

DAYS LIKE THESE

"Hostage Muffins"

Written by  
Joseph Manning

Essential Note: To be performed in front of a Sound Stage in  
Newcastle, NSW Australia.

TIME SPIRIT PRODUCTIONS  
Suite 297  
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ALPHA V0.2

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DAYS LIKE THESE

"Hostage Muffins"

CAST

WHITNEY ..... ALLY BRAIN  
FRANCIS ..... DEAN KEKOVSKI  
HUGH ..... PETER MONAGHAN  
CLOVER ..... ?  
ISABELLE ..... ?  
EOIN ..... ?

GUEST CAST

PARAMEDIC ..... ?  
TERMINAL PATIENT ..... ?

DAYS LIKE THESE

"Hostage Muffins"

SETS

Teaser, Scene A - INT. WHITNEY & FRANCIS' APARTMENT 4TH FLOOR  
Teaser, Scene Ai - INT. LAUNDRY

Act One, Scene B - INT. WHITNEY & FRANCIS' APARTMENT 4TH FLOOR  
Act One, Scene Bi - INT. HALLWAY  
Act One, Scene Bii - INT. WHITNEY & FRANCIS' APARTMENT 4TH FLOOR  
Act One, Scene Biii - INT. AMBULANCE - HIGHWAY

Act Two, Scene C - INT. HOSPITAL ROOM  
Act Two, Scene Ci - INT. FRANCIS' BEDROOM

Act Three, Scene D - INT. CLOVER & ISABELLE'S APARTMENT 3RD FLOOR

Tag, Scene E - INT. WHITNEY & FRANCIS' APARTMENT 4TH FLOOR

Note: This show is performed in front of a live audience.

FADE IN:

INT. WHITNEY & FRANCIS' APARTMENT 4TH FLOOR - LIVING AREA

Francis (20's Male, fiery, aspiring baker of the group) ponders from kitchen holding a tray of cupcakes.

FRANCIS

Hey.

Whitney (20's, fashion freak and aspiring entrepreneur) focuses on writing something, her attention is dragged to the flour covered Francis exiting the kitchen.

WHITNEY

Hey?

Francis holds his optimism in hand, and places it next to Whitney.

FRANCIS

Took me all night, but I finally got  
it-

WHITNEY  
(Distracted)

You've got a fire.

FRANCIS

A what?

A fire flickers from the oven in the background, Francis rushes back to Kitchen and extinguishes it.

FRANCIS (CONT'D)  
(Extingishes)

No! No! No! No!... I could sell  
charred cupcakes? (picks up tray)

Places the hot tray down, burning himself.

WHITNEY

If you can sell that, may as well  
throw some carcinogen in there for  
free too.

FRANCIS

(shrugs)

Adds to flavour.

WHITNEY

Wait, wait- pot?

FRANCIS

(excited)

Yes please.

WHITNEY

No. In the cup-cakes?

FRANCIS

(shrewd)

Can't afford it..

WHITNEY

Shame. Would of paid us both back what  
*you* owe.

Francis dwells. A thud is heard in the other room. Whitney  
and Francis look at each other.

HUGH

(next room)

Who puts a hamper next to a window!..

Oh, Lingerie in the laundry. Nice D  
cups. Well hello Ms Red.

Whitney's cheeks go red, as both Whitney and Francis stumble to the next room.

CUT TO:

INT. LAUNDRY - SECONDS LATER

Whitney and Francis enter the doorway to see Hugh (20's hobo artist Casanova wearing nothing but women's lingerie) using a bra for bug eyes, obliviously humming and dancing.

WHITNEY

Who the hell are you?!

Hugh freezes.

FRANCIS

(dying hope)

Cupcake?

Whitney whacks the cupcake from Francis.

FRANCIS (CONT'D)

Yep.

Hugh turns facing the voices, face obscured by a red lingerie bra.

WHITNEY

(Flustered)

You are on our property, with our clothes, return what doesn't belong at once.

Hugh shrugs.

HUGH

Well alright then-

Hugh starts to remove Whitney's clothes, Francis turns around

bothered.

FRANCIS  
(Ignores)

Gawh..

Francis notices Whitney is still watching Hugh.

FRANCIS (CONT'D)

Whitney!

WHITNEY  
(Entranced)

Wh-what? I'm making sure he gives our  
clothes back..

Francis scoffs and spins Whitney away. Francis grabs a pair of denim jeans with a belt still in them from nearby, Francis and Whitney face away.

FRANCIS  
(Scrunches to Whitney)

Here, give him these.

Whitney throws jeans and belt behind both facing away from Hugh.

FRANCIS (CONT'D)

You right mate?

WHITNEY  
(Nods)

Yeah he fine.

Francis lightly smacks Whitney's shoulder, upon noticing Francis sees the window wide open and Hugh is gone.

FRANCIS

Oh. Great. He forgot to steal my T-  
Shirt too.

Francis passively walks off.

FRANCIS (CONT'D)

Best, and only pair of jeans!

WHITNEY

(blunt)

Where you going?

FRANCIS

Need my cricket bat to show him how  
thieves pay for things-

WHITNEY

(Calms Francis)

No, no- Imagine a lost puppy, who  
needs home and love. If you look into  
their eyes, you can't say no.. Hm?

Whitney gives puppy eyes. Francis stares sternly.

FRANCIS

Okay that's adorable. But, I'm still  
gonna kill him.

WHITNEY

(Slows Francis)

Noo, listen. What if you, what if-  
you, bake for him, like a trade off?

FRANCIS

(Sarcastic pause)

Hostage negotiation muffins? Am I  
hearing that right Whitney?



WHITNEY

Yeah, y'know, you bake him a *really nice* muffin or two and he will swoon his pants right off (sheepish)

Francis taken back by Whitney's determination.

FRANCIS

That sounds ridiculous.. Alright fine!  
(serious) I want my pants back.

Francis goes off to the Kitchen.

WHITNEY

Aw but don't spend too much because we will need it for rent due tomorrow.

Francis pauses, and turns to eyeball Whitney.

FRANCIS

(Wheezes)

Tomorrow?!?????

WHITNEY

Yeah. We got the notice two weeks ago,  
I put it near the door there.

Francis walks over near the door, and points tensely.

FRANCIS

Under the junk mail we get?

Whitney's face like a statue, says it all.

WHITNEY

(Testifies)

Yes..

Francis walks over to Whitney.

FRANCIS  
(Calmish)

I threw that junk mail out two weeks ago. And spent most our money on (holds up charred cup-cake) charr-cupcakes. (intense stare)

Whitney's eyes invoke panic. Francis and Whitney start yelling louder and louder as both run into the kitchen and crash through pots and pans into cooking/baking frenzy.

CUT TO:

EXT. SHOTS OF BUILDINGS

CUT TO:

INT. APARTMENT KITCHEN - HOURS LATER

Whitney and Francis exhausted from doing tedious tasks surrounded by quality cup-cakes, their efforts slowing. Francis is at a bowl churning

FRANCIS

Flour...  
Whitney gets the bag and pours it places it.

FRANCIS (CONT'D)

Sugar...  
Whitney pours sugar into bowl, and places it down harder.

FRANCIS (CONT'D)

Sleep?..  
Whitney is positive about getting a frying pan and goes to hit Francis.

FRANCIS (CONT'D)

Woah-woah-woah!!!

Whitney clangs down the frying pan and sits to rest.

FRANCIS (CONT'D)

I'm sorry Whitney.

WHITNEY

(spaced)

How much are you selling these for  
Francis?

FRANCIS

A dollar each?

WHITNEY

We need \$700 dollars, by tomorrow. We  
only have about 70 cup-cakes here.

FRANCIS

(Clicks)

\$10 dollars each.

WHITNEY

For a cupcake?

FRANCIS

Yeah, we just, add sprinkles and  
cherry.

WHITNEY

(sighs, tired)

No.. No one will buy that. (tears up)

FRANCIS

(Thinks)

Well. What if we sell a few things? I  
mean, this thing, what the hell is  
this??

Francis holds up a weird sculpture.

WHITNEY

I made that for sculpting class when I studied business.

FRANCIS

Made?

Francis gathers a garbage bag across the room.

FRANCIS (CONT'D)

Old news, in the past, time to go-

WHITNEY

No- (grabs sculpture off Francis)

WHITNEY (CONT'D)

I just wanted to run a business, give to the people. Now we're going to lose everything before it began.

FRANCIS

No we're not.

WHITNEY

Yes we are, we messed up Francis. The only thing that's going to be knocking at that door next is our doom!

Door knocks, startles Francis and Whitney. Francis pushes Whitney in front to answer, Whitney not impressed. Whitney braces for the worst.

WHITNEY (CONT'D)

(Bubbly)

Yes? Who is it? (pause)

CLOVER

Hottest woman alive.

WHITNEY

(Sass)

She's already here sweetie.

CLOVER

Just let me in Whitney.

Whitney opens the door. Clover & Hugh stand at the door, Francis goes to see that second.

WHITNEY & CLOVER & HUGH

Hey!-

Whitney realises Hugh is back and quickly closes the door again making sure Francis didn't see.

CLOVER

Whitney!

WHITNEY

Aw I'm so sorry, it was so nice seeing you I had to open the door a second time-

WHITNEY (CONT'D)

Francis, darling. Can you check on the cupcakes. Pretty please. (half begs)

Francis suspicious, and starts moving off.

FRANCIS

(Stops)

Just to set things straight, we're not married.

WHITNEY

(Sass)

Sure we aren't.

FRANCIS

(Nods)

I'll check the cupcakes..

Whitney nods, and opens the door.

WHITNEY & CLOVER & HUGH

(Weirded)

Hey!-

Clover and Hugh enter, Clover kisses Whitney on the cheek and long time hug.

CLOVER

(Whitney)

What was that about?

WHITNEY

Aw nothing, how's Belle?

CLOVER

(sigh)

Yeah.

Whitney nods, Hugh wonders around.

HUGH

Nice place.. So familiar. Feel like we met somewhere before.

WHITNEY

Yeah? (hints) Nice, pants.

Clover sexually threatened.

HUGH

(Suss)

Aw thanks? I got them recently.

CLOVER

(Interrupts)

Well, Whitney, this is my *boyfriend*,

Hugh!

WHITNEY

(Lazed smile)

Aw, how long have you known each other?

CLOVER

(Bubbly struggle)

Shut up.

HUGH

(Kisses Whitney's hand)

Charmed, Whitney was it?-

WHITNEY

(Flustered)

Mm-hm- okay. Excuse me for a minute-

Whitney exits to Kitchen swiftly.

CLOVER

(out loud)

Why is she acting so weird?

HUGH

(Homey)

I dunno, but I'm down bad for some cupcakes (goes to kitchen)

Hugh tries to enter kitchen, Whitney sees him first and pushes past Francis and shadows Hugh back to the living area.

WHITNEY  
(Laughs hysterically)

You're so funny! (beams) Stay there..

Hugh is seated, and tries to get up for cupcakes.

WHITNEY (CONT'D)

Ah!- (warns)

Clover smitten, comforts Hugh seated again. Whitney returns to the kitchen to Francis.

HUGH  
(Conspires)

Maybe the cake is a lie? Maybe cupcake  
is code for something!-

Hugh launches up and scans the apartment.

HUGH (CONT'D) (CONT'D)

What if they're trying to murder us  
Clover!

CLOVER  
(Restless)

What?

HUGH  
(Conspires)

Kidnap us, for cupcake smuggling!  
Coerce unsuspecting people cooking all  
kake everyday. *Cup - cake* (nods)

CLOVER  
(Confused)

Cake is spelt with a 'C'.

HUGH  
(Seriously unstable)

But, what if they're crazy.



CLOVER  
(Consoles)

I don't think *they're* the problem  
right now honey.

Clover leads back Hugh to seat and massages his shoulders.

CUT TO:

INT. APARTMENT KITCHEN - THAT SECOND

FRANCIS

Why am I making more cup-cakes? We  
have 70-

WHITNEY  
(Sells)

No- you supply and raise demand, over  
produce, over sell. Doesn't matter  
about the quality right? That's  
business baby.

FRANCIS  
(Convinced, Nods)

Thank god for Capitalism.

Whitney pats Francis on the back, and grabs a tray while  
exiting kitchen.

WHITNEY  
(Grabs a half-baked tray)

These ones done?- thank you

Francis makes cup cakes.

CUT TO:

INT. APARTMENT - LIVING AREA - THAT SECOND

Whitney rushes across the room carrying a tray of half baked  
cupcakes.

WHITNEY

(Bubbly)

Almost done.

Whitney exits.

CLOVER

See, they're just in a rush to get you  
some muffins.

HUGH

Yeah, some hostage muffins. Maybe I  
should go help them-

CLOVER

Hold on buster. Can you cook muffins?

HUGH

Do Mac & Cheese one's count?

CLOVER

(Console)

Stay seated honey.

Hugh dwells.

CUT TO:

INT. APARTMENT - HALLWAY - THAT SECOND

Whitney adds entire bottle 'Dulcolax' of laxatives to cup-  
cakes.

WHITNEY

(Laxatives)

No pants.

WHITNEY (CONT'D)

(Pockets bottle)

No problem.

Picks up tray and exits to living area.

CUT TO:

INT. LIVING AREA SECONDS LATER

Whitney is walking out, as is Francis that moment. She gains all attention.

WHITNEY

OH MY GOD!!!

Whitney walks sideways like a crab staring down Francis. Francis is scared.

WHITNEY (CONT'D)

We need more icing!!

FRANCIS

Okay?

Francis retreats back to the kitchen.

HUGH

Uh Clover?

CLOVER  
(Cheerful)

Ya?

HUGH  
(Covertly)

Um. I'm gonna go, you're friend is  
freaking me out.

WHITNEY

Cupcakes ready!! (charges at Hugh  
backed to the door)

HUGH

Um.

Hugh looks at Clover "I told you so".

WHITNEY  
(Through teeth)

Have one.

HUGH

Yeah I- I'll uh, have a bite.

Whitney stares down Hugh biting into a half-baked cupcake with laxatives.

HUGH (CONT'D)  
(Disgusted)

Mmm

Francis enters living area from kitchen, holding an empty carton of milk.

FRANCIS  
(announces)

Hey we're outta milk-

FRANCIS (CONT'D)

Aw hey man.

Whitney bracing. Francis looks down and is immediately peeved.

FRANCIS (CONT'D)  
(Beaming down)

Nice, pants.

HUGH

Thanks. Yeah- I'm-I'm gonna go-

(splats cupcake at Whitney)

Whitney jumps on the door locks and removes the key from the front door. Francis and Whitney slowly approach Hugh around the room.

WHITNEY

No stay.

CLOVER  
(Concern)

Whitney?

FRANCIS  
(Passive)

Hey man. Have you got any money for  
some milk? We're a bit short at the  
moment.

HUGH

Uh. Uhhhh.

Whitney guides Hugh to sit again.

WHITNEY  
(Excited)

Sit. There's always room for cupcakes.

HUGH  
(Scared)

Clover.

CLOVER  
(Delicate)

It's okay sweetie, Whitney?

Whitney floats down to Clover guiding her into the kitchen  
like a warm breeze.

CUT TO:

INT. APARTMENT KITCHEN - THAT SECOND  
Whitney & Clover are entering the kitchen.

WHITNEY  
(Silly)

Yaz?

CLOVER  
(Bubbly fury)

-What are you doing to my boyfriend!?  
Why *all* this weirdness?-

WHITNEY  
  
*Because your boyfriend stole from us!*  
He's wearing our pants- I mean  
Francis' pants.

CLOVER  
(Rationalises)  
  
Okay. Then ask to give them back to  
him.

WHITNEY  
  
Yes, but Francis was going to kill  
him. And our rents due tomorrow.

CLOVER  
  
What?!

CLOVER (CONT'D)  
(worried)  
  
And he's alone with him?

Whitney and Clover go to peak outside the kitchen to the living area. Francis is smiling and nodding leaning on a cricket bat. Hugh calmed, oblivious.

HUGH  
(In element)  
  
Yeah I work out, do a bit of painting.  
It's pretty sweet.

FRANCIS  
  
Oh that's great, bet you get paid lots  
then.

HUGH  
(Profound)

Aw. Well, we shall see..

CUT TO:

INT. APARTMENT - LIVING AREA - BACK - THAT SECOND

Hugh gets out wallet pants he's currently wearing. Francis waits contently looking over his shoulder. Hugh takes money from the wallet while open.

HUGH  
(offers \$50 note)

Here you go my dude, on me (nods)

FRANCIS  
(Passive)

Thanks. Nice photo.

HUGH  
(Laughs)

Yeah-

Photo is of Francis's driver license in Hugh's wallet. Hugh slowly does a double take of the wallet and Francis over his shoulder, and back again.

FRANCIS  
  
Must of, gone through some pretty  
*expensive* surgery.

HUGH  
  
Uh...

FRANCIS  
(Passive)  
  
Something wrong? Hugh.

HUGH  
  
Uh... I.. Made a mistake.

Francis zips the wallet from Hugh and chuckles. Hugh starts chuckling, they both chuckle. Francis stops abruptly-

FRANCIS

Alright give me my pants.

HUGH

What? Uh you're wearing pants?-

FRANCIS

(Shakes confusion)

So are you! You're wearing my pants!

HUGH

I'm not wearing those pants!

FRANCIS

Hey don't play smart with me!

Hugh's stomach turns.

HUGH

Ugh! I gotta go!-

Hugh stumbles through the living room. Clover emerges from kitchen observing.

CLOVER

(concern)

Hugh?

Hugh stops in fear.

HUGH

(Dramatic dying)

I love you.

Gurgling and rumbles belches from his stomach followed by Hugh's moans down the hallway, Hugh exits.



WHITNEY  
(Triumphant)

Hah-ha!

CLOVER  
(Whitney)

What did you do to him?!

Francis enters main living area with Clover & Whitney.

FRANCIS

What, *did* you do to him?

Whitney's victory fades.

WHITNEY

Just.. Some cupcakes...

WHITNEY (CONT'D)

-with laxatives?.

Clover in awed shock running after Hugh.

CLOVER  
(Running to Hugh)

Aw shoot!! Hugh baby!

WHITNEY  
(Naïve)

He's fine right?

CLOVER (V.O.)  
(next room)

Hugh!!!

Whitney & Francis share a look of heightened tension.

CUT TO:

INT./EXT. AMBULANCE - HIGHWAY - MINUTES LATER

Hugh is swelling up like a tomato red, balloon man. Clover at his side. Whitney and Francis spectate in a corner of guilt

in the same heightened tension. Sirens blare.

WHITNEY

Good news is, it's Friday. Whole  
weekend to recover.

Clover and Hugh stare at Whitney. Whitney embarrassed, smacks Francis' shoulder.

WHITNEY (CONT'D)  
(Subtly Francis)

Say something..

FRANCIS  
(Rushed)

Can I have my pants back?

Francis immediately regrets, Whitney hides. Clover and Hugh unimpressed staring at Francis. Francis is intimidated.

FRANCIS (CONT'D)  
(softly)

Please?..

Clover and Hugh stabilise each other.

FRANCIS (CONT'D)  
(Dwells Whitney)

Your turn..

Paramedic climbs in back from driver front.

PARAMEDIC

Alright, how's our champion going back  
here?

PARAMEDIC (CONT'D)  
(Hugh)

Woo!.. You look exactly how you smell  
man!

Hugh death stares Whitney and grumbles.

HUGH  
(inaudible)

Had bad cupcakes.

Whitney terrified. Clover leans to Hugh.

CLOVER

No honey don't speak..-

PARAMEDIC

Ma'am I'm going to have to ask you to  
move out of the way please-

CLOVER

What? How dare you! Do you have any  
idea who I am?..

PARAMEDIC

No. But you're in my way, I need to  
treat your partner.

CLOVER  
(Awkward)

Oh.

Clover moves out of the way, Paramedic gets to work.

PARAMEDIC

So I'm about to give your partner an  
antihistamine stimulant. Now I need to  
ask, is he allergic to anything?

CLOVER

(Argues)

Isn't his allergic reaction enough to answer that!?

PARAMEDIC

Ma'am. If he is allergic to anything I need to know if I need to use a stronger antihistamine, or he might inflate into a giant balloon animal, more than he is now.

CLOVER

Um...

PARAMEDIC

Do you know this man?

CLOVER

(Upset)

Um..

PARAMEDIC

(Frustrated)

Does anyone know who the hell this is?!

FRANCIS

He robbed us this morning. (Corrects)

His name's Hugh.

Paramedic stares at Francis.

PARAMEDIC

(Dead pan)

That's great. Is this man allergic to anything!?

WHITNEY  
(Handles bottle)

Yes! Yes. Here-

PARAMEDIC  
(Takes bottle, pauses)

Woman! This is Bisacodyl!.. Are you  
trying to kill him!?

PARAMEDIC (CONT'D)

God - Damn! The whole bottle!

WHITNEY  
(Confesses)

We only tried to get his pants off.

Francis nods in assurance. Paramedic takes a moment of  
thought.

PARAMEDIC  
(Clover)

You know these people?

CLOVER  
(Genuine)

Yes. They're my friends.

PARAMEDIC  
(Shakes head)

Y'all crazy.

Hugh nods to Paramedic. Paramedic helps Hugh being stabilise,  
responsively. Whitney holds Clover's hand to calm her.  
Francis includes his hand. They both stare at Francis.

CUT TO:

EXT. SHOTS OF BUILDINGS

CUT TO:

EXT./INT. HOSPITAL - HOURS LATER

Hugh wakes on his hospital bed. Clover nearby sees him, Francis snoozing against a skeleton model dressed in hats and coats.

CLOVER  
(comforting)

Hey honey.

Hugh drowsy looking past Clover to Francis.

HUGH

I didn't know Francis and Whitney were  
that close?

Clover looks too.

CLOVER  
(calls)

Francis.

CLOVER (CONT'D)  
(alerts)

Francis!!

Francis abruptly wakes, stumbling into the skeleton.

FRANCIS

-Aw-s-sorry.. (clears throat)

Awkwardly walks over to hospital bed.

FRANCIS (CONT'D)  
(Hugh)

Hey.

HUGH  
(nods)

Hey. I see you got what you wanted.

Francis is wearing his pants again.

FRANCIS

(Remorse)

Hey, look I-

HUGH

It's alright.

Whitney enters with a cradle full of snacks.

WHITNEY

(Examining)

Okay, I've got Cheetos, Twisties, and-

WHITNEY (CONT'D)

(Notices Hugh awake)

Leaving-

HUGH

(Calm)

No come back.

Whitney returns.

WHITNEY

(Avoiding eye contact)

These are for you.

Whitney piles all snacks on Hugh's hospital bed. Whitney goes to leave again.

CLOVER

Whitney.

WHITNEY

I'm sorry. Ok. We're not the most  
stable at the moment.

CLOVER

(Yawns)

No kidding. (opens snack)

HUGH

I think, I owe you all an apology.

CLOVER  
(off guard)

Say what?

HUGH

I haven't been honest lately. Mainly  
cause I need a place to stay. And, the  
reason why I was in your apartment,  
was because I was escaping a crazy ex  
of mine.

WHITNEY  
(Chuckles)

Been there.

All stare at Whitney.

WHITNEY (CONT'D)  
(Shrugs)

What? He was a choo-choo train of  
crazy, still is.

FRANCIS  
(Hugh)

Wait. Then why were you naked?

Clover shifts away from Hugh.

CLOVER

Hugh?

HUGH  
(Establishes)

I was seeing someone before I met you.



Clover gasps.

CLOVER  
(Insulted)

What does that mean?

HUGH  
(Rephrases)

I mean, I was running from my Ex  
before I bumped into you. You saved me  
Clover. Okay?

CLOVER  
(Upset)

I thought you were really into me.

WHITNEY

Is that why you don't know anything  
about each other?

HUGH & CLOVER

Shut up.. Awww

HUGH

Of course I am into you and want to be  
closer, the safety of all your  
hospitality is what's been keeping me  
going.

Francis and Whitney wince at Hugh.

CLOVER  
(Sigh)

Ok sunshine.

Clover gathers her things.

HUGH

Clover. Babe?

CLOVER

I'm not another girl that you will run  
away from! Hope you feel better soon.

Clover exits, everyone waits in silence.

HUGH

At least you guys understand.

Whitney and Francis share a look of resolve, as both Whitney  
& Francis exit too.

HUGH (CONT'D)

That's alright. I'll leave when I'm  
100%.

TERMINAL PATIENT

If my bones worked, I'd slap ya.

Hugh dwells.

CUT TO:

EXT. SHOTS OF BUILDINGS

CUT TO:

INT. APARTMENT - BEDROOM - NIGHT - LATER

Francis is humming getting ready for bed, he readies, slips  
into bed, and turns off the side table light. Sirens are  
heard outside, the window slides open. Hugh falls in. Francis  
quickly turns on the light.

FRANCIS

Whitn- Ahhhh!!

HUGH

Shh!! SH!

FRANCIS

AAAAHHHHH!!!

Whitney bursts in the room in her nightgown with a curling Iron.

WHITNEY

What?!- Wh- AaaaH!

Whitney trying to build the courage to attack Hugh.

HUGH

Shhh!!!

WHITNEY & FRANCIS

AAAAHHHHH!!-

HUGH

Shut up!!! GuyS!!! It's me!!

FRANCIS

Wh- Is this about the pants!? We *need* new locks for the windows.

WHITNEY

Ah, well, they never had them.

FRANCIS

Very funny. No seriously.

WHITNEY

That's why we got the place so cheap. We had to pay for our own security.

FRANCIS

Great.. Learning our living space is a liability everyday.

Francis buries head into pillow.

WHITNEY

What the hell you back here for?

FRANCIS

And we only have 50 cupcakes left, we  
got hungry okay!

Francis buries head in pillow once more.

HUGH

What? No.

WHITNEY

Clover isn't here.

HUGH

That's the thing. I tried talking to  
her downstairs, she won't listen.

WHITNEY

Okay?? Use the front door next time!

Whitney conducts with her curling iron about to exit.

HUGH

I'm laying low.

Whitney and Francis start listening.

WHITNEY

(Serious)

What?

FRANCIS

(Logical)

We're actually on the 4th floor, low  
would be the basement-

HUGH  
(Declares)

No. I don't have medical insurance.

WHITNEY

Aw no.

FRANCIS  
(Unaware)

What?

WHITNEY  
(Dramatic)

We're housing a fugitive.

Police helicopter spotlight flies past, everyone panic dives to the floor, bunkered next to bed, Francis flicks off light.

FRANCIS  
(pause)

Do you think they saw us?

WHITNEY

Stop squeezing my hand Francis.

HUGH  
(Let's go)

Aw sorry.

Whitney scoffs.

HUGH (CONT'D)

You guys don't mind if I have a  
cupcake do you?

Francis turns on the light. Francis and Whitney are staring directly at Hugh unimpressed. Francis turns off the light again.

HUGH (CONT'D)

Okay...

Sirens sound in the background.

TO BE CONTINUED - Role credits?

CUT TO:

INT. CLOVER & ISABELLE'S APARTMENT 3RD FLOOR - LIVING AREA -  
THAT SECOND

Isabelle and Clover are searching around the apartment for any unlocked or unsecured areas.

ISABELLE

Is your crazy hot boyfriend going to  
climb back in here again?

CLOVER  
(out window)

I don't know. It's wild on the streets  
tonight, something going on.

ISABELLE

Dad would lose his marbles if he knew  
you had a boyfriend.

CLOVER

Well he's not here Belle so I don't  
think it counts.

ISABELLE  
(Waves phone)

He's always a call away.

CLOVER

You wouldn't.

ISABELLE

Nah, you're right I wouldn't. Phone  
bill is racked up enough as is from  
long calls to randoms.

Isabelle flicks through a pile of books & magazines, Clover looking through curtains worried.

CLOVER

I said it's my side job.

ISABELLE

Sex phone worker doesn't count as a job. It's more like a moral support instructions of how to get off.

ISABELLE (CONT'D)

Normally, you ask for details before you begin not before they finish.

CLOVER

Ha - ha. Get a real gig as a bassist.

ISABELLE

What's that supposed to mean?

CLOVER

A gig, real money, not pizza and slap on the back.

ISABELLE

(Remorse)

They made *really* good gourmet pizza though.

CLOVER

Isabelle!

Isabelle dwells.

CLOVER (CONT'D)

I look out for my you more times than  
I care to admit- be honest, what you  
earned in the past two weeks.. Can you  
pay for half the rent?

ISABELLE

Yes.

CLOVER

Excellent, hand it over please.

ISABELLE

Can't sorry.

CLOVER

Why?

ISABELLE

It says withheld on the card.

CLOVER

The, credit card?!

ISABELLE

Yeah that one, paid most off with my  
pay, it's fine.

CLOVER

We have enough debt Belle!!

ISABELLE

And I have a real job, chill.

CLOVER

Making instant coffee, isn't real.



ISABELLE  
(Phone sass)

I count that, with all the cash in  
hand I get.

CLOVER

Ok. Look. Promise me. No more debt.

ISABELLE  
Why do you make me do these lame  
promises-

CLOVER

Belle!

ISABELLE  
(sighs)

Fine. I swear I won't buy anything  
else- happy?

CLOVER

And?

ISABELLE  
(groans)

And I will help pay for next rent.  
Okay?

CLOVER

Dance shake on it.

ISABELLE  
Seriously clove!?

CLOVER

I've been serious about everything  
since we moved.

(MORE)

CLOVER (CONT'D)

I want us to reach our dreams. But we  
can't do it barely above all this  
stuff we owe.

ISABELLE  
(Shrugs)

Sorry. I can start stealing instead?

CLOVER

Don't you dare.

Isabelle & Clover hop on one leg, shake hands and switches  
legs while hopping a few times.

ISABELLE

So lame.

Isabelle sits and reads.

CLOVER

But you can't deny you agreed now.

Clover flocks on a dressing gown over her pyjamas.

CLOVER (CONT'D)

I'm going to ask if we can grab some  
cup-cakes for dessert.

ISABELLE

Bye- don't come back.

Clover exits.

CUT TO:

INT. WHITNEY & FRANCIS' APARTMENT 4TH FLOOR - LIVING AREA -  
MINUTES LATER

Clover yawns and knocks on the door of the apartment, the  
door immediately opens and she is sucked into the apartment  
with a latched hand. Whitney and Francis are laying low, Hugh

is hushing Clover.

CLOVER

Those sirens. Are they for you?

CLOVER (CONT'D)

What did you do Hugh?

FRANCIS

Genius didn't pay his hospital bill,  
so he can get us all arrested and  
thrown in jail- oh my god we're never  
going to see sunlight again are we?

WHITNEY

I think Hugh might not, we just live  
here. So, we could just open the  
window and wave them over.

HUGH

Come on guys, I would help you if you  
were in this situation-

WHITNEY

Yeah, but we're in this situation  
because of you.

CLOVER

How much is the hospital bill?

HUGH

More money than I've earned by working  
before.

FRANCIS

How much Hugh?

HUGH

5 and a bit? 5?

FRANCIS

Grand... Right. Ok.

Francis counts across both hands multiple times at once, his soul sinks.

FRANCIS (CONT'D)

I'm going to get a head start..

Francis walks into the kitchen starts baking cupcakes.

CLOVER

Why didn't you stay at the hospital?

WHITNEY

He had no health care. Look, Hugh,  
here's what I'm planning.

HUGH

Anything, I'm screwed if I leave this  
building.

WHITNEY

You help Francis start his bakery, and  
we can pay your hospital bill-

Francis drops something in the kitchen, and walks out covered in a bit of casting sugar.

FRANCIS

(tense)

I heard my *name* and *hospital bill* in  
the same sentence, what's going on  
Whitney?

CLOVER

You can stay with me if you want to-  
in a, separate room, of course. But,  
my sister gets annoying, sometimes,  
it's fine.

HUGH

I really appreciate meeting you all.  
I'm sorry I've been a burden on you  
all. I do want to set things right.

HUGH (CONT'D)

I'll stay, and I'll bake. I will fix  
this.

WHITNEY

(Dwells)

Believe me mate, we've been in lower  
scenarios. I think the anchor of debt  
keeps us all grounded, if not buried.

A knock at the door. Whitney goes to open and answer it. Eoin  
(20's strapping, educated, sophisticated geek) stands at the  
door with a suitcase.

EOIN

Hi. I'm not sure if this is the right  
apartment, I was the one who applied  
from the ad in the paper.

Whitney entices him inside suavely, and a shrug to everyone  
else.

FRANCIS & HUGH & CLOVER

Hey.

EOIN  
(Worried)

Hi?

WHITNEY  
(Sly)

Oh. Do you pay in cash?

EOIN  
(hands warded envelope)

Uh yeah, will this do?

Whitney receives envelope of hope as Hugh, Clover, & Francis all notice. Everyone follows suit and silently kneel arms outstretched to Eoin, who is awkwardly surrounded by pointing open hands of strangers. Eoin just goes with it. All bonding.

EOIN (CONT'D)

This is nice.

CUT TO BLACK:

END OF EPISODE 1 - PILOT "HOSTAGE MUFFINS" - ROLL CREDITS