

TOO MUCH OF A GOOD THING

Written by

Dylan Polniak

info@dylanpolniak.com
323.236.2874

EXT - WAREHOUSE - NIGHT

Standing outside of a dimly lit building are two guys in their mid 30s, SCOTT, who is dressed in torn skinny denim and a flannel, and BRIAN, in his signature look of a polo and cargo shorts.

Scott unlocks the door, revealing a pitch black room. He signals for a reluctant Brian to enter.

CUT TO:

INT - WAREHOUSE DOOR - NIGHT

The lights flick on revealing Scott and Brian in the doorway, with Scott's hand on the switch. Brian looks on in complete awe.

The camera pans to reveal hundreds of clones of a single woman.

BRIAN
What the hell is this?

SCOTT
It's what I needed to show you.

BRIAN
There are hundreds of LISAs in here.

SCOTT
It worked Brian.

BRIAN
What did?

SCOTT
We've cloned the perfect girl?

BRIAN
We? How? Lisa?

Scott stares at his creation in complete infatuation.

SCOTT
The perfect girl.

BRIAN
You've got to be kidding me. She's the perfect girl? My ex-wife?

SCOTT
I knew you were going to have a
problem with this.

BRIAN
Yeah. Well no. I just didn't expect
it. I'm so confused.

SCOTT
Here.

Scott points to a nearby chair.

SCOTT (CONT'D)
I think you should sit down.

BRIAN
Why?

SCOTT
You're not going to like what I'm
about to say next.

BRIAN
What could possibly be worse than
this?

SCOTT
I've been selling Lisas from a
newspaper ad I made.

BRIAN
WHAT? I have SO MANY questions.

SCOTT
I'll never have to play guitar ever
again. You don't need to work at
the DMV to impress your dad
anymore. We got what we've always
wanted. The perfect girl.

BRIAN
I was married to her! When I said
you could use my warehouse and lent
you the \$10,000 I thought you were
going to start a real business.

SCOTT
I did.

BRIAN
No, a real business. Like selling
furniture or rugs.

SCOTT
Well just think of these girls as
furniture.

BRIAN
Don't-

SCOTT
You said all Lisa did was lay there
anyways.

BRIAN
No-

Brian starts to stand. Scott stops him.

SCOTT
Wait. You need to stay seated for
this too.

BRIAN
What now?

SCOTT
Someone's coming to pick one up
tonight.

A pounding comes from the front door.

SCOTT (CONT'D)
That must be him.

Scott moves over to the front door they initially entered.

CUT TO:

INT - WAREHOUSE DOOR - NIGHT

Scott unlocks the door. Looks at Brian. Looks back at the
door and opens it.

Now standing in the doorway is a cop in full uniform. In one
hand he has a flash light shining into the warehouse, with
his other on his gun.

BRIAN
Dad?

SCOTT
(to COP)
That'll be \$300 Mr. Willcrest.

FADE TO BLACK.