

INT. BEDROOM, CHRISTY'S APARTMENT, DAY.

Christy is asleep in her bed upstairs. The faint sound of the television wakes her up. She looks around, confused. Alarmed for a moment, then remembers:

CHRISTY
(To herself.)
Christy, you left the tv on.

Christy gets up, puts on a robe, and walks downstairs on her way to the kitchen, half asleep. The television has a scene of martial arts playing. She passes a sleeping Meatball and Gregory, still on the couch, but now fully alive and sentient. He smiles as she passes him.

CHRISTY (CONT'D)
(Nonchalantly.)
Morning Meatball. Morning Greg.

GREGORY
Good morning.

She freezes. She turns slowly to Meatball.

CHRISTY
(Still sleepy, confused.)
Meatball, did you just talk?

GREGORY
No.

CHRISTY
Oh. Good. For a second I thought I
had gone crazy.

She continues walking into the kitchen. Beat. She slowly walks out of the kitchen.

CHRISTY (CONT'D)
Meatball, if that wasn't you, who
was it?

GREGORY
It was me.

She turns and sees Gregory sitting on the couch. He smiles and waves at her. She faints.

INT. LIVING ROOM, CHRISTY'S APARTMENT, DAY.

Christy is asleep and being awoken by Meatball licking her face. She opens her eyes.

CHRISTY
Oh Meatball, I had the weirdest
dream.

GREGORY (O.S.)
What's a dream?

CHRISTY
(casually.)
It's like when you experience
something in your sleep that you-

She stops and sits up quickly. In a panicked state she looks over at Gregory, who is still sitting on the couch, still alive. She screams. Gregory screams. Meatball farts. She gets up and grabs the closest thing she can find as a weapon: the little cheese knife. She wields it.

CHRISTY (CONT'D)
Get back! Get back! I'll use this!
This...cheese...knife!

GREGORY
What's a cheese knife?

CHRISTY
Who are you?! What do you want?

GREGORY
I don't know, but you called me
Greg. Or Meatball, but I think
that's Meatball.

Gregory points to Meatball.

CHRISTY
You're not Gregory. I know that
because Gregory is a mannequin. And
you're real. So you are definitely
not Gregory!

She looks down at him.

CHRISTY (CONT'D)
Wait. You don't have any legs. How
did you get in here?

GREGORY
I don't know. Where is here?

CHRISTY
Look, whatever this is, maybe some
kind of sick joke, I don't like it
and I want you to stop!

Silence. Gregory looks as if he's turned off. Christy stares at him hard. She slowly walks up to him and looks closely at his face.

GREGORY
May I move again?

Christy jumps back.

CHRISTY
This...this is impossible. I must
be still dreaming.

She starts to pinch herself.

CHRISTY (CONT'D)
Ow! Why does pinching hurt so
much?!

GREGORY
I don't know. I've never been
pinched. Would you like to pinch
me?

CHRISTY
No! How could this have happened?
And on a Monday!

Christy sits down next to Gregory. She pulls his shirt up to reveal the tape on his stomach. She lifts him up and finds he's still surprisingly lightweight.

CHRISTY (CONT'D)
Are you really alive?

GREGORY
I think so.

CHRISTY
How does it feel?

GREGORY
I don't know. How should it feel?

CHRISTY
You don't seem to know much, do
you?