

INT. PETE'S APARTMENT - DAY

ANDY and PETE, typical thirty-something single men, sit at a dining room table, a half-eaten takeout pizza between them. They lean back in their chairs, holding bottled beers, looking listless.

ANDY

So what do you think, man? Should we go?

PETE
(sighs)

I don't know. It's like, I want to? But also, I kinda don't.

ANDY

Same. Like, I feel like we *should* go. Like we're gonna regret it if we don't. But on the other hand . . .

PETE
(nods knowingly)

Yeah, man. Yeah.

The camera pulls back to reveal ANNOUNCER stepping into view. His smile is rigid, his eyes wide and gleaming. He stands off to one corner of the kitchen, grinning at the camera, stiff and slightly creepy.

ANNOUNCER

FOMO. Fear of missing out. It affects millions of social-media addicted Americans every year, turning perfectly content homebodies into overextended weekend warriors. There's no known medical cure

for FOMO, but now there's . . .*NOFOMO!*,
the newest game from Milton Bradley!

CUT TO:

CLOSE UP of board game on a low coffee table. The cover reads *NOFOMO!* in bold lettering, next to the image of a smiling couple holding hands and walking away from a lively party.

ANNOUNCER

NOFOMO! is fun for the whole squad,
guaranteed to take your homies and your
yasssqueens from "Let's fucking goooooo"
to "Meh, I think I'm good" in no time!

Andy and Pete look over at the game on the coffee table, then at one another, then at the camera, exaggerated surprise and joy on their faces. Then run to the game and open it excitedly, taking out game pieces, dice, and a stack of playing cards. They start setting the game up as the ANNOUNCER continues.

ANNOUNCER (CONT'D)

Just roll the dice, play your card,
and . . .

He trails off, shrugging vaguely, a skeptical expression on his face.

ANNOUNCER (CONT'D)

. . . and see if you still feel like
going out?

Andy rolls the dice, moving his piece as he counts out loud.

ANDY

One, two, three, four! Okay, pass me a card!

Pete hands him a card. As Andy reads, his smile quickly turns to a frown.

PETE

What's it say?

ANDY
(hesitates)

PETE

Come on man, read it!

ANDY

It says, "Check your savings account balance."

Announcer erupts into giggles, which he tries to hide behind his hand. Andy and Pete eye one another and glance at him suspiciously.

PETE

Aw, that's easy dude. Just log in and check on your phone.

ANDY
(dryly)

Man, I don't have a savings account.

He tosses the card aside, annoyed, as Announcer giggles shrilly.

PETE

Alright, alright, forget it. Pick another card.

Andy draws another card, reads, and recoils in horror.

PETE

What? What'd you get?

ANDY

It . . . it says . . .It says "Google
'recent mass shootings at public events'?"

ANNOUNCER

(laughing)

Ooooooh, that one's gonna kill your
FOMO real quick. So to speak.

PETE

(incredulous)

What?

ANDY

(reading on his phone)

Oh my god. Pete.

PETE

What, man? What is it?

ANDY

You know that electronic festival we
used to go to? Trippy Dipplyand? Yo man
did you know there was a shooting there
last week?

PETE

Whaaaaat? There was? Damn.

Both men hang their heads in shocked silence for a moment, totally deflated.

ANNOUNCER
(gleeful)

FOMO? OR *NOFOMO!*

ANDY
(somber)

Your turn.

Pete moves his game piece and draws a card. He frowns as he reads, then shrugs. He picks up his bottle of beer and suddenly dumps its contents down the front of Andy's shirt.

ANDY
(jumping up)

What the hell, dude!

PETE
(reading from card)

SORRY, MAN! IT'S JUST REALLY CROWDED
IN HERE!

Pete starts to dance provocatively up against Andy, who tries to push him off.

PETE
(beatboxing to imaginary music)

UNTZ, UNTZ, UNTZ!!

ANNOUNCER

How's it going boys? Still feel like you're "missing out"?

ANDY

Okay okay, come on, my turn.

He pulls a card.

ANDY (CONT'D)
(reading)

"Go lie down in your bed and tell me how fucking good it feels."

PETE

Oh no no, no lying down. We're gonna finish this game, and then we're gonna go out, and-

CUT TO:

Andy is now in Pete's bed, nestled cozily under the covers.

ANDY

Peeeeete.

PETE

No, Andy. No! If we don't go tonight, we're never gonna hear the end of it. Everyone's gonna be snapping it and posting pics . . . no, man.

ANDY

Peeeeeeete. It's so cozy. Mmmmm, I'm so
comfy, I could just . . .

He yawns exaggeratedly.

ANDY (CONT'D)

I could just go beddy-bye right now,
Pete.

Pete charges the bed, aiming to pull Andy out. Instead, Andy pulls him
down onto the bed, where they wrestle. They scuffle and argue for a
moment before Pete's expression changes. He smiles and relaxes.

PETE

Oh man. This does feel really good.

ANDY
(grinning)

Uh huh.

PETE
(snuggling up to Andy)

Mmmm, yeah, this is nice.

Pete suddenly lifts his head.

PETE
(serious)

No homo.

They look at one another blankly before breaking into big smiles.

ANDY and PETE
(in unison)

No, *NOFOMO!*

They laugh, then begin chatting *sotto voce* about a Netflix movie they've been wanting to watch, grabbing for the TV remote and fluffing their pillows.

ANNOUNCER smiles wickedly and double claps to turn off the lights, leaving the room lit only by the movie running opening credits on the TV. DISCLAIMER VOICE-OVER runs in triple time as we hear Andy and Pete talking excitedly about the good reviews for the movie they're about to watch.

DISCLAIMER VOICE-OVER

NOFOMO! is intended for adults over 18 years of age only. Milton Bradley is not responsible for any depressive episodes or anxiety attacks induced by game play.