

SURPRISE!

A one-night stand causes some confusion in the workplace  
the next day.

FADE IN:

INT. BEDROOM - DAY

A man and a woman lie sleeping in a tangle of sheets in a modestly-sized bed. Their clothing is strewn about the bedroom in haphazard piles. A mostly-empty bottle of wine and an overturned glass sit on a nearby table.

MICHAEL (30s) rouses a bit and moves sleepily to cuddle up to LIZ (30s). At the same time, a nearby alarm clock begins beeping loudly. Liz starts, and gives Michael a brief look of surprise before rolling over and silencing the alarm.

LIZ  
(sheepishly)  
Hi.

MICHAEL  
(grins)  
Hi.

LIZ  
Sorry, that alarm's kind of loud. I know it's old-fashioned but I just can't wake up without it.

MICHAEL  
That's okay. I don't mind.

Michael leans in for a kiss. Liz turns away instead and gets out of bed.

LIZ  
You, uh...want some coffee?

She begins rummaging through her closet pulling out and putting back numerous outfits. The speed of her movements suggests that she's either nervous, in a hurry, or both.

MICHAEL  
Oh! Uh, that's okay. My assistant usually has mine ready for me when I get in. Gets my order perfect every time. Can't pass that up.

LIZ  
(obviously relieved)  
Okay, great. I have a kind of early start today. Got an extra stop on the schedule. (pause) So...I'm just gonna go take a quick shower. Do you need...?

MICHAEL

What, me? Nah, I'm good. I'll, um, grab an Uber or something. Head home. Get my day started. All that.

LIZ

Perfect. I'll, um. I'll talk to you...later.

Liz crosses the room and gives Michael a quick hug and peck on the cheek before gathering up her clothes and heading to the bathroom.

Michael watches her go, then starts hunting around the room for his things.

INT. CAR - DAY

Liz, dressed in an understated gray suit, is riding in the backseat of a cab. She's in the middle of an animated conversation with someone on her cell phone.

LIZ

(on phone)

No. I firmly disagree.

(listens)

Yes, I understand your concern. But he's one of the best in the business. Trust me on this.

(listens)

Absolutely. You'll see.

The cab pulls up in front of an imposing office building. Liz hurriedly pays the driver, exits the vehicle, and walks purposefully toward the building.

INT. MICHAEL'S APARTMENT - DAY

Michael is whistling cheerfully as he gets ready for his day. He smiles at his reflection in the mirror as he shaves and brushes his teeth.

He shuffles through a jumbled stack of papers on his kitchen table as he quickly scarfs down a bagel.

He exits his apartment with a large messenger bag slung across his body, only to return immediately for the keys he left on a table by the door.

INT. MOVIE SET - DAY

Michael walks confidently into a movie sound stage. The atmosphere is one of excitement, with a dozen or more people running around preparing for the day's shoot.

Michael's production assistant, SARAH, hurries up to him with a clipboard and a large cup of coffee.

SARAH

Where have you been?

She hands Michael the coffee. He takes a sip, gratefully.

MICHAEL

Perfect as always, thank you.

SARAH

Do you know what's happening today?

MICHAEL

Yeah, we're filming the bar fight today. Stunt guys have been going over it for a week now. It'll be fine.

Michael and Sarah start to walk toward a director's chair. It has Michael's name on it.

SARAH

No, not that. Well, okay, also that. But we're getting a set visit from production.

Michael freezes.

MICHAEL

We are? Why?

SARAH

I don't know. Nobody said.

MICHAEL

How soon?

SARAH

Very.

Michael drops his bag at his seat and walks toward the nearby set, dressed to look like the front of a bar. He notices the sign over the door is hanging crookedly.

MICHAEL  
(distractedly)  
Well then, we just need to make  
sure everything is in perfect....  
What's up with the sign?

SARAH  
I don't know. I think there was a  
part missing? I'll find out.

Sarah walks off.

Michael pulls aside a passing crew member, STEPHEN (early 20s). He turns Stephen's attention to the crooked sign.

MICHAEL  
Do you see this? This won't work. I  
can't have that sign hanging  
crooked like that, and I don't want  
it to come down.

STEPHEN  
Yeah, manager says we're missing a  
piece of chain. That's why it's  
hanging funny like that.

MICHAEL  
Well, why don't you go see if you  
can't find it? It's got to be here  
somewhere, and we don't have time  
to send someone out to get more.

A hand taps Michael lightly on the shoulder. He spins around and finds Liz, along with his two other producers. Besides Stephen, the other members of the crew are suddenly nowhere to be seen.

LIZ  
(overly brightly)  
Everything okay over here?

MICHAEL  
What? Oh! Yes, yes, fine, fine.  
(to Stephen, sternly)  
What did I tell you? Go get that  
sign fixed, right now!

Michael pushes Stephen off toward the set, where other crew members are slowly filling back in. He can't help but posture a little in front of the growing audience.

MICHAEL (CONT'D)  
And don't come back until you've  
found what I need!

PRODUCER #1  
What seems to be the trouble?

MICHAEL  
Oh, it's nothing really. Sometimes  
you just have to assert your  
authority on set, you know.  
(loudly, to room)  
Somebody bring me that missing  
chain immediately!

PRODUCER #2  
Missing chain? Do things often go  
missing like that?

MICHAEL  
What? Oh, no. I'm sure it was just  
an oversight somewhere. We run a  
pretty tight ship around here.  
(loudly, agitated)  
Seriously, will somebody bring me  
that chain??

LIZ  
(quietly)  
Michael?

MICHAEL  
What?!

Liz pulls Michael aside and whispers something in his ear.

BEGIN FLASHBACK

LIZ'S BEDROOM, THE PREVIOUS NIGHT

Liz is lying in bed while Michael cuffs her arm to a bedpost.  
He's using the piece of chain currently missing from set.

END FLASHBACK

Michael and Liz exchange a look. Michael blushes.

MICHAEL  
(loudly, to all)  
Take five, everybody!

FADE OUT.