

INT. MICHAEL AND OLIVER'S APARTMENT - LIVING AREA - DAY

Charlotte is lazily perched on the couch covered by a blanket. She watches the Great British Bake Off, a bag of open chips by her side. Michael enters carrying groceries.

CHARLOTTE

Come watch The Great British Bake Off with me.

MICHAEL

Ha! Don't make make me laugh.

CHARLOTTE

You're a chef, you'll love it.

MICHAEL

Don't insult me. I can't believe you actually watch this garbage.

CHARLOTTE

When I was in the UK this was the only descent show I could watch. It kind of grew on me.

MICHAEL

Baking is so easy. Children could do it. I mean look at these morons.

CHARLOTTE

It's not as easy as it looks. I tried to make scones once. Didn't pan out very well.

MICHAEL

Well that's the difference between me and you. You're just a simpleton--

CHARLOTTE

Hey.

Michael shivers in disgust.

MICHAEL

I'm sorry. Oliver's rubbing off on me too much.

CHARLOTTE

These people would bake cakes around you.

MICHAEL

Don't insult me like that.

CHARLOTTE

Well, if it's that easy why don't  
you bake a cake.

Michael's eyes stay glued to the TV as he lumbers to the kitchen. Bumps into his brand new marble counter.

INT. MICHAEL AND OLIVER'S APARTMENT - KITCHEN - CONTINUOUS

The tips of Michael's fingers gently glide across the marble counter top.

MICHAEL

Why would I defile you with pastry  
cooking.

He marvels at his own reflection on the refrigerator, blows himself a kiss. He presses buttons of his new appliances, moans as he does so.

CHARLOTTE (O.S.)

Be gentle with them.

Startled, Michael knocks over his blender.

MICHAEL

You're still here?

INT. MICHAEL AND OLIVER'S APARTMENT - LIVING AREA -  
CONTINUOUS

Charlotte's alarm goes off, she maniacally stares at the door. Oliver prances in, splattered by goo. Stains his white Panama hat, falls to his knees. He cradles his hat.

OLIVER

Why you? Look what these animals  
have done to you.

A commotion in the kitchen draws their attention. Oliver retreats to his room.

INT. MICHAEL AND OLIVER'S APARTMENT - KITCHEN - CONTINUOUS

Scott struggles to squeeze himself through the tiny window near the kitchen.

SCOTT

You fool. How stupid do you think I  
am? Willingly walking through the  
front door. You're so predictable.

Scott pulls the rest of his body through the tiny window. He crashes to the floor, instantly jumps to his feet.

MICHAEL  
How did you get up here?

SCOTT  
Don't worry about it.

Scott dashes towards the door, opens it, runs away.

INT. MICHAEL AND OLIVER'S APARTMENT - LIVING AREA -  
CONTINUOUS

Oliver, sporting a clean white panama hat and aviator wrap-arounds darts for the door.

OLIVER  
I'm leaving before any of you can  
ruin my outfit.

Oliver cautiously opens the door, scans the doorway for any traps. Sprints through.

INT. BRONZE LANTERN - BAR - LATER

Oliver strides into a vacant bar, confused he glances around him, shrugs his shoulders, heads towards their usual booth.

Oliver waits patiently for the rest to join him. He feels a thud, the booth shakes. Oliver inspects the booth. Another thud, he hurriedly stands up. Oliver cautiously lifts the cushioned seat. Scott leaps from the hollowed seat, scaring Oliver, he slaps Scott.

SCOTT  
Why'd you slap me?!

OLIVER  
Why'd you jump out of the seat?!

SCOTT  
I thought you were Charlotte?!

OLIVER  
Why would I be Charlotte?!

Scott lifts himself from the hollowed seat, he climbs out, closes the top. He heads towards the bar, Oliver follows.

OLIVER (CONT'D)  
 Whatever you and Charlotte are  
 doing, leave me out of it.

Scott blankly stares at the ceiling.

SCOTT  
 In war there are always casualties.

OLIVER  
 Just don't get me involved.

Oliver heads around the bar, grabs a bottle of Gin. As he  
 grabs the bottle a canister of pink paint splatters all over  
 him. His white panama hat and wrap-around aviators are  
 ruined. He slowly turns to Scott.

SCOTT  
 Another casualty.

INT. MICHAEL AND OLIVER'S APARTMENT - LIVING AREA -  
 CONTINUOUS

The apartment door flings open, Oliver peaks his head  
 through, cautiously scans the room for any traps, the room is  
 empty. He glances at the kitchen spots Michael. Heads towards  
 him.

INT. MICHAEL AND OLIVER'S APARTMENT - KITCHEN - CONTINUOUS

As Oliver approaches Michael, he turns around to reveal  
 himself covered in flour.

OLIVER  
 They got you too.

MICHAEL  
 Who?

OLIVER  
 Scott and Charlotte.

MICHAEL  
 No, I don't partake in such  
 childish affairs.

OLIVER  
 So this has happened before?

MICHAEL

Yes, annually. It's something they've done since they were children. Pranking.

Oliver leans against the kitchen counter.

OLIVER

Any tips on how to survive this?

MICHAEL

No. Get off.

OLIVER

Why so hostile?

MICHAEL

No paint on my new counter.

Oliver yields, trudges away.

INT. OFFICE BUILDING - BOARDROOM - LATER

Bailey stands defeated in front of her BOSS. A photo presentation beside her.

BOSS

We expect so much better from you. The client wants something family orientated for the magazine cover.

BAILEY

Sorry.

BOSS

You've got two days. Find us something we can send them. Don't disappoint.

EXT. OFFICE BUILDING - SIDEWALK - MOMENTS LATER

Bailey skulks out of the office building. She dumps her presentation in a nearby trashcan. She kicks a loose stone, it shoots up, bounces off the side of a sleek black Ferrari sf90. She glances around, panicked, rushes off.

EXT. CENTRAL PARK - PICNIC AREA - MOMENTS LATER

Bailey squanders around the park. Her camera dangles around her neck. She studies the different groups of FAMILIES huddled around their picnic blankets. She lifts her camera.

BAILEY

They look so happy... Boring.

She lowers her camera, agitated. Glances around.

EXT. PARK - JUNGLE GYM - MOMENTS LATER

Bailey skulks around the playground. She observes the CHILDREN playing, their PARENTS watch on from the sideline. She firmly grasps her camera. Spies through the viewfinder.

PARENT #1

Hey! Are you taking pictures of our kids?

Bailey lowers her camera, slowly turns to face her accuser. The Parents stare at her, enraged.

PARENT #2

Get out of here before we call the cops.

BAILEY

I wasn't doing anything wrong.

The Parents slowly bundle together. They move closer. Bailey hastily runs from them. A dirty diaper whizzes past her.

INT. COFFEE SHOP - CORNER TABLE - MOMENTS LATER

Bailey sulks, her attention caught by a YOUNG CAPS. She lifts her camera, aims it at the couple.

BAILEY

Ugh no.

She drops her camera and sighs.

INT. SCOTT'S APARTMENT - BATHROOM - CONTINUOUS

Steam from the shower fills the bathroom as Scott hums a tune. Charlotte quietly opens the door, sneaks in. She sprinkles blue Jell-O powder onto his towels. Charlotte gently lifts the face towel beside the shower, trickles more Jell-O powder onto it. Scott's hand reaches out from the shower curtain, pats around for the towel. Charlotte hands it to him. She sneaks back out of the bathroom, closes the door behind her.

Silence.

SCOTT  
Charlotte!

INT. CHARLOTTE'S APARTMENT - LIVING SPACE - CONTINUOUS

Charlotte enters, she huffs and throws her purse on the couch. She ambles towards the kitchen.

KITCHEN.

Charlotte flips the kettle on, reaches for a mug but it doesn't move. She grabs another, the same result. Confused, she opens the fridge, grabs the carton of milk, it doesn't budge. She grabs the cheese, same result. She scrambles around the kitchen, attempting to lift the appliances and cutlery, they don't budge.

LIVING AREA.

Charlotte grabs the tv remote, it sticks to the table. She yanks at a cushion on the couch, it rips, feathers float through the air.

CHARLOTTE  
Scott!

INT. BRONZE LANTERN - BAR - LATER

Scott lazily mans the bar. A MAN marches towards Scott.

MAN  
Hey Scott, the coffee tastes worse  
than usual.

Scott turns and faces the Man, his face stained blue.

SCOTT  
It's a bar, what do you expect.

The Man stares at Scott, struggles to hold back a laugh.

SCOTT (CONT'D)  
Want to say anything?

MAN  
No sorry... But it wasn't as bad  
earlier.

SCOTT  
Did you add sugar?

MAN

Yes.

SCOTT

Well then I don't know.

A BEAUTIFUL WOMAN approaches Scott. She giggles.

BEAUTIFUL WOMAN

Sorry, but my coffee tastes disgusting.

MAN

Mine too.

Scott, shushes the Man, grabs the cup of coffee from the Beautiful Woman.

SCOTT

Let me pour you another, on the house.

MAN

Hey, what about mine?

Scott lets out an annoyed sigh, grabs the Man's cup. Refills both, adds sugar. Hands it back.

SCOTT

You want some cream with that?

Scott winks at the Beautiful Woman.

MAN

Yes please.

Scott blankly glowers at the Man, then flirtatiously back to the Beautiful Woman.

SCOTT

Let me know if I can help you in any other way.

The Man sips from his cup, spits it out immediately.

MAN

It tastes exactly the same!

BEAUTIFUL WOMAN

Yeah!

SCOTT

What? Lemme taste.



Scott sips from the cup, spits it back.

SCOTT (CONT'D)  
Give me a second.

Scott pours a bit of sugar onto his hand, he tastes it. His face contorts.

SCOTT (CONT'D)  
Salt.  
(beat)  
Charlotte.

EXT. CEMETARY - BURIAL SITE - CONTINUOUS

A FAMILY mourns as a coffin is lowered into the ground.

Snap. Snap.

Silence.

The Family gazes around, confused. The ceremony resumes.

Snap. Snap.

The family notices Bailey as she inches closer. Camera pointed at them.

FAMILY MEMBER #1  
I'm sorry, do we know you?

BAILEY  
I'm Bailey.

She inches closer. Stands before the casket. Camera trained on the family.

FAMILY MEMBER #1  
We're laying my father to rest.  
Have some respect.

Bailey glances at the tombstone, a single piece of lavender lay atop it.

INSERT - TOMBSTONE

Here lies Doug "Dougie" Birdwhistle - A Beast of a Man.

BAILEY  
Dougie won't mind. Just one last family photo.

EXT. NEW YORK CITY - SIDEWALK - LATER

As Bailey strolls through the city streets, her lens cap falls off her camera, she reaches to pick it up. A giggle of a YOUNG GIRL catches her attention. Her FATEHR hoists her into the air, catches her, plops her on his hip as he grabs an ice-cream from a VENDOR.

Bailey angles her camera at the Father and Young Girl, when a beep interrupts her. Bailey rummages through her camera bag, searches for spare SD card. She looks up, the Father and Young Girl are gone.

BAILEY

Stupid SD card... This is hopeless.

INT. ROLLER RINK - RINK - LATER

Bailey ties the laces of her roller blades. She gazes up and a family of three catches her eyes. A YOUNG FATHER, YOUNG MOTHER and their SON all hold hands, skate around the rink.

She lifts her camera, points it at the YOUNG FAMILY, they skate away too quickly. Bailey hops up, heads to the entrance of the rink.

She wobbles as she places her foot in the rink, grabs the rail. Bailey staggers along the wall of the rink, places one foot in front of the other.

She catches up with the Young Family, positions her camera. She trips over her own feet, slams onto the floor, her camera breaks on impact.

INT. BRONZE LANTERN - BAR - LATER

Scott, face still stained blue and Charlotte sit at opposite ends of the bar. They glare at each other. Oliver strides in, takes a seat. He glances towards Scott, towards Charlotte and then turns to face forwards.

OLIVER

You need to stop before someone gets hurt, or worse, my glasses break.

CHARLOTTE

He started it!

SCOTT

She started it!

OLIVER  
Started what?

SCOTT CHARLOTTE  
The war! The war!

MONTAGE - SCOTT AND CHARLOTTE PRANK ONE ANOTHER THROUGHOUT  
THE YEARS.

A) Family House 1997 - Playroom -

SCOTT (V.O.)  
It all started when I was two...

CHARLOTTE (4) winds up a jack in the box. SCOTT (2) crawls  
over, grabs it, it springs out and scares him.

SCOTT (V.O.) (CONT'D)  
And ever since then, I've been  
afraid of clowns.

CHARLOTTE (V.O.)  
You grabbed it from me and scared  
yourself. But in 1999 you went too  
far.

B) Daycare 1999. - Cafeteria - SCOTT (4) places a worm in  
CHARLOTTE'S (6) lunchbox. She opens it, screeches, flings her  
lunchbox aside.

SCOTT (V.O.)  
Oh, please. It was just a worm.

CHARLOTTE (V.O.)  
A big one!

SCOTT  
That was nothing compared to you  
and your friends giving me cooties.

C) Elementary School 2003 - CHARLOTTE (10) and her FRIENDS  
ambush SCOTT (8) on the playground, they repeatedly kiss him  
on the cheek.

SCOTT (V.O.) (CONT'D)  
I was sick for a week.

CHARLOTTE (V.O.)  
Don't be so dramatic. Cooties is  
better than putting poison ivy in  
my bed!

D) Family House 2006 - Charlotte's room - CHARLOTTE (13)  
wakes up covered in a rash, her bed filled with poison ivy.

CHARLOTTE (V.O.) (CONT'D)  
I had that rash for two weeks!

SCOTT (V.O.)  
Two weeks is easy. Imagine spending  
the majority of your summer in the  
hospital because you have a toilet  
seat super glued to your--

OLIVER (V.O.)  
Oh, Charlotte you didn't.

E) Family House 2011 - Bathroom - SCOTT (16) flushes the  
toilet, tries to get up. He is glued to the toilet seat,  
rushed to hospital.

CHARLOTTE (V.O.)  
Oh, I did and I will again.  
However, he did retaliate.

F) Family House 2011 - Charlotte's Room - CHARLOTTE (18)  
wakes up, groggily stares at the mirror on her desk. She  
leans in, takes a closer look. Screeches. Her hair is orange.

CHARLOTTE (V.O.) (CONT'D)  
On my prom night!

SCOTT (V.O.)  
At least you had your hair. I had  
to shave mine off.

G) Family House 2013 - Scott's Room - SCOTT (18) rises from  
his bed, pillow stuck to his head. His hair, superglued  
straight upwards. He touches his hair, his hand gets stuck.

18 YEAR OLD SCOTT  
This feels like Deja Vu.

SCOTT (V.O.)  
Real original.

END OF MONTAGE.

OLIVER  
You halfwits. What gives you the  
right to drag me into your childish  
games?

SCOTT  
If you had a sister like  
Charlotte you'd understand.

CHARLOTTE  
If you had a brother like  
Scott you'd understand.

OLIVER  
Just keep me out of your  
shenanigans.

Oliver jolts up from his seat. Tips his hat.

OLIVER (CONT'D)  
And now, if you would excuse me. I  
need to use the restroom.

Oliver heads towards the restroom. Charlotte watches him.

CHARLOTTE  
Oliver.

He turns his head, glances at her. Is struck by a large  
stuffed hand. His aviator wrap-arounds broken beside him.

INT. MICHAEL AND OLIVER'S APARTMENT - KITCHEN - LATER

The kitchen counter is stacked with a variety of cakes. The  
smoke alarm beeps. Michael nonchalantly strolls into the  
kitchen. He opens the oven, smoke bellows out.

MICHAEL  
And Charlotte said I'd burn this  
kitchen down.

Michael shuts off the smoke detector. He places a burnt cake  
besides the others, grabs a fork from the drawer.

MICHAEL (CONT'D)  
It wasn't that difficult.

Michael plunges the fork into the burnt cake, it crumbles.

MICHAEL (CONT'D)  
Less time in the oven.

He moves onto the next one. His fork bounces off as he tries  
to take a piece.

MICHAEL (CONT'D)  
Dense, like Scott.

Michael moves on. He glances at the runny mess, grabs a spoon  
from the drawer, takes a mouthful of the liquid.

MICHAEL (CONT'D)  
Too much milk and water, not enough  
flour.

He moves along, carving a small piece from the perfect looking cake, takes a bite.

MICHAEL (CONT'D)

Salty.

He scoops a bit from the previous cake, eats it. Michael moves to the last cake. Baffled he stares down at it. The cake resembles a loaf of bread.

INT. MICHAEL AND OLIVER'S APARTMENT - OLIVER'S ROOM - LATER

Oliver paces, cradles his wrap-around aviators.

OLIVER

This was the last straw. I must get my revenge.

MICHAEL (O.S.)

Oliver!

OLIVER

What!

Silence.

OLIVER (CONT'D)

What!

Silence.

OLIVER (CONT'D)

This guy will be the death of me.

Oliver furiously storms out.

INT. MICHAEL AND OLIVER'S APARTMENT - KITCHEN - MOMENTS LATER

Michael pulls a cake from the oven, places it on the counter.

OLIVER

What do you want?

MICHAEL

Eat this.

Michael hands Oliver a small piece of cake.

OLIVER

No.

MICHAEL

Eat it.

Oliver reluctantly takes a bite.

OLIVER

That's disgusting!

MICHAEL

It can't be that bad.

OLIVER

It is that bad... This gives me an idea.

INT. BRONZE LANTERN - BAR - LATER

Charlotte perches behind the bar with a drink. Her phone buzzes with a notification.

[NOTE: All text messages will be in *Italics*.]

SCOTT (TEXT)

*Go to channel 12.*

Charlotte picks up the remote behind the bar, flips to channel 12.

EXT. YANKEE BASEBALL STADIUM - STANDS - SAME TIME

Scott notices himself on the jumbotron, he waves around a large poster above the CROWD, points towards it. The COMMENTATOR'S voice sounds over the stadium speakers.

INSERT - POSTER

CALL THIS NUMBER FOR A GOOD TIME - 917-396-8234

COMMENTATOR

You saw it here folks! Dial this number for a good time.

INT. BRONZE LANTERN - BAR - SAME TIME

Charlotte, flabbergasted, stares at Scott on the TV.

CHARLOTTE

He didn't.

Charlotte's phone starts to ring.

INT. BRONZE LANTERN - BAR - LATER

Scott sips from his drink as Charlotte mopes in. He maniacally smirks at her.

SCOTT  
Any calls lately?

Charlotte plods onto a barstool irritated, places her handbag on the bar.

CHARLOTTE  
My phone hasn't stopped ringing all day.

SCOTT  
Just trying to help out with your love life Char.

CHARLOTTE  
Well now I have every creep in New York calling me.

Scott chuckles. Charlotte's head sinks into her hands.

CHARLOTTE (CONT'D)  
You win.

SCOTT  
Come again?

CHARLOTTE  
You win Scott!

Scott astonished, his jaws drops, stands in silence. He begins to tear up.

SCOTT  
I never thought this day would happen. Let's celebrate.

CHARLOTTE  
I don't have a drink.

SCOTT  
Don't worry, I'll get you one.

Scott with a spring in his step, skips to the tap. Charlotte sneakily pours a powder into his drink, stirs it. Scott rushes back, drink in hand, places it in front of Charlotte.

CHARLOTTE  
I hate to admit it, but the best prankster won.



SCOTT  
As if there were any doubt.

CHARLOTTE  
Well done Scott.

SCOTT  
(in French)  
Noodles!

CHARLOTTE  
(in French)  
Noodles.

Scott downs the rest of his drink, slamming it.

SCOTT  
You put up a good fight--

His stomach loudly grumbles, he clutches the edge of seat. He turns pale.

CHARLOTTE  
What's the matter Scott? You look a bit pale.

SCOTT  
What did you do?

Scott sprints towards the bathroom grasping his stomach. Hit by the large stuffed hand, Scott is flung backwards.

EXT. NEW YORK CITY - SIDEWALK - LATER

Bailey mopes around the streets. She passes by a restaurant, a big HAPPY FAMILY celebrate. Uninterested, she continues on her way.

A PEDESTRIAN approaches her.

PEDESTRIAN  
Can you take a photo of my family  
and I please?

Bailey takes the phone from his hand, takes the photo.

BAILEY  
(unenthusiastically)  
Smile.

INT. MICHAEL AND OLIVER'S APARTMENT - LIVING AREA -

Scott and Charlotte enter. Oliver presents each of them a piece of cake.

CHARLOTTE

Is this one of Michael's cakes?

OLIVER

No, I bought it from the store.

SCOTT

After the day I had. Cake would be the cherry on top.

Scott and Charlotte each take a bite from their cake. Oliver bursts into laugh. They stare at each other confused.

OLIVER

(laughingly)

You simpletons. I have fooled you. That wasn't store bought, it was Michael's.

CHARLOTTE

Michael called me a simpleton earlier. You are rubbing off on him.

Oliver snaps his head towards Michael.

OLIVER

You did?

INT. MICHAEL AND OLIVER'S APARTMENT - KITCHEN - SAME TIME

Michael cleans it obliviously.

INT. MICHAEL AND OLIVER'S APARTMENT - LIVING AREA -  
CONTINUOUS

Bailey woefully enters the apartment. She slumps on the couch beside Scott, she notices blue dye behind his ear.

BAILEY

what's this?

SCOTT

Prank wars.

BAILEY  
Is it really that time of year  
again?

Scott nods, Bailey places her head on his shoulder.

SCOTT  
Want some cake? Looks like you  
could use some.

BAILEY  
Mhmm.

Oliver hands Bailey a slice of cake and a fork.

OLIVER  
It's store bought.

Oliver struggles to hold back his laugh. Bailey takes a bite.  
Scott scrapes icing from his cake onto his finger.

SCOTT  
You've got some icing here.

BAILEY  
Where?

He pokes her face.

SCOTT  
Right there.

Bailey and Scott smile at one another.

CHARLOTTE  
Michael come here! Stop being  
antisocial.

MICHAEL (O.S.)  
Almost done, be there now.

CHARLOTTE  
No! Come now. The kitchen will  
still be there tomorrow.

SCOTT  
If he hears the smoke alarm.

Michael saunters in, makes himself comfortable on a vacant  
chair next to Charlotte. Oliver perches on the arm of the  
couch besides Bailey.

OLIVER  
Why are you so down?

BAILEY  
Lack of inspiration.

OLIVER  
Creators block. Sometimes the best  
source of inspiration comes from  
those around you.

Bailey perks her head up.

BAILEY  
Funny you mention that. I have to  
do a family inspired portrait.

CHARLOTTE  
You know family, isn't only the  
ones you're related too.

She smiles as she glances at everyone.

INT. MICHAEL AND OLIVER'S APARTMENT - LIVING AREA - MOMENTS  
LATER

Bailey's camera is set up on a tripod. She gestures for  
everyone to squeeze closer together, sets a timer and rushes  
back to the couch, squeezes next to Scott.

TAG

EXT. NEW YORK CITY - SIDEWALK - DAY

Scott strolls down the street, he passes a pop up news stand.  
The cover of Family Digest catches his eye. He leans in  
closer to examine the magazine. Scott recognises the picture,  
he smiles from ear to ear.

FADE TO BLACK.