

*Cheesy MUSIC plays...a synth and saxophone vibe, like a super upbeat 90s After School Special.*

FADE IN:

INT. BEDROOM - NIGHT

Under the TV from which the music plays, in its soft glow in front of a BED, GLEN and TAMARA (18-26) are playing JENGA and drinking wine. The room is playful, hyper-real, like *PeeWee's Playhouse*.

As Tamara takes her turn, Glen begins kissing Tamara on the neck. It gets hot and heavy, then awkward, as Tamara pushes away Glen, first gently then with more force.

TAMARA

(slightly annoyed, between breaths)

Where's the cond--

GLEN

(straightening up)

Aw c'mon, Tam, we don't need that. Baby, I'm the pullout king.

Glen rushes to take his turn. As he pulls a block out, the whole tower collapses in a spectacular fashion.

TAMARA

*All hail the pull-out king.*

GLEN

You're killing the vibe!

TAMARA

No glove, no love. And I don't want an STI. I'm gonna see if my roommate has a condom.

Tamara gets up and exits, leaving Glen alone. He flops on the bed, sighing dramatically. He draws his attention to the TV in front of him.

The cheesy PSA graphic on the screen shifts to an infomercial-style scene. The words "AWK-LINE: CALL NOW!" flash in bold, neon letters, with an exaggerated jingle playing.

SHAN (O.S.)

Need to have a tough, awkward conversation with your partner?

GLEN

What's that?!!!

SHAN BOODRAM appears in full infomercial mode, surrounded by cartoonish condoms and glowing testimonials.

SHAN

Call the Awk-Line now, right now.

On the TV, the AWK-LINE's PHONE NUMBER flashes below Shan. It floats out of the TV and floats toward Glen.

SHAN (CONT'D)

(soft, insistent)

Glen! Call now. CALL NOW, GLEN!

Glen, desperate, dials the number. The jingle plays as the phone rings, and Shan picks up.

SHAN (CONT'D)

(on TV and on phone)

You've reached the Awk-Line, where we can help you Own the Awk! Is this Glen?

GLEN

Yeah, Tamara just ran off to get a condom, and now it's all awkward. What do I do? I feel like she's basically telling me I'm a player and that she doesn't trust me.

The TV screen shows Shan leaning in, giving advice like a friendly infomercial host.

SHAN

Bringing up STI's doesn't mean Tamara thinks you're sleeping around.

GLEN

I guess. But what about killing the mood? We were having fun and she just stopped.

SHAN

I hear you, Glen. While it may not be spontaneous, it's important to respect her boundaries. She's looking out for both of you, ya know.

GLEN

Okay, yeah, I can do that. Thanks Shan.

SHAN

I better go, she's coming back. And remember, the awk-line is just a call away!

The TV flickers and Shan disappears from the screen. Suddently, a glowing condom floats from the sky and onto Glen's lap. Tamara briskly enters the room and sits on the bed next to Glen.

TAMARA

Roommate didn't have one.

Glen presents the glowing condom.

GLEN

I found one. Thanks for being responsible Tam, I'm not ready to be a dad.

TAMARA

Trust me, hard pass on a baby anytime soon.

They kiss, hot and heavy. As the lights fade down and SULTRY JAZZ fades up, all we see is a glowing condom.

TAMARA (CONT'D)

Is that a condom or a light saber?

They both laugh, but TV suddenly blaers the Awk-Line jingle again and the lights turn back on.

SHANA

*Nice work Glen!*

TAMARA

Who the hell is that??

Glen looks guilty. The frame freezes as the end titles scroll up.

FADE TO BLACK.