

ROOMIES

"Housewarming"

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BEST
Script
— AWARD —

SEMI-FINALIST

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ROOMIES

"Housewarming"

CAST

CHARLIE*..... ACTOR
CHRIS..... ACTOR
DEREK..... ACTOR
VIVIAN..... ACTOR
EUGENE..... ACTOR

GUEST CAST

BARTENDER..... ACTOR
JACOB..... ACTOR
CUSTOMER..... ACTOR
LISA..... ACTOR
CLASSMATE 1..... ACTOR
CLASSMATE 2..... ACTOR
CLASSMATE 3..... ACTOR
GIRL..... ACTOR
CABBIE..... ACTOR
COP 1..... ACTOR
COP 2..... ACTOR

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

EXT. ROSCOE'S TAVERN - NIGHT

The sidewalk outside of the bar is crowded with lots of men and a few scattered drag queens.

INT. ROSCOE'S TAVERN MAIN ROOM

There are balloons and streamers all over. Confetti covers the floor, and the atmosphere mimics a New Year's Eve celebration. Chris and Charlie are standing at the end of the bar, and a BARTENDER approaches.

BARTENDER

(to Chris)

Hey, handsome. What are y'all having?

Chris nods at Charlie.

CHARLIE

A Miller Lite and a cranberry vodka with a lime?

BARTENDER

You got it.

Charlie hands Bartender a twenty dollar bill, and Bartender prepares the drinks.

CHARLIE

What's the special occasion?

CHRIS

Are you kidding me right now?

Charlie stares at Chris.

CHRIS (CONT'D)

Sunday Funday, dummy!

Chris unbuttons Charlie's top button.

CHRIS (CONT'D)

Loosen up, would you? I'll protect you in the unlikely event anybody finds you even remotely alluring.

Bartender comes back with the drinks. He puts the beer in front of Charlie, and the cocktail in front of Chris.

BARTENDER

Here ya go, boys! Enjoy!

CHRIS

Thanks!

Bartender gives Charlie the change and walks away to tend to other patrons. Chris puts the cocktail in front of Charlie and grabs the beer for himself.

CHARLIE
(counting the change)
I think we got a free drink.

CHRIS
Sundays are "dollar beers."

CHARLIE
Only a dollar?! How do they make any money?

CHRIS
Look at how packed this place is. Only half of them are drinking beer, while all the bottoms are ordering shots.

Chris laughs and spots Derek walking into the bar.

CHRIS (CONT'D)
Speaking of which--

DEREK
(shouting to Chris and Charlie)
Hello, peasants!

Chris waves to Derek, and Derek waves back. Derek walks to the bar and orders a drink from Bartender.

CHARLIE
Oh, great...

CHRIS
Be nice; it's a holiday.

CHARLIE
What holiday?

Chris hits Charlie in the arm.

CHRIS
Again: Sunday...!!

Derek approaches and gives Chris a big hug. Derek has clearly been drinking.

DEREK
I might be late to work tomorrow.

CHRIS

It's okay. I'll open.

Derek hugs Charlie. Bartender brings over a cranberry vodka with a lime for Derek.

BARTENDER

Here ya go, babe.

DEREK

(to Bartender)

Thanks!

(to Charlie)

Isn't this incredible?!

CHARLIE

Yes. This Sunday party is pretty amazing.

DEREK

Well, that, yeah. But I meant that we're basically neighbors!

Charlie chokes on his cocktail, and Chris laughs.

CHRIS

No, we're not.

DEREK

Well, I'm sleeping with one of your neighbors.

CHARLIE

Congratulations!

They all cheers their drinks.

DEREK

Excuse moi, but I gotta piss like a racehorse.

CHRIS

Is it a French racehorse?

DEREK

(in Chris's ear)

I should have gone before I left his house, but we're not at that level yet, ya know?

CHRIS

(in Derek's ear)

Got your wet wipes in your pocket?

DEREK
Bitch, you know it!
(To Charlie)
Watch my drink, and don't let anyone
roofie it.

CHARLIE
I'll watch it. And I'll be watching
mine too.

Derek goes to the bathroom.

CHARLIE (CONT'D)
Does he sleep with them all until
something better comes along?

CHRIS
Ya know, that's a great question. I
think you should ask him that when he
comes back from the bathroom.

CHARLIE
I don't think I want any details.

CHRIS
You're right. You don't.
(beat)
So, a gay bar is a great place to meet
single ladies...

CHARLIE
Chris, I'm not ready.

CHRIS
But the only way to get over someone--

CHARLIE
Is to get under someone new. I've
heard that one before.

Charlie takes a sip of his drink.

CHRIS
Okay, I get it.
(beat)
On a different note--

Chris digs through his jacket pockets.

CHRIS (CONT'D)
I have Tums in my pocket.

CHARLIE
Is the pizza starting to hit you?

CHRIS

I'm sure it will, but this might be funny.

Chris drops a Tums in Derek's drink, and it starts to fizz ever so slightly.

CHARLIE

He won't even notice.

They both giggle like children but compose themselves as Derek returns from the bathroom.

CHRIS

That was quick.

DEREK

(in Chris's ear)

It was just post-sex gas...

(to Charlie)

Would have been quicker along the way, but I got sidetracked.

CHRIS

What's his name?

Derek shrugs, and they all laugh. Derek reaches for his drink and motions to drink it. Just before he takes a sip, he notices a circular tablet at the bottom of his glass. He screams.

DEREK

OH, MY GOD!

Bartender runs over to Derek.

BARTENDER

Derek! Are you okay?!

Derek hands Bartender the drink.

DEREK

Someone is trying to drug me!

Bartender takes the glass and inspects it. Chris looks at Charlie.

BARTENDER

(to Chris and Charlie)

Holy Shit! Did either of you see who did this?!

CHRIS

Ummm...I--

CHARLIE

Derek was only gone for a second, and everything happened so fast.

BARTENDER

Give me your drinks, and let me make you some fresh ones.

(to Chris)

Can you believe that? People are sick!

CHRIS

It's so sad.

Bartender walks away to grab more drinks.

DEREK

I was almost raped.

CHARLIE

We wouldn't have let that happen...

DEREK

I can't believe this. Not me!

Derek runs away.

CHRIS

Holy shit. Should we leave?

CHARLIE

Naw, man. This'll blow over in a minute.

The music suddenly stops.

DJ (V.O.)

Everyone, please keep an eye out. We've just been made aware that some sick fuck is putting roofies in drinks.

Chris and Charlie look at each other.

CHARLIE

(shouting to Bartender)

Ya know what? We're just gonna come back later this week. We both have to work early tomorrow.

Charlie grabs their jackets, and the bartender waves.

EXT. ROSCOE'S TAVERN - NIGHT

Chris and Charlie step out of the bar and are walking down the street.

CHRIS

You know what I was just thinking?

CHARLIE

What?

CHRIS

We could totally bring this party home?

CHARLIE

Right now?

CHRIS

No, I mean like a killer housewarming party.

CHARLIE

I don't know...

CHRIS

Dude, why not?! Now that I live with you, I feel like it's only right for us to kick off this era with a good ol' fashioned kegger.

CHARLIE

Hmmm.. Okay, but nothing huge.

CHRIS

No, not huge. But...

Chris stops walking.

CHRIS (CONT'D)

Ya know what? I'll meet you at home.

CHARLIE

Did the pizza finally catch up with you?

Chris turns around and starts walking briskly back to the bar.

CHRIS
(shouting)
I plead the 5th, and we'll continue
this discussion in the morning!

FADE OUT.

EXT. BERWYN L TRAIN STATION - MORNING

Next day. The Berwyn L Train station is packed with early morning commuters. Chris and a BYSTANDER notice vomit on the platform, and then look at each other.

CHRIS (CONT'D)
Sunday Funday. Am I right?

The train approaches, and everyone pushes to board the train.

INT. CHRIS AND CHARLIE'S KITCHEN

Charlie turns off the stove and moves a frying pan of bacon onto the opposite corner of the stove. He carefully picks up each piece of bacon and transfers it to a nearby plate.

CHARLIE
(shouting through the wall)
Hey, Chris--Aren't you going to be
late for work?

Charlie walks down the hallway towards Chris's room.

CHARLIE (CONT'D)
Chris...?

Chris's bedroom door is ajar. Charlie pushes it open and finds a seemingly nude man under Chris's sheets. Charlie turns the lights on.

CHARLIE (CONT'D)
Excuse me--who are you?!

MAN
I'm Jacob.

JACOB puts a pillow over his head to shield himself from the light.

JACOB
Who the fuck are you?!

CHARLIE
Charlie, and I pay rent here.

JACOB

Oh, Charlie...

Jacob removed the pillow from his face and leans forward to shake Charlie's hand. The sheets come up, revealing Jacob's penis.

JACOB (CONT'D)

What's up?

CHARLIE

Whoa, and there's your penis.

Charlie stares for a moment and then shields his face with his hands. He backs out of the room.

EXT. SPEX - MORNING

INT. SPEX DISPENSARY

The phone rings and VIVIAN answers. Vivian is the doctor's assistant and is wearing a white coat and is a rather large woman.

VIVIAN

(to Chris)

It's Charlie, and he sounds pissed.

Vivian hands the phone to Chris.

CHRIS

What's up, bro?

CHARLIE (V.O.)

There's a huge fucking black man in your bed!

CHRIS

Why does he have to be black?

CHARLIE (V.O.)

Take that up with God, but in any case, he is!

CHRIS

He's black *and* white, actually.

CHARLIE (V.O.)

Whatever--

CHRIS

But society still sees him as black, so, I mean, I get it.

CHARLIE (V.O.)
Okay, society is fucked. But
acknowledging that doesn't change the
fact that there's a huge naked mixed
guy in your bed right now.

CHRIS
He's not naked.

CHARLIE (V.O.)
Yes, he is.

CHRIS
That's disgusting, Charlie. No, he's
not.

INT. CHRIS AND CHARLIE'S KITCHEN

Jacob walks past Charlie in the kitchen and picks up a piece
of bacon off of the counter. Jacob is entirely naked.

JACOB
Hey, man--you gonna eat all this
bacon?

Charlie is trying to avoid Jacob's large penis.

CHARLIE
(to Chris, under his breath)
I just saw his dick again! In the
fucking kitchen!
(to Jacob)
Help yourself, just put some drawers
on!

Jacob grabs some more bacon and heads back into Chris's room.

INT. SPEX DISPENSARY

CHRIS
Ok, I'll talk to him about his attire.

CHARLIE (V.O.)
Or lack of it! Why is he here?

CHRIS
Wait, was he naked in my bed?!

VIVIAN
Someone's naked in your bed?

CHRIS
(to Vivian)
I left him on the couch.

VIVIAN
Damn, that's cold.

CHARLIE (V.O.)
WHY IS HE HERE, CHRISTOPHER?!

CHRIS
I gave him a key--

CHARLIE (V.O.)
You WHAT?!

CHRIS
Remember? We talked about it.

CHARLIE (V.O.)
We never talked about this.

CHRIS
Yes, we did. Jacob is the one who drinks and drives, and I told him to crash on my couch if he's in no condition to drive.

CHARLIE (V.O.)
It's *my* couch, and you never talked to me about this.

CHRIS
Ok, we'll talk tonight after improv class. And then we can both agree: we talked about it.

CHARLIE (V.O.)
Oh, we're DEFINITELY going to talk.

CHRIS
And I'll definitely establish some rules with Jacob. What's he doing right now?

INT. CHRIS AND CHARLIE'S LIVING ROOM

Jacob is lying down on Charlie's oversized yellow couch and is only wearing briefs. Charlie is practically standing over Jacob as he talks to Chris on the phone.

CHARLIE
He's on the couch watching TV.

CHRIS (V.O.)
Naked?

CHARLIE
No.

CHRIS (V.O.)
Thank, God.

CHARLIE
He's rocking a pair of your batman
undies.

INT. SPEX DISPENSARY

Vivian is right next to Chris listening to the conversation.

CHRIS
My batman undies?!

VIVIAN
(to Chris)
Batman Undies?

CHARLIE (V.O.)
I'm going to be late for work. Please
talk to your friend.

Charlie hangs up the phone.

CHRIS
Ok... uh... hello?

Chris hangs up the phone.

CHRIS (CONT'D)
(to Vivian)
Shit, I'm in so much trouble.

Derek barges into the shop wearing sunglasses.

VIVIAN
Nice of you to finally get to work,
Derek.

DEREK
Eat me, Minivan. Where's Debbi?

Derek drapes his jacket on the back of his desk chair. He sits at his desk and puts his head on it. Chris walks over and lowers the blinds across from Derek's desk.

CHRIS
She texted Vivian that a bird pooped
on her head and that she had to wash
her hair.

Chris walks over to the water filter and fills up a cup of water for Derek.

DEREK

Didn't a bird poop on her friend's head last week?

VIVIAN

Apparently the pigeon community hates her and her whole crew. So, what's your excuse for being late?

DEREK

Someone tried to savagely rape my supple body last night.

VIVIAN

HOLY SHIT!

DEREK

I know.

VIVIAN

What desperate prick would wanna do a dumb thing like that?!

Chris places the cup of water on Derek's desk.

DEREK

I can't even talk about it.

Derek puts his head in his hands.

DEREK (CONT'D)

Chris, can you fill her in?

CHRIS

Someone last night allegedly tried to "roofie" Derek at the bar while he was pooping.

DEREK

I WAS NOT POOPING!

VIVIAN

(to Derek)

And while you were pooping, Chris apparently gave a friend a key without checking with Charlie.

DEREK

Again, I wasn't pooping! But, Chris, you didn't!

CHRIS

I think so...

DEREK

Well, Charlie needs to understand that it's your apartment too, and you can do whatever the fuck you want to do.

CHRIS

Yeah, but I should have--

DEREK

Asked for his permission?! No the fuck you shouldn't of.

VIVIAN

Derek, yes, he should've.

DEREK

You've never had roommates, so you don't get a say.

VIVIAN

Here's my roommate.

Vivian gives Derek the finger.

VIVIAN (CONT'D)

So, is Jacob a romantic interest?

A tall thin white man in a navy blue North Face jacket enters the store.

CHRIS

(to Customer)

Hi! How are you doing?

The customer smiles at Chris.

DEREK

Chris wishes he was.

CHRIS

No, I don't. He's just a friend--

DEREK

Who happens to be beautiful.

CHRIS

And who happens to commute back and forth from Schaumburg, and I don't want him driving if he's been drinking.

VIVIAN
Well, that's admirable.

CHRIS
Thank you, Vivian--

VIVIAN
But you should've told your hot
beefcake of a roommate.

DEREK
Well, he didn't, and beefcake is gonna
have to get over it.

VIVIAN
Would Charlie be less concerned if
Jacob wasn't black?

DEREK
VIVIAN! He's mixed.

CHRIS
(to Vivian)
No, I don't think so. Charlie hates
everybody. Not just minorities.

VIVIAN
So, I'm not racist, but is it more
politically correct to call him a
beautiful mixed man as opposed to a
beautiful black man?

CHRIS
(laughs)
I don't know. I just call him Jacob.
(to customer across the room)
Let me know if there's anything we can
help you find.

The customer smiles again at Chris and motions towards the
Ray-Ban collection.

DEREK
I don't know either, but I can tell
you that if you start a statement
with, "I'm not racist, but..." then the
next thing out of your mouth is
probably going to be racist.

VIVIAN
I--

CHRIS

(to Vivian)

No one thinks you're racist.

DEREK

Ya know what else I can't stand?

VIVIAN

That the sexual health clinic won't give you a punch card?

DEREK

(to Vivian)

You're a bitch.

(to Chris)

When we're out with friends, and I'm telling a story, people are always like, "what color was he?"

CHRIS

Debbi does that, but sometimes I think they're trying to gauge dick size based off of stereotypes surrounding certain demographics.

VIVIAN

Well, I don't think it's necessarily racist to want a visual.

DEREK

It is racist, and there's no scenario when it's ever appropriate to ask someone's race. It's illegal on a job application, and it's in poor taste outside of the workplace.

The customer leaves, and the door chimes.

CHRIS

Holy Shit! Did anyone sell any shades?

DEREK

No, why?

CHRIS

I think that dude just swiped a Ray-Ban.

VIVIAN

I don't see anything missing..

Chris walks over to the display case and picks up a pair of sunglasses.

CHRIS

He did a little switch-a-roo and left us with these cheap gas station sunnies.

VIVIAN

Should we call the cops?

CHRIS

Vivian, can you email the other stores so they can be aware? Derek, email the chamber, and I'll call the cops.

DEREK

Ok.

Derek and Vivian hop on the computers, and Chris walks over to the phone to make a call.

CHRIS

Hi, I work at Spex in Lakeview, and some guy just stole a pair of sunglasses. (Beat) Umm... probably about 6 feet tall, thin build, and he had on a navy blue North Face jacket. (Beat) Umm... ya know, uh... let me ask my coworker...

(to Derek)

Derek, what color would you say he was?

Chris shrugs and Derek walks over to him.

DEREK

Give me the phone.

Derek takes the phone.

DEREK (CONT'D)

Ma'am, he was an earthy beige with red undertones and a silky matte finish, and our address is 3760 Broadway, so please send someone immediately.

Derek aggressively hangs up the phone.

DEREK (CONT'D)

What is this world coming to?!

EXT. BERWYN L TRAIN STATION - MORNING

Charlie is distressed as he walks down the street. He notices someone eating a hot dog as he walks by, and then he passes a balloon artist outside of the train station.

The balloon artist is holding a long balloon in both hands, and Charlie turns away. As he gets to the end of the street, he stops as he waits for the light to change. He looks to his left and sees a beautiful woman sitting on a fire hydrant. Charlie puts his head down, and as soon as the light changes, he runs down the street.

EXT. IMPROV OLYMPIC - EVENING

INT. CLASSROOM

Chris enters the class late and grabs the first available seat. Charlie is seated on the other side of the room, and CLASSMATE 1 and CLASSMATE 2 are hopping around the stage like monkeys. Chris tries texting Charlie. Charlie's phone vibrates in his pocket. He checks it, turns it off, and puts his phone in his backpack. The monkey scene concludes, and the entire class claps.

LISA

Wow - that puts a new meaning to the term monkey business. How did that scene feel?

CLASSMATE 1

Great. I felt really connected.

CLASSMATE 2

I dunno, but I'm really sweaty.

CLASSMATE 1

Oh, me too. So sweaty.

LISA

Great! Improv is hard. Can I get two more on stage?

Charlie and CLASSMATE 3 approach to the stage, and Chris bolts on stage. There are three of them on stage.

CHARLIE

No problem. I can wait till the next one.

LISA

No, Charlie, that's okay. We'll have the three of you stay up there. Can we give them a suggestion?

CLASSMATE 1

FEET!

LISA
Alright, feet it is! Whenever you
three are ready-

Chris immediately turns to Charlie and ignores Classmate 3.

CHRIS
I'm sorry.

CHARLIE
That you don't have that shoe in my
size?

CHRIS
Yes, for that and for everything.

CLASSMATE 3
(to Charlie)
Oh, do you two know each other?

CHRIS
We were college roommates, but he lets
issues pulsate until they literally
explode in my face.

Charlie looks embarrassed and clears his throat.

CHRIS (CONT'D)
Then he left town to follow a career
and start a family.

CHARLIE
And Eugene here stayed back to follow
his dream in music.

CHRIS
Eugene?!

CHARLIE
Yes... that's your name, right?

Chris and Charlie stare at each other.

CLASSMATE 3
Oh, do you sing?

CHRIS
Well, Derek here and I used to, but
now I specialize in feet, so..

CHARLIE
Derek?!
(whispering in Chris's ear)
You son of a bitch....

(MORE)

CHARLIE (CONT'D)

(full voice)

Do you think you could find these in a size 12?

CHRIS

A size 12? Really?

CHARLIE

Yes, a size 12!

CLASSMATE 3

Ya know what they say about big feet?

CHRIS

Big heart?

CHARLIE

Not as big as Jacob's--

CHRIS

Oh, experiencing a little penis envy, are we?

CLASSMATE 3

Who's Jacob?

Classmate 1 jumps up on stage and joins the scene.

CLASSMATE 1

I'm Jacob!

CHRIS

No, you're not; take a seat.

Chris pushes Classmate 1 off stage.

LISA

CHRIS!

CHRIS

She had her turn!

LISA

You don't have to shove her, though.

CHRIS

(to Classmate 1)

Sorry.

LISA

Continue.

CHRIS

I'll get that size 12, but before I do, I just wanted you to know that I take full responsibility for everything that went down with Jacob, and I will do everything in my power to fix it and get you that size 12 shoe.

CLASSMATE 3

Well, isn't that nice? And I'm sorry that your music career didn't work out.

CHARLIE

And I'm sorry that accident left you with a terrible limp.

Chris rolls his eyes and walks off stage dragging his foot behind him.

LISA

Great listening, Chris.

CLASSMATE 3

Derek, honey, don't you think this is the perfect opportunity for you and your friend to resolve some issues.

CHARLIE

But there are so many.

CLASSMATE 3

Just remember that if he's owning up to things, it's important that you own your part as well.

Chris walks back to Charlie dragging his foot behind him and mimes holding a couple shoe boxes.

CHARLIE

I'm sorry, Eugene, that I violated your privacy years ago by giving a stranger a spare key without your permission because that was a real *dick* move.

CHRIS

Well, Derek, I'm sorry that I cried during *Steel Magnolias* because that's a really *pussy* thing to do.

CLASSMATE 3

I'm sorry--

CHARLIE

I'm sorry that my communication skills *suck* and that maybe I get so drunk that I forget conversations or make them up in my head.

CLASSMATE 3

Ok, but do we think we can all get past this?

Pause.

CHRIS

I am willing if Derek is willing.

CHARLIE

Obviously we can get past this, but just be considerate, okay?

CHRIS

Okay...

Chris and Charlie start to hug--

CHARLIE

And no exposed genitalia in eating areas.

CHRIS

Okay.

Chris and Charlie finally hug.

CHRIS (CONT'D)

I'm glad everything is settled before the housewarming tomorrow night.

CHARLIE

Wait... the what?!

CLASSMATE 3

So do the shoes fit or what?

LISA

Alright: scene!

The entire class claps, and Charlie is glaring at Chris.

FADE OUT.

EXT. HISTORIC BOYSTOWN — MORNING

Homeless people are digging through the trash outside of Spex.

INT. SPEX DISPENSARY

Chris and Vivian are sitting at their desks watching people on the street through the window.

CHRIS

There are so many more homeless people as of late.

VIVIAN

Well, a lot of them live in that roach motel down the street, and they all wander down this way.

CHRIS

That's so sad.

VIVIAN

And they're always talking to themselves.

CHRIS

If they were wearing a Bluetooth, would you give them leeway?

VIVIAN

Hmmm... I see your point.

Derek rushes in wearing sunglasses. He approaches the computer to clock in.

DEREK

Oh, my god – I'm so hung over.

VIVIAN

What else is new?

DEREK

Definitely not that screaming cardigan, Minivan.

Derek goes to the back room with his back pack.

CHRIS

(to Vivian)

Oh, would you mind closing with Derek tonight?

VIVIAN

(with hesitation)

Why?

CHRIS

Charlie and I are having our housewarming party, and I need to get out of here early to set up.

VIVIAN

You're having a party?

CHRIS

Oh... did I not mention it?

VIVIAN

No, you didn't.

CHRIS

Sorry. To be honest, I don't think I've told anyone.

Derek walks back in and approaches a floor length mirror to aid him in tying his tie.

DEREK

Chris, I got your Facebook invite, and I'll definitely be there, and I'll try to bring some single girls for Charlie.

Vivian looks at Chris and rolls her eyes.

CHRIS

(to Vivian)

Did you want to come? And you can bring whomever you like--there'll be plenty of booze.

VIVIAN

I'll have to check my schedule, but if I'm going to close for you, what do I get?

CHRIS

What do you want?

VIVIAN

Lunch...

DEREK

(to Chris)

Don't be an enabler. Besides, on what they pay us here, you can't afford her lunch.

CHRIS

(to Vivian)

I'll totally get you lunch today. And, Derek, you reek of booze.

VIVIAN

And gun oil...

CHRIS

Where did you go last night?

Derek pulls his sleeve up and inspects all of the stamps on his hand and wrist.

DEREK

Hmmm...let's see. It appears I went... everywhere.

VIVIAN

Looks like a Boystown passport. Way to make your family proud.

DEREK

Fuck my family--they're Republican.

CHRIS

So, Vivian, you wanna come?

VIVIAN

No. And not because I obviously was not high on your list.

CHRIS

Then why?

VIVIAN

To be honest, because you're not high on mine.

(beat)

So, how is the new apartment?

CHRIS

Not bad. It's really big.

VIVIAN

And how's having a straight roommate?

CHRIS

So far, so good.

VIVIAN

Are you sure that's gonna work?

CHRIS
Why wouldn't it?

VIVIAN
Doesn't he piss all over the seat and
stuff?

CHRIS
And me being gay, you assume I sit
down?

Vivian shrugs her shoulders.

DEREK
We're born gay, Minivan. We're not
born bitch.

Vivian looks at Chris and he nods while Derek applies mascara
in the mirror.

FADE OUT.

EXT. CHRIS AND CHARLIE'S APARTMENT BUILDING - EARLY EVENING

INT. CHRIS AND CHARLIE'S APARTMENT

Montage of Chris dragging boxes of decorations throughout the
apartment. Ultimately, the entire apartment has been
transformed into the ultimate party pad.

The building door buzzer goes off, and Chris buzzes them in
without asking who it is. Chris pulls bacon out of the oven
and sets it on the stove. Derek and 6 men walk into Chris's
apartment.

DEREK
Now the party can start!

CHRIS
(shouting from the kitchen)
Yo! Wanna take that fucking dick out
your mouth when you're talking to me?!

They laugh and Chris approaches Derek with a big hug and a
wig.

CHRIS (CONT'D)
Hahaha, Just kidding! Keg is in the
kitchen, and help yourself to any of
the booze in the freezer.

DEREK
These are my friends...

CHRIS

No introductions necessary--I won't remember. Oh, and grab a wig or hat from the box.

DEREK

(to the 6 guys)
Alright! C'mon, fellas!

Derek and his friends walk towards the kitchen.

DEREK (CONT'D)

(to one of the guys)
Is it just me or does it smell like a fucking iHop in here?

CHRIS

(to Derek)
Hahaha. It's bacon. I just feel like the smell of bacon is welcoming.

DEREK

Where's Charlie?

CHRIS

Hmmm...I don't know - I'll call him.

Chris takes out his cell phone and calls Charlie.

EXT. MARIANOS - EVENING (SECONDS LATER)

Charlie is standing of the corner outside of a Marianos trying to hail a cab. Lots of cabs are passing by with passengers already in there. Charlie is clearly annoyed as he's standing with a couple bottles of wine and a large cheese tray. He notices that his phone is ringing in his pocket, and as he attempts to grab his phone out of his pocket, he drops the cheese tray. Frustrated, he turns around and heads back inside the grocery store.

INT. - CHRIS'S BEDROOM

The party is pretty crowded, and everyone is wearing a wig or a funny hat. Derek's friends are playing Cards Against Humanity at the kitchen table. Chris is in his bedroom demonstrating the pole moves for some of his guests.

DEREK (V.O.)

Chris!

CHRIS

Excuse me, everyone.

Chris exits.

INT. CHRIS AND CHARLIE'S LIVING ROOM - CONTINUOUS

Chris comes into the dining room, where a large group is playing beer pong.

DEREK

We need to know house rules!

CHRIS

Well, rules don't apply unless they're written down, right? Anyone got pen and paper?

GIRL

Here's a sharpie!

CHRIS

Perfect! I've got lots of wall space.

(to GIRL)

Alright, pretty lady, can you jot this down?

GIRL

(Hesitatingly)

Uhh...

CHRIS

Rule Number 1 - six cups, 1 rerack.

Girl writes these rules directly on the wall.

CHRIS (CONT'D)

Rule Number 2 - on table rollbacks

Rule Number 3 - Bouncing equals two cups

Rule Number 4 - Blowing/Fingering is not gender specific

Rule Number 5 - Final rule - losers prep next game

Got all that? Any questions? Play ball!!!

Vivian approaches Chris with a bottle of wine. She made a poor attempt to curl her hair and she's wearing lots of makeup.

VIVIAN

Thanks for inviting me. I changed my mind.

CHRIS

Vivian! I'm so glad you could make it, and you clean up so nice! Let's get you a beer!

Chris walks Vivian to the kitchen.

EXT. MARIANO'S - EVENING

A cab pulls over. Charlie opens the door and gets in the cab.

INT. CAB INTERIOR

CHARLIE

I'm late to my own dinner party.

CABBIE

Dinner party, eh?

CHARLIE

Yeah. I stopped to get a cheese tray. My roommate is lactose intolerant, so I'm sure he didn't think to get one.

CABBIE

Sounds like a lot of fun...

INT. CHRIS and CHARLIE'S APARTMENT

Chris walks past crowds of people into the kitchen with an empty tray of Jell-O shots, and he's followed by Vivian. Derek is in there surrounded by attractive gay men.

DEREK

So, I do all of the hiring and firing; it can get pretty stressful.

VIVIAN

No, you don't. Debbi-

CHRIS

(winking at Vivian)
Yes, he does.
(to hot men)
I think we're all so busy at work that we forget all of the really important things that Derek does for us behind the scenes.

DEREK

I'm totes unappreciated.

CHRIS

(to Derek)
If I don't tell you how wonderful you are enough, I apologize.
(beat)

(MORE)

CHRIS (CONT'D)
Now get the fuck out of the way
because we all need another round of
Jell-O shots.

Chris opens the fridge and then looks back at Vivian
awkwardly standing there.

CHRIS (CONT'D)
Vivian, what can I get for ya, boo
boo?

VIVIAN
I wanna do a keg stand.

Derek and Chris look at each other in panic.

CHRIS
(With hesitation)
Yeah, sure--just don't drink all of
it.

The hot gays help Vivian to do a keg stand, and the whole
crowd chants "one, two, three, four, five, six, seven, eight,
nine, ten." Suddenly, she violently barfs the beer back out,
which causes everyone to drop her. Chris is covered in
regurgitated beer and remnants of Vivian's dinner. Everyone
is staring at Chris in silence.

DEREK
What a waste. You paid for that
lunch.

INT. CAB

CHARLIE
No functioning sewer system, huh?

CABBIE
No, they all use the beach.

CHARLIE
Like a litter box?

CABBIE
Precisely.

CHARLIE
Is that why you moved to the States?

CABBIE
America is the land of opportunity.
And a place where people flush.

CHARLIE
Indeed it is, my friend.
(beat)
This is my place.

Charlie hands the cab driver some cash and opens the door.

CHARLIE (CONT'D)
I hope things get better along the
coast of Liberia. Drive safely.

Charlie exits the cab and approaches the apartment building. A group of rowdy people are walking up to his apartment, and he follows.

INT. CHRIS and CHARLIE'S APARTMENT

Charlie follows a group of strangers into the apartment to see spilled beer and empty solo cups, everyone's wearing wigs, and the music is at a high volume. Charlie walks straight to the sound system and turns the volume down. He then finds Chris doing body shots in the kitchen with Girl. Chris's hair is wet and he's wearing different clothes.

CHRIS
My cousin, Charlie! I thought you
were never going to make it!

CHARLIE
Who are all of these people? And did
you burn something?

CHRIS
It's bacon. And some are my friends,
some are your friends, and some may
just be happy accidents.

CHARLIE
My neighbors are going to hate me.

CHRIS
Our neighbors, and I think some of
them are here! If y'all want to meet
me in the sun room, I can whip up a
killer cocktail in no time and bring
it over to ya.

Chris guides them out of the kitchen and then grabs a lime wedge to garnish the rim of a solo cup. Derek enters the kitchen.

DEREK
There's some strange albino man in
your doorway.

CHRIS

Oh, Fuck - probably Eugene.

Chris walks back towards the main door. Eugene is at the front door.

EUGENE

Chris! Still gay?

CHRIS

Gene, still glow in the dark?

Eugene pulls out a small bag of weed.

EUGENE

I brought a housewarming gift. Where's Charlie?

CHRIS

In the sunroom desperately awaiting your "housewarming gift"--just crack a window open.

INT. CHRIS AND CHARLIE'S APARTMENT - EVENING

Half an hour later, Charlie and his friends are getting baked in the sunroom, while everyone else is roaming the apartment in a drunk stupor. Chris is teaching some of the guests some more beginner moves on the pole in his bedroom, and Derek's crew has converted the beer pong table into a boys vs. girls flip cup tournament. Suddenly, there's a loud banging on the door. Girl looks through the peephole and runs into Chris's room.

GIRL

Chris! It's the mutha-fuckin' po po!

CHRIS

Oh, FUCK!

Chris runs to the sun room and throws their blunt out of the window. He then turns down the music and shushes everyone.

CHRIS (CONT'D)

(to everyone, under his breath)

Cops...

Chris goes to the door and opens it. Two large police officers are standing there.

CHRIS (CONT'D)

Officers! What brings you out here tonight?

COP #1
Noise complaint.

COP #2
Multiple noise complaints.

COP #1
I'm going to assume that everyone
drinking here is of age. Is that a
safe assumption?

CHRIS
Absolutely.

Eugene approaches the main door and stands next to Chris and
puts his arm around him.

EUGENE
Officer, I just arrived home early to
find my son throwing this party, and
believe me when I tell you that
everyone is going home. I was just in
the process of throwing everyone out,
and Chris has a lot of cleaning to do.

COP #2
(to Eugene)
You're going to take care of this?

EUGENE
You betcha!
(to Chris)
Tell the gentlemen you're sorry.

CHRIS
Sorry, officers.
(beat)
And, um, thanks for keeping us safe.

Pause.

COP #1
Wait, do you smell something?

Everyone freezes. Charlie is noticeably panicked. Cop #2
points his nose in the air.

COP #2
Hmmm... Smells like... a breakfast
burrito?

CHRIS
It's bacon.

COP #1

Mmmm. I love the smell of bacon.

COP #2

Who doesn't?

COP #1

Well, make sure everyone gets home safely.

The cops leave, and Chris shuts the door.

CHRIS

Alright, guys. You heard 'em. Y'all ain't gotta go home, but you can't stay here. Feel free to make a road sodie for your journey.

(to Eugene)

Thanks, Dad!

EUGENE

I was afraid that your queer ass was gonna start crying if I didn't step in.

CHRIS

I would have handled it, but believe me, there would have been tears if we actually did indeed share some genetics.

Charlie approaches.

CHRIS (CONT'D)

(to Charlie)

Sorry I tossed out your weed.

EUGENE

I have a lot more.

CHARLIE

Aww... look at you two bonding.

EUGENE

Fuck that. I still think he watches you in your sleep.

CHRIS

And I still think that you sleep in a mobile home with your mom.

Chris heads to the kitchen to grab a couple garbage bags. Charlie goes to the front door to thank his guests for coming as they're leaving. The guests one by one drop their wig/hat into the box by the front door as they're leaving.

Derek has his arm around a young stud.

DEREK

(to Charlie)

You rock.

(to Chris, yelling)

Chris! I'll call you tomorrow.

Chris yells from across the apartment.

CHRIS

Please be safe.

Everyone has left the apartment except for Chris, Charlie, and Vivian, who is passed out on the couch. Someone drew a mustache onto her, and there are beer cans and solo cups stacked on top of her. Chris and Charlie are going around the apartment tossing beer cans and solo cups into their garbage bags.

CHRIS (CONT'D)

Did you have fun?

CHARLIE

No.

CHRIS

No?!

(beat)

Yes, you did!

CHARLIE

I had a great rapport with all of my neighbors until now, and now I'm stuck cleaning up after a bunch of people that I don't know and most probably wouldn't like if I did. So--no.

CHRIS

Well, if you didn't come late to your own damn party, you'd have more of a chance to get it in.

CHARLIE

This was *your* party, and stop playing match maker!

CHRIS

This was *our* party, and I did all this to help you get out of *your* funk.

CHARLIE

I need time to get out of my funk myself, and if you ever experienced a real relationship, then you'd know that it's not that simple as to just fuck a stranger.

CHRIS

I know.

CHARLIE

You *think* you know because you insinuate yourself into everyone else's business, but you *don't* know.

CHRIS

Yo, that's not fair to say. I was just trying to help.

The door knobs starts to jiggle, and Jacob walks into the apartment.

CHRIS (CONT'D)

Oh, Charlie. Have you met my friend, Jacob?

Charlie stares at Chris. Jacob notices Vivian on the couch.

JACOB

Who's that?

CHRIS

That's Vivian.

JACOB

My grandma had a mustache like that.

CHARLIE

Did she barf on my couch?

CHRIS

It's just beer.

(beat)

But to be on the safe side, I should probably roll her over a little ways...

Chris knocks all of the solo cups off of Vivian and then climbs on top of the couch and stuggles to roll her onto her side.

CHRIS (CONT'D)
I may need your help with this...

Charlie and Jacob assists Chris with rolling Vivian over.

CHARLIE
Well, thank you, Chris, because this
is the highlight of my weekend.

Vivian rolls over and is now snoring.

CHARLIE (CONT'D)
Our apartment literally stinks--it
smells like beer, butt, and... barf.
The three B's.

CHRIS
Four. Bacon.

JACOB
(brightening)
Is there bacon?!

CHRIS
(to Jacob)
Listen, buddy, I gotta ask for the key
back.

JACOB
Is there a problem?

Chris looks at Charlie, and Charlie storms into the kitchen.

CHRIS
I should have discussed it with my
roommate before I gave you a key.

JACOB
But don't you pay rent too?

CHRIS
I'm really sorry, but I need the key
back, and it's not a good night for
you to crash here.

Jacob hands the key back to Chris.

JACOB
Maybe you could have saved me a trip
by texting me this before I went out
of my way to get over here.

Jacob storms out.

Beat.

The door opens, and Jacob re-enters the apartment. He crosses to the kitchen, grabs a fistful of bacon, and exits the apartment again.

CHRIS
(under his breath)
It's your body--

Charlie walks back into the living room.

CHRIS (CONT'D)
I'll crack some windows, and in the morning when she wakes up, she'll leave, which should help the smell. And I promise I'll have the place spotless by tomorrow afternoon.

CHARLIE
Whatever. I'm going to take the cheese tray into my room, smoke a bowl, and then pass out.

CHRIS
I'm sorry I went overboard, but...

CHARLIE
Sounds like you're saying sorry a lot lately.

Charlie retreats to his room and slams the door. Vivian wakes up.

VIVIAN
Chris?

CHRIS
Yeah, boo boo? You feeling okay?

Vivian starts crying.

VIVIAN
I'm just really sad.

CHRIS
You'll feel better tomorrow.

VIVIAN
Nope. I'll still be fat, and you'll still make fun of me for it.

CHRIS
I-

VIVIAN

I used to be beautiful.

Chris takes this lament in for a beat.

CHRIS

You still are.

Chris puts a pillow under her head and covers her up with a blanket.

CHRIS (CONT'D)

Try to get some sleep, and we'll chat
in the morning.

Vivian rolls on her side away from Chris, and Chris continues to clean the apartment.

END