

I've Got This

By

ANON

Email: PM Me

Fade in.

INT. STUDIO APARTMENT - DAY

Tiny apartment. Sparse except for milk crates, tattered furniture, and crushed pieces of paper. TIM (20's) sits lazily on his couch playing a VIDEO GAME.

His phone continues to vibrate.

SFX: Vrrrrrr...

The caller id reads: "**CASH COW (JONES)**"

TIM

Jones.

CUT TO.

EXT. APARTMENT BUILDING - DAY

An old apartment building that looks as if it has been ripped from soviet Russia. A man stands huddled in the doorway, coughing. Old posters from bands whose singers have now overdosed line the walls.

A PHONE vibrating is heard in PRE-LAP.

SFX: Vrrrrrr...

INT. BAR - DAY

A dimly lit whiskey bar. JONES (20's) is flanked by attractive women. He talks loudly, over the chatter, into his phone.

JONES

Tim! Whiskey bar on Madison. Be here.

INT. STUDIO APARTMENT - DAY

Tim gets more intense with the game.

TIM

(lying)

Oh man I wish I could but I have no money at the moment...

INT. BAR - DAY

JONES
Don't worry. I've got it.

INT. STUDIO APARTMENT - DAY

Tim smiles.

CUT TO.

MONTAGE:

INT. BAR - DAY

- Tim rocks up at the bar and begins partying with Jones.
- Tim chats up an attractive lady. Leans across to Jones and rubs his fingers together in the universal sign for money.

JONES
I've got this.

EXT. STADIUM - DAY

- Tim, and Jones hang out at a sports game. A food vendor passes food along. Tim rubs his fingers together.

JONES
I've got this.

The montage now begins to speed up so it is a series of quick vignettes.

INT. MOVIE THEATER - NIGHT

- Tim and Jones stand at the counter to the movies. Jones stops him.

JONES
I've got this.

EXT. NIGHT CLUB - NIGHT

- Tim is about to be beaten up by a large BURLY MAN outside a night club. Just as the man arches his fist back Tim pulls Jones in front of him.

A human shield.

(CONTINUED)

JONES
(panicked)
I've got this?

INT. HOSPITAL - NIGHT

- Jones sits with bruises around his eyes and cheeks. He holds a TOOTH in his hands.

Tim prods Jones' cheek.

JONES
(annoyed)
I've got this.

Jones flinches from the pain.

He stares off into the distance, angry and annoyed.

MATCH CUT TO.

INT. RESTAURANT - NIGHT

Jones, still annoyed, stares at Tim who is chatting up a WAITRESS.

Tim turns to Jones.

TIM
Jones make it a twenty percent tip
on the meal.

Jones slams his hand on the table.

TIM
No. You know what - why don't you
make it a twenty percent tip!

The waitress and everyone else in the restaurant looks in shock over at Jones.

Tim leans in.

TIM
(whispering)
Jones you alright buddy?

JONES
(grumbling)
I'm fine.

(CONTINUED)

TIM

Okay. Well get your card out, I want to hit that new club (Shepards that just opened up.)

JONES

(over)

Why don't you get your card out?

TIM

What?

JONES

You pay for this meal. Or we're no longer friends.

TIM

(pause)

Fine.

Tim reaches into his pocket for his wallet. Long beat as he searches for it and struggles to pull it out.

He holds it up for the whole restaurant to see, looking smug as he does it. He opens it up and a MOTH flies out. Perplexed, Tim turns it upside down and begins shaking. Nothing falls out except an ANCIENT CREDIT CARD.

TIM

Do you accept -

Tim wipes off the dust from his credit card.

TIM (CONT.)

(Struggling to read)

Ma-ta-son-i-c ... Matasonic ...
MATASONIC!

The restaurant is silent.

TIM (CONT.)

Yes. Sorry. Do you accept
Matasonic?

WAITRESS

Let me go look.

The waitress leaves. Tim and Jones sit in awkward silence together.

After a beat the MANAGER walks over.

(CONTINUED)

MANAGER

Excuse me sir, may I have a word?

Tim walks over with the manager to the counter.

MANAGER (CONT.)

Sir, there has been a problem with your card. It appears we do not accept, erhm ... "Matasonic".

TIM

I see. Is there an ATM around here that I could use.

MANAGER

Just one that takes your particular type of card sir ...

The manager points towards an ATM outside. We push-in to reveal the dirty ATM. The ATM is lit by a single blinking street light.

Tim stares angrily at the Manager and then looks over at Jones who is staring daggers.

TIM

Fine.

EXT. RESTAURANT - NIGHT

Tim stands at the ATM mashing the buttons.

A SHADOWY FIGURE walks towards Tim

SHADOWY FIGURE

You have any friends?

The figure walks into the street light as Tim turns to him. Tim is shocked as he now stares at a "homeless-looking" version of himself.

SHADOWY FIGURE (HOMELESS-LOOKING TIM)

Spare some friends?

Tim quickly turns, leaving the "Homeless-looking Tim" alone under the streetlight, and walks briskly to the restaurant.

TIM

(under his breath)

I've got this ... I've got this ...
I've got this ...

INT. RESTAURANT - NIGHT

Tim strides up to the counter and places the money on the counter triumphantly. The manager begins counting.

MANAGER
 twenty, thirty, thirty-five,
 forty... I'm sorry sir but you're
 still...
 (looks at cheque)
 Sixty-two dollars short.

Tim looks defeated.

MANAGER (CONT.)
 There are other ways to get the
 money, sir.

The manager gestures over to the kitchen where a fat, unattractive COOK, stands licking his lips seductively.

MANAGER (CONT.)
 Or...

The manager indicates to the toilets where the same unattractive cook stands, but is now wearing a woman's dress.

Tim considers his choices.

TIM
 I -- ummm -- uhh --

He turns to look at Jones who is now chatting and laughing with someone else his own age.

TIM (CONT.)
 I've got this.

Tim storms off out of frame, we don't know which way he went until we...

CUT TO.

INT. RESTAURANT - NIGHT

Tim exits the restroom looking filthy, sobbing, and with odd yellow patches around his shirt. In his hand are crumpled up twenty's. Before he gets to the counter he is stopped by Jones.

(CONTINUED)

JONES

Hey, while you were in the bathroom
I payed the rest of it. Sorry I got
mad. You can get it at the next
place.

Tim looks devastated.

A man (SAM) comes from behind Jones.

JONES (CONT.)

Oh by the way this is Sam, he's
going to come with us to the club.

Jones smiles.

SMASH TO BLACK.

END [PLEASEINSERT\PRERENDERUNICODE{Ï£IJ}INTOPREAMBLE]