

HOCKEY STRIKE
"Beauty and the Geeks"
by
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INT. DAVE'S APARTMENT - NIGHT

DAVE and SCOTT, as usual, watching TV.

SCOTT

Carrie's right, it's hard meeting
the right person in a big city like
New York...or Toronto.

DAVE

Not necessarily. I...met a girl
once, right here in the building.

SCOTT

So, tell me!

DAVE

I remember it like it was just
yesterday...

INT. LAUNDRY ROOM, FLASHBACK - NIGHT

TITLE CARD: Yesterday.

Dave stands in front of a washing machine, wearing a white tank top or his T-shirt only, loading just his HOODIE into the machine. He eyes a GIRL across from him, who folds her laundry from out of the dryer.

When he looks away, she steals glances at him, and vice versa. Then Dave sees -

She pulls a T-SHIRT with something appropriately HIM on it out of the dryer and holds it in front of her. She folds it and their eyes meet, mostly.

GIRL

Excuse me?

DAVE

(evading)

Uh...what? No...I...er...sorry...

GIRL

Could you spare a dryer sheet?

DAVE

Uh...

He hands her the box hurriedly and tries to hide behind the washing machine.

GIRL
My name's Jennifer. What's yours?

DAVE
I...er...uh...sorry.

He bolts. Jennifer looks confused.

WAVY DISSOLVE
TO:

INT. DAVE'S APARTMENT - NIGHT

Scott snuffles.

SCOTT
That's beautiful, man. Like two
Star Destroyers passing in the
night. Wait, you didn't even tell
her your name?!

DAVE
It's hard, you know, words?

SCOTT
Yeah. Funny how we never had any
trouble talking to Natalie.

DAVE
But she came here. Home Turf.
Outside of these walls, it's like
Kryptonite...and it's hard to get
them to come here by accident.

SCOTT
What if we made our own girl?

DAVE
Uh, how?

SCOTT
With computers, lightning and
Barbie dolls, like in the movie
Weird Science!
(thinking)
I'll rewire the cloning machine,
link it to a control mechanism,
like the VR goggles, then we can
direct the matter-energy matrix as
it forms!

DAVE

Huh?

SCOTT

Computers, lightning, Barbies.

DAVE

(waves hand 'shoo')

Go! Make! Do! Fix!

END OF TEASER

ACT ONE: "BRAIN TRAMP"

INT. DAVE'S APARTMENT - NIGHT

Dave and Scott, with their VR gear on, and a pair of BARBIE DOLLS on the table. (One should match our guest star as closely as possible). Nothing happens.

DAVE

So, how long is this supposed to take?

SCOTT

It takes a while for the capacitor to charge. Give it a minute.

DAVE

This show's only five minutes long, we don't have a minute.

(fed up)

I'm sorry, I gotta whiz.

Dave gets up, walks to the bathroom.

SCOTT

No! Wait! It's balanced for the cranial energies of the two of us, if it goes off without -

LIGHTNING STRIKES Scott, the apparatus, the dolls. Scott twitches in the current. It stops and he collapses. Dave returns.

DAVE

Hey, did I miss anything?

INT. DAVE'S APARTMENT, BATHROOM - NIGHT

Scott wipes his face off with a cloth.

SCOTT

Well that could've gone better.

WOMAN (O.S.)

I thought it went just fine.

Scott turns around. An attractive blonde WOMAN wearing a red dress, stands behind him.

SCOTT
 (startled)
 Ah! What...who are you?

WOMAN
 Well, you should know, you made me.

SCOTT
 (pointing to her chest)
 I made those? I've never seen those
 except in movies.

WOMAN
 Well, now you get to experience
 everything. What would you like to
 do first?

She puts her arms around his shoulders and licks his ear.

SCOTT
 (squirming, nervous)
 Woah! Wait a minute, shouldn't
 there be two of you?

TWO
 I am Number Two. The other one
 couldn't make it.

SCOTT
 (chuckling)
 Oh, Dave is going to be so cheezed
 when he finds out! You've got to
 meet him!

He pulls her towards the living room.

TWO
 I don't think that's going to work.

INT. DAVE'S APARTMENT - NIGHT

Dave plays video games.

DAVE
 Hey. I figured since we couldn't
 make our own girl, we'd have fun
 with a virtual one.
 (gestures introduction)
 Scott, this is Lara. Lara, Scott.

Scott, alone, holds his hand out as if still holding Two's,
 pointing to the empty space beside him.

SCOTT

No need, my friend, it worked! We made our own girl! Well, I made my own girl. We'll have to reset the Hughes Animator to make you one now that we know it works.

DAVE

(looks, laughs)
You're kidding me, right?

Scott looks at Two, standing beside him, who shakes her head.

TWO

(to Scott)
He can't see me.

SCOTT

(nervous backpeddling)
Uh, yeah. I'm kidding.
Ha..ha...ha...that's me, what a joker.
(backing away)
Uh, you keep Lara occupied, I uh, need to check e-mail.

DAVE

Okay, but you're going to miss her running down stairs!

Scott goes into another room (or another end of the room) and slides down the wall to the floor.

SCOTT

My brain! I've fried my beautiful brain! My best feature and I've ruined it!

Two, over his shoulder, puts her arms around him.

TWO

It's not so bad, is it? You still have each other, and, well, you can have me any time you want.

This sound appealing. She runs her fingers through his hair and across his chest.

SCOTT

Really?

TWO
Really. As long as you do
everything I say.

SCOTT
Everything?

TWO
(regarding Dave)
Everything.
(threatening)
And that's exactly as menacing as
it sounds.

Scott, looking sweaty and dishevelled, returns to the couch
and sits beside Dave.

DAVE
See? Nothing like virtual boobies
to take your mind off things.

END ACT ONE

FADE TO BLACK.

ACT TWO: "THE TANGLED WEB"

INT. DAVE'S APARTMENT - NIGHT

SCOTT watches TV. DAVE types on the computer.

SCOTT

Hey, man! Stripperella's on! Cartoon boobies!

(sees him typing away)

What are you up to?

DAVE

I'm...

(sigh)

Submitting my profile to Magma Life.

SCOTT

Magma what?

DAVE

Magma Life. It's an -

(mumbles)

Onlinedatingservice.

SCOTT

A what?

DAVE

An-

(mumbles)

Onlinedatingservice.

SCOTT

What?

DAVE

(yells)

An online dating service, okay?

SCOTT

(beat; stunned)

What?

(gets over his shock)

You...signed up for an Internet dating service? Why?

DAVE

'Cause I wasn't getting enough spam! Why do you think?

TWO sits on the edge of the couch, leaning against Scott, but filing her nails.

TWO
Touchy, isn't he?

SCOTT
(to Two)
Shh! I'm listening.

DAVE
Good! Listen up!

TWO
(chuckle)
What do you suppose he put in the profile? "Geeky agoraphobic loser seeks same"?

SCOTT
Uh, what did you put in the profile? Geek - I mean -

TWO
"Loser"!

SCOTT
(to Two)
Stop it!

DAVE
Stop what? You know what? You should try this too. You really need to meet someone.

SCOTT
I have really...high standards.

TWO
That much is true.

SCOTT
So, what did you say?

DAVE
See for yourself.

SCOTT
(reads)
This sounds pretty good. Hey, you like all the same stuff I do, you know I've always thought that you and I would make -

(MORE)

SCOTT (cont'd)
(what am I saying)
I mean, that's a good profile.
Gotten any response yet?

DAVE
I just posted it this minute, so
no, I haven't -

The computer beeps.

SCOTT
What's that?

DAVE
(bewildered)
Someone responded to my ad...

SCOTT
Wow! Maybe I should sign up for
this I -
(Two slaps him)
Or I could wait to see how things
turn out. I've heard sometimes
things go badly with Internet
dating.

DAVE
(reads; excited)
She wants to come over! I'm going
to invite her.

TWO
This should be fun.

DAVE
I'll invite her over to watch a
movie.

SCOTT
First date movies are important;
you'd better be careful what you
pick.

TWO
How about "The Accused"? Nothing
like a gang rape scene to put the
girl in the mood...

SCOTT
(to Two)
Not. Helping.
(to Dave)
How about "Say Anything"?

TWO
(impressed)
Get a load of this one!

There's a KNOCK at the door. Dave and Scott exchange a look.

DAVE
Keyhole thingy. Right.

He checks, then opens. It's JENNIFER, the laundry room girl. Although he's surprised at the coincidence, he's now in his element, and all smooth.

TWO
Wow, she's actually a girl.

DAVE
It's you! Oh this is awesome! Come in! Please, make yourself at home.

JENNIFER
What a coincidence that we live in the same building, huh? I'm Jennifer
(does quotes)
"jenmaster", and you must be "Tunegeek".

DAVE
(grinning)
My name's Dave. A pleasure to meet you at last. Thanks for your help with the laundry. I was kind of out of it that day.

JENNIFER
No problem. Say, I'm kind of thirsty, do you have any coffee? I just love coffee.

Dave dashes into the kitchen.

DAVE
(flippant, hurried)
Oh, and this is Scott. He doesn't live here.

Jennifer looks at Scott, who's still catching flies with his mouth.

JENNIFER
Pleased to meet you!

They shake hands.

TWO
(mocking)
"Pleased to meet you." Wench!

Dave comes back with the coffee. She sips it and purrs.

JENNIFER
This is awesome! I'll have to come here for coffee more often.

DAVE
Did you want to sit down and talk for a bit?

JENNIFER
Nah, I talk all day in my job; I'd rather just relax with a movie.

DAVE
How about "Say Anything"?

JENNIFER
Alright!

TWO
(to Scott)
Nice going, dumbass!

INT. DAVE'S APARTMENT, COUCH - NIGHT

MUSIC OVER

Lit by the TV, Dave and Jennifer cuddle together on the couch, eating from a big bowl of popcorn between them.

Scott's reaches over and grabs a handful; he's been sitting beside them the whole time. Dave and Jennifer don't regard the intrusion well, but try to ignore him.

FADE TO:

INT. DAVE'S APARTMENT, COUCH - NIGHT

Dave and Jennifer smooching the sweet true love kind of smooching. Jennifer pulls him down towards her and they recline on the couch -

- into Scott's lap. Jennifer opens her eyes and looks up at him. Scott does an awkward little Vir Wave.

INT. DAVE'S APARTMENT, FRONT DOOR - NIGHT

Jennifer gets ready to leave.

DAVE

Please don't go! Things were going
so well!

JENNIFER

Look, I don't know what kind of
scene you think I'm into but a
threesome isn't it.

DAVE

Look, wait a moment and let me see
what I can work out.

INT. DAVE'S APARTMENT, COUCH - NIGHT

Scott (with Two beside him) waits for Dave's reaction.

TWO

(arms crossed)

Here it comes. Bet he got the
"Either he goes or I do" line.

DAVE

Look, man, I really think I've got
a good thing here and I just think
I need a little space.

SCOTT

I could go in the computer room.

Two laughs.

DAVE

That's not what I had in mind. Do
you suppose, just for tonight
maybe...you stay at your apartment?
I just need a little privacy,
that's all.

TWO

(turns to Scott)

You're not going to take that are
you? Is he actually dumping on your
friendship over her?

SCOTT
(arms crossed)
Are you actually choosing her over
me?

They realize the implications of this.

DAVE
(shrug)
Yeah.

INT. HALLWAY OUTSIDE DAVE'S APARTMENT - NIGHT

The door shuts in Scott's face. He ponders, then leaves.

INT. SCOTT'S APARTMENT - NIGHT

It's a small, cold, bare, concrete room (South Res) with no decoration, and little furnishings. Scott flops down on the bed, staring at the ceiling.

SCOTT
(to no one)
Now what?

END OF EPISODE