

Chat
By
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FADE IN:

INT. ROOM - NIGHT

White walls streaked with dirt, greasy hand prints. A naked light bulb clings onto a well-worn cable, worming its way from the ceiling. Bare floor boards coated with years of grime, sweat, tears even, covered with cigarette butts, candy wrappers strewn aimlessly.

A cream-colored easy chair, stained with indeterminate fluids from unspecified sources, held together with various tapes and fixings, cozies up to small wooden desk. Carvings testify to previous ownerships.

On the table, an ash tray, full, spewing it's contents. A coffee mug, cracked, handleless, someone's favorite. At least a possession.

A coffee-maker bubbles happily in the corner of the desk occasionally erupting brown fluid, geyser-like.

Enter a man (40's). Fat, bald, sweating, bad teeth. The buttons on his soiled shirt strain vigorously against the invasion of his gut. He sits, stubs out a cigarette. Reaches into his breast pocket. Produces a soft pack, shakes it, one survivor surrenders. Last smoke! Annoyed, he screws the pack into a ball and throws it at the wall.

MAN

Shit!

Theatrically he flicks a Zippo into life, lights his cigarette and inhales deeply.

The coffee percolation grabs his attention. He picks up the mug, inspects inside, sniffs it, pulls a face. Tugging his shirt from his pants, he spits in the mug, then wipes it with his already over-used shirt tail.

Satisfied with his efforts he pours himself a coffee, drags on his smoke and chews feverishly on his nails. The original caffeine/nicotine/keratin junkie.

He looks up, squints.

MAN

Oh, so you decided to turn up.

A swig, a drag, a chew, he resumes.

MAN

Before you lurch into any of your pre-rehearsed purile apologies or guilt-sodden excuses, I want my say. O.K?

Silence.

MAN

Good.

Leaning back he places two bare feet on the desk. Feet unwashed for months. Toe nails clogged with dirt, but still a tasty fillip, if only he could reach. He eyes them sadly.

MAN

I'd really appreciate it if you did not use me or my place with such contempt.

(beat)

Just who the fuck in hell do you think you are? You stay away forever, turn up when you feel like it and expect me to hold a conversation with you as though you were here yesterday.

The man is in control. Blue smoke rings are cockily launched from his mouth, scudding ever upward, easing into the atmosphere. He leans forward, grabs the mug, slurps more coffee.

MAN

I think I've just about had enough. I mean what do you bring to the table?

(beat)

Nothing my friend, fucking nothing! Zilch! While I have to try and keep this shit together!

He removes his feet from the desk and leans forward with intent.

MAN

Look at you. You've got nothing. Lost your job, lost your wife, lost your way completely. And who's fault is it? Every-fucking-body else's.

Angry, the man stands, stubbing the remains of his cigarette into the ashtray. Ash cascades onto the table. He snatches up his mug, gulping down the last of his coffee. Wiping his mouth with the back of his hand aggressively, he sneers.

MAN

So what have you got to say for yourself?

Silence.

MAN

And that's another thing I'm pissed with. Every time, this fucking passive aggressive, dumb insolence shit! Well buddy, you can go to hell! I don't wanna see you ever again!

The man raises the mug and throws it.

Smashing the mirror he has been talking to.

FADE OUT:

THE END