

LOSERS ASSEMBLE

Written by
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INT. COMIC CITY BREAK ROOM- NIGHT

Toby towers over his staff of 8 behind a podium. Draped over the podium is a flag bearing the Justice League logo. They all perk up in their chairs.

TOBY

Alright, guys. First order of business. Where the fuck is Owen?

COLE, 30 and the largest of them all, sits in the front row sporting a Mighty Ducks jersey and bandana.

COLE

He'll be in later, boss.

TOBY

God damn it.

COLE

It's Tuesday, so he's drunk.

TOBY

And last night when he called out?

COLE

It was Monday, so he was drunk.

TOBY

Forget it. Let's start over. Just horse shit.

He takes a breath and practices a brief meditation exercise.

TOBY

Greetings, staff. Tonight is Discount Night, so count on staying late.

Petite hipster chick MADISON, 27, butts in.

MADISON

Is it cool if I bail early? I have a date. Then I'm supposed to meet these other guys at this roller derby thing.

TOBY

Since none of that is true, you'll be staying 'til the wee hours like the rest of us.

Cole creeps up on him from below and slips him a piece of paper.

TOBY
Thank you, Cole. I've just received
word that our very own Doug Bennett
just experienced his first kiss
last night. Great news. Give it up
for Doug, everybody.

The staff claps as baby-faced DOUG, 21, salutes from the last
row.

 TOBY
Give this fucker a button.

Toby hands Cole a button to pass back that reads "Shawarma
After".

 TOBY
Details!

 DOUG
Well, I, um, well, I was in my
room. We were in the room. The both
of us.

 TOBY
Naturally.

 DOUG
And it was great.

 TOBY
Yes.

 DOUG
And the screen tasted lovely.

 TOBY
Screen?

 DOUG
I mean her lips.

 TOBY
Were you skyping, Doug?

 DOUG
No.

 TOBY
You were skyping.

 DOUG
I was.

