

- pansatweet:** Summer sunrise. Muizenberg beach. Two people gaze at the ocean. #ctlive #yk #ta #jk  
*2/22/2010 18:57*
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- pansatweet:** First line: I think you wash your hair too much. Last line: The artist's head is a boiled egg.  
#ctlive #yk #ta #jk  
*2/22/2010 18:58*
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- Hallucinojasin:** Greg: I think you wash your hair too much. I can smell that godamm shampoo from here. #jk  
#ctlive  
*2/22/2010 19:05*
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- Hallucinojasin:** Sid: I've got nothing. #jk #ctlive  
*2/22/2010 19:24*
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- Hallucinojasin:** Greg: What the fuck are you talking about? #jk #ctlive  
*2/22/2010 19:25*
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- Hallucinojasin:** Sid: We're on a beach. And I'm thinking, what comes next? #jk #ctlive  
*2/22/2010 19:26*
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- Hallucinojasin:** Greg: Have a cup of coffee. #jk #ctlive  
*2/22/2010 19:27*
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- Hallucinojasin:** Sid: There isn't any damn coffee. #jk #ctlive  
*2/22/2010 19:27*
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- Hallucinojasin:** Greg: What? What do you mean? #jk #ctlive  
*2/22/2010 19:28*
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- Hallucinojasin:** Sid: You didn't hear? Janet in IT. She strapped the machine to her back and jumped. #jk  
#ctlive  
*2/22/2010 19:29*
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- Hallucinojasin:** Greg: Bullshit. #jk #ctlive  
*2/22/2010 19:29*
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- Hallucinojasin:** Sid: Yeh. Coffee machine. 17th floor. Splat. #jk #ctlive  
*2/22/2010 19:29*
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- Hallucinojasin:** Greg: Fuuuuuck. So no coffee then. Well we've gotta come up with something. #jk #ctlive  
*2/22/2010 19:31*
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- Hallucinojasin:** Sid: There's a Vida round the corner. #jk #ctlive  
*2/22/2010 19:31*
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- Hallucinojasin:** Greg: No dumbass. For the script. So the concept is that we're on a beach... #jk #ctlive  
*2/22/2010 19:32*
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- Hallucinojasin:** Sid: ...and it's sunrise or some shit... #jk #ctlive  
*2/22/2010 19:32*
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- Hallucinojasin:** Greg: C'mon, we've gotta present this thing in like 20 minutes. Can't we come up with a  
better opening than that? #jk #ctlive  
*2/22/2010 19:33*
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- Hallucinojasin:** Sid: Not without coffee I can't. [looks dejected] #jk #ctlive  
*2/22/2010 19:36*
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- Hallucinojasin:** Greg: Try. #jk #ctlive  
*2/22/2010 19:36*
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**Hallucinojasin:** Sid: Ok, um... [he thinks] nah, still got nothing. A car crash? #jk #ctlive  
*2/22/2010 19:38*

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**Hallucinojasin:** Greg: A car crash? Could work. Tell me more. #jk #ctlive  
*2/22/2010 19:38*

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**Hallucinojasin:** Sid: It's inner city, Cape Town. Alongside the mangled wreckage, a severed leg. And a coffee pot. #jk #ctlive  
*2/22/2010 19:40*

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**Hallucinojasin:** Greg: You sick bastard. She had kids you know. Jesus, what is that? Pantene? #jk #ctlive  
*2/22/2010 19:41*

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**Hallucinojasin:** Sid: [still thinking out loud]... the sound of sirens. Maybe a cat meows. A man crawls from the wreckage... #jk #ctlive  
*2/22/2010 19:43*

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**Hallucinojasin:** Greg: ...yeah?... #jk #ctlive  
*2/22/2010 19:44*

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**Hallucinojasin:** Sid: ...and vomits. #jk #ctlive  
*2/22/2010 19:44*

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**Hallucinojasin:** Greg: Sick. But nice. What then? #jk #ctlive  
*2/22/2010 19:44*

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**Hallucinojasin:** Sid: [noticing a colleague] Chips. Here comes Martin. #jk #ctlive  
*2/22/2010 19:49*

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**Hallucinojasin:** Martin: Hey guys. You hear about Janet? #jk #ctlive  
*2/22/2010 19:49*

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**Hallucinojasin:** Sid & Greg: Yeah... we were just talking about it. #jk #ctlive  
*2/22/2010 19:50*

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**Hallucinojasin:** Sid: [ignoring Martin] so then, he crawls through his own vom to the leg, and the miraculously unbroken coffee pot and weeps. #jk #ctlive  
*2/22/2010 19:53*

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**Hallucinojasin:** Martin: What are you guys talking about? #jk #ctlive  
*2/22/2010 19:54*

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**Hallucinojasin:** [simultaneously] Greg: A script. Sid: Coffee. #jk #ctlive  
*2/22/2010 19:55*

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**Hallucinojasin:** Martin: Shit. For a moment there, I thought you were talking about Janet. #jk #ctlive  
*2/22/2010 19:56*

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**Hallucinojasin:** Sid: Nope [opening his lunch box] #jk #ctlive  
*2/22/2010 19:57*

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**Hallucinojasin:** Greg: What the fuck is that smell? #jk #ctlive  
*2/22/2010 19:57*

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**Hallucinojasin:** Sid: Would you shut the fuck up about my hair? #jk #ctlive  
*2/22/2010 19:57*

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**Hallucinojasin:** Greg: No it smells like egg. #jk #ctlive  
*2/22/2010 19:58*

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**Hallucinojasin:** Sid: The wife packed me boiled egg sarmies. Want one? #jk #ctlive  
*2/22/2010 19:58*

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**Hallucinojasin:** Greg: Wait! That's brilliant, I have the opening for the script. #jk #ctlive  
*2/22/2010 19:59*

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**Hallucinojasin:** Sid: Yes? #jk #ctlive  
*2/22/2010 19:59*

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**Hallucinojasin:** Greg: Beach. Sunrise. An artist in front of a canvas. On it, a picture of a coffeepot. The artist's head is a boiled egg. #jk #ctlive  
*2/22/2010 20:00*

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**Hallucinojasin:** the end #jk #ctlive  
*2/22/2010 20:00*

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