

Encapsulated Season 3 Episode 5

FADE IN:

INT. GENERIC LIVING ROOM - DAY

A woman is sitting on the couch with her mimic watching *Psycho*, when the doorbell rings. She and the mimic stand up and go to answer it. They open the door slowly... It's...

Another mimic of HER, as a delivery person with a package!

WOMAN'S MIMIC #1

Mrr mrr mrr mrr?

Cue the *Psycho* music. The delivery mimic drops the package and follows her inside. She turns to her other mimic.

WOMAN'S MIMIC #2

Mrr mrr mrr mrr!

She screams! They chase her into her bedroom, where she discovers A THIRD mimic, this one holding a knife!

WOMAN'S MIMIC #3

Mrr mrr mrr mrr mrr!

The mimics are closing in! She runs to the bathroom, the shower curtain opens, there's YET ANOTHER MIMIC!

WOMAN'S MIMIC #4

Mrr mrr mrr mrr!

The woman looks directly at the camera and screams, while her mimics surround her. Freeze frame.

BIG SIMON (45), a muscular, reassuring presence, casually walks in front of the image.

BIG SIMON

Crazy times, right? Hi, I'm Big Simon. Ever feel like your mimic is driving you up the wall, like you suddenly got stuck with a new pet that won't give you a break?

INT. CHASE'S APARTMENT - DAY

In the real world, CHASE (32) is eating cereal by himself in his kitchen, while the TV plays in the other room. There's an image of a smiling mimic on the box of milk, with the message: "Have you seen my human?"

In the commercial, Big Simon disappears, and the woman's fear turns into rage. She grabs the shower rod and starts ruthlessly bludgeoning the mimics.

Another freeze-frame, this time she's screaming in anger. Big Simon re-appears, accompanied with on-screen text.

BIG SIMON (TV)

But now, you can take back control of your life! For only three easy payments of \$29.95, YOU can learn the skills and tools to MANAGE your mimic, CONTROL your anger, and KEEP your sanity!

CHASE

But wait, there's more...

Chase is unimpressed by the pitch. He munches on his cereal and scrolls through his emails.

Back in the commercial, Big Simon disappears. It cuts to the woman strolling happily through a picturesque park with her mimic. Big Simon's voice narrates.

BIG SIMON (TV)

Don't waste money on locking them up! Invest in skills that will unlock the prison of your MIND, and let you live in harmony with your mimic!

Suddenly, the commercial shows an ominous ship landing in the park, and a giant walking tripod emerges. It shoots a deadly laser at everybody who doesn't have a mimic, but it spares those who DO have a mimic, like the woman.

While the lone humans cry and scream about 'how much I regret locking up my mimic', the main woman is relieved.

WOMAN (TV)

Good thing I learned to cope! It saved my life!

She and her mimic embrace, while the tripod continues to laser the 'guilty' ones. Comical freeze frame on their embrace and a bloody explosion in the background.

Chase rolls his eyes.

CHASE

Brought to you by the ACLU...

BIG SIMON (TV)

You never know, they might thank you later, better safe than sorry. So don't hesitate! Call the number below and sign up for lessons TODAY!

The number appears on-screen, along with a quickly spoken legal disclaimer. Chase continues half-watching while eating and browsing on his phone.

The commercial ends; the morning news coverage resumes.

NEWS ANCHOR (TV)

Welcome back. In San Bernardino, a major victory for the ACLU after a judge ruled against a local storage center, where over four hundred mimics had been stored in a single unit, infamously known as 'the dungeon'.

Cut to footage of hundreds of mimics happily streaming out of a storage unit. Nearby, the police are standing watch, so that the owner doesn't intervene (he looks furious).

Cut to an ACLU SPOKESMAN on site. A few yards away, the mimics are still pouring out of the unit, then dispersing so they can reunite with their humans

ACLU SPOKESMAN (TV)

We're very excited about Judge Brown's ruling. Contrary to what's circulating online, this was NOT about mimic rights. While the ACLU certainly promotes humane and ethical treatment of mimics, there's still no indication that they feel pain. Our interest is NOT in preventing well-meaning, everyday citizens from sequestering, relocating, or restraining their mimics.

CHASE

Sure...

ACLU SPOKESMAN (TV)

At issue in this case was HUMAN rights, because the majority of the mimics had been abducted by radical humanists, without consent from their human doubles. If you want to keep your mimic locked in a storage unit, that's YOUR choice, YOUR prerogative. YOU are free to do what you want with YOUR OWN mimic. Nobody can take that right away from you.

CHASE

Unless you pass mimic protection laws...

Back to the news anchor.

NEWS ANCHOR (TV)

Meanwhile, the Center for Alien Research has released their weekly report, which confirms their previous findings that, quote, *we still don't know why they're here.*

CHASE

(throws his hands up in mock surprise)

But wait! There's NOT more!

He turns off the TV and laughs dismissively. He finishes his cereal, puts the milk away, then adds his cereal bowl to the growing stack of dirty dishes on the counter.

INT. CHASE'S BEDROOM - DAY

Chase finishes dressing for work (business casual). After putting his shoes on, he opens the sliding closet door, and unlocks a giant wooden trunk.

Inside, his mimic is curled up in the fetal position, with duct tape on his mouth. He looks up happily at Chase, and immediately stands up and steps out of the box.

Chase sighs resentfully and peels off the tape.

INT/EXT. CHASE'S CAR, HIGHWAY - DAY

It's rush hour, and the cars are bumper-to-bumper, honking regularly and slowly inching forward. They're driving in the downtown area, and there are dozens of spaceships interspersed among the office buildings and skyscrapers.

Chase is sitting angrily in the driver's seat, while his mimic sits happily in the passenger's seat.

Chase turns up the volume for his rock music. The mimic also turns the knob. Chase swats his hand away.

CHASE

Leave it!
(honking)
Come on!!

The mimic doesn't copy his outbursts, but just keeps staring blankly and obliviously.

EXT. CHASE'S OFFICE - DAY

In the plaza between the parking lot and the office, there are dozens of protestors being watched by the police.

On one side are the humanists, none of whom have their mimics. They have signs like: "Mimics aren't people!", "Humans come first!", and "Go home, E.T.!"

On the other side are the equalists, who DO have their mimics, although their mimics AREN'T actively protesting. Their signs include: "They come in peace!", "Mimics have rights too!", and "Cruelty Now = Invasion Later!"

And on the outside are Chase and his mimic, desperate to remain out of the fray.

EQUALIST PROTESTORS

Equal rights for all! Equal rights for all!

HUMANIST PROTESTORS

Lock them up! Lock them up!

Chase chants under his breath.

CHASE

Leave me alone... Leave me alone...

He and his mimic quickly skirt around the protestors and enter the office.

INT. CHASE'S CUBICLE - DAY

It's much quieter: there's a low hum of activity, and a literal murmur in the office from all the mimics.

Chase is working silently at his desk, while his mimic 'works' alongside him on a nonexistent computer.

Chase's boss, TRENT (37), casually approaches the cubicle. He and his mimic stand on either side, blocking the exit, holding identical mugs of coffee.

TRENT

Morning, champ!

TRENT'S MIMIC

Mrr mrr, mrr!

He and his mimic both smile and reach out for a fist bump. Chase ignores them and keeps his eyes on the screen.

CHASE

Kind of in the middle of something...

CHASE'S MIMIC

Mrr mrr mrr mrr mrr mrr...

TRENT

Ah. Working hard or working faster?

TRENT'S MIMIC

Mrr. Mrr mrr mrr mrr mrr mrr mrr?

Trent and his mimic both laugh to themselves, then sip their coffee simultaneously. Chase sighs.

TRENT

Hey, so don't know if you heard, but we're getting the mimic equipment next week.

TRENT'S MIMIC

Mrr mrr mrr mrr mrr mrr mrr...

Sensing Chase's indifference, Trent clears his throat, and waits until Chase (and his mimic) pivot towards him.

TRENT

So... If you could clear some space in anticipation! Of the move. That would be stellar.

TRENT'S MIMIC

Mrr... Mrr mrr mrr mrr mrr mrr...

CHASE

Why do they need equipment? They can't actually do any WORK...

CHASE'S MIMIC

Mrr mrr mrr mrr? Mrr mrr mrr mrr mrr mrr...

TRENT

Woah, let's rein in that attitude. They may not be able to do your job, but at least we can help them FEEL like they're doing work.

TRENT'S MIMIC

Mrr mrr mrr mrr mrr mrr mrr...

TRENT

What are you, a humanist?

TRENT'S MIMIC

Mrr mrr mrr mrr mrr?

He looks at Chase intensely. Chase gulps nervously and starts to panic.

Then Trent bursts out laughing (his mimic copying him with 'mrr mrr's). They take another sip of coffee. Chase groans and pivots back to his computer.

TRENT

I'm just chaining your yank. A humanist, please.
You're not THAT heartless.

TRENT'S MIMIC

Mrr mrr mrr mrr mrr mrr mrr...

Once again, Trent pauses and clears his throat until Chase
grudgingly turns around.

TRENT

But seriously, please have some space cleared by
Monday, enough for a keyboard, mouse, monitor...
Wouldn't want Chase Jr. to be left out!

TRENT'S MIMIC

Mrr mrr mrr mrr mrr mrr mrr...

CHASE

Sure thing, boss.

CHASE'S MIMIC

Mrr mrr, mrr.

TRENT

Later, champ!

TRENT'S MIMIC

Mrr mrr, mrr!

Chase swivels back. Trent and his mimic slap him on the
back abruptly and 'playfully', then give the same farewell
to Chase's mimic.

Finally, they leave. Chase relaxes and resumes working,
although the clattering from his mimic 'typing' puts him
back on edge.

He turns to his mimic and glares; his mimic turns back and
smiles cluelessly.

Chase clenches and unclenches his fists, stares him down
for a few seconds, exhales slowly, then unenthusiastically
goes back to work.

INT. BREAKROOM - DAY

Chase is sitting at the table with his mimic, eating lunch (a sandwich and chips) and texting. There are a few other employees on break, all eating with their mimics.

Chase's mimic is pretending to eat and text, but doesn't have food or a phone. Chase is ignoring him and texting with an unseen friend, CAMRYN (34).

CHASE (IM)

How's your morning so far?

CAMRYN (IM)

Meh. U?

CHASE (IM)

Boss is annoying af.

CAMRYN (IM)

Worse than mimic?

CHASE (IM)

Depends. Called me humanist lol.

CAMRYN (IM)

Tbf you are...

CHASE (IM)

I mean, so are you lol.

CAMRYN (IM)

True hahaha.

CHASE (IM)

Calls the PC police

Chase looks up. Reveal that Camryn is actually sitting at the table across from him and also eating her lunch, along with her mimic.

The two of them look at each other and chuckle quietly. Their mimics also 'chuckle'. After a few seconds, they return to their phones.

CHASE (IM)
Srsly tho this is fubar.

CAMRYN (IM)
Ikr? They dont need computers lol.

CHASE (IM)
RIGHT?? (facepalm emoji)

CAMRYN (IM)
(laughing emoji)

CHASE (IM)
Where does it end...?

CAMRYN (IM)
But CHASE, dont you want to be on the RIGHT SIDE OF HISTORY when they invade?

CHASE (IM)
Def hahaha. What was I thinking?

They're interrupted by CELESTE (54), another co-worker who offers them a bag of chips and an uneaten apple.

CELESTE
Hey, sorry, do they want these?

CELESTE'S MIMIC
Mrr mrr mrr mrr mrr?

CHASE
Oh. Sure, thanks Celeste.

CHASE'S MIMIC
Mrr mrr mrr mrr mrr.

CAMRYN
Thank you.

CAMRYN'S MIMIC
Mrr mrr.

They take the extra food and give it to their mimics.

CELESTE

Sorry again to interrupt. Just don't want your mimics to go hungry, you never know.

CELESTE'S MIMIC

Mrr mrr mrr mrr mrr mrr mrr...

CELESTE

Anyways, back to the salt mines. Toodles.

CELESTE'S MIMIC

Mrr mrr mrr mrr mrr mrr.

She and her mimic smile sincerely and put their lunchboxes in the fridge (yes, her mimic has her own lunchbox).

Chase and Camryn smile politely back, and wait until she's out of the room before rolling their eyes.

CAMRYN (IM)

Who tf says toodles?

CHASE (IM)

RIGHT?? (facepalm emoji)

Also they don't need food! (frustrated emoji)

It's like throwing it away, save it for people who actually NEED it.

CAMRYN (IM)

No Chase, mimics are more important obvi.

CHASE (IM)

Sorry, I forgot haha.

blows up mimic

has twice as much food

CAMRYN (IM)

(laughing emoji)

Hey, you should go to the shooting range.

CHASE (IM)

Oh?

He looks up at her curiously, then back at his phone.

CAMRYN (IM)

My cousin Jeff runs it, they have a thing for humanists lol, just tell him I sent you.

CHASE (IM)

Is it legal??

CAMRYN (IM)

Umm... (laughing emoji)

Chase looks up again, intrigued, but also a bit hesitant. He stares at her until she notices; she rolls her eyes.

CAMRYN (IM)

Yes its legal haha. Just dont tell the ACLU.

CHASE (IM)

Lol perfect. With or without mimic?

CAMRYN (IM)

With lol.

CHASE (IM)

Ohhhhh yeah...

They both look up; Chase is smiling with anticipation.

INT/EXT. CHASE'S CAR, HIGHWAY - DAY

It's rush hour again. Same as before, except now everyone is leaving work.

Once again, Chase turns up the volume for his rock music, and his mimic turns the knob. Chase shoves his hand away.

CHASE

Are you FUCKING kidding me?!

The mimic smiles and doesn't react. Chase fumes and honks the horn several times.

CHASE

SOMETIME TODAY!

INT. GROCERY STORE - DAY

The store is bustling. Chase and his mimic are both pushing an empty cart down the junk food aisle.

He grabs a bag of chips; his mimic pulls an identical bag off the shelf. Chase puts it back, and his mimic puts the original bag back. Even with Chase trying to restrain him, this goes back and forth several times.

INT. GROCERY STORE CHECKOUT - DAY

The CASHIER is ringing up the groceries, while her mimic pretends to scan them. To Chase's dismay, he had to buy two of everything. He looks comically defeated.

CASHIER

Find everything okay?

CASHIER'S MIMIC

Mrr mrr mrr mrr mrr mrr?

CHASE

Yep.

CHASE'S MIMIC

Mrr.

While he waits, he notices a display of Earplugs called Mimic Muters. He adds a pack to the conveyor belt, as does his mimic. Chase doesn't try to stop him at this point.

Meanwhile the bagger and his mimic are busy putting the food in the cart. For once, a mimic is actually helpful - they bag everything twice as fast.

CASHIER

\$105. You want your receipt?

CASHIER'S MIMIC

Mrr mrr mrr mrr mrr mrr?

Chase shakes his head 'no', thanks them, and leaves.

INT. CHASE'S APARTMENT - DAY

The sun is setting. Chase is unloading groceries and humming happily to himself. His new earplugs are working just as expected.

Finally, everything is put away. He takes his time doing the dishes and humming contentedly.

INT. CHASE'S BEDROOM - DAY

Meanwhile, his mimic is in the trunk, duct-taped and shifting from side to side. The inside of the trunk is padded with blankets, so the noise isn't audible.

Chase opens the lid to the trunk. His mimic immediately springs up, eager to see him. Chase looks excited and rips the duct tape off.

CHASE

You ready to go?

INT/EXT. CHASE'S CAR, CITY STREETS - NIGHT

It's much less crowded now. Chase is casually dressed, relaxed, and driving with his mimic.

At one point, they stop at a red light. Chase looks around and doesn't see any traffic in either direction.

He rolls down the window, leans over, gently shoves the mimic's head outside, then holds him in place and rolls up the window.

The window jams at first, then slowly slices through the mimic's neck. The light turns green, but Chase waits until the head is severed. Finally, it falls onto the road, and his mimic turns toward him, headless.

Chase laughs to himself and slams on the gas. His mimic lurches backward, Chase laughs harder. Within seconds, the head grows back, and the mimic seems unfazed.

INT. SHOOTING RANGE - NIGHT

Inside, Chase is at the counter talking to JEFF (37).
Jeff's mimic isn't with him.

CHASE

Hey, I'm looking for Jeff.

CHASE'S MIMIC

Mrr mrr mrr mrr mrr mrr.

Jeff points to his nametag. Chase is embarrassed.

CHASE

Sorry, long day.

CHASE'S MIMIC

Mrr mrr mrr mrr.

Jeff shrugs nonchalantly.

JEFF

How can I help?

CHASE

I work with Camryn, she said that you have...
there's a thing for... you know... for them...

CHASE'S MIMIC

Mrr mrr mrr mrr mrr mrr mrr...

JEFF

You can say humanist, I don't care.

(chuckles)

Right this way.

Jeff steps out from behind the counter and leads them
through the store, past the main range, and to a locked
employee entrance.

Jeff enters the code on the door and escorts them inside.
They walk down a hallway, then into another locked room
which has safety gear. Jeff hands Chase a vest, goggles,
and a pair of headphones.

JEFF

Put these on.

Chase puts them on (his mimic pretends to put them on).
Jeff also suits up.

Finally, he unlocks the last door. It's a private range,
with a narrow, brightly lit lane. At the front, there's a
diverse array of guns to choose from.

Jeff puts his hand on the mimic's shoulders.

JEFF

You don't mind?

CHASE

Have at it.

CHASE'S MIMIC

Mrr mrr mrr.

Jeff forcibly lugs the mimic down the lane, straps him to
the back wall (where the target would be), and duct-tapes
his mouth shut.

Meanwhile, Chase picks out a semi-automatic rifle and
casually inserts the magazine. Jeff returns and makes sure
the gun is properly loaded.

Finally, Chase is all set. He steps up, takes aim, and
begins firing rapidly at the squirming mimic.

Chase is ecstatic, but his excitement fades when he sees
that the bullet holes are quickly filled in. He fires the
rest of the bullets, then angrily loads more.

JEFF

Careful, don't rush.

CHASE

I know what I'm doing!

He unleashes another barrage, to minimal effect.

CHASE
Fucking piece of shit...

Another clip. Another blaze of gunfire.

His mimic seems utterly indifferent, and the wounds heal almost as quickly as they're created.

CHASE
WHY WON'T YOU FUCKING DIE?!

The gun is empty. Chase's heart is pounding, his teeth gritted furiously. He puts the gun on the rack, then sprints onto the lane and charges at his mimic.

CHASE
LEAVE ME THE FUCK ALONE!!

He starts beating his mimic and shouting profanities, screaming in its face and slamming it like a rag doll against the wall and the floor.

INT. BIG SIMON'S ANGER MANAGEMENT CLASS - NIGHT

Pleasant jazz music plays softly while Chase sits in the waiting area with his mimic. Chase's knuckles are bruised, but his mimic seems fine.

There's a receptionist reading a book at her desk, and another woman sitting near Chase. She and Chase exchange knowing looks of exasperation, while their mimics just smile insipidly.

After a bit, the back door opens. Big Simon escorts an elderly man and his mimic - the man is grinning and thanking Big Simon profusely.

ELDERLY MAN
You're a lifesaver, thank you, thank you, this has been such a huge weight off my back.

ELDERLY MAN'S MIMIC
Mrr mrr mrr mrr mrr mrr mrr mrr...

BIG SIMON

Glad to help. See you next week.
(waits until the man leaves)
Who's next?

RECEPTIONIST

... Chase Martell.

RECEPTIONIST'S MIMIC

... Mrr mrr mrr.

CHASE

Here.
(he stands up)
Hi. Chase, nice to meet you.

CHASE'S MIMIC

Mrr mrr mrr mrr mrr mrr.

Big Simon shakes both their hands.

BIG SIMON

Welcome, Chase. Come on back.

INT. BIG SIMON'S TRAINING ROOM - CONTINUOUS

Simon leads Chase and his mimic into the training room, which looks like it used to be an office, but has been retro-fitted with padded walls and foam mats on the floor.

BIG SIMON

(he locks the door behind them)
So, Chase, what brings you here?

CHASE

Where's your mimic?

CHASE'S MIMIC

Mrr mrr mrr mrr?

BIG SIMON

He's in my office, I prefer to teach solo.
(Chase is confused)
What? You thought I was an equalist?

CHASE

I wasn't sure... I dunno, you seem like you're pro-mimic rights.

CHASE'S MIMIC

Mrr mrr mrr mrr mrr mrr mrr...

BIG SIMON

I'm not pro or anti anything, I'm just myself.

(he chuckles)

So, Chase, I reiterate: what brings you here?

Chase pauses, embarrassed.

CHASE

I had an... Incident. With him.

CHASE'S MIMIC

Mrr mrr mrr mrr mrr...

BIG SIMON

Why don't you lock him up?

CHASE

Because... Work, and just in general, there's pressure to not be... I can't just lock it up, otherwise I'll be fired.

CHASE'S MIMIC

Mrr mrr mrr mrr mrr mrr mrr...

BIG SIMON

But you still haven't answered the question.

You've probably had countless 'incidents' ever since they arrived, right?

(Chase nods)

So what brings you here this time, and not the other times?

CHASE

Because... I feel like it went too far.

CHASE'S MIMIC

Mrr mrr mrr mrr mrr mrr.

BIG SIMON

I don't think so, Chase. I think you're lying.

(he steps closer)

I think you USUALLY go too far, and this was the first time you felt guilty about it.

(Chase is silent)

No... You ALWAYS feel guilty, don't you? But your guilt won out this time.

CHASE

I don't feel guilty. Why would I? They can't feel anything anyways...

CHASE'S MIMIC

Mrr mrr mrr mrr mrr mrr mrr...

BIG SIMON

Then why are you here, Chase? Answer the GOD-DAMNED QUESTION!

CHASE

Because I don't want it to happen at work!

(silence)

I don't fucking care what I do to it, but if my boss or my friends or the fucking ACLU finds out that I lock it in a fucking box every night because it drives me FUCKING CRAZY, my life is fucking OVER! Okay?

BIG SIMON

Good. Good. So we're at an impasse, aren't we?

(Chase is quiet)

But you said it yourself, Chase. He can't feel anything, right? So what's the harm?

CHASE

There isn't any.

CHASE'S MIMIC

Mrr mrr mrr mrr.

CHASE

SHUT THE FUCK UP!

The mimic doesn't yell back.

CHASE

See? SEE? I can't FUCKING control it!

Again, the mimic doesn't copy his outburst. Chase clenches and unclenches his fists, and breathes slowly.

BIG SIMON

Stop LYING, Chase. What do you mean you can't control it? What are you doing right now? HUH? Looks to me like you're controlling it!

(Chase glares at him)

Your problem is not control. You have control. You're a god-damned EXPERT in control. From the day they arrived, you've been doing nothing BUT being in control, making sure nobody sees your outbursts, or you locking it up at night, or you losing your shit. Yeah?

(Chase nods)

And it's KILLING you, isn't it?

(Chase nods again)

Chase, your problem isn't CONTROL. It's RELEASE. You need a way to detonate the bomb proactively so you don't spend all day wondering if it'll blow up in your face, right?

(Chase looks like he's about to cry)

But the solution is right next to you, Chase. It's so PAINFULLY clear if you just LOOK!

Chase turns and looks at his mimic.

CHASE

What?

CHASE'S MIMIC

Mrrr?

BIG SIMON

Chase, think about it like this. How do you detonate a bomb? You trigger it. So, what's been triggering you lately?

(Chase looks at his mimic)

HE has. Use that to your advantage.

CHASE
I don't follow...

CHASE'S MIMIC
Mrr mrr mrr...

CHASE
SHUT UP!

BIG SIMON
Just like that! Let it out!

CHASE
SHUT THE FUCK UP! STOP TALKING OVER ME!

BIG SIMON
Good, good!

Chase starts beating up his mimic.

CHASE
**YOU FUCKING MINDLESS PIECE OF SHIT! WHY WON'T YOU
JUST LEAVE ME THE FUCK ALONE!**

BIG SIMON
Good! Tell him how you feel!

Chase harasses and punches at the mimic, like at the shooting range. Big Simon eggs him on.

But this time, Chase's anger gradually morphs into relief, and soon he can't help but laugh as he kicks the mimic's head into the ground, and the head keeps respawning.

CHASE
You fucking...
(laughs)
That is so fucking unnatural, stop it!
(the mimic keeps smiling back)
Goddamnit...

He collapses and sits next to his mimic. He's crying tears of relief. Big Simon towers over them proudly.

BIG SIMON
Feels good, doesn't it?

CHASE
Yeah.

CHASE'S MIMIC
Mrr.

Chase slams the mimic to the ground and twists his neck. Seconds later, the mimic sits up, completely fine. Chase and Big Simon can't help but laugh as it grins at them.

BIG SIMON
Well done, Chase.
(he squats so they're at eye level)
You've just overcome the hardest part, which is being comfortable using your mimic as a living punching bag. Most people can't make that leap, but YOU did.
(he stands back up and paces)
I recommend choosing a set time each day, preferably after work, after all the stress has built up, and set aside 5, 10 minutes to just beat the shit out of him. Can you do that?

CHASE
I can DEFINITELY do that.

CHASE'S MIMIC
Mrr mrr mrr mrr mrr mr.

BIG SIMON
And of course, you better pray that the ACLU doesn't come knocking.

The three of them laugh cathartically. Chase doesn't even mind that his mimic is 'laughing' with him.

FADE OUT.