

INT. KITCHEN - DAWN

There is no sunlight coming in through the open window; there are no lights on in the empty kitchen.

Enter BLAKE, still in his pyjamas. He is of the t-shirt and sweatpants school of pyjama-wearing, and his bare feet make little sounds as he walks to the refrigerator. As he passes, he flicks on some of the kitchen lights. In his own time, he pulls out the carton of eggs and package of bacon and sets to making his breakfast.

It's all going more or less to plan, he moves with the experience of a man who makes breakfast in semi-darkness every morning.

The kitchen door is unlocked slowly and opened quietly. Through it steps ROB, still wearing his clothes from last night, who is surprised to see Blake up. Blake looks surprised to see Rob at all.

ROB
You're up early.

BLAKE
You're back late.

In his distraction, Blake has lost track of his bacon. The smoke alarm starts to beep.

Blake jumps into action, trying to pull his breakfast back together, then starting to wave a tea towel under the smoke alarm to disperse the smoke. It's too late, his momentary lapse in focus has woken their other roommates.

NICK, pyjama-clad and sleepily desheveled, appears in the other doorway.

NICK
(scolding/teasing)
Blake, what did you do?

BLAKE
Screw you.

TIERNEY wanders up behind Nick, rubbing her eyes.

TIERNEY
S'a l'il early for a party, innit?
Did I - did I miss a memo?

Nick wraps an arm around her, patting her shoulder.

NICK
Shh, babe. Just let Blake wallow in
his failure.

BLAKE
Shut up. What about Rob, huh? He
just got home!

NICK
Good for Rob.

BLAKE
Rob starts work at 8 today.

TIERNEY
(with toddler-like certainty)
I feel bad for Rob.

ROB
Don't feel bad for Rob, Rob's an
idiot.

They stand in silence for a long moment. Tierney yawns.

ROB (CONT'D)
I'm gonna get ready for work.

Tierney yawns again. Rob leaves the kitchen, past the
couple.

NICK
Don't burn the house down.

TIERNEY
Fire is bad.

BLAKE
Yes, thanks. Go back to bed.

TIERNEY
(nodding sleepily)
Good idea. Go back to bed. C'mon
Nicolas.

Nick and Tierney leave. Blake returns to his cooking.

INT. KITCHEN - DAY

Nick and Tierney are "cooking." That is to say, they're
making off-brand stovetop mac and cheese together at 1430 in
the afternoon.

Nick stands at the stove, stirring the pot of pasta. Tierney is sitting on the counter by the sink, swinging her bare feet and occasionally kicking the cabinets by accident.

TIERNEY

Is it done yet?

NICK

Tierney.

TIERNEY

We should have done this at lunch time.

NICK

You were asleep at lunch time, *cherie*.

TIERNEY

That's no excuse.

They fall into a comfortable silence. Nick keeps stirring occasionally. Tierney plays with her skirt hem.

Blake wanders in, eyeing the snacks on the counter.

NICK

Hey, man. Want some mac and cheese?

BLAKE

Tierney, get down from there.

TIERNEY

Hey, Blake, do you want some mac and cheese?

Blake crosses his arms and doesn't respond. Tierney rolls her eyes and hops off the counter.

TIERNEY (CON'T)

Yes, mom.

NICK

We're making mac and cheese. Do you want some?

BLAKE

No, that's not food.

TIERNEY

We're cooking it, though.

NICK
It's food.

TIERNEY
Pasta!

NICK
And cheese.

Blake sighs loudly and long-sufferingly, grabs a bag of potato chips, and leaves.

Tierney and Nick exchange a look.

NICK AND TIERNEY
That's not food!

INT. KITCHEN - NIGHT

The room is empty, but the lights are on. It's a little messy, and there are pots out and dishes on the counter and half a loaf of bread sitting next to the stove.

Tierney, disheveled and pyjama-clad, enters. She has a water bottle in her hand, and sets to refilling it with ice and water.

As she does so, Rob comes in and grabs an apple. He's fully dressed and even wearing shoes. He leans against the counter and starts to eat his apple.

Blake comes in, surreptitiously returning the bag of chips to its home.

TIERNEY
Going somewhere, Rob?

ROB
Movie night!

BLAKE
Didn't you say you were going to say no this time?

TIERNEY
He did. And then Britt called while we were playing scrabble, and now he's going anyway because he's a pushover.

ROB

Yep.

Blake rolls his eyes.

BLAKE

Dude.

ROB

I know, man.

Nick pokes his head into the room.

NICK

Tierney, we're out of goldfish.

TIERNEY

On it.

She grabs a bag off the counter and gives Rob and Blake a lazy salute.

TIERNEY (CON'T)

Boys.

Tierney leaves, bringing Nick with her. Rob finishes his apple.

BLAKE

Have fun at your *movie night*.

ROB

Thanks, bro!

Rob leaves through the outside door, locking it behind him, after tossing his apple core in the trash.

Blake rolls his eyes. He turns to leave through the door into the apartment, but stops, looking around the kitchen. He sighs loudly and starts putting things into the dishwasher.