

Annalise Kelly - Original Pilot

written by

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ACT ONE

INT. CASEY'S APARTMENT - DAY

23-year-old CASEY BAKER sits across from an INTERVIEWEE roughly in his mid-30s at her kitchen table. Casey is wearing a button up collared shirt with an unflattering pattern that resembles an area rug.

The man is wearing a graphic tee with spaghetti stains on it. His hair is in a messy low ponytail. He is struggling to make a balloon animal.

He begins to twist a phallic shaped balloon into little sections. The balloon starts to look like a string of sausage links. He appears confused, while Casey appears frustrated as she watches. The balloon abruptly pops.

CASEY

Okay, that's enough, let's move on with to the next question.

Casey lifts a piece of paper and reads the next question.

CASEY (CONT'D)

Do you have any performing experience?

INTERVIEWEE

Well, I did play the trumpet in high school.

Casey looks up from her paper and appears impressed. She raises her eyebrows and smiles slightly.

CASEY

Oh wow! Have you stuck with it after you graduated?

INTERVIEWEE

Nah, quit after my sophomore year because I was too busy with my online Dungeons and Dragons league.

Casey sighs in disappointment, nonetheless she continues. The interviewee smirks and leans in slightly

INTERVIEWEE (CONT'D)

If it helps, by the way, I'm number two on the national leaderboard, and I project that I'm taking the number one spot within the next six months.

The interviewee raises his eyebrows and smiles wider. Casey sinks back in her chair.

CASEY

Okay, well, do you at least have experience with young children?

INTERVIEWEE

Yes, I actually have a son! He's... um... five I think? Not sure, I haven't seen him much since the divorce.

Casey drops her hands which hold the papers to her lap. She now looks extremely defeated. She takes a deep breath then puts the paper back on the table.

CASEY

I think I've got all I needed, let me see you out.

The man gets up and Casey lets him out. He stands in the doorway facing her.

INTERVIEWEE

Thanks for the opportunity! And, um, by chance, do you happen to have the digits of the girl at the front desk.

CASEY

The sixteen-year-old?

INTERVIEWEE

Oh shit.

CASEY

Bye.

Casey shuts the door unintentionally aggressively behind her. This causes a mirror on the wall in the living room fastened to the wall with an outrageous amount of silver duct tape to fall off and hit the floor making a loud *bam* sound. Casey cringes.

A screeching, bird like voice comes from the other side of the wall. The voice belongs to FLOSSIE, Casey's elderly neighbor.

FLOSSIE (O.C.)

Casey Ross! Is that you slamming doors yet again?! I promise I will find a way to get that thing taken off its hinges!!

Casey rolls her eyes before responding.

CASEY

Shut up, you old hag!

FLOSSIE (O.C.)

At least I don't play dress up to entertain a bunch of children all day! You know you really have got no class and....

Flossie goes on and on but Casey pays no attention. Flossie's voice goes out of focus but she can still be heard yelling something in the background. Casey walks over to her desk in her living area. She picks up a notebook and a red pen on the desk.

On the notebook, the name Craig Johnson (the interviewee) is seen with a date and time written next to it. Casey crosses out the name with a red marker and writes "WEIRDO!!!" next to it.

Beneath Craig's name and interview date, Casey spots the name "Keaton Baker" with the date "June 16th @ 12p.m." written next to it.

Casey puts her notebook down and picks up a tear off desk calendar with the date reading June 15th and an inspirational quote. The quote reads "'Great works are performed not by strength but by perseverance' -Samuel Johnson".

She tears off the page and tosses it in a nearby trash can. The quote on the next page reads "'If you expect nothing from somebody, you are never disappointed' -Sylvia Plath".

INT. CASEY'S APARTMENT - NIGHT

Casey watches a reality television show. She holds a large cheeseball container in her lap and shovels them into her mouth. There is a knock at the door. Casey gets up to reveal she's wearing an oversized shirt which reads "Fart Loading" with a loading bar underneath.

Casey walks to the door and opens it to reveal Flossie. Her hair is in rollers and she is wearing a nightgown. Flossie takes a disapproving look at Casey's shirt before speaking.

FLOSSIE

Casey Ross, I have had it! You are completely off the rails!

CASEY

I closed a door and a mirror fell down, get over it.

FLOSSIE

This isn't the first instance! Last week you set off the fire alarm for attention at 2 a.m.!

CASEY

You can't prove that was me.

FLOSSIE

Then you expect me to believe that the children's performer just happened to have a monologue prepared at a time when everyone has no other choice but to pay attention to you?

CASEY

That's bullshit, but whatever you say.

FLOSSIE

The security camera footage also showed you doing it.

Casey scoffs and shakes her head.

FLOSSIE (CONT'D)

I'm calling your landlord again!

Casey's mood changes from annoyed to panicked

CASEY

No, no, no wait! Let me just-

FLOSSIE

Give me one good reason why I shouldn't!

Casey turns around and looks around her apartment. She spots her wallet on the kitchen table.

CASEY

Would a twenty-dollar bill change your mind?

There is a moment of silence. Flossie makes an exaggerated expression of shock and aghast.

FLOSSIE

Are you trying to bribe me right now?

CASEY

What if I doubled it?

Flossie's expression changes from aghast to pensive. She wonders if she should take Casey up on her offer.

FLOSSIE

Fine! But another shenanigan and I go straight to Rebecca!

CASEY

Fine.

Casey walks over to the kitchen table and grabs her wallet. She walks back to the door and hands Flossie two twenty dollar bills. Flossie snatches the bills then takes one more glare at Casey and walks away.

Casey is about to slam the door again but stops herself, thinks for a moment, and gently closes the door. She quickly glances over at her mirror, which shakes a bit, but ultimately stays put.

INT. CASEY'S APARTMENT - DAY

Casey sits at the kitchen table. She is wearing a black turtleneck and plaid pants. She straightens her papers on the table then skims over them. She pulls her phone out of her pocket. The clock reads "12:30 p.m.". Casey sighs and looks at the door, then back at her papers.

All of a sudden, there is a *knock*. Casey rushes to the door, puts her hand on the knob, then straightens out her clothes and stands up straight before opening.

She opens the door to reveal KEATON BAKER, 22 years old. His hair is slicked back and he is wearing a tuxedo.

Casey appears confused.

CASEY

Um... Keaton Baker?

KEATON

Yeah. And you're Casey Ross, right? Oh god I hope I didn't choose the wrong room, apartments buildings like this trip me out... everything looks the same.

CASEY

Yeah, I'm Casey Ross. Who else in this apartment building would know your name?

KEATON

I don't know, with the government stealing our data, anyone could know anything about anyone.

Casey laughs anxiously, but Keaton makes no indication that he's joking.

CASEY

Oh boy, well come on in.

Casey leads Keaton into her apartment, and sits down at the kitchen table. Keaton stands in front of the table. He looks unsure of himself.

Casey smiles awkwardly and motions to the seat across from her.

CASEY (CONT'D)

You can sit.

Keaton takes a seat. Casey shuffles her papers then pauses. There's a moment of awkward silence. Casey abruptly puts her papers back down on the table. She looks at Keaton with curiosity.

CASEY (CONT'D)

I'm gonna address the elephant in the room, what's with the tux?

KEATON

Well, I'm at an interview.

CASEY

You don't need to wear a tux for an interview.

Keaton appears surprised.

KEATON

I don't? Oh thank god!

Keaton stands up and begins to unbutton his pants. Casey covers her eyes abruptly.

CASEY

Oh my god!

Keaton drops his tux pants to reveal the gym shorts he was wearing underneath. Casey slowly takes her hands off of her eyes and looks bewilderedly at Keaton's pants, then back up at his face, searching for an answer.

KEATON
It's like a million degrees
outside.

CASEY
You wear gym shorts under your
pants?

KEATON
Not always, I just wanted to be
able to take my pants off in the
car after this without seeming like
a total creep. My car takes forever
to cool down.

Keaton takes his jacket off, drapes it over the back of his chair, then sits back down. Casey shakes her head and looks back at her papers which lay on the table.

CASEY
So... Keaton, why don't you tell me
a little bit about yourself.

Casey looks up from her papers and raises her eyebrows, awaiting a response.

KEATON
Well, I'm a Syracuse business grad,
go orange. I was vice president of
my frat, Phi Gamma Delta.

CASEY
Oh, great!

KEATON
Yeah, I think I'm kind of a legend
over there or something. They
actually call smashing two beers at
once then crushing both cans on
your face "pulling a Keaton Baker".

Keaton chuckles to himself. Casey's face drops.

CASEY
Okay... and what else?

KEATON
...What do you mean?

CASEY

What have you been up to since college?

Keaton thinks to himself for a second.

KEATON

Well, I -um- I'm chilling with my folks for a little, you know, family values and stuff.

CASEY

Uh huh. And what made you pick this job?

KEATON

So, like, the ad said musical experience preferred, and I play guitar in my free time, so, yeah.

Casey raises her eyebrows, intrigued.

CASEY

Oh, well that's great!

KEATON

Yeah, honestly I did it at first to pick up girls but it's actually kinda cool. My favorite's "Wanted dead or alive". It's the one I've been playing the longest.

Casey nods her head and writes something on her paper. She looks back up at Keaton.

CASEY

And do you have any experience with kids?

KEATON

I used to babysit my neighbor Brett in high school. He was a little dick though, always screaming about something... like I would want to watch the game but he wanted to watch his boring kid stuff. I won that battle though. Plus I got my money so no complaints.

Casey's once positive expression slowly drops.

CASEY

Didn't you just complain, like, literally just then?

KEATON
Whatever, you know what I mean. Got paid, so, yeah.

Casey shakes her head.

CASEY
Anything outside of babysitting?

KEATON
Not really, but moms love me if you know what I mean.

Keaton smiles and winks. Casey grimaces.

KEATON (CONT'D)
The MILFs man, they can't get enough of the K-dawg.

Casey sighs.

CASEY
Okay, I think I've got all I needed, let me lead you out.

Casey gets up and leads Keaton to the door. Keaton steps out then turns around, facing Casey.

KEATON
Thanks for the opportunity miss.
Oh! And you should follow my socials, I'm on instagram-

CASEY
Thanks, but I'm sure I'll find you.

KEATON
Nah, well I actually don't have my name on my profiles. Remember, the government stuff?

Casey sighs and takes her phone out of her pocket.

CASEY
Fine, I'll write it in my notes.

KEATON
Okay, it's K, underscore, baked, period, four-twenty.

Casey types in her phone. It's revealed that she's typing gibberish into her notes and not actually his screen name. She puts her phone down.

CASEY

Bye Keaton.

Keaton smiles before the door closes in his face. Casey's head whips over to her mirror, which stays on the wall. She walks over to her desk, defeated.

Casey picks up her notebook and red pen and crosses out Keaton's name. She notices that there is not name under Keaton's, so she takes the whole page out and crumples it in her hand.

She throws the crumpled page towards a trash can across the room and misses. She stares at the garbage can.

CASEY (CONT'D)

(Under breath)

Back to square one.

ACT TWO

INT. WIG STORE - DAY

Casey is examining wigs in a wig store. She grabs a blonde wig with loose curls and approaches a nearby WORKER.

CASEY

Excuse me, does this wig come in rainbow?

The worker gives Casey a strange look.

WORKER

Um, no. Try a Halloween store babe.

CASEY

It's June.

The worker shrugs.

WORKER

Sorry.

Casey disappointedly looks back at the wig.

CUT TO:

INT. WIG STORE REGISTER - DAY

Casey places the blonde wig she was considering before on the counter. The CASHIER picks up the wig, looks at it a moment, then types information into the computer.

CASHIER

Okay, that's gonna be \$243 and 60 cents.

Casey looks taken aback for a moment then thinks to herself.

CASEY

Is there a performer's discount by chance?

The cashier gives Casey a look that screams "Girl, seriously?"

CASHIER

No. To my knowledge that's not a thing here. Or anywhere.

CASEY

It worked with the nice man at
Downtown Deli.

CASHIER

He may have misunderstood you.

Casey looks frustratedly at the cashier and hesitates to speak. She is trying to think of a plan B.

CASEY

Do you have any kids?

CASHIER

Yeah, a son. Why is this important
right now?

Casey's face lights up. She shuffles through her bag and pulls out a business card. She places it on the counter and slides it to the cashier.

CASEY

Tell you what, I'm a local
children's party performer, and if
you'd be willing to give me a
discount on this wig, I can
guarantee you a free performance
for your son's next birthday, you
just give me a call.

The cashier examines the card for a moment, then raises her eyebrows in surprise. She looks back up at Casey.

CASHIER

Oh my god... you're that crazy lady
who threw a cake in that mom's
face!

Casey's smug expression changes to one of panic.

CASEY

Wait, there's missing context to
that!

The cashier aggressively pushes back the card to Casey.

CASHIER

I'm gonna pass on that. I don't
want a hot birthday candle in my
eye socket. Also my son's nineteen.

Casey eyes the wig, then the cashier.

CASEY
So no discount?

CASHIER
Please get out of my store.

Casey looks offended, then slouches away from the register.

INT. CASEY'S APARTMENT - EVENING

Casey is sitting at her desk, typing at her computer. There is a *knock* at the door. Casey gets up and opens the door to see REBECCA, mid-30's, her no-nonsense landlord, standing before her.

CASEY
Oh, hi Becca.

REBECCA
It's Rebecca, Casey. We need to talk.

CASEY
Come on in!

REBECCA
It won't take long, I'm just here to inform you that I've received another complaint from one of neighbors.

Casey's jaw drops. She appears aghast. She turns slightly away from Rebecca and begins talking to herself.

CASEY
(to self)
Flossie! That dirty old bitch!

REBECCA
I'm not at liberty to say who the complaint was from, but Casey, on top of the complaints, you're a month behind on rent. I have no choice but to evict you.

CASEY
What?! Rebecca, please give me another chance, I'm in a tough spot with the business, but once I find a partner I'll be back on my feet!

REBECCA

I've given you many chances, and remember, money isn't the sole issue, almost everyone on this floor has spoken to me about you! Let us not forget the fire alarm incident!

CASEY

I swear I didn't pull it!

REBECCA

The camera footage says different.

CASEY

Well, my monologue did get a couple of claps.

Rebecca puts on a sarcastically impressed expression.

REBECCA

(Sarcastically)

Oh wow, a couple of claps.

Casey smiles and nods confidently. Rebecca's face drops.

REBECCA (CONT'D)

Casey, you received a \$1000 fine and 3 death threats if I remember correctly!

CASEY

Whatever, worth it!

Rebecca finally snaps at Casey.

REBECCA

Casey!

(a beat)

I need you out in a month. Can you do that for me?

Casey plays with her fingers and looks down.

CASEY

(Under breath)

Fine.

Rebecca leans in closer to her.

REBECCA

Can't hear you.

Casey glances up.

CASEY

Fine.

Rebecca smiles.

REBECCA

Great. Bye now.

Rebecca walks away and Casey gingerly shuts the door. With her hand still on the door, she stands silently for a moment. She then slowly turns her head to the wall that Flossie is on the other side of as if in a horror movie.

CUT TO:

INT. HALLWAY - EVENING, MOMENTS LATER.

Casey's fist aggressively *bangs* against Flossie's door. The TV show *The Price is Right* is faintly heard on the other side. Casey's enraged expression is revealed. She *bangs* on the door again.

CASEY

Hope you're happy you old withered
hag! I'm out! You're dreams are
coming true!

Casey is now hitting the door with two hands. She backs up and kicks it ungracefully. The sound of *The Price is Right* gets louder. Flossie still doesn't respond.

CASEY (CONT'D)

Does forty dollars mean nothing to
you?! You- you betrayer!

There is a pause, Casey is heavy breathing.

CASEY (CONT'D)

I hope you're dead in there!
(a beat)
Bitch!

Another moment passes with no response from Flossie. Casey pathetically hits the door again, then spits at it. She waits a moment before storming off to her apartment, swinging open the door, then *slamming* it shut. From the other side of Casey's door, a loud *bang* is heard, then the crash of glass on the ground.

CASEY (CONT'D)

(O.C.)
Dammit, my mirror!

ACT THREE

INT. KEATON'S BASEMENT - DAY

Keaton sleeps on a futon in the basement of his parents' home. The space is a disaster, the futon covered in stains, miscellaneous cans of beer and soda around the room, dirty clothes scattered across the floor and bed, and dirty plates piled in a corner.

On the side of the futon, the tux from Keaton's interview lies wrinkled. Keaton is wearing a t-shirt and boxers. The TV across from Keaton is playing a movie at a low volume.

SANDRA, Keaton's mother, enters. She walks down the stairs carefully, avoiding miscellaneous trash lying on the steps. She is holding a spray bottle. She approaches Keaton quietly, tip-toeing.

Sandra sprays Keaton and he quickly awakens, visibly startled and annoyed.

KEATON

Agh, mom, what the hell?!

Sandra stops spraying Keaton.

SANDRA

This is basically the only way to wake you up nowadays. It's 6pm, you've been sleeping for two hours. Wake up or you won't be able to fall asleep tonight.

Keaton grumbles in annoyance, sits up and grabs his phone. He immediately is lost in a trance, scrolling through whatever social media app. As his mother speaks to him, he scrolls, types, and occasionally takes a photo of himself.

SANDRA (CONT'D)

Any luck in the job search?

Keaton does not look up at his mother as he answers.

KEATON

Oh, yeah, it's just that- y'know- it's super competitive out there and stuff.

SANDRA

Right, cause I'm sure the McDonald's drive thru is just drowning in applicants.

Keaton takes a picture of himself holding up a peace sign. He still does not look at his mother as he answers.

KEATON
It's a tough industry.

Sandra sighs in frustration.

SANDRA
Keaton, I need to talk to you about something important.

Keaton ignores his mother and chuckles at something on his phone. Sandra snatches the phone from Keaton.

KEATON
Hey!

Sandra looks at the phone and grimaces at what she sees.

SANDRA
Oh god, Keaton!

KEATON
That's why you don't take my phone!

SANDRA
Why are your friends sending you videos of their penises?

KEATON
Cause it's funny, look he drew a face on it!

Sandra turns Keaton's phone off and sets it down on the futon before sitting next to her son.

SANDRA
We need to talk.
(beat)
Your grandmother just turned eighty-six, and I'm getting worried about her living so far away. Now you know your father and I love you very much but you're twenty-three now Keaton, and we need you to find a job and make something of yourself! Living here with us is holding you back.

Keaton furrows his brow.

KEATON
What are you trying to say?

SANDRA

I'm saying... we need you out within the next month so your grandma can move in.

Keaton is so shocked that he stands up.

KEATON

What?!

SANDRA

Please understand that this is for your benefit.

KEATON

How?! Do you even care about me?!

SANDRA

Of course, but honey, your grandmother is getting very old! We're nervous something might happen to her.

KEATON

Well... maybe she can just like-- I don't know-- be my roomie or something? Like maybe we share this space.

Keaton's mom is silent. She is appalled that he would even suggest that.

SANDRA

You can't be serious.

KEATON

Well, why not?!

Sandra looks around the room. She motions her hands around it.

SANDRA

I don't even know how you live in this place, let alone an ninety-five pound, eighty-six year old woman!

KEATON

What's that supposed to mean?

Keaton's mother points to a dead rat in the corner of the room atop a couple of styrofoam takeout containers.

SANDRA
There's a dead rat over there.

Keaton shrugs.

KEATON
And? He's not hurting anyone!

SANDRA
Rats carry tons of disease, alive
or dead!

KEATON
I'm not sick, are you sick? No, so
it's fine.

Sandra abruptly stands up.

SANDRA
Keaton Michael!

Sandra closes her eyes and takes a deep breath before
addressing him again.

SANDRA (CONT'D)
You're my son, and of course I love
you. But as a roommate, you're a
total nightmare. I need you to go
out into the world and become a
functioning member of society. I
know you can do it.

Keaton sulks.

KEATON
Alright, fine.

Sandra places a hand on Keaton's shoulder.

SANDRA
Your father and I can provide you
with some starter money, but you
really need to crack down on this
job hunt.

Sandra kisses Keaton on the cheek and exits the room. Keaton
stands still and stares into space, looking unsure and upset.

INT. CASEY'S APARTMENT - EVENING

Casey is standing in her bathroom with the door open. Various hair dye materials are scattered around the room, and three mixing bowls are sitting on the edge of her bathtub. One bowl has blue dye, one has pink, and one has yellow.

On Casey's sink sits her laptop. She has a video open on how to dye your hair multiple colors.

Casey's hair is poorly sectioned using tinfoil. Her hair is basically a mess. She holds a hair dye brush in her hand as she watches the video.

GIRL IN VIDEO

Now that you've sectioned your hair
and your tools are all set, it's
time to get to the application
process! Dip your brush into one of
the dye mixes and start painting
the first section!

Casey dips her brush into the blue dye and gingerly grabs a section of her hair from the bottom. From here she begins to paint.

She notices the girl in the video is painting from the top.

GIRL IN VIDEO (CONT'D)

Here's a pro-tip, make sure you're
starting from the top and working
your way to the bottom!

CASEY

(under breath)
Shit.

Casey frantically pauses the video and places her brush into the yellow color dye without looking. She tries with her gloved hand to rub the dye she already applied off of the bottom section of her hair.

Casey unpauses the video and takes the brush out of the bowl, now applying to the top of her hair. However, the dye on her brush and the dye in her bowl have now mixed to create an unflattering vomit green color.

Casey at first doesn't notice, watching the video intently, then looks into the mirror. She visibly panics for a moment, before giving herself a much-needed pep talk. She pauses the video again

CASEY (CONT'D)
(to self)
Okay, Casey, you can fix this. You
got this. I believe in you.

Casey takes a deep breath and washes off her brush. She is about to apply the blue dye to her hair.

CUT TO:

INT. CASEY'S APARTMENT - NIGHT

Casey sits on her couch, visibly upset and defeated. The entirety of her hair is an unflattering green. She scrolls through Facebook mindlessly.

Casey scrolls by a video of the girl who did the hair tutorial which she failed to follow correctly. Casey scowls and dislikes the video.

Casey scrolls past a couple more posts until she comes across a video of a man playing guitar and singing. She almost scrolls past it but stops herself and gets a closer look.

Casey realizes the man in the video is Keaton. He is playing "Wanted Dead or Alive" on the guitar and singing along. She looks at the likes and comments and is shocked to find that the video has 155 thousand likes and 24 thousand comments.

Casey clicks on the comments and reads a few. One reads "What a handsome young man!" Casey clicks on the woman's profile. Her photo is of herself and two young girls, presumably her daughters.

Casey notices another comment which reads "What a talent! And cute too! The total package" With a winking emoji. Casey clicks on her profile. Her bio reads "Mom of four little rascals".

Casey scrolls through many flirty comments towards Keaton and clicks on the profiles, noticing they are all older women, many with kids.

Casey leans back with her mouth agape. She is in shock.

CASEY
Oh my god, he was serious?

Casey grabs her phone and opens her contacts. She types in "Keaton" but to no avail. She frantically opens her recent calls. She clicks on the most recent number.

Casey holds the phone up to her ear.

PHONE LADY

(O.C.)

Nancy's Diner, how may I help you today?

CASEY

Oh, sorry, wrong number.

PHONE LADY

(O.C.)

Wait, is this that lady from before? Listen, we don't do whatever the hell a performer's discount is, so you can just forget it.

Casey abruptly hangs up. She taps on the next number down. As the phone rings, Casey closes her eyes and crosses her fingers.

The phone rings three more times, then goes to VOICEMAIL. Luckily, it's Keaton's voicemail. Casey's eyes immediately open and widen in excitement. Keaton is obviously drunk in his voicemail message.

KEATON

(V.O.)

Hey, I'm Keaton, and uh... wait I forgot why I was doing this. If this is Jessica please answer my texts.

The voicemail beep goes off. Casey hesitates a moment in confusion, then begins her message.

CASEY

Hey Keaton, it's Casey, from the interview...

INT. KEATON'S BASEMENT - MORNING

Keaton is asleep on his futon again, this time it is early morning. An alarm goes off on Keaton's phone, which is sitting next to him on his bed, in the mess of blankets that covers him.

Keaton slowly yet ungracefully awakens. He hits his phone with his eyes half open, not even looking at the screen. He sits in silence for a moment, groggy. He rubs his eyes then grabs his phone.

On the screen, he spots a notification for a new voicemail. Keaton looks intrigued, and taps on the notification.

The notification takes him his voicemail box, Casey's number appearing above the message. Keaton hits the play symbol.

CASEY

(V.O.)

Hi Keaton, it's Casey, from the interview. Listen, if I'm being honest, at first I wasn't sure about you, but I've had some time to think it over, and, well, basically you've got the job. We'll start training next week on Wednesday, same place as the interview. Um...welcome to the team?

(to self)

Oh god, part that was so stupid. Oh shit it's still going.

The voicemail message ends. Keaton's face lights up. He calls to his mom upstairs.

KEATON

Mom, pop the champagne I've got good news!

Out of nowhere, the presumably dead rat in the corner of Keaton's room makes a *squeak* noise. Keaton is startled.

KEATON (CONT'D)

Oh shit it's alive!

END.