

SCRIPT TITLE

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ACT 1

SCENE ONE

Lights on. It is a quiet morning. We see Angie's apartment furnished with living room furniture, a kitchen, a bedroom door, and the front door. PJ, Angie's best-friend, cracks the front door open from the outside and peeks his head in to make sure the coast is clear. He enters quietly with a duffle bag and wearing pajamas and looks around to make sure that Angie has already left for work.

Convinced that she has already gone, he immediately makes himself at home by a bowl of cereal and sitting on the couch. He turns on the TV.

ANGIE, dressed for work and ready to leave, walks into the living room to see PJ on her couch eating her cereal. He is so in tune to the TV that he doesn't hear her coming up behind him.

ANGIE:

Do you know who's couch you're sitting on?

PJ:

Who?

ANGIE:

Mine!

PJ jumps and realizes that Angie has been there the whole time.

PJ:

Heyyy! Angie! This isn't what it looks like I was just....um...checking out the sofa for you!

He feels the couch as if he were a sofa salesman.

PJ: (CONT'D)

Mmhm..seems alright to me..

ANGIE:

Checking out my sofa. In your pajamas...

PJ:

(laughing nervously)
Well, you know. Good morning!

ANGIE:

Cut it out, PJ. What are you doing here? And how did you even get in?

PJ:

I...used a certain key that someone I know hides under a mat...

ANGIE:

My key. You used my "EMERGENCY ONLY" key? So technically, you broke into my house.

PJ:

(scoffs)
No, I didn't break in. I have a key.

Angie rolls her eyes and snatches it away from him. She walks into the kitchen to fix herself some cereal but finds that PJ has used up all the milk.

ANGIE:

Get out.

PJ:

Okay, okay, I know that key is for emergencies only, BUT, this is an emergency!

ANGIE:

Of course its is. Everything's an emergency with you. It was an emergency when you ran out of groceries last month so you ate all mine. It was an emergency that you ran out of toilet paper so you stole mine, and it was an emergency when your girlfriend found out she was really the side chick.

PJ:
Is there a point you're trying to make here? Because I totally zoned out.

ANGIE:
Exactly my point, PJ. The only thing that's an "emergency", is your lack of common sense and responsibility.

PJ:
I am responsible!

ANGIE: (CONT'D)
No, *I'm* responsible. And I'm also your go-to whenever you screw something up, so whatever it is, I'm not interested.

PJ:
Are you gonna listen to me, Miss Know It All #ShadeQueen? Or are you just gonna judge me?

ANGIE:
Oh, I *live* to judge you, Panashe. Alright, let me hear it. Prove me wrong.

PJ:
About that. Sooo, you remember that thing you told me I'm supposed to pay every month?

Angie:
You're rent.

PJ:
Yeah, that. Well...I....

PJ takes a long time trying to form the next words that will come out of his mouth.

ANGIE: (CONT'D)
Today!

PJ:
I've been evicted.

Angie looks at him in shock.

ANGIE: (CONT'D)

You've been what?!

PJ:

I was behind on rent so....they threw me out of my apartment.

ANGIE:

Wait a minute. So....you're *homeless*?!

PJ winces at the word. His rich, privileged ears cannot bear to hear it.

ANGIE: (CONT'D)

This doesn't make any sense. I thought your parents sent you rent money every month?

PJ:

Yeah, well, we came to a mutual agreement that we were no longer "financially compatible".

ANGIE:

They cut you off, didn't they.

PJ:

Yes.

Angie starts off with a giggle and then transitions into guffaws of dying laughter.

PJ : (CONT'D)

I'm not a comedian, but I feel like this is poor comedic timing at its finest.

Angie's still laughing.

PJ :

This is not funny!

ANGIE:

No, you're right, it's not. It's tragic!

Angie's dying of laughter. PJ grows irritated.

PJ:

What're you, a hyena? Knock it off.

ANGIE: (CONT'D)

I'm sorry, it's just...I knew it! I knew this would happen.

PJ:

What's that supposed to mean?

ANGIE:

It means that you're a lazy, rich, spoiled brat whose finally got what's coming to him.

PJ:

Hey, just because I have a social life and like to go out instead of being a washed up homebody with my nose in a book like *you*, doesn't mean I'm a spoiled brat.

ANGIE:

But that does make you rich and lazy? I'm glad we agree.

PJ:

Give me one good example.

ANGIE:

You mean aside from the groceries and toilet paper. Are you sure you really want to hand me that loaded gun?

PJ:

I'm already full of bullet holes. Let me have it.