

Writers
Episode #104
"An Emotion Named Desire"

by
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Based on characters from the short film
"Writers"

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White Draft: (21-06-14)
Blue Revisions: (05-08-14)
Pink Revisions (24-01-15)

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FADE IN:

1 INT. THE HOUSE, HUGH'S ROOM -- MORNING

1

Hugh sits at his computer, sitting thoughtfully, his fingers dancing over the keys.

HUGH (V.O)
He turned to him. Sweat glistened
on his brow. His member
throbbed...
(pauses)
Was throbbing? Was about to
throb?

Hugh types furiously.

HUGH (V.O) (CONT'D)
His member was about to throb...

Barney bursts into the room.

BARNEY
Hey, Hugh, look-

Hugh raises a finger, silencing Barney. Barney waits a few moments, jigging on the spot with excitement. Finally, Hugh lowers his finger, glancing across at him.

HUGH
What is it, Barnabas?

BARNEY
You have to play this new video game.

Before Hugh even has a chance to respond, Barney surges forward, rushing over to Hugh's console.

HUGH
So much personal space being invaded here.

Barney ignores him, loading the game up, and thrusting a controller into Hugh's hands.

BARNEY
Come on, budge up.

Barney takes a seat on the bed, forcing Hugh over until they are both sat next to each other. Hugh is obviously uncomfortable.

HUGH
Not going to lie, I'm a little uncomfortable.

(CONTINUED)

BARNEY

Oh, stop moaning. Look, it's starting!

HUGH

(*panicking*)

Wait, what do I do?

BARNEY

Move that knob to go forward, that one to look around, that to jump, that to shoot, that to dodge, that to melee, that-

HUGH

Woah, wait, what-!

BARNEY

No time! It's starting!

HUGH

No, I'm not ready, what are we doing-!

BARNEY

JUST KILL AS MANY FOOLS AS YOU CAN!

The game begins. Hugh, in a panic, hits as many buttons as he can, flicking and spinning the controller uselessly. Barney also does this, but a lot more composed and relaxed.

After a few moments of desperate button-bashing, an in-game announcer says "Game Over". Hugh and Barney take a deep breath.

BARNEY (CONT'D)

So. What did you think?

There's silence.

HUGH

That was the best thing in the history of everything.

GO TO TITLES.

FADE IN:

2

INT. THE HOUSE, JESS' ROOM -- MORNING

2

An alarm blares out through the messy room, still filled with unpacked boxes and unfolded laundry. From underneath the heap of her duvet, Jess' hand appears, hitting the snooze.

(CONTINUED)

Jess rolls over, pulling the duvet off of her face and rubbing the sleep out of her eyes. She takes a deep breath. Time to face the new day.

CUT TO:

3 INT. THE HOUSE, LIVING ROOM -- MORNING 3

Jess sits on the floor, doing sit ups. Each time she sits up, she is met by the sight of her blank laptop, the cursor still blinking at her accusingly. This seems to spur her on into the next sit up, and so on.

4 INT. THE HOUSE, JESS' ROOM -- MORNING 4

Jess steps into the room, drying her hair from the shower she just had. She looks at the laptop sat on her bed, Word document still open to that blank, flickering cursor. She sighs, reaching out and slamming it shut.

5 INT. THE HOUSE, KITCHEN -- MORNING 5

Jess opens the cabinets. She grabs cereal, milk, a spoon, a bowl. Putting them all together she makes herself some cereal, before heading into the living room.

6 INT. THE HOUSE, LIVING ROOM -- MORNING 6

Jess takes her seat at the dining table, placing her cereal to one side. She stares at the still-blank laptop before her. She sighs.

The front door opens, and Emmett steps in. Jess looks up as he enters the room.

EMMETT

Hey.

JESS

Oh, hey.

EMMETT

Anyone else up?

JESS

I think Hugh and Barney are upstairs. Daisy's still asleep though.

EMMETT

Ah, okay.

Emmett nods, closing the door behind him. He walks across the room. Jess looks him over.

(CONTINUED)

JESS
Aren't those the same clothes you
were wearing yesterday?

EMMETT
Oh, yeah, I stayed at Clarice's
last night.

JESS
Oh.

Jess diverts her eyes, returning to her cereal. Emmett
takes a seat opposite her.

EMMETT
We didn't do anything. We just
spent the whole night talking.

JESS
Oh?

EMMETT
Yeah. She's such an interesting
person, you know? Like her Dad
was in the army?

JESS
Oh really?

EMMETT
Yeah, he was in bomb disposal.

JESS
Was?

EMMETT
Yeah, he retired a couple of
years ago.

JESS
I see.

Silence falls for a few moments. Emmett thinks.

EMMETT
Can I ask you something?

JESS
Yeah, sure.

EMMETT
Have you done... like, have you
ever...

JESS
What?

(CONTINUED)

Emmett shuffles awkwardly. He makes a feeble gesture with his hands, trying to get his message across. Jess raises an eyebrow.

JESS (CONT'D)

Sex?

EMMETT

Yeah. That.

JESS

Erm... that's kind of personal,
isn't it?

EMMETT

Just curious.

Jess gives him an odd look.

JESS

Yeah, I have. Why?

EMMETT

Oh, well, no reason-

JESS

(pauses)

Have you?

Emmett shuffles awkwardly again, mouth opening repeatedly, trying to form words that never seem to appear.

JESS (CONT'D)

Oh. I see.

EMMETT

That's not bad, is it?

JESS

No, no, of course not! Why would
you think that?

Emmett shrugs. A thought occurs to Jess.

JESS (CONT'D)

So you and Clarice haven't-

EMMETT

Oh, God, no! No, I don't mean it
like that, I mean... Well, you
know, she's giving me the vibes-

JESS

Uh, the "Vibes"?

(CONTINUED)

EMMETT

Yeah, y'know, signals and stuff?

JESS

Then why haven't you, y'know...
"made a move"?

EMMETT

Well, because, I, well...

Emmett becomes uncomfortable again, trying to pull the right words from his brain.

EMMETT (CONT'D)

I, like... well, say, as an example, she... no, well, I don't-

JESS

Get to the point, Emmett.

EMMETT

Right, okay, yes, well, basically, I don't know how.

JESS

Don't know how to what?

EMMETT

To, like, "seduce" someone.

Jess can't help but laugh. Emmett look sat her quizzically.

EMMETT (CONT'D)

What?

JESS

No-one calls it "Seducing" anymore.

EMMETT

What do they call it, then?

JESS

Well, they...

Jess' expression becomes a bit more thoughtful.

JESS (CONT'D)

I... I don't actually know.

Emmett leans forward.

EMMETT

Look, can you help me?

(CONTINUED)

JESS

What?

EMMETT

I need your help, okay? I spent
all of last night trying to
divert the subject away from...

(becomes awkward)

From...

JESS

Sex.

EMMETT

Right, sex, yeah...

JESS

What exactly do you need help
with?

EMMETT

Like, what do I do?

Jess thinks for a moment. Emmett looks at her pleadingly.

EMMETT (CONT'D)

Please.

Jess continues to think.

JESS

Alright.

CUT TO:

7

INT. THE HOUSE, HUGH'S ROOM -- DAY

7

Hugh and Barney lie belly-down on Hugh's bed, a controller
in each of their hands. Both of them stare intently at the
screen.

Daisy steps into the room. Neither Hugh's nor Barney's
eyes move from the screen for a moment.

DAISY

There you are. I was looking
everywhere for you two.

BARNEY

Where did you look?

There's a pause.

DAISY

Well, I started here-

(CONTINUED)

HUGH
And you kept looking?

Daisy ignores the comment, looking at the screen.

DAISY
What you guys playing?

BARNEY
A game.

DAISY
What sort of game?

BARNEY
A video game.

DAISY
What sort of video game?

BARNEY
A good video game.

Daisy nods.

DAISY
Well, this has been...
enlightening.

Daisy turns and walks out. A few silent moments go by.

BARNEY
Huh?

CUT TO:

8

INT. THE HOUSE, LIVING ROOM -- AFTERNOON

8

Jess is sat in the sofa, watching as Emmett stands in the middle of the room, practising on an invisible woman.

JESS
Okay, so what do you do next?

EMMETT
I put my hands on her waist?

JESS
Yep, that's fine. Then what?

EMMETT
Move them-

JESS
No.

Jess leans forward, addressing Emmett sternly.

(CONTINUED)

JESS (CONT'D)

The worst thing you can do is
move your hands. We love it-

EMMETT

We?

JESS

Girls, Emmett.

EMMETT

Oh okay.

JESS

We, girls, love it when guys put
their hands on our waists.

EMMETT

Why?

JESS

I dunno, it's sensual I guess.

EMMETT

But, why the waist? Wouldn't the
shoulders-

JESS

No.

EMMETT

Or what about the-

JESS

No. Look, Emmett, trust me. The
waist is all you need to worry
about right now.

Emmett still appears unsure. Jess stands from her seat on
the sofa, walking over to him.

JESS (CONT'D)

Right, this isn't working...

EMMETT

I'm sorry, I'm just not very good
at this sort of stuff...

JESS

No, it's fine... Here, try it on
me-

EMMETT

(alarmed)

What?!

(CONTINUED)

JESS

Just do what I've spent the last two and a half hours teaching you. I'll pretend to be Clarice, if you want.

Jess fluffs her hair, doing her best Clarice impersonation.

JESS (CONT'D)

(shrill)

Hey babes, so where we going tonight?

EMMETT

Firstly, she sounds nothing like that, and secondly... Well, I'm not entirely comfortable with this.

JESS

Alright I'll drop the voice... but, c'mon, you obviously need someone to practise on and "invisible Clarice" clearly isn't working out too well for you.

Emmett giggles to himself. Jess raises an eyebrow.

JESS (CONT'D)

What?

EMMETT

That sounded dirty.

JESS

When are you next seeing Clarice again?

Emmett's smile drops and he straightens up. Jess steps towards him.

JESS (CONT'D)

Right... go.

EMMETT

How far am I supposed to go with this?

JESS

I'll let you know when your ready.

(pause)

Or, if you'd prefer, I could go get Jenny?

Emmett hears the words, eyes briefly flicking off frame as we-

(CONTINUED)

FLASHBACK TO:

9 INT. THE HOUSE, LIVING ROOM -- DAY

9

CAPTION: About half a year ago

Emmett sits on the sofa, admiring a new, fancy pen. He smiles as Hugh ducks his head into the room.

HUGH

Emmett, are you coming to blow out these candles with Daisy?

EMMETT

Yeah, coming now.

Emmett stands, still admiring his pen. Jenny, entering from the kitchen, steps into his path, blocking him. She's a wee bit tipsy.

JENNY

Emmett. Darling.

EMMETT

Oh, hey, Jen-

JENNY

Happy birthday.

EMMETT

Oh, well, thank you-

JENNY

I never got a chance to give you your present.

Jenny smiles at Emmett. Emmett grows nervous.

EMMETT

But- But you got us a new slow-cooker-

JENNY

That was a joint-present, darling. For you *and* Daisy. This one... well, this one's just for you...

EMMETT

Oh, wow, look, Jenny, I'm sure it would be great but the thing is I-

Jenny pulls a card from within her coat, passing it to Emmett with a raised eyebrow. Emmett looks relieved.

(CONTINUED)

EMMETT (CONT'D)

Oh, thank God, it's just a card...

JENNY

Why don't you open it?

Emmett, though a little unnerved by Jenny's persistence, gives her a smile as he opens the envelope. He pulls out the card, looking over the front.

EMMETT

Oh... it's very nice, Jenny-

JENNY

Why don't you look inside?

Emmett looks at Jenny a moment, trying to read her. Then, he opens the card, looking inside.

EMMETT

To Emmett, Happy Birthday, Love-

Emmett gives Jenny a look, as she nods for him to continue reading. Emmett looks back at the card.

EMMETT (CONT'D)

Love from Jenny. Aw, that's very sweet of you Jenny, thank you-
Oh, you've put something else in here.

Emmett pulls out a small polaroid picture, looking it over.

EMMETT (CONT'D)

Oh, it's a picture.
(looks at it oddly)
Hmmm... it looks a bit like-

Emmett turns the picture slightly, trying to work it out. His eyes widen.

EMMETT (CONT'D)

Oh my God! Jenny is that-

Jenny places a single finger on Emmett's lips, silencing him. She leans in close enough to whisper.

JENNY

If you ever want to see the real thing... just let me know...

Jenny gives him one last crafty smile before turning and heading back into the kitchen.

(CONTINUED)

A slightly bewildered Emmett stands there for a moment. Then, he looks at the picture again, looking at it from different angles.

FLASHBACK TO:

10 INT. THE HOUSE, LIVING ROOM -- AFTERNOON

10

Emmett shudders.

EMMETT

Where was I supposed to start,
again?

JESS

The table.

EMMETT

Right, of course.

Emmett walks over to the table, stopping a few feet short. He glances back at Jess, struggling to remember what to do next.

JESS

Chair.

EMMETT

Right.

Emmett pulls the chair out, and waits. Jess looks at him expectantly.

Emmett twigs what he has to do. He quickly jogs back over, taking Jess' hand and leading her to the table. He then pulls out the chair for her, guiding her into the seat with her hand. She smiles.

JESS

Very good!

EMMETT

Now what do I do?

JESS

Well, you'd sit opposite. We'd make conversation... you could maybe drop some innuendo about where you want the night to go-

EMMETT

Such as...?

JESS

Well, like complementing her. Talk about her eyes. If you're

(MORE)

(CONTINUED)

JESS (CONT'D)
going to compliment her, though,
try and talk about anything above
the neck. Anything below might
come across as pervy. Also, try
and stay away from anything
sausage-related.

EMMETT
"Sausage related"?

JESS
Well, if you don't get that, then
there's no point going any
further, Emmett.

Emmett takes a few moments, before twiggling. His look of
elation quickly vanishes again.

EMMETT
Then what *should* I talk about?

Jess thinks a moment.

JESS
Sometimes, don't even talk at
all.

EMMETT
Really?

JESS
Yeah. Maybe, see if she'll let
you sit on the same side of the
table as her. Maybe run a hand up
her leg, or a finger across her
palm...
(beat)
But we don't need to practise
that bit.

EMMETT
Okay. So now what do I do?

JESS
Well, first, help with the chair.
Help her up, and then take her
hand and escort her back to her
car.

Emmett stands, and does exactly as Jess instructed,
stopping in the middle of the room by the sofa.

JESS (CONT'D)
So, by this point, you'd be back
at her house.

(CONTINUED)

EMMETT

Right.

JESS

In her living room, I'd have
thought. Unless she's
proper gagging for it, then you
might be in her car...

(mentally elsewhere)

Or on the porch step... or the
front lawn... or your both in
Dad's bed while he's up the shops
getting some bread, and you know
he could be back any minute but
you don't care because-

Jess realises Emmett is giving her a peculiar look. She
snaps herself out of it.

JESS (CONT'D)

Happened to a friend of mine.

EMMETT

(skeptical)

Right.

JESS

Okay. So this is the most
important bit. This is the
make-or-break of the whole thing.
You get that?

EMMETT

Think so.

JESS

Okay. Remember what to do?

EMMETT

Yep.

Emmett doesn't move. Jess realises an eyebrow.

JESS

Well?

EMMETT

Well what?

JESS

Go on then!

EMMETT

What? I'm not having sex with
you!

(CONTINUED)

JESS

Keep your voice down! And I'm not on about that bit!

EMMETT

Oh. Right.

JESS

Before that. What did I tell you to do.

EMMETT

Hands on the waist.

JESS

Right, exactly.

EMMETT

Oh *that* bit!

JESS

Yes!

EMMETT

Right, right, okay.

Emmett steps forward, and gingerly slides his left hand onto Jess' waist. He freezes with his right hand. Jess gives him a raised eyebrow.

JESS

What is it?

EMMETT

Just the waist, you say?

JESS

Yep. Just the waist.

EMMETT

See, I disagree.

JESS

Emmett, we don't have time-

EMMETT

Just hear me out, okay? So, what if I have one hand on her waist...

Emmett moves his other hand round Jess' back, positioning it just above her shoulder blade.

EMMETT (CONT'D)

...and the other here?

(CONTINUED)

JESS

Well-

EMMETT

Because then I've got more room
to move, see, like if I then move
the other hand further round.

Emmett's hand slides forward from Jess' waist, around her back, pulling her in close to his body. Jess looks down at what he is doing, looking impressed.

JESS

Yeah, I guess that is better...

Jess looks back around, looking up at Emmett. She finds herself looking at him, eyes seemingly transfixed. Emmett hasn't noticed.

EMMETT

And then I can move this hand
round here...

Emmett moves his right hand from her shoulder blade to the back of her neck, and then up, so he's cupping just below her cheek.

EMMETT (CONT'D)

And then it's easier to kiss her,
see.

JESS

Yeah, yeah, I can... I can see
that...

Jess loses herself in her train of thought. Before she knows what she's doing, her hand is sliding onto Emmett's waist.

The two are now stood barely centimetres apart. They are looking into each other's eyes. Emmett gently brushes Jess' cheek with his thumb, an oblivious smile on his face.

Then, she's leaning towards him, eyes slowly closing, getting ready to-

The phone rings. Emmett quickly pulls away from Jess, darting over to the phone, leaving Jess stood, on her own, in the middle of the room, eyes closed, still trying to savour what's left of the moment.

Then, she opens her eyes, blinking away the trance, turning around as Emmett answers the phone.

(CONTINUED)

EMMETT

Hello?

(beat)

Oh, Clarice! Hey!

(to Jess)

It's Clarice.

Jess gives him a false-smiled nod. Emmett turns back to the phone.

EMMETT (CONT'D)

What was that? Oh yeah, sure,
I'll be round in a moment. Yeah.

Yeah. Okay. Bye babe.

(in a whisper)

I love you too.

Emmett hangs up the phone, turning to Jess, clapping his hands together.

EMMETT (CONT'D)

Well, I best be off. Thanks for
all the advice.

JESS

Oh, no, it's fine-

EMMETT

No, really, you are such a great
friend.

The last word is like a slap in the face for Jess. Emmett gives her a quick hug, kissing her on the forehead, before bounding towards the door, stepping out and closing it behind him.

Jess falls back into the sofa. She raises her hand, in the shape of a gun, and mimics blowing her brains out.

11 INT. THE HOUSE, HUGH'S ROOM -- AFTERNOON

11

Hugh and Barney are still engrossed in their video game as Jess enters. She looks across the room at the screen.

JESS

What you guys playing?

BARNEY

A game.

JESS

What sort of game?

BARNEY

A video game.

(CONTINUED)

JESS
What sort of video game?

BARNEY
A good video game.

Hugh glances across at Barney.

HUGH
Woah... de-ja-vu!

BARNEY
Watch what you're doing! They're
breaking in!

HUGH
What?! But I turned away for,
like, a second-

A deep voice cackles out the words "Game Over". Barney
glares at Hugh, exasperated.

BARNEY
You... ass!

HUGH
Hey, don't start blaming me!

Hugh glances across at Jess, who is standing in the
doorway, lost in thought.

HUGH (CONT'D)
Are you alright, Jess?

JESS
Huh? Oh, yeah, I'm fine.

BARNEY
You don't look fine.

JESS
I'm fine! Honestly, I'm totally-

HUGH
Is it about Emmett?

JESS
What do you mean?

HUGH
Well, I don't really have much
experience in this area - being
the loveable person I am - but I
imagine being in love with
someone who doesn't love you back
is a bit-

(CONTINUED)

JESS
Woah-woah-woah-woah! Hold up a
second! I'm not "*in love*" with
Emmett!

Barney and Hugh give a peculiar look to each other, and
then to Jess.

HUGH
Yeah you are!

JESS
What? No I'm not!

HUGH
Yes you are!

JESS
No I'm not!

HUGH
Yes you are!

JESS
No I'm not!

HUGH
Yes you are!

JESS
No I'm not-
(*realisation hits her*)
Oh my God, I'm in love with
Emmett!
(*pauses*)
Emmett?!

Hugh and Barney give her a supportive nod. Jess, suddenly
furious, instead slaps them across their shoulders.

JESS (CONT'D)
Why didn't you tell me!

BARNEY
We figured you knew!

HUGH
How could you *not know*!

JESS
Because it's Emmett!
(*pauses; sighs*)
Why am I in love with Emmett?

Hugh and Barney exchange a look.

(CONTINUED)

HUGH

I don't know.

(to Jess)

Why are you in love with Emmett?

BARNEY

Yeah, I mean, he's one of my best friends-

HUGH

Excuse me?

BARNEY

But, in all fairness... the guy's a dick.

HUGH

Yeah, I mean he's annoying.

BARNEY

He's needy.

HUGH

Whiny.

BARNEY

Controlling.

HUGH

He spends most of his time talking about himself...

Jess slowly sits down on the bed, looking off frame.

JESS

Yeah... but he's also kind of sweet... and there's that way he wears glasses, even though he doesn't actually need them, just because he thinks they make him look intellectual... and the way he gets really passionate about the things he cares about OH MY GOD where the hell is all this coming from?!

Distraught, she crumples to her knees, hands on her face, falling, face-down, onto the bed, right into Barney's lap, who shuffles backwards uncomfortably.

BARNEY

(to himself)

Please say Daisy's not here...

Please say Daisy's not here...

(CONTINUED)

JESS

How did I not see this! It's so obvious!

HUGH

You got me!

Jess eyes widen in horror.

JESS

Oh my god... I've just spent the whole afternoon teaching him how to get off with *Clarice*!

BARNEY

What?!

JESS

Well, he was nervous! He was all silly and had no idea what he was doing... what was I supposed to do?

HUGH

How about *not* help the love of your life seduce another woman?

JESS

(*to Barney; pointing to Hugh*)

Okay, *he's* really not helping!

Hugh leans towards Jess, reassuringly.

HUGH

Look, Jess, in all seriousness; you taught Emmett how to seduce his girlfriend?

JESS

Yeah?

HUGH

Implying they haven't yet "sealed the deal", so to speak?

JESS

Well, yeah-

HUGH

And generally speaking, you would have more chance with him before he has sealed said deal?

JESS

Yeah, I guess-

(CONTINUED)

HUGH

Then why the hell are you still
sat there?! Go! Go stop him!

Jess' stands, becoming more determined.

HUGH (CONT'D)

But maybe sort you're hair out
first. You look like a-

Jess shoots Hugh a glare. Hugh shuts up. Jess quickly
darts out of the room.

CUT TO:

12 EXT. STREET -- AFTERNOON

12

Jess, now properly clothed, sprints down the street as
fast as she can, a look of grim determination on her face.

13 EXT. CLARICE'S HOUSE -- CONTINUED

13

Jess rounds the corner onto Clarice's driveway. She
sprints straight up to the door, ringing the doorbell. She
waits impatiently a few moments, before ringing it again.

Behind the door is movement. Jess takes a few steps back,
making herself looking as best as possible, expecting
Emmett. However, it is instead CLARICE who answers the
door.

CLARICE

Oh. Hey Jess!

JESS

Oh, hey Clarice, is Emmett-

It takes Jess a few moments to realise that Clarice is
wearing Emmett's shirt. Jess looks her up and down,
quickly putting two-and-two together in her head. She's
too late.

CLARICE

He's upstairs.

(cheeky whisper)

Recovering.

(giggles)

Did you need him for something?

JESS

Uh... no, no, I was just passing,
and.... it doesn't matter now...

(CONTINUED)

CLARICE

Okay. I'll let him know you
stopped by.

Clarice gives Jess a quick grin before closing the door,
turning and bounding away. Jess stays where she is for a
moment, an empty look on her face.

Jess slowly turns and walks back out of the driveway,
making her way down the road a few steps. She stops,
realising Hugh is now stood before her.

The two of them look at each other for a moment, Jess
inconsolable, Hugh working it out in his head. Hugh walks
towards her, opening his arms. Jess allows herself to be
taken into a hug by him.

And the two stand there, in the middle of the street,
oblivious to the world around them as we-

FADE TO BLACK.

CREDITS.

FADE IN:

14 INT. HUGH'S ROOM -- DAY

14

Barney sits on the bed, now alone. A moment later, Daisy
joins him, examining the game controller now in her hands.

DAISY

I never really got the appeal of
video games.

BARNEY

You'll love it if you just give
it a chance.

DAISY

Alright, alright... how do I
play?

BARNEY

Don't worry, I've put it on
tutorial mode, seeing as it's
your first time gaming.

Daisy smiles at Barney.

DAISY

Aw, that's so sweet, playing on
easy mode just for me.

Daisy leans over and gives him a loving kiss on the cheek.
Barney smiles back at her.

(CONTINUED)

BARNEY

Right, you ready?

DAISY

Yeah, let's give it a go.

Daisy and Barney turn their attention to the screen, and begin to play.

TIME JUMP to just a few minutes later. Daisy has a headset and her game-face on, glaring at the screen as she taps the buttons aggressively. Next to her, Barney cowers, terrified of what he has unleashed.

DAISY (CONT'D)

Flank him! Flank him! Flank- Aw, you dumb-ass! Don't you even know what flank *means*?!

(to Barney)

Fields! Get your head in the game!

BARNEY

I'm trying... I've never played it on the Armageddon difficulty setting before-

DAISY

(at screen)

Oh, come on, what was that!

(at mic)

Hey! Don't you start shouting at me! Yeah, well you're Mum's a whore and you have the face of an alpaca!

(pauses; looks offended)

Oh, you want some? You want some!

We hear a hail of gunfire on-screen followed by a scream. Daisy grins evilly.

DAISY (CONT'D)

Yeah, how you like me now, huh?!
How you like me now!

BARNEY

You're not supposed to shoot the people on your team-

DAISY

Little dick wasn't doing what he was told.

BARNEY

But still, maybe you're getting a little-

(CONTINUED)

DAISY
(to mic)
Guys, hold on a sec, Shelby
ducking out.

Daisy pulls off her headset. She turns to Barney, grabbing him by the scruff of his shirt and hoisting him to eye-line.

DAISY (CONT'D)
Now you listen here. You better
get your shit together and get
your head back in the god-damn
game, or I swear to God I'll-

There's a scream from on screen. Daisy turns, looking at the screen, horrified.

DAISY (CONT'D)
You can't kill me! I'm your squad
leader! You bunch of total
ass-holes!

Barney has had enough. He stands, running to the door. He stops, looking back at Daisy.

BARNEY
This is why no-one ever plays
with you!

Barney darts out of the room. Daisy's expression changes to one of regret.

DAISY
Barney, wait-

The door slams shut. Daisy stares at it a second. Slowly, her look of regret fades away.

DAISY (CONT'D)
Pussy.

CUT TO BLACK.

CREDITS.

END EPISODE.