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INT. CHARLIE'S APARTMENT - LIVING ROOM - MOMENTS LATER

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Charlie steps out of the bathroom BARELY covered by the hand towel he holds around his waist.

CHARLIE

Dad, you forgot to get the towels!

BREE (O.S.)

I need to talk to you.

Charlie jumps! Startled at Bree's presence.

CHARLIE

Whoa...hey. How did you get in?

BREE

Your game, Sands of Time...Sand Witch...

DAD (O.S.)

I let her in.

CHARLIE

Quick Sand. Can I have a second..?

BREE

Yes, that one! It's a shooter, right?!

Charlie's grip on the towel slips. Has to re-adjust. YIKES!

CHARLIE

Uh...yeah. It was a strategy but then we changed it to a FPS but...

DAD (O.S.)

Charlie! Galaga isn't turning on.

CHARLIE

I know dad, just...

(to Bree)

Can I please just put some pants on here?

BREE

How close is it to being done?

Charlie relents...Gives in.

CHARLIE

Not even close. There's just been so many versions that...in my opinion, it would honestly be easier to start over.

BREE

And how long would that take you all? For a whole new game demo?

DAD (O.S.)

Charlie...Galaga?

CHARLIE

I'll be right there, dad!

(to Bree)

I mean it all depends. How much are we using stock animation? How many characters? Is there level...

BREE

Stop stop stop stop. Sugar Qube needs a killer shooter demo in three months. And you're the only person I trust to do it. If there was a hundred and fifty 'K' involved...could you guys pull it off?

Charlie takes a BEAT.

CHARLIE

In Unreal four. No. But with Unreal five...I mean...it's technically possible.

BREE

Yes! So you can do it...right?!

CHARLIE

Bree, I...I just don't have the time. And besides, the thought of working with Lucas right now is *exhausting*.

BREE

Charlie, listen. I'm sick of being a glorified assistant. Rumor is, Miles is creating a new Lead Producer position and delivering on this would *totally* set me up for my dream job! Come pitch it tomorrow to my boss. I know you can do this.

(MORE)

BREE (CONT'D)

I wouldn't come to you if I didn't think you could do it.

CHARLIE

I really wish I could. But between dad and my jobs, I'll be lucky to have any free time at all.

Charlie's shoulders drop. Bree pleads.

BREE

Charlie, full game tech demo. Three months. Hundred fifty thousand on *delivery*. Please. Come to my work tomorrow and pitch the idea to my boss...this is my chance. This is *your* chance!

Charlie furrows his brow. Thinks. Wrestles. Then...

CHARLIE

Bree, I *really* wish I could. With all my heart but there's no time!

Bree sinks. Then nods in understanding.

BREE

I get it. It's okay. If you think of a way, call me!

CHARLIE

Okay, I'll give it some thought.

Bree's eyes finally look down at his towel.

BREE

Have you been in a towel this whole time?

CHARLIE

Yep.

Bree checks out his abs. Catches herself, averts her eyes.

BREE

Sorry.

(beat)

Have you been working out?

CHARLIE

I'm going to go get dressed.

Charlie walks back towards the bathroom.