

INT. HALLWAY - DAY

Two college students stride quickly down the narrow corridor. On the left is ERIC, late 20s, messy hair and a posture adjustment away from being cute. On the right, JERRY, early 20s, bald-by-choice and in serious need of some food.

JERRY
What will he do?

ERIC
She likes the Wainwright version. I can't fucking believe it.

JERRY
I mean, the maximum fine is \$37,500! That's a full year of school!

ERIC
\$375,000.

JERRY
What?

ERIC
Post-Janet. Indecency fines went through the roof.

Jerry starts shaking.

JERRY
They're not going to hold us responsible, are they?

ERIC
We don't own the station. I mean, the Wainwright version!

JERRY
I can't afford that, Eric. And I know you can't afford it.

ERIC
It'd be one thing if she didn't like either of them. Some sort of "artists shouldn't cover other artists thing," but Wainwright?

Jerry stops short, spins Eric to face him.

JERRY
We're screwed! You see that, right?

ERIC

First, I wouldn't use that word in this meeting. Second, no, we are not. It didn't actually break any FCC guidelines, except for a couple of profanities during-

JERRY

-yeah-

ERIC

-yeah, and besides, the webcam footage is fuzzy. It's not even good porn.

A beat for Eric to take a breath. They start walking again.

ERIC (cont'd)

What is clearly more important is that my girlfriend, the woman that I share a bed with, prefers the Rufus-fucking-Wainwright version of Hallelujah to the clearly-superior Jeff Buckley one.

JERRY

It's a world gone mad.

ERIC

I need to rethink this entire relationship.

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