

99 PROBLEMS

By Noons

Episodes 1-3  
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a comedy series

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## SETTING

A 99 unit apartment building in the West Village of Manhattan.

(Perhaps the series theme song is "99 Problems" by Jay-Z)

## MAIN CHARACTERS:

Hesby, the superintendent of the building

Marina, his long-suffering girlfriend

Weinberg, the owner of the building

Tommy, Hesby's best friend since childhood

## OVERVIEW:

Location Location Location. Welcome to 572 Hudson Street, a prewar Art Deco building with a live-in super, on-site laundry and bicycle storage in the heart of the West Village. A true microcosm of the ever-changing neighborhood, full of: rent-controlled seniors, recently arrived hipsters, middle-aged white collar workers, wealthy young families, scraping by artists, dogs, cats, spiders, mice (but thankfully no bed bugs), an aloof owner, and barely holding it all together, both literally and emotionally, is the Superintendent who not only grew up in the building but now manages it: Hesby.

## PILOT EPISODE: GAS

In the darkness, the sound of a person breathing into some sort of oxygen device.

One breath...two breaths...

## LIGHTS UP:

### CLOSE-UP:

A Man's bearded face covered by a Continuous Positive Airway Pressure mask (CPAP). He takes another breath. This device is connected to a small machine and for the treatment of sleep apnea.

The Man is White and appears around forty years old.

On his fourth breath, a cell phone rings. It is the ringtone of 99 Problems by Jay-Z (or another of his favorite songs).

WIDE SHOT:

INT. A DARK BEDROOM, IT IS THE MIDDLE OF THE NIGHT.

The CPAP Man rustles from his slumber but does not fully awaken.

A Female Body next to him rolls over and faces him. She is Latina, around forty years old also.

MARINA  
Phone.

She nudges him. The cell phone continues to ring/play the song.

The CPAP Man begins to wake up but not fast enough.

MARINA  
(a high pitched shriek)  
Your Phone!

This wakes the Man up with a start.

He pulls the CPAP guard off of his face. He gets tangled up in the tubing for a moment.

His hands reach out for his ringing/playing cellphone on the nightstand. He knocks it off and then pulls the charging cord to catch it before it hits the floor.

He brings the cellphone up to his face, squints to look at it from the brightness, and then swipes to answer the call.

He brings the cellphone to his ear.

HESBY  
Hesby...Hello?

He looks at the phone. The call is gone, he didn't get to it in time.

He hits a button to call the person back and returns the cellphone to his ear.

He waits and sits up in bed.

Marina, next to him, slides closer and starts massaging his chest.

HESBY  
Missus McGillicutty...Yes, un  
hun...All right...I'm sure it's--  
...Okay...See you soon...Yes. See you  
soon...I'm coming! I'm sorry...Okay.

He hangs up.

Marina's fingers massage his chest but her face looks in the opposite direction and is smushed into her pillow.

Hesby looks down at her hand playing with his chest.

CUT TO:

CLOSE-UP:

Hesby pulls on a pair of cargo shorts.

Hesby puts on his robe.

Hesby pushes his feet into his boots.

Hesby snatches his tool belt.

CUT TO:

INT. APARTMENT BUILDING HALLWAY.

Hesby walks down the hallway, he's still half-asleep.

CUT TO:

INT. ELEVATOR.

Hesby in the elevator, he leans against the side and almost falls back asleep standing up. The elevator doors opening wakes him.

CUT TO:

INT. HALLWAY

He trudges down the hallway and reaches Apartment 2D. There is a friendly "Welcome" wreath on the door.

Hesby brings his finger up to press the buzzer but before he reaches it the door slowly opens.

It is an ancient Little Old Lady. She is one of the tenants who has lived in the building the longest.

MRS. MCGILLICUTTY  
(Softly, above a whisper)  
Hello, Mister Hesby --

HESBY  
Hello, Misses McGillicutty.

MRS. MCGILLICUTTY  
I'm so sorry to wake you --

HESBY  
It's fine.

He yawns and walks inside.

CUT TO:

INT. MRS. MCGILLICUTTY'S APARTMENT

HESBY  
So Gas, hun?

MRS. MCGILLICUTTY  
Yes. I noticed it when I got up.

Hesby is now in the living room/kitchen of this one bedroom apartment.

HESBY  
Un hun.

MRS. MCGILLICUTTY  
Do you smell it?

Hesby takes a long whiff. Something definitely catches his attention and starts to wake him up.

HESBY  
Well...

He walks over to the white four burner gas range with oven below and checks it out.

HESBY  
I don't know.

He pulls the top cover up and sees that the pilot flame is fine.

He pulls open the oven door and shines his flashlight inside.

He pulls the stove out from the wall a few inches and squeezes himself over it to look at the piping and connection around back with his flashlight.

HESBY  
I'm not really seeing any --

He hits his head as he comes out from his hunched over position.

HESBY  
Ow!

MRS. MCGILLICUTTY  
Don't you smell that?

HESBY  
Well...

MRS. MCGILLICUTTY  
`Cause I smell it.

HESBY  
Look, Misses McGillicutty, there's no Gas, at least not the Gas you're talking about -- Here, look.

Hesby pulls out a portable gas detector he has with him.

HESBY  
See, no readings. There's no Gas. It's fine. We're perfectly safe --

MRS. MCGILLICUTTY  
Well, I smell it --

HESBY  
Here, look --

And Hesby nonchalantly lights a Match.

She screams.

HESBY  
See, it's fine.

He holds the match out in all directions.

MRS. MCGILLICUTTY  
Oh, Mister Hesby, you're gonna give me a heart attack.

Hesby accidentally lets the match alight too long and burns himself.

HESBY  
Ouch. No Gas. Okay? See?

MRS. MCGILLICUTTY  
But I smell it.

Hesby lets out a long sigh.

Hesby puts his hands on her slight shoulders and looks down at her, making eye contact.

HESBY  
It's your farts.

And then he kisses her on the cheek and moves to leave.

CUT TO:

INT. HESBY'S APARTMENT

Hesby gets back into bed all cozy. He turns on his CPAP machine and places the mask over his face.

Marina snuggles up to him.

Eyes closed. Dozing off...

Hesby's cellphone rings/plays.

His eyes open.

He pulls off the CPAP mask, snatches his phone, and answers it without looking at who's calling.

HESBY  
(with venom)  
What?!  
(venom disappears)  
No, it's fine, Misses  
McGillicutty...Yes, no need to thank  
me...Yes, just go to bed. Back to  
bed...Okay, yes, you're very welcome.  
Good night. Yes, good night.

Hesby sighs.

He looks at his bedside clock. It reads 5:17.

CUT TO:

EXTERIOR. MORNING. ON THE SIDE OF THE BUILDING.

Hesby dressed in his normal uniform: t-shirt, cargo shorts, boots. He's also wearing his robe because it's a chilly morning. And he's smoking a cigarette as he puts out the garbage. There's a lot of garbage, after all it is a building with 99 units.

A middle-aged persnickety Man approaches Hesby. He's lived in the building for seven years.

MAN

Good morning. How's it going?

HESBY

Fine.

MAN

I don't want to bother you, but if you could come take a look at my toilet, that'd be great.

CUT TO:

Daydream #1: Hesby slings a full garbage bag straight at Persnickety Man and knocks him to the pavement.

CUT BACK TO:

HESBY

(snaps out of it)

I'm sorry. What's wrong with it?

MAN

It won't flush.

A pause.

HESBY

All right.

MAN

When can I expect you? It's...(he looks at his watch)

HESBY

When I get there. I have some other things I have to do first.

MAN  
Of course. Thanks so much.

And the Man walks off. Hesby glares in his direction and tosses another garbage bag at the curb.

CUT TO:

INT. THE BUILDING'S FRONT LOBBY

Hesby in the lobby with an industrial janitor's mop and yellow bucket mops the floor.

Hesby, with a bucket, towel and squeegee (but oddly the kind one would use at a gas station), cleans the glass doors and windows of the building's main entrance.

Enter a rich early thirties Mother all done up in expensive athleisure clothes, donning big sunglasses, and pushing a trendy stroller. Her family has been in the building for three years.

Her six year old Son doddles up behind her, a banana in his hands that he is peeling, pulling pieces off, and eating.

MOTHER  
Mister Hesby,

Hesby looks up uninterested.

MOTHER  
Sorry to bother you but I really need you to come to our apartment (French accent) maintenant. We saw a (she mouths the word "Mouse") which is totally unacceptable --

Her Son runs his banana hands all over the glass Hesby has just cleaned. The boy laughs about it.

MOTHER  
(not scolding, playful, laughing)  
Oh, Bryce, you little stinker. Did you finish your banana, did you? All right, here's your chocolate. Here you go.

CUT TO:

Daydream #2: Hesby holds the little boy upside down by his ankles and cleans the glass with the boy's pants bottom.

CUT BACK TO:

MOTHER  
 (to Hesby as she goes, it snaps  
 Hesby out of it)  
 I'll expect you this afternoon.

She exits the building. Hesby holds the door open for her. Mother and son leave.

Hesby suppresses his anger and then squeegees with vigor and fury the area the boy just dirtied. His eyes rage.

CUT TO:

EXTERIOR. THE PARK, NEXT TO HESBY'S BUILDING. MIDDAY.

Hesby sits at a small table eating his lunch: a chicken salad sandwich, a bag of Doritos, a bottle of Gatorade.

Suddenly a beautiful blond Young Woman, Allison, no more than twenty-five, appears in front of Hesby.

ALLISON  
 Hey, Mister Hesby, can I have a chip?

She doesn't wait.

HESBY  
 Uh, sure, Allison.

She sits down at Hesby's table, next to him, and dispatches a Dorito. She is a recent arrival in the building.

ALLISON  
 Alli.

HESBY  
 Alli.

ALLI  
 So this is your spot.

HESBY  
 What do you mean?

ALLI  
 I mean, is this your Jam? Is this  
 where you hang out?

HESBY  
Uh, I guess. Yeah. This is my Jam.

ALLI  
Cool, cool. It's nice. I like it.

HESBY  
Yeah.

ALLI  
You've been in this building a long time, right?

HESBY  
My whole life.

ALLI  
Really?!

HESBY  
Yeahp.

ALLI  
So you're like a real like New Yorker.

HESBY  
(enjoying his new pseudo-celebrity status)  
Yes I am. I've been in this building for thirty-nine years. My dad was the super for almost forty, going back to the sixties. I've lived in the same apartment my whole life. I've known a lot of these tenants my whole life. (the magnitude hits him) This building has basically been...my whole life.

ALLI  
Wow. That's amazing. Anyway, I gotta go. Good seeing you.

HESBY  
You too.

She leaves.

Hesby smiles to himself, feeling good about himself, feeling good about people, feeling good about the human race. Life is wonderful...

ALLI  
Oh, actually, hey, I just remembered.  
No rush. When you have time, could you  
look at my bedroom?

CUT TO:

Daydream #3: a gauzy scene: Alli, in an elaborate bedroom with a four post bed, stands in front of it in lingerie donning a sea captain's cap and holding a pitcher of beer in one hand and a vibrating massage wand in the other.

CUT BACK TO:

ALLI  
Mister Hesby?

He snaps out of it.

HESBY  
Uh, sure. Yeah. No problem.

ALLI  
There's this Huge ass spider in there  
somewhere.

HESBY  
A spider?

ALLI  
Thanks! Byee.

And she skips off.

Hesby's happy face slowly morphs into total disgust for humankind.

He smacks his empty Gatorade bottle and sends it skidding across the concrete park until Marina's foot stops it.

She arches an accusatory eyebrow at Hesby.

Hesby's face turns sheepish as he involuntarily lets out a squeaky prolonged fart.

Title: 99 Problems

Blackout.

Credits roll.

Pop-in credit scene: Hesby lays down glue mouse traps in the rich Mother's apartment. He gets his hand stuck on one.

The End.

EPISODE 2: THE FIXER

EXTERIOR. SIDE OF THE BUILDING. MORNING.

Hesby has a garden hose with spray gun out and he is watering down the sidewalk in front of the building.

He attempts to take a drink of water but ends up shooting water into himself and drenching his face and beard.

A frumpy middle aged Man with a brown bowl haircut in disheveled clothes and carrying a white plastic bag full of papers shuffles up to Hesby.

Is this Man homeless?

WEINBERG  
Easy on the water. I'm paying for  
that.

Hesby stops spraying.

WEINBERG  
How often do you do this?

HESBY  
(incredulous)  
Every day. Unless it's raining. Or  
snowing.

The persnickety Man from the Pilot Episode appears and stands behind them annoyed.

WEINBERG  
That's too much. Let's make it three  
times a week. No! Four times a week.  
No, three. Three or four, what do you  
think?

HESBY  
Three?

WEINBERG  
Do four. Four's good.

The persnickety Man crosses his arms and clears his throat.

Weinberg and Hesby turn and look at him.

WEINBERG  
(annoyed)  
Can I help you?

MAN  
Yes, Mister Weinberg, in fact you can.  
My toilet is broken and Mister Hesby  
said he was going to come and fix it  
which he has not.

HESBY  
(to Weinberg)  
I was going there next.

WEINBERG  
Excellent! You see, sir, he is going  
there next. He will be with you  
shortly. Thank you. Tootle-oo.

And Weinberg shoos the Man away.

The Man walks off annoyed.

WEINBERG  
I am surrounded by sheep. (he yells at  
the building) Sheep! All right (he  
looks to his wristwatch) I gotta go.  
So three times a week? Four? What'd we  
say?

HESBY  
Three.

WEINBERG  
Excellent!

Weinberg walks off down the street.

Hesby smirks to himself.

CUT TO:

INT. HESBY'S APARTMENT

CLOSE-UP:

Hesby grabs his tool belt and puts it on.

Hesby picks up an extremely heavy toolbox which he has

trouble with moving.

CUT TO:

INT. HALLWAY

Hesby, lopsided, walks down the hallway.

CUT TO:

INT. ELEVATOR.

Hesby in the elevator gets a phone call on his cell.

He looks at his cellphone.

CLOSE-UP:

It shows "Tommy".

HESBY  
(into cellphone)  
Hey. What's up? I'm in the  
elevator...Is it anything urgent?  
Okay, let me call you back.

CUT TO:

INT. HALLWAY

Hesby walks out of the elevator with all of his stuff and runs into Alli from the Pilot Episode. She has just run shrieking out of her apartment clad in only her underwear and a tank top.

HESBY  
Whoa! Hey whoa! What's happening? Are  
you okay? Is it a burglar?

ALLI  
What? No! It's Huge! Enormous! The  
biggest I've ever seen!

CUT TO:

Daydream: Marina, in bed (clothed), under Hesby in the missionary position.

MARINA  
(Spanish accent)  
Hazte grande para mami, nino grande.

CUT BACK TO:

HESBY  
Uh...

ALLI  
It's the Spider! Remember?! The one I told you about?!

HESBY  
Right! The Spider! A spider. An arachnid, yes.

An Apartment door opens and an older Sri Lankan Couple (Buddhists) pop their heads out. They have lived in the building for eighteen years.

SRI LANKAN MAN  
(Sinhala accent)  
Is everything all right?

HESBY  
Yes, yes, it's fine. Thank you, Mister DeAlwis. No problem.

Mrs. DeAlwis nods her head as they return inside their apartment and close the door.

ALLI  
(catching her breath)  
O my God. You've gotta kill it.

Hesby's face displays uncertainty.

CUT TO:

CLOSE-UP:

Hesby's zipcord hip keychain with a huge ring of keys is pulled out.

Key in hand, Hesby unlocks her apartment door.

CUT TO:

INT. BEDROOM

Hesby gingerly tiptoes into her bedroom, looking all around quietly.

Alli remains behind him.

Hesby has left all of his stuff (toolbox etc) in the hallway. He still wears his toolbelt.

Hesby tiptoes through the bedroom and looks on the walls.

He checks the ceiling.

He looks across her bed and nightstand.

ALLI  
(whispered)  
It was right there.

She points to a pillow on the bed.

Hesby slowly walks up to the pillow and then quickly snatches it off the bed and checks all sides of it: nothing.

He refluffs the pillow and replaces it.

As he slowly tips up another pillow to look under it, the persnickety Man enters the bedroom.

MAN  
(stern)  
Mister Hesby,

ALLI  
(casual)  
Oh, hi, Marc.

MARC  
(to girl)  
Hello, dear.  
(to Hesby)  
I am a Man.

Hesby ignores him and keeps searching for the spider.

MARC  
And as a Man, I require the ability to  
to urinate!  
(sweetly to her)  
My toilet's broken.

ALLI  
Oh, go ahead. Use mine.

MARC  
Thank you. You're a darling.

Marc walks into her bathroom and closes the door.

CUT TO:

A flush, water runs, the bathroom door opens, and Marc reemerges into the bedroom.

Hesby is under the bed with a flashlight.

His light moves across the floorboards and stops at the impatient tapping of Marc's foot.

CUT TO:

INT. MARC'S BATHROOM

Hesby's toolbox open and tools and stuff all over the tile of Marc's bathroom floor.

Hesby is down on his knees "working" but he really has no idea what he is doing. He's not a plumber. And building owner Weinberg hates to spend money unless absolutely necessary.

Marc has a bidet attached to the toilet and Hesby, having never used one before, turns the dial and accidentally shoots himself in the face.

HESBY

Agh. Bidet works. That's good to know.

Marc walks up and stands in the bathroom doorway and arches an eyebrow.

Hesby begins to plunge the toilet.

MARC

(exasperated)

I've already tried that,--

ALLI

(off screen, screamed from her apartment)

Mister Hesby! Spider!

Hesby's head jerks up to attention.

ALLI

(screamed)

Mister Hesby! Hurry! Spider!

Hesby immediately jumps up and takes off running. He passes

Marc who holds out his hands as if to say, "What the fuck?"

CUT TO:

INT. HALLWAY

Hesby trucks down the hallway, still clutching the plunger, his toolbelt and keys jangling.

He runs straight into her apartment.

CUT TO:

INT. BEDROOM

He runs directly into her bedroom.

HESBY  
(frantic, plunger armed)  
Where?! Where?!

ALLI  
There! There!

She points to her closet.

Hesby rushes to the closet and slides open the mirrored door: nothing.

He flicks through her clothing: nothing.

He checks the hanging shoe rack: nothing.

Using the plunger and his flashlight, he frantically searches but to no avail.

Suddenly, another Scream:

MARC  
Mister Hesby!!!

Hesby falls backwards into her closet.

MARC  
(yelling)  
I am calling Mister Weinberg Right  
Now!!

Hesby pulls himself out of the closet.

CUT TO:

INT. HALLWAY

Hesby fast-walks back down the hallway to Marc's apartment.

Mr. and Mrs. DeAlwis' door opens again and they stick their heads out.

As Hesby passes their faces, he sees them and says, calmly:

HESBY  
I got this, don't worry, return to  
your curry.

Mr. and Mrs. DeAlwis' faces display surprise as Hesby passes them. She attempts to say something to him:

MRS. DEALWIS  
Oh,

HESBY  
(thrown over his shoulder as he  
goes)  
It smells delicious!

Mr. and Mrs. DeAlwis look to each other.

CUT TO:

INT. MARC'S APARTMENT

Hesby enters Marc's apartment and marches directly up to him.

MARC  
This is Unacceptable! Unprofessional!  
Totally and Unequivocally you are --

HESBY  
What do you want me to do?! I can't do  
Everything!

MARC  
--The Worst super I have Ever Seen!

HESBY  
Oh yeah?!!

MARC  
Yeah!

HESBY  
Well I never said I was the best!!

MARC  
Well you're not!!

HESBY  
Obviously!!

MARC  
What?!

Hesby backpedals and ends up once again in Marc's bathroom.

CUT TO:

INT. MARC'S BATHROOM

HESBY  
I am trying to Fix Your toilet while  
at the Same Time trying to kill her  
Goddamn --

Marc's eyes grow enormous.

MARC  
Spider!!!

And now we see the Huge spider on the back of Hesby's shoulder.

It truly is Gigantic, most likely a pet tarantula that escaped an apartment in the building.

Marc shrieks like a high-pitched female voice.

Hesby freaks out, trying to brush it off, using the plunger, his flashlight -- he spins, he attacks himself with his plunger and flashlight and finally ends up knocking the spider off of himself and into the toilet.

Hesby and Marc look at each other.

The spider attempts to climb out.

Hesby smashes the plunger down onto the spider and into the toilet. He holds it with both hands. He looks to Marc.

Immediately, Marc springs to action and his hands press the toilet handle.

Miraculously, the toilet flushes.

Hesby and Marc look to each other.

Hesby slowly removes the plunger and checks it inside and out: no spider. Spider gone.

Marc and Hesby are both panting heavily.

HESBY  
Toilet works.

Marc turns and looks at him with a blank face.

The wide-eyed Mr. and Mrs. DeAlwis slowly poke their heads into the bathroom.

Blackout.

Credits roll.

Pop-in credit scene: Marc goes to flush his toilet and the handle simply jiggles limply.

MARC  
Sonofa--

The End.

EPISODE 3: EVA

EXTERIOR. FRONT CORNER OF THE BUILDING. MORNING.

CLOSE-UP:

The jaws of a plastic pooper scooper swoop in and pick up a small pile of dog shit and then deposit it in a black Glad bag plastic trash can.

Pulling up, we now see that it is Hesby performing one of his morning rituals.

He bangs the old half-working plastic pooper scooper against the inside of the plastic trash can and then carries on, dragging the can behind him as he goes. And though he has no free hand, he is also smoking.

Hesby notices another poop pile, and as he moves towards it, an elegant Woman around sixty approaches him with her little dog (a Pomeranian?) on a leash behind her.

WOMAN  
Mister Hesby, you are doing God's work.

HESBY  
Good morning, Misses Teasdale.

She has lived in the building for twenty-six years.

MRS. TEASDALE  
At our last tenant meeting I warned  
everyone to pick up after themselves!  
We are not children.

Hesby is busy dispatching of another dump.

MRS. TEASDALE  
I told them I do not wish to see any  
more excrement or urine anywhere near  
our beautiful building. And yet, here  
you are.

HESBY  
Here I am.

MRS. TEASDALE  
On behalf of the entire building, I  
apologize --

HESBY  
It's okay.

Hesby's cellphone rings/plays.

MRS. TEASDALE  
No, it's not okay. And by the way, if  
you could come and look at my air  
conditioner sometime,

Hesby's cellphone displays "Tommy".

MRS. TEASDALE  
(cont.)  
It would be most appreciated.

HESBY  
(ignoring her request)  
Oh, okay --

MRS. TEASDALE  
No urgency on the matter.

HESBY  
Misses Teasdale, I gotta take this.

MRS. TEASDALE  
Of course! Come along, Desdemona!

Hesby answers the call.

HESBY  
What's up?

Tommy is an African-American man, same age as Hesby, and grew up in the neighborhood along with him. He is now a successful lawyer, Hesby's best friend, and moved into the building eleven years ago.

TOMMY  
I need your help.

HESBY  
Okay.

TOMMY  
There's something wrong with Eva. Can you go check on her?

HESBY  
Sure. What's the issue?

TOMMY  
She left me a message saying she called the paramedics. I'm in a meeting. I just tried her but she isn't picking up. Can you --

HESBY  
Yeah, I got it. I'll go check on her right now.

TOMMY  
Great. Thanks.

HESBY  
No problem. I'll talk to you.

TOMMY  
You got it.

Hesby hangs up and makes a swift move -- stepping right into a gooey morsel poo pile obviously left by Desdemona, Mrs. Teasdale's dog.

CUT TO:

INT. TOMMY'S APARTMENT FRONT DOOR

Hesby rings the doorbell on Tommy's apartment door.

Down the hallway, a fifty-something straight bachelor Man exits his Apartment, sees Mr. Hesby at the other end, and says:

MAN  
Mister Hesby, don't forget about my door.

Hesby, without turning around, waves him over his shoulder, as if to say, "Yeah, yeah, I'll get to it." The Man has lived in the building four years.

Hesby rings the doorbell again and waits.

The Man smiles/chuckles to himself and heads to the stairs, he is aware his problem is not a big or urgent matter. But he will keep bringing it up every time he sees Hesby. He leaves.

Hesby knocks on Tommy's door. He waits.

He listens. He knocks again.

HESBY  
Eeva! It's Mister Hesby! Could you open up!?

He puts his ear to the door and listens: nothing.

CUT TO:

CLOSE-UP:

The zip of Hesby's hip keychain with a huge ring of keys is pulled out.

He locates Tommy's key, opens the door, and lets himself inside.

CUT TO:

INT. TOMMY'S APARTMENT

HESBY  
Eeva?...Ee-va? Hello?...Ee --

Hesby turns the corner and sees Eva seated in Tommy's living room leather recliner with her back to him.

Hesby slowly moves towards her.

HESBY  
Eeva?

He tiptoes in and can now see her from the front:

Eva is a Hispanic woman in her forties. Short, a little plump, but she has a kind innocent face.

She is spaced out, catatonic, staring straight ahead, hands placed down on the armrests as if holding on for dear life.

HESBY  
Eeva?

Hesby isn't sure what to do.

He looks at her.

He thinks.

He tries a little wave.

HESBY  
Hello?

He looks around the room.

A plugged in (but turned off) vacuum cleaner stands in the middle of the room.

Cleaning supplies are on the kitchen counter.

A plastic hamper with clean folded clothes lies on the ottoman.

Hesby thinks.

CUT TO:

INT. KITCHEN

Hesby pulls open the refrigerator and looks inside: milk, orange juice, salad, etc (the refrigerator of a single gay man)

Hesby focuses on a scrunched up bunch of tin foil.

He pulls it out and opens it up:

Little chocolates, similar to Hershey's kisses.

Hesby thinks.

CUT TO:

Daydream: Hesby and Tommy on Tommy's couch smiling at each other and laughing, perhaps one touches the other's face. They are acting strangely.

CUT TO:

INT. BEDROOM.

The phone ringing as Hesby calls Tommy.

TOMMY

How is she?

HESBY

Well, she's sitting in your living room staring at the wall.

TOMMY

What?!

HESBY

Did you have chocolates in your fridge?

A pause.

TOMMY

Oh shit. Yeah. But they were in the back.

HESBY

How many were there?

TOMMY

Uh, I wanna say five or six.

HESBY

There's two left.

TOMMY

Shit. She ate them?

HESBY

It looks that way.

TOMMY  
And the paramedics are coming. You  
can't tell them.

HESBY  
What do you want me to do?!

TOMMY  
Just hide the chocolates. No, that's  
worse. Put them in the back.

HESBY  
Back in the fridge?

TOMMY  
Yeah. In the meantime, you gotta, you  
gotta snap her out of it.

HESBY  
How am I gonna do that?

CUT TO:

INT. TOMMY'S LIVING ROOM

Marina stands over Eva, bent over as one would engage a  
child.

MARINA  
Ee-va? Hola? Ee-va? Puedes escucharme?  
Ee-va? Soy yo. Marina. Hola? Estas  
bien? Nothing.  
(to Hesby)  
What could possibly be wrong with her?

HESBY  
I don't know.

MARINA  
You think it's a stroke?

HESBY  
No! It's not a stroke.

MARINA  
How do you know?

HESBY  
Um, it's...doesn't look stroke-like.

A knock at the door.

CUT TO:

INT. TOMMY'S FRONT DOOR

EMT MAN  
Hello? Anybody home?

Enter two EMTs: a white blond mid-thirties Man, and a stocky African-American Woman, mid-thirties also.

CUT TO:

INT. KITCHEN &amp; LIVING ROOM

HESBY  
Yes! Yes, right in here. We're here.

EMT MAN  
Did you place the call?

HESBY  
No, no I didn't.

Hesby is immediately nervous.

MARINA  
He's the Super.

HESBY  
Yes, yes, I'm the Super. Although I'm not super right now. That was--

EMT WOMAN  
Is it her?

HESBY  
Yes! Yes! This is Eva. She's a wonderful cleaning woman who my girlfriend was just conversing with, en espanol, because I don't -- I don't speak the language myself.

EMT MAN  
She made the call?

HESBY  
Yes! Yes she did. Obviously before (Hesby motions all around as if to say "this").

EMT WOMAN

Hello, dear. Are you okay, Eva? Can you look at me, Eva?

(to EMT Man)

She's out of it.

EMT MAN

Mister...

HESBY

Hesby. Yes, Hesby. That's me. I'm Hesby.

EMT MAN

Mister Hesby, what can you tell us?

HESBY

What can I tell you? What can I tell You? Me? Uh, not much really. I found her like this.

MARINA

Do you think it's a stroke?

EMT WOMAN

(nonchalant)

No, it's not a stroke.

She makes eye contact with the EMT Man.

EMT MAN

The nine one one message we received states: Hispanic woman, room is loco, el diablo, help help help.

Marina looks to Eva with compassion.

MARINA

Pobre Eva.

EMT MAN

Indeed. Pobre Eva.

EMT Man looks around the room: checking the tables: coffee table, end tables. He opens up a small box on the coffee table.

(to Hesby)

Mister Hesby, is it possible that Eva may have consumed some drugs?

HESBY

No! No! How dare you! Eva isn't a drug doer. She's a beautiful flower -- How dare --

EMT MAN

By accident.

EMT Man moves into the kitchen and looks around.

HESBY

By accident? Phh. How does one take drugs by accident?

EMT Man focuses on the refrigerator and then opens it.

HESBY

Hey! What are you doing? You can't do that without a warrant or a summons or something.

EMT Man ignores Hesby, crouches down, and starts riffling through the refrigerator.

HESBY

This is private property -- You know it's private property, right?

EMT Woman keeps working on Eva, helping her. She gives her a shot.

MARINA

What is that?

EMT WOMAN

It's a sedative.

EMT Man pulls out the crumpled tin foil from the back of the refrigerator, opens it up, and smells it.

EMT MAN

What's this?

EMT Man breaks open one of the chocolates and looks at it.

HESBY

Uh, it looks like chocolate?  
Chocolates? (with French accent)  
Chocolat?

Marina looks at Hesby with disgust.

HESBY  
(to Marina)  
What?

EMT Man crumples up and throws the tin foil into the trash.

Hesby's eyes follow it.

CUT TO:

INTERIOR. MARINA'S & HESBY'S APARTMENT. LATER IN THE DAY.

Hesby seated in his living room recliner.

Marina, furious, paces the room and yells at him in Spanish.

MARINA  
A la pobre Eva?! Eso fue lo mas malo!  
Ustedes dos idiotas la drogaron con  
hongos mágicos y luego no se lo  
dijeron! Cuantos tienes, doce? Tú y  
Tommy sois unos idiotas!  
Imbécil!(Etc...)

She keeps yelling and pacing.

Hesby's face is calm and serene: spaced out eyes with a slight smile across his mouth.

AND NOW WE SWITCH TO HESBY'S POV:

Of Marina yelling at him but it is psychedelic and weird because he is tripping his balls off. Their apartment is cartoonish and she looks like an enormous dragon woman spewing out fireballs but in a way that is sexy as hell and awe inspiring. Hesby enjoys it immensely.

A final close-up of Hesby's blissed out face.

Blackout.

Credits roll.

Pop-in credit scene: the two EMT's, off-duty, smoke a joint together and laugh hysterically at something (most likely Hesby).

The End.