

**REDSHIRTS**

Pilot

"Orientation"

Written by

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COLD OPEN

**INT. TRAINING VIDEO - MOVIE THEATER LOBBY - NIGHT**

Tracking lines work their way down the screen as old stock footage of film countdowns and cheesy 90s graphics play.

CHYRON TEXT: It Starts

Old film strips fade in and out.

CHYRON TEXT: With You

A static film strip slowly fades in with flickering images of two people walking up and CUs of coke, popcorn, tickets being torn, etc.

CHYRON GRAPHIC: NATO

FADE TO:

A couple watching a movie with other guests behind them.

ROY (O.S.)

Whenever you come to the movies,  
you come to a world of fantasy.

We pan down the aisle.

ROY (O.S.) (CONT'D)

You come to escape, to dream, to  
get away, to think, celebrate and  
rejoice.

A man walks in and hands a woman a coke. On screen we see a montage of old movies like "The English Patient," "Fargo," and "Jerry Maguire" run across the screen, dating this training video circa 1996.

ROY (CONT'D)

For those few hours you're here you  
put reality in the hands of someone  
else.

Insert shots of theater staff: tearing tickets, working concessions, sweeping the floors, etc.

**INT. TRAINING VIDEO = MOVIE THEATER - CONTINUOUS**

Guests exit the theater as Roy (25) and Angela (28) step forward wearing a billowy suit and long sleeveless blouse respectively.

ANGELA

But as an employee you're here to work. To do a job. You create the magic of the movies.

ROY

And it's the perfect combination of customer service, cleanliness, safety preparation, and proper presentation that make that magic happen.

Fade to black as text fades up.

CHYRON TEXT: Orientation, The Right Combination

Fade to Angela and Roy walking up in front of a screen.

ROY (CONT'D)

We'll talk about that proper presentation a little later on.

ROY (O.S.) (CONT'D)

We'll talk about that proper presentation a little later on.

The movie pauses and jostles up and down. We zoom away from the TV screen to...

**INT. UPSTAIRS OFFICE - DAY**

A considerably older ROY BARNES (now in his late 30s) is standing right next to the TV screen dressed in black slacks and a black shirt holding a clipboard with a shit eating grin plastered across his face.

He is talking to our hero BLAKE LEWIS, early 20s and another trainee ERIC MARSTON, late 20s. Blake looks at Roy and back to the TV screen. Eric is very clearly stoned with cracked, red eyes.

BLAKE

You're the guy in the training video?

Roy smiles clicks his tongue.

ROY

That's right. I was fresh off the boat in La La land. Got that gig within a week.

BLAKE

Wow, that's...

He's trying to not say what he means.

ROY

Pretty impressive I know. But trust me, I haven't let it go to my head.

BLAKE

What are you doing here? Do you still act?

Blake looks around at the dingy office. Roy bobs his head up and down.

ROY

Hollywood can be a cruel town. I mean I still go out for auditions, and my friends are always asking me to go to their classes or to try a new workshop.

(sotto)

But, this can be a very cruel town. Do you act?

BLAKE

No, I'm a writer.

ROY

Wow, excellent. I write as well. Just a few scripts here and there. I got into it a few years ago, it's pretty great.

BLAKE

Anything get produced?

ROY

Yup. Last year I put on a play I wrote. Hired the cast, got a theater, put on the whole shebang.

Blake looks at this pitiful man.

BLAKE

Cool.

ROY

We should swap work man. It's the only way you grow as a writer you know, letting someone hear your voice?

BLAKE

Yea I'll definitely think about it.

Roy looks from Blake to Eric.

ROY

We'll be in and out of here tonight  
to watch some more of this  
orientation video. And then we'll  
take a test. Sound good?

Blake sits in silence, and slowly looks over to Eric who just  
blinks.

ROY (CONT'D)

Who's ready for the first day of  
the start of their new life?

Beat.

ROY (CONT'D)

Great. Let's get going.

END OF COLD OPEN

ACT ONE**INT. ODEON LOBBY - DAY**

Roy steps up to the edge of the lobby flanked by Blake and Eric. Roy points over to the left at the box office where VALERIE and SAL (both mid 20s) are working and moves his arm clockwise naming people off.

ROY

That's the box office, where our guests get tickets. Valerie and Sal are the front line for the (air quotes) "Odeon Experience."

Blake looks over as Sal makes eye contact, sneering but also a slight "come on." Roy points towards concessions. At the counter are BAKER, MELINDA, ADAM, and ERIC A (early to mid 20s).

ROY (CONT'D)

There's concessions, where we make our profit. If you keep your nose to the grindstone, you may be able to work your way in after a few short months.

Blake and Eric M. look over at the employees. Baker gives Blake a head nod and Eric A. stares at Eric M. for some reason.

ROY (CONT'D)

Alright, let's head in.

Roy leads them across the lobby and up a short ramp that extends into a hallway with theater entrances on either side. They come up to the ticket drop where GIMANTE, late 20s and black, is tearing tickets. Roy, Blake, and Eric M. stand off to the side. Gimante takes a pair of tickets.

GIMANTE

Theater 3. Enjoy the show.

Roy immediately steps up.

ROY

Good job Gimante. But try and remember to tell them *all* the pertinent information.

Gimante gives Roy a look, then glances over to Blake. Another guest walks up and Roy takes their tickets.

ROY (CONT'D)

Good evening. You are here to see "The Flying Swan" at 5:00, and that's down the hall on the left in theater 4. Have a great night.

GUEST

Thanks.

The guest walks off and Roy watches them go before stepping back over to the trainees.

ROY

It's very important to remember what...?

Roy waits for Blake or Eric M. to answer. They stand in silence.

ROY (CONT'D)

*The right combination.* Don't worry, you'll get it. G - keep it fresh my man.

Roy holds out his hand for a fist bump. Gimante punches Roy's hand, and he recoils in pain.

ROY (CONT'D)

Tight, catch you on the flipside.

Roy tilts his head motioning they are moving on.

GIMANTE

(under his breath)  
Dopey ass bitch.

Roy walks down the hallway and into auditorium two - one of the larger theaters.

#### **INT. THEATER TWO - CONTINUOUS**

He gets to the end of the interior hallway and we find LUCIE, early 20s and pretty, and JOSH, early 20s but overweight and a nervous disposition, seating guests.

ROY

Lucie, Josh, these are a couple of our new hires.

Blake flashes Lucie a smile, and she grins back.

ROY (CONT'D)  
How about you two show them how  
it's done?

Roy, Blake, and Eric M. stand back as Josh steps up to a pair  
of approaching guests.

JOSH  
Good evening, may I see your  
tickets please?

The guests walks past Josh, who clenches his jaw and puts his  
chin down slightly.

GUESTS  
No thank you we know where we are.

ROY (SOTTO)  
That's OK Josh.  
(to Blake and Eric M.)  
He did exactly what he was supposed  
to, but sometimes the guests can be  
a little bit...independent.

Another guest walks up and Josh steps up right in front of  
him - blocking his path.

JOSH  
Good evening, may I see your ticket  
please?

The guest is a little bit startled but hands Josh her ticket.

JOSH (CONT'D)  
Thank you. It looks like you are in  
K20. Follow me please.

Josh leads the woman away and up the stairs.

ROY  
You see, the Odeon Experience is  
all encompassing. Yes it may seem a  
little old fashioned, but we take  
pride in the fact that we take care  
of the guest from start to finish.  
Lucie, if you please.

Lucie steps up as another guest comes in.

LUCIE  
Ticket please?

The guest hands her his ticket and Lucie leads them away.



ROY

Excellent, excellent. She didn't say everything but we can always improve. Isn't that right Josh?

JOSH (LOUD)

Absolutely. Best part of this job is finding new ways to excel.

Roy is oblivious to Josh's brown-nosing.

ROY

OK, here comes a guest. Blake, how about you give it a whirl?

Blake steps up as the guest nears.

BLAKE

Good evening. Ticket?

The Old Guest smiles and gives her ticket. Blake reads it but doesn't remember where the seat is.

BLAKE (CONT'D)

Um, L9. That would be...

Josh steps up and snatches the ticket.

JOSH

This way Ma'am.

ROY

Soooo close. But remember odds are on the left and evens are on the right.

BLAKE

Right.

Lucie walks back up.

LUCIE

It's OK, basic numbers aren't for everyone.

Blake gives Lucie a look.

ROY

Lucie, I'm going to leave these two with you guys for a little while. Set a good example for me OK?

LUCIE

Aye aye, Captain!

Roy laughs nervously and walks out. Blake makes sure he's gone.

BLAKE  
What's his deal?

LUCIE  
Who? Oh Roy - the overzealous coordinator who is only *so happy* to let you know what you've done wrong?

BLAKE  
The training video?

LUCIE  
Yep, that's him. The epitome of the typical Odeon employee. Has been or never was, trying to make it and delusional enough to believe he will.

BLAKE  
He was speaking along with himself in the training video.

Lucie stifles a laugh.

LUCIE  
That's right, he does do that.

Josh walks back up.

JOSH  
(loud)  
What's so funny?

LUCIE  
Nothing Josh. Indoor voice, Jesus.

Josh swallows his anger and looks for new guests. Lucie notices Eric M.'s vacant stare.

LUCIE (CONT'D)  
What's his malfunction?

BLAKE  
He was like this when he walked in. I think he got a little too blitzed.

Lucie waves her hand in front of Eric M.'s face.

LUCIE

Wow, talk about first day fuck ups.

Josh walks away with another guest, and a new pair is right behind them. Lucie just smiles and lets them pass.

BLAKE

You aren't going to seat them?

Lucie looks at Blake like "Is he serious?"

LUCIE

I'll let you in on an inside secret. The only way you can make it through the day without ripping someone's throat out is to limit your interaction with guests as much as possible.

Another guest walks up with a pair of tickets outstretched. Lucie barely glances and smiles.

LUCIE (CONT'D)

Back row, enjoy.

Lucie's smile drops immediately.

LUCIE (CONT'D)

It's not that hard. The truth is, they don't even really need us. We're just here because the owner of the company wants to seem better than everyone else.

BLAKE

I've never even heard of this movie, "Blackest Dawn?"

LUCIE

The managers do their best to find the most pretentious movies that nobody likes, but pretend they do to seem unpretentious.

An old man and woman walk up and put their tickets in Blake's hand. CU the ticket which is for "The Flying Swan."

BLAKE

Um, it looks like you're in the wrong theater.

Roy walks up the hallway.

OLD WOMAN

That's impossible, this is the theater we were told to go in to.

BLAKE

Right, but you see right here.

Blake points to the ticket.

OLD MAN

Don't tell us what it says, we know what it says. Just show us to our seats.

Blake hesitates. Lucie fights a laugh as Blake starts to sweat. Beat. Roy steps up.

ROY

Let me see if I can help you.

OLD WOMAN

Finally, someone who can actually do something.

Roy leads them out of the theater.

BLAKE

Why didn't they believe me?

LUCIE

You're just a Redshirt. Roy's a coordinator - people only listen to them and the managers.

Josh walks back up.

BLAKE

Are they always this bad?

LUCIE

If we're lucky - they aren't worse.

Josh jostles his way up front to usher the next guest - CHARLOTTE - to her seat. They walk away.

BLAKE

So, are you in school or something?

LUCIE

Oh - can't you tell? I'm going for a career at the spectacular Odeon. Roy isn't the only one with big dreams.

CHARLOTTE (O.S.)  
Help, help me!

Blake and Lucie both look over to the far side of the theater. Charlotte is spinning her arms looking for purchase, but clearly falling backwards. Josh is a few steps up and turns to look on in horror. As if in slow motion Charlotte falls down and slides to the bottom of the steps.

BLAKE  
Holy shit.

Lucie jogs over and squats next to Charlotte, Blake is close behind. Josh hurries down the steps.

LUCIE  
Ma'am, are you ok?

BLAKE  
What do we do?

Josh reaches the steps.

JOSH  
Ma'am I'm so sorry.

CHARLOTTE  
Why didn't you catch me?

JOSH  
Ma'am I couldn't have known.

CHARLOTTE  
My lawyer..going to call my  
lawyer...ohhhhh!

Josh looks at Lucie and Blake in horror.

JOSH  
Shhhh, Ma'am you're talking  
nonsense.

CHARLOTTE (LOUDLY)  
May as well have pushed me.

Guests start leaning forward.

JOSH  
Ma'am, MA'AM. Shhhh  
(whisper)  
Shut the fuck up.

Lucie and Blake Blanche.

BLAKE

Whoa.

LUCIE

Josh, are you crazy? She's hurt.

JOSH

I can't lose this job.

Josh leans in close.

JOSH (CONT'D)

Ma'am, if you don't shut your goddamn mouth, I swear to god.

LUCIE (TO BLAKE)

Go get someone!

BLAKE

Who?

LUCIE

Anybody.

(To audience)

It's OK folks, we have everything under control.

Blake runs out of the theater.

**EXT. HALLWAY - CONTINUOUS**

Blake blows past a guest and out into the hallway. Another coordinator, QUINN, in her late 20s and dumpy, walks past.

BLAKE

Excuse me--

QUINN

What are you doing outside of your theater?

BLAKE

I--

QUINN

I don't want to hear it. Back inside--

Quinn leans in to read Blake's name tag.

QUINN (CONT'D)

Blake. One of the new hires? Not the best way to start.

BLAKE

But a woman just fell inside the theater. She could be hurt.

QUINN

Why didn't you tell me?

BLAKE

I--

QUINN

Nevermind.

Quinn walks into the theater with Blake close behind.

**INT. THEATER TWO - CONTINUOUS**

Quinn and Blake walk over to Lucie, Josh, and Charlotte. Eric M. hasn't moved.

QUINN

Back away.

Lucie and Josh stand up and move away. Quinn takes out her walkie.

QUINN (CONT'D)

Manager in the office. We have a guest situation in theater two. Code 418.

MANAGER (VIA WALKIE)

Copy, calling an ambulance.

QUINN

Maam, are you alright?

CHARLOTTE

He pushed me.

Charlotte half points to Josh, and Quinn shoots him a dirty look.

QUINN (TO JOSH)

What happened?

JOSH

I was seating her, she was behind me, and then when I turned around she was already falling.

QUINN

Did either of you touch her?

JOSH

She latched on to me trying to get up.

GUEST (O.S.)

Somebody help her up.

QUINN

Ma'am, I'm not allowed to touch you for insurance purposes. The ambulance will be here soon.

CHARLOTTE

Oh god...hurts so much.

Roy comes in to the theater and freezes.

ROY

No no no. What is going on?

They all share looks.

LUCIE

(sotto to Blake)  
That's the Odeon Experience for you.

END OF ACT ONE



ACT TWO**FADE FROM BLACK****INT. TRAINING VIDEO - THEATER LOBBY - DAY**

Young Roy looks off screen for a moment before addressing camera.

ROY

Party!!

ROSS (O.S.)

No, past that - to the responsibilities.

The screen fast forwards and we cut away to reveal we are back in the original office.

**INT. UPSTAIRS OFFICE - CONTINUOUS**

Roy, Blake, and Eric M., are now joined by the Manager, ROSS MILLS, late thirties, pale, with glasses and a shabby suit.

ROSS

It looks like you boys have had a big first day. We hope to avoid situations like this, but hopefully this section of the orientation video will help you through this.

CU: TV screen, with out of focus patrons in their seats.

CHYRON: CUSTOMER ACCIDENTS.

ANGELA (O.S.)

If there is an accident involving a customer, offer comfort. But never administer first aid, and never admit fault. Unless you're a doctor or an insurance agent, you may not know the treatment required or who is to blame. We'll leave that to the experts.

Angle on: Ross, looking from the video to Blake and Eric M.

YOUNG ROY (O.S.)

If there is an accident, quickly send an employee to get the manager on duty.

Roy mouths along to the words on the screen. Ross pauses the video and Roy looks up with a smile at the others in the room.

ROSS

Now, Blake, you were sent to get the manager?

BLAKE

I...Quinn was the first person I saw.

ROSS

OK and can you tell me why you didn't immediately inform her of the situation?

BLAKE

I tried--

ROY

Blake, let's not make excuses, OK buddy? Quinn told us you were wandering outside of your theater.

Blake looks in surprise at Roy, and then to Ross. Beat.

BLAKE

I guess I should have told her immediately.

ROSS

Good, now since it's your first day we won't put this on your record. But if you want to be a part of the Odeon family, you're going to have to step it up.

Roy puts his hand out at his waist, then raises it to above his shoulder.

ROSS (CONT'D)

I'm glad we settled that. Roy, carry on.

ROY

Yes sir, thank you Mr. Mills. I'll get them in shape.

Ross doesn't acknowledge Roy as he exits the room.

ROY (CONT'D)

Ok, back to the video. Let's jump to the section on Usher Duties.

Roy rewinds the tape.

ROY (CONT'D)  
Now pay attention, because this is  
really important.

FADE TO:

**EXT. THEATER FIVE DOOR - LATER**

Roy, Blake, and Eric M. are standing at the door exit  
greeting.

ROY  
Goodnight, hope you enjoyed. Good  
evening. Have a wonderful night.

Roy turns to the guys.

ROY (CONT'D)  
You see, we don't just leave  
customers to walk out without  
thanking them for coming. All part  
of the--

Roy waits expectantly.

BLAKE  
Odeon experience?

ROY  
Right-O.

SELENE, another usher, early twenties and Hispanic, walks up.

SELENE  
Hey Roy. A guest wants to speak to  
a manager.

ROY  
Is it urgent?

SELENE  
I suppose. They were talking about  
never coming here again.

ROY  
Blake, Eric, can I trust you two to  
handle this?

Blake and Eric M. don't answer.

ROY (SERIOUS) (CONT'D)  
Can I trust you?

BLAKE  
Yea.

ROY  
Good. Selene, lead the way.

Blake and Eric M. turn back to the customers.

BLAKE  
Good night.

Guests filter up, and another floor staff member walks up -  
ALEXIS LANE (19 and conniving).

BLAKE (CONT'D)  
I hope you enjoyed-

An old man walking by looks at Blake.

OLD MAN  
I didn't enjoy the movie. It was  
terrible, I don't know why you  
people recommended it to me.

Blake freezes.

ALEXIS  
So sorry about that sir. We hope  
you have a better experience next  
time.

Blake looks back at Alexis, who gives him a dirty look before  
walking away. EVAN GARDNER (early 20s and charming) walks out  
of the next theater over.

EVAN  
You'll want to watch out for that  
one.

BLAKE  
How's that?

EVAN  
Alexis, she's Quinn's crony. I hear  
you're already on her bad side.

Blake looks back and sees that Alexis is now talking to  
Quinn, who looks over in Blake's direction.

BLAKE  
I didn't do anything.

EVAN

I know, but it doesn't matter. Quinn wants to move up to manager, and Alexis wants to become coordinator. They're blood sucking Harpy's. How's your first day?

BLAKE

Shit man, when that woman fell, it was like a bad dream.

Evan starts chuckling.

EVAN

What I would have given to be there. What's your deal, you go to school or something?

BLAKE

Na, graduated last year.

EVAN

Actor?

BLAKE

Writer. You?

EVAN

Actor, and I write a little bit too. So, you have any favorite movies?

Evan waits for Blake to respond. Blake can tell this is a test.

BLAKE

I'd have to say I really like PTA, and Scorsese.

Evan smiles and holds out his hand.

EVAN

I'm Evan.

BLAKE

Blake.

They shake as Roy walks back up.

ROY

Back to your theater Evan - come on now let's set a good example for the new hires.

Evan walks away.

ROY (CONT'D)  
I want you two to go over to  
theater six and seat for a while.  
Let me know if you have any  
problems OK? I'll back in a little  
while to send you on break.

Roy walks away and we cut to --

**INT. THEATER SIX - CONTINUOUS**

Blake stands trying to usher guests to their seats.

BLAKE  
Hello ticket pl--

A couple of passing old ladies clutch their tickets to their chest and scurry away. A young man walks up.

BLAKE (CONT'D)  
Ticket?

YOUNG MAN  
Ticket, what for?

BLAKE  
To take you to your seat.

YOUNG MAN  
Why - it's right there.

BLAKE  
Right, enjoy the show.

A middle aged couple walks up.

BLAKE (CONT'D)  
Tickets?

HUSBAND  
No thanks we know where we're  
going.  
(sotto)  
Fucker.

Blake does a double take. An older woman in her 50s, MARGE, walks up.

BLAKE  
Hello, ticket please?

MARGE

Oh, are you going to *take me* to my seat?

BLAKE

Yes ma'am.

Marge turns around and sticks her butt up at Blake.

MARGE

It's just in my back pocket darling. You can go ahead and grab them.

BLAKE

Um, Ma'am I'm afraid I--

MARGE

Oh come on, I won't tell anyone.

BLAKE

I'm sorry I can't.

MARGE

Suit yourself...fag.

Marge walks away with a huff.

LUCIE (O.S.)

Hahaha.

Blake looks at Lucie who is in stitches. She walks up.

LUCIE (CONT'D)

Priceless. And here I thought you would have taken a handful of that sweet ass.

BLAKE

You know it took everything to hold back.

LUCIE

So, you've seen pretty much the whole theater?

BLAKE

I guess so.

LUCIE

Even the back hallways?

BLAKE

No, why?

LUCIE

No reason. That's just where employees fuck sometimes.

Blake looks to Lucie who steps up to a guest and ushers them to their seat. Blake looks to Eric M., who is still out of it. A guest walks up and spills her popcorn.

GUEST

Oh no, would you look at that.

Lucie comes back.

LUCIE

Not to worry Ma'am. Blake, go in the back hallway and grab a broom and dustpan, would you?

Lucie points towards a door and Blake heads back that way.

**INT. BACK HALLWAY - DAY**

The door closes behind Blake. He is standing in a long gray hallway with piping along the ceiling and flickering fluorescent lights. Somewhere in the distance heavy machinery powers up. Blake looks around for a broom - doesn't see anything - and rounds the corner. He spots one further down.

He goes to pick it up.

MANUEL (O.S.)

Hey, gringo!

Blake jumps in fright and looks over his shoulder. Out of the shadows steps MANUEL ESCOBAR, 30s - one of the Hispanic porters.

MANUEL (CONT'D)

What do you think you're doing?

BLAKE

I - somebody spilled popcorn.

MANUEL

So you think you can just take the first broom you see, and no one will care?

BLAKE (FLUSTERED)

I'm sorry, is this yours?



MANUEL

No, it's not. But it could have been.

BLAKE

So, can I take it?

MANUEL

Sure, but be careful. You never know who might be watching.

Manuel retreats in to the shadows as the machinery in the distance releases a large growl.

BLAKE

What the?

He shakes it off and heads back to the theater.

**INT. THEATER SIX - CONTINUOUS**

Blake walks in and sees Roy is waiting with Eric M. Roy is near the seats and can't see down the hallway that leads into the theater.

ROY

Blake, where have you been? When I came in Eric was gone, just in the bathroom, but you should have covered.

BLAKE

I went to get a broom - there was a spill.

Blake arrives to see no popcorn is in sight. Lucie walks up, hidden, and hears that Blake is being admonished.

ROY

You wouldn't be trying to shirk your duties on day one, would you?

BLAKE

No. I...

Beat.

LUCIE (O.S.)

(whispered)  
I know that we need to all be on our best...

Blake hears Lucie. Roy stands there listening.

BLAKE

I know we all need to do our best.

LUCIE (O.S.)

I heard a guest comment on how  
dirty the floor was.

BLAKE

A guest made a remark on the floor  
being dirty.

LUCIE

We want to set the stage for movie  
magic.

BLAKE

Next time I'll make sure to set the  
stage for movie magic more  
efficiently.

Beat.

ROY

Well, good. Very good. So, you two  
can go on break now. The break room  
is upstairs right next to the  
office. Can you get there?

BLAKE

(fighting a grin)  
Yes, I can get there.

ROY

Great. I'll see you in fifteen.  
Meet me in the upstairs office  
after you're done.

Roy waits in the theater as Roy rounds the corner with Eric  
M. Lucie has disappeared, but Evan is walking up.

EVAN

Come on man - let me show you the  
bottomless pit of ennui and despair  
that is the break room.

END OF ACT TWO

ACT THREE**EXT. THEATER SIX - DAY**

Evan and Blake walk out of the theater.

BLAKE

What's the deal with the porters -  
do you know Manuel?

EVAN

Oh, him. Yea you don't want to piss  
off the porters. Especially Manuel.

BLAKE

Are you serious?

EVAN

Yea, he's a little out there. The  
porters make sure your theater gets  
cleaned. And if you piss them off  
they make a habit of coming late.

BLAKE

Damn.

EVAN

Yea.

They walk past the ticket drop and Evan shakes Gimante's  
hand.

EVAN (CONT'D)

So I guess you've seen everyone  
about now?

BLAKE

Who are those people in the white  
shirts?

Evan looks to the right at the Concierge at CLAUDIA HAYES and  
ANDY CLEMENS (late 20s and 30s). Evan shares a look with  
Claudia, who smiles back.

EVAN

That's concierge. They have to deal  
with all the pieces of shit  
otherwise known as guests. Changing  
seats, buying advanced tickets,  
customer complaints. Those poor  
bastards.

BLAKE  
They're higher up than  
coordinators?

EVAN  
Yep.

Evan leads Blake behind the Concierge so he can clock out. In the background Claudia deals with a guest.

GUEST (BACKGROUND)  
No I don't want a complimentary  
popcorn. I want you to get your  
head out of your ass and do your  
job!!

Evan and Blake turn. Beat. A muscle in Claudia's cheek spasms.

CLAUDIA  
Of course sir, right away.

Evan and Blake head across the lobby.

EVAN  
And then you have the managers.

He tilts his head to the other end of the lobby where ERIN, BRENT, and JIM are all standing around watching everything. Brent turns and accidentally runs into Jim.

EVAN (CONT'D)  
You'll notice how three of them are  
standing with their thumbs up their  
asses?

BLAKE  
Yea?

EVAN  
The others are in the office  
checking their emails. They're  
pretty much worthless.

Evan and Blake head upstairs.

**INT. UPSTAIRS LOBBY - CONTINUOUS**

Evan and Blake walks up towards STEVE COOPER, late 60s with glasses and balding, greasy gray hair. Steve starts moonwalking backwards and does a spin.

BLAKE  
What's his deal?

EVAN  
Oh you mean Steve? He's just...

Steve walks up.

STEVE  
Hey Evan.

EVAN  
Hey Steve.

Steve walks up and holds out his hand for a fist bump.

STEVE  
Friends?

EVAN  
Sure Steve, friends.

Evan returns the fist bump as Blake nods towards Steve. They walk away.

EVAN (CONT'D)  
A girl here actually talked to him once - apparently he used to run a company back in the 60s, very Gordon Gecko, but then he got hardcore into Weed and Acid and lost his mind.

Blake chortles.

EVAN (CONT'D)  
No seriously. He'll tell you that he lost his mind...and he's still looking for it.

Beat. They both crack up and walk back through a hallway and into--

**INT. BREAK ROOM = CONTINUOUS**

The break room. A cramped room with a counter on one side and a few chairs, with lockers on the other wall. The room forms a triangle, with the door on one point and an old CRT TV on the other. A mountain of tapes is under the TV which is playing CLUELESS.

Faces we've seen before are sitting in the break room, including Eric M., and Selene, Lucie, Eric A., Baker, and Adam.

EVAN

Please, please, don't get up on my account.

SELENE

Evan, you act like we all care.

Evan smiles and sits down, drawing up a chair for Blake. Eric A. leans over and stares at Eric M.'s name tag.

ERIC A.

I can't believe this shit.

EVAN

What's wrong?

ERIC A.

Another fucking Eric. That's five of us now.

BLAKE

There are five Erics here?

EVAN

(to Blake)  
It can be a touchy subject.  
(To Eric A.)  
I'm guessing that's a problem?

ERIC A.

Fuck you man, try having four other people with your name. And the coordinators all think we're the same person.

SELENE

Eric, you just have to stand out.

EVAN

He wants to make a go for coordinator.

ERIC A.

And how am I supposed to that when I'm just another Eric, huh?

BLAKE

People actually want to be coordinator?

EVAN

Sadly, some have turned to the dark side.

BLAKE

Does it pay better?

EVAN

Nope.

BLAKE

How long has Roy been here?

EVAN

I've asked some of the lifers, and they say he started a few years after that training video, when times got tough.

BLAKE

He keeps looking to me to see if I'm impressed.

EVAN

I think that's kind of all he has.

Evan looks over at the TV.

EVAN (CONT'D)

Please can we take off this fucking movie? Every time I come in here it's this shit.

Evan gets up to change the movie.

LUCIE

No don't, I want to finish it.

EVAN

Fuck that. It's Blake's first day, so we're going to give him a classic.

Evan puts in the movie. It's preset on the title of BACK TO THE FUTURE.

BLAKE

Great movie.

EVAN

Very good sir.

Just then Alexis (Quinn's cronie) walks in. The room goes silent as she steps over to the lockers and gets something out. Only when she leaves does someone speak.

EVAN (CONT'D)

Don't worry Blake, we're hoping to exterminate that rat as soon as possible.

Eric A. walks over to the fridge and pulls out a large glass of green, murky looking juice. He opens the bottle and is about to drink it when he stops and looks at Eric M.

ERIC A.

Hey man, you must be pretty hungry. Care for a hit?

SELENE

Eric don't--

Evan's eyes go wide and he motions for Selene to stop talking. Eric M. blinks and looks at Eric A.

ERICA A.

It's the fucking best man. It fills you right up.

LUCIE

Jesus Christ.

Eric A. hands Eric M. the glass.

BLAKE

What is it?

EVAN

It's a detox cold pressed juice. Apparently it cleans you out, and if you hit it too hard it comes right back up.

Eric M. pauses. The room goes silent. Beat.

Eric M. chugs the whole drink. Lucie's jaw drops and Eric A. looks on in glee. Eric M. immediately starts to sweat and wobbles a little bit. Beat.

Eric M. gives a small burp and turns his head towards the TV screen.

EVAN (CONT'D)

So close. You better eat up - the break goes quicker than you think.



Blake starts to eat as the BTTF's signature music plays in the background. Blake goes takes a bite of his sandwich.

EVAN (CONT'D)

Aaaand that's your break.

BLAKE

What the fuck? Guess we better get going, I don't want Roy to find more words to live by for us.

Blake and Eric M. get up and head out.

EVAN

Stay strong soldiers.

### **INT. UPSTAIRS OFFICE - CONTINUOUS**

Blake opens the door to see Roy sitting in front of the TV screen watching the Orientation video. His younger self is addressing camera.

YOUNG ROY

And remember, if you can believe it, you can achieve it.  
(Raises his hands up)  
Make the magic real!

Roy rewinds the tape and it plays through again. Blake sees that Roy is lightly sobbing.

BLAKE

Um, Roy?

Roy pauses the camera and turns around.

ROY

Blake - what are you doing here?

Blake turns back and sees Eric M. didn't come in.

BLAKE

You told us - I'm here for the rest of training?

ROY

Right. I was just going through the video, making sure it was cued up.

BLAKE

Well it's um, pretty great.

ROY  
Really?

BLAKE  
Sure.

Roy smiles and wipes his cheeks.

ROY  
We're done for the night. I'll walk  
you guys out.

Roy and Blake head out the door.

**INT. LOBBY - NIGHT**

Roy, Blake, and Eric M. walk to the center of the lobby.

ROY  
You'll want to take these.

He hands them two pieces of paper.

ROY (CONT'D)  
They're your parking passes to get  
out for the day.

Blake misses putting his ticket in his pocket and Manuel  
silently walks by and sweeps it up. Steve dances through the  
frame in the background.

ROY (CONT'D)  
So guys, how was your first day,  
did you get a taste of the Odeon  
Experience?

Eric M. doubles over and puts his hand to his mouth.

ROY (CONT'D)  
Whoa there fella, are you alright?

Eric M. leans back up and wobbles slightly.

ROY (CONT'D)  
Easy, take it easy.

Blake and Roy both take a half a step back. The floor staff  
working concessions all look over. Lucie walks down the ramp  
from the theaters. Eric M. dry heaves.

ROY (CONT'D)  
What's happening?

BLAKE

He drank something earlier - they  
said it was a a detox.

Eric M. dry heaves again, then shudders, covered in a flop  
sweat. He stands as though fine.

ROY

You had me scared there for a  
second. Try and rest up. Tomorrow  
I'm going to show you behind the  
scenes of concessions. There's  
nothing like the smell of popcorn  
in the morning. (chuckle)

Eric M.'s eyes go wide and he -- vomits all over Blake. All  
the concessions staff starts laughing and Blake stands there -  
stunned. Lucie brings her hand to her mouth.

ROY (CONT'D)

Oh boy. Blake, don't move. I'll be  
right back with some paper towels.

Roy starts to walk off as Lucie walks up.

ROY (CONT'D)

Porters - some help please!

LUCIE

Looks like you get to take a bit of  
the Odeon home with you.

Blake gives a false smile, and looks at Eric M.

BLAKE

Nothing - you have nothing to say?

Eric M. looks up at Blake and holds up his finger as though  
to say something. Then he doubles over and pukes again on  
Blake's shoes.

BLAKE (CONT'D)

Great.

END OF ACT THREE

TAG**EXT. PARKING GATE - NIGHT**

Blake pulls up to the exit of the parking lot, dried vomit down the front of his shirt. He puts in his parking ticket. The kiosk reads "Charge: 10.00." Blake starts patting his pockets looking for the pass.

BLAKE

Oh no - come on.

LUCIE (O.S.)

You should get out while you still can.

Blake looks over his shoulder.

BLAKE

What?

Lucie walks up and taps her laminated parking pass to the machine, opening the gate.

LUCIE

If you're smart you'll never come back.

Blake thinks for a moment.

BLAKE

Then how will I ever learn more about all the fucking that goes on in the back hallways?

Lucie smiles for a second then walks away. Blake smiles too and starts to pull away. The arm comes down on his trunk and scrapes it. Blake looks in the rear-view mirror as Lucie turns in shock. His eyes close and his head falls back against the headrest.

BLAKE (CONT'D)

Fuck.

END OF SHOW