

THE BREAKUP

by

Quickdraw

Contact:  
XYZ Agency  
agent@xyzagency.com  
310-555-1234

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FADE IN:

**INT. APARTMENT - DAY**

The living-room/kitchenette of a small, ground floor rental. Doors in the rear lead to the single bedroom and bathroom.

BETH (late 20s), dressed in a chintzy outfit, leans against the kitchen bench, smoking.

The front door is off the living room. Nearby is a stack of cardboard boxes, stuffed bags, and oddments of personal property.

MARY-LOUISE ("M-L", late 20s), wearing jeans and tee shirt, enters from the bedroom carrying a very large shoebox. She dumps it on the kitchen table.

MARY-LOUISE  
Look what was in his sock drawer.

BETH  
Socks?

MARY-LOUISE  
Go ahead. Look inside.

Beth lifts the lid. Takes a peek.

BETH  
Oh.

MARY-LOUISE  
Yup. That's right.

BETH  
Is it real?

MARY-LOUISE  
Oh, it's real. Only I can't believe it.

BETH  
Can't believe it's real?

MARY-LOUISE  
Can't believe he kept this thing secret in our house all this time and didn't tell me. I mean, I have a right to know what's in my own home, don't I?

Beth knows the only correct answer is 'Yes.' She nods.

MARY-LOUISE  
Sneaky creep.

Beth reaches inside and gingerly lifts something out with two fingers as though unclogging a drain: a handgun - a revolver, to be precise. She suspends it at eye-level while giving it a good look-over.

She draws on her cigarette and wrinkles her nose at the same time. Blows smoke out the side of her mouth.

BETH  
Hmmm... I think it's loaded.

MARY-LOUISE  
How do you know?

BETH  
Look here. At the front of the cylinder thingy. Those things inside, those are the bullets. Dad had one just like it.

She drops it back inside the box, among the socks.

A knock on the front door -- RAP RAP RAP!

M-L looks at Beth. *Who could that be?*

M-L crosses to the door and squints through the peep hole. Then opens it.

DOOFUS (early 20s) stands on the porch. Ripped jeans. Tee shirt underneath a hoodie. Dirty, worn sneakers.

DOOFUS  
Hey. Alex sent me to get the rest of his stuff.

MARY-LOUISE  
Oh yeah? The little rat didn't want to come himself, eh?  
(pause)  
Who are you?

DOOFUS  
Doug. Um, everyone calls me Doofus.

MARY-LOUISE  
Well, Doofus. There it is. All them boxes and junk.

She points to the stack of cardboard boxes and oddments.

DOOFUS

Okay. Well, I'll get started then.  
The car's just outside.

He grabs the nearest box, hoists it up, walks out the door with it.

M-L carries the shoebox to the living-room, drops the box on the coffee table. She flops onto the sofa.

Beth stubs her cigarette out in the sink and follows, sitting next to M-L where they can watch Doofus come and go through the front door.

M-L's pocket sounds a chime. She pulls out a phone, looks at it.

MARY-LOUISE

Speak of the devil.

She taps the screen and examines the message.

ALEJANDRO (TEXT)

*Doofus there yet?*

She types a response.

MARY-LOUISE (TEXT)

*5 min ago.*

She places the phone on the coffee table so Beth can see.

ALEJANDRO (TEXT)

*Do not touch my stuff. Doofus will get everything from my drawers in bedroom dresser.*

MARY-LOUISE

(to Beth)

'Do not touch my stuff.' Hah! He doesn't want me going through his drawers, and we know why. I'll play along.

MARY-LOUISE (TEXT) (CONT'D)

*Im not packing your shit. Doofus can do tht.*

Doofus is halfway through his task. He is sweating. He takes a breather.

DOOFUS

Ah-hem. Ladies? S'cuse me. Can I get a glass of water?

M-L gestures to the kitchenette.

Doofus crosses to the sink. He grabs a glass from the dish drainer, fills it from the faucet. Gulps it down.

DOOFUS

Yeah. That's better.

He gets back to work.

MARY-LOUISE

(to Beth)

Y'know, for a while I thought he was seeing someone else. He was going out late at night, never said where. But then he sold his old motorbike, bought a new one. And a new leather jacket. Then I realised, he was making money from someplace, but keeping it secret. The lying toad.

Doofus has cleared the last of the boxes and paraphernalia. He stands by the door. Clears his throat.

DOOFUS

Uh, ladies? That's about it. But, one more thing. I'm s'posed to make sure I get all of Alex's stuff from the bedroom dresser. Underwear, tee shirts, socks, et-cetra. Er... specially the socks.

M-L and Beth exchange looks.

MARY-LOUISE

All that stuff was in the boxes.  
But the socks are here.

She points to the shoebox in front of her. From a jar of pens and knick knacks she takes a magic marker and scrawls on the side of the box: "SOCKS"

MARY-LOUISE (CONT'D)

Here ya go.

Doofus comes over and takes the shoebox.

DOOFUS

Thanks!

He's on his way out the front door when he suddenly stops. He turns to the girls again.

DOOFUS

Actually, could you do me a favour?  
I think there's someone spying on  
me. Watching from across the  
street. Could one of you take a  
look, see if he's still there?

Beth looks at M-L. *What's up with this guy?*

She gets up and goes to the door. Takes one step out, scans  
left and right, then comes back in.

BETH

Nup. Nothin'. Coast is clear.

DOOFUS

(relieved)

Okay! All right! Thank you, ladies.  
I'm off then.

He walks out the door. Beth closes it behind him. She and M-L  
look at each other.

They laugh out loud.

#### INT. GARAGE - DAY

In a domestic detached garage, ALEJANDRO ("Alex," 30) and  
VINCE (30) sit in camp chairs in the middle of the floor.  
They wear track pants and sweaters.

As they sip beers, Doofus walks back and forth in front of  
them, taking Alejandro's property out of a station wagon  
parked just outside the main door, to the rear of the garage.

ALEJANDRO

Yeah. This is going to work so much  
better. No more nagging from M-L.  
We can finally make some real  
money. How long do we have?

VINCE

My mother's overseas for the rest  
of the year, so we can keep the  
hydroponics in the attic going for  
another ten months.

ALEJANDRO

Sweet! I promise, now that I'm  
living here I'll be working serious  
hours getting the operation running  
properly.

(MORE)

ALEJANDRO (CONT'D)  
Every new business needs an extra  
hard push in the start-up phase. I  
read that somewhere.

They clink beer cans.

Doofus is done with the last box. He saunters over and stands  
next to Alejandro.

DOOFUS  
Done!

Alejandro stands up, pulls out a thick wad of cash. Peels off  
a hundred dollar bill.

ALEJANDRO  
Excellent work.

He wafts it front of Doofus's nose.

ALEJANDRO (CONT'D)  
And the house always appreciates  
customers who pay their debts  
promptly. So thank you, customer!

He tucks the hundred dollar bill back in the wad and presents  
a five dollar note instead.

ALEJANDRO (CONT'D)  
Here's your change.

Doofus's face drops. He takes the note.

Vince stands up and looks out the door.

VINCE  
Someone just pulled up on the road.

He disappears into the garage's rear, then come back with a  
pair of binoculars. Stares out the garage door.

VINCE (CONT'D)  
Three guys.

DOOFUS  
I might know one of 'em.

Vince lets him look through the binoculars.

DOOFUS (CONT'D)  
Yeah. Yep. It's Bonzo.

ALEJANDRO  
Who's Bonzo?

DOOFUS

My previous dealer. I thought it was him, following me.

ALEJANDRO

Dealer? As in drug dealer?

DOOFUS

Yep. And... hey guys, they're all carrying baseball bats.

Alejandro tugs at handfuls of hair on his scalp.

ALEJANDRO

Fuck! Fuck! Fuck!

(suddenly, to Doofus)

Socks! Where's my socks?

Doofus is perplexed. He points to Alex's feet.

ALEJANDRO (CONT'D)

Dummy! From the apartment! You got everything from my sock drawer, right?

DOOFUS

Oh yeah!

Doofus runs to the back of the garage, comes back with the shoebox with "SOCKS" written on the side.

Alejandro flings off the lid. Looks inside, smiles with relief. In a spray of socks, he yanks out the gun.

ALEJANDRO

Listen. I'll go out and talk to 'em. I'll tuck the gun in here,  
(points to waistband)  
so they know I mean business. You guys hang back but let them know I'm not alone.

Vince is looking through the binoculars again.

VINCE

Okay, but... now that they're moving around, those baseball bats look more like shotguns.

ALEJANDRO

What?!

Alejandro runs up to the doorway, looks over top of the station wagon outside.



ALEJANDRO  
That's a long driveway to get here.  
I'll scare 'em off. You two find  
something to arm yourselves with.

Alejandro draws the gun and aims it out the door. Vince and Doofus run into the depths of the garage. Vince comes back with a battery chainsaw. Doofus has a weed-eater.

DOOFUS  
Dammit! It's out of string.

He runs back, quickly returns with a machete. Gives it some test swoops.

ALEJANDRO  
Let's get behind the station wagon.

They all creep out the driveway door, disappearing OFF-SCREEN. Alejandro shouts into the distance:

ALEJANDRO (O.S.) (CONT'D)  
YO! YOU GUYS! STOP WHERE YOU ARE!  
WE ARE ARMED!

VINCE (O.S.)  
I don't think they believe you.  
They're still coming!

ALEJANDRO (O.S.)  
Guys, I'm gonna have to cut loose!

SOUND FX: CLICK... CLICK CLICK CLICK CLICK. CLICK.

ALEJANDRO (O.S.) (CONT'D)  
Oh.

#### **INT. APARTMENT - DAY**

CLOSE on coffee table. Six bullets sit upright on their flat butt-ends, arranged in a circle.

M-L and Beth relax on the sofa.

BETH  
Do you think he might need these?

MARY-LOUISE  
Nah. What for? He can pose and play  
soldier without bullets. These  
things are dangerous.

FADE OUT.