

Bad Best Friend

By

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INT. DAN'S APARTMENT - LIVING ROOM - DAY

The shades are drawn. Only a whisper of sunlight permeates the darkness.

The room is filthy - dirty clothes and dishes cover every surface.

Most notable in the disarray are the porn magazines - "Jugs," "Whoppers," "Tasty Ass," "Barely Legal," and some "Playboys" - which actually helps add some class to the other smut.

The TV is on, muted, and tuned to "Sesame Street" - Elmo is trying to teach the 4-year-olds out there how to count. Or read. Or whatever it is that Elmo does.

DAN, 26, unshaven and unclean for weeks and apathetic to those and any other facts in his miserable life, sits on the couch bathing in the eerie glow emanating from the TV.

He weats only sweatpants - which are pooled at his ankles.

He watches "Sesame Street, eyes locked on Elmo, and masturbates.

Vigorously.

KNOCK KNOCK

Dan picks up the pace.

DAN

Come on...

KNOCK KNOCK KNOCK

He's determined to finish. He wants this...

KNOCK KNOCK KNOCK KNOCK KNOCK

DAN

Goddammit!

Dan springs to his feet.

He pulls his pants up and storms to the door.

He makes no attempt to hide his hard-on.

He whips open the door.

PAUL, 27, and the exact opposite of Dan - suave, clean, and dressed to the nines. He holds a pizza box - and notices Dan's erection.

PAUL

You busy?

Dan grabs the pizza, removes a slice, and starts eating in one motion.

He walks away and collapses on the couch.

Paul traverses the mess and picks up an issue of "Booty Babes."

PAUL

I didn't know they still made this.

Paul drops the magazine, sits next to Dan.

PAUL

Are we okay? Are you okay?

Dan keeps eating.

PAUL

I just... worry about you.

DAN

We're fine. I'm fine. Just forget about it.

PAUL

Marie's been asking about you.

DAN

Yeah?

PAUL

You seeing anyone?

Dan reaches for the floor and flings a magazine at Paul.

DAN

Miss November. Check her out. Seriously, take a look. Feel free to rub one out - I don't mind. Just clean up when you're done.

PAUL

Listen. Marie and I don't like how things ended. She thinks you're... stuck.

DAN
Stuck?

PAUL
Stuck.

Dan tosses his pizza crust to the floor and grabs another slice.

DAN
I don't know what that means.

PAUL
It means you can't get over her. It means you pound yourself raw ten times a day to tit mags and Elmo.

DAN
That's kind of weird, huh?

PAUL
Yeah, that's weird. Anyway, Marie wants to come by and... make amends.

DAN
Amends.

PAUL
She wants to --

DAN
Sex?

Paul is suddenly serious, looking Dan directly in the eye.
He clenches his fists.

PAUL
I don't know what she has in mind, but I'm okay with whatever it is.

DAN
You're okay with your girlfriend fucking some other guy? That's weird.

PAUL
You're not some other guy, Dan.

DAN
Every guy is some other guy.

INT. DAN'S APARTMENT - BATHROOM - NIGHT (MONTAGE)

Dan in shower covered in soap.

Dan brushing his teeth.

Dan trimming and shaving his beard.

Dan combing his hair.

INT. DAN'S APARTMENT - LIVING ROOM - NIGHT

The mess and porn are gone.

The golden glow of streetlights penetrate the open shades.

Dan sits on the couch. He's dressed like a manager of a fast food place. His leg bounces nervously.

KNOCK KNOCK KNOCK KNOCK

He's at the door in no time. He takes a second to collect himself.

He opens the door.

MARIE, 25, confident, strong-willed, and stunningly beautiful in jeans and a t-shirt.

MARIE

Got a job interview? He removes the tie.

Marie enters and goes to the

KITCHEN

She opens the fridge and pulls out two beers. She hands one to Dan.

MARIE

To old times.

Dan nods and they drink to old times. Dan takes a quick pull, but Marie upends her bottle. Dan stares at her slender neck as it undulates with every swallow.

She opens the fridge and grabs another beer.

Dan is enthralled.

She notices.

MARIE
This isn't because of you.

DAN
It's okay if it is.

MARIE
What did Paul tell you?

DAN
You were coming over.

MARIE
In what capacity?

DAN
I didn't get the specifics...

MARIE
Specifics.

INT. DAN'S APARTMENT - BEDROOM - NIGHT

The door CREAKS open.

Marie hits the light to reveal where most of the mess from the living room went to.

She and Dan survey the disorder before them. Marie kicks at a well-worn copy of "Classy Ass."

MARIE
I thought you threw this shit out.

DAN
Turns out I needed them.

MARIE
I asked you to get rid of it.

DAN
It's funny - we never fought or anything and we still end up breaking it off.

MARIE
I don't want to get into this right now.

DAN
What do you want to get into?

MARIE

I don't know what Paul said, but
I'm not having sex with you.

Dan is crestfallen. He can't hide it.

DAN

I wasn't even... Why would you... I
mean, who wants a pity lay anyhow?

INT. DAN'S APARTMENT - BEDROOM - NIGHT

Dark.

Dan sits on the edge of the bed, pants around his ankles.

Marie faces him on her knees wearing only her bra and jeans.

A pity hand-job.

DAN

I'm glad... we had... a good break-
up.

INT. PAUL AND MARIE'S APARTMENT - LIVING ROOM - NIGHT

Paul sits on the couch, his leg bouncing nervously.

The locks on the door CLICK. Marie comes in.

PAUL

How'd it go?

MARIE

We said we wouldn't talk about it.

PAUL

Like that was going to happen.

MARIE

I don't want to talk about it.

PAUL

Fine.

(a beat)

So what took so long?

MARIE

You're talking about it.

PAUL
I know, I know. Sorry. But you were gone for, like, three hours.

MARIE
So?

PAUL
Hand-jobs don't take three hours!

MARIE
Not for you.

Paul palms her face and hurls her to the floor. He pounces on her, pinning her arms.

He reaches in his pocket and pulls out a switch-blade.

He releases the blade.

Holds it to her throat.

PAUL
You fucking take that back. You take it back! And then you tell me what happened.

INT. DAN'S APARTMENT - LIVING ROOM - NIGHT

Dan is asleep on the couch.

KNOCK KNOCK KNOCK KNOCK KNOCK KNOCK KNOCK KNOCK KNOCK KNOCK

Dan explodes from his slumber.

KNOCK KNOCK KNOCK KNOCK KNOCK KNOCK KNOCK KNOCK KNOCK KNOCK

He rushes to the door, opens it.

Paul leans on the door frame. Out of breath and sweaty.

DAN
Paul? What's going on?

PAUL
Alright if I come in?

DAN
Yeah, yeah.

Paul steps inside. He leaves just enough room for the door to shut.

DAN
Everything okay?

PAUL
What happened tonight?

DAN ...

PAUL
Between you and Marie.

DAN
She said you guys weren't going to
talk --

PAUL
She said. I say tell me.

DAN
Nothing happened. Let's just forget
about it, okay?

Dan rubs his face. He sees something in Paul's hand.

DAN
What's that?

Paul raises his hand.

The knife.

Blood on it.

PAUL
It's a good knife. Cuts really
clean. And straight.

DAN
Who's blood is that?

PAUL
You're right handed, aren't you?

Paul lunges at Dan, tackling him to the ground.

Paul grabs Dan's right hand with his non-knife hand.

He tries to hold Dan's hand steady.

Dan fights back, kicking at Paul

Paul climbs onto Dan's torso.

He kneels on Dan's arms, trapping him.

Paul splays out Dan's right hand.

He plunges the knife in Dan's palm.

Dan SCREAMS.

Paul stabs again.

Twists the knife.

Blood squirts from the wound.

Paul stabs again, driving the knife through Dan's hand and into the floor.

He climbs off of Dan and stands up.

Dan grabs the knife and yanks. It's embedded in the floor.

Paul kicks Dan in the head.

Another kick.

Another kick.

Dan is unconscious.

PAUL

How long have we been friends?
Fifteen years?

Paul yanks the knife from Dan's hand and the floor.

He wipes the blood on his pants, sits next to Dan.

PAUL

It's a good knife. Cuts really
clean. And straight.

Paul places the blade on Dan's throat.

PAUL

Clean and straight.

He cuts into the skin.

Bloods gushes from the wound.

It pools on the floor, seeping into the carpet.

PAUL

Clean and straight.

FADE OUT.