

ROOMMATE FROM HELL

2.2

“GRABLINS”

INT. MCPHAMINE'S PUB - DAY

Glasses stacking, drinks pouring.

CLAIRE: It went great! Really great. They gave me an offer. To apply. To a more entry-level job. In the future. If they add that role. To their next company. If this one folds.

BEA: Oh honey.

SURGAT: Daughter of Eve, my capacity to tolerate human tragedy is nigh infinite. But as your own human philosophers have found, some infinities outnumber others. Please speak no longer.

BEA: Let him get back to the dishes. Those shot glasses won't wash themselves, now that we turned off all the hexes. Living like a human is, no offense, so much work that you'd all be better off dead.

SURGAT: Wise words, *Nayimam*.

CLAIRE: Oh no no, by all means, use your demon magic so Hell can find you, and punish you for *saving souls for Christ*. The *Savior*.

SURGAT: Ah, sweet punishment!

BEA: Fuck! Okay. Sorry. You're right. But I have to complain constantly because that is the only way I'll survive all this *work*.

CLAIRE: Well it seems I'm still on a slight break between jobs--

SURGAT: For a year.

CLAIRE: --so I could chip in here 'til my next interview.

BEA: We don't have any cash though...after my salary, and my bonus, and what Surgat skims from the till.

CLAIRE: I could work for equity.

BEA: I wouldn't, with our current cash flow, our shares technically have negative value. I'm in huge debt to myself.

SURGAT: *(laughs)* Demons cannot help but hide a poison pill in every contract.

CLAIRE: Come on Bea, throw me a bone. I need cash. And *you* need an extra set of hands.

BEA: Fine. You can keep the tips.

A knock on the door, as it opens. A big crate is wheeled in, mysterious critters jabbering faintly inside it.

MOCIFER: Got a pickup for Surgat Underfoot!

SURGAT: Ah, my Grablins!

MOCIFER: Three-pack, base model, assorted specialties?

SURGAT: Correct! You can let them loose right here.

BEA: Surgat, you can't get your deliveries at home, buddy?

SURGAT: I have ordered Grablins for the bar!

BEA: This means nothing to me.

Mocifer crowbars the crate open. The critters scurry out, chattering incoherently.

MOCIFER: They're adjusting pretty good to their surroundings. Guess the bar's oxygen supply matches their airtight wooden crate.

SURGAT: A colleague of mine from the Dungeon Dimensions has become a serial entrepreneur in the "gig economy" sector. These three lowly creatures will do our dirty work post-haste!

BEA: How are we going to pay new staff?

MOCIFER: Ma'am, please do not call them staff, they are legally categorized as cleaning supplies.

SURGAT: Ahahaha, the Grablins have no concept of money! They are paid in bottle caps! With which we are quite flush!

MOCIFER: Okay. I need everyone to gather around. While you're working with Grablins, you gotta follow twenty-six rules.

SURGAT: They are still working out the kinks in the pilot program.

MOCIFER: Rule number one: Don't feed 'em chicken or else they'll explode. Two: Only give a grablin one thing at a time. Give it two, it spins in little circles, passes out. Three, don't let 'em pee indoors. It reeks. You ever have asparagus?

CLAIRE: Uh, yeah.

MOCIFER: Grablin piss smells like a dead body. Number four, don't let them gather in groups greater than two. You don't wanna know. Number five, don't give 'em any breaks. They take breaks, they fuck. Gestation period of a Grablin is twenty seconds. I once left two Grablins alone for an hour...we had to close that dimension. Six, no disability leave.

CLAIRE: That's a rule? It's in their magical makeup that they can't have disability leave?

MOCIFER: They break something, a limb, a bone, shoot 'em in the head. Eight, do not, DO NOT, let them change shifts before *mid to late evening*.

SURGAT: Wait, that is a range, what is the precise time that we cannot--

MOCIFER: Nine, bright light makes them smarter. Keep it dim. Ten, don't let them know your true names.

CLAIRE: Got it. Your real name isn't Surgat, right?

One of the Grablins crescendos into a scream. It zips around the room, smashing things around the bar.

CLAIRE: Uh, Grablin? Sir? Could you slow down?

It crashes into something heavy and stops zipping.

MOCIFER: Okay, you fucked that up quick! I got ten more drop-offs tonight. Rest of the rules are on this pamphlet. Bye you crazy kids!

He hands them a sheet of paper and leaves.

SURGAT: Daughter of Eve, corral that one to the bar as I send this one to the back room!

A Grablin careens into the bar, sending bottles crashing to the floor.

BEA: Oh come on! I have to pay for those lately. Ugh, it got grenadine all over my -- awww noooo. My favorite.

She holds up a dripping rag.

CLAIRE: Bar rag?

BEA: The Shroud of Turin!

CLAIRE: Is in your bar.

BEA: Yeah, I found it in a cave in Jerusalem, it was already stained but it saves me a fortune on wine. I'll just curse the grenadine off.

CLAIRE: No demon magic! We'll do some laundry.

SURGAT: Ooh, I shall send a Grablin!

BEA: No more Grablins near my shit!

CLAIRE: Hey, you've had a hard day here. Go take the shroud to the laundromat. Chill out, watch the machines. Read a Nomicon. Honestly I'm jealous.

BEA: The laundro...mat.

CLAIRE: Across the street. Go! I'll manage things here.

BEA: Fine. Keep Surgat away from the olives. If someone orders a Bloody Mary, don't say it back twice. And be careful with the Grablins. I don't trust them.

CLAIRE: We'll be fine. We've got extra hands now. It's your laundry day! Have fun!

Bea leaves the bar...

INT. LAUNDROMAT

...and enters the laundromat. Empty. TV on low in the background.

BEA: Hello? I'm here to do human laundry? With these...devices?

HANNAH: *(whooshing around the room, ghostly)* Hellooooooooo.

BEA: Oh! Hello.

HANNAH: Oh, shit, sorry!

BEA: No, that was adorable. I didn't know this was a ghost laundromat.

HANNAH: No, normal laundromat, I just haunt it. Wait, so can everyone see me, and they just ignore me?

BEA: No! No, I'm a demon. Led a legion in battle against the oppressor Yahweh.

HANNAH: That explains so much, and raises so many more questions.

BEA: I've got time.

HANNAH: So you can see me. Do you need help? Ooh, I never get to help anyone!

BEA: No, ha, I obviously know what I'm doing, I'm very cool. Okay, since my bar rag is still wet, obviously it goes in the dryer first...

HANNAH: You've never done laundry.

BEA: Never once. Hi. Beatrice. I own McPhamine's bar, across the street.

HANNAH: I'm Hannah. No one knows I'm here. Obviously. There's an attendant, but she went out. Here. I'll show you how to wash this...shroud.

BEA: Thank you!

HANNAH: Put those in there -- I'd do it but, you know, incorporeal. Then you press start. (*teasing*) That's the big red button.

BEA: All right, sorry I'm too glamorous for washerwoman's chores.

Bea follows Hannah's directions, starts the laundry.

HANNAH: There, and in there. What do you do when your clothes get dirty?

BEA: I throw them out, conjure new ones into being. (*suggestive*) Wanna see?

HANNAH: Let me show you around. Here's the good machine and the bad machine. This one's great on stains but it leaves a burn.

BEA: In the clothes?

HANNAH: In the hands.

BEA: How does a poltergeist come to know a laundromat so well?

HANNAH: Well, I've been holed up here for about a year and a half.

BEA: I once knew a ghost that was a ship.

HANNAH: You're one of those people who likes to have the better story, huh?

BEA: Ha, I am. And it works. You know why?

HANNAH: Hm?

BEA: My story's always better.

Hannah and Bea laugh. The attendant enters.

JO: Oh hi! Did you need anything?

BEA: Oh, I got set up by...myself.

JO: Ok. I'll be just over there if you do.

BEA: So she...

HANNAH: Doesn't know I exist. Her name is Jo. Isn't she just...the best?

BEA: If you're into that kind of thing. Which -- are you?

HANNAH: I mean, her style, her taste in music, her hair. The way she folds tank tops so perfectly...god her KonMari skills are amazing. Oh man, and how she just pours the detergent so slowly...so it streams and you get the last little bit out of the jar...Wow, if I could just...

BEA: So talk to her! Haunt her!

HANNAH: I can't! I can't communicate with the living. But you! You could talk to her.

BEA: I can do you better.

HANNAH: Of course you can.

BEA: I can teach you how to ghost talk. Like in the movie *Ghost*.

HANNAH: Never saw it. I've seen *Dirty Dancing*.

BEA: Ok. C'mere kid. You taught me something, I'll teach you something.

A crash from across the street. Grablin noises.

HANNAH: Do you need to check that out?

BEA: I don't think I do.

INT. MCPHAMINE'S PUB

rablins skitter around, working and also breaking things.

CLAIRE: Okay, I think we have it all under control now. We got Chompy to stop spinning -- yeah, I named them -- by grabbing him and holding him.

SURGAT: In violation of commandment two score and three, no personal contact.

CLAIRE: Then we sterilized the bite wounds he left on Sniffy.

SURGAT: No cleaning, rule seventeen.

CLAIRE: Then we put out the fire that sterilizing the wounds caused. And we got Grabby off the ceiling fan, and convinced him that fires don't really exist. And now they're working almost as well as you

or me. When we're tired. From excessive drinking. (*sigh*) Can you grab that one--

Crash.

CLAIRE (*cont'd*): --Ah shit, we need code names! I'll call you...
Sssuuuurrrrrrrr...ga...--

SURGAT: Lupita Nyong'o!

CLAIRE: Absolutely not. Dipshit.

SURGAT: Aha, Dipshit, indeed! After one of my first jobs in hell. Dipshit it shall be. And I shall call you...Little Worry Monkey!

CLAIRE: You literally already call me Daughter of Eve, let's just stick with that.

SURGAT: It seems against the spirit of the thing. Ah! *Mini-imam*! Like a smaller, less compelling version of *Nayimam*! (*growl*) They are performing worse than ever.

CLAIRE: Aw. It's been a big day.

SURGAT: It has been ten minutes.

CLAIRE: Don't they deserve a reward? For example, when I accomplish a goal, I treat myself to a half a fun-sized Snickers. Guys. C'mon. Put your stuff down.

SURGAT: Ahh, *Mini-imam*...no breaks.

CLAIRE: We won't call it a break. It's a...snack period. Taken in separate rooms. This isn't Hell, Surgat, we don't have to play the roles we're born into.

SURGAT: We...don't?

CLAIRE: C'mon little guys. Snack time. You go in the back... You go into this closet...

SURGAT: *Mini-imam*, do not allow them to stray from your purview!

CLAIRE: No one wants their bosses staring at them during snack. *(to the last Grablin)* And you go right under the bar. Have fun buddy!

Sexy Grablin sounds.

SURGAT: What the...

He opens a door -- now there's a dozen Grablins! And they're gettin' it on.

SURGAT: What have you done, dirt ape!

CLAIRE: But I kept them separate!

SURGAT: At first. But there are many holes in these walls. Some from rats. Some to satisfy our patrons' perversions.

INT. LAUNDROMAT

Sounds of the machines running.

HANNAH: I can't get it!

BEA: No, focus. You're acting like you have a body. You're just a collection of emotions now -- take those. Pull them all together. And use them to shove that sock behind the washer!

HANNAH: *[grunt]*

BEA: You whiffed that one, kid.

HANNAH: I just can't gather my thoughts enough.

BEA: What's your biggest regret?

HANNAH: What?

BEA: What's your unfinished business? It's always the thing you most desired in life that's keeping you tethered here as a ghost. Maybe one of these machines is always broken...did you lose an important sock?

HANNAH: Let's maybe take a break.

BEA: You wanna spend eternity staring across a laundromat at your lame crush?

HANNAH: She's not lame, you BITCH!

The machine rumbles rise ominously.

BEA: Ahhhh, there ya go.

HANNAH: I never needed to come here.

BEA: Your regret is you didn't do wash & fold.

HANNAH: Five years ago I moved to Slope Hill. Nice apartment, machines in the building, but there's a wait. I get fed up and I start doing my laundry here, and that's when I see her. Josephine. Wow. So, I become a real freak about laundry.

BEA: You should meet Claire--

HANNAH: My story now. I'm coming here two, three, four times a week. I'd come just to wash one leg warmer. I came to this laundromat four hundred eighty-seven times, and every day was the day I would finally introduce myself to Josephine. I only caught her name when she said it to her phone. She's just so intimidating. The tension was electric.

FLASHBACK!

HANNAH: Hey.

JO: Hi.

HANNAH: Do you have change for a one?

The register dings. Jo pulls out change. Plink, plink, plink, plink.

HANNAH: (meek) Thank you.

BACK TO PRESENT DAY

HANNAH: Then one day she was out sick, and the next day, and the next. I camped out here, I hid in the basement at night.

BEA: Ookay.

HANNAH: You're a demon bartender, and you have no friends that lurk in basements?

BEA: Fair.

HANNAH: I stopped eating, stopped sleeping so I wouldn't miss her shift. I scared away all the other customers. When Jo finally came back, I rushed out to greet her. I stood up, but I was so dizzy with exhaustion. The cellar door, in the sidewalk, I'd left it open. I fell down the steps, BAM, BAM, BAM. I was dead before I hit the bottom.

BEA: Now *that*. That's what's gonna move this sock.

HANNAH: [whiffs]

BEA: C'mon you fucking pissbaby. Stop trying to hide that sock and hide it! No wonder she never noticed you.

HANNAH: Aaaaaghhhh!

A mighty whoosh. The sock falls behind the machine.

HANNAH: Yes!

BEA: You got it kid!

HANNAH: Did she see?

BEA: You were a *shy girl*? You're so...flirty.

HANNAH: (*overlapping*) Friendly. Well, I've been floating around here for months with no one to talk to. You finally show up and I just don't have time to be timid. So?

BEA: So...

HANNAH: Did she see??

BEA: Not yet, kiddo. It's time for lesson two.

INT. MCPHAMINE'S PUB

The sound of many Grablins. Still working. Still breaking stuff.

CLAIRE: Okay...uh, this is great! Now we just have more Grablins. No problem.

SURGAT: We have to keep them working.

CLAIRE: These three can clean up after those four, and these two fix what those three break.

SURGAT: And what about the others? We cannot let them rest, they will multiply!

CLAIRE: Uhh, We've always been saying we should plant a garden?

SURGAT: And I have wanted to put a charnel pit in the basement.

CLAIRE: And you three can barback for me. Go wash up, little guys.

SURGAT: Come, at least do not waste soap on these disposable help-meets. Hose them off in the back room.

CLAIRE: Like dogs?

SURGAT: To rinse them at all is respect enough. Most Grablins don't outlast a shift. Honestly, you can barely get your bottlecap's worth.

CLAIRE: Well maybe they'd deliver more if someone treated them like people for a change!

SURGAT: They are like ants, you need so many to simply get anything done. This is why they are rented out in threes.

CLAIRE: That's it! Ants work in teams. I took a class in agile development. I can make a scrum board. Snorfy, Hyucky, Blechy, Fart -- new names -- each of you are in charge of two more Grablins.

SURGAT: What do you plan to do?

CLAIRE: We're finally gonna move the broken pool table from in front of the fire exit.

One Grablin talks to the others in a gibberish language.

CLAIRE: Oh wow, so they have a whole little language! See, if you give people a chance to prove themselves, they reveal hidden talents.

SURGAT: We could resell these upgraded peons and become prince-captains of industry!

CLAIRE: Or bring them on full-time.

SURGAT: You have too much faith in their potential.

*The grablins organize into a little Grablin troop with military precision.
The sound of wood breaking.*

GRABLINS: *Hup! Hup! Hup! Hup!*

SURGAT: Wh-when did you make them disassemble the billiards table?

CLAIRE: I didn't, I think they just decided to do it on their own.

SURGAT: Ah.

CLAIRE: We are such good bosses!!

They high-five. Surgat laughs, as the Grablins keep working.

INT. LAUNDROMAT

One of the broken machines is off-center. Thump, thump, thump.

HANNAH: *(grunt)* I can't feel it.

BEA: Caress it with your mind. Here, let me get behind you. Hold your hands on the lid, firm but gentle.

HANNAH: *(laughing)* What, you got a thing for washing machines?

BEA: Hey, um, actually, if we're talking about having a thing...

HANNAH: I feel it!

BEA: Hold onto that! Keep your hands there! What do you feel?

HANNAH: Whoa, I can feel the motion in my mind. I'm...whoaaa, I feel off balance.

BEA: That's it, roll with it.

HANNAH: I feel the tilt... *(in time with the thumps)* Oof, oof, oof...

BEA: Good, good! Now follow the tilt. Where is the root of the tilt?

HANNAH: Ahh...down here...it's loose...

BEA: So tighten.

HANNAH: How? With these useless ghost hands?

BEA: Reach in there *with your will*.

HANNAH: That is ridiculous, it--ohhh! Oh right here! If I just...

CLUNK. The machine is now running perfectly.

BEA: You fixed it!

HANNAH: I fixed washer B thirteen!

BEA: How do you feel?

HANNAH: Drunk with power! Lemme talk to Jo!

BEA: Looks like she's dealing with a customer.

Further off, at the register with Jo, it's DOUG from GROUNDHOG CRAY.

DOUG: My divorce isn't going so great -- she really took me to the cleaners.

BEA: See those books above the sad guy?

DOUG: She filed a suit, but we ironed things out.

HANNAH: Which one, "Strong Arm of the Law"? "Leggily Blonde"? "The Continental Shoulder"?

DOUG: She got all my money, I should'a laundered it!

BEA: Good eye.

HANNAH: I read them all twice. I imagined the heroes as me and Jo, of course. Damn she looks good in dress blues.

JO: ...need any change?

DOUG: Yeah, can you get me my wife back? It's just, ever since the head injury...

HANNAH: Watch this.

Spooky noises as Hannah slides a book off the shelf, conking Doug on the head.

JO: Whoa!

DOUG: Ouch! Right on the scar! I gotta get to urgent care.

Doug leaves the laundromat.

BEA: Nice one.

HANNAH: Thanks. Ooh, I have an idea. I can flash the book at her, maybe that'll be a hint, and she'll infer that I like her, too!

BEA: Ooh, and in time, maybe brush her finger with your petticoats, and ask after her dowry. What century are we in! Use music.

HANNAH: What?

BEA: Turn on the radio.

The radio turns on. Static. Jazz music.

HANNAH: Whoa...that's...incredible. I can feel everything from swing jazz to smooth jazz!

BEA: Definitely don't stop there. Go deeper. Find your message in the airwaves.

On the radio, shifting between frequencies:

HEY JO (*Hey Joe*). HELLO FROM THE OTHER SIDE (*Hello*). THAT'S ME (*Losing My Religion*), THE GIRL WITH (*Lucy in the Sky with Diamonds*) BROWN EYED (*Brown Eyed Girl*) HAIR (*Hair*).

BEA: Good one.

HANNAH: Shut up.

I SAW YOU (*Tears in Heaven*) EVERY DAY (*Everyday People*) AT THE (*Car Wash*) CLOTHES (*Thrift Shop*) WASH (*Car Wash*).

YOU YOU YOU OUGHTA KNOW (*You Oughta Know*), IIII HAD (*Time of My Life*) A LITTLE CRUSH (*Crush*).

THOUGH I'VE TRIED BEFORE TO TELL (*Every Little Thing She Does Is Magic*) YOUUU! (*Soulja Boy*), THE WORDS JUST CAME OUT WRONG (*I'll Have to Say I Love You in a Song*).

DIDN'T MEAN TO (*Bohemian Rhapsody*) DIE YOUNG (*Only the Good Die Young*). AND ISN'T IT IRONIC (*Irony*), THE DAY THAT I DIE (*American Pie*) WAS GONNA BE THE DAY (*Wonderwall*) I JUST MET YOU. (*Call Me Maybe*)

BUT TELL ME (*Drops of Jupiter*) IF YOU WANNA GET WITH ME (*Wannabe*). WE CAN GET TOGETHER! (*Love Shack*)

BEA: You know there are plenty of songs that say I love you.

HANNAH: I'm getting to that!

Music continues, sans lyrics.

HANNAH: Bea...

BEA: Yeah?

HANNAH: How long has she had her headphones back in?

BEA: Oh, sorry, the whole time.

HANNAH: *[groan]*

BEA: You were doing great, I didn't want to spoil it! Great practice run. Try again!

HANNAH: Aw man. Okay, find the songs...

The radio changes frequencies:

I JUST HAVEN'T MET YOU YET (*Haven't Met You Yet*).

HANNAH: (*anxious*) They're all different!

BEA: Good start though.

HANNAH: Get her attention.

BEA: Flick the lights!

The fluorescent lights flicker with an audible fizz. From the radio:

YOU'RE A STRANGER (*Tiny Tim*).

BEA: Now do the machines!

The machines rumble to life.

HANNAH: Ahh, she's still not listening!

BEA: Fuck it. Knock her headphones off.

Ghostly wiff knocks Jo's headphones to the floor.

JO: My skullcandys!

The radio:

SOMEBODY'S WATCHING (*Somebody's Watching Me*) YOUR EVERY MOVE (*Private Eyes*).

I'LL BE WATCHING (*Every Breath You Take*) BECAUSE YOU'RE MINE! (*I Put a Spell on You*)

I HOWL AND I WHINE (*Hungry like the Wolf*) LIKE AN ANIMAL. (*Closer*)
I'LL BE THE BIGGEST FAN YOU'LL EVER LOSE (*Stan*) IF YOU (*Two Princes*)
DON'T OWN ME (*You Don't Own Me*). I'M GOING TO FEEL THIS WAY UNTIL YOU
KILL IT (*I Want You - Fiona Apple cover*) (*In the Air Tonight drum fill*)

JO: Ahhhh! It's a g-g-g-good thing my shift's over, this is creepy!
I'm getting out of here! And I'm never coming back!

Jo runs out of the laundromat.

BEA: (*feigning concern*) Oh noooo, that backfired spectacularly!

HANNAH: I could...really use a hug right now.

BEA: (*guilty*) Oh, I... Damn it, I can't do this. They need me at the bar.

Bea runs out of the laundromat.

HANNAH: Bea! Wait, what do I do? Bea!?

EXT. MCPHAMINE'S PUB

A Grablin picket line. One Grablin on a megaphone, leading gibberish call-and-response chants.

BEA: So, how's it going?

CLAIRE: Well, the Grablins discovered collective action.

BEA: So you're helping them fight for their rights.

CLAIRE: Uhhh I want to... I mean, look, I support unions in *theory*. But what the Grablins are asking for is -- well, I don't exactly know what they're asking for because I don't speak their language, and honestly I don't think they can read or write, so those picket signs are just random scribbles -- but what I *think* they're asking for is fair pay. I tried emptying out the March of Dimes thingy--

BEA: That's Surgat's fun money!

CLAIRE: --but they got too smart. And judging by all the grunting and pointing, they want a living wage. Plus health benefits, and sick days, and paid maternity leave. Thirty seconds for *each Grablin*! I can't spare that kind of downtime!

BEA: Ah, this takes me back to my time with a young Henry Ford, going out on his first union bust. Hired a guy to beat his own workers with clubs. Tell me, do you own any anti-semitic newspapers?

CLAIRE: I am just...making hard choices as a small business owner!

Inside the strike, over a megaphone:

SURGAT: Grablins! Heed me!

BEA: And you sent in Surgat. Not my first pick for contract negotiator.

SURGAT: Let us chant until the cowards relent!

CLAIRE: No, he joined the strike. Somehow he's convinced that we don't have to play the roles we're born into.

SURGAT: Heaven's blights, we want rights! Grablins together in any weather!

CLAIRE: *(sigh)* Another mess for old boss Claire to clean up. You done with the laundry?

BEA: There's this thing...

CLAIRE: Did you prep the stain?

BEA: I met someone. A ghost.

CLAIRE: Oooh tell me tell me tell me!

BEA: She's really sweet, and would probably make a good power bottom. But she wants me to...reconnect her with her lover.

CLAIRE: Aww, Bea, I'm sorry.

BEA: So I sabotaged her.

CLAIRE: *(gasp)* A grave wrecker!

BEA: At first I really did want to help them connect! But the moment came, and I...made her scare off her crush. On purpose. And I got what I wanted--

CLAIRE: A clean shroud?

BEA: *(impatient)* It's on the fluff cycle, Claire! The crush ran away. Hannah's vulnerable now, I just need to swoop in. But I feel...bad for...*not me*? Am I not evil anymore?

CLAIRE: What should I do with the Grablins?

BEA: Burn them alive.

CLAIRE: You're still plenty evil. But I think, with your ghost and her girl...you're being an asshole. And that's not you. Now, leaving the bar for an hour and getting into a love triangle, that *is* you.

SURGAT: We want wages! We want benefits! We want to suckle the spent oil from the grease traps!

BEA: Well apparently a lot can happen in 20 mins.

BEA & CLAIRE: Go fix your shit.

BEA: Surgat! Heel!

Bea grabs Surgat.

SURGAT: Ow, my horn! *Nayimam*, why have you forsaken me!

BEA: Get the fuck in that bar and help Claire.

SURGAT: Oh ho ho ho, I shall become the lowliest traitor of all, the *scab*! Mwahahaha!

INT. LAUNDROMAT

The laundromat has gone full poltergeist -- machines crash around the space.

BEA: *(yelling over the noise)* Hannah!

HANNAH: Go away!

BEA: Please, talk to me!

HANNAH: *(sarcastic)* Oh I thought they needed you at the bar.

BEA: They do. You need me more. C'mon. We're going for a ride.

HANNAH: I can't leave.

BEA: Sure you can. Hop on.

HANNAH: What?

BEA: *(deep breath)* Possess me.

INT. APARTMENT HALLWAY

Knock knock knock knock knock. A door opens.

JO: Hi...?

BEA: Hi, you may remember me from the laundromat.

JO: The one pretending she can do laundry. I can't help you anymore, I quit.

BEA: Wait! I brought a friend. You remember Hannah? Girl who stalked you in the laundromat? She's really great and pretty and funny and she's inside me.

JO: Excuse me?

Hannah speaks through Bea. Bea's voice fades as Hannah's rises.

BEA/HANNAH: Jo! I need to tell you something I never got the chance to when I was alive. I'm sorry.

JO: Hannah? But you're a g-g-g--

HANNAH: Goner. I was haunting the laundromat. I'm possessing this woman -- well, she's a demon, don't think about it. The point is...I like you. Do you like me too?

JO: I can't believe you would do this to me.

HANNAH: Oh no, oh no, oh no, you don't like me back. This was all in my head. I'm an insane person!

JO: Of course I like y--I *love* you. I've always loved you.

HANNAH: You never--

JO: *You* never! So I was afraid! Because what if I asked you out and you said no? And I still had to see you every week. You can just go use a different laundromat. I'm stuck there!

HANNAH: Well, ironically, so am I now.

JO: One day I almost asked you out. I coughed a little so you'd look up, so I could gaze into your eyes and see if-- Well I was so nervous, I got sick. I was out for DAYS! I come back, you're right there, coming toward me...and you fall down the stairs and die!

BEA: You two ever read "Tristan and Isolde"?

JO: I spent months recovering. The wound was just now healing, and here you come and rip it open!

HANNAH: You really wanted me? All this time?

JO: Absolutely.

BEA: Well great, you two can go out now.

JO: Yeah! In the laundromat! You can possess the customers. This lady can help.

BEA: I think some distance would be healthy for me.

Heaven magic sounds.

BEA: Uh oh.

HANNAH: Whoa, I'm dizzy. Like...gravity is slipping away.

BEA: Your unfinished business. It's done now.

HANNAH: But it was to get together with Jo!

BEA: And you did.

HANNAH: But there's no time! We had no time! This isn't fair!

BEA: Shit.

JO: Oh no Hannah. Don't leave! I just got you back!

HANNAH: Jooooo!

And WHOOM, she's gone. Soul saved.

JO: *(sobbing)* No...noo...noooo...

Something flutters down from the heavens. Bea picks it up.

BEA: What is that? *(reading it)* Oh come on.

INT. MCPHAMINE'S PUB

Grablins titter about happily, some working, some playing ping-pong.

CLAIRE: How'd it go?

BEA: Love is for virgins. You got the Grablins working!

CLAIRE: Yeah, negotiations were tough, since I don't speak their language and neither do they. But we landed on a compromise. No benefits, no salary minimums, no salaries, no flex time, leave, or vacation days. I gave them free snacks!

SURGAT: I discovered some expired peanuts in the sub-basement.

CLAIRE: We found half a ping-pong table in a parking lot, brought that in and took the legs off. We let them bring their pets to work.

BEA: They have pets?

CLAIRE: Don't worry, they just draw faces on the bottle caps. It's been a huge success. We changed the game on managing Grablins.

SURGAT: We're writing a business book! Publishers are interested!

BEA: All without paying them.

CLAIRE: Well, it's incremental progress.

The door opens.

MOCIFER: I'm here to pick up three Grablins? Oh, what the fuck! You got them all standing desks?

SURGAT: Ah, Mocifer! I want to talk to you about our ideas for increasing employee engagement.

MOCIFER: That one's sitting in a bean bag chair.

CLAIRE: It's just a throw pillow.

MOCIFER: Is that a tiny kombucha tap?

SURGAT: Our net promoter score is through the roof! If you could take a look at our deck...

CLAIRE: Step one, strategically granting Grablin rights.

MOCIFER: Whoaa. You gave them rights!? They were supposed to do three more shifts tonight. I can't carry all this shit to the next job.
(sigh) Gotta flush 'em now. C'mon you little shoe-sniffers.

Mocifer blows a whistle. The Grablins stop what they're doing and follow him out the door.

CLAIRE: (sigh) You try to do one good thing.

BEA: I know! What is that smell?

SURGAT: I believe a Grablin urinated in fear.

CLAIRE: We're right where we started. Worse! All for a clean shroud.

BEA: Shroud's dirty.

CLAIRE: At least you made the lovers happy.

BEA: Lovers split.

CLAIRE: At least we didn't do anything to make Hell come after us!

BEA: Heaven sent me a punch card.

Bea slams the card down on the bar.

OUTRO THEME

CREDITS

That was Roommate From Hell!

Featuring Serena Berman as Claire

Sarah Jes Austell as Bea

Tim Mucci as Surgat and Doug

Brendan Dalton as Mocifer

Arielle Gonzalez as Hannah

Jenny Gorelick as Jo

Additional voices by Jake Beckhard, Serena Berman, Nick Douglas, Arielle Gonzalez, Jenny Gorelick, Tim Mucci, and Levi Sharpe

Written and produced by Tim Mucci, Nick Douglas, and Serena Berman with story help by Dan King

Edit, sound design, and mix by Levi Sharpe

Recorded at Fortunate Horse Studio in Brooklyn, New York

Theme song composed by Jason Oberholtzer and performed by John Girgus

Outro theme by Sybs

Art by Andrea Sparacio and Mike Mucci

Special Thanks to Shane O'Connell and Mission to Zyxx for use of their episode as the show on the laundromat television

TAG

SARAH JES: I want to start every conversation with "love is for virgins."

Laughter.

TIM: Love is for virgins.

SERENA: That's Bea's catchphrase.

Laughter.

TIM: *[Evil Surgat laugh]*