

THE VISITOR

By

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INT. APARTMENT - NIGHT

A glass half full of water sits on an end table in a drab, messy apartment. Beads of condensation are literally pouring off the side of it.

On the ceiling, a fan spins; sending shadows flickering throughout the apartment. The fan moves slowly, almost wobbling.

A hand hangs over the side of a bed, motionless. On the floor; a small table-top fan blows air onto the fingers of the hand, ribbons tied to its cage blow from the draft.

A MAN in his mid to late twenties lays on a bed in the apartment. He is sprawled out with his limbs overhanging the twin sized mattress. He wears only his underwear and is sweating "like crazy". He stares blankly up at the ceiling fan, watching the slower than usual blades try and do their thing. He is dully illuminated by a muted TV set at the foot of the bed. Street noise can be heard coming from the opened window: access to a humid, "breezeless" night.

After a few moments, the man reaches over to the half full glass of water on the nightstand and pours out the rest onto his body. He sighs heavily. Right after he does this the ceiling fan stops spinning, the TV turns off, and the ribbons tied to the small fan fall lifeless. The man suddenly stirs with care.

He stands up and trudges to the doorway of his bedroom. He glances out and takes a quick survey of his shitty, dark, one bedroom apartment before he turns back and collapses onto the bed.

MAN

Shit.

There is a loud knock at the door. The man closes his eyes and puts his hands over his face.

MAN (CONT'D.)

For fuck's sake...

He gets up and trudges to the front door of his apartment. He gets to the door, realizes he is dressed only in his underwear and grabs a bathrobe laying on the floor. In the meantime, there is another knock. He walks over to the kitchen cabinet, opens it and pulls out an electric lantern and turns it on. The man opens the door...

(CONTINUED)

A young woman stands on the other side of the door. She is blonde, hair tied into a ponytail with a pair of sunglasses pushed up resting, with a leather jacket, also mid to late twenties, and with a rolling suitcase. She smiles wide and extends her arms as if presenting herself.

MAN (CONT'D.)

Uhhhh...

The man seems shocked, surprised and even showing a trace of relief.

WOMAN

Hiiiiiiiiiiiiiiii!

The woman is nervous and almost ashamed to be here but this veiled by fake happiness.

MAN

Cassie.

CASSIE

I'm here.

The man's jaw is still on the floor. Cassie gives a nervous nod.

MAN

Well... Come in...??

Cassie nods again and steps inside, rolling her suitcase in. The man closes the door and the two stand awkwardly. Cassie tries to break the strange tension...

CASSIE

It's fucking hot! Jesus...

MAN

Yeah. And I'm pretty sure my power went out.

Cassie walks deeper into the apartment, taking her leather jacket off, inspecting the place.

CASSIE

Well from what I can see this place doesn't look like it's "up to code".

The man smiles nervously and sees Cassie eying a particularly ratty looking couch.

MAN

Uh, you can sit down.

The man rushes to brush off crumbs of food from the couch as Cassie sits down.

CASSIE

So...

The man grabs a fold up chair stashed in the back corner of the "living room" and sits down across from her.

MAN

I'd uh, I'd offer you a drink but all I really have is water...

CASSIE

That's okay, I just came from a bar.

The man nods. There is a good 8 second pause.

CASSIE (CONT'D.)

What am I doing here?

The man stares at her, confused.

CASSIE (CONT'D.)

...is what you want to ask...?

MAN

Well, no... Uh, no. But... How...

CASSIE

Mark had your address.

It is almost as if the man realizes he should have thought of that.

MAN

Mark. Right.

He looks next to the couch and focuses on Cassie's suitcase.

MAN (CONT'D.)

You get kicked out or something?

CASSIE

Kicked out?

MAN

Last I heard you moved in with some guy on the north side.

(CONTINUED)

Cassie cannot help but laugh.

CASSIE
That was 2 years ago.

MAN
Well... Yeah. It's been a while.

CASSIE
I know. I'm sorry to just... You know...

She pulls out a pack of smokes from her small purse and lights one up.

CASSIE (CONT'D.)
This is okay, right?

MAN
Yeah. Yeah, totally.

She exhales.

CASSIE
So what have you been up to?

MAN
Sweating my balls off. You?

Cassie smiles.

CASSIE
3 jobs in 2 months. I haven't been laid in 4. I have everything I own in that suitcase right there. And this is my last cigarette.

MAN
You need a place to stay?

Cassie inhales deeply, her eyes coolly studying the man. She exhales.

CASSIE
Look. I know what it's like. I know how this seems. We haven't talked to each other in...

MAN
A long time.

CASSIE

A long fucking time. I show up at your door with a suitcase and a sob story and we're supposed to get along great again. Be best friends. Drink some beer and share laughs over old times. I get it. I don't care. I'm not looking for a handout.

She eyes the apartment again.

CASSIE (CONT'D.)

Especially in this shit hole... But I just felt like having a conversation with you...? Just 'cause I show up at your door in the sweltering heat, mid-blackout isn't the beginning of something new alright?

MAN

I didn't mean it like that it's just... Well what am I supposed to think, you know?

Cassie nods. She stands up and walks over to the fridge in the dim apartment. The only light coming from the lantern that Cassie grabs up off the floor.

MAN (CONT'D.)

And you found ME. Me of all people.

CASSIE

So?

MAN

Well what happened with that guy? I mean you said it was 2 years ago right? Why did you decide tonight is the night you'd come and find me? What the hell have you been doing since then?

CASSIE

Going from place to place. Is it really such a bad thing for me to want to see you? Like what the fuck is this? I told you... I don't have some secret motive here.

The man nods.

(CONTINUED)

MAN

I just think it's weird. That's all.

CASSIE

Weird?

MAN

You walked out on me. Out of nowhere.

Cassie lowers her head.

CASSIE

I know.

MAN

You dropped off the face of the map.

Pause.

MAN (CONT'D.)

What about your dad? He completely lost his mind. You just cut off all contact. That was it.

Cassie starts laughing.

CASSIE

We both know he never gave a shit about me.

The man puts his head down.

CASSIE (CONT'D.)

We never should have done anything.

The man nods.

CASSIE (CONT'D.)

You know that's why I left?

The man looks up, waiting for her to finish.

CASSIE (CONT'D.)

After our parents got divorced. I left you. I couldn't deal with any of it.

MAN

They got divorced because they were finished with each other. Not because they found out about us.

(CONTINUED)

CASSIE
WHO GIVES A SHIT ABOUT US?!

MAN
Cassie...

CASSIE
I have spent the last 6 years
trying to figure why we couldn't
happen. And you know what? I
couldn't figure it out. Our
parents? That's not even a real
reason. Who gives a fuck?

MAN
So what are you saying? Why are you
here?

Cassie finishes her cigarette and puts it out in a nearby
bowl on the kitchen counter.

CASSIE
I don't know.

Pause. The man stares at Cassie. Cassie stares at him.

MAN
So... Now what?

The power comes on. Lights flicker to life. Fans start
moving again. The gentle hum of electricity fills the man's
apartment again.

CASSIE
I guess you won't be sweating your
balls off anymore...

FADE OUT.

THE END