

MY SISTER'S PSYCHOSIS

Pilot

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Draft 1  
7.12.08

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ACT ONE

FADE IN:

EXT. STREET - NIGHT

WENDY WOODWARD, early 20s, Korean, small and scared, wanders through abandoned streets.

WENDY  
Eli? Eli. Eli?

No sign of anybody. Wendy is clutching a big piece of meat.

WENDY (CONT'D)  
Eli? I have the mutton you wanted.  
I think it's mutton. I'm not sure.

MUTTON (O.S.)  
Eli will be dead soon.

Wendy examines the mutton. It has eyes and a mouth.

WENDY  
What did you say Mutton?

MUTTON  
I am dripping with trans fats. I  
will kill your brother, just like I  
killed your father!

WENDY  
Nooo!

Wendy slams the mutton against ground. Splat.

CUT TO:

EXT. STREET - EARLY MORNING

Wendy wakes up, wide-eyed. She's slumped next to a dumpster in a nasty alley, alone.

INT. OFFICE - EARLY MORNING

ELI WOODWARD's head is on his desk. Eli is a few years older than Wendy. He's asleep, and has been since last night.

Ring ring.

Eli starts awake. Bewildered, he rises and surveys the empty office. Can't believe he fell asleep.

Ring ring.

Eli pulls out his cell phone. A look of panic.

ELI  
(on phone)  
Wendy?

EXT. STREET/OFFICE INTERCUT

Wendy is in the same position as we left her, on the phone.

WENDY  
I'm lost.

ELI  
Oh my god. Where are you?

WENDY  
I'm lost.

Eli glances at his legal pad. It's covered in doodles of dinosaurs, creatures, monsters.

ELI  
I'm so sorry.

WENDY  
It's not your fault.

ELI  
I fell asleep at work -

WENDY  
You don't have to explain.

ELI  
I'll come get you. Can you give me  
some kind of landmark?

Wendy looks around.

WENDY  
There's a rat.

Eli winces. He chews on a thought, tries to say it twice before finally getting it out.

ELI  
Hey sis.

WENDY  
(tearing up)  
Yeah.

ELI  
We've gotta see a doctor.

Wendy hangs up. Eli doesn't look shocked at all. He looks at the computer clock - it's 6:13AM.

Eli pulls a beat-up business card from his wallet. Scans it, dials a phone number, then hurriedly leaves. On the desk, amidst the doodles, the abandoned card sits.

ELI (O.S.) (CONT'D)  
(leaving a message)  
Hi, my name is Eli Woodward, and  
I'm calling to make an early  
appointment.

The card reads: THE DOCTORS MARCH, M.D. Ph.D. PSYCHIATRY,  
NEUROLOGY.

TITLE: MY SISTER'S PSYCHOSIS

INT. ELI'S CAR /EXT. WENDY'S STREET/TITLES

Eli winds his way through the city. Wendy waits, at first tearful, then increasingly more upbeat.

EXT. STREET

Wendy closes her phone as Eli pulls up. He emerges from the car, looks at his sister. He hugs her desperately.

WENDY  
Hey, hey.

Wendy pushes him away, looks at him queerly.

WENDY (CONT'D)  
I think somebody needs a little...  
(bursts into song, dance)  
*Good morning! Good morning. You  
slept the whole night through,  
Good morning! Good moooorning. To  
you! And you and you and you!*

Wendy dances into the car.

INT. PSYCHIATRIST'S WAITING ROOM

Wendy and Eli sit in the waiting room, together but alone. There's a RECEPTIONIST but she's sleeping. They've been there a while, and they're bored. Eli looks despondent.

There's a lamp next to their chairs. Wendy takes it, holds it like a stuffed animal. No reaction from Eli.

Wendy removes the lamp shade, replaces the lamp, and puts the shade on her head.

WENDY

What if I woke up one day like  
this?

Eli looks straight ahead. Wendy gets up, starts dancing.

Eli can't help himself. He breaks, and a weight is lifted from his shoulders. Wendy continues to dance, bumping into chairs.

DR. DERALD MARCH, an imposing man in his late 30s, enters.

DR. DERALD

Eli and Wendy Woodward?

Wendy immediately removes the lamp shade. She shakes the doctor's hand with confidence.

WENDY

Doctor March, thank you so much for  
seeing us so early. Eli and I  
really appreciate it. Isn't that  
right, Eli?

Derald turns to Eli, who is stabbing Wendy with his eyes.

DR. DERALD

(slow, overkind)

Eli. It's nice to meet you, Eli.

Eli stands, grasps Derald's hand.

ELI

The pleasure is mine, Dr. March.  
You probably don't remember, but we  
met with you and Linda when we were  
in foster care, about ten years  
ago.

DR. DERALD  
 (nope)  
 Of course.

WENDY  
 (wearing lamp shade again)  
 I don't even recognize this place.

ELI  
 Well, thank you for accommodating  
 us this morning.

Derald slowly double-takes between Eli and Wendy. The lamp shade is on a chair.

WENDY  
 (helpful)  
 I'm the patient.

INT. PSYCHIATRIST'S OFFICE

Wendy and Eli sit in big mahogany chairs, mutually uncomfortable. Across a big desk sits Dr. Derald. There's an empty seat next to him.

DR. DERALD  
 I'm just waiting for my wife.

Wendy looks around the room.

WENDY  
 You two must love each other very  
 much.

Dr. Derald stares at Wendy. More silence.

The door behind Wendy and Eli swings open, and DR. LINDA MARCH - 30s, slight, humorless, and frazzled - enters and takes the empty chair.

DR. LINDA  
 Sorry to keep you waiting.

DR. DERALD  
 That'll be fifty dollars.

DR. LINDA  
 What? No it won't -

DR. DERALD  
 It was a joke -

DR. LINDA  
I don't get it.

DR. DERALD  
You had to be here for the setup -

DR. LINDA  
(forcefully, to Wendy)  
Hello. I'm sorry. I'm Dr. Linda  
March, M.D. psychiatry. and this is  
Dr. Derald March, Ph.D. neurology.

DR. DERALD  
I'm the brain, she's the yawn.

DR. LINDA  
Never gets old.

Wendy is enjoying their dynamic.

WENDY  
Ten years strong. You two are so in  
love.

Neither Doctor takes the bait. Uncomfortable.

ELI  
So.

DR. DERALD  
How long have you two been orphans?

Linda stares at her husband.

ELI  
(strange question...)  
Uh... I don't remember the exact  
moment...

WENDY  
I do!  
(oscar moment)  
I wasn't even one yet. I remember  
my mother's hands around me, rough  
and calloused from working in the  
rice patties. I remember a great...  
lifting... and then, a splash. Cold  
water on my baby skin! My mother  
put me in a basket and dropped it  
in the river, where -

ELI  
That's Moses. Exodus.

WENDY  
(pointing to self)  
Based on a true story.

ELI  
Wendy has trouble taking things seriously. Do you have our old file?

DR. LINDA  
There was a fire about four years ago. We lost a lot of patients.

Wendy and Eli look horrified.

DR. LINDA (CONT'D)  
Oh! Their files! Not the actual patients.

Dr. Linda laughs. It's unnatural.

DR. DERALD  
I'm just going to write down "whole life."

DR. LINDA  
(to Wendy)  
So. When did the dreams start?

ELI  
They're not dreams.

WENDY  
Hey!  
(to Linda)  
They're not dreams. I'm always awake.

DR. LINDA  
How frequent are they?

Wendy doesn't know. She looks to Eli for help.

ELI  
Lately, it's been every day.

DR. DERALD  
Any recurring themes?

DR. LINDA  
Please ignore that question until I ask it -

DR. DERALD  
What'd I do?

DR. LINDA  
Stick to the brain, Dr. March.

DR. DERALD  
Sorry.

Wendy giggles, tickled by this volley.

ELI  
There's, uh, no pattern that I can  
figure out - and I'm there most of  
the time, so I don't really -

Both doctors focus in on Eli.

DR. DERALD & DR. LINDA  
What do you mean?

ELI  
I try to be with her when it  
happens. I talk her through it.

DR. LINDA  
What do you say?

WENDY  
(eureka!)  
Oh! Guys! What if this is all a  
latent manifestation of my fear of  
abandonment? Right? Because Eli and  
I are orphans!

Derald and Linda turn their laser gaze on Wendy.

DR. DERALD  
I'm going to order an MRI -

DR. LINDA  
Let's set up a weekly appointment -

DR. DERALD  
and get a CT Scan -

DR. LINDA  
I'm not putting you on medication  
yet -

DR. DERALD  
Our receptionist has directions to  
the imaging center -

DR. LINDA  
I'm available on Tuesdays and  
Thursdays -

DR. DERALD  
Thursdays aren't good for me.

DR. LINDA  
Tuesdays and Wednesdays?

Wendy, crestfallen, nods. She and Eli stand. As they leave:

DR. LINDA (CONT'D)  
Wendy. Please start keeping a  
journal of your hallucinations.  
(beat)  
Oh, and Eli? Don't help her.

INT. APARTMENT BUILDING HALLWAY

It's run-down. Eli and Wendy enter.

WENDY  
I really don't remember them.

ELI  
You only went twice. I was there  
every week.

Wendy stops Eli.

WENDY  
Why?

ELI  
Depression.

WENDY  
You never told me.

ELI  
It's not relevant. I've been fine  
for ten years -

WENDY  
You're my brother. You tell me  
these things.

INT. APARTMENT BUILDING HALLWAY - ELI AND WENDY'S DOOR -  
CONTINUOUS

JOSEF, menacing landlord, emerges from the shadows. A  
cigarette sits between his lips.

WENDY  
Aah!

ELI  
Jesus -

Josef says nothing. He just stares intensely at Eli.

ELI (CONT'D)  
(realizing)  
Oh fuck. I forgot it's the first.  
I'm so sorry - I get paid tomorrow.  
Is that okay?

Josef looks very, very disappointed.

WENDY  
Perhaps as a deposit, you will  
accept...

A silly showtune dance. Wendy gets about two seconds in  
before a door SLAMS. Josef is gone.

INT. ELI & WENDY'S APARTMENT

SINGLE SHOT:

It's incredibly small, with few furnishings. Eli's bed is the  
futon; Wendy's got the tiny bedroom. Eli grabs an electric  
razor and shaves/changes while Wendy toasts a bagel. This is  
a familiar routine.

Wendy hands her brother the bagel. Eli tries to eat while  
shaving. Wendy turns playful.

WENDY  
Call in sick! We'll watch a movie!

ELI  
I can't.

WENDY  
C'mon!

ELI  
Were you not just paying attention?

WENDY  
Okay okay! I got it! We'll rent  
Amélie again! I promise I won't dub  
it this time.

ELI  
Wendy, please.

Wendy kind of dances in place. Her desperation is shining through her jubilation.

WENDY  
Quinze! Je suis un croissant! La  
petit poissant! Enchante!

The door shuts. Eli's footsteps fade.

Wendy shrinks. The apartment is empty. Lonely. Menacing.

END ACT ONE.

ACT TWO

INT. OFFICE

Eli plops himself in his chair. He turns his notebook over, covering the Marches' business card. The computer clock reads 9:40AM.

ELI  
Shit.

Eli looks over his shoulder, then opens his email.

The unread email count takes off like a gas meter. He has 234 new messages.

Eli grimaces, grabs his mouse, and dives in.

The morning passes by in a flurry of quick cuts: the keyboard, the mouse, the water cooler, the vending machine, a granola bar, copy machine, fax machine. Eyes, teeth, sweat, stress. Two time-indicators flash by: a steadily-reducing inbox count, and a steadily marching clock.

The inbox count: 0. The clock: 12:35PM.

INT. OFFICE - LUNCH ROOM

A familiar break room: dingy, depressing. Eli sits removed from a group of well-dressed office monkeys: SMITH, JONES, and WOLENSKI. Eli doodles the men with robot bodies.

SMITH  
- so I told him to fuck off.

JONES  
Bullshit.

SMITH  
Seriously. What's he gonna do? I  
been so close to being fired so  
many times -

WOLENSKI  
You really told Kursky to fuck off?

SMITH  
Fuck yeah. He's a pushover.

Wolenski laughs. Suddenly, the break room door swings open. KURSKY, a weak-looking beanstalk of a man, pops his head in.

KURSKY  
(quietly)  
Smith. Can I speak with you out  
here?

Smith shares a smug "uh oh" look with his coworkers as he leaves. Eli, Jones, and Wolenski watch the hallway, where Kursky and Smith remain visible. We can barely hear.

Kursky slaps Smith across the fucking face.

KURSKY (CONT'D)  
You're fired. You're fucking fired.

SMITH  
What the fuck are you -

Kursky slaps Smith again, hard.

KURSKY  
Leave right fucking now.

Beat. Smith walks away, never to return. Eli, Wolenski, and Jones share looks of pure terror. Kursky pops his head in, points at Eli.

KURSKY (CONT'D)  
What's your name, temp?

ELI  
Eli Woodward.

KURSKY  
My office, four o'clock.

Doorslam. What just happened?

INT. ELI & WENDY'S APARTMENT

Wendy sits in front of her laptop, rocking a headset. The rest of the apartment stretches behind her. She's playing a multiplayer game with some INTERNET FRIENDS, who all sound much younger than her.

INTERNET FRIEND 1 (O.S.)  
Spy has our flag.

INTERNET FRIEND 2 (O.S.)  
He's in the tunnel.

WENDY  
On it...  
(wince)  
Got him!

INTERNET FRIEND 2 (O.S.)  
Nice.

INTERNET FRIEND 1 (O.S.)  
What a noob. "Uh, gee, maybe I'll try to run right through this phalanx of heavies."

Wendy cracks up.

WENDY  
I know, I was like, "uh..."

INTERNET FRIEND 2 (O.S.)  
Let's go right.

Suddenly a light in the apartment goes out. Wendy sits upright. Beat. Another light goes out.

INTERNET FRIEND 1 (O.S.)  
Heavy, you coming?

Wendy throws off her headset. More lights go out. She curls up. Just her laptop illuminates her - she shuts her eyes.

INTERNET FRIEND 2 (O.S.)  
Uh, hey Heavy? Wendy?

The laptop light goes out. Pitch black.

INTERNET FRIEND 1 (O.S.)  
Fuck it, let's rush without her.

INT. OFFICE

Eli's computer clock reads 4:02PM.

INT. KURSKY'S OFFICE

Kursky paces behind his desk. Eli sits, bathed in his own sweat, in a position reminiscent of the psychiatrist's office.

KURSKY  
I've never slapped a man before.

ELI  
Me neither.

KURSKY  
He's been asking for it. Just...  
begging.

Eli doesn't know what to say.

KURSKY (CONT'D)  
Want his job?

This possibility never occurred to Eli. He perks up.

ELI  
Of course. Yes sir. I didn't think  
you did temp-to-perms.

KURSKY  
Technically, we don't fire people  
for being douchebags, either,  
but... it's a new day.

Eli's cell phone vibrates. His hand flies to his pocket.

ELI

Sir. I would love to work here on a permanent basis.

There's just a tinge of desperation there, which Kursky detects.

KURSKY

Humor my formality for a minute.  
Why should I hire you?

Eli glances at his phone. Caller ID: WENDY. That only means one thing.

ELI

Sir! Mr. Kursky. I think I've done good work.

Ring ring.

KURSKY

Yes?

ELI

I've laid low - because - I was a temp. But if I weren't a temp, I would be more - permanent. I know, obviously, right? But - you know what I mean.

KURSKY

I'm afraid I don't.

The cell phone stops ringing.

ELI

I'm just mean that I'll do you proud. I'm a hard worker.

KURSKY

What do you want out of this job?

ELI

Stability.

Ring ring. Eli silences the vibrator. He's visibly ashamed.

KURSKY

Woodward? Are you okay?

ELI

(a smile, trying his best)  
Yeah. Just nervous.

INT. ELI'S CAR

Eli drives like a fucking maniac.

INT. ELI & WENDY'S APARTMENT

Eli rushes in, leaving the door open. All the lights are on. Wendy cowers near her computer, clutching her phone.

ELI  
Wendy! I'm here!

He takes her hand. Instantly the room goes dark.

INT. ELI & WENDY'S APARTMENT - ?

A little color returns to the room, but it's still dark, deformed. Wendy comes out of her trance, looks at Eli.

WENDY  
I'm sorry Eli.

ELI  
Shh. Tell me what you see.

Wendy looks around.

WENDY  
There's a man, he's trying to hurt me!

ELI  
Where?

WENDY  
THERE!

Eli pounces on the bare floor, pretends to grapple with something. It's a forced, fake-looking attempt. Eli's just playing along.

ELI  
I got him!

WENDY  
Don't hurt him!

ELI  
What? Why not?

WENDY  
 (yelling at floor)  
 What do you want?

No response. Eli moves his hands up, pretends to strangle somebody.

ELI  
 Spit it out!

Suddenly, there's a MUSTACHED MAN between Eli's hands. Gasping, screaming. It's Josef with a big fake mustache.

Eli screams for real.

MUSTACHED MAN  
 I want de girl!

WENDY  
 What do you want from me?

The man thrashes. Eli, truly terrified, clings to - thin air?

MUSTACHED MAN  
 You killed my mutton! Repent!  
 Repent or I kill you!

Wendy motions for Eli to stop strangling him. The man gasps.

WENDY  
 (oscar moment, but for  
 real)  
 I'm sorry I killed your mutton. He threatened me. It was self-defense, I was just so surprised and... I'm sorry.

MUSTACHED MAN  
 (slowly)  
 He always was a tempestuous piece of meat. You are forgiven.

He's gone. Eli and Wendy catch their breath. Wendy throws her arms around Eli. She's crying.

WENDY  
 Thank you for saving me.

Eli sets his confusion aside. His sister is there, and she needs him. They share a long embrace.

ELI  
 Hey. What am I wearing?

Wendy looks at him. Eli is now dressed in a rustic cowboy outfit.

WENDY  
(sniffing)  
Wild west stuff.

Eli playfully quick-draws a gun, fumbles it. Wendy giggles.

ELI  
Want a dino ride?

Wendy can't help it. She nods.

EXT. DREAMSCAPE CITY

Wendy rides on top of a DINOSAUR, who is Eli. Cartoony trees rush by. It's the best time ever.

DINO ELI  
Guess what?

WENDY  
What?

DINO ELI  
I got a promotion to full time.

WENDY  
What?! That's awesome!!

They leap over the sun.

INT. MEN'S CLOTHING STORE

Wendy waits outside a changing room.

ELI  
What's wrong with my old shirts?

WENDY  
They're old.

ELI  
We can't afford this.

WENDY  
If we can afford an MRI I think you can splurge for new work clothes.

A dinosaur claw in a dress sleeve pops out of the room.

ELI  
Nothing fits.

INT. ELI & WENDY'S APARTMENT

Eli (human) and Wendy watch Amelie. New shirts lay on the sofa. She's asleep against his shoulder. He puts his head on hers affectionately.

The movie's the last straw in a long, emotional day. Eli cries a little before catching himself and shaking it off.

His cell phone alarm goes off: 5:30AM. Fuck.

END OF ACT TWO.

ACT THREE

INT. OFFICE

Eli's all dressed up in a new shirt, but he looks shot. He's on the phone.

ELI  
Eli Woodward. Yes, at Green Solutions. Well, I just wanted to let you know I've been hired on a permanent basis.

CUT TO:

INT. TEMP AGENCY

ELI'S AGENT stands triumphantly.

ELI'S AGENT  
You WHAT? Oh my god!  
(best news ever)  
You did it, kid! I didn't think you had it in you, but you did it!  
EVERYBODY! Eli Woodward went permanent!

A huge chorus of jubilation.

CUT TO:

INT. OFFICE

Eli smiles. His hand is on the phone, but it's off.

WOLENSKI (O.S.)

Eli?

Eli snaps out of it. Was he daydreaming?

WOLENSKI (CONT'D)

That's your name, right? I'm  
Wolenski. Sorry I haven't  
introduced myself before now. I  
have a thing about eye contact with  
temps.

Eli shakes his hand.

ELI

Nice to meet you.

Wolenski wrenches Eli close to his face. A gun appears in his hand.

WOLENSKI

This job is all I got, new guy.  
I've got an ex-wife and a little  
bastard to feed. If I get fired -  
(points gun at Eli)  
Spuh-lat.  
(waves gun around)  
Spuh-lat spuh-lat.  
(puts gun to his own head)  
Spuh-latipus.

ELI

I DON'T WANT YOUR JOB!

Wolenski's walking by Eli's cube. No gun.

WOLENSKI

Nobody does, sport.

Eli snaps to - another daydream? He rubs his eyes.

DR. LINDA (V.O.)

What kind of drugs?

INT. PSYCHIATRIST'S OFFICE

Eli's alone with Dr. Linda.

ELI  
 Sleeping pills, and some kind of  
 awake-pill. I just need to regulate  
 my sleep.

DR. LINDA  
 Hey, good news.

She holds up a charred folder.

ELI  
 Is that my file?

DR. LINDA  
 Yes.  
 (beat)  
 I'll give you some samples if you  
 make an appointment on your way  
 out. Just you, no Wendy.

Eli looks defeated. He nods. Then he's gone, pills in hand.

Dr. Derald, shirtless, peeks his head from under the desk.

DR. DERALD  
 Well played.

DR. LINDA  
 (pushing him back down)  
 You're not done.

INT. PSYCHIATRIST'S OFFICE - WAITING ROOM

Eli stares at the closed door. Did he hear that? He pops a  
 pill.

INT. ELI & WENDY'S APARTMENT

Wendy doodles at the computer. Her headset is on.

WENDY  
 I can't decide where I should blog.

INTERNET FRIEND 1 (O.S.)  
 Blogger's good.

INTERNET FRIEND 2 (O.S.)  
 You could build your own off a CMS.  
 Drupal's pretty sweet.

INTERNET FRIEND 1 (O.S.)  
What kind of blog is it?

WENDY  
Kind of like a... dream diary.

INTERNET FRIEND 1 (O.S.)  
LiveJournal.

INTERNET FRIEND 2 (O.S.)  
Definitely LiveJournal.

BUZZZZ. The apartment doorbell rings.

WENDY  
Be right back.

Wendy makes her way to the door.

INTERNET FRIEND 2 (O.S.)  
(faint, from other room)  
Go write in your emo blog.

Wendy peers out the fisheye. She sees:

Josef, the landlord, in a neckbrace. He is flanked by two  
POLICE OFFICERS.

JOSEF  
You open this door! I know you  
there!

INT. OFFICE

Eli is on speed, on fire. He's cranking through his day in a series of quick cuts. Keyboards, sweat, teeth, phonecalls, his coworkers' judgements-in-a-glance. Kursky watches, smugly approving, from his office. Eli shoves Jones away from the copier, throws the empty water jug off the cooler, stabs his sandwich with a knife.

INT. OFFICE BATHROOM

Eli's cornered in the bathroom by Jones, Wolenski, and some other OFFICE MONKEY. They brandish weapons - knives, clubs, a... morning star? Office Monkey wears a fake beard. They all think this is hilarious.

ELI  
What is this?

JONES  
Hazing ritual.

OFFICE MONKEY  
(giggling like an idiot)  
Welcome to the company.

ELI  
Hey. Guys. Not funny.

WOLENSKI  
It'll be over before you know it.

JONES  
And this should go without saying:  
but you don't breathe a word of  
this to Kursky.

Eli's cell phone rings. He looks: it's WENDY. Eli looks relieved.

ELI  
I need to take this. I have a sick  
relative.

The lads look at each other. They humbly make a hole.

WOLENSKI  
Sorry to hear that. Maybe tomorrow?

INT. APARTMENT BUILDING HALLWAY

Eli rushes toward the apartment door. In the hall: Wendy is doing a song and dance for two cops and the landlord. When she sees Eli, she breaks and dashes behind his back.

WENDY  
And that's our show!

ELI  
What's going on?

POLICE OFFICER 1  
Sir, please keep your sister from  
singing or dancing.

POLICE OFFICER 2  
We'd like to ask you a few  
questions.

ELI  
About what?

POLICE OFFICER 2  
Where were you last night?

ELI  
We went clothes shopping, and...

Eli finally focuses on Josef. The neckbrace. Josef sees the realization, jumps on it with an accusatory finger.

JOSEF  
You see! He know! He try to kill  
me! He try to kill me!

Eli looks at Wendy. She's thinking the same thing: that was real?

JOSEF (CONT'D)  
The dancing girl she watch! She  
laugh along, ha-ha-ha!

ECU on Wendy. Trembling. Then, one by one, the lights in the hallway go out. Pitch black.

EXT. DREAMSCAPE CITY

A Cartoony, surreal, fantasy escape sequence, intercut with brief flashes of the real world translations....

Wendy and Eli run out of the apartment and jump on a tandem bicycle. They tear through the dreamscape.

WENDY  
They'll never catch me alive!

ELI  
Don't say that.

WENDY  
Look out, a cliff!

Eli and Wendy scream as their bike flies off a cliff. For a second we see that in real life, they're just riding a park bench. Back to the fantasy.

ELI  
Wait! I can fly!

He can; he's a pterodactyl. Wendy hops on his back.

WENDY  
Is that a mountain made of money?!

ELI  
Let's check it out!

CUT TO:

Eli and Wendy play in a giant pile of money.

WENDY  
You never have to work again!

ELI  
Never!

CUT TO:

Wendy and Eli are triumphant japanese cartoons shooting through the stratosphere.

WENDY  
Ayaaa!

ELI  
Hyeeeeee!

EXT. ALLEY

Wendy snaps out of it. She's slumped against a nasty brick wall. Eli stands watch at the corner.

WENDY  
Where are we?

ELI  
Public alley 314. I think we lost them.

WENDY  
Were those real cops?

ELI  
Oh yeah.

WENDY  
We ran from the cops?

Eli looks at Wendy. Yep.

WENDY (CONT'D)  
(realizing)  
All our shit is in our apartment!

ELI  
 (losing it)  
 I know, Wendy!

WENDY  
 Well... what the fuck?!

ELI  
 I don't know Wendy! You freaked out  
 right in front of the cops. Do you  
 know how easy it'd be for them to  
 take you away?

WENDY  
 It's gonna happen, Eli! It's gonna  
 happen eventually and you can't  
 stop it.

Wendy breaks down. Each sob stings Eli deeply. He watches her  
 from the corner.

ELI  
 I love you Wendy. I'm really sorry.

WENDY  
 I love you too.  
 (beat)  
 It's my fault -

ELI  
 No -

WENDY  
 Yes.

ELI  
 No it isn't.

WENDY  
 Stop it. It is.

ELI  
 No -

WENDY  
 Shut up it is -

ELI  
 Is not.

WENDY  
 Shut up!

ELI  
 (playing it up)  
 No!

WENDY  
 (arrgh)  
 Yes!

It's officially playful. Eli imitates Wendy at her oscar-best.

ELI  
 I ruin everything! I am the worst  
 person!

Wendy's turn to imitate Eli.

WENDY  
 Ugh, I am responsible for  
 everything bad that ever happens in  
 the world, uuugggh.

Small laughter. Release. Eli helps Wendy up. They hug. Wendy jumps on Eli's back, and they set off.

EXT. STREET - CONTINUOUS

WENDY  
 So what now?

ELI  
 Now? We run.

A look of bold resolution crosses their faces. Their lonely shapes march toward the blurry future.

WENDY  
 Seriously though.

ELI  
 Well... can your MRI wait a month?

INT. APARTMENT BUILDING HALLWAY

Josef's door swings open. Wendy and Eli stand with outstretched hands, holding a shit ton of money.

Josef warily takes, counts the bills.

ELI

This month, and another month's worth if you tell the cops that you made the whole thing up. Which you did.

JOSEF

You try to kill me.

Eli walks right up to Josef. Stares into his soul.

ELI

Really?

JOSEF

(backing down)

No. No, you fine. We okay. But you move out, understand?

Wendy bursts into song.

WENDY

*Spontaneous moving daaaay!*

INT. HOTEL LOBBY

Eli and Wendy approach the front desk, tons of belongings in tow.

WENDY

(snooty)

Give us your cheapest room!

INT. OFFICE

Craigslist apartment listings on the screen. Scruffy, bloodshot Eli scans them with intensity. Everything's blurry.

KURSKY (O.S.)

Last one to the meeting spends the day suspended from fish hooks.

Eli snaps out of his trance. Gathers his papers in a hurry.

INT. OFFICE - CONFERENCE ROOM

The meeting starts, but Eli isn't aware of the content. His eyes are playing tricks on him. Lights go on and off. A head is replaced with a water cooler jug.

Eli slowly becomes aware of what's happening. He's hallucinating.

KURSKY

And before we really get started, let's welcome Eli Woodward, formerly "the temp." You'll all recall that I slapped, and then fired, Ron Smith. Eli will be taking over most of his responsibilities, in addition to the work he's been doing for us as a temp. Welcome, Eli.

Everything turns on him. Eli's sweaty. Crazy-eyed. Crazy. He wipes the sweat from his brow with a dinosaur arm.

END OF ACT THREE.