

FADE IN:

EXT. DRAGON GATE, LITTLE CHINA - DAY

SAMANTHA walks under the DRAGON GATE while BRIAN steps on a LION STATUE and jumps through.

MR. SUN (V.O.)
Once upon a time there was a young couple.

EXT. PORTSMOUTH, LITTLE CHINA - DAY

Samantha plays a game of Chinese Checkers while Brian disturbs people practicing Tai Chi.

MR. SUN (V.O.)
They lived in Little China...

EXT. LUCKY PANDA MARKET, LITTLE CHINA - DAY

Brian's texting on his CELL PHONE and exits the Market first. The door smashes into Samantha's face, causing her to drop the grocery bags.

MR. SUN (V.O.)
Above a little market...

EXT. APARTMENT, LUCKY PANDA MARKET - DAY

A vacuum cleaner can be heard.

MR. SUN (V.O.)
Crammed in a little apartment.

INT. LIVING ROOM, APARTMENT - DAY

Samantha cleans while wearing a MAID OUTFIT.

MR. SUN (V.O.)
Samantha Sun, the smart, beautiful daughter of me, worked hard seven days a week.

Brian makes a mess while eating POTATO CHIPS.

MR. SUN (V.O.)
While Brian Bradbury, my daughter's
lazy, good for nothing boyfriend,
did nothing eight days a week.

INT. PHATT DRAGON RESTAURANT - DAY

Samantha is taking food orders.

MR. SUN (V.O.)
While Samantha waited on tables...

A little boy sneezes on her face.

INT. KITCHEN, APARTMENT - DAY

Brian is staring at his LAPTOP.

MR. SUN (V.O.)
Brian waited on loading.

INT. STOCKROOM - DAY

Samantha moves HEAVY BOXES.

MR. SUN (V.O.)
While Samantha organized heavy
boxes...

INT. BEDROOM, APARTMENT - DAY

Brian organizes SKITTLES by their color.

MR. SUN (V.O.)
Brian organized Skittles.

EXT. STAIRS, APARTMENT - NIGHT

Samantha struggles up the stairs to her apartment.

MR. SUN (V.O.)
And when Samantha comes home, feet
aching from a hard day of
working...

INT. LIVING ROOM, APARTMENT - NIGHT

Brian is on the couch, texting.

MR. SUN (V.O.)
 Brian is home, fingers aching from
 a hard day of texting.

The apartment door swings open.

MR. SUN (V.O.)
 But this all changed when...

Samantha drags her BACKPACK into the apartment. Her eyes are red. Snot runs from her nose and her face is a pale white.

MR. SUN (V.O.)
 Samantha gets sick with the common
 cold.

Samantha sneezes.

BRIAN
 (texting)
 You're home early. How was work?

Samantha coughs.

BRIAN (CONT'D)
 (texting)
 That's good.
 (beat)
 So what are you making me for
 dinner?

She shambles into the bedroom and collapses on the bed.

BRIAN (CONT'D)
 (texting)
 Cause I'm in the mood for tacos.
 What do you think honey?
 (beat)
 Honey?

INT. BEDROOM, APARTMENT - NIGHT

Samantha is face down on the bed.

BRIAN (O.S)
 Honey!?

Brian enters the bedroom.

BRIAN (CONT'D)
 (texting)
 Hey, couldn't you hear me asking
 what's for dinner?
 (MORE)

BRIAN (CONT'D)
(shakes Samantha)
Hey, dinner?

Samantha rolls onto her back.

BRIAN (CONT'D)
Ahh! You look horrible.

SAMANTHA
I'm sick.
(coughing fit)
Can you get me some tissue, please?

BRIAN
Sure...

DOO-TUM! Brian receives a new TEXT MESSAGE.

BRIAN (CONT'D)
In a minute.

Brian types a reply to the text message.

SAMANTHA
Please hurry Brian. My nose is
really stuffy.

BRIAN
Okay.
(exits room)
I'll go get your tissues.

SAMANTHA
Thank you. There should be a new
box in the cabinet.

Samantha picks up the phone and calls up her father, MR. SUN.
Split screen.

INT. LIVING ROOM, MR. SUN'S HOUSE - NIGHT

Mr. Sun puts down his newspaper and answers the phone.

MR. SUN
Hello?

SAMANTHA
Hi dad.

MR. SUN
Oh, my god you're sick.

SAMANTHA

It's nothing. It's just a little cold.

MR. SUN

I'm driving down there right now to take care of you.

SAMANTHA

No, you don't need to drive over. Brian's here.

MR. SUN

(sarcastically)

Oh, Brian is there. I guess I can rest easy.

SAMANTHA

Dad stop. He's taking care of me just fine.

BRIAN

(enters room)

Hey Samantha! There's no tissues in the cabinet! You'll have to go to the store and get some.

MR. SUN

(sarcastically)

Sounds like he's taking great care of you.

SAMANTHA

Hold on Dad.

Samantha covers up the phone with her hand.

SAMANTHA (CONT'D)

(to Brian)

Can you do me a favor?

BRIAN

Maybe?

SAMANTHA

Can you go to the market and get me some of those really soft tissues?

(coughing fit)

And a can of Chicken Soup?

BRIAN

But wrestling will be on soon.

SAMANTHA
I know but it will only take a few
minutes.

BRIAN
But--

SAMANTHA
Please?

BRIAN
Wrestling--

SAMANTHA
Please?

BRIAN
Will be on soon--

SAMANTHA
Pleeeaaase?

BRIAN
(reluctantly)
Okay.

SAMANTHA
Thank you.
(grabs purse)
Here's some money.

BRIAN
Can I have extra for candy?!

SAMANTHA
Sure.

BRIAN
Yes!

Brian takes the money and leaves.

SAMANTHA
(removes hand from phone)
I'm ba--

MR. SUN
You had to beg him for tissues and
canned soup!?

SAMANTHA
How did you hear that? I covered up
the phone.

MR. SUN

I'm your father, I hear everything.
And does he still not have a job?

SAMANTHA

No, but--

MR. SUN

I don't know what you see in that
boy. He doesn't work. He doesn't go
to school. He doesn't help clean
the apartment. He doesn't--

SAMANTHA

Dad--

MR. SUN

He's just like your last boyfriend.
They are practically clones of each
other.

SAMANTHA

Brian is nothing like my last
boyfriend.

MR. SUN

Bum #1 and Bum #2. That's my name
for them.

SAMANTHA

Brian is not a bum.

MR. SUN

Yeah, well if he isn't, he sure has
the qualifications.

SAMANTHA

Dad, stop. I know that Brian can
sometimes be immature--

MR. SUN

More like all the time.

SAMANTHA

But I love him and I know he loves
me.

MR. SUN

He has a funny way of showing it.

SAMANTHA

(frustrated)
Dad please.

(MORE)

SAMANTHA (CONT'D)

I just called to tell you, I'm sorry that I won't be able to make it to dinner tomorrow.

MR. SUN

Ah, no need to apologize. You're sick, you need to take care of yourself.

SAMANTHA

Thanks Dad.

MR. SUN

Now get some rest. I'll call you tomorrow to see how you're doing.

SAMANTHA

Okay. Bye, bye.

MR. SUN

Bye, bye Samantha. Be sure to drink plenty of water.

SAMANTHA

I will.

Samantha hangs up the phone and the screen un-splits. She tries to relax when...CRASH!

BRIAN (O.S)

Oooo!

SAMANTHA

(jumps out of bed)
Brian?!

INT. LIVING ROOM, APARTMENT - NIGHT

Samantha runs into the living room.

SAMANTHA

(concerned)
Are you okay?--

Brian stares at the PRO WRESTLING on the TELEVISION.

WRESTLING ANNOUNCER (O.S)

Oh, my god, it looks like a car wreck! I think Iron Eagle's broken in half.

The TELEVISION shows a REPLAY. Iron Eagle gets slammed through a wooden table...CRASH!

BRIAN
 (to television)
 Hey, your soup is warming on the
 stove.

SAMANTHA
 You didn't have to warm the soup. I
 could have done it.

BRIAN
 (to television)
 It was no problem.

SAMANTHA
 (kisses Brian on cheek)
 You're so good.

INT. KITCHEN, APARTMENT - NIGHT

A can of ALPHABET SOUP sits atop a burner.

SAMANTHA
 You warmed the soup in the can?

BRIAN
 I sure did. You didn't wash the
 dishes so I had to improvise.

Samantha uses oven mitts to pour the can of soup into a bowl.
 The steam clears and floating LETTERS can be seen.

SAMANTHA
 Is this Alphabet Soup?

WRESTLING ANNOUNCER (O.S)
 He missed with the kick.

BRIAN
 What did you say?

SAMANTHA
 I asked if this is Alphabet Soup.

BRIAN
 Yeah, the market downstairs was all
 out of chicken so I got alphabet. I
 figured soup is soup.

SAMANTHA
 Did you get the tissues?

WRESTLING ANNOUNCER (O.S)
 He kicked out at two!

BRIAN

Huh?

SAMANTHA

Did you get the tissues?

Brian grabs a TISSUE BOX from under the table. His eyes never leave the TELEVISION.

BRIAN

They're right here.

WRESTLING ANNOUNCER (O.S)

Iron Eagle connects with the Stars and Stripes. He covers for the pin--

Out of excitement, Brian starts to smash the TISSUE BOX.

WRESTLING ANNOUNCER (O.S.) (CONT'D)

One!

SAMANTHA

Brian, you're smashing the tissue.

WRESTLING ANNOUNCER (O.S.)

Two!

BRIAN

Get up Captain! Kick out!

SAMANTHA

Brian, the tissues.

WRESTLING ANNOUNCER (O.S)

Three! We have a new champ! We have a new champ!

Brian spikes the TISSUE BOX on the floor like a football.

BRIAN

Nooo!

Brian has forgotten Samantha is even there.

WRESTLING ANNOUNCER (O.S)

Oh no! Captain Comrade has attacked Eagle from behind with a steel sickle.

Brian is jumping up and down on the TISSUE BOX.

BRIAN

Yeah! Get him Comrade! Give him what he deserves!

Samantha looks at the crushed TISSUE BOX.

MR. SUN (V.O.)

(echoes)

You had to beg him to get you
tissues and canned soup!?

She looks at the pile of DIRTY DISHES in the sink.

MR. SUN (V.O.)

(echoes)

He doesn't help clean the
apartment.

She looks at Brian staring at the TELEVISION.

MR. SUN (V.O.)

(echoes)

He's just like your last boyfriend.

WRESTLING ANNOUNCER (O.S)

Never in my 28 years of announcing
have I seen such a despicable act.

She pulls a jacket out of the closet and puts it on. Samantha
takes one last look at Brian and exits the apartment.

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