

INT. HYPERSPEED OFFICES, MANHATTAN - CHRISTMAS EVE NIGHT

GREG FISCHER, late 30s, nice but miserable, sits in a conference room with JARED RICHMAN, 30s, arrogant and bipolar.

JARED

Why does this keep happening? Every time we launch an update to the Vaseline app, it's fucking broken.

GREG

(aggravated)

What do you expect? The devs haven't slept in weeks and are pissed off because everyone is enjoying the holidays except for them.

JARED

I'm not fucking enjoying the holidays. Are you?

Greg is about to answer but Jared cuts him off.

JARED (CONT'D)

I'm too busy dealing with your team's fuck-ups on a daily basis.

GREG

I raised the red flag months ago on this project but you didn't want to hear it. You just wanted the revenue.

That line sets Jared off, he gets up and starts to angrily pace around the room.

JARED

Do you know why I wanted the revenue? Do you?

Greg is about to answer but Jared cuts him off.

JARED (CONT'D)

So I didn't have to fucking fire half the company, so people weren't given the gift of unemployment for the holidays.

Greg and Jared sit their silent for a few seconds.

sweetwater gil more

JARED (CONT'D)

And that's not what we're talking about, we're talking about how your team fucked up again.

GREG

It's 9pm on Xmas Eve, can't it wait til Monday? I think those suffering from dry skin will understand.
(laughing a little bit)

JARED

That's the problem Greg, you don't take anything seriously. Is it going to be funny when the CMO of Unilever calls me and fires us? Should I tell him to wait until after the holidays?

Greg's phone vibrates and he lifts his finger up to Jared.

GREG

I have to take this. One second.

Greg picks up the phone. Jared fumes. Its his wife, Amanda. She is pissed off.

GREG (CONT'D)

Hey honey.

AMANDA

Where are you?

GREG

I'm stuck at work.

AMANDA

(sarcastic)

It's 7 o'clock on Christmas Eve.

GREG

I'm leaving shortly.

AMANDA

Another holiday ruined because of your work. Can you grow some balls and tell your boss that just because he doesn't have any friends or family to not hold it against you?

Jared continues to pace around the conference room.

sweetwater gil more

GREG

I'm sorry. I will call you when I get on the train.

AMANDA

And make sure to pick up the stuff for Christmas dinner.

GREG

(exasperated)

You didn't go to the store? I thought you were going to do that.

AMANDA

I got busy.

Greg hangs up his phone.

GREG

Sorry about that. Listen I got to go. I am on my wife's shit list and I need to get home.

Greg gathers up his stuff and starts to head for the door.

JARED

Bottom line - the mobile site needs to be fixed by tomorrow.

GREG

Its Christmas and I have family commitments.

JARED

Its all about you isn't it?

GREG

I will send you a game plan tomorrow and the app will be flawless for Monday.

JARED

That's all I wanted to hear.

Greg walks out.

JARED (CONT'D)

And Greg.

Greg pops back in.

sweetwater gilmore

GREG

Yes.

JARED

Happy holidays.

EXT. RED BANK TRAIN STATION -- LATER

AMANDA FISCHER, late 30s, emotional and intense, sits in the driver's seat of the family SUV as Greg gets in and loads the bags of groceries he picked up in the city.

After getting settled, Greg leans in to give her a kiss on the cheek but she ducks away.

GREG

Amanda, I'm sorry. I didn't expect to be at work that late.

AMANDA

You didn't expect to be at work that late? Bullshit. You pull this shit all the time - Emmie's birthday, Valentine's Day, our anniversary. Admit it. Work is more important than me and Emmie.

GREG

Are you fucking kidding me? You think I want to do this?

AMANDA

Well that's what it feels like from my perspective.

GREG

Here's my perspective, I work like a fucking Puritan so we can live in the house you wanted to live in, so we could send Emmie to the school you wanted her to go to, so we could belong to the tennis club you wanted belong to, and so you didn't have to work at the job you grew tired of.

AMANDA

Typical Greg. Blame it on us. Its always our fault. When are you going to stop being a pussy? When are you going to dictate the terms of your job and your life.

sweetwater gil more

GREG
Merry fucking Christmas.

AMANDA
Don't get mad at me because you're miserable.

Greg turns up the music and looks out the window.

INT. EMMIE'S BEDROOM, FISCHER HOUSE -- LATER

EMMIE FISCHER, 7, loving, curious and a bit overweight, jumps up in her bed as she sees Greg.

EMMIE
Daddy!

GREG
Hi Emmie, how is my love?

EMMIE
Good. I was just resting my eyes so I can be ready for the pageant tomorrow.

GREG
Only your eyes were resting? What about the rest of your body?

EMMIE
(confused)
I don't know - my eyes were closed.

Greg grabs Emmie's leg and shakes it.

GREG
Maybe your leg was doing this while your eyes were resting.

Emmie starts to giggle.

GREG (CONT'D)
And maybe your arm was doing this.

Greg shakes Emmie's arm. Emmie giggles and then flashes a huge smile.

EMMIE
Daddy, I practiced all night for the pageant. Did you see my outfit?

Emmie points over to her angel outfit hanging on her door.

sweetwater gil more

GREG

I did. It's beautiful.

EMMIE

Daddy, how come you were at work so late? Was your boss being mean to you again? I bet he is gonna get coal from Santa for being such a douchebag.

GREG

Emmie, you can't say that.

EMMIE

Why? I hear Mommy say that all the time.

GREG

But that's a grown up word. Little kids shouldn't say that word or Santa might hear and get upset.

EMMIE

So what should I call him then?

GREG

A grump. Or a meanie, or a booger brain.

EMMIE

Or a howler monkey face because he screams all the time.

Greg laughs.

GREG

Yes. Lets call Jared a howler monkey face from now on.

Greg gives Emmie kiss on the forehead.

EMMIE

Daddy, where do you think Santa is right now?

GREG

Let's check.

Greg pulls out his phone and launches his Santa Finder app.

GREG (CONT'D)

It says Santa is right over Mongolia.

EMMIE

That's where Mommy's dry cleaner is from.

GREG

That's right.

EMMIE

Is everyone a dry cleaner in Mongolia?

GREG

I don't think so.

EMMIE

Does Santa drop his dry cleaning off in Mongolia?

Greg chuckles a little bit.

GREG

Maybe. Maybe you should ask him in your letter to him.

EMMIE

Its already downstairs, next to the treats me and Mommy made him.

GREG

What did you make him?

EMMIE

Quinoa raisin cookies and almond milk.

GREG

Why did you guys make that for Santa?

EMMIE

Mommy says she doesn't want Santa to get any fatter.

Amanda leans in the doorway and gives Greg a stern look.

GREG

Okay, sweet pea. Time for you to go to bed.

EMMIE

But what about a pretend story?

GREG
Daddy will tell you two tomorrow.

EMMIE
Okay but they better be good.

Greg gives her a hug and a kiss.

GREG
Good night, sweet dreams my love.

EMMIE
Love you Daddy.

Greg switches the lights off and walks out.

INT. SUV -- CHRISTMAS MORNING

Greg sits in the driver seat with Amanda in the passenger seat and Emmie in the back in her angel outfit. Amanda applies her makeup.

GREG
Did you really need to go for a run
this morning an hour before mass?

AMANDA
I needed to clear my head.

GREG
Couldn't you have done it later?

AMANDA
No, because I will be spending the
rest of the day cooking for your
family and putting up with your
sister.

EMMIE
Stop fighting, its Christmas.

GREG
Your right Emmie. Sorry Mommy.

AMANDA
Sorry Daddy.

EMMIE
Do you guys want to hear me sing "O
Little Town of Bethlehem?"

sweetwater gil more

GREG

Sure.

Emmie starts to sing off-key.

INT. ST. THOMAS -- MOMENTS LATER

Greg and Amanda sit in the pew. Greg fiddles with his video camera. The 2 of them look at Emmie sitting with the other angels in the back of the church.

GREG

She looks so cute.

AMANDA

She's putting on weight.

GREG

She's a growing girl.

AMANDA

She watches the Food Network instead of cartoons.

GREG

Maybe she wants to be a chef.

AMANDA

I found a stash of hummus and rice crackers in her dresser.

GREG

At least she's eating healthy.

AMANDA

Greg, its not funny. Its not good for her and its not good for me.

GREG

Not good for you?

AMANDA

How do you think it feels going to the pool and its your kid everyone's staring at?

GREG

Then lets sign her up for soccer and gymnastics so she can lose some weight.

sweetwater gil more

AMANDA

I want to send her to fat camp.

GREG

That's ridiculous.

AMANDA

No, its not. If we don't do something she's going to end up looking like your sister.

GREG

I'm not talking about this anymore.

Greg shakes his head and turns on the camera.

AMANDA

Just keep continuing to ignore all our problems.

INT. ST. THOMAS -- LATER

FATHER FRANK, 50s, tall and energetic, stands at the lector about to start the final reading.

FATHER FRANK

And it came to pass, after the angels departed from them into heaven, the shepherds said to one another:

The shepherds make their way down the center aisle carrying their staffs.

PRIEST

Let us go over to Bethlehem and let us see this word that is come to pass, which the Lord hath showed to us.

The angels now make their way down the aisle carrying candles. Greg is videotaping the procession on his smartphone. Emmie looks serious and focused as she makes her way past her parents.

PRIEST (CONT'D)

And they came with haste, and they found Mary and Joseph and the infant lying in the manger.

The angels make their way to the altar and start to flank the manger. Emmie walks behind the other angels and begins to walk up the stairs behind the manger.

sweetwater gil more

PRIEST (CONT'D)

And seeing, they understood of the word that had been spoken to them concerning the child...

Emmie seems a bit nervous as she climbs the short flight of stairs. She wobbles as she makes her way up. As she gets to the second to last step, she makes an errant step and loses her footing. She tries to grab hold of the side of the manger but slips and falls crashing through the roof of the manger.

INT. GREG AND AMANDA'S PEW -- SAME

Greg watches as Emmie tries to grab hold of the side of the manger but slips and falls crashing through the roof of the manger.

GREG

Fucking Christ!

INT. ALTAR -- SAME TIME

Emmie falls through roof, crushes the crib holding the baby Jesus while her candle lands in the hay and starts a little fire. Emmie starts to bawl as the sleeve of her dress catches on fire.

INT. GREG AND AMANDA'S PEW -- SAME TIME

Greg drops his camera and rushes up the aisle. The whole church is aghast. Greg runs into the manger and throws his blazer over the mini-fire.

GREG

Emmie are you okay?

EMMIE

(crying)

I burned my hand Daddy. It hurts.
And my leg hurts.

GREG

I'll make it better sweetie.

Greg lifts her.

EMMIE

(part crying/part
screaming) I don't want to go. I
want to stay!

sweetwater gil more

GREG

We're going take you home and make
you feel better.

Greg walks down the aisle with parishioners giving him and
Emmie a range of looks.

EMMIE

(part crying and part
screaming) But I want to eat the
Jesus Bread!

GREG

You can eat Jesus Bread another
time, Emmie.

EMMIE

(crying)
But you said I could eat Jesus
Bread today. You said Daddy.

GREG

Another time, Emmie.

EMMIE

Daddy, please let me eat the Jesus
Bread.

As they leave the church, you can hear Emmie's screams of
"JESUS BREAD." Amanda slips out of the pew and scurries out
the door. Father Frank continues with the reading.

FATHER FRANK

(clears his throat)
And all that heard wondered....

INT. LIVING ROOM, FISCHER HOUSE - LATER

Emmie lies on a couch in her bath robe, she has a bandage on
her arm. She is still out of sorts.

GREG

Emmie, do you want anything?

EMMIE

No.

AMANDA

Honey, do you want to open your
presents?

sweetwater gil more

EMMIE

No, I don't want any presents. I want Christmas to be over.

GREG

Okay. I am going to call your friends and see if they want your presents.

Emmie looks perplexed. Greg pulls out his Iphone and pretends to dial a number.

EMMIE

Daddy, who are you calling?

GREG

Rohan.

EMMIE

Why?

GREG

Maybe he wants your presents.

EMMIE

Daddy, hang up. I don't want to give Rohan my presents.

Greg hangs up.

GREG

What about Rachel?

EMMIE

She's Jewish.

GREG

Good point.

She is starting to lighten up a little bit.

GREG (CONT'D)

What about Madison?

EMMIE

Daddy, you're being silly. I don't want to give anyone my presents.

GREG

Then let's open them.

sweetwater gil more

EMMIE

Fine.

Emmie runs over to the tree. All is right in the world at that moment for the Fischers.

INT. KITCHEN, FISCHER HOUSE - AFTERNOON

Greg and Amanda are in the kitchen surrounded by JANE, his sister, chatty, and large, RICK, his brother-in-law, quiet and calm, DEAN, his brother, big and boisterous. Everyone is drinking and having a good time.

GREG

So I get off the elevator in our building the other night and what do I see?

JANE

(joking)
The sun come up.

AMANDA

(joking back)
No, that was the other night.

GREG

No, Ralph, our Serbian doorman, taking a piss in the trashcan in plain view.

JANE

So what'd you do?

GREG

I offered him a breath mint.

RICK

Really?

GREG

Yes.

JANE

Why?

GREG

I froze up and didn't know what else to do.

DEAN

What'd he say?

sweetwater gil more

GREG
 (imitating Ralph)
 "Yes. One second. Let me finish."
 (back to normal voice) So I had to
 wait and watch him finish urinating
 in the trash can and then when he
 finished I handed him a breath
 mint.

Everyone is dying laughing.

JANE
 Did you report him?

GREG
 No way. A guy who's not afraid to
 piss in the lobby, is probably not
 the guy you want on your bad side.

They all laugh.

AMANDA
 Sign one-hundred and one that you
 need a new job.

Amanda leans in and gives Greg a kiss. He smiles warmly
 back. PATRICK, one of Jane and Rick's kids, 12 and awkward,
 rushes into the kitchen.

PATRICK
 Uncle Greg, Emmie is on YouTube.

GREG
 That's fine, Patrick. Just make
 sure she doesn't watch anything she
 shouldn't.

PATRICK
 No, there's a video of Emmie on
 YouTube.

AMANDA
 What...

PATRICK
 And its got over 3 million views.

Greg walks briskly towards his office.

sweetwater gil more

INT. GREG'S OFFICE - MOMENTS LATER

All the nieces and nephews are gathered around the computer watching Emmie's video on YouTube. GRANT, Dean's son, 9 and sweet, points at the monitor where the scene of Emmie crashing through the manger roof plays.

GRANT
Uncle Greg, did you take this video?

GREG
No, I didn't Dean.

GRANT
Then who did?

GREG
I don't know.

GRANT
Why would they post a video of Emmie getting hurt? That's not nice.

GREG
I know.

PATRICK
Whoa! It increased by over 1,000,000 views in 5 minutes. And look how many comments.

Greg clicks on the comments and is stunned.

INSERT: COMPUTER SCREEN

NotoriousPIG: I smell bacon!! Here piggy, let's stuff you good!

SunGawdess1: Attention producers of the Biggest Loser: We have your most ambitious project yet.

LonniePop43: If that was my kid, I would leave her on the side of the road and wait for the garbage man to pick her up. What a slug.

Rossalicious: I didn't know the scripture called for a pig to be placed above the manger.

Frankenstein: And the pig angel crashed through the manger crushing baby Jesus and putting an end to Christianity.

PurplePeopleEater: Hey piggy, want some Jesus Bread?

sweetwater gil more

SamandJerry: The local news reported that earlier that month the girl ate an entire manger mistaking it for a giant gingerbread house.

BACK TO SCENE

Greg slams his fist on the desk and shuts down the computer.

GREG
Where's Emmie?

GRANT
She locked herself in her room.

EXT. EMMIE'S ROOM -- MOMENTS LATER

Greg knocks on Emmie's door.

EMMIE
Go away.

GREG
But it's Daddy.

EMMIE
I don't want to talk to anyone.

GREG
But all your cousins are here and they want to play with you and your Christmas toys.

EMMIE
No. This is the worst Christmas ever.

GREG
But Emmie, we deleted the video. Its not on YouTube anymore.

EMMIE
What about Vimeo?

GREG
Patrick is deleting it from Vimeo.

EMMIE
Why is everyone on the Internet making fun of me?

GREG
(shaking his head)
Because they're douchebags.

sweetwater gil more

EMMIE

Daddy, you shouldn't say that.

GREG

I mean they're howler monkey faces.

EMMIE

Yeah they're howler monkey faces
and I want to punch them all in the
butt for being mean.

GREG

So do I. So let's find them all and
punch them in their butts. Deal?

EMMIE

Deal.

GREG

I need a pinkie swear.

Emmie opens the door and Greg walks in.

INT. GREG'S OFFICE -- MIDDLE OF THE NIGHT

Greg is on the computer. He has a stiff drink next to him.
He appears drunk. He looks at the YouTube video page and its
up to 11 million views. He clicks on the comments again.

INSERT: COMPUTER SCREEN

NotoriousPIG: I smell bacon!! Here piggy!

BACK TO SCENE

Greg plugs Notorious PIG into a Google search. He starts
clicking into links and taking notes. All of the sudden his
phone rings. He looks down at the phone.

INSERT: PHONE SCREEN: JARED RICHMAN

BACK TO SCENE

Greg picks it up.

GREG

Yes.

JARED

So what's the game plan?

sweetwater gil more

GREG
I have no game plan.

JARED
You said you were going to have a game plan. Its almost midnight and I haven't heard shit from you.

GREG
I got tied up with some family stuff.

JARED
That's not acceptable.

Greg takes a long sip from his drink.

GREG
You know what Jared.

JARED
What?

GREG
Here's the game plan - you're a fucking asshole and I fucking quit.

JARED
You can't quit.

GREG
I just did.

JARED
But what about the fixes for the Vaseline app?

GREG
I don't know..Maybe see if Ralph knows any good, cheap Serbian programmers.

JARED
The doorman?

GREG
Yeah the fucking doorman. And its your problem now, so figure it out.

JARED
(now desperate)
Greg, don't do this. We'll work it out. Take some time off, do what you need to do to clear your head.

sweetwater gil more

GREG
It's clear. You make me fucking
miserable and I'm done.

JARED
(desperate)
You can't do this to me.

Greg hangs up the phone and returns to researching
NotoriousPIG on his computer.

INT. SUV -- EARLY MORNING

Greg sits in the driver's seat with Emmie buckled up in the
back.

EMMIE
Daddy, where are we going?

GREG
On a mini-vacation.

EMMIE
Where?

GREG
It's a surprise.

EMMIE
Is mommy coming?

GREG
No, she's tired. She is going to
rest. We will see her later.

Greg pulls the car out of the driveway.

MONTAGE OF GREG AND EMMIE

-Greg and Emmie eat breakfast at a diner, they both eat a
heaping plate of pancakes. Greg puts whip cream on Emmie's
nose.

-Greg and Emmie stop at Amish Country and go for a horse and
buggy ride.

-Greg ignores a call from Amanda

-Greg and Emmie go to a Christmas market and buy a bunch of
Christmas tchotchke

+Emmie watches magician videos on Greg's iPad

-Greg ignores another call from Amanda

sweetwater gilmore

-Emmie naps, Greg looks out the window and sees "Welcome to Pittsburgh sign"

-Greg and Emmie walk the aisles of a Wal-mart, the cart is filled with a random assortment of things.

END MONTAGE

Greg parks his car on a side street.

GREG

Emmie, Daddy has to visit a friend,
can you protect the car while he is
gone?

EMMIE

Okay and if anyone comes near the
car, I will put a magic spell on
them.

GREG

Sounds good. Be back in a few. Love
you.

EMMIE

Love you.

Greg gets out of the car.

EXT: APT IN PITTSBURGH, PA - EARLY EVENING

Greg, carrying a recyclable bag filled with stuff, knocks on the door to 3F. No one answers the first time, Greg knocks again.

GUY (O.S.)

Who is it?

GREG

Its the super.

Guy opens the door. Greg whips out a taser and tases him. As the guys starts to fall, Greg pushes him into his apartment and swiftly closes the door.

Greg straddles him, grabs duct tape from his bag and binds his hands behind his back. The guy slowly starts to come to.

GUY

Who the fuck are you?

sweetwater gil more

GREG
You'll find out soon enough.

Greg binds his legs with duct tape and then sits him up against the couch in the living room.

GUY
Are you gonna rape me?

GREG
Don't flatter yourself.

GUY
What do you want?

Greg grabs his iPad from the bag and starts it up. He quickly opens up to YouTube and launches the video of Emmie.

GREG
Have you seen this video?

GUY
Yeah, I was like the first one of my friends to see it.

Greg clicks into the comments and points to the first comment

INSERT: COMPUTER SCREEN

NotoriousPig: I smell bacon! Let's stuff you piggy.

END SCENE

GREG
And was that your comment?

GUY
(unsure)
Yes.

GREG
You think you're pretty funny, huh?

GUY
Yes...No...I don't know.

GREG
Do you know who that girl is?

GUY
No.

sweetwater gilmore

GREG

Its my daughter. My seven year old daughter. Sweetest little girl in the world. And you ruined her fucking Christmas. You and all these fucking Internet trolls.

GUY

How'd you find me?

GREG

Not that hard. I traced your YouTube handle to your fake Twitter handle. On Twitter you had a link to your advertising portfolio site and from there I got your name and address. By the way, your work sucks.

Guy looks at Greg confused.

GREG (CONT'D)

Why would you ever create a website that calls attention to all the pathetic "ads" you've made. Its embarrassing.

GUY

I know. I'm sorry.

Greg glares at him.

I should have never made that comment and I should have never made fun of your daughter.

GREG

But you did.

GUY

I'll apologize to her.

GREG

I don't want an apology.

GUY

I'll buy her a bunch of Christmas presents. Whatever she wants.

GREG

I don't want gifts.

GUY
What do you want?

GREG
I want revenge.

Greg tases him again this time a bit longer. Then Greg takes the items out of his bag: 20 packs of bacon, a pair of plastic gloves, and a tripod for his iphone. Greg begins the process of wrapping the guy in bacon from head to toe. A few strips in, the guy comes to.

GUY
What are you doing?

GREG
We're going to see if turning you into a pig can go viral.

Greg continues to wrap the guy in bacon. The guy looks like a mummy, the only part of his body not covered is his mouth. Greg now sets up his iphone on the tripod and starts to record.

GREG (CONT'D)
Recite the comment you made.

The guy whimpers a little bit.

GREG (CONT'D)
Recite the comment.

GUY
No.

Greg starts to kick the man in the ribs, then in the head. Greg is like a man possessed.

GUY (CONT'D)
(whimpering)
I smell bacon. Here piggy, let's stuff you good!

GREG
Keep saying it.

Greg continues to beat on him, kick after kick.

GUY
I smell bacon. Here piggy, let's stuff you good.

Greg kicks him in the knee, then repeatedly in the ribs.

sweetwater gil more

GUY (CONT'D)
(crying)
I smell bacon. Here piggy!

Greg then takes out an industrial lighter and begins to light the strips of bacon. The guy starts to scream in pain as Greg lights the strips of bacon near his neck.

GREG
Now I smell bacon. And now let's
stuff you good.

Greg grabs handfuls of raw bacon and stuffs them in his throat, the guy spits them out. Greg strikes him again and stuffs more raw bacon in his mouth. Greg lights an oily strip near his face, it starts to ignite.

GREG (CONT'D)
Don't you ever embarrass my
daughter ever again. Or I'll
fucking kill you next time.

Greg presses stop on the iphone and gathers up his belongings. He then stops and walks back over to the guy flips him over, winds up and lightly punches him in the butt.

GREG (CONT'D)
That's from Emmie.

He then grabs his belongings and leaves. We see a little flame ignite on his pants.

INT. GREG'S CAR -- MOMENTS LATER

Emmie looks up from her iPad.

EMMIE
Daddy, what took you so long?

GREG
My friend wanted to show me his
music collection.

EMMIE
Why do you smell like bacon?

GREG
My friend made some bacon snacks.

EMMIE
Oh that's nice. Did you get any for
me?

sweetwater gilmore

GREG

No.

EMMIE

(a little sad)

Why?

GREG

Because we're gonna go to a hotel
and eat pizza and ice cream and
watch Phineus and Ferb.

EMMIE

Really?

GREG

Yes.

EMMIE

This is the best vacation ever.

Greg leans over and gives her a kiss on the head. His phone rings. It's Amanda.

AMANDA (O.S.)

Where are you and Emmie?

GREG

On a little vacation.

AMANDA (O.S.)

What does that mean?

GREG

Me and Emmie are going to be on the
road for a bit.

AMANDA (O.S.)

Are you joking?

GREG

No, we have some business to tend
to.

AMANDA (O.S.)

Well you better be fucking back
tonight or...

GREG

Or what?

sweetwater gilmore

AMANDA

Or...

GREG

I'll take my chances.

Greg hangs up the phone and turns the radio to a song that Emmie likes.

INT. HOTEL ROOM -- LATER

Greg and Emmie lie in bed watching the end of an episode of Phineus and Ferb.

GREG

Okay, Emmie. Time for bed.

EMMIE

Oh no.

Greg looks at her perplexed.

EMMIE (CONT'D)

You said you would tell me two pretend stories.

GREG

Okay. How about one long one?

EMMIE

One long one and two tomorrow.

GREG

Deal.

Greg shuts off the iPad and dims the lights in the room.

GREG (CONT'D)

Once upon a time, there was this beautiful little princess.

EMMIE

What was her name?

GREG

Eleanor.

EMMIE

No make her name Emmie.

GREG

Okay. Once upon a time, there was this beautiful little princess

sweetwater gil more

GREG
 named Emmie and she liked rabbits
 and jump rope and redwood trees...

EMMIE
 And licorice with Nerds on them.

GREG
 And licorice with Nerds on them.
 And she had lots of friends, and
 everyone liked her except these
 mean warthog looking trolls. And at
 night these warthog trolls would
 come try and scare her.

Emmie starts to get a little scared.

GREG (CONT'D)
 But they could never scare her or
 make her cry.

EMMIE
 Why?

GREG
 Because she was tough and she had
 an army of neon green bumblebees
 who would protect her. And every
 time the warthog trolls came the
 bees would attack them and sting
 them.

EMMIE
 I like these green bumblebees.

GREG
 And in the daytime she would get
 one of the bee's backs and fly all
 over the universe, Paris, the moon,
 Mongolia.

EMMIE
 Only when she needed her dry
 cleaning done, right?

GREG
 Yes. And she and the green
 bumblebees lived happily ever
 after. The end.

EMMIE
 I like that story.

sweetwater gil more

GREG
Love you Emmie.

EMMIE
Love you Daddy.

Greg turns off the lights and holds Emmie in bed as she falls asleep. When she has fallen asleep, he pulls out his Ipad and launches the YouTube video of Emmie without the sound.

INSERT: COMPUTER SCREEN

SunGawdess1: Attention producers of the Biggest Loser: We have your most ambitious project yet.

BACK TO SCENE

Greg types "SunGawdess1" into Google.