

ROOMIES

"The Box"

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BEST
Script
— AWARD —

BEST SHORT LGBT SCREENPLAY



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ROOMIES

"The Box"

CAST

CHARLIE*..... ACTOR
CHRIS..... ACTOR
EUGENE..... ACTOR
GERTIE..... ACTOR
DEREK..... ACTOR

GUEST CAST

CLINGER..... ACTOR
TECHNICIAN..... ACTOR
NURSE PRACTITIONER 1..... ACTOR
NURSE PRACTITIONER 2..... ACTOR
CAB DRIVER..... ACTOR
DELIVERY MAN..... ACTOR
NICOLE..... ACTOR

**In loving memory of Ariel "Charlie" Grigas.*

EXT. CHRIS AND CHARLIE'S APARTMENT BUILDING - NIGHT

It's pitch black. No one is on the street, and the only thing visible is the light from street lamps. A light turns on in a bedroom on the second floor of this apartment building.

INT. CHARLIE'S BEDROOM

CLINGER is under the sheets with her head on CHARLIE's chest. They just finished the deed, and they are both out of breath and sweaty. The room is dimly lit by a small lamp on Charlie's night stand.

CLINGER

(panting)

I know we just met, Charlie, but I can't believe this chemistry. I hardly ever do this.

CHARLIE

Well, I'm glad you did. Twice.

CLINGER

(playing with her cell phone)

Didn't you say you were off tomorrow?

CHARLIE

I am...

CLINGER

Great, because I'm confirming with my mom last minute plans for lunch, but we'd have to wake up super early--

CHARLIE

For round three?

CLINGER

No, Pooh Bear.

Charlie is startled by the pet name.

CHARLIE

To grab a coffee at Starbucks before you meet your mom?

CLINGER

We need to start making coffee at home to save money, Charlie.

(stroking his hair)

(MORE)

CLINGER (CONT'D)

We need to get up super early to get your hair cut because I want it a little shorter on the sides for when you meet mom.

CHARLIE

Oh, I'm not sure that's necessary--

Clinger shows him her cell phone.

CLINGER

Look how much attention we're getting on Instagram?

CHARLIE

(with hesitation)

Wait. What did you put on Instagram?

CLINGER

There's this new app where I can use both of our pictures, and it will generate what our future child will look like. Look how cute baby Charlene is!

Charlie frantically grabs his phone and is trying his best to play it cool.

CHARLIE

Umm...I'm going to go ahead and set an alarm clock since we have such a busy day ahead.

INT. CHRIS'S BEDROOM - SIMULTANEOUS

The room is dark, and CHRIS is asleep in his bed, snuggling with a Kermit the Frog stuffed animal. His phone lights up and starts to violently vibrate. Chris looks at it, lets out an "ugh," flips his blankets off, and gets out of bed. Chris walks past the stripper pole installed in his room and exits.

INT. CHRIS AND CHARLIE'S LIVING ROOM

Chris walks across the living room that has a few boxes and folding chairs, and then barges into Charlie's bedroom.

INT. CHARLIE'S BEDROOM

Charlie is in bed with a twenty-something female. Startled, they both sit up.

CHRIS

What the fuck?! Who the fuck are you?!

CLINGER

I...uh...

CHARLIE

(to Chris)

Pookie, I was just...

CHRIS

(to Clinger)

Hey! How's my asshole taste, you stupid bitch?!

CLINGER

I'm sorry--I didn't know...

CHRIS

That we're gay, and in a **very** loving relationship?!

CLINGER

Um...I think I need to leave.

Clinger starts to grab her things. She is frantically going through piles of clothes on the floor looking for hers.

CHRIS

Yeah, you do!

CLINGER

Fuck you!

CHRIS

(to Charlie)

I KNOW your home wrecking hussy ain't just come at me sideways in my own damn room!

CHARLIE

(to Chris)

Chris, please...

CHRIS

(to Charlie)

Boo Boo, I will deal with you later!

CLINGER

You guys are crazy!

CHRIS

Crazy?! Bitch, look at your tramp stamp and Indiana lip liner. And if I find any of that off-brand shit smudged around my man's dick, so help me, Cher, I'll show you crazy!

Chris crosses out of the room.

INT. LIVING ROOM

Chris holds open the main door to the apartment.

CHRIS
FIVE. FOUR. THREE...

INT. CHARLIE'S BEDROOM

CLINGER
(to Charlie, through her
teeth)
*I **knew** it* when I saw your complete
boxed set of Golden Girls...

INT. LIVING ROOM

CHRIS
TWO, ONE!

Clinger doesn't even put all of her clothes on, but immediately leaves the apartment. Chris slams the main door and keeps his ear against the door.

CLINGER (V.O.)
Not again!

Once he hears the slam of the door to the building, he walks back into Charlie's room

INT. CHARLIE'S BEDROOM

Chris turns Charlie's main light on.

CHARLIE
Thanks, dude; I owe you.

CHRIS
Don't mention it..."Pookie."

CHARLIE
And hey, not that I'll ever know for
sure, but I'm sure your asshole tastes
like honey.

CHRIS
Duh!

Chris laughs, turns Charlie's light off, and exits.

CUT TO:

EXT. EUGENE'S PUB - NIGHT (NEXT DAY)

The street is pretty empty, and there's the sound of the Howard bound train approaching nearby.

INT. EUGENE'S PUB: FRONT BAR

Chris and Charlie are seated at the bar, and EUGENE is standing on the other side of the bar eating a burrito.

CHARLIE

Thanks again for last night.

CHRIS

You're in the clear?

CHARLIE

Well, she's texting about fixing me...

CHRIS

Futile. If I haven't been able to do it, nobody can.

Eugene walks over towards Chris and Charlie, and as he talks to them, food is falling out of his mouth.

EUGENE

(to Charlie)

Gay yet?!

CHRIS

How about yourself, Eugene? You're practically deep throating that burrito like you're late on rent.

Eugene gives Chris the middle finger, and Chris gestures giving a blow job.

CHARLIE

Are these new barstools?

EUGENE

I got them re-upholstered, but with vegan leather so that princess here won't piss her pants.

CHRIS

Gays love leather, stupid. We even have a gay leather beauty pageant downtown every year.

EUGENE

No one gives a rat's ass about your twisted fetishes, ya turd burglar.

(MORE)

EUGENE (CONT'D)

I'm referring to my new assistant manager, Gertie.

(to Charlie)

Wait till ya see her. I can tell she does Pilates because she's got an ass like...

GERTIE approaches the bar from the back, and she's absolutely stunning. Charlie clears his throat.

CHARLIE

You must be the new assistant manager!

Gertie shakes Charlie's hand.

GERTIE

I am, and it's a pleasure to meet you. You must be Chris.

Charlie looks dumbfounded. Chris extends his hand.

CHRIS

I'm Chris, and this is my cousin, Charlie.

EUGENE

Cousin?

CHRIS

Yes, and we're regulars.

CHARLIE

(nervously)

W-we live half a block down if you ever need anything.

GERTIE

That's very sweet.

All of the men are staring at her in silence.

GERTIE (CONT'D)

What can I get you two to drink?

EUGENE

They'll have a Bud Light and a cranberry vodka with lime but NO straw because it's bad for the environment, as our enlightened new assistant manager so graciously pointed out.

Eugene winks at Gertie.

GERTIE

Correct, but I've gotta grab a new case from the basement, fellas, so I'll be right back.

Gertie walks towards the back while Eugene and Charlie admire her backside. Chris rolls his eyes.

CHARLIE

Wow...

EUGENE

I want to explain something to you boys.

CHRIS

Can we wait to have our drink first?

EUGENE

(to Chris)

No.

(to Charlie)

I've always preferred female dogs to male dogs because they're more protective by nature, and I hired a female in this case 'cause I'll sleep better at night now knowing that all of my signed baseball memorabilia is safe.

Eugene motions to all of the signed jerseys and baseballs he has displayed behind a glass display case.

CHRIS

So this is why you hired Gertie--to protect your balls?

EUGENE

Don't be a smart ass. But, yeah.

CHARLIE

And there weren't any other reasons?

EUGENE

(excitedly)

Well, I can think of two...

Eugene and Chris laugh as Charlie clears his throat again. Gertie approaches with the drinks. She places the beer in front of Charlie and the cocktail in front of Chris.

CHRIS

And what are those two reasons, Gene-ey?

EUGENE

Well, I'll tell ya, Chrissy. She makes a great cocktail, and she doesn't take shit from anyone.

CHRIS

Well, since you spew so much of it, that's very important working here.

EUGENE

Now, if you'll excuse us, I need to show my new assistant manager some more paperwork.

Gertie picks up Eugene's plate and hand it to him while giving the boys a look of annoyance.

GERTIE

It was a pleasure meeting you both.
(to Eugene)
And I thought we discussed eating behind the bar.

CHRIS

Likewise.

CHARLIE

(enchanted)
And we'll see you soon!

Gertie and Eugene walk to the back. Chris switches the drinks so that he has the beer and Charlie has the cocktail. They cheers and take a sip.

CHRIS

Wanna put your boner away, lover boy?

CHARLIE

Why did you call us cousins?

CHRIS

I don't want you to appear gay by association. It's bad enough you like these bitch drinks.

CHARLIE

Hey!

Chris and Charlie laugh.

CHRIS

Ya know, I was hoping these were new chairs because I was going to ask him for the old ones for the apartment.

CHARLIE

Oh, that reminds me--our new couch is coming tomorrow.

Charlie takes a sip of his drink. His mood suddenly changes.

CHARLIE (CONT'D)

Can you believe she took everything?

CHRIS

We're not talking about that tonight. And, yes, I *can* believe she took everything because you *allowed* her to take everything.

CHARLIE

Well, all but one box that I found yesterday.

CHRIS

(intrigued)
Oh really? Anything good?

CHARLIE

Naw, just a bunch of girly stuff.

CHRIS

Boring. Sell it.

CHARLIE

I already texted her that it's here.

CHRIS

STOP TEXTING HER!

Chris takes a sip of his beer.

CHRIS (CONT'D)

I also have the afternoon off tomorrow to finish unpacking, so I can help with the couch as long as I'm done by the time the game starts.

CHARLIE

Oh, nice!

CHRIS

But before that, guess what we're doing?

Charlie takes a sip of his cocktail and shrugs his shoulders.

CHRIS (CONT'D)

We're getting STD tests at Howard Brown now that you're officially back on the market.

CHARLIE

That's not necessary.

CHRIS

Have you ever been tested?

CHARLIE

I get a physical every year, and they do blood work.

CHRIS

Let me tell you something about straight men. Y'all are dirtballs, and your dick could be rotting from the inside out from whatever that motherfucking mud-face gave you.

CHARLIE

I'm not experiencing any symptoms. But if it makes you feel better, then fine. I'll go

CHRIS

Can I tell you something?

CHARLIE

What's that?

CHRIS

Craziness is a symptom of syphilis, so that has to be why you still text your castrating ex and still wear pleated khakis.

CHARLIE

But you're going to help me with that now that we're roommates.

CHRIS

Antibiotics will help you where you need it most. But, don't worry, I'll be by your side with Instagram documenting your entire journey tomorrow.

They laugh and both take sips of their drinks. There's a slight shift in Charlie's mood.

CHARLIE

Chris, you really have no idea how much I appreciate this.

CHRIS

Your cocktail?

CHARLIE

You know what I mean--moving in to help me with expenses.

CHRIS

I don't do feelings, Charlie.

CHARLIE

I just wanted you to know...

CHRIS

I know, buddy, and you'd do it for me.

Chris chugs the rest of his beer and slams it down.

CHRIS (CONT'D)

But I'm not living with a diseased dick.

Charlie laughs and finishes his drink.

CHRIS (CONT'D)

So we're doing *two* things tomorrow...

CHARLIE

Two?!

CHRIS

Getting tested, but first we're gonna need to get your hair trimmed because I need it a little shorter on the sides.

FADE OUT.

EXT. CHRIS AND CHARLIE'S APARTMENT BUILDING - MORNING

INT. CHRIS AND CHARLIE'S APARTMENT LIVING ROOM

Chris is sitting on a folding chair in the living room waiting for Charlie.

CHRIS

Dude, seriously?

CHARLIE (V.O.)

I'm almost ready.

CHRIS

What are you doing?

Charlie steps out of his bedroom holding COPPERbond Foot Powder. He pulls his pants open, dumps powder down the front of his pants, and then he does a little shake.

CHARLIE

Dick dusting. What does it look like I'm doing?

CHRIS

You're what?!

CHARLIE

You should too; it's hot outside.

CHRIS

Wait--is that medicated foot powder...for your feet?

CHARLIE

Yessir! I wanted to make sure that my goodies were nice and fresh for inspection. Try it.

CHRIS

I'm not smelling your dick, dude.

CHARLIE

Whatever. I'm sure you don't say that to all the boys.

Charlie tosses the plastic bottle to Chris and walks towards the bathroom.

CHARLIE (CONT'D)

I gotta piss, and brush my teeth, and then I'm ready for my "journey."

Charlie enters the bathroom and closes the door. Chris stands up and walks into Charlie's room. He starts to place the powder on Charlie's dresser, but then decides to "dick dust" as well. Chris dumps *a lot* of powder in his pants and watches himself shake in the mirror. When he places the bottle onto the dresser, he notices a box in the reflection of the mirror. Chris turns around and sees the box is taped up and says "NICOLE" on it with a black permanent marker. Chris rolls his eyes.

CHRIS
The box should say "Slut," and not in
the good way.

CUT TO:

EXT. HOWARD BROWN CLINIC - MORNING

ESTABLISHING.

INT. HOWARD BROWN CLINIC WAITING ROOM

Chris and Charlie enter the waiting room and stand in line.
Chris is wearing a backpack.

CHRIS
And some STD's are asymptomatic, so
you don't know what shit you're
spreading.

Charlie looks away. Chris grabs him by the arm.

CHRIS (CONT'D)
(under his breath)
And there's a new strain of gonorrhea
popping up lately that's resistant to
antibiotics.

Charlie and Chris make it to the front of the line. Charlie
sneezes, and Chris notices and gasps.

CHARLIE
(through gritted teeth)
STOP. IT.

Charlie bends over to grab a number and to grab a clip board.

CHRIS
Okay, okay...

CHARLIE
Anyway, how do you know so much about
itching and scratching?

CHRIS
Uhh...I read.

CHARLIE
Aren't you afraid that you'll see
people you know?

CHRIS
Please. No one we know is up this
early.

Chris bends over to pick up a number and a clip board.

DEREK (O.S.)

Chris?!

Chris jumps up. He and Charlie turn around and DEREK runs up to them.

DEREK (CONT'D)

Oh, my god! What are you two doing here?

CHRIS

(to Charlie)

He doesn't count. He has no grounds to judge.

(to Derek)

My giblets needed a little attention. That and just a routine check-up.

They walk over to the side.

DEREK

(to Chris, under his breath)

Are breeders even allowed in here?

CHARLIE

Hi, Derek.

DEREK

Hi, handsome. Think you caught something?

CHRIS

No, Derek! We're just being adults. And on the opposite end of the spectrum, what brings you in?

DEREK

I called in some antibiotics...
(discreetly)
just in case.

CHARLIE

You can just call them in?

DEREK

(to Charlie)

I know a guy.

(to Chris)

Listen, I gotta open the shop, so I'll see ya there later.

CHRIS

Oh! If you're headed that way, could you do me a *huge* favor?

Chris takes off his back pack, unzips it, and remove the small box that has Nicole's name written on it. Charlie is in shock.

CHARLIE

You snatched my girlfriend's box?!

DEREK

Eww...

CHRIS

That's disgusting, Charlie, and she's not your girlfriend anymore.

Chris hands the box to Derek.

CHRIS (CONT'D)

This bitch is staying with a friend who lives close to the shop. Can you leave this on her porch?

CHARLIE

(to Chris)

Are you fucking kidding me?

DEREK

What's in it?

CHRIS

It's a basic bitch survival kit, and I'll text you the address.

CHARLIE

(to Derek)

Wait--

CHRIS

Derek's gotta run.

DEREK

Running! I'll catch you guys later!

(to Charlie, discreetly)

And I hope they can fix your dick.

Derek runs out, and Charlie is glaring at Chris.

CHRIS

Before you say anything, it's for the best, and you'll thank me later.

They both find a seat in the middle of the waiting area.

CHRIS (CONT'D)

Tossing that box out is like tearing down a Robert E. Lee statue--getting rid of a terrible reminder of a shameful period in our history.

CHARLIE

But--

CHRIS

And the people with their panties in a twist are the ones who can't let the sins of the past go. Let that settle for a moment.

As Chris sits down on the chair, a huge cloud of COPPERbond powder emerges from his crotch. Chris puts his head in his hands as all of the patients whip out their phones and try to record this for social media. Charlie pulls out his phone and sits next to Chris.

CHARLIE

(under his breath)

Give me a minute. I'm checking WebMD for maladies associated with a dusty asshole.

TECHNICIAN (O.S.)

Number seven.

CHARLIE

Oh, that's me - wish me luck!

Charlie gets up from his chair and crosses to the TECHNICIAN.

FADE TO:

INT. HOWARD BROWN CLINIC EXAM ROOM 1

Charlie is uncomfortable in the exam room with NURSE PRACTITIONER 1. He reluctantly drops his pants and looks away as Nurse Practitioner 1 conducts the exam.

CUT TO:

INT. HOWARD BROWN CLINIC EXAM ROOM 2

As Chris is placed in a different exam room by his Technician, he gets completely naked as he waits for NURSE PRACTITIONER 2.

As Nurse Practitioner 2 comes in, she greets him familiarly. They shake hands before she pulls out her wallet and shows Chris pictures of her family.

CUT TO:

INT. HOWARD BROWN CLINIC BATHROOM STALL

Charlie opens a swab and rubs it on his tongue. He gags a couple times and then places it in the plastic container. Before he attempts the anal swab, he drops his pants and then looks at the poster with cartoon instructions. He inserts the swab into his ass while making a face of torture. He rotates the swab a couple times very slowly and removes it very delicately using the tips of his fingers; he then places the swab in the plastic container meticulously as to not get any poop on his fingers. As soon as the container is sealed, Charlie exhales a huge sigh of relief.

CUT TO:

INT. HOWARD BROWN CLINIC BATHROOM STALL

Chris administers the mouth swab with incredible ease, and as he conducts the anal swab, he Snap Chats the experience. He finishes in record time.

CUT TO:

INT. HOWARD BROWN CLINIC EXAM ROOM 1

Charlie has his hand over his face as Nurse Practitioner 1 pricks his finger and draws blood. You see them both sit in silence and watch the clock on the wall until 15 minutes pass. Nurse Practitioner 1 checks the Rapid HIV test, smiles, shakes Charlie's hand, and escorts him out of the exam room.

CUT TO:

INT. HOWARD BROWN CLINIC EXAM ROOM 2

Chris watches as Nurse Practitioner 2 draws blood. They sit back and chat, Snap Chat their friends with Chris's phone, and eat snacks with their feet propped up. 30 minutes go by when Nurse Practitioner 2 clearly realizes that she forgot to check the test and jumps out of her chair.

CUT TO:

INT. HOWARD BROWN CLINIC WAITING ROOM

Charlie sits alone in the waiting room. He's clearly antsy as he's looking at his phone, the clock on the wall, and all the other patients. Chris walks into the waiting room with Technician.

CHRIS
(to Technician)
Keep me posted about your new puppy!

TECHNICIAN
Will do!

Technician walks off, and Charlie jumps out of his chair.

CHARLIE
Chris! What took you so long?!

CHRIS
(jokingly)
I'm very thorough...

CHARLIE
I was afraid something was wrong.

CHRIS
I don't think so, but I guess we'll find out in two weeks when we call for our results.

They both laugh and motion towards the door.

CHRIS (CONT'D)
Ya know, not all gay men have HIV, despite what Eugene may think.

CHARLIE
Hey, I need to stop by the accounting office for a minute, so would you mind hanging out at the apartment in case the couch comes? Someone needs to sign for it.

CHRIS
Seriously? Okay, I'll ask Derek to cover.

CHARLIE
I'll be quick.

CHRIS
Well, I'll probably be masturbating, so take your time.

FADE TO:

EXT. SPEX OPTICAL - LATE MORNING

INT. SPEX STOCK ROOM

Derek tears open Nicole's box and finds lots of feminine cosmetics and a pink hair straightener. The chime of the front door goes off.

CHARLIE (V.O.)

Derek, I need you.

DEREK

You have no idea how long I've waited to hear you say that.

Derek walks out of the stock room.

INT. SPEX OPTICAL

Derek walks into the main room and finds Charlie standing at the front desk.

CHARLIE

I need that box.

DEREK

Mm, box? Can you describe the box?

CHARLIE

Derek, I have a lot to do today, and I really need that box right now.
Please.

DEREK

Okay, okay... don't blow a gasket. Actually, don't blow anything unless I've given you a tutorial. Give me a second.

Derek walks back into the stock room.

INT. SPEX STOCK ROOM

Derek looks through the contents of the box and dumps everything out onto the table. He then fills the box with Spex branded materials: eyeglass cases, cleaning sprays, cleaning cloths, etc. He tapes up the box and inspects it to make sure it looks like it did and that the weight of the box is comparable.

EXT. CHRIS AND CHARLIE'S APARTMENT BUILDING - AFTERNOON

INT. CHRIS AND CHARLIE'S LIVING ROOM

Chris is sitting on a folding chair and is unpacking boxes. His phone rings and he answers it.

CHARLIE (V.O.)
Yo, it's me.

CHRIS
Yo, what up, playa? How's work?

CHARLIE (V.O.)
I'm at Nicole's with the box--

CHRIS
Goddamn, I hope you're joking.

CHARLIE (V.O.)
Specifically, I'm across the street from her place. Waiting

CHRIS
Okay...that's creepy.

CHARLIE (V.O.)
I know, but I don't know what to do. I'm freaking out!

CHRIS
Go home, Charlie. This is weird.

CHARLIE (V.O.)
This cab driver is going to murder me...

CHRIS
You're in a cab?

CUT TO:

INT. CAB - SIMULTANEOUS

Charlie is in the back seat of a cab with the box on his lap, and he's talking into his cell phone.

CHARLIE
Yeah, man - for over an hour.

CHRIS (V.O.)
Wait--what?! What's your fare up to?

CHARLIE
\$140.

CHRIS (V.O.)

That's fucking crazy. Get out of the cab.

CHARLIE

I'm so scared--I can't move.

CHRIS (V.O.)

Her neighbors are going to call 9-1-1, and I'm going to call the higher authority, *your mother*, if you don't chuck that damn box across the street, and take your ass home.

CHARLIE

I'm really freaking out, man.

CAB DRIVER

(in a thick accent)

"A profound love between two people involves, after all, the power and chance of doing profound hurt."

CHARLIE

Finally, somebody who gets it--

CHRIS

THERE'S NOTHING TO GET! Charlie, leave. She's probably at work.

CHARLIE

Yeah, she definitely is. I called there earlier and hung up when she answered.

CUT TO:

INT. CHRIS AND CHARLIE'S LIVING ROOM - SIMULTANEOUS

CHRIS

Charlie, this is like them made-for-TV movies on Lifetime where the ex-boyfriend just can't let go.

CHARLIE (V.O.)

(sniffs)

I don't think I can.

CHRIS

All the more reason you need to punt that box onto that girl's front lawn. And are you crying right now?!

CHARLIE (V.O.)

(sniffs)

No...

CHRIS

I certainly hope not. That mother fuckin' cake face is not worth any tears.

CHARLIE (V.O.)

(sniffs)

I love her.

There's a knock at the door. Chris walks towards the front door.

CHRIS

But she won't reciprocate that, and, unfortunately, that's your reality at the moment.

Chris opens the main door to the apartment, and lets in two men holding a giant yellow couch wrapped in plastic.

CHRIS (CONT'D)

(to the delivery guys)

Come on in.

(to Charlie)

I should have ripped that cunt's box inside out before you got a chance to put your hands on it. Now kick that sorry shit to the curb, and I'll see you at home later.

The two men make a face towards each other in shock when they hear this, then take the couch over to the living room. Chris hangs up the phone and follows the men to the living room.

CHRIS (CONT'D)

Against that wall is great.

The men position the oversized couch against the wall and remove the plastic wrap revealing an incredibly bright yellow couch.

CHRIS (CONT'D)

Oh, it's like *real* yellow...

DELIVERY MAN

That's what the order says...

DELIVERY MAN hands Chris something to sign.

CHRIS

(signing)

Hmmm...that's *crazy*... Maybe he does
have syphilis.

The two delivery men exchange a bizarre look to each other
again. Chris returns the signed paper.

FADE TO:

EXT. EUGENE'S PUB - EARLY EVENING

INT. EUGENE'S PUB: FRONT BAR

Charlie is seated at the bar holding the box. He looks sad
with his head down. Eugene is on the side of the bar trying
to turn on the TV, but he's having trouble with the remote
control.

EUGENE

Ya know, I had my heart broken once.

CHARLIE

What did you do to get over it?

EUGENE

I took a modern dance class.

CHARLIE

Oh, really? I had no idea you liked to
dance.

EUGENE

Yeah! And I figured a lot of hot
bodies take dance classes. (beat) Oh,
and I got a flesh light in the shape
of my ex's asshole--

The front door opens and in walks NICOLE. She's very tall
and thin with lots of makeup. Charlie jumps out of his chair
and stands to greet her. He tries to hug her and she
recoils.

CHARLIE

Nicole! Wow! You look great.

NICOLE

Thanks. And thanks for returning my
stuff.

They sit down. Eugene walks over.

EUGENE

What can I get you?

NICOLE

Nothing. I don't plan on staying here long.

Eugene rolls his eyes and walks back to the side of the bar to resume trying to turn on the TV.

NICOLE (CONT'D)

(pointing to the box)
So, that's it?

CHARLIE

Yeah.

Nicole stares at it for a moment and looks puzzled. She takes it from him.

CHARLIE (CONT'D)

Recognize it?

NICOLE

No, and I made a point *not* to leave anything behind to avoid an interaction like this.

The front door opens and Chris walks in. He notices Charlie at the bar.

CHRIS

(to Charlie)
Yo, what's up?

Chris walks up to Charlie. Nicole's back is to Chris, and when she turns around, Chris shrieks.

CHRIS (CONT'D)

Yikes!

Nicole rolls her eyes.

CHARLIE

What are you doing here?

CHRIS

I always watch the Cubs games here. You know that. They're playing the Devil Rays today. Speaking of which...

(to Nicole)
How's life?

NICOLE

Well, I've been getting a lot of interesting phone calls.

CHRIS

Oh, yeah?

NICOLE

Do you think you could remove that
Craigslist ad with my cell phone
number listed?

CHRIS

I don't know what you're talking
about.

Charlie clears his throat.

CHRIS (CONT'D)

But maybe I can look into it.

(beat)

I'm gonna help this boomer over here
with the remote control.

Chris walks over to help Eugene.

CHRIS (CONT'D)

(to Eugene, under his breath)

Stupid bitch. I ain't taking down
shit.

Eugene and Chris giggle to themselves.

NICOLE

Well, let's see what's in here.

Nicole opens the box to find branded objects from Chris's
work.

NICOLE (CONT'D)

What the fuck is this?! Do you think
you're funny, Charlie?

Charlie grabs the box and starts rummaging through it.

CHARLIE

Wait, this isn't what was in here
earlier.

NICOLE

(loudly)

And what was in there earlier? Was it
your backbone? Did you finally find
your backbone?!

Eugene and Chris walk over to them, And Nicole gets up from
her bar stool. Gertie appears from the back.

CHARLIE

There were a bunch of cosmetics and a pink hair straightener--

CHRIS

Yo, that's *my* stuff! And it should have my very expensive Clinique charcoal clay mask!

Nicole aggressively pushes her barstool forward. Gertie approaches the bar.

NICOLE

I should've known. What a waste of my day! Enough. I will file a restraining order if you and your faggot "friend" don't stay the fuck out of my life.

The whole room goes silent.

CHARLIE

Is that right? Okay, okay. You know what, Nicole? Thank you.

NICOLE

What are you thanking me for?

CHARLIE

That happens to be my *best* friend, and what you just said and the ugly, hateful, hurtful way you said it just gave me the closure I needed.

CHRIS

(to Nicole)

Yes, and you could use a faggot friend like me so that you don't walk around looking like a paintball target.

EUGENE

(to Nicole)

So, let me get this straight. I can get your number from Craigslist?

NICOLE

Oh, fuck off! You all are fucking losers.

Nicole puts her purse strap over her shoulder.

GERTIE

(to Nicole)

Alright, we're done here, and I want you to get the fuck out before I remove you in a way that you will not find even remotely pleasant.

Nicole walks closer to the bar. Gertie picks up a wet dish rag.

NICOLE

And what the fuck are you gonna do with that?

GERTIE

Use it to wipe that smug look off your face, you bigoted bitch.

Gertie violently slaps the wet dish rag onto the bar.

NICOLE

I'm leaving!

Everyone watches as Nicole storms out.

GERTIE

Is everyone okay?

The three men look at each other and all nod their heads.

GERTIE (CONT'D)

I have more paperwork to do, but if Bobo the clown walks back in, let me know, and I'll take care of it because that kind of language will not be tolerated at my bar.

Gertie walks to the back and the boys all watch in silence.

CHRIS

That was hot.

(to Charlie)

How do you feel?

CHARLIE

Better, I think...now that that's done, and she's gone for good.

Eugene holds up the rag and sniffs it.

CHRIS

(to Eugene)

Gross.

(to Charlie)

(MORE)

CHRIS (CONT'D)
You know what would make *me* feel
better?

Charlie shrugs his shoulders.

CHRIS (CONT'D)
If you returned that yellow couch.

CHARLIE
You don't like it?

Chris stares at Charlie. Eugene brings over a beer and a
cranberry and vodka.

CHRIS
Was that yellow monstrosity a
practical joke?

Charlie starts laughing.

CHARLIE
I honestly thought you'd like a pop of
color.

They cheers their drinks and take a sip.

CHRIS
I feel like you looked for the gayest
piece of furniture in the world to go
with your new gay roommate.
(to Eugene)
I should have taken a picture for ya.

Chris pulls the bar stool out. And Eugene pulls his phone out
of his pocket.

EUGENE
That reminds me; I have a picture for
you!

Chris and Charlie lean forward.

CHARLIE
Whose kid is that?

EUGENE
It's this new app. I took a picture
of Gertie when she wasn't looking and
uploaded it with one of my pictures,
and this is what our child will look
like.

Chris and Charlie start cackling.

CHARLIE

Yeah, maybe in your dreams!

CHRIS

Specifically your wet ones.

Chris plops himself down on the bar stool next to Charlie, and when he does, another huge cloud of COPPERbond powder erupts from his ass. Everyone stops laughing as Eugene and Charlie stare at Chris. Chris puts his head on the bar.

FADE TO:

EXT. CONDO BUILDING ABOVE GAY BAR - NIGHT

INT. DEREK'S BEDROOM

The camera pans across a bed showing Chris's skin care and hair stuff sprawled out, and then the camera pans up to show Derek wearing one of Chris's charcoal clay masks.

END