

Excerpt from Drunkie or Junkie

By

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FADE IN:

INT. STAIRWELL - NIGHT

ANTHONY (32), a handsome caucasian man is standing in front of his apartment door, trying to put the key in the keyhole. He is DRUNK so he is failing miserably. He accompanied by his date, MATT, a well dressed, tall guy around his own age.

MATT

Come on! Let's go inside already,
I have to pee.

After several failed attempts Anthony brings the key close to his face.

ANTHONY

(whispering to the key)
Listen up, last time I got some
action was like... Christopher
Columbus hadn't discovered our
great land yet. So you WILL be a
good little boy and enter THAT
hole and let us in so Matt can
enter MY ho--

--Matt SNATCHES the key from his hand and unlocks the door.

INT. ANTHONY'S APARTMENT - NIGHT

They enter a fairly neat apartment, not too luxurious, but with a minimalistic and clean look.

ANTHONY

Welcome to casa el Anthony. Su mi
casa el dora si casa. It means my
house is your house.

MATT

(Impressed)
Oh, I didn't know you spoke
Spanish.

ANTHONY

Better than Stalin himself! Make
yourself at--

--ANGRY MUMBLING is coming from the living room. They walk over there. ERICA (30), Anthony's depressed and recently out of work childhood friend is on the couch, watching HELL'S KITCHEN on TV. Erica is wearing a dirty bathrobe and she has a BEER in one hand and a BANANA in the other. On the couch table there are three empty beer bottles, a

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bag of chips and a pizza carton with only corner crusts left in it.

ERICA
(to the TV)
You are so fake! Pretending to be
angry all the time!

ANTHONY fires a SMILE towards Matt.

ANTHONY
Excuse me for one moment.

He walks up behind Erica and taps her on the shoulder.

ANTHONY
(whispering)
Pst! I thought you were visiting
your parents over the weekend!

ERICA
Yea, I didn't go. Have you seen
this shit, Tony?

A SHOT of the TV screen, showing Jamie Oliver screaming at
a chef.

ERICA
It's so fake! It's scripted and
the customers are actually paid
actors.

ANTHONY
I have company, Erica. Can you
please get out of here?

ERICA glances over her shoulder.

ERICA
Oh. I'm happy for you! You
haven't been getting any since
like... Christopher Columbus--

ANTHONY SHUSHES her.

ANTHONY
I am well aware. Just clean up
this mess and make yourself
scarce please.

ERICA
(hurt)
Where am I suppose to go?

ANTHONY
Just go out, you know... meet
some people, take a nice long
(MORE)

ANTHONY (cont'd)
walk or something. You have been
on this couch for almost a month
now.

MATT
(uncomfortable)
Eh, it's alright, Anthony. I can
see you another day if--

ANTHONY
--No no, it's all good. My dear
friend Erica was just leaving
anyway. Oh, and the bathroom is
down the hall to the right.

Matt looks like he just remembered he needs to pee and
follows the directions.

ANTHONY
Alright, Erica.

ERICA
Alright, what?

Anthony sits down on the couch next to his friend with a
determined look and GRABS the beer from her hand and takes
a sip. Erica offers him a bite of the banana.

ANTHONY
I'm good. Listen, I actually like
this guy and I want tonight to go
well. So would you please give us
some privacy?

ERICA
Tony... I'm sorry, I just can't
deal with everything just yet.
Carl called today. He hired a
lawyer. Can you believe that? A
lawyer. For what? Did he not take
everything from me already in the
divorce? Did he not drive a knife
into my heart and ruin my life?
He actually hired a lawyer and
now--

ANTHONY
--Okay, okay. Come here.

Anthony holds Erica in his arms as she gets a bit
emotional. This is also the moment Anthony realizes he
can't kick his friend out.

ANTHONY
Hey, put on a good movie for us.
I will just tell Matt I can see
him another day.

ERICA

No no, don't do that. That will just make me even more depressed. I will just go to my room for the rest of the evening and give you guys some privacy.

Matt RETURNS.

MATT

I feel two pounds lighter. You got something to drink, Anthony?

ANTHONY

Of course! Have a seat, relax. Make yourself at home. As I said before, Su mi casa... el... si dori casa.

ERICA

Actually it's mi ca--

Anthony PINCHES her in the neck and silences her.

ANTHONY

Thank you, Erica. I will see you tomorrow, dear.

Matt sits down on the couch and reaches for the bag of chips. He watches TV and starts going to town on the chips.

MATT

She can stay, I don't mind.

ERICA

And like... watch?

Anthony GETS UP.

ANTHONY

No no, she has plans. Alright, how about I get you a glass of wine, Matt.

ERICA

We are out of wine actually.

ANTHONY

Out? We had two bottles!

ERICA

I know.

(turns to Matt)

I too will feel two pounds lighter soon.

ANTHONY

Okay, how about some beer then?

ERICA

All out.

ANTHONY

How did... whatever. I will go make a couple of nice drinks for us.

MATT

Oh, mr bartender. Grrr.

ERICA

We are out.

ANTHONY

How can we be out of drinks?!

ERICA

Well. We are out of vodka and the bottle of gin you drank all by yourself last week. And anything you can imagine mixing with we are out of too, except that orange juice that has been in the fridge since like... Christopher Columbus lost his virginity.

MATT

Are you guys like into history or something? Anthony was talking to his key earlier mumbling something about Columbus and holes.

Erica shrugs and gets up. Matt looks disgusted.

MATT

What's that smell?

ERICA

So sorry. I burped up some of that orange juice.

Anthony grabs her by her arm and hurries her up.

ERICA

Alright, alright, I'm going.