

THE ROOMMATE

Written by

Matt Barninger

Address: www.mattbarninger.com
Phone Number: 501-288-6376

INT. LIVING ROOM - NIGHT

University posters adorn the walls. Across from the door, a Full Sail Armada banner hangs. A television hangs beneath the banner with a couch in front of the television.

ALLEN, 20, steps into an apartment living room. On the couch SCOTT, 21, mashes his fingers on the buttons. He looks up. Allen stands between the couch and a table.

SCOTT
What's up roomie?

ALLEN
Glad to be home.

Allen removes a backpack and places it down on the end of the couch.

ALLEN (CONT'D)
It was a long day. I worked after class.

Scott shakes his head from left to right.

ALLEN (CONT'D)
The cable bill is past due and will be cut off tomorrow morning.

Scott places the controller down on the couch and looks up.

ALLEN (CONT'D)
The total is just under ninety six dollars. You got your half?

SCOTT
Man, I don't have it. Maybe we should just cancel it?

ALLEN
No. I'll pay it to keep up with the E-Gaming news and such.

SCOTT
I can get up and go pay it at least.

Allen hands Scott a hundred dollar bill.

ALLEN
Okay, but please make sure you pay it as soon as they open.

INT. COFFEE SHOP - DAY

NATALIE, 20, works behind the counter. Long brown hair is hidden underneath an Full Sail Armada hat. THE BOSS, 45, strolls over.

THE BOSS

Remember if you sell any new coffee makers, you get a bonus.

Natalie nods as the boss walks into the back. She wipes the cup and places it in front of Scott as he steps to the counter.

NATALIE

Good morning, how may I help you?

SCOTT

Can I please get a large coffee.

NATALIE

Absolutely, one moment.

Natalie turns around and pours his coffee.

NATALIE (CONT'D)

That will be \$3.80.

SCOTT

Okay.

Scott pulls out Allen's hundred dollar bill. He starts to hand it to her and then pulls it back. He smirks.

SCOTT (CONT'D)

How much is that coffee maker?

INT. LIVING ROOM - NIGHT

Allen places his backpack down as he enters an empty room. He turns the television on. Nothing but blue screen. He checks inputs and they are good.

Allen looks around the room. He see's an unboxed coffee maker on the table. Affixed is a yellow price tag. It reads, \$89.

INT. LIVING ROOM - DAY

The morning sun illuminates the living room as Allen enters. A Full Sail University back pack hangs from one shoulder. He wears an orange hat that reads Fortress.

Allen opens a package of powdered donuts and shoves two into his mouth. He re-packs the coffee maker. He clasps the top of the box closed as Scott enters the living room.

SCOTT
Morning.

ALLEN
Good morning.

Scott stretches his arms upright and yawns before he rubs his eyes. He stares at the boxed up coffee maker.

SCOTT
What are you doing?

Allen shakes his head from side to side. He pulls the other back pack loop on to his shoulder and then picks up the coffee maker.

ALLEN
Dude, we have to pay the bills.

SCOTT
No, I get that. I just wish there was some way to keep it.

Allen faces Scott directly. His face contorts as he shakes his head again.

ALLEN
You don't even like coffee that much. Certainly not enough to drop a hundred dollars on a coffee pot.

Scott begins to shake his head.

SCOTT
The older I get the more I appreciate it.

Scott steps towards Allen. Allen hands Scott a donut which he devours.

SCOTT (CONT'D)
Thanks. Lets keep the coffee maker and I'll pay the bill in a few hours.

Allen laughs and eats the last donut.

ALLEN

I needed to watch the tournament at the Fortress tonight so I can break down the games for my review.

SCOTT

Oh, okay. This is for your career. Like sports casting, expect for video games?

Scott backs up and sits down on the couch. Allen steps back to avoid the suns glare through the window.

ALLEN

That's exactly what I intend to be.

SCOTT

Don't return it, please?

ALLEN

You are unbelievable. Give me one reason why we should keep it.

Scott slumps back into the couch and frowns.

SCOTT

I was trying to impress a girl. I'm sorry, I should've never bought it.

Allen shrugs his shoulders and then turns and heads out the front door with the coffee maker under his arm.

INT. COFFEE SHOP - DAY

Allen steps into the shop and places the coffee maker on the counter

Natalie smiles as she places her hand atop the coffee maker. Allen stares at Natalie and laughs as he mutters under his breath.

ALLEN

(Whispers)

I might start drinking more coffee too.

ALLEN (CONT'D)

It smells wonderful in here. Nice hat.

Natalie smiles.

NATALIE

Doesn't it. It always perks me right up.

She tugs at the bill of her hat.

NATALIE (CONT'D)

It's my team. Was there something wrong with this model?

ALLEN

There is nothing wrong with it. I just need to return it. It should've never been purchased in the first place.

NATALIE

Unfortunately, we have a strict no-return policy on opened food items. I have to speak with my boss.

Natalie smiles and steps behind a wall that separates the front of the shop from the back. Natalie returns a few moments later.

NATALIE (CONT'D)

Bad news. My boss says that we can't accept the return because it's been opened.

Allen nods his head and then pivots the box on the counter. He smiles at Natalie.

ALLEN

Okay...Really?

Natalie smiles and stares at Allen. He returns the smile.

ALLEN (CONT'D)

I need the money so I can get the cable back on.

Natalie laughs and covers her mouth with her hand.

NATALIE

Why do you need to watch the tournament so bad?

ALLEN

Don't laugh. I want to be a video game announcer. I wanna be the Stuart Scott of video game analysts.

Natalie gets serious, cocks her head to the side and raises her eye brows. She looks Allen right in his brown eyes.

NATALIE

That's awesome. Way to set those goals.

She winks at Allen.

NATALIE (CONT'D)

I just happen to have tickets.
Would you like to go with us to the tournament tonight?

ALLEN

Are you serious? Of course I would.

Allen grabs the box as Natalie scribbles on a piece of paper. She smiles and hands it to Allen.

NATALIE

Here's my number. Just text me your address and we can swing by and pick you up.

ALLEN

Sounds good.

Allen smiles and walks out.

INT. LIVING ROOM - NIGHT

Scott's fingers and thumbs move across the game controller in a rapid symphony.

Allen walks in quietly and places the coffee maker on the table.

ALLEN

What's up buddy.

Startled, Scott jumps back in the couch. He smiles.

SCOTT

What's up man?

Scott places the controller down and looks at Allen and then the coffee maker. He nods at it.

SCOTT (CONT'D)

What happened with that? Did you change your mind?

ALLEN
No returns on food preparation
products once opened.

Allen shrugs his shoulders and then laughs.

ALLEN (CONT'D)
So, we got a new coffee maker.

Scott grimaces.

SCOTT
I wasn't able to pay the bill.

Allen shrugs.

ALLEN
Not surprised. But it will be okay.

Allen steps towards Scott and holds his hand out.

ALLEN (CONT'D)
I'm sorry for all that noise
earlier.

Scott grabs his hand and they shake and hug. Scott hands a
controller to Allen.

SCOTT
I'm sorry too bro. You wanna run a
game.

Allen backs away and begins to talk as a knock on the front
door interrupts him mid-sentence. He looks at the door and
then glances back to Scott.

ALLEN
I would but I accepted an
invitation to go to the tournament
at the Fortress. I think it's
actually a date. Wish me luck!

Allen back pedals and then spins around to the front door. He
opens the door for Natalie. She smiles at Allen and waves.
Allen grins back as Scott's mouth falls open.

NATALIE
Hey. Are you ready?

ALLEN
Absolutely. Thanks for inviting me.

NATALIE

No problem, my girlfriend is waiting and double parked though.

Scott drops his head and chuckles. Allen's eyes blink from Natalie to Scott. He stares at a laughing Scott.

NATALIE (CONT'D)

I do have a secret though.

Natalie smiles and scrunches her eyes.

NATALIE (CONT'D)

I invited you because I want you to write an article on LGBT women in gaming. My girlfriend and I are both members of the Full Sail Armada team.

Allen looks from Natalie to Scott and back to Natalie. Scott covers his mouth with his hand and chuckles.

NATALIE (CONT'D)

There's another ticket for your roommate too. We get in free and park free. That's why I offered to pick you up.

Natalie pulls two tickets out of her back pocket and hands them to Allen. Scott takes the tickets from Natalie.

SCOTT

Hell yeah, I'm down. Come on pal, I'll explain in the car.

Scott places his arm over Allen's shoulder.

ALLEN

Uhh Okay, I would love to write an article.

NATALIE

Great, maybe it can focus on my girlfriend and I.

Allen continues to look from Natalie to Scott and back as the trio exit the apartment.

THE END

