

Apartment

S01E01  
"Pilot"

written by

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**COLD OPEN**

**INT. APARTMENT 4B - NIGHT**

REMP is at his home office desk; it's messy and filled with sweet wraps, contrasting with the otherwise very clean room. To his right, a smaller desk holds a laptop playing a cool cyberpunk screensaver video.

Remp is playing on his computer, clearly losing. He's on a call with some friends with his headphones on. He dies in game, and takes them off in frustration.

REMP

It's impossible, man. This dude's  
destroying us, I can barely move!

He puts down the headphones to take a beat. Without them, he hears the upstairs neighbors having sex. Innocently, he misses that fact, though.

UPSTAIRS NEIGHBOR

Don't you dare stop, keep going! I  
didn't train you to be a quitter.

He slowly nods as he's fired up at this pep talk that's not directed at him at all.

REMP

Yeah... Yeah, you're right!

He puts his headphones back on with vigor, and keeps playing intensely.

After some time, Remp hears his neighbors muffled, so he takes out an ear to listen.

UPSTAIRS NEIGHBOR

--more to the left. Right there!

Remp's face lights up, as he takes this as gaming advice.

REMP

Guys, they're absolutely right: our  
left flank is open! Ray, cover it,  
quick!

His team comes out on top and wins the game. Remp celebrates and cheers, pointing upwards as if to dedicate the win to his neighbors. He takes off his headphones.

There's a continuous "clapping" sound in the background.

UPSTAIRS NEIGHBOR

You're such a good boy. Oh, I'm so  
proud of you, oh yes I am.

Remp smiles innocently.

REMP  
Aw, man, I can't thank you enough  
for the help! Not even my parents  
clap for me.

Remp puts his headphones back on, with the widest grin on his face.

REMP (CONT'D)  
(to his friends on the  
call)  
Man, I swear, I have the coolest  
neighbors.

**END OF COLD OPEN**

CUE: TITLE SEQUENCE

**INT. APARTMENT 4B - MORNING**

A messy apartment with clothes and garbage everywhere. A group of four people sit in a square, facing outwards and away from each other. Each has a small piece of paper in hand, and a travel bag in front.

**REMP TALKING HEAD**

REMP  
Listen, I don't really know for  
sure why you're in this hellhole of  
a town for this documentary; I  
can't even say for sure if it's  
considered a town. But let me tell  
you about the disadvantages of  
democracy:  
In democracy, every vote counts the  
same. That's it. Look around. Does  
that seem like a good idea?

Remp is one of the four. We now see the others, each looking more sloppy and dumber than the last. They write on the piece of paper, and throw it into a hat at the center of the square, without looking.

REMP (CONT'D)  
(off-screen)  
Three years of my life, I dedicated  
to these posers. Dumb as rocks,  
with the looks to match.

One of them, ALGERNON, turns to the center of the square. He takes out and rolls open a piece of parchment.

ALGERNON

(overly dramatic)

The Court pronounces itself on the matter of 'Remp v the People'. In discussion is the matter of Remp arriving late to the latest D&D session - last Saturday, as you may recall - and forgetting Olsen's gummy bears, as previously requested with the utmost politeness, since the accused was going out that day anyways and it wasn't that much trouble to bring over the snacks, and the non-accused would send him the money, promise, no sweat, he's good for it.

OLSEN shakes his head as he seems to have trailed off in his own thoughts, while TAD slowly nods in agreement of the gravity of the accusations.

ALGERNON (CONT'D)

The verdict shall determine the roommate who will **not** be moving with the group into the new apartment.

REMP

I **did** bring the gummy bears.

ALGERNON

The Court would like to remind the defendant that the gummy bears brought were warm and--

REMP

They were warm because I brought them in my pocket, but they were perfectly--

ALGERNON

The defendant shall not interrupt the prosecutor's accusation.

REMP

I've got your accusation right here.

Remp starts unrolling his middle finger.

TAD

Order! Order in the courthouse!  
Please proceed with the vote results.

OLSEN

Guys, I don't want to play healer  
now that Remp's gone.

REMP

(off-screen)

I'm really serious, they don't know  
where they'd be without me.

Algernon grabs a piece of paper, and reads.

ALGERNON

'Remp'.

REMP

(off-screen)

I cooked for them.

ALGERNON

'Remp'.

REMP

(off-screen)

Cleaned up their messes.

ROOMMATE 1

'Remp'.

REMP

(off-screen)

Kept them alive, some would say.

Upon unwrapping the last paper, he squints and adjusts his  
glasses.

ALGERNON

'Remp, I guess, not like it would  
matter if I voted anything else'.  
That's a lot of tiny words.

REMP

(annoyed)

Yeah, well...

Remp kicks his travel bag, which flies away and hits Tad's  
foot. Everyone reacts, except Olsen, who seems to be in his  
own memory.

OLSEN

I played the healer that one time,  
and my mom's mage died.

REMP

Bag was empty anyway.

TAD

Hey!

OLSEN

Then dad got upset, and he...

REMP

Doesn't matter anymore. I don't like you, you suck.

He turns and points at Olsen.

REMP (CONT'D)

And you suck too. Harder than the others.

(starting to ramble)

You're like a freaking-- sucking machine. You should buy a bag of dicks and just-- go to town on that--

ALGERNON

(interrupting)

Alright, okay. We're done here.

(getting up)

Remaining council. Move out.

They get up and grab their travel bags. The three of them begin leaving the apartment.

OLSEN

(under his breath)

I didn't know he was going to...

#### REMP TALKING HEAD

Remp takes out a notebook, and a small pencil from inside it.

REMP

(writing on a notebook)

'Go... With... Fascist system...  
For... A-part-ment.'

Remp looks at us.

REMP (CONT'D)

Fool me once, shame on me. Fool me twice, shame on the political system that was never explicitly assumed, but that I gradually introduced through actions instead of words.

Just as the former roommates leave, Algernon lags behind.

ALGERNON

You remember that one time you set up a jelly bean stand right outside the hallway?

REMP  
 (confused)  
 Yeah?

Algernon pulls out a piece of paper.

ALGERNON  
 You shouldn't have given out  
 receipts. Expect an entertaining  
 call from Mr. Quarters today.

Remp looks worried.

#### **INT. APARTMENT 4B - EARLY AFTERNOON**

Remp sits at his desk, intensely writing and drawing on a piece of paper. After a while, he seems pretty satisfied with the result. He picks up the piece of paper and heads out into the hallway.

#### **INT. ATRIUM - EARLY AFTERNOON**

He arrives at an atrium, where a couple of bulletin boards contain leaflets and ads for events happening at The Apartment, as well as public announcements from town hall.

The bulletin boards are pretty full, and Remp starts going through all of them to see which one is older, so he can put up his announcement.

REMP  
 (going through a bulletin  
 board's leaflets)  
 Let's see...  
 "Looking for pot dealer in quarter-  
 " blah blah blah; three days ago...  
 "Single plumbers in your area";  
 last week...  
 "Please remember to donate blood  
 freque--", oh! This one's from last  
 month. They're probably full of all  
 kinds of blood by now. Cool.

Remp replaces the blood donation leaflet with his own. It's filled with very rudimentary serpentine-like details and terrible drawings of people with smiley faces. Picasso would roll in his tomb at the thought of this, but Remp once more admires his work with pride before heading off.

REMP'S LEAFLET  
 Audition! Audition! Are you a  
 Theater major?  
 Apartment 4B is looking for new  
 roommates. Auditions at 4PM.

**INT. APARTMENT 4B - AFTERNOON**

Remp is finishing the setup of a makeshift stand in his entrance hall. It's an office desk with a couple of stacks of paper, a bowl with candy, and a few pens. A flag on each side of the desk hold up a makeshift sign that reads "Housemate Auditions".

Someone knocks on the door. He rushes to sit down, and struggles to get his pose right. He tries out a laid back pose with his feet up on the table, then a more rigid, formal posture.

REMP

Uhh, just a second!

He settles on rotating the chair a little and reclining a bit.

REMP (CONT'D)

Come in, come in.

In comes STARLA, in a gym outfit. She comes in marching, and even marches in place when she reaches the desk.

REMP (CONT'D)

Hi, hi! Please, sit down.

STARLA

No, I'm good.

REMP

Let's get started then--

STARLA

(interrupting)

Before you yap on about whatever you're gonna yap on about: I'm a part-time exotic dancer, and I wanna know if I can put a dancing pole on that there living room.

REMP

(surprised)

Uhm, well... If it messes with the apartment's structure, I'd need to get a--

STARLA

(interrupting)

Town hall permit. Yeah, I know. That's what everyone's been sayin'. I was just hoping you would be a cool guy and not one of *those* nerds.

REMP

We could always look into getting a freestanding pole; I th--



STARLA  
(interrupting)  
Not the same.

REMP  
Oh, I see. Okay.

Remp takes a clipboard out of a drawer. He takes a look at the first item.

REMP (CONT'D)  
Are you an actress?

Starla takes a suspicious look at Remp.

STARLA  
I'm not *that* kinda exotic dancer.

REMP  
(confused)  
What? Oh, no, no. That's not what I mea--

STARLA  
(interrupting)  
Mind you, I'm not sayin' no, I'm just sayin' I'm not that kinda exotic dancer.

REMP  
No, please, that's really not what I meant. I'm just wr--

STARLA  
(interrupting)  
I'm just sayin'.

REMP  
(agreeing hesitantly)  
Right. Exotic dancer, not actress.

STARLA  
Not the same.

REMP  
You know, Starla, I think I have enough for now, I'll let you know wh--

STARLA  
(interrupting)  
Yeah, I was just gonna say, I hafta go. I'm really not likin' ya vibes.

REMP  
Well, I'm sorry to hear that.

STARLA

You seem kinda rude. I been  
standin' here this whole time and  
you haven't offered me a single  
sweet.

REMP

I'm sorry, you're right. I should  
have asked. Do you wan--

STARLA

(interrupting)

Not the same now.

Remp slowly nods.

CUT TO KYLE'S INTERVIEW:

KYLE walks through the door, wearing extremely elegant  
clothing. He's clearly a charmer.

REMP

Hi, good afternoon.

KYLE

(with a wide smile)

Good afternorning!

Kyle notices his mistake, and smacks his own forehead a  
couple of times.

KYLE (CONT'D)

(to himself, muttering)

Damnit!

### INTERLUDE

Remp sits on a chair in the kitchen, eating another  
sandwich. All is quiet.

CUT TO KLUMFT'S INTERVIEW:

Remp stares at a résumé, somewhere between confused and  
surprised.

REMP

So you're... German, I wanna say?

KLUMFT's towering figure barely fits on the tiny chair. He  
simply nods.

Remp pulls out his phone, and takes a picture of the sheet.

REMP (CONT'D)  
 Sorry, just wanna translate this  
 real quick before we move on.

Klumft nods. A beat passes.

REMP (CONT'D)  
 So it says here you have a nervous  
 condition that causes... Occasional  
 muscle spasms and cramps.  
 (smiling, playfully)  
 Does this mean you'll take a swing  
 at me when I'm passing by at  
 breakfast, or does it mean you're  
 gonna sleep late because you can't  
 get out of bed?

Klumft stares blankly at Remp. A beat passes. Another.  
 Klumft nods. Remp, confused, smiles and nods back.

CUT TO HARPER'S INTERVIEW:

Remp skims through HARPER's résumé.

REMP  
 So... Harper. This is awesome, I  
 didn't know we had a women's  
 handball team at all. And it says  
 here that you also do some odd jobs  
 around the complex?

HARPER  
 We're not exactly swimming in money  
 like the men's team, but it's  
 enough to pay the rent.

REMP  
 (laughing)  
 Hehe, I get it. Like, to "pay the  
 rent"...

Harper stares blankly.

REMP (CONT'D)  
 (laughing a bit less)  
 Like, because I'm... And you're...

Harper doesn't react.

REMP (CONT'D)  
 (gradually stopping the  
 laughter, then serious)  
 Heheh... Heh... Yeah, gender pay  
 gap is a serious issue that should  
 be tackled more actively.

CUT TO ZACK'S INTERVIEW:

ZACK walks assertively towards the chair, and sits down.

REMP

Hi! I'm Remp; as you may know, this is an interview to be my housemate.

Zack introduces himself as if he's in an AA meeting.

ZACK

Hi, I'm Zack. I'm a woodworker, mason, whatever is needed. I also tend to leave whenever I detect any social friction directed towards me.

REMP

(confused)

Wait, what does that mean? You don't argue with anyone, ever?

ZACK

It's a bit more sensitive, but as a general concept: yeah, that's it.

REMP

But what if there's anything that needs to be discussed? For example, what if you break one of the contract's clauses or--

Expressionless and without a word, Zack gets up, turns around, and starts to leave the apartment.

REMP (CONT'D)

(conceding)

Alright, alright! Sorry. Please, sit down.

Zack hesitantly sits back down.

CUT TO LANCE'S INTERVIEW:

LANCE walks in and sits down without taking his eyes off his phone. Remp stares at him, but Lance keeps texting. Remp goes to say something, but Lance extends a finger as if to say "wait". This goes on for one more beat.

Lance puts his phone on his lap.

LANCE

Okay, we can start.

REMP

Great!

LANCE

(immediately)

I am an online influencer, and I just wanna say: I love your idea of wanting Theater majors as roommates.

REMP

It's cool, isn't it?

LANCE

It's more than cool! They're as unemployed as their parents are rich. It's the perfect combination! You get stable rent, and they're always home so you can guilt them into doing all the house work.

Remp laughs, trying to disguise his surprise at this logic.

REMP

Haha, yeah, that's exactly what I was going for, no other reason at all, haha!

Remp discreetly throws a stack of paper into the trash bin at his feet. We close in on the paper stack. The first page reads: "APARTMENT S01E01 "Pilot", written by Remp Alan Sumpter".

He gives us a compromising look.

### INTERLUDE

Remp sits on the same chair, eating another sandwich. His shirt is wet. The phone rings. He recollects himself and answers with enthusiasm.

REMP

Ah, Mr. Qu--Quartier, how are you?

...

I see.

...

I understand.

...

No, I swear that I'm not running any business from the apartment.

...

Really, I mean it. I had... some issues kicking out a former roommate. That's what happened. That stuff is all made up.

...

(MORE)

REMP (CONT'D)  
 Of course, we're on track. I'll  
 have the rent today, same time;  
 don't you worry about it.  
 ...  
 Alright, I'll see you then. Thank  
 you, bye.

Remp hangs up, and his positive attitude falls. We see him  
 worried. Uncharacteristically so.

CUT TO KLUMFT'S INTERVIEW:

Remp seems to be wrapping up the interview.

**Note:** *Klumft's corrections are all seen in a close up of his  
 expressionless face as he talks blandly.*

REMP  
 How do you say that? Clamft?

KLUMFT  
 Klumft.

REMP  
 Clumft?

KLUMFT  
 Klumft.

REMP  
 Clumft?

KLUMFT  
 Klumft.

REMP  
 I feel like we're saying the same  
 thing.  
 Alright, whatever. Thank you, Mr.--

The two exchange looks, and Remp decides to move on by  
 omitting the name.

REMP (CONT'D)  
 I have your contacts, I'll let you  
 know what I decide.

CUT TO CLIFF'S INTERVIEW:

We arrive mid-interview. CLIFF is reclined back while Remp  
 skims through a résumé that seems way too long. He makes some  
 expressions of disbelief while he goes through it.

REMP

Mr. Cliff. I see here you've worked at the... Pentagon, the Smithsonian, and the... CDC?

CLIFF

Yessir.

REMP

Your home address hasn't changed at all, though. None of the job descriptions say you worked remotely. In fact, none of them have descriptions at all, it's just a list.

CLIFF

What's that? Lemme see that.

Cliff grabs the sheets and glances at them, then returns them to Remp.

CLIFF (CONT'D)

Oh, dang! My bad. This is my brother's CV.

REMP

He's named "Cliff" too?

CLIFF

Not the only one, either. Two o' my sisters as well.

REMP

Wasn't that a bit confusing growing up?

Cliff goes off in the first of many, many rambles we'll see him go on.

**Note:** All the way through, he speaks with his usual aggressive redneck accent and unexpectedly eloquent choice of words, and in a monotonic voice.

*The punctuation in the dialogue below is purely for readability, he speaks in a seemingly ceaseless stream of words, only stopping when air is lacking.*

*During the ramble, we move in closer and closer; by the end, we're right in his face.*

CLIFF

Well my family wasn't as preoccupied with that as I was growin' up.

(MORE)

## CLIFF (CONT'D)

You see, at our family home, we were taught that harmony and community come from the feeling of belonging and not necessarily from labels such as names, pronouns, or adjectives.

'Course, my ma was a gov'nmentwoman and my pa made pants for workin' men in tall buildings. Not that we needed him to work, mind you, but he worked on it long before he met my ma and he wanted to keep some sense of self and worth through his professional activity-- a feeling we most definitely can relate to nowadays.

As y'can imagine, this didn't do wonders for the message he tried to pass onto us as younglin's, so I got my first job at thirteen as a form of rebellion to stick it to the man.

But then thirteen turned to twenty, and I concluded that I was a cog in the everworkin' machine similar to my pa, workin' night 'n' day for a man who don't appreciate me and don't consider me family.

So I started a business with my brother-- not my Cliff brother, another brother-- and two o' my sisters-- not the Cliff sisters, another two sisters.

Then I got into an argument with my sister b'cuz I wanted the roof to be red, and she went on and on about how that would make folk think we're commies, and I told her that it's just a color. And besides, the roof was already red to begin with without no paint, so that'd save us a buck-load o' cash. If y'can picture it, my other si'lings n' pardners in business concurred that red is the color o' communism, and so we went for a green roof. Looked like a donkey's hindquarters, but never resented anyone for it.

But well, this was a couple a-years before the rise of environmentalism, so you can figure how that went. Roof changed colors more than a chameleon surfin' a rainbow with the amount of political and social 'wareness movements o'er the years.

(MORE)



CLIFF (CONT'D)

I packed my bags and came out the door I'd gone in a few years past. Needless t'say, not long after I concluded again that none of it had made a difference in how I felt about my place in the world, and my ma and pa's teachings were lil' to no help when it came to makin' sense o' my worth.

Sure, I'd been friends with my brothers and sisters my whole life, and sure I had empathy and compassion, but what I lacked in independence I made up for in my strong sense of the world not being right the way it is.

More th'n that, I'd discovered that my brothers n' sisters had deeply rooted issues with a whole lotta the world's population cuz they believed a different couple-a things. Funny how people go about spending the limited time in their lives, yeah?

So one day I had 'n identity meltdown and got real drunk at a local bar. Punched a guy who beat the crap outta me and ended up in jail for a couple o' days until my ma and pa bailed me out.

And *they* knew which Cliff to pick up from jail. So no, I don't think it's confusin'.

REMP

So where's your CV?

CLIFF

It's there.

Cliff points towards the paper Remp has.

REMP

Wasn't this your brother's?

CLIFF

Us Cliffs all share a CV. It's easier to get a job, since everywhere you call, they'll tell ya that Cliff worked there.

REMP

(visibly confused, but  
choosing to move on)  
So which one is your part?

CLIFF  
(extending his hand)  
I'd have to read it again, chief.

Remp slumps forward and plants his face on the stack of papers in front of him.

CUT TO HARPER'S INTERVIEW:

Harper is explaining her side of the trade.

HARPER  
Look, I'm handy with a hammer or a screwdriver, and I always clean up the messes I make. That's probably more than whomever you had here before, right?

REMP  
That's a... fair assessment.

HARPER  
Great. The team pays for rent, so you can count on that safely.

Remp takes a discreet look at Harper's muscled but elegant physique.

REMP  
(playfully)  
Do you know how to beat up a thug if we ever get robbed or something?

Harper becomes visibly offended.

HARPER  
Oh, I see what's happening. "Look at big Harper, she must punch through walls with her big fists."

REMP  
No no no--That's not what I meant, of course you--

Harper's expressions change from anger to sadness, and she pretends to start tearing up.

HARPER  
You're just like the mean girls in school who made fun of me! You're just another jerk who judges people, and... and...

REMP  
 (increasingly worried)  
 No, that's not at all what I meant  
 to say, I swear! What I meant was  
 that--

Harper quickly switches to her usual, expressionless face.

HARPER  
 Relax, my guy. As long as the other  
 dude doesn't have a gun, I can fold  
 him in half in two seconds.

Remp takes a beat to process that she was playing him.  
 Visibly relieved, he leans back, nods, and lets out a half-  
 hearted laugh.

#### CUT TO KYLE'S INTERVIEW:

Scenes of Kyle's interview play out in the background. In all  
 of them, Remp seems awkward or uncomfortable with something  
 that Kyle says, but always tries to keep a polite face.

#### KYLE TALKING HEAD

KYLE  
 I think it went well. The entrance  
 hall had sixty-two small scratches  
 on the walls; none too concerning,  
 just usual wear and tear.  
 Remp seems cool; his dad left when  
 he was six years old, he went to  
 high school out of town, works  
 remotely at a place that makes him  
 want to tear his eyes out, and his  
 birthday is on the 5th of June.

Kyle takes a beat to think.

KYLE (CONT'D)  
 (whispering to himself)  
 3rd of June.

Kyle smacks himself on the forehead.

KYLE (CONT'D)  
 (out loud, confirming)  
 3rd of June.

He whispers repeatedly to himself a few times more,  
 memorizing.

KYLE (CONT'D)  
 3rd of June. 3rd of June. 3rd of  
 June. 3rd of June. 3rd of June.

A scene passes where Kyle gets up to shake Remp's hand before leaving, and takes a peek at the hallway. He turns to us, and gives us a discreet smile.

In the talking head, Kyle's attitude switches from awkward to playboy gradually over the next lines.

KYLE (CONT'D)

I got a small glimpse of the bedrooms when we said goodbye. The beds seemed kind of small. But I think it could still work. I don't know what Remp's policy on bringing girls home is, but I can always do the old "two people in a trench coat" trick. "Necessity is the mother of innovention", as they say.

Kyle takes a second to process his mistake.

KYLE (CONT'D)

Damnit!

CUT TO ZACK'S INTERVIEW:

REMP

Everything looks pretty solid on your end, Zack. Do you like the apartment?

Zack takes a look around, but his eyes shift to the wall behind Remp.

ZACK

I suppose there ain't much I can say about that, right?

Zack points towards a part of the wall we haven't seen yet. In big, contrasting letters is the phrase "One day you will die" across the wall.

Remp looks back, then at Zack.

REMP

No, that's not negotiable.

Zack goes to leave, but decides against it and stays, visibly uncomfortable with his own choice.

ZACK

I want to leave, but I really need the room.

REMP

If you leave, you don't get it.

ZACK  
(referring to the wall)  
It's just a bit excessive.

REMP  
It's not negotiable.

ZACK  
It just seems... vaguely  
threatening.

REMP  
Not negotiable.

ZACK  
Apartment looks good.

REMP  
Wonderful!

Zack gets up without another word, turns around, and walks out of the apartment.

ZACK TALKING HEAD

ZACK  
He's weird.  
It's kinda fun.  
Weird takes the monotony away. That  
just might do.

CUT TO LANCE'S INTERVIEW:

Lance, with a phone in one hand, remembers:

LANCE  
Oh yeah, I almost forgot!

Lance pulls out a flower from his back pocket, and presents it to Remp, discreetly filming the moment on his phone.

LANCE (CONT'D)  
For you, as a token of friendship.  
To start off with the right foot.

Remp leans forward to grab it.

REMP  
Aww, thanks! You really didn't have  
t--

Before Remp can grab the flower, Lance presses a button. A gush of water splashes on Remp's face and clothes.

More confused than angry, Remp stares at Lance with not much reaction as the spray prolongs for a couple of seconds. Lance gets up, openly and proudly recording Remp.

LANCE  
(shouting)  
Yo! Hashtag Get Lanced!

Lance starts strolling out of the door. His voice gradually fades as he makes his way out into the hallway.

LANCE (CONT'D)  
(to phone)  
It's all about trust, y'all.  
Sometimes you wanna let someone  
into your heart, like that guy  
wanted to let me into his house.  
But then that someone sprays your  
face with cold water, and it's just  
sad, man.

Remp gives us a disappointed look.

#### LANCE TALKING HEAD

LANCE  
Look, man: it didn't take long to  
see the interview was going nowhere  
real fast. Might as well get some  
content out of it, right?  
(rubbing his fingers in a  
"money" kind of way)  
Gotta get that bag, fellas.

Lance realizes he's said too much, and changes to a fake innocent attitude.

LANCE (CONT'D)  
But it's not all about the money,  
y'know? It's about teacher moments.  
Where people can come to my pages  
and feel like they have a father.  
When in reality, they... don't.  
It's about teaching people how to  
live, 's what I'm trying to say.

#### INTERLUDE

Remp sits on the same chair. Different shirt. He's eating a sandwich, still worried. After a bit, he throws the sandwich onto the table in frustration.

## CUT TO CLIFF'S INTERVIEW:

Cliff gets up to give Remp a firm handshake.

CLIFF

Alright, chief. That should be all.

REMP

Seems so, Cliff. Thank you for coming in.

CLIFF

What's next?

REMP

I'll think about it, and let you know if you've been selected for the group.

Cliff extends the handshake.

CLIFF

Okay, okay, good. Lemme know what you deliberate.

REMP

Will do, Cliff.

The two share a look as Cliff continues the handshake.

CLIFF

I'd just ask you to please let me know soon. I have a handful of offers to live with, and I'd like to know if you're in the race or not.

REMP

I... Cliff, if I call you to say you're in, I need to know I can count on you *wanting* to move in.

CLIFF

Well then, I ain't gonna lie to you: that has me questionin' if you're the landlord for me.

The handshake is just pure awkwardness at this moment; Remp is frustrated. It keeps on for a second, and Cliff lets go.

CLIFF (CONT'D)

Well, I'll be goin'. Got a lotta deliberatin' to do, myself.

(leaving; as he closes the door)

(MORE)

CLIFF (CONT'D)

A'ight. You take care now. Ba-bye.  
Have a good one. See you 'round.

CUT TO HARPER'S INTERVIEW:

Scenes of Harper's interview play out in the background. Remp and her are laughing and talking, and it's apparent that she was there for a while.

HARPER TALKING HEAD

HARPER

You know what? He's okay. I wasn't expecting that. I tend to judge a lot on a person's posture, and when I came in and he was all hunched over the desk, I was sure I was in for a freak show.

But he drank a lot of water and his breathing was consistent and in good shape. If he's abstinent from alcohol and smoking, he might just gain an extra point or two in my book.

Plus, he told me if I had the money today, I could move in as quickly as I wanted. Which is great to hear, because I simply **cannot** with my current roommate.

(attitude change to aggressive)

Like, we get it, Sammy, he **left**. He's an ugly prick who can't be bothered fold a t-shirt and refuses to wash a dish. You're better off. Geez...

She trails off and cools down.

INT. APARTMENT 4B/HALLWAY - LATE AFTERNOON

Remp is recollecting himself and getting ready to receive a candidate, when the door knocks unexpectedly.

REMP

(heading towards the door)

We were scheduled for 5:30, not 5:20.

He opens the door, and an imposing figure stands outside.



REMP (CONT'D)  
(surprised)  
Mr. Quartier! You're here! At...  
not the usual time.

Mr. Quartier maintains a straight face.

REMP (CONT'D)  
Which is splendid, of course!  
Always love your visits!

Mr. Quartier takes a quick glance at the apartment. He speaks with an unintentionally intimidating voice, and a slight French accent.

MR. QUARTIER  
I just came by to check how the  
search is going. I assume you've  
found your new tenants.

REMP  
Yes! Of course, just waiting for  
one of them to make a withdrawal to  
get you your money!

MR. QUARTIER  
Very well. What was that scheduling  
you were on about, then?

REMP  
Oh, it was the plumber. Yeah, a  
pipe's leaking.

Mr. Quartier tries to enter the apartment, but Remp stays at the door, in his way.

MR. QUARTIER  
Where is the pipe? I can fix it.

REMP  
No no no, haha! Don't worry about  
it. I fixed it already. Yeah, but  
then the plumber didn't answer the  
phone, so he's coming anyway, but  
it's not... Yeah.

Mr. Quartier raises an eyebrow.

MR. QUARTIER  
I see. He is likely going to charge  
you for the useless trip. A waste  
of money, but I suppose it's yours  
to spend.

REMP

Yes, sir, I just know you're a very busy and successful man, I didn't want to bother you with a small issue. I fixed it myself.

MR. QUARTIER

Well, if you fixed it yourself, I can only guess that anyone could have fixed it. In any case, well done. Hope you learn how to fix more things. That's what makes a man, you know?

REMP

Yes, sir; of course, sir. 'Soft hands makes a man's heart weak', as you usually say.

Mr. Quartier knows he's being sucked up to. But he enjoys it. He lets out a small smile.

MR. QUARTIER

Yes. Very much so.  
I'll be heading off, then. I'm having an éclair with a friend.  
I'll stop by tonight to collect the money.

Mr. Quartier turns to leave.

MR. QUARTIER (CONT'D)

Oh, and Remp?

REMP

Yes?

MR. QUARTIER

There's a couple of loose quarters next to your keys.

Remp looks, and beside his keys are, indeed, a pair of quarters.

MR. QUARTIER (CONT'D)

You might want to hold on to those. Wouldn't leave them around the house, lost without notice. You never know when you might need them.

(giving a sarcastic smile)  
Something about not remembering history, and being condemned to repeat it, right?

Remp responds only with a half-hearted smile and a nod.

INT. APARTMENT 4B - NIGHT

Remp is in the midst of putting away the makeshift stand for the interviews when someone knocks on the door.

REMP

It's open!

In comes Harper, followed by Zack. Just barely seen behind the two, Kyle. Towering behind him and closing the door on his way in, Klumft. They each carry their bags, and an envelope.

Remp moves into the living room, and beckons them to follow. Atop the living room table are multiple copies of a two-page contract, which Remp hands out to each of the roommates. They all sit down.

They take a moment to read through the contract. Kyle reads to himself in a low tone. Harper gives him an annoyed glance, and he stops. After a couple of seconds, he starts again.

REMP (CONT'D)

(to Klumft)

I've added a version in German, for our buddy Klumft here. Don't say I'm not an ally to our marginalized minorities, huh?

Everyone shares a look as if to ask themselves if he's joking. He is not.

REMP (CONT'D)

I... used a translation website for that, I have no clue how to even ask where the library is in German. Hope it's understandable.

A moment of reading passes.

HARPER

Seems straightforward enough. You got a pen?

Remp provides her with a pen, and she signs the contract.

ZACK

Simpler than a dovetail joint.

KLUMFT

Klumft.

Harper passes the pen to Zack, who signs and passes the pen to Klumft.

A knock on the door.

REMP

Shoot.

Remp rushes to the door and opens it. Mr. Quartier comes into the apartment without giving Remp the opportunity to block him. Seeing company, he moves towards the living room.

REMP (CONT'D)

Ah, I see you're dying to meet our new tenants! Hah! Everyone, meet Mr. Quartier, my landlord. And your... landlandlord, I guess?

ZACK

Landlordlord.

REMP

Landlandlordlord?

HARPER

I'm with Zack, landlordlord.

REMP

"Landlordlord" it is! Well, this is him!

Mr. Quartier looks around the room, and frowns.

MR. QUARTIER

(moving into the hall)

Remp, a word?

Remp follows him.

MR. QUARTIER (CONT'D)

I count four people in there. We **cannot** have four people in there.

REMP

Mr. Quartier, I know, it's just that... I just think you have earned yourself a well-deserved bonus after so many years of putting up with me. Don't you think?

Mr. Quartier skeptically starts agreeing.

REMP (CONT'D)

I know it's not the original deal, but I swear you're not going to get into trouble with the Council for this. We'll keep real quiet about it, you get a small bonus on the side, so do I. Everybody wins, right?

Mr. Quartier gives it a thought. And one more. And a couple more, for good measure.

MR. QUARTIER

*I did* come here today to buy that éclair place, and it could use some remodelling.

This is Remp's way in.

REMP

Exactly, sir! Listen, I picked these folks because they're real discreet, and the neighbors won't even notice they're here.

MR. QUARTIER

Okay. But you're on thin ice, Remp. Tread carefully.

Quartier gives an approving nod, and the pair move into the living room.

Remp starts collecting everyone's envelopes. Kyle hesitates.

KYLE

I haven't signed yet, I haven't finished readi-

Remp interrupts Kyle, and gives him facial expressions as if to say "sign the damn thing already".

REMP

(interrupting)

Kyle! My man! I swear there aren't any clauses that give me the rights to your firstborn child!

MR. QUARTIER

(annoyed)

I thought the contracts were already taken care of.

KYLE

I'm really just one line away from being fin--

Remp's signals are more obvious.

REMP

(interrupting)

Kyle! Kiley-boy! Mr. Quartier is here to collect everyone's part of the rent,--

(between his teeth,

desperately)

and he is not a patient man, my dude!

KYLE

It really would be faster to just  
let me r--

REMP

(slamming his hand on the  
table, intense)

SIGN THIS CONTRACT OR WE'RE ALL  
GONNA DIE!

Kyle, increasingly stressed, quickly signs and hands over his envelope to Remp, who eases and recollects himself.

REMP (CONT'D)

There we go, thank you very much!

He gives Quartier the envelopes.

REMP (CONT'D)

(to Quartier, whispering)

Sorry, he's a bit... [crazy motion  
with hand]

MR. QUARTIER

Everything's here?

REMP

Yes.

MR. QUARTIER

Every quarter accounted for?

REMP

Yes, sir.

MR. QUARTIER

I'll know if it isn't.

REMP

Wouldn't have it any other way,  
sir!

Mr. Quartier looks around the room again.

MR. QUARTIER

I hope that Mr. Remp has explained  
to you the delicate nature of  
this... overpopulated arrangement.  
I expect you to carry out the  
utmost discreetness.

(turning to Remp)

Or it's all your asses on the line.

Remp anxiously gulps.

Mr. Quartier puts on his cynical smile, and leaves the apartment. Remp breathes a sigh of relief.

REMP

Thanks, everyone. And sorry for that.

(to Kyle)

Really. Thank you. And sorry.

Kyle nods nervously. He reads the missing part.

KYLE

(audibly, but under his breath)

'Tenant agrees that all toilet paper must be positioned with the loose sheet cascading over the roll.'

Oh, I agree with that, alright! Thank god I signed without hesitating, I could have missed out on a great opportunity.

REMP

Well, gentlemen. And woman. Gentlewoman, I mean. Not gentlewoman as in "gentle woman", I have no idea if you're gentl--

ZACK

(visibly uncomfortable)

Please move on.

REMP

(swiftly moving on)

Right, we are now in agreement, both verbal and in writing.

ZACK

I need to pee.

REMP

Before that! Here are your keys.

Remp gets sets of keys for everyone, and distributes them.

REMP (CONT'D)

(showing the keys)

This one's for the hallway door, and this thick one is for the front door.

KYLE

(whispering, to Klumft)

Hell yeah it is! Am I right?

Kyle extends a hand for a high five. Klumft high fives her.

KLUMFT

Klumft.

HARPER  
(to Remp, about Klumft)  
What's with him?

REMP  
Couldn't tell you if I tried.

HARPER  
Good to know.

REMP  
Okay, I think everything's settled.

The group moves into the hallway. Remp points to a room.

REMP (CONT'D)  
(to Kyle and Zack)  
You two, that's your room.  
(to Klumft, pointing  
towards the office)  
That spot is yours, big guy. You  
can ask *other big guy* (Zack) to  
give you a hand with setting up the  
bed.  
(to Harper)  
That there's your room. It was only  
appropriate to give you your own  
room.

HARPER  
(sarcastically)  
How kind of you.

REMP  
If you need anything, don't bother  
me. Haha.

He waits a beat for laughs. None come.

REMP (CONT'D)  
Right. Now, I cannot stress this  
enough: the contract we just signed  
is binding and *cannot* be changed at  
all from this point forward. No  
exceptions.

The group nods, and each person fetches their bag and enters  
their respective room.

Remp resumes cleaning up the makeshift interview stand. A  
knock on the door startles him.

REMP  
We're not doing the interviews  
anymore, thank you very much!



WHITNEY comes in and stands at the door.

WHITNEY

Oh, sorry. I heard you say something, but I didn't understand what it was, and the door was open, and--

Charmed, Remp stares at Whitney for a while, before snapping back to reality, interrupting her.

REMP

No, no, please come in. I was just finishing up, but I have time for one more.

Remp motions to the interviewee chair, and the two sit.

WHITNEY

Sorry for coming in so late, I saw your ad just now, I usually don't get out of the house much.

REMP

I understand, I don't either! No worries.

WHITNEY

Thanks, that's very sweet of you.

REMP

So, if I may ask, why are you looking for a room? Moving out of your parents', maybe... Breaking up with a boyfriend or...?

WHITNEY

Oh, my... My mom and dad... died not long ago. I'm looking for a room because town hall is taking the apartment we lived in, I have nowhere to go.

Whitney's eyes start tearing up.

REMP

I'm sorry, I didn't mean to...

WHITNEY

No, no, it's alright. I just got a pay cut on top of that. I know that doesn't help my case, but...

REMP

(motioning Whitney closer;  
under his breath)  
You know what? Don't worry about it.

(MORE)

REMP (CONT'D)

If you're selected, I'll make you half price deal, how does that sound?

WHITNEY

Really? You'd do that for someone you don't even know?

Remp nods. He's feeling pretty good about himself.

WHITNEY (CONT'D)

I don't even know what to say. Thank you so much! I love my job so much, I can't see myself doing anything else. I'm a Game Designer over at--

REMP

A Game Designer? I love games!

WHITNEY

That's actually part of why I'm here, too. If it's possible, I'd like to have playtests here at the apartment.

REMP

Of course! I love games; all kinds, really!

WHITNEY

Do you think we could write that into the contract? I just wouldn't want you to get into trouble because of the tests.

REMP

Absolutely! We'll have a few people here to test too, if you'd like.

WHITNEY

The more, the merrier!

REMP

Awesome! I'll go talk to them! Sorry, just... What's your name?

WHITNEY

Oh, Whitney.

Remp extends a hand, which Whitney shakes.

REMP

So nice to meet you, Whitney. I'm Remp. And I'm pretty confident in telling you you got the room!

Remp leans back on his chair and speaks loudly for everyone at the apartment to hear.

REMP (CONT'D)  
(loudly)  
Uhh, Harper? Remember that room you were gonna have all for yourself? And the... contract that couldn't be changed at all, with no exceptions? So, about that...

WHITNEY TALKING HEAD

Whitney stands on the apartment's staircase, having just left Remp's apartment.

WHITNEY  
Honestly, it's almost too easy. If I smiled just right for a couple more seconds, he would've handed me the whole apartment right there and then for free. A classic. The contract is signed now, so I'll be... redecorating soon.

As he's putting the interview chair back in place, we see Remp slowly blink, realizing he's been conned.

WHITNEY (CONT'D)  
Now, if you'll excuse me, I have to go tell my parents I'm moving out. Have a great day, will ya?

REMP TALKING HEAD

Annoyed and disappointed, he pulls out his notebook and pencil, and starts writing.

REMP  
(through his teeth)  
Fool me thrice...

CUE: FINAL CREDITS SEQUENCE

END