

THE WEDDING GIFT

A Short

Written by

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INT. CAR - NIGHT

No radio, no music, complete silence. RICKY, in a tuxedo, driving the car. He looks pissed/embarassed.

A GROAN is heard coming from the backseat. KEVIN, also in a tuxedo, disheveled, sits up from lying down in the back. It's obvious he had a rough, drunken night. This is still the same night.

Ricky doesn't turn back or even look at Kevin in the rearview mirror.

KEVIN
How was the wedding?

RICKY
You should know.

Kevin pulls his untied bowtie off his neck.

KEVIN
I didn't make an ass of myself, did I?

RICKY
(sarcastic)
No, not at all.

Sarcasm flies over his head.

KEVIN
Nice.

They pull up to...

EXT. KEVIN'S APARTMENT - CONTINUOUS

Ricky gets out of the car. He doesn't wait for Kevin, who is slowly making his way out of the car.

KEVIN
My mouth kind of tastes like throw up. Did I eat a grapefruit?

Ricky keeps walking into the apartment.

KEVIN (CONT'D)
Ricky?

INT. KEVIN'S APARTMENT (KITCHEN) - MOMENTS LATER

Ricky sits at the counter, drinking a glass of water. Kevin comes in and goes straight to his room.

INT. KEVIN'S ROOM - CONTINUOUS

He empties his pockets and starts to take off his tux. Still a slight stumble to his step. His phone is flashing with messages.

KEVIN
(yelling to Ricky)
So, did I get some bridesmaids' numbers? My phone is blowing up.

RICKY (O.S.)
Probably tons of numbers.

KEVIN
Niceee.

He checks his phone.

INT. KEVIN'S APARTMENT (KITCHEN) - MOMENTS LATER

Kevin comes out of his room. Ricky still at the counter.

KEVIN
Hey, uh, Ricky?

RICKY
Yes, Kevin?

KEVIN
Did I throw up on the cake tonight?

RICKY
Yup.

KEVIN
(beat)
Really?

RICKY
Yeah.

KEVIN
Shit.
(beat)
Did the videographer get it on tape?

RICKY
Yup.

KEVIN
Are you sure?

RICKY
Oh yeah.

KEVIN
How sure?

RICKY
Very.

KEVIN
Why so sure?

RICKY
Videographers usually film the
bride and groom's cutting of the
cake.

KEVIN
(hand over his mouth)
Oooh.

RICKY
Yeah.

KEVIN
Did we get them a good gift at
least?

RICKY
We? No. I, yes. Very Good.

KEVIN
I thought we were going in on a
gift together!

RICKY
Why would we go in on a gift
together? What are we, gay?

KEVIN
Don't roommates go in on gifts
together?

RICKY
No way.

KEVIN
(beat)
Guess I wasn't joking.

After an awkward laugh, Kevin slowly goes back into his room.

BLACK SCREEN - CREDITS ROLL

INT. OFFICE CUBICLE- DAY

Kevin at his computer. Barely working. TOM enters, New Zealand accent.

TOM
Hey, Kevy!

Kevin doesn't turn around.

KEVIN
Please, Tom. Don't call me Kevy.

TOM
Aw, you're no fun! So, you working hard or hardly not working.

Tom is annoyingly too friendly and too stupid.

KEVIN
That's not how the saying goes, Tom. That's a double negative.

Kevin starts to clean up his desk so he can leave and go home.

TOM
Always with the big words, Mike Twain.

KEVIN
(quiet correction, Tom doesn't hear)
It's Mark.

TOM
So! What are your plans for this weekend?

KEVIN
Not too much. I have a wedding on Saturday.

TOM
Not too much?! You're getting
married and you consider that, "not
too much"?! Congrats, Kevy!

Tom goes to give Kevin a punch in the arm. Kevin moves barely
to the side, easily dodging the weak attempt.

KEVIN
Oh no. I'm not getting married.

TOM
Ooooh! Runaway bride, huh?! Gonna
ditch your bitch?

Goes in for another punch...misses again.

KEVIN
No, Tom. I'm going to a fr- a
friend of mine is getting married.

TOM
Aaaah, ok, I see.

Awkward silence.

KEVIN
Did you have something for me, Tom?
Or you just stopping by?

TOM
No, just stopping by. So, you going
to get
(awkward raise the roof)
drunk at this wedding?

KEVIN
Probably, Tom.

TOM
Nice! Nice! Fudge yes!

Kevin shuts off his computer monitor and gets out of his
chair.

KEVIN
Yeah, it should be fun. Alright,
Tom, I'm outta here. You have a
good weekend.

TOM
Thanks, Kevy! Have fun at the
wedding. Don't get too drunk!

KEVIN
(walking away, waves)
Oh, I will.

INT. KEVIN'S APARTMENT (KITCHEN) - MORNING

Kevin, in office work attire, pouring himself a bowl of cereal. He sits down at the table and begins to eat. It's quiet in the apartment.

FEW MOMENTS LATER

Ricky comes out of his room, in office work attire and begins to pour himself a bowl of cereal. He sits down at the table and eats.

RICKY
You working today?

KEVIN
No, I just like to get up early,
get dressed and ready, eat cereal
and then go back to sleep til 2 pm
every day.

RICKY
Nice, me too.

They both go back to eating cereal.

FEW MOMENTS LATER

KEVIN
Open bar tomorrow night.

RICKY
Yeah, gonna be sweet.

KEVIN
I'm probably not going to drink
that much though.

RICKY
Yeah, same here. I don't know her
family as well as you do and I
don't want to be that wedding guy
who nobody knows and is way too
drunk.

KEVIN
That should be all the more reason
to get completely obliterated.

RICKY
Yeah, we'll see.

FEW MOMENTS LATER

Kevin finishes his cereal and puts the bowl in the sink.

KEVIN
Alright, I'm out of here.

RICKY
Where you going?

KEVIN
Work, dude.

RICKY
Wait, you really are going to work?

KEVIN
Yeah.
(pauses at the door)
Do you actually get up early, get ready, eat cereal and then go back to sleep?

RICKY
Yeah. I thought you just said you do that too.

Kevin shakes his head slowly and then leaves.

Ricky puts his bowl in the sink and walks out of the shot.

The camera pans to the other side of the room.

INT. KEVIN'S APARTMENT - CONTINUOUS (1 MONTH AGO)

Kevin, wearing casual clothing sitting on the couch with JEN.
This is Kevin's girlfriend.

JEN
Sooo, question.

KEVIN
Yes?

JEN
Do you know if you have any plans on the 23rd, next month?

KEVIN
That's kind of far ahead. I'm not really sure.

JEN
Well, could you check?

KEVIN
Why? What is it?

JEN
It's my cousin's wedding and I wanted to see if you maybe wanted to come...as my date...?

KEVIN
Yeah, for sure. If I don't have anything, I'd love to come.

He gets off the couch and goes to the kitchen, to the fridge. He pulls out a jug of water, noticing an invitation held on the door with a magnet.

KEVIN (CONT'D)
Ah, shit. That's the date of Kristy's wedding. I'm sorry, I can't go.

JEN
Wait.
(beat)
Why didn't you ask me to go to her wedding?

KEVIN
Well, you know.

JEN
No, not really.

KEVIN
I just-
(begins to stutter)
I mean-I'd love to take you-but-it would just be kind of weird to take a date to this because-you know.

JEN
What are you talking about?

KEVIN
It would just be weird if I showed up to my ex-fiance's wedding with a date...I think.

JEN
 Kevin, you're going to her wedding-
 (trying to insinuate,
 Kevin doesn't get it)
 -to see her GET MARRIED to another
 man. Why wouldn't you be able to
 show up with a date?

KEVIN
 I don't know. I just wouldn't feel
 comfortable. Sorry.

JEN
 (beat)
 Fuck you!

KEVIN
 Jen! Come on, you know I didn't
 mean it like that!

We follow her as she storms out the door, SLAMMING it behind her.

INT. KEVIN'S APARTMENT - CONTINUOUS (6 MONTHS AGO)

We turn back to Kevin, now in different clothes. He goes to the door and opens it up. A pile of mail sits on the door step. He brings it inside and begins to sift through it. STOPS when he comes to one envelope. Opens it up and reads the fancy invitation inside.

KEVIN
 Hey, Ricky?

RICKY (O.S.)
 Yo.

KEVIN
 We got the invitation for Kristy's
 wedding. You got one too.

Ricky comes out of his room.

RICKY
 Sweet, I guess. You gonna go?

Kevin looks at the invitation some more. He tosses it on the counter and walks to the couch.

KEVIN
 Yeah. Might as well. Probably an
 open bar.

Kevin sits down on the couch. Ricky is looking at the invitation.

KEVIN (CONT'D)

I'm just going to get really drunk
and throw up on the cake.

Ricky and Kevin laugh at what they think at the time is a joke.

RICKY

Ooh, that'll be a good wedding
present.

We leave them both, content.

THE END.