

BROKEN & BENT

by
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INT. APARTMENT - DAY

Late morning sunlight peeks through the half-shuttered window and onto a brown leather sofa. Sitting on the sofa is ERIC, 21, tall and thin with shaggy black hair. He's wearing flannel pajama bottoms and a throwaway t-shirt. The television blares as he takes a bite from his bowl of cereal. In walks his roommate and best friend RONNIE, 20, well-dressed and goofy looking in all the right places.

RONNIE

How's it going, buddy?

Eric grunts in response.

RONNIE

Yeah? And how's that working out for ya?

Eric grunts again.

RONNIE

Right, okay. You know, you don't have to act like you give a shit about me going out of my way to engage with you, but could you at least care enough to put on some underwear, I can literally see your junk right now, man.

Eric looks at Ronnie for the first time in their conversation, milk dripping down his chin. He wipes his chin with the back of his hand in slow defiance then readjusts the crotch of his pants. He turns back to the TV.

RONNIE

Man, what happened? You were doing so good there for a while. Don't you remember? Get on a routine, find hobbies, be around the people you love. I thought we had finally had a breakthrough...

Eric's lips tighten as he looks up and to the side, recalling.

SERIES OF SHOTS

A) Eric jogs through the park in sportswear.

B) Eric dances with abandon at a glitzy party.

C) Eric playfully nudges Ronnie as they vie for video game victory on the couch.

INT. APARTMENT - DAY

ERIC

(looking back to the TV)

Didn't work.

RONNIE

Well that's because you stopped doing it. Leading a healthy lifestyle isn't something you can do over the course of a week, you know. God, you're so melodramatic you'd think someone died or something.

ERIC

Fuck off.

RONNIE

Welp, that's really nice, man. I'm sticking my neck out trying to be a good friend and all you can do is sling obscenities to avoid dealing with any-

ERIC

(with slight annoyance)

And so what? Look at you man, over there preaching at me in that stupid monkey suit like you have your shit together. Maybe I'm

(MORE)

pathetic but at least I don't go out looking like a total circus act.

RONNIE

I'm going on a date for your information. You know, something you actually have to wear underpants for.

ERIC

Well I'm sure your date will think you look real nice once you finish putting your clown makeup on, you asshole.

RONNIE

Alright, I give up. I guess you win, you sad sack. Have fun enjoying your loneliness!

Ronnie storms off towards the front door. He struggles angrily to unlock it for a moment before rushing out and slamming it behind him. Eric turns back to the TV.

INT. HALLWAY - DAY

Ronnie storms down the hallway of the apartment building as he fumbles with his keys.

RONNIE

What a jerk! Why can't he just see that-

INTERCUT RONNIE AND ERIC

ERIC

-he's not helping anyone but himself with all that self-righteous bullshit. I wish he could just-

RONNIE

-realize that I'm his friend and that I have his best interest at heart. Gah! He's just some-

ERIC

-overzealous, idealistic kid that refuses to see things from my perspective.

BOTH

Why does he have to be such a dick?

INT. APARTMENT - NIGHT

Ronnie unlocks the door and enters the apartment with his date SARAH, 19, uptight with long black hair. The room is dark so he moves towards the lightswitch.

RONNIE

So I told him that it's actually short for Ronaldo! Well anyway, this is my place-

Ronnie's jaw drops as he flicks on the lights and sees the absolute mess that has been made of the living room. Beer bottles, food wrappers, and video games mark the most shocking focal points of the mess. Sarah recoils.

RONNIE

Oh my god, I am so sorry, it's never this messy, I swear. This must be my roommate's fault, don't worry I'll get him to clean this all up right away.

SARAH

Okaay...

Ronnie rushes down the hall towards Eric's room in an uproar. The door is locked. Music blares from the other side. Ronnie begins shouting and pounding on the door. Eric opens the door slightly, giggling.

ERIC
(slurred)
Heyy, what's up, man?

RONNIE
What's up is that you left the
worst mess I've ever seen in the
living room. Go clean it up now
before my date leaves!

ERIC
Oh hey, man, I'm sorry about that.
You know I didn't mean to screw you
up, I was just having a little fun
and hey you know I'm sorry about
earlier man, I didn't mean-

SARAH
(shouting from living room)
Hey, Ronnie, I think I'm gonna go.

RONNIE
Hold on, Sarah, he's gonna come
clean up the-

SARAH
No that's okay, I'm just gonna head
out. Thanks for dinner.

RONNIE
Alright, I'll call you-

The front door slams shut. Ronnie rushes out to the living room to find Sarah has gone. He slumps onto the sofa, head in hands. Eric enters the room and sits next to him placing his hand on his shoulder.

ERIC
Hey, how's it going, bud?

Ronnie grunts in response.

ERIC
And how's that going for you bud?

Ronnie peers up from his wallowing, confusion across his face.

BEGIN FLASHBACK

INT. APARTMENT - DAY

Ronnie preaches at Eric using the same questioning earlier that morning.

END FLASHBACK (continuous)

INT. APARTMENT - NIGHT

Ronnie's head flops back into his hands.

RONNIE
I hate you...