make their way into Royce's office to see
him, Chris, Shaun and Jerry laying lifeless on the floor and
sprawled over the desk.

NEW GUARD #1

Did you kill these guys?

NEW GUARD #2

No, must've been Lance and Terry.

They both begin chuckling.

NEW GUARD #1
Those fucking rascals. That
explains the shots from earlier.

Both guards leave and Jerry slowly begins to come back to life.

JERRY
Wow, that literally worked.

Chris, Shaun and Royce peak their heads up.

ROYCE
(whispering)
They're coming back!

They all act dead again. Like they're toys in Toy Story when Andy or any human enters the room.

The guards come back to the same spot they were just in.

NEW GUARD #2
I swear I heard something.

NEW GUARD #1
Should we shoot them again just in case?

Chris closes his eyes even tighter.

NEW GUARD #2
Nah. I'm trying not to kill anyone anymore.

NEW GUARD #1
I respect that. Wanna get Applebee's after this?

NEW GUARD #2
I'd like that yeah.

The guards leave and Chris lifts his head up.

CHRIS
I feel like I'm in TOY STORY.

Jerry, Chris, Shaun and Royce collect themselves from the close encounter.

ROYCE
Jerry, they're keeping the hostages on the gala floor.

JERRY

What the hell was Natalie thinking?

SHAUN

It doesn't matter, we just gotta go help her somehow right? Let's start a new game or scene. A distraction!

JERRY

I can't do this. She was right I can't be a part of a team...

CHRIS

What the hell are you talking about I thought you were like some improv guru? Just start a scene!

JERRY

(Annoyed)

Ya know it helps to know about your teammates before you start a scene. You can't just yell at them to start it!

The news sinks into Chris and Shaun as they look at Jerry in silence.

Jerry sits down and leans on Royce's desk.

JERRY (CONT'D)

I'm so used to doing this by myself I couldn't even tell you everyone's name on my last team. You need a leader, and I'm just a guy who knows how to make a scene all about himself.

Chris sits down next to Jerry. They sit in silence for a bit.

CHRIS

I'm a hypochondriac.

JERRY

What?

CHRIS

I... always convince myself of having the worst thing imaginable when it's really just heavy anxiety. And this one time I got really sick when I was younger, and vowed never to touch people again.

JERRY

I'm sure... that'll pass--

CHRIS

I was 13--

JERRY

Oh so you're really messed up--

CHRIS

A little bit mhm-- Look my point is, I'm trying here. To reach out.

Jerry finally understands.

JERRY

Well, I grew up an only child.

ROYCE

What are you getting at?

JERRY

My favorite thing to eat ever was a mayonnaise sandwich.

CHRIS

A what?

JERRY

It's a mayonnaise sandwich... just bread and mayo, that's it. So good.

ROYCE

What the hell?

CHRIS

Were you rationing? Was this during a war?

JERRY

Forget it, I was trying to bond with you.

SHAUN

Boss, for the record. I was having fun with our first and probably last class at the start.

JERRY

Really?

SHAUN

Yeah! And I'm... just trying to get my mind off my kid.

JERRY/CHRIS
You have a kid?/Someone had
consensual sex with you?

SHAUN
(shyly)
That's why I perform at talent
shows. I'm currently trying to get
my son to like me more.

Chris and Shaun look at each other then back to Jerry.

CHRIS
I've got your back.

SHAUN
I've got your back.

Royce looks at everyone awkwardly.

ROYCE
Sure yeah, I've got your back.

JERRY
I've got your back...
(to Royce)
And why the hell do you have a bomb
on your desk.

Royce looks at the C4 explosive with a digital countdown
apparatus attached.

ROYCE
It was a gift from this shitty
action movie I worked on.

Jerry gets up to inspect it.

JERRY
Looks pretty damn real.

ROYCE
It should, it's an actual prop from
the movie.

Jerry tosses the prop bomb to Chris who bizarrely catches it.

CHRIS
Hey! Never throw a bomb at a gay
man.

JERRY
(confidently)
I think our next scene is gonna
involve a prop... And I would've
thrown it at you even if you were
straight.

CHRIS
(sarcastically)
Oh that's progressive, thanks.

INT. REHEARSAL SPACE (24TH FLOOR) - NIGHT

Natalie enters the room with the two guards following.

NATALIE
Jordan! Where are you, my
bodyguard?

Jordan scurries out of the hiding spot with Hurley.

JORDAN
Natalie, we-- what in the shit?

NATALIE
There you are! My **body guard**.

GUARD #1
You're Hank's bodyguard? This guy?

JORDAN
What just because I'm black you
think I'm a bodyguard?

Everyone grows a bit more suspicious of the situation. Jordan
then spots the HINT in Natalie's expression.

JORDAN (CONT'D)
Well you're right because I am her
bodyguard.

Guard #2 turns his attention to Hurley.

GUARD #2
And who are you?

HURLEY
I'm her son

GUARD #2
You're her son? You look older than
her...

HURLEY

No.

GUARD #2

To what?

HURLEY

Yes, and.

GUARD #2

What?

NATALIE

(to the guards)

I took him to work, the sitter
hates him.

(to Jordan)

They found me trying to escape, we
need to give them the file.

Jordan takes it all in like a champ.

JORDAN

Right! Yes, the file. It's gone.

GUARD #1/GUARD #2

Gone?!/What do you mean gone!

JORDAN

It was stolen! By...

Jordan looks down at Fadorka's unconscious body.

JORDAN (CONT'D)

The same guy who beat up your boy.

The guards inspect Fadorka's body.

GUARD #1

Who did this?

JORDAN

Chris... Christopher Walken-- He
just came in, beat me and that guy
up and took your film.

A BULLET shoots right by Jordan's head hitting the window
behind him. BUT STILL NOT BREAKING IT.

JORDAN (CONT'D)

SHIT! That's a strong ass window.

Jed enters, wearing two jet black Chelsea boots. Dressed in all black with a chain peaking out of his small V neck. His snake tattoo is fully visible.

The room comes to a halt as he enters with two more guards.

JED

Now what would famous actor
Christopher Walken... want with **my**
movie?

INT. BALLROOM GALA - NIGHT

Jerry, Chris, Royce and Shaun poke their heads out from the corner and see a group of hostages.

Three guards keep everyone in check. While another blocks the entrance to the connecting room.

JERRY

I bet if we find the real file Jed
is looking for, he'd let everyone
go.

CHRIS

What? Your plan is to try and
reason? People with guns don't talk
things out. That's why they have
guns.

SHAUN

Jerry, I'm a Jew walking around
with a prop bomb and shitty
deodorant. This really isn't a good
day to die for me.

JERRY

You and Royce go find the actual
file, Chris and I will cause a
distraction for you.

CHRIS

I didn't volunteer--

JERRY

We gotta save Natalie.

Chris finally looks at Jerry in agreeance.

CHRIS

I'm volunteering.

Royce and Shaun split from Jerry and Chris.

CHRIS (CONT'D)
I'm really not into this plan,
Jerry. How are we gonna distract
the guards?

JERRY
Town hall. It's a big group game
but we can do it with two players.

CHRIS
I don't know that game.

JERRY
It's basically just a bickering
contest... something you and I are
good at in real life.

Jerry gets up to head to the center of the ballroom. Chris
stops him.

CHRIS
Just wait! God dammit. Jerry what
if I'm not funny.

JERRY
You don't have to be funny, we just
have to make a scene.

They both head for the center of the ballroom.

CHRIS
Holy fuck nuggets.

Guard #3 walks up to guard #4. The hostages remain nervous in
the background.

GUARD #3
Any word from Jed?

GUARD #4
Not yet--

JERRY
HEY!

Jerry points out Chris in the middle of the hostages.

JERRY (CONT'D)
I fucking **KNEW** I recognized you!

The crowd slowly starts making a circle around Jerry and
Chris.

CHRIS
(To himself)
Oh perfect.
(Yelling)
ME?!

JERRY
Yeah! It all just came back to me.

The crowd settles down a bit and waits for a response.

JERRY (CONT'D)
You're the asshole who rear ended
me on the 210 this morning! My...
child... is in the fucking... ER
right now! I'm an incredibly
wealthy and ANGRY man!

GUARD #4
Yo! What in the fuck is going on?
You guys wanna get shot?

JERRY
But now that I've got you in my
grasps I might as well use this
homemade...

Jerry pulls out the PROP BOMB.

JERRY (CONT'D)
Bomb!

The entire crowd FLIPS! They begin screaming and ducking
under tables. Chris rolls his eyes as the guard blocking the
door leaves his position to check on the situation.

ROYCE
Go go go!

Royce and Shaun head towards the now unguarded door to the
connecting room.

INT. REHEARSAL SPACE (24TH FLOOR) - NIGHT

The walkie goes off on guard #2.

GUARD #2
What's that? Are you fucking
kidding?!

Guard #2 goes up to Jed and says...

GUARD #2 (CONT'D)
One of the hostages just pulled out
an armed bomb.

JED
(suspecting)
It's famous actor Christopher
Walken. He must have built a
homemade bomb too.

Natalie, Jordan and Hurley look at each other in disbelief.

JED (CONT'D)
What the hell is he trying to do?
What's wrong with him?

NATALIE
Actors man... am I right?

GUARD #1
Sir, if he blows up the building
this entire thing will be for
NOTHING--

JED
DON'T GIVE ME THAT SHIT NOW. IF HE
DESTROYS MY MOVIE I'LL BE DEAD
ANYWAY. Hollywood just loves
fucking us over (beat) don't they?
We need to stop him.

Jed picks up his walkie.

JED (CONT'D)
Somebody take out WALKEN! Let's go.
Bring Hank and the hostages.

Jordan mouths to Natalie "what the fuck is going on?!" She
mouths back "I don't know!"

INT. BALLROOM GALA - NIGHT

Guard #4 reacts to Jed's walkie response in confusion.

GUARD #4
Walken?

Jerry and Chris continue to have their back and forth.

CHRIS
Just take it easy! I have a wife
and kids!
(MORE)

CHRIS (CONT'D)
Plus, you're ruining these other
guys plan to commit domestic
terrorism.

JERRY
I don't CARE! It's time for you and
everyone to DIE.

The guards attempt to move in closer but Chris stops them.

CHRIS
(to guards)
Don't worry. I can handle this.

Chris moves in closer to Jerry as everyone watches.

CHRIS (CONT'D)
Hey bud. Do you like mayonnaise
sandwiches?

JERRY
How... how did you know?

CHRIS
I think we might have a lot more in
common than you think.

Chris turns back to the guards and gives them a thumbs up.

GUARD #3
What the hell is happening.

EXT. EDITING BAY - NIGHT

Shaun and Royce crouch-walk into the editing bay. Royce
attempts to open the glass door...

ROYCE
It's locked! We're gonna have to
find the key--

Shaun hurls his leg right at the door and it shatters.

ROYCE (CONT'D)
Or just kick the fucking shit out
of it.

SHAUN
They must only use the strong glass
on the outside of the building.

They enter the editing bay. Which is full of computer monitors, shelves with files stacked on each other and movie posters everywhere.

SHAUN (CONT'D)
How come the bad guys didn't check here first?

ROYCE
They're not the brightest people, man. I think Hank's office is... this one.

They come face to face with a silver computer.

SHAUN
Do you know how to work this?

ROYCE
Dude, I just yell at people on the phone all day. This is new to me.

Shaun presses a letter on the keyboard and it boots up.

ROYCE (CONT'D)
Okay there we go!

The screen asks for a password.

SHAUN/ROYCE
God dammit/Fuck off Steve Jobs

INT. BALLROOM GALA - NIGHT

CHRIS
(to Jerry)
Where were you born?

JERRY
South Carolina, where they filmed Forrest Gump.

CHRIS
I'm not noticing any accent.

JERRY
HEY FUCK YOU BE NICE TO ME! My parents are from the North.

CHRIS
That's great. So you've got mayonnaise sandwiches, because you were rationing.
(MORE)

CHRIS (CONT'D)
And you grew up during the war. But
what about your love life, huh?

JERRY
My love life? Well, I've got a
great wife.

CHRIS
What's her name?

JERRY
Natalie. She's... she wants to be
an--

CHRIS
Actress.

JERRY
How did you know that? Did you guys
fornicate?!

CHRIS
Ew, no!

Jerry gives Chris a disappointed look after saying "no."

CHRIS (CONT'D)
I mean, YES! And I love me some big
booty hoes!

The crowd gasps at this reveal.

CHRIS (CONT'D)
(Unsure)
Not in the sexual way.

JERRY
What other way of fornicating is
there?!

CHRIS
The PG way... you see. I'm best
friends with your wife. We're
fornicating a friendship. And I
know your son, Shaun. Your father
Jordan, and even you're more
successful and attractive brother
Chris!

The crowd gasps again.

JERRY
What about my family dog, Hurley!

CHRIS

How could I forget him! I know more things about the people in your life than you.

JERRY

Does this mean I'm a failure?!

CHRIS

Currently, yes! But you can change. Just listen to them from here on out!

JERRY

They don't like me though. I'm selfish and bring bombs to formal events. The woman I'm married to--

The crowd gets uneasy once again. The guards get involved.

GUARD #4

WAIT! Who's married to who??

Chris points at Jerry.

CHRIS

He's married to Natalie! Aren't you following??

JERRY

She hates me, but deep down I know it's for good reasons... which is why I'm gonna END IT--

CHRIS

WHOA WHOA! Wait buddy! Just listen... I believe there's something you can learn from everyone in your life.

JERRY

Like what? Go into great detail.

CHRIS

Uh. Just because people fight, like we are right now. Doesn't mean they can't work well together.

JERRY

(calming down)

Natalie always used to tell me that.

Chris shakes his head in agreement and begins to move in closer.

CHRIS

She's right. Which is why I think the world brings people together for only the most important of reasons.

The crowd "awwwws" at the reveal.

GUARD #4

The hell does that even mean--

CHRIS

And the next time you enter a building carrying a C4 operated bomb, stop and ask yourself, did the guy who hit my car today really need to be yelled at... and threatened with said bomb.

Jerry plays along.

JERRY

Maybe you're right.

CHRIS

Well, I AM a doctor. I forgot to mention that earlier--

BAM! The crowd goes completely silent for a second... then Chris notices a red spot on his leg beginning to grow bigger and BIGGER.

Chris looks up to see JED and the rest of the improvisers looking at him. Jed has smoke exiting his desert eagle.

The crowd begins to scream.

NATALIE

CHRIS!

JED

That's how you solve problems.

CHRIS

Please tell me I had a red ballpoint pen in my pocket, that hurts--****

Suddenly Jed fires more rounds into the ceiling to shut the hostages up.

JED

Ladies and gentlemen! PLEASE.
PLEASE. You're giving me a headache
with all the God DAMN screaming.

He begins mimicking the hostages' screaming in an awkward fashion. Ending with a laugh.

JED (CONT'D)

We get it! You're scared. It's been
a long night for everyone... I just
wanna go home too, ya see? But I'm
not leaving without my movie. My
story... my fucking entire life.
Which all you people have taken
from me.

Jed grimaces at the crowd. Getting shockingly intense.

JED (CONT'D)

Each and every one of you.

Jed points his gun at a man in a nice button down with a sports jacket and jeans.

JED (CONT'D)

Producers.

He then moves to a woman and man both well dressed, wearing glasses.

JED (CONT'D)

Writers. Editors. Look at you...
all full of shit. And taking
advantage of a guy from a small
town. With a VISION and a STORY.
Which you then STEAL and claim as
your own. I'm looking for MY MOVIE.
And I KNOW who has it. He's in this
room.

The crowd looks around in anticipation wondering who Jed is talking about.

JED (CONT'D)

Where is famous actor Christopher
Walken?

The crowd along with Jerry now look confused as hell.

INT. EDITING BAY - NIGHT

SHAUN
Alright, now try. 123bigasstits.

ROYCE
I can assure you Hank's password
has nothing to do with tits.

SHAUN
Damn that usually works... try Ass--

ROYCE
(Annoyed)
Nor ass, or balls, or CLIT! What
are you 12?

SHAUN
This person's a dude, right?

Royce looks at a photograph on Hank's desk. He notices Hank
in a kayak with what looks to be his wife/girlfriend.

ROYCE
Hold on I bet I can just--

CUT TO:

Royce on his phone.

ROYCE (CONT'D)
Hank? Hey man. It's Royce from
work. I'm good how are you? That's
great. Listen, sorry to bother you
but the building is being taken
over by terrorists and I need your
computer password so I can give
them the cut of *Down the Riverside*.

Royce listens, then signals to Shaun to start typing.

ROYCE (CONT'D)
123big...tittylol69--

SHAUN
I told you, you God damn son of a
bitch.

Royce rolls his eyes.

ROYCE
That man went to Yale.

INT. BALLROOM GALA - NIGHT

Guard #4 heads up to Jed still waiting for an answer.

GUARD #4

Uh, Jed? There's no Christopher Walken here. Just some asshole with a bomb.

JED

Who are these guys? Why didn't you just shoot them?

GUARD #4

He's... holding a bomb.

Jed points his gun at Jerry.

JED

That's why you aim for the legs, idiot--

Jordan tackles Jed to the ground. His gun goes OFF! Causing the crowd to turn into a giant whirlpool of people.

Amongst the chaos, Jerry and the rest of the improvisers split. They grab Chris from the ground and head for the exit.

Jed and his guards attempt to shoot at Jerry but are overpowered by the chaos.

JED (CONT'D)

STOP THEM! Hank knows where the movie is--

Jed is able to spot Jerry, Natalie and the others meeting back with Royce and Shaun as they escape.

JED (CONT'D)

(To himself)

Royce?

Jerry and the rest of the improvisers leave the ballroom and end up in the...

INT. HALLWAY - NIGHT

SHAUN

Boom! Baby.

Shaun holds up a black flash drive.

JERRY

You really wanna go back to arguing
about the stupid cig juul debate??

SHAUN

No it's... it's da movie.

JERRY/CHRIS/NATALIE/JORDAN

Give it to Jed/End this please/Jed
needs that shit!/We gotta hide!

SHAUN

I can't just walk up to an angry
man with a gun!

Jed's voice appears on the walkie talkie.

JED (WALKIE)

Hank and ROYCE ADAMS must be
working with Christopher Walken!
They have the film! They're with
the fucker I shot! Find them! OVER.

JERRY/ROYCE

(To each other)

Oh shit!

CHRIS

I have a name too.

Hostages flow out of the ballroom. Now the chaos is
EVERYWHERE. Splitting up the improvisers.

Royce is then suddenly grabbed by a manic Jed.

JERRY

Royce! No!

Jed leaves with Royce as a hostage as the rest of the group
get lost in the pandemonium.

JORDAN

Quick! Down the stairs!

They run to the closest exit and spot guards on their way up.

JORDAN (CONT'D)

Never mind! Crazy white guys
spotted. Up the stairs!

Hurley and Natalie act as crutches for a now injured Chris.

The group quickly make their way up the stairs and into the
nearest office door.

INT. REHEARSAL SPACE (24TH FLOOR) - NIGHT

They calm down a bit and then realize.

JERRY
Are you kidding me.

NATALIE
We're back here again?!

HURLEY
This is one of the three circles of hell!

CHRIS
Actually there's nine circles of hell--

HURLEY
Says who?

CHRIS
I don't know, Dante?

Jerry walks up to Natalie. Chris lays down on a filing cabinet.

JERRY
They took Royce! Why do all my friends keep getting kidnapped.

HURLEY
I still have yet to meet Royce. Unless I did? I'm not sure, tonight's a mess!

NATALIE
Just wait! We still have their movie. They must've just taken him as leverage.

Everyone looks at Natalie in a "how do you know" sorta way.

NATALIE (CONT'D)
I've auditioned for a lot of shitty cop dramas--

SHAUN
What's the plan now, people? Hmm?

JORDAN
First off, can we play catch up for a minute?

NATALIE
Jed, still thinks Christopher
Walken has his movie.

CHRIS
Say what??

JORDAN
I... told Jed famous actor
Christopher Walken stole his movie.

SHAUN
Why? Would you guys do that?

NATALIE
I don't know! I was improvising and
told Jed and his guards that Jordan
was my bodyguard and that he had
the file of the movie! But then
Christopher Walken stole it!

CHRIS
When did THAT happen? Aw fuck it
I'm shot I don't care anymore--

SHAUN
We are literally right back where
we started.

The group wait for a response from anyone...

Jordan laughs, throws the walkie talkie to the ground, and
then slides down on the filing cabinet next to Chris.

JORDAN
You know there was a part of me...
that actually believed we were
gonna make it out of this.

NATALIE
Me too.

HURLEY
Estoy triste.

NATALIE
Can't say it was a total waste of
time though. I was able to take a
break from my routine of failing
auditions three times out of the
week.

CHRIS

That's how frequently I see my doctor. I know he thinks I'm a crazy person.

SHAUN

At least you don't spend your weekends doing talent shows to try and win your wife and kid back. Then coming in 2nd to that golden retriever that can howl along to the wind chimes.

HURLEY

Can't beat that dog family--

The sad mood wears everyone down until,

JERRY

Maybe that's why we all work well together.

JORDAN

Work well together? This entire night has been a fever dream! And now, we're gonna get shot by some hick while I just sit here do nothing. My family needs me! What the hell do you even see in us, man?

Everyone looks at Jordan as he goes off.

JERRY

I see a team.

(enthusiastic)

You can't give up in the middle of half time!

JORDAN

Oh please. No sport analogies.

JERRY

The spotlight in any improv game is like a ball, okay? You gotta pass it around every once in a while... like in basketball! Otherwise, there is no game. Pass that ball, Jordan.

JORDAN

We don't have a ball. We have a prop bomb. So who should I pass it to? The actress? The hypochondriac?

(MORE)

JORDAN (CONT'D)
The Chris Walken impressionist, the
crazy white guy, or--

Jordan is utterly confused by Hurley's persona.

JORDAN (CONT'D)
Hurley!

HURLEY
Nothing confusing about me. I'm a
normal, white American male of the
human species.

The group looks up at Jerry.

JERRY
It doesn't matter who you pass it
to. Because one of us will always
have your back. We're all so used
to being on our own. From
situations we're trying to fix, to
people we're trying to win back.
The reality of it is, we never ask
for help. And we're by ourselves.
Until right now... but we have to
come together.

This revelation gives the improvisers a spark of hope.

JORDAN
I've got kids, man. I wanna see my
family again.

Shaun looks at Jordan and takes in the situation, he walks
away from the group.

Natalie comes up to Jordan and puts her hand on his shoulder.

Chris then reaches out his hand to Jerry. As if he's waiting
for something.

JERRY
Chris? You want me to shake your
hand?

CHRIS
I'm with you. We can be the team
you're talking about.

Jerry helps Chris up after grabbing his hand. Chris is
finally reaching out... Literally.

CHRIS (CONT'D)
I also just needed help getting up.

JERRY
I'm out of ideas though guys.

The energy is about to be buried until,

SHAUN (O.C.)
I've got the ball now,
motherfuckers.

ALL OF A SUDDEN! Static from the Walkie can be heard. The group turns to see Shaun...

SHAUN (CONT'D)
(As Christopher Walken)
Jed? Come in. Jed.

The group turns to face Shaun on the Walkie.

JED
Well, well, well. If it isn't Mr.
Walken. I'm a huge fan--

SHAUN
(As Christopher Walken)
Sure yeah! That's great son!
Listen, I've got your flick. Ya
movie! Ya feature FILM. You know?

The group circles around Shaun in anticipation.

JED
Please sir. I have been screwed
over and over again by the
industry. You need to understand...
I just want it BACK.

SHAUN
(As Christopher Walken)
Alright. You have been heard, son!
So you're just gonna have to meet
me up on the roof. If ya want your
artistic statement! Your movie! BUT
YOU GOTTA DO SOMETHING FOR ME!

JED
What is it.

SHAUN
(As Christopher Walken)
When I meet ya up there, you gotta
let my good old pal Royce go!

Silence overtakes their conversation.

SHAUN (CONT'D)
(As Christopher Walken)
Jed?? SON?

JED
This is a deal I'm willing to make.
I never meant to hurt anyone.

CHRIS
Tell that to my damn leg!

NATALIE
Shh!

JED
You bring me my movie, I let Royce
go.

SHAUN
(As Christopher Walken)
Boo-Yah!

EXT. ROOFTOP - NIGHT

Jed and his guards hold Royce hostage as they wait for the
arrival of the helicopter.

GUARD #2
Why the hell is our plan being
FUCKED UP by CHRISTOPHER WALKEN?

JED
DON'T YOU GET IT! They're all after
original stories... even the
actors! And to think... I grew up
watching Mouse Hunt.

ROYCE
(To himself)
Fucking nutcase.

Jed points his gun at Royce.

JED
You really wanna get yourself into
more trouble?

GUARD #2
This is a trick, Jed. Something's
not right, dude.

JED
IF I DON'T GET MY MOVIE. I HAVE
NOTHING. NOTHING! Don't give up on
me now.

INT. REHEARSAL SPACE (24TH FLOOR) - NIGHT

The group helps Chris up from the ground. Jordan rips off a piece of his shirt and wraps it around Chris's leg.

JORDAN
What are we gonna do when Jed
realizes you're not actually
Christopher Walken?

JERRY
Shit, he's right. OKAY, I'm gonna
go up there and...

Jerry looks at everyone in the room. He slows down a bit and then takes a breath.

JERRY (CONT'D)
No, WE are gonna go up there. As a
team. And end this silly shit.

CHRIS
Hey Jerry... how tall would you say
the knocked out dude is?

JERRY
Let me see.

NATALIE
If Fadorka hasn't woken up by now
he might actually be dead.

Jordan and Hurley look at each other in embarrassment.

JORDAN/HURLEY
Nah.

Jerry goes over to inspect Fadorka.

JERRY
Are those bite marks?

JORDAN
It was an ugly fight. Hurley
started howling at the sky.

JERRY
He looks about six feet, Chris.

CHRIS
Hmm... same height as--

IMPROVISERS
Famous actor Christopher Walken.

JERRY
Time for a new scene. But we're
gonna have to bring our A game.

NATALIE
What if we can't?

JERRY
Natalie.

Jerry walks up to her with intense stride.

JERRY (CONT'D)
You're better than some stupid chap-
stick commercial.

Natalie looks as if she just snorted a line of confidence.

NATALIE
Let's do this.

EXT. ROOFTOP - NIGHT

Jed and his guards wait for Christopher Walken to arrive.

GUARD #2
Just think about this, Jed. I mean
what would a 70 year old actor want
with your movie anyway?

JED
I thought the same thing when I
gave over the rights to the idiots
who worked here.

GUARD #2
That's not the same thing at all.

ROYCE
He's rudely referring to me by the
way.

OUT OF NOWHERE, Jerry's hands pop up in a don't shoot me
fashion.

Jed and his guards aim their guns at him.

JERRY

Hold up!

Jerry reveals himself from the stairwell.

JERRY (CONT'D)

Howdy... I'm Jerry. Friend of Christopher Walken.

GUARD #4

Who's this asshole?!

JERRY

I literally just said my name is Jerry.

JED

No no! The deal was, Walken gives me my movie, then I let Royce go.

JERRY

You'll get your movie, but not from Christopher Walken.

JED

What the hell are you talking about?

JERRY

It takes a village to make a movie. You're stealing from a crew, Jed.

SUDDENLY Natalie and Jordan come out of the rooftop door and join Jerry.

NATALIE

From the editor!

GUARD #2

It's Hank!

Jordan lines up next to them.

JORDAN

Her bodyguard!

Chris and Shaun shortly follow Natalie and Jordan and join the line up as well.

SHAUN

Assistant colorist!

JED
 (To Royce)
 I should've never given you my
 story.

CHRIS
 (confidently)
 And I... was a PA on set!

JERRY
 And me. Craft services. You see,
 we're a lot like a team. You're
 stealing from all of us... and when
 we catch you, this is what happens
 to ya.

Jerry exits the lineup and moves in closer, he reveals to be holding a BODY.

JERRY (CONT'D)
 Mr. Walken tried doing the same
 thing. And let's just say--

Jerry throws Fadorka's unconscious body, wearing Hurley's
 clothes, to the ground. The guards and Jed are in SHOCK.

JERRY (CONT'D)
 He's not gonna be hearing anymore
 cowbell for a while. We fucking
 killed him if you catch my gist.

GUARD #2
 They're insane!

Jed starts crying a little bit but quickly wipes his tears
 away.

JED
 WHY WOULD YOU DO THAT! WHAT THE
 HELL DO YOU PEOPLE WANT?

Shaun holds up the juul-- I mean flash drive.

Jed becomes anxious. Like a dog looking at a treat.

JERRY
 You want your movie... you hand
 Royce over to me.

JED
 Or what?

Jerry backs up to the edge of the building holding the bomb
 and flash drive.

JERRY

Or I take one step back, and you
never see your movie again.

Jed looks back at his men. They have no idea what to do.

JED

You're bluffing!

JERRY

I thought you'd think so.

All of a Sudden, Natalie, Shaun, Chris and Jordan JUMP over the edge of the building behind Jerry. The guards and Jed FLIP OUT at the stunt.

JERRY (CONT'D)

We're pretty fucked up bruh! We've
been waiting to die, the economy's
bad, our life's suck! And what
better opportunity than this one!

JED

WHAT. IS. HAPPENING?!

JERRY

Go ahead and shoot me, I'll fall
over the edge with the entire
reason you're here. I'm willing to
do it anyway.

GUARD #4

Shit. They're a damn CULT!

JED

God damn liberal elites!

Jed slowly heads towards Jerry with Royce trapped in his grip.

JERRY

Drop the gun first! All of you.

GUARD #2

This is retarded.

JERRY

Really? It's 2020 and we're still
using that word?

GUARD #4

Fuck you!

JERRY

You're potty mouths. All of you.

Jed meets Jerry right on the edge of the building. Their hair sways from the intense wind.

Jed slowly hands over Royce as his other arm extends for the flash drive.

JED

I hope you're happy.

JERRY

We're not so different after all,
Jed. I know what it's like to feel
kicked out.

JED

I'm not the problem. It's everyone
else.

Jerry keeps his intense eye contact with Jed.

JERRY

I used to think that exact same
thing.

Royce is thrown against Jerry as Jed snatches the flash drive.

JED

There.

Jerry let's out a harsh exhale. Jed looks them in the eyes and,

JED (CONT'D)

Nice doing business with you.

BAM! Jed SPARTAN KICKS Jerry and Royce over the edge of the roof!

The guards are even shocked by Jed's action.

As Jed is walking away he takes a closer look at the flash drive... and realizes it's... **Shaun's juul**. He then puts it in his mouth and inhales. He exhales the vapor along with a...

JED (CONT'D)

NO!!

He rushes over to the edge and witnesses Jerry, Chris and the rest of the improvisers all on the window washer platform.

Hurley lifts Jerry up from the ground.

HURLEY
I've literally got your back.

Below the window washer are dozens of police cars and fire trucks. Now it's a party!

JED
Stop them! They have my movie!

Flood lights blind Jed and his guards as the improvisers SLOWLY make their way down back to the...

INT. OFFICE FLOOR (24TH FLOOR)

They all plop off the window washer platform through the tarp opening.

CHRIS
Literally fuck this room.

Natalie, Royce and Jerry help Chris down from the platform.

SUDDENLY! Jerry's walkie goes off again!

GUARD #2 (WALKIE)
Any signs of them?!

JED
Find them before they get down to ground level!

The improvisers panic.

SHAUN
They've got guys all over how are we gonna get out of here without them spotting us?

GUARD #4 (WALKIE)
Keep looking!

HURLEY
It's the walkie talkies! That's how they keep track of where everyone is!

CHRIS
If that's the case... could we flood out their communication?

JERRY
With what though?

Natalie comes to a realization.

NATALIE
Kiss me.

The rest of the group looks confused by her statement.

JERRY
Uh, Natalie you're very attractive
but we don't know each other too
well--

SHAUN
Time to shoot my shot.

Shaun pushes Jerry out of the way and awkwardly goes in for a kiss. Natalie instantly pushes him away.

CHRIS
Ew, no! The song, *Kiss Me*!

Hurley goes in to kiss Chris. Chris punches him.

CHRIS (CONT'D)
We've had zero chemistry this
entire time!

NATALIE
We can get it to play again and
drown out all communication between
Jed and his goons!

Jerry hands over the walkie talkie and Natalie runs to the faulty wiring.

EXT. OFFICE FLOOR (25TH FLOOR) - NIGHT

Guard #4 spots the group leaving from the other side. He pulls out his walkie talkie and aims his gun at them.

Right when he presses the talk button he hears...

GUARD #4
Jed! They're on the--

WALKIE TALKIE
*Swing Swing, swing the spinning
step. You wear those shoes and I
will wear that dress. Oh kiss me--*

GUARD #4
The hell?!

INT. REHEARSAL SPACE (24TH FLOOR) - NIGHT

Jerry's walkie talkie is jammed into the faulty speakers with the talk button taped down.

KISS ME by Sixpence None the Richer is now playing over all the walkie talkies in the building.

INT. HALLWAY - NIGHT

Jed stops and pulls out his walkie talkie after hearing the song.

WALKIE TALKIE
*Beneath the milky twilight. Lead me
out on the moonlit floor. Lift your-*
-

His guards stop behind him. His walkie talkie plays it too.

JED
How are they doing that?!

He tries fixing his walkie but to no avail. Jed throws it at the wall and it shatters into a million pieces.

GUARD #2
It's Kiss Me! My fucking girlfriend
loves this song--

JED
I don't care! FIND THEM BEFORE THEY
ESCAPE!

INT. BALLROOM GALA - NIGHT

Jerry and the rest of his troupe run out of the ballroom area. Hurley and Jordan help Chris along the way, as Chris sings along to the song.

CHRIS
*Strike up the band and make the
fireflies dance silver moon's
sparkling--*

JORDAN AND HURLEY
So kiss me.

Jerry looks back and laughs, Natalie and Royce join in.

As everyone runs across the ballroom floor they each look at each other and let out a smile. Imagine this moment in slow motion as "Kiss Me" plays over everything. Kinda cute, right?

They're finally a TEAM.

They make their way to the...

INT. STAIRWELL - NIGHT

They're almost to the bottom floor!

NATALIE

Hurry! The song's almost over!

They run into a small group of hostages and they shortly follow.

JORDAN

Come on! Follow us.

A hostage goes up to an injured Chris on their way down.

HOSTAGE #1

Oh! Doctor, thank God. My husband scraped his knee--

CHRIS

Bitch, I was shot in the leg!

Jordan gives Chris a disappointed look.

CHRIS (CONT'D)

I mean... just put some ice on it, he'll be fine.

INT. FIRST FLOOR - NIGHT

"Kiss Me" stops playing. The improvisers and remaining hostages FINALLY make it to the bottom floor. It all looks too familiar. They can see police lights and hear sirens out in the distance.

JERRY

Let's go gang!

Just as they are about to exit the front entrance, JED pops out from the receptionist desk!

Everyone screams!

JORDAN
How?! Were you just hiding there?

NATALIE
Please don't shoot us.

SHAUN
Can I get my juul back--

Jed loads his desert eagle at them, clearly out of breath from racing down all the floors.

Jerry reaches in his pocket and throws him the real flash drive.

JERRY
Wait here's your shitty movie! Now let us go.

Jed catches the drive and looks back at the group.

JED
Thank you. See, all I wanted was my movie back. I never meant to hurt--

BAM! Jed is shot in the leg by HURLEY. He lands with a THUD on the ground.

CHRIS
What?!

NATALIE
You had a GUN this entire time??

HURLEY
It was Fadorka's gun. I picked it up when we knocked him out, the first time.

CHRIS
Every single dilemma would've been solved if you used that. See I told you guys he's a republican!

HURLEY
No.

CHRIS
Uh, yes!

A POLICE OFFICER enters the building.

POLICE OFFICER
Freeze!

JERRY

We're just an improv troupe!

The group puts their hands up.

NATALIE

We're good guys!

JORDAN

Don't fucking shoot we just escaped these lunatics!

CHRIS

I'm a doctor!

POLICE OFFICER

Hurry! Please exit the building!!

EXT. PRODUCTION BUILDING - NIGHT

Police cars whizz by as fire trucks help the remaining hostages out from the building.

The improvisers and Royce wait patiently by an ambulance. Chris lays on a gurney, with Natalie by his side.

NATALIE

What a trooper.

CHRIS

My last remaining minutes on Earth and you're bullying me.

Natalie laughs.

CHRIS (CONT'D)

Oh boy. I think I may be a hemophiliac.

HURLEY

You're allergic to balloons?

CHRIS

Stop it, Shaun. I'm gonna bleed out. This is it!

NATALIE

Chris--

CHRIS

Everyone else got out of the situation fine, but of course! I'm the one who gets shot.

NATALIE

Chris...

Natalie signals down to Chris's hand, which is holding hers.

CHRIS

Oh.

NATALIE

You're stronger than you think.

She kisses the top of his head and hugs him.

CHRIS

Stop you're gonna mess up my IV--

CUT TO:

Jordan is talking to his wife on the phone.

JORDAN

I know baby... no I'm telling you
I'm okay. I think they might bring
us in for questioning. I love you
too.

Jordan hangs up and Shaun gives him a thumbs up.

SHAUN

It was great to meet you.

JORDAN

I wish it were under better... more
normal circumstances.

SHAUN

Hey makes for good stand up
material.

They share a laugh and are shortly approached by Hurley.

HURLEY

So, do you guys wanna get something
to eat?

A couple of seconds pass and Hurley is met with blank
expressions.

SHAUN

Like food?

HURLEY

Well yeah...

JORDAN

Sure.

SHAUN

Yeah buddy. Sorry I always just assumed you ate... metal or something--

BRADY

Dad!

Brady runs up to Shaun to give him a hug. KATHERINE (30's) follows behind him.

SHAUN

I missed you so much buddy! You should've seen me! I saved the day with these guys.

KATHERINE

Shaun...

Katherine looks at all the cop cars and building in awe.

KATHERINE (CONT'D)

What the hell--

SHAUN

It's a long BUT entertaining story.

They hug.

KATHERINE

I'm just glad you're okay. This is all over the news.

BRADY

It's a hot dog situation!

SHAUN

Actually it's pronounced hostage situation but it COULD be a hot dog situation if you and mommy wanna go get something to eat?

Katherine looks at Brady then back at Shaun, still in shock.

KATHERINE

(Disbelief)

Okay!?

As Jerry looks up at the building, he's approached by Royce.

ROYCE
That was fun.

Jerry turns around and smirks at his comment.

JERRY
And nobody's going to believe it.

Royce looks back at the rest of the improvisers.

ROYCE
Seemed to have made a decent group
of friends from the whole
experience.

Jerry looks back at them with Royce.

JERRY
I think you're right.

ROYCE
I'm gonna move. Like to the
mountains or something.

JERRY
That's random.

ROYCE
Yeah well... you know. I hear they
have good wings in Colorado.

JERRY
Where'd you hear that?

ROYCE
I made it up, I just wanna leave
the city.

Jerry and Royce walk up to the rest of the group.

CHRIS
Well if it isn't Mr. Mayonnaise
sandwich.

JERRY
Hey guys. Everyone okay?

HURLEY
All good here.

CHRIS
Not all good. Let's remember I was
shot in the leg.

HURLEY

Walk it off.

JERRY

Listen I wanted to say before we
all kinda... get outta here. I
wanted to say... uh.

The group stares at him.

JERRY (CONT'D)

Thank you. And I also wanted to
apologize for flipping out at you
at the start of rehearsal. You're
all so amazing at what you do... I
was lucky to be on your team.

Natalie nods her head.

NATALIE

Thanks, Jerry.

JERRY

Uh... I'm gonna get going. So I
hope to hear from you guys
sometime.

Jerry is uncomfortable, like he shouldn't be there.

He gives an awkward wave goodbye and starts walking away.

JORDAN

Hey wait...

Jerry turns back around to face the group.

JERRY

Yeah, Jordan?

JORDAN

When's our next practice?

Jerry lets out a sigh of relief. He smiles.

JERRY

Uh... I-- we would need a place to
rehearse.

SHAUN

How about a police station?

The group laughs and Shaun tries to get another word out.

SHAUN (CONT'D)
Just anywhere on the ground!
Anywhere safe please!

Jerry puts his hand out hoping to form a circle.

JERRY
Hands in the middle? The Avengers
do it.

CHRIS
That's when they go back in time I
never wanna go back in time.

Jordan, Hurley, Royce and Shaun add their hands in.

JERRY
Nat? Chris?

Natalie rolls her eyes... then adds her hand.

JORDAN
Come on, Chris.

The group slowly starts to chant "Chris, Chris, Chris!"

Chris puts his hand in, but a medic interrupts.

MEDIC
He really shouldn't be moving--

The troupe cheers and are met with strange looks from
everyone around them.

INT. TALENT SHOW - DAY

Natalie is in the middle of a giant spotlight, facing a crowd
of kids and parents.

NATALIE
So, can I please get a suggestion
for a location that can fit on this
stage?

Shaun, Jerry, Chris, Jordan and Hurley stand behind Natalie.

Brady and Katherine, as well as Jordan's family are in the
audience. People throw out things like "Movie theater!",
"Baseball game!", and "Taco Stand!"

NATALIE (CONT'D)
I heard taco stand! Chris and
Jordan, get out here!

MONTAGE:

JORDAN
I asked for no cheese on my
daughter's burrito, she's allergic!

Shaun pops up behind Jordan and pretends to suffocate.

CHRIS
She looks fine to me!

Chris gets a hefty laugh from the audience.

CUT TO:

HURLEY
Are you sure you two have what it
takes to be on my basketball team?

JERRY
I mean, just look at me.

NATALIE
I graduated from Yale, with perfect
grades and I smell like flowers.

They both turn their attention to Jerry.

JERRY
Just look at me.

Laughter and cheering give plenty of time for the improvisers
to smile at one another.

CUT TO:

They continue to play games and entertain the audience, kids
laugh, parents are brought up on stage as guests.

END MONTAGE:

Jerry looks at Chris when they aren't on stage and gives him
a thumbs up. Chris nods. Royce jogs from backstage into the
spotlight.

ROYCE
Give it up for The Improvisers!

The crowd gives a standing ovation!

Shaun looks over at a golden retriever sitting next to wind chimes. He smirks, then points at the dog.

SHAUN
(mouthing)
Fuck. You.

CUT TO BLACK: