

INT. PRIVATE ROOM-NIGHT

MARK

Thank you for that Jacob. You're one tiny step closer to getting a soda pop factory.

JACOB

(Annoyed)

Do you ever get sick of yourself Mark?

LYDIA

(Concerned)

Maybe we should focus on how weird this place is?

JACOB

Because we are all sick of you.

MARK

I am super fun, and hysterical. So huge hole in that argument. And who is this we you are talking about?

LYDIA

(Uncomfortable)

That Moira woman is creepy, huh? She looks like a Precious Moments figurine of a drowned in a well ghost girl stuffed into a shitty ball gown. I hate to think what clothes she's going to pick out for us.

(LYDIA laughs a little and then does the frown smile.)

MARK

Ha. Good one Lydia.

LYDIA

Thanks sweetie. But guys seriously this place-

JACOB

For fucks sake tell him Lydia. Just tell him, because I can't take the rap, the magic, or the acting from him anymore.

MARK

Jacob, what's up with you? Lydia?

LYDIA

(Uncomfortable)

It's true. I'm not a fan of the rapping.  
You're so good at the acting and magic  
why do a third thing you're bad at?

JACOB

(Disappointed)

Lydia.

MARK

(Upset)

You think I'm bad at it? Well great.  
Truth is out. Well I've got to work on my  
lines for my next artisanal soda pop. Oh  
what am I saying? My next feature film.  
Because that is what I do. Act. Rap.  
Magic. What's that behind your ear Jacob?

(MARK goes for JACOB'S ear. JACOB slaps it away. MARK  
reveals a quarter)

MARK (CONT'D)

(Annoyed)

It was a quarter. And in the artisanal  
soda pop business you need every quarter  
you can get! Well back to my lines FOR MY  
NEXT HIT MOVIE. (Rehearsing lines)  
Citizens of the United States. It's true,  
I'm both your president AND a dog. I'm  
the president's dog. I've been acting as  
your president. Maybe pretending is the  
better word...