

Lucas Sides for Matter Of Time - Audition

INT. BARCADE - NIGHT

A relaxed-atmosphere. Retro game cabinets. Charlie, Lucas (28, sports a mustaches, a smoking jacket) and Brian (28, bespectacled, quiet, still looks like his mom cuts his hair.) Brian lays facedown on the table...Passed out. They're mid-conversation.

LUCAS

So, you're telling me you've never thought about it?

CHARLIE

We've been friends since we were twelve.

LUCAS

So...can I ask her out?

CHARLIE

No. Don't. That would make it weird.

LUCAS

Well, someone's going to ask her out eventually.

BREE (O.S.)

Room for one more?

Bree (29, wears a lanyard and smart business attire) drags a chair from another table, sits.

LUCAS

(goes into British accent)

Hallo, Lady Bree...striking pant suit...how's the Qube?

BREE

Is that Australian there, Lucas?

LUCAS

Goodness me! It's London I do say.
Straight out of Piccadilly Circus.

BREE

Sugar Qube is the circus! Trying to
keep my boss focused on what keeps
the lights on. I need a margarita.

CHARLIE

Sugar Crush selling literally 10
million copies isn't enough?

BREE

Yeah. F'ing Miles. Crush accounts
for ninety percent of Sugar Qube's
revenue but my boss wants to
"expand". Can you imagine the Sugar
Crush company releasing an M-rated
first person shooter?

LUCAS

(in a British accent)

Peppermint Patty gettin her head
blown off whif an A.K! I'm bloody
in! Right Bry?!

Lucas elbows Brian. Who doesn't move his head off the table.

CHARLIE

Slipping into some cock-ney there
buddy. Little accent drift.

LUCAS

And thou hits keep'th
coming...Don't look now, Sir
Charles, I daresay your good lady
has arrived.

Bree turns to see a WAITRESS (with features just like Bree).

BREE

Who's this *good* lady?

CHARLIE

Nothing...

LUCAS

Charlie's been oogling the bar
wench.

CHARLIE

Oogling? I didn't oogle anyone.

Charlie looks at Bree trying to dismiss the notion.

Then the Waitress walks by, smiles at Charlie. He smiles back. Bree watches the interaction, feels uncomfortable.

BREE

Okay. Going to need that margarita.

EXT. BARCADE - NIGHT

It's closing time as everyone files out TIPSY.

BREE

Margarita four was a bad idea. My eight a.m. meeting is going to come all too early.

Lucas interrupts, points to Charlie, Brian and himself.

LUCAS

Hey hey hey. Bree...Bree.. You want us to pitch Quick Sand to your boss?

BREE

Oh...y'all *still* working on that?

Bree looks knowingly at Charlie who rolls his eyes.

CHARLIE

Let's just say...it's a work in progress.

LUCAS

More than a work in progress...it's basically there!

CHARLIE

No. No. The concept...the bugs. ...it's just a mess. The game has a long way to go.

LUCAS

Well...yeah, there's some tweaks to be made. But we are close.

Charlie shakes his head, side-eyes Bree. Bree smiles. Charlie opens the door to the Uber. She turns and gives Charlie a lingering hug.

BREE

Night. Good luck with those *tweaks*.