

INT. HOUSE / LIVING/DINING ROOM - NIGHT

A doorbell RINGS. A VOICE (Cherie) calls out from the KITCHEN.

CHERIE

Can one of you get that?

Various young people mill around the living room, chatting with drinks in hand. CAM cocks his head slightly at the request.

CAM

I'll get it, Cherie!

As Cam moves toward the front door we see his girlfriend, ERICA lift her head and watch Cam move away from the large dining table.

INT. HOUSE / FRONT DOOR - CONTINUOUS

Cam opens the door revealing SHAIMAA, pretty and exotic with an indeterminate accent.

CAM

Hey!

SHAIMAA

Hey, Cam! I guess this is the right place. It was hard to see the numbers.

CAM

Yep. You got it.

Slight awkward hesitation.

SHAIMAA

Uh, can I come in?

Cam suddenly realizes he is blocking the door. He shifts his position, trying to make light of it.

CAM

Uh, you sure you want to do that?

For a brief second Shaimaa registers that she isn't quite sure what's going on.

CAM (CONT'D)

I'm just kidding. Sorry.

Cam steps back letting Shaimaa enter. Shaimaa steps forward carrying a bottle of wine.

CAM (CONT'D)

You, uh, want me to take your coat?

SHAIMAA

Oh, sure. That would be great.

Shaimaa slips out of her coat and hands it to Cam. From across the room Erica clocks this then turns to face someone next to her.

CAM

Cherie's in the kitchen if you want to give her the bottle.

Cam tilts his head slightly, reading the label.

CAM (CONT'D)

Damn! Jordan Cab? Someone's trying to get an "A!"

SHAIMAA

(confused)

We don't... there aren't grades, are there?

CAM

I'm just playing. I'm just -- (pointing) that's good stuff.

Shaimaa just smiles.

CAM (CONT'D)

So, uh, the kitchen is around that way.

SHAIMAA

Okay great, thanks.

As Shaimaa moves away Cam pauses, realizing he doesn't know what to do with the coat.

CAM

I'll just... put this somewhere.

INT. HOUSE / KITCHEN - CONTINUOUS

CHERIE stirs a large pot on the stove as Shaimaa enters.

SHAIMAA

Hey, Cherie!

CHERIE

(turning)

Shaimaa! I'm so glad you could make it.

SHAIMAA

Of course. Me too. I mean, I am so happy to be here. (regarding her expression)
That's right?

CHERIE

It's perfect. Listen, kid, with your looks they aren't paying attention to your sentence structure. You feel me?

SHAIMAA

I feel you?

CHERIE

Just a -- nevermind. Hey, make yourself at home. I'm just putting the finishing touches on my goulash.

(eyeing the wine)

That for us? Why don't you pop the cork on that thing -- I can use some to thin this out a little.

Before Shaimaa can respond, Cam suddenly appears and swoops the bottle out of Shaimaa's hands.

CAM

Oh, no. This isn't exactly beef stew wine. Here --

Cam grabs an open bottle of "2 Buck Chuck" from a counter and hands it to Cherie.

CAM (CONT'D)

This is made for beef stew.

As Cam whisks off with the pricey bottle of wine, Shaimaa stands awkwardly by. Cherie turns back to her pot, pours some of the cheap wine in as she stirs.

CHERIE

(sotto)

It's "goulash."

INT. HOUSE / LIVING/DINING ROOM - CONTINUOUS

At the rear of the room, off the kitchen we see Cam standing in front of an end table which has various bottles and snacks atop it. He moves to open the wine as we hear...

VOICE (O.S.)

Yeah, I'm pretty psyched.

A figure moves slightly and fills the screen, blocking our view of Cam. It's MIKE. He has an infectious, positive energy. On first glance he comes across as somewhat the dumb jock/bro type.

MIKE

Yeah, they say normally you have to be working there at least six months before you get a chance to move into sales. But I've only been there three weeks. So that's pretty awesome.

We hear the VOICE of the person Mike's talking to.

VOICE (O.S.)

You said.

MIKE

Hmm?

As the camera angle flips we see it's Erica speaking.

ERICA

You already said that you were moved into sales. In just three weeks. Three times.

MIKE

What?

ERICA

You said it three times.

MIKE

(oblivious to her dig)
Yeah, it's pretty great.

ERICA

(small smile)
It sounds it.

From behind Mike, Cherie moves into the room, taking off her APRON. Shaimaa follows quietly behind her.

CHERIE

Okay, goulash is on the stove. Help yourselves whenever. It'll keep for, I don't know, what -- a week? It did when my mother made it. Anyway, can you guys clear off the table?

As Cam pours a glass a wine and moves to give it to Shaimaa, Mike and Erica move back to the dining table and remove assorted items from it.

CHERIE (CONT'D)

Someone grab a hat from the shelves.
There should be pencil and paper - pen,
whatever - in the top drawer of the
sideboard. Write out everyone's names on
separate slips of paper.

MIKE

Should we put the slips into the hat,
Cherie?

CHERIE

You're a mind reader, kid.

Mike smiles as Erica rolls her eyes slightly.

CHERIE (CONT'D)

(looking around)

Everyone's here, right?

CAM

Not yet.

CHERIE

Who we missing?

In UNISON the rest of the group exclaim..

GROUP

Fabio!

As if on cue, FABIO enters the front door.

FABIO

Hey, guys! How did you see me through the
door? It's wood, right?

INT. HOUSE / LIVING/DINING ROOM - LATER

The group is split into two groups facing each other
across the table. On the table are a series of cards with
the names of various NOUNS on them. They are playing the
game: CODENAMES.

ERICA

(looks across to Cam)

Okay, I'm going to go... "Adventurer - 3."

Cam tries briefly to get any additional meaning from
Erica's eyes before turning his attention down to the
cards before him. Cam scans the cards, looking for 3
cards that can thematically connect to the "hint" word
that Erica gave him.

CAM
"Adventurer - 3..."

As Cam continues to scan the cards, Fabio speaks quietly across the table to his partner, Shaimaa.

FABIO
Do you get this game?

Shaimaa nods her head, politely not wanting to disturb Cam's concentration. Fabio turns his attention to Erica.

FABIO (CONT'D)
Do you guys have plans for Christmas?

Erica uses her eyes to reference the game, trying to quiet Fabio.

ERICA
Fabio.

Fabio sits back.

FABIO
(sotto)
Come on, people. It's just a game.

Mike looks at the game's egg timer.

MIKE
Time's almost up, Bro.

CAM
(concentrating)
Yeah. Yeah. We agreed we don't have to make our choices til the timer runs out.

MIKE
Just sayin'.

The final grains of sand in the timer suddenly appear HUGE and fall through their glass portal in Super-Slo-Motion, the sound of each grain's movement magnified to sound like gigantic boulders CRASHING against each other.

Back to real time as Cherie lifts her head.

CHERIE
Time's up, kid. Whad'ya got?

MIKE
(sotto)
That was literally like two seconds later.

Cam moves his right hand to touch the appropriate cards as he calls them out.

CAM

Okay, I'm going with... "Temple"...

Erica's face lights up as she moves a colored card to cover the "Temple" card.

CAM (CONT'D)

"Pit."

Erica smiles slightly, covering the "Pit" card.

CAM (CONT'D)

Aaaand... -- oh, dang! I'm so stuck between two.

MIKE

(to Cherie)

Is he allowed to take this much time?

CHERIE

Relax, Mike. It's just a game.

MIKE

(sotto)

Fine. Just want to be clear on the rules.

Cam shoots a quick look at Erica. She looks back. They've got this. He looks down at the cards and moves his hand.

CAM

Okay, gotta go with... "Eagle."

Cam looks up at Erica expectantly. Her face has fallen.

ERICA

(sotto)

You fuckin' idiot.

CHERIE

Ooohh, sorry, kid. Afraid you were a little off base with that one.

CAM

Oh, dang -- is that your group, Cherie?

Cherie moves her hand over the pile of name cards and drops a card on top of "Eagle." The three guys look down. It's the BOMB card.

CHERIE

We all gotta go sometime, kid.