

FEUD

Written by

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FADE IN:

EXT. PARKING LOT - NIGHT

A car parks in an apartment parking lot. EVAN, a young man, gets out of the vehicle. He puts a wad of cash in his pocket and enters his building.

CUT TO:

INT. APARTMENT LIVING ROOM - NIGHT

ANDREW, Evan's roommate, sits on the couch and watches television. There are snacks beside him. He watches intensely.

VOICE ON TELEVISION  
(Australian accent)  
Oi! Lookie here. It seems as if the  
caterpillar's we've been studying  
have already metamorphisized into  
hundreds of butterflies!

Andrew's eyes widen with disbelief.

ANDREW  
Whoa.

CUT TO:

INT. APARTMENT HALLWAY - NIGHT

Evan enters the apartment hallway. He approaches his door and is disappointed as it is unlocked and slightly ajar.

CUT TO:

INT. APARTMENT LIVING ROOM

Andrew eats while watching television. Evan enters the apartment from a door behind him. Andrew lazily tosses his hand in the air, still concentrated on the television.

ANDREW  
Yo.

Evan walks through the living room and toward his room. At his door, he turns and looks at Andrew.

EVAN

Idiot.

Andrew looks the wrong way toward the front door momentarily. He swings his head toward Evan's door in a delayed reaction. He is taken aback. The door slams shut. Andrew takes a moment and looks back at the television.

ANDREW

He was probably talking about somebody else.

FADE TO BLACK.

FADE IN:

INT. APARTMENT KITCHEN - THE NEXT DAY

Evan stretches and pours a bowl of cereal. Andrew emerges from his room in a robe and sunglasses. The two roommates avoid eye contact.

ANDREW

Top of the morning, brother. So who were you talking to last night when you came in?

Evan takes a moment, and looks Andrew in the eye.

EVAN

You, dude.

Andrew takes off his sunglasses to reveal he has glasses on underneath.

ANDREW

No way. Wait, what did I do though? You wanted to watch my show with me? You could have tol-

EVAN

You left the door unlocked again. I walked right in and didn't say a thing. I could have killed you.

Andrew looks confused. He takes a breath.

ANDREW

Well why would you do that?

EVAN

If I was a killer. Obviously I'm not.

ANDREW

I think I did lock the door though.  
You might be wrong here.

EVAN

You didn't. It was open and I  
walked right in.

ANDREW

Hmmm. No. I think locked it.

EVAN

You're not going to gaslight me  
here.

ANDREW

Well now you're acting crazy.  
Either way, you weren't a killer,  
so that's cool. I just felt as if  
there was no need for the name  
calling.

The two look at each other for a few silent moments. Andrew  
breaks the silence.

ANDREW (CONT'D)

What are you eating?

EVAN

Lucky Charms. I gotta get more milk  
today at Walmart.

Andrew nods and looks over at the sink. There are multiple  
old cereal bowls with weeks-old dried up milk.

ANDREW

Looks like you got some leftovers  
there already.

Evan scoffs.

ANDREW (CONT'D)

Have you ever considered just  
washing those immediately after  
you're done eating? That dried milk  
smell is crazy.

EVAN

No. You know why. I can't  
compromise that. Don't be silly.

ANDREW

You're still doing that?

Evan looks at the ground.

EVAN

Yes.

ANDREW

So strange, dude.

EVAN

It's not illegal and you know that.  
My customers eat it like yogurt.  
Not weird or strange.

ANDREW

It's definitely strange. This has  
to be a biohazard. It's weeks old.  
People pay for that?

EVAN

Well, I don't handle the payments.  
I just supply the stuff and get  
paid.

ANDREW

Are you telling me there's an multi-  
layer underground old dried up  
cereal milk distribution industry?

EVAN

I don't know about all that. I just  
make the stuff.

Andrew has an epiphany. His eyes widen.

ANDREW

That's why you're so worried about  
the door! You think they're going  
to steal your supply!

EVAN

There's strange people in this  
world, man.

ANDREW

Strange people in your dried milk  
drug ring.

EVAN

Whatever. I just want us both to  
stay safe.

The two look at each other and say nothing.

ANDREW  
Wanna play Fortnite?

EVAN  
Okay.

The two walk toward their respective rooms.

FADE OUT.