

The Kitchen Sink Drama

By

Larry Singleton

INT. KITCHEN - DAY

CHRIS, maybe early 40s, stands at a kitchen sink. He looks down at what is the most disgustingly clogged sink in cinematic history.

CHRIS
(YELLING TO O.S.)
HOW MANY TIMES HAVE I TOLD YOU
ABOUT THE EGGSHELLS?

FEMALE VOICE (O.S.)
IT WASN'T ME! IT'S EVERYONE! IT'S
CUMULATIVE! STOP BLAMING IT ON ME
EVERYTIME!

CHRIS
(quietly)
Always the goddamn eggshells.

INT. KITCHEN - DAY

CHRIS tries to plunge the sink vigorously with a toilet plunger.

After several attempts, he looks down at his failed efforts.

CHRIS
GODDAMMIT!

He tosses the toilet plunger into the dirty sink water. A droplet of dirty grey water splashes him in the eye, frustrating him even more.

INT. LIVING ROOM - DAY

CHRIS looks at a business card sitting next to his open wallet. He holds a phone to his ear.

CHRIS
Hey, Dave! What's going on, how are
you buddy? Good, good. That's good
to hear man. Hey, listen: are you
free today? I'm having problems
with my...ah, alright. Nevermind
then. Just thought I'd ask.

He hangs up the phone, looks back at the sink, and sighs.

INT. BASEMENT BEDROOM - DAY

A slightly chubby man, RANDY, 50s, is fast asleep on an air mattress.

The surrounding scene RANDY is in is a mess: dirty clothes strewn about all over, and a couple of empty beer cans. It doesn't look like he made the decision to go to sleep the previous night, it looks like he just passed out in the middle of a night of heavy drinking.

After a moment a phone ring wakes him up.

RANDY struggles to locate his phone in the pockets of a pair of jeans on the floor nearby. By the time he gets to it, he has missed the call.

RANDY

Fuck!

He tosses the phone aside, and goes back to sleep.

INT. HOME OFFICE - DAY

CHRIS is on his computer, scrolling through search results.

He calls a number.

CHRIS

Hey, it's me. I know, I know. You can't come. But listen: I'm at a loss for who I can call. I've tried to fix the problem myself, and you're the only one I know. Is there anyone else you'd recommend?

VOICE (O.S.)

Yeah...but...he's not... I'll give you the number to a guy I know. But this guy isn't really the greatest. His name's Randy.

CHRIS

I found his number online already. I think I might have just called him. He didn't answer.

VOICE (O.S.)

That sounds like him alright...just call again. You might not reach him until the third try, but he's the only one I can

(MORE)

(CONTINUED)

VOICE (O.S.) (cont'd)
think of that'd be able to come on
such short notice.

CHRIS
Fine.

INT. BASEMENT BEDROOM - DAY

The phone ring wakes RANDY again. He struggles to locate the phone in time once again.

This time, he doesn't go back to sleep.

He stands up, stretches, and yawns.

He looks around at the ruins of his surroundings.

RANDY
Jesus.

He walks around the room locating the empty cans of beer and bottles of whiskey, trying to get what he can muster up from each of them. It's not much, but it's not a bad amount of remaining liquid.

RANDY
Alright. Let's do this shit.

INT. CHRIS' KITCHEN - DAY

CHRIS looks at the sink again.

DEBRA
What's going on? Is it fixed yet?

CHRIS
No, I'm trying.

DEBRA
Call the guy again.

CHRIS
I called twice already, and no answer.

DEBRA
He's the only one available?

CHRIS

No one else is answering.

DEBRA

Well try him again.

CHRIS

Yeah, I'm gonna have to.

DEBRA

Listen, it wasn't me this time.

CHRIS

I don't know, Debbie. I'm pretty meticulous with this stuff.

DEBRA

After the last time, I swear. I've been scraping off all my food NOT in the sink.

CHRIS

Yeah, yeah. Okay, fine. I believe you.

DEBRA

I'm going out today. I can't be around the house when you're like this.

CHRIS

Yeah, sure. Leave me with the problem. Come back when it's fixed.

DEBRA

Okay fine, do you want to go out then?

CHRIS

No, it's fine. These maintenance guys see a woman alone and think they can take advantage of her with the price.

DEBRA

Okay fair enough. But don't say I never offered.

INT. KITCHEN - DAY

RANDY stands over the sink and cracks two eggs in a glass.

He stirs the eggs with a fork, and takes a breath.

He looks at the mixture for a second, holds his nose, and chugs it down.

RANDY

Ugh.

He fills the glass with tap water and chugs that down as well.

Suddenly, his phone rings again.

He answers this time.

RANDY

(muttering to himself)

Jesus Christ. Why do I even bother....Hello? Hello.

CHRIS

Hello? Is this...Am I speaking to Randy?

RANDY sneezes, and CHRIS looks weirded out.

RANDY

Yeah, last time I checked. Why?

CHRIS awkwardly laughs, unsure of his sense of humour.

CHRIS

I've got a clogged sink, are you free today?

RANDY

Yeah, sure.

EXT. SUBURBAN STREET - DAY

A beat-up, dirty car that should've been abandoned years ago moves through a quiet neighborhood sloppily. At one point, the car veers a little too close to a curb.

INT. CAR - DAY

RANDY drives while reaching for something in the passenger seat. When he looks up from whatever it is he's looking for, he realizes the car is not where it wants to be.

RANDY
Oh, shit! Haha! Close one.

EXT. SUBURBAN STREET - DAY

RANDY finally pulls over at a curb, and takes a look at the house he's parked in front of. He looks at a piece of scrap paper, squinting at the messily written address. He looks at the house, and then back at the paper, trying to make sense of it.

RANDY is the type of guy that has probably needed glasses for years, but will never see an eye doctor.

RANDY
Fuck it.

He retrieves a small bottle of vodka from the glove compartment, and takes a little nip.

INT. HOUSE - FRONT WINDOW - DAY

CHRIS watches as RANDY gets equipment from his trunk. He looks confused, almost like he's thinking, "THAT'S the guy?"

As RANDY walks to the house - dressed in jeans and an old crappy band t-shirt (something like APRIL WINE or RUSH) with the tour year dating back over a decade, CHRIS (wearing a dress shirt and suit pants) gets visibly uncomfortable.

INT./EXT. FRONT DOOR - DAY

RANDY and CHRIS look at each other sternly for a moment.

RANDY
You're the sink guy, right?

CHRIS
Yes, that's correct.

RANDY takes a step in the house.

(CONTINUED)

RANDY
You know it'll be extra because
it's on short notice, right?

CHRIS
No problem.

RANDY continues walking in the house.

RANDY
Well, alright then.

CHRIS
Can I get you something to drink?
Water, coffee?

RANDY
Coffee if ya got it.

CHRIS
No problem.

RANDY
Listen, can I use your bathroom
real quick?

CHRIS
Sure, it's just right down there.
Around the corner.

RANDY
Thanks. Rough night.

While RANDY leaves, CHRIS gets to work on an elaborate latte. We see the entire process as he puts the espresso in the machine compartment, presses it down with the tamper, the shots come pouring out, he puts foamy milk on top, and then he grinds some type of dark chocolate with a tiny cheese grater. It looks like something you'd buy at a cafe.

INT. BATHROOM - DAY - SAME TIME

RANDY pukes his guts out in the toilet.

INT. KITCHEN - DAY

RANDY walks back into the kitchen, where CHRIS hands him the latte.

(CONTINUED)

CHRIS
Here you are.

RANDY
What is this? I just wanted coffee.

CHRIS
It is coffee.

RANDY
Yeah but, what's all of this stuff
on top of it?

CHRIS
Milk. It's a latte.

RANDY
A what?

RANDY sets the drink down.

RANDY
Look...I'm not sure what kinda call
this is. I'm not...I mean...I don't
need this fancy milk stuff on top
like that.

CHRIS laughs briefly, thinking RANDY is joking.

RANDY
I mean, how's it gonna look? Me
drinking a thing like that. It's
just weird, man.

CHRIS
I'm not sure I know what you
mean...but it's fine. I'll just
make you one with plain coffee.

CHRIS looks like he's gonna say something else, but he stops himself. He watches this stranger walking around his home, and he sort of GLARES when RANDY isn't looking.

CHRIS
To be honest, this isn't gonna be a
tough job. I could've probably done
it myself, but I didn't wanna get
my hands too dirty.

RANDY stops walking in the house once he's reached the kitchen sink. He drops his box of tools on the floor loudly.

(CONTINUED)

RANDY
Let's have a look.

RANDY looks at the sink and the disgusting murky water.

He rolls up his t-shirt so it's just bare arm showing. He sticks his arm in the puddle of water and starts feeling around.

CHRIS grimaces.

CHRIS
You don't want gloves or something?
I'm sure we have some lying around
somewhere.

RANDY shakes his head "no."

CHRIS
You sure? I can get a pair easily.

RANDY
Don't need 'em.

CHRIS
Why do you have to feel around for?
It's just clogged, fix it.

RANDY looks unimpressed.

RANDY
I've gotta diagnose the problem
before I can just fix it. Otherwise
I won't know what I'm fixing.

CHRIS rolls his eyes.

CHRIS
Fine, whatever.

RANDY pulls his arm out of the sink like he was just fisting a swamp monster. He drips dirty water all over the kitchen floor. CHRIS tries to ignore it.

CHRIS
Well?

RANDY
Well....it's fucked up pretty good.

RANDY puts his arm back into the sink.

CHRIS

It's my wife. I keep telling her not to let eggshells get in the sink. But she doesn't listen.

RANDY

I don't know. The damage here don't seem to be from one thing. This type of thing has to be over a long period of time. Seems cumulative to me.

CHRIS

No shit?

RANDY

You got kids?

CHRIS

Yeah. Three.

RANDY

Well there you go. Even in a household with someone as anal as yourself....no offense...a wife is one thing. But kids don't help. And you've got THREE of the fucking things, so that's a lotta damage.

CHRIS

Oh man.

RANDY takes his arm out again, and wipes it on his jeans.

CHRIS

So it wasn't my wife?

RANDY

Probably not just her, no. Look, I've been doing this shit for awhile. 9 times outta 10 it's not women, it's the whole damn house. Cumulative damage. That includes you.

CHRIS looks upset and slightly embarrassed at the notion of being told he's wrong by someone that appears to be less educated.

RANDY

If it's any consolation...toilets are another story.

(CONTINUED)

CHRIS

What's that?

RANDY

Well, as a plumber I can honestly tell you that women fuck up toilets more than men. They use toilet paper more than we do, and the toilets get clogged more when they use 'em.

CHRIS

Really?

RANDY

Yup. In fact, I have several plumber friends that have refused to shack up with their girlfriends because of that problem. Ask any plumber, they'll tell ya.

CHRIS

Wow....

RANDY looks at the sink, and then back at CHRIS.

CHRIS

Alright, so what now?

RANDY

We've gotta...I've gotta take a look at these pipes.

RANDY starts looking under the sink. There's a little cupboard that opens up with a big pipe that goes from the sink to further down.

RANDY

Jesus Christ on a cross, would you look at that!

CHRIS

What?

RANDY

I mean, you think you know a place!

CHRIS

What! What's wrong?

RANDY

How old are these pipes?

(CONTINUED)

CHRIS
How am I supposed to know?

RANDY
You live here, don't you?

CHRIS
Yeah, but that's not my field. I'm
a lawyer, that's not something I'd
even think to ask.

RANDY
You mean you didn't even ask the
real estate agent when you bought
the place?

CHRIS shakes his head "no."

RANDY
Well that's the problem right
there.

RANDY points to the pipes under the sink.

CHRIS
What?

RANDY
It's your wife. Your kids. You. And
those pipes. They're old as shit,
man. They're copper, and they're
too narrow to be letting gunk pass
through.

CHRIS stares as RANDY looks like he is preparing to leave.

CHRIS
So what do we do now? Do I have to
get new pipes or what?

RANDY
Nothing.

CHRIS
Nothing? What do you mean, what's
the solution here? What are you
going to do?

RANDY
I'm going home.

CHRIS

What? I'm paying you to-

RANDY

You paid me to come over and DIAGNOSE the problem, which is exactly what I just did. You're paying for the diagnosis. FIXING the issue is another \$150 an hour, maybe more depending on how fucked up the copper is.

CHRIS looks at him in disbelief.

CHRIS

Fine. FINE. Whatever. You win, man. You fucking ASSHOLE. All of you guys are the same. What can we do today to get this over with?

CHRIS gets his wallet out and retrieves \$150, then hands it to RANDY.

RANDY counts the money, pockets it, and then looks at the pipes again.

RANDY

Here's what we gotta do: I'm gonna open up the pipes and see if I can unfuck it up normally.

CHRIS

And if not?

RANDY

Then we'll deal with that then.

RANDY starts inspecting the pipes again while CHRIS stands and watches.

CHRIS

Hey, listen. I'm sorry I snapped at you like that. It's not like me. You're just doing a job, and it's your business. I get it. Sorry.

RANDY

It's okay, I don't give a shit. I've seen it all.

CHRIS

I know, I just....It's unlike me is all. Sorry...

(CONTINUED)

RANDY

Really, it's fine. I've dealt with your kinda guy before.

CHRIS

What's that supposed to mean?

RANDY looks up from under the sink and looks CHRIS in the eye.

RANDY

You know.

RANDY goes back to work.

RANDY

Lawyer...nice guy until you're not getting your way. You like things in life to go a certain way all the time. I understand.

RANDY winks at CHRIS.

CHRIS

Hey listen, man. I'm not sure what you're getting at. Or what you're trying to say here or whatever...but I don't really appreciate your tone.

RANDY looks at him, and pauses as if thoughtfully considering CHRIS' statement.

After a moment, he returns to opening up the pipes.

RANDY

Alright lawyer. I hear ya.

He goes back to work on the pipes, not looking at CHRIS anymore.

RANDY

(to himself)

I don't appreciate a lotta things in this life....You don't hear me complainin'.

Before CHRIS can retort, RANDY loudly breaks a pipe open.

RANDY

WHOA! Here we go!!

(CONTINUED)

RANDY gets deeper into investigating. His whole head is underneath the sink, and his eyeballs are almost in the pipe. He is totally immersed in what he's doing now, like the stakes are greater.

RANDY

Wow!

CHRIS

What? What do you see?

RANDY

It's clogged to hell!

CHRIS

I know, that's why I called you!

He looks at CHRIS.

RANDY

No, I mean...there's a LOT of shit in there!

He looks back to the pipes, and then back at CHRIS.

RANDY

I can't do it.

CHRIS

You're kidding.

RANDY stands up.

RANDY

No, I mean I can't do it right now. Not like this. We gotta get a snake.

CHRIS

A snake?

RANDY

It's a tool to get in there. You can only do so much with liquid and plungers, you gotta get in there and fix it. There's a lotta shit...too much.

CHRIS

Huh...okay.

(CONTINUED)

RANDY

A snake'll get in there and allow us to burrow right through the grease and build up and...and shit. I'm pretty sure I saw cherry pits in there. That could take all week to unclog.

CHRIS

Why don't you have a snake already?

RANDY

I have one already, but I could use a new one. And to tell you the truth: I thought this was just gonna be a CLR thing.

CHRIS

Nope. I already put CLR and it didn't work.

RANDY

You'd be surprised how many homes I go to and the poor folks don't know how easy the problem is.

CHRIS

And you take advantage of 'em?

RANDY

Why not? Business is business.

CHRIS

Look, where are we gonna get this snake? Are we taking a trip to Home Depot or what?

RANDY

Yeah.

CHRIS

That's like an hour wasted.

RANDY looks at his watch.

RANDY

Yup. So?

CHRIS

So I'm paying you by the hour!

RANDY looks around the house.

(CONTINUED)

RANDY

I have a feeling you'll be fine.
Don't worry, let's go.

CHRIS

I'll be fine? It doesn't matter,
it's the principle. If you're gonna
take advantage of me, can you at
least just look me in the eye and
tell me that's what you're doing?
I'm not an idiot.

RANDY

What are you talking about? I
didn't plan this, man.

CHRIS

You know what I'm talking about.
This whole thing you're on. Making
me feel bad I live in a nice house.
Calling me lawyer...I don't like
it.

RANDY

But what's the problem? You're a
lawyer, ain't you? What's wrong
with that?

CHRIS

It's how you say it.

RANDY looks at him seriously for a moment.

RANDY

Okay, fine.

INT. RANDY'S CAR - DAY

RANDY drives as CHRIS sits somewhat nervously in the
passenger seat. Periodically, CHRIS will appear to be
anxious at random moments RANDY's driving gets too erratic.

CHRIS

You know where you're headed,
right?

RANDY

Yeah, yeah. I'm fine.

CHRIS

You sure? You don't want the GPS?

(CONTINUED)

RANDY

GP what? Naw, man. I'm GOOD! I've driven to fucking Home Depot before, you're asking me like I'm driving to Siberia. It's not a big deal, man.

CHRIS

You can't drive to Siberia.

RANDY

Huh?

CHRIS

Nothing.

Silence.

CHRIS

You sure you don't want me to drive?

RANDY

No.

CHRIS

So...April Wine, huh?

RANDY

What?

CHRIS

Your shirt.

RANDY

Oh yeah....I've had this for years. You a fan?

CHRIS

Yeah sure, they have a couple good songs.

RANDY

You ever go to one of their shows?

CHRIS

Unfortunately, no. They're one of those bands that I would've for sure when I was younger. But then life happens, you get married, have a kid, get a dog. One of those things that slips the mind.

(CONTINUED)

RANDY

Dude they're touring all the time. A buddy of mine can get you tickets in Niagara Falls, easy peasy. Just say the word, I can get you tickets by 4pm today.

CHRIS

That's...that's alright. You're missing the point.

RANDY

You sure? It's easy, man.

CHRIS

Eh...that's okay. Too much stuff in life to worry about. Thanks though.

RANDY stops the car abruptly, and CHRIS hits his head on the dashboard.

RANDY

Did you just call me an asshole?

CHRIS rubs his nose, still recovering.

CHRIS

What? NO! I said THANKS, THOUGH.

RANDY

Oh...haha. Sorry. My hearing ain't the best in the world anymore.

CHRIS

Jesus, Randy.

RANDY

What the fuck were we even talking about again?

CHRIS

I don't know, it doesn't matter.

RANDY

Ah...you'll be fine.

CHRIS

I don't know, my nose feels-

RANDY

Oh yeah, April Wine! I can get you tickets anytime, just say the word!

(CONTINUED)

CHRIS
No, it's fine Randy. I don't give a
fucking shit about fucking APRIL
WINE. I was just making
conversation!

Silence.

RANDY
How's your nose?

CHRIS
Don't worry about it. Just watch
the road.

RANDY
So....uh....how long have you been
married?

CHRIS
What's that now?

RANDY
I'm making conversation too.

CHRIS
You don't have to.

RANDY is silent, looking a little hurt.

CHRIS
13 years.

RANDY
No shit? That's nice.

CHRIS
Yeah, it's not bad. It's good to
have someone to come home to. What
about you?

RANDY
It's not for me.

CHRIS
How do you know?

RANDY
I just know.

CHRIS
You were married before or...

RANDY

No. Came close a couple years ago, but...I don't know, it's not me. That type of thing takes a very special person. I mean, it's not like I don't want to. Or can't commit or something. I just can't do it.

CHRIS

What do you mean 'can't'?

RANDY

I mean I don't think I can afford it. Realistically, what am I supposed to do as a fucking maintenance man with a wife and children? That's no life for them. I couldn't do that in good conscience.

CHRIS

I've met other guys that have made it work.

RANDY

Yeah so have I.

CHRIS

Cavemen did it without money.

RANDY

I'm not a fucking caveman. A woman wants a guy that can provide for her...or at least bring something to the table. I know what I'm not, alright? I don't have shit to offer.

CHRIS

Ah come on man, don't say that.

RANDY

I'm not saying it like a 'poor me' kinda thing. I'm saying it objectively here...with...without emotions. It's true. At the end of the day when all the jokes are done and shit...when I'm completely honest with myself....I see the lives other guys have. I don't measure up to other guys out there, I really don't. I see all kinds of houses, and I can't compete.

(CONTINUED)

CHRIS

You said you already met someone.
How hard would it be to find
another person? Surely it can't be
that bad.

RANDY

Broke it off with her. Couldn't do
it again man.

CHRIS

What? Just like that? Why?

RANDY

I told you: I can't get into a
relationship knowing damn well I
can't offer the things other guys
can. I don't bring much to the
table unfortunately.

CHRIS

How did it happen?

RANDY

Huh? Oh I don't know, I guess I've
always been like this. I've always
had a sort of weird outlook.

CHRIS

No, I mean how did you break up
with her?

RANDY

Like a band-aid. Just ended it.

CHRIS

That's sad.

RANDY

Sure is.

Brief silence.

RANDY

So what's marriage like?

CHRIS

Marriage? Oh..uh...it's...good.

RANDY

That must be crazy, man. One day
you're 4 years old climbing a tree,
next thing you know you're married.
It seems....restrictive, you know?

(CONTINUED)

CHRIS

Well, it's certainly challenging. I won't lie. But rewarding.

RANDY

That sounds great.

CHRIS

What does?

RANDY

The challenge you're talking about. I like that kind of pressure. Having to make that call at the end of the night telling someone you're okay. It's restrictive, but there's a beauty to it, you know?

CHRIS

Yeah, I guess.

RANDY's eyes start to tear up a bit, before he catches himself.

RANDY

What the fuck am I doing?

He wipes his eyes and focuses on the road.

CHRIS

Don't feel too bad man. You can always get married if you change your mind. And, hey there's probably stuff about you I'm jealous about. Grass is always greener, etcetera.

RANDY

Maybe. You miss single life?

CHRIS

Other than the obvious part, the monogamy, sometimes I really miss being alone. There are times where...this is stupid...I wish I could just get through a whole movie without having to pause. For the kids or the phone ringing or whatever problem comes up.

RANDY

Makes sense.

(CONTINUED)

CHRIS

I mean, there are times where I literally feel like I'm suffocating. I can't breathe in that house sometimes.

RANDY

I could see that.

CHRIS

Just having freedom in general is a big luxury. I like the stability, don't get me wrong...But sometimes it feels like I'm in prison. You get your three square meals a day and can always count on shelter and stuff, but you don't really have a free will. I mean, there are certain things I'll never be able to do again...I can't just decide to pack up and travel to Europe or something, you know? I probably could, but I'd have to take my family with me and figure out all the logistics. It's so much stress figuring out the plans for everything that by the end of it you barely have any energy left to enjoy whatever it is you wanted to be doing.

RANDY

Being alone does have its benefits. It's pretty peaceful. It gets sad, but it is peaceful.

CHRIS

That sounds great.

RANDY

I mean, it's not *great*. It's alright. As I get older I'm getting sadder I find.

CHRIS

Yeah that's tough. Thinking about facing down old age alone is hard. But for the moment...you can do anything you want! Go out and get laid, I don't know.

(CONTINUED)

RANDY

Yeah, yeah. I know. At my age though, come on. That shit gets old after awhile. It's played out.

CHRIS

Really?

RANDY

Oh yeah. Trust me, man. In the 13 years you've been married this dating shit hasn't gotten any better.

CHRIS

I don't mean dating, I mean just...you know. Messing around with different women.

RANDY

Even that. I'll give you an example: the other night I went to this sex club downtown. It's not usually my thing...I mean, I used to go all the time. But I've slowed down a bit. Anyway, a buddy of mine asked me to go. So I said fuck it: didn't have anything better to do.

CHRIS

Wait a second. You'll have to excuse my interrupting here: sex club? What is that?

RANDY

It's just a place for swingers and couples to go to. It's not a big deal. Single people can go as well, but it's more for folks in the "scene" as we like to call it. You're supposed to go with someone and meet another couple.

CHRIS

The scene? How is any of this real?

RANDY

Look, it's not like *Eyes Wide Shut*. It's not some secret thing where a bunch of rich people fuck each other and sacrifice a hooker so they're all implicated and no one can break the secret.

(CONTINUED)

CHRIS

So why don't I know about this place?

RANDY

I don't know. In all honesty, I think sex is a poor people thing. Rich people are too busy doing shit they have more access to. Sailboating or whatever the fuck. For poor people sex is really all we've got.

CHRIS

Good point. So what is this place like?

RANDY

It's like a bar. Except there's a spa and a sauna. Each section of the club has a different spot to do stuff in. There's even a pool in one part. The only difference between the sex club and an actual bar is...you can probably guess.

CHRIS

No way.

RANDY

Yeah. You can pretty much have sex anywhere you want in the club. There are designated areas where there's no fucking obviously, like a change room you might need your privacy. But for the most part....yeah.

CHRIS

That sounds amazing.

RANDY

It can be. But the other night I went there and I just felt this deep down...existential sadness. Like I had the thought, this is what adulthood has come to for me? I have to go this far to feel some trace of happiness?

CHRIS

It doesn't sound too bad. It's not like you were on heroin or

(MORE)

(CONTINUED)

CHRIS (cont'd)
something. Lots of people have sex
with strangers.

RANDY
I'm telling you: it was awful.
Maybe one of the worst nights of my
life. Right in the middle of me
getting it on with this woman, some
guy sneezed on me.

CHRIS
Wait...

RANDY
We were in this dimly lit room.
There were black couches everywhere
and about 60 different couples all
going at it in different
configurations. You can probably
imagine: it was chaos. I was with
this friend of mine on one of the
couches, and she was having a good
time, I was happy...it was fine.
Next thing I know, to the left of
me some guy keeps bumping into me
the entire night. Our elbows
touched a couple times. He'd say
sorry, but then keep overstepping
that boundary. Until finally he
fucking SNEEZED. His head slanted
to the side, getting these little
droplets of saliva and shit all
over me.

CHRIS
That's disgusting.

RANDY
Yeah. Stuff like that isn't stuff I
like about single life.

Silence.

RANDY
Other than that it's just one
hooker after another. I'm more of a
private fucker as I get older, you
know? I don't like being naked
around people as much anymore.

(CONTINUED)

CHRIS

I get that.

RANDY

I don't want my experiences tainted by random people anymore. So lately it's just been a stream of hookers all sorta blurring into each other. It's fun, but like I said, it gets sad.

CHRIS looks at him, not really relating or knowing how to respond appropriately. It takes him a second to clear his throat, and figure out how to continue the conversation even though he's now clearly uncomfortable.

CHRIS

Well...as long as you're happy. Whatever you like.

RANDY

Shit, no one *likes* doing anything. It's not about what you *like*. It's about what keeps you going. What keeps your head above water. It's like your sink. I do this shit for maintenance so I don't have to call someone to help managing it...there's no plumber for life.

CHRIS

Yes there is. It's called a therapist.

RANDY

Fuck that. Therapy to me is the same as fortune telling. If it makes you feel better, go ahead, but it's nonsense to me.

CHRIS

It can be pretty helpful. Actually, you know what? I could give you the number of-

RANDY

No thanks. What would I do that stuff for? What business does a man like me have seeing a therapist?

CHRIS

You'd be surprised.

(CONTINUED)

RANDY

Yeah, surprised at how much is missing from my wallet at the end of a session! Paying someone to listen to my problems just so I can hear, "How does that make you feel?" It's a load of nonsense, these people need to learn a trade.

CHRIS

Randy...I know it sounds dumb to you, but in a lot of cultures it's really important to have someone listen to your problems. Maybe even someone that doesn't say anything at all, just sits there as a shoulder for you to cry on while you vent. There's an ancient tribe that used to practice something like this. What we now know as therapy has been around for centuries. It may seem weird because we pay for it, but it can be incredibly helpful to have someone - a paid professional - listen to you.

RANDY

Okay fine, but if you see a therapist do you get to cum at the end of it?

CHRIS sighs, frustrated.

CHRIS

No.

RANDY

Well, there you go. I don't need that in my life. The only paid professional I need to see is going to earn her money.

CHRIS

Suit yourself.

RANDY

Chris, I'm just kidding around. Look: I get it. There's merits to therapy, I've done it before.

(CONTINUED)

CHRIS

Really?

RANDY

Yeah, couple years ago. Ran into some trouble with the law. It's a long story. But anyway, the judge ordered me to see a therapist as part of my punishment. Said it would help me heal or learn about myself or some such shit. I had to go about 10 times.

CHRIS looks interested.

RANDY

It was alright. I mean, I thought it was a load of shit for the most part. But you're right. There is some value there, I suppose. I definitely learned a thing or two about a thing or two.

CHRIS

Like what?

RANDY

For instance, the lady started telling me all this shit about myself. Why I drink. Why I see hookers.

CHRIS looks interested, waiting for him to continue.

RANDY

She said something like, "You always project the anxiety onto something else." No wait, I fucked that up. It was more like, "Anxiety manifests itself into different things." I can't remember exactly what it is, but you get the point.

CHRIS

Right.

RANDY

Basically what she meant was...whatever my issue is at a given moment, whether it's needing a drink, or going out to some nightclub and having sex with masks on, or getting some

(MORE)

(CONTINUED)

RANDY (cont'd)
strange...Whatever it is....it's
not about wanting to do *that*
necessarily.

CHRIS
Ah...

RANDY
It's just about anxiety, and my
brain feeling uncomfortable in my
own body, and trying to find a
temporary release.

CHRIS
It's good advice.

RANDY
I know. That's the problem a lot of
people don't really get about
themselves. It affects everyone
differently. For some people it's
this obsession with travelling. For
rich people it's being on a yacht,
or whatever. For poor people it's
usually substance abuse. I don't
know. But at the end of the day the
thing is this: we're humans, and
we're gonna always be uncomfortable
naturally. It's in our nature to
convince ourselves whatever we're
doing is the "right" decision.

CHRIS
That's true.

RANDY
Yeah. It's helpful to know I don't
have to make these choices I
usually do, it's just me doing it
to pass the time. I don't feel as
trapped. Sometimes when I'm in the
middle of doing something I
remember what she said.

CHRIS
And you do it anyway?

RANDY
Sometimes.

CHRIS

Wait a second, I don't think that's what her point was. I think you're supposed to consider stopping-

RANDY

Who knows? It's like I said: there's no plumber for life. All therapy is...is a suggestion. You don't have to listen to everything you hear. And anyway, that was years ago. It's not like I kept going.

CHRIS

No, of course you wouldn't.

The car finally arrives in the parking lot of a Home Depot.

RANDY

Alright, so you know what you're looking for?

CHRIS

What? You're coming with me.

RANDY sighs, annoyed.

RANDY

Yes. But I need to make a call. Just head in and I'll meet you in there. Please: it's about another job, it might be a lot of money. Guy said I could only reach him at this time.

CHRIS

Okay, fine.

When CHRIS leaves, RANDY watches him for a moment. When he's far enough, RANDY pulls out his little bottle of vodka from the glove compartment.

He has a short moment to himself, having a few quick sips, taking a breath, and rubbing his temples. This is his meditation.

After a moment...a woman walks by. RANDY panics.

RANDY

Oh shit.

As she gets closer to his window, he clumsily puts the vodka bottle under his shirt poorly attempting to conceal it.

EXT. CAR - DAY

The woman walking by happens to see RANDY.

The vodka bottle concealed under his shirt looks very suggestive at this point. It looks like he's concealing an erection.

She gives him an angry look.

RANDY and the woman look at each other for a tense moment.

RANDY
It's not what you think!

WOMAN
Get the fuck out of the car. NOW!

RANDY
Please! I'm sorry! It's honestly not what it looks like. I swear!

WOMAN
Get out of the car! I'm calling the police!

RANDY starts panicking. He starts the car.

WOMAN
What, are you gonna drive away? I have your license plate asshole!!

CHRIS walks back to the car and sees the argument happening.

CHRIS
Oh, Jesus Christ.

He starts jogging back to the car.

CHRIS
Hey! What's going on?

WOMAN
Is this your friend? This pervert was just jerking off in there!

CHRIS
RANDY! What the fuck, get out of the car!

RANDY
Guys. Listen.

(CONTINUED)

He slowly pulls the vodka bottle out, revealing it was not a boner, just a poorly placed mistake.

RANDY

I'm sorry. I'm an idiot.

CHRIS

(to woman)

He wasn't...doing that. He's just an alcoholic. That's it.

WOMAN

Well, I should still call the police. You shouldn't be drinking and driving, anyway.

RANDY

I know. Maam, I'm really sorry. But I've already run into trouble with the law before. One more strike and I'm done. Please. My life is in your hands.

CHRIS talks to the WOMAN, almost ignoring RANDY now.

CHRIS

What do you want to do? It's entirely up to you. I'll support whatever decision you make, it's your choice.

The WOMAN looks at RANDY, and then looks at CHRIS.

CHRIS

I just met this guy this morning. He's my plumber. He came over to fix the sink, and we just came here to get some supplies. He means nothing to me: you can make whatever choice to want.

She looks at both of them again.

WOMAN

Fine...I'm not gonna press any charges or anything. But right now: get out of the fuckin' car. I need to see you're not gonna be the one driving.

RANDY finally exits the car like he's leaving a hostage situation that's coming to an end. He's filled with fear, almost shaking.

(CONTINUED)

CHRIS enters the driver's seat.

RANDY
(to woman)
I'm sorry. I...See you
lat-...Um...Just...thank you.

He walks around to the passenger seat, and CHRIS starts the car.

The WOMAN stands there momentarily glaring at the two of them, before finally walking away.

RANDY
So did you find the snake?

CHRIS
Jesus Christ, Randy. I was gone for
like 2 minutes and -

CHRIS starts driving.

RANDY
Oh, for the love of god. You saw it
yourself! I didn't do nothing.

CHRIS
To tell you honestly: I'm not sure
what I saw. I just wanted to get
the hell outta there.

RANDY
What the hell's that supposed to
mean, you're not sure?

CHRIS
I don't know. I don't know, man. I
don't. All I'm saying is...I've
only known you for a couple hours
now, and this is not where I
imagined the day would be at this
point. When you meet someone for
the first time, the day isn't
supposed to go like this.

RANDY
So you think I did it?

CHRIS
I don't know. But I'm just saying:
you're clearly not a normal person.
A normal plumber's day shouldn't
unfold like this, man. I'm sorry,
but it shouldn't.

(CONTINUED)

RANDY

I don't know what that even means.

CHRIS

Maybe that right there is your problem. Maybe you did do it. You're not exactly firing on all cylinders here. What if you did it and forgot..I mean you've been apparently drinking all morning. Did you ever think of that?

RANDY

I'm pretty sure if I was a public masturbator I'd remember, Chris. I mean, are you hearing yourself?

CHRIS

Were you listening to that woman? She was really angry.

RANDY doesn't say anything, just looks out the window for awhile.

CHRIS

You're drunk. I mean....what if your hand just went in that direction. Started touching it. Inadvertently rubbing on it. Maybe you didn't even know you were doing it.

RANDY

For FUCK's sake. Chris. I'm telling you: I didn't do anything. I'm TELLING YOU honestly here.

CHRIS

I really hope so. The legality of what I just did is so questionable. I feel awful. A man protecting another man from the law...I just feel awful.

Silence as RANDY continues to look out the window.

CHRIS

I don't even know you.

RANDY

Can we just not say anything for awhile?

(CONTINUED)

CHRIS
Fine with me.

CHRIS keeps driving as RANDY continues staring out the passenger window silently.

FADE TO BLACK.

EXT. PARKING LOT - DAY

The WOMAN (she will now be referred to as ALLIE) from the RANDY incident walks alone. She enters a cafe.

INT. CAFE - DAY

ALLIE sits alone, looking at her phone.

After a moment, DEBRA enters.

DEBRA
Hey Allie. Waiting long? Sorry.

ALLIE
Oh. Hey! What? No.

ALLIE seems a little out of it. She stands up, they hug each other, and sit down.

DEBRA
So...how've you been?

ALLIE
Me? I'm...I'm alright. The same old, you know. Still working at the agency.

There's a lull in the conversation as ALLIE looks off in the distance, distracted by something.

DEBRA
I'm doing fine as well, thanks for asking.

ALLIE
What?

DEBRA
I'm kidding.

(CONTINUED)

ALLIE

Why, what happened?

DEBRA

No, I meant...You didn't ask how I was doing, and I said I was kidding about that.

ALLIE

Oh...I'm sorry.

DEBRA

Are you alright?

ALLIE

Huh? I'm fine. I'm okay. Why?

DEBRA

You seem...I don't know. Are you sure?

ALLIE

Yeah, yeah. I'm alright. How are you? What have you been up to?

DEBRA

I'm okay. Nothing.

Silence.

DEBRA

What's wrong? You've been acting weird ever since I got here.

ALLIE

It's nothing...it's just a weird day I've been having.

DEBRA

What happened?

ALLIE

This...stupid guy on the way here.

DEBRA

Oh no. Are you hurt?

ALLIE

Thankfully, no. It was dumb. I feel embarrassed even bringing it up.

(CONTINUED)

DEBRA

Don't be. You can talk about it if you want to. Or not. I'm here for you.

ALLIE

Well...I was walking here from my car. And I saw this guy -

ALLIE lowers her voice.

ALLIE

Masturbating in his car.

DEBRA

Oh my goodness. Nothing happened to you physically though right?

ALLIE

No, I just saw it unfortunately. It's so gross.

DEBRA

Oh I know, it's awful.

ALLIE

It happened to you too?

DEBRA

Yeah.

ALLIE

Oh my god. I can't believe that guy. I thought I was the only one. So what time did it happen to you today?

DEBRA

Wait, what? No, it didn't happen today. I'm just saying, it's something I've been confronted with too.

ALLIE

Wow, really? I had no idea it was a common thing.

DEBRA

Yeah unfortunately. A friend of mine lives in New York. She says she sees a guy exposing himself at least twice a week.

(CONTINUED)

ALLIE

Jeez.

DEBRA

I know. Anyway, you're alright though?

ALLIE

Yeah, I'll be fine.

DEBRA

Good, good.

ALLIE

I got his plates.

DEBRA

Well, that's a big deal! What are you gonna do?

ALLIE

I don't know yet. Haven't decided.

INT. CHRIS' KITCHEN - DAY

RANDY is hammering away at something under the sink really loudly.

CHRIS watches as the sound clearly upsets him.

RANDY comes back out from the sink.

RANDY

Alright, we've got enough space. Now we gotta snake the fuckin' thing.

CHRIS shakes his head "no." He gets a beer from the fridge and sits on a nearby chair.

RANDY

Hey, can I get one of those?

He shakes his head no again, and gives CHRIS a serious look.

CHRIS

I need to take a break. I can't work with you right now.

RANDY

Work with me? I'm the one doing all the work here!

(CONTINUED)

CHRIS

It's been a crazy day.

RANDY looks at him differently.

RANDY

Hey, are you okay?

CHRIS keeps drinking his beer quietly.

RANDY

Come on, let's snake this thing and I'll be done.

CHRIS still looks tired and stressed out. Hearing RANDY talk is upsetting him.

RANDY

What's wrong man?

Silence.

RANDY

Look, is this still about before? I told you nothing happened.

CHRIS

I don't know if I believe you. And either way: you're forgetting about it awfully fast for a guy who almost had his life in trouble.

RANDY

I'm not sure what else there is to tell you. I've already told you nothing happened. The lady's gone home. What do you want me to do?

CHRIS

I have a dashboard camera.

RANDY

So what?

CHRIS

Let's watch what happened. Right now.

RANDY

Do whatever you want, you're wasting your goddamn time.

(CONTINUED)

CHRIS

Okay.

CHRIS gets up and sets his beer down.

CHRIS

Let's go. You think I'm bluffing?

CHRIS makes his way to the front door.

RANDY

Hey, wait a second. Come on now
man. You don't have to watch that.

CHRIS stops and looks at him.

RANDY

You don't trust me?

CHRIS

No.

CHRIS goes outside and we see him enter his car.

As CHRIS does this we see RANDY start to slowly break down.
He's mortified, and trembling.

INT. LIVING ROOM - DAY

CHRIS watches something on a laptop as RANDY looks
completely embarrassed.

After a moment of RANDY getting increasingly more
uncomfortable, and CHRIS looking on in a sort of disturbed
trance...

CHRIS closes the laptop.

CHRIS

I should report you to the
authorities.

RANDY

Please don't. You don't have to do
that.

After a moment of both of them processing the video, CHRIS
finally taps the space bar audibly and slides the laptop
shut.

Silence.

CHRIS looks shaken.

(CONTINUED)

RANDY
(quietly)
At least my dick wasn't showing.

CHRIS
What's that?

RANDY
I said, it's a good thing my-

CHRIS
No, I heard what you said. But what are you talking about. Why would you...why on earth would you think that's a positive? Why would you say that?

RANDY
(mumbles)
I don't know.

CHRIS
You do realize you're in trouble here right? You're in the wrong.

RANDY
What are you saying?

CHRIS
Just stop talking. Please. I need to think.

CHRIS is still in recovery mode.

RANDY
Are you gonna call the police? I would really appreciate it if you didn't. I mean I understand why you feel like you have to. But you don't.

CHRIS
FEEL like I have to? I do. You're 100% wrong here.

RANDY
No, I see where you're coming from. I do...But-

CHRIS
But what? Walk me through why you would do this. Explain your thought process here.

(CONTINUED)

RANDY

Okay, look. I just think a thing like this..it's not that "wrong" as you say.

CHRIS' eyes widen, and waits for RANDY to continue.

RANDY

Like I said: I didn't even expose myself. If I'm in a car and everything down there is concealed..where is the harm in that?

CHRIS

Randy, you're in a parked car in public. That's public indecency.

RANDY

I respectfully disagree.

CHRIS

Whether you're waving your dick outside or in a car, it doesn't matter. You're not at home, man. What the fuck is wrong with you?

RANDY

I really don't know. All I can tell you is...that's what I'm into. I try my best to make sure no one gets hurt. And I really don't think anyone was hurt today.

CHRIS

Okay, well...do you at least agree that you don't have a healthy relationship with sex?

RANDY

No, not really. I don't really see the harm in what I did.

CHRIS

Do you not see how this kind of behaviour isn't normal?

RANDY

Fine. I guess it's a non-traditional thing to be into. I can agree with that.

(CONTINUED)

CHRIS

And do you not see how this could be damaging to someone?

RANDY

No, not really. I'm sorry, I really am. But the truth is: I don't see the harm. It's just how I feel.

CHRIS is silent, looking at RANDY in disgust.

RANDY

I don't think women should be described as these delicate fragile little creatures. Don't you think they're stronger than that?

CHRIS

Don't give me that shit. Don't try to turn it around like I'm the bad guy.

RANDY

So you think they're less than us?

CHRIS

No, that's not what I said you idiot. Most men can physically overpower most women, sure. But you're making it seem like they don't need our help against people like you.

RANDY

This is my point: years ago it seemed as if a woman could always just slap you. Or kick you in the balls. Do *something* if she didn't like you. Now it's like no one knows how to speak up for themselves. What happened to women knowing how to be tough?

CHRIS

It shouldn't have to come to that. A woman should be able to do groceries without having to see you jerking off.

RANDY

Man, listen...I wouldn't even think of trying something like this if it hadn't worked before.

(CONTINUED)

CHRIS

That's besides the point. It doesn't matter if something works or not. You don't do something stupid because it worked once before. It could've been anything, it could've just been luck.

RANDY

But what if you could get away with doing something? Why not take that chance?

CHRIS looks shocked.

CHRIS

I'm not getting into this territory with you.

RANDY

Come on, just answer the question.

CHRIS sighs.

CHRIS

I think...if someone could get away with doing something, they wouldn't know until it was too late.

RANDY

But why not try?

CHRIS

The end result is not worth seeing to me.

RANDY

Aren't you interested at all though? I find it hard to believe you're not.

CHRIS

No. Not the way you do it.

RANDY

Well, that's where you and I differ.

CHRIS

When we were in the car you seemed so much smarter about this stuff.

(CONTINUED)

RANDY

What do you mean?

CHRIS

You said you went to a therapist.
And that sex club...I don't know
you seemed more advanced about this
shit. I thought you were turning a
corner or something.

RANDY

That doesn't mean anything.

CHRIS

You didn't learn anything at all?

RANDY

Not enough to significantly change
who I am. Like I said: I'm aware of
how this looks. And it's bad. I
know that. But I guess I'm also
aware of *why* I do this. Whatever
it is I'm gonna do, I still act on
it.

CHRIS gets frustrated, giving up on that line of thought.

CHRIS

I never asked you: what is it you
got into trouble for before?

RANDY looks at him like a deer in headlights.

CHRIS

You said you had *two* strikes. What
happened?

RANDY

Man, look: I don't think that's
very important.

CHRIS

That may be, but seeing as I put my
neck on the line for you today I'd
like to know just who I helped.

RANDY

The first one was a drinking and
driving thing. A DUI.

CHRIS

Okay...

(CONTINUED)

RANDY
(mumbling)
And the second was...sort of a DUI
as well.

CHRIS
Wait, wait, wait. What does that
mean "sort of" a DUI?

RANDY
It's a long story.

CHRIS
We have time.

RANDY
It was a similar thing as today.

CHRIS is frustrated.

RANDY
I was in a parked car. It was a
long day. And I was drunk.

CHRIS
Jesus.

RANDY
I thought I was alone. This woman
was walking by, and...she happened
to see me in the middle of doing
something. I'm not sure why, maybe
it was the alcohol. But I kept
going.

CHRIS looks shocked.

RANDY
We were both looking at each other
with full on eye contact. And I
don't know, I just kept going until
I finished. Something told me to
keep going. I thought, well, maybe
if she's still looking she might be
into this as well. Or possibly even
enter the car and help out. I don't
know. She stood there and kept
watching for awhile. Even after I
came. Then she finally smiled and
walked away.

CHRIS

Wow.

RANDY

So I went home that night, and it was the same thing as always. Beer, TV, and dinner. Until I got a loud knock on my front door. The police. The lady musta gotten my license plate. Anyway, they called me in for questioning. It was a whole thing.

CHRIS

And what did you get charged for?

RANDY

They were surprisingly pretty lenient with me. I told them I was drunk, so it was just a DUI.

CHRIS

Are you serious?

RANDY

It's not like I had a trench coat and I went around exposing myself to people. I wasn't some dude jumping out of a bush jacking off and scaring people. I was just drunk in a parked car. That's exactly what I told the police. I mean, we all laughed about it. And they told me it was a good thing I wasn't driving and I had the fortitude to park the car. I couldn't believe it.

CHRIS

If it was up to me, I wouldn't have been so kind. That's the most ridiculous thing I've ever heard.

RANDY

I didn't do anything too wrong.

CHRIS

You took your dick out in a public place, masturbated until you ejaculated all over yourself, and a woman watched. That's fucked up, Randy. It's definitely not normal.

(CONTINUED)

RANDY

Okay, look...I'm not proud of what I did. But I did not cause anyone serious harm.

CHRIS

Debatable.

RANDY

That lady had a choice. She could've stayed, or she could've left. She didn't have to stand there watching. It's not like I forced her. I mean, shit, I didn't even know there was someone watching until I was halfway done. I was doing it with my eyes closed for most of it until SHE scared ME.

CHRIS

Oh shut the fuck up with that.

RANDY

Man...hey...you know what they say. A stiff dick has no conscience. As long as you're not physically hurting someone, I don't see the harm.

CHRIS

You have to be better than that. It's about being a responsible guy, not aiming for the least possible form of sexual assault you can get away with.

RANDY

I hear you.

Silence.

RANDY

I think we should check up on the kitchen sink. It's been enough time. Maybe we can talk about what you're gonna do later.

CHRIS

Good idea.

A brief moment of quiet as RANDY looks at the sink and contemplates something.

(CONTINUED)

RANDY

Take a look at this, man.

RANDY begins the intense process of snaking the pipe. It involves screwing and unscrewing the metal rod, pushing and pulling, and RANDY is really getting into it.

RANDY

We're almost there!

CHRIS

Wow.

RANDY

It's actually going down!

We see the water slowly starting to disappear.

CHRIS

Great.

RANDY

That's it? It's almost fixed!

CHRIS

It's...it's tough for me to be excited right now.

RANDY stops being proud for a second, remembering the seriousness of the day.

CHRIS

You know what pisses me off about this whole thing?

RANDY

Chrissake.

CHRIS

It's not just that you're wrong. That's one thing. But you're so fucking arrogantly wrong. Guys like you...you think you're always right. With you there's no middleground.

RANDY is silent.

CHRIS

Lemme ask you something. You actually think YOU. The great RANDY has all the answers?

(CONTINUED)

RANDY

When you put it like that way, no. Obviously not. But you are right that I am confident in a lot of my opinions.

CHRIS

See, that's what I mean. You actually think with all the possibilities, all the different people, and opinions, and points of view in this life...yours is the ONE opinion that is the right one.

RANDY

No, it's not like that at all.

CHRIS

So what is it with you then? The only explanation can be that you know you're wrong, but you make shit up to obscure it. Cognitive dissonance.

RANDY

Cognitive what?

CHRIS

Nothing. Forget it.

RANDY

Look. I don't know nothing about all this cog in the machine type stuff, but I'll just say this: I may not know these million dollar words like you, but shit...I feel like I'm coming from a sincere place at least.

CHRIS

Wait, what?

RANDY

All this talk of being a good guy. I have a feeling you're less genuine than you think. You talk about women like they're dumber than you. Don't women have agency? You're making this whole thing sound like they're just penguins standing around like fucking idiots. I mean, if you were standing in the middle of a street

(MORE)

(CONTINUED)

RANDY (cont'd)
and there was a car or something
coming at you what would you do?
You'd get the fuck out of the way,
right? Unless you were suicidal,
you'd move.

CHRIS
Your point being...

RANDY
I understand what you're saying
about being a good person. Okay?
I'm not a fucking idiot: I get
where you're coming from.

CHRIS waits for more.

RANDY
I'm just saying we can't paint
women as these helpless beings who
need to be protected at all costs,
and treated like a bunch of fucking
infants. I get what you're saying:
I have to be better. It's true. Men
have...work to do. But if I have to
get better, doesn't everyone?

CHRIS
I guess. I'm not really sure that's
where our priorities should start
though. We should start at the root
of the problem. Which is...you're a
creepy dude who has difficulty
controlling his urges. Then we can
talk about other people and what
they have to do.

Silence.

CHRIS
If you're masturbating in a car in
broad daylight...and after you cum
you still haven't come to your
senses....you've got problems. If
you do that shit your first impulse
after should be: what the fuck is
wrong with me? Not: what the fuck
is wrong with the world and
everyone else? You see what I'm
saying?

(CONTINUED)

RANDY

I do. And I don't disagree that I'm a fucked up person.

CHRIS

But...

RANDY

It's just that, when we're talking about something like this there are too many factors here for me to completely agree with you. Both sides talk so much shit and misconstrue shit until you sit there and realize you're listening to made-up words. I mean, why is it that if I tell someone to have street smarts that's victim blaming. That's not what I'm trying to say at all. People are untrustworthy and they try to hide behind it.

CHRIS

I guess, I don't know.

RANDY

Like there was this story awhile ago I remember reading in the paper. There was this guy, a cabdriver. He picks up this drunk woman one night. Good looking. Early 20s. College student.

CHRIS

Okay?

RANDY

The guy apparently drove the poor girl to some ravine. A dead end on this suburban street. An eye witness testified in court saying he was seen dragging her body behind a bush...and you know the rest. She was found there the next morning. Bruised body and all the works.

CHRIS

Wow.

(CONTINUED)

RANDY
Crazy story, isn't it?

CHRIS
Yeah...

RANDY
It's a detailed story, except it
didn't fucking happen.

CHRIS
What do you mean?

RANDY
It came out afterward that the
cabdriver had a security camera
installed. You know what happened
that night? He picked her up and
dropped her off. That's it, end of
story.

CHRIS
What about the witness?

RANDY
The girl's friend. They made up the
story and worked together to fuck
over this poor cabdriver guy. If it
was up to them, the guy would've
gotten put away in jail for
nothing.

CHRIS
Jesus Christ. Why are you telling
me all this?

RANDY
My point is: women can be just as
shitty as men. Since the beginning
of time it's always been this way:
men can overpower women.
Unfortunately, that's just true.
Unless she's a bodybuilder or some
shit. So evolution gifted women
with a different ability of their
own. They developed their mindfuck
skills. Their manipulation skills
are at a greater level than ours,
that's why it's got the word MAN in
it, because that's who they use it
against.

(CONTINUED)

CHRIS

I don't know about all of that...Men can be manipulative too.

RANDY

I don't think they can. Not at the same level, anyway. The problem with this whole "believing women" thing is that they're human too. We really shouldn't believe EVERYTHING anyone says, man or woman, immediately. Just because they say it's true, that doesn't mean it is. That shit is very dangerous.

Silence.

CHRIS

You've got some really unpopular opinions. I'm honestly glad my wife isn't here to listen to this shit.

RANDY

I know. And the thing is, I still don't think anything I've done or said today is that bad.

CHRIS

What, is there something you haven't said yet?

RANDY

Hmm...no. Not really.

CHRIS

Okay...

RANDY

Well there is one thing. But fuck it.

CHRIS

No, go ahead. I actually want to hear this. I'm enjoying this now, it's funny to me to hear a guy so off the mark.

RANDY

Okay. Something that has always bothered me, and I've noticed it more in recent history.

(CONTINUED)

CHRIS

Go on.

RANDY

You know that keys and locks analogy?

CHRIS

What's that?

RANDY

The old analogy of if a guy gets laid a lot he's looked at as a master with a useful key. Because he can get any lock open. But if a women fucks a lot she somehow has a useless lock and she's looked at as a used up old whore.

CHRIS

I've heard that. Maybe not so crassly, but yes I've heard that.

RANDY

People have been using that analogy for years. I remember hearing that in high school when I was a kid. So why is it suddenly offensive now?

CHRIS

Times change. It's just not right to say anymore.

RANDY

Yeah but why. I'm not asking from a malicious place, can you just explain it to me? You're a smart guy, tell me what I'm missing.

CHRIS

Well, I think the problem comes from shaming. You're not supposed to tell someone to feel bad about doing a thing. Or something like that. I don't know, I'm just certain it's wrong to say.

RANDY

But why? Isn't it true that a guy has to do different stuff to get laid? All a woman has to do is go outside...

(CONTINUED)

CHRIS

I know what you're saying. But it's not that simple. It's a matter of women feeling they don't have the same freedoms as men.

RANDY

I'm not talking about that. I'm not saying a woman who fucks a lot of guys is a bad person. I'm just saying it's nothing to feel proud of. It doesn't require nearly the same level of skill it takes a guy.

CHRIS

Maybe, I don't know. Who can say for sure? Casual sex is different for everyone. You'll never know what women have to go through, so why not just...I don't know, shut the fuck up about it?

Silence.

RANDY

Listen, I accept the fact that I'm not..I don't know, I'm obviously not a genius here. I know I don't have all the answers, I'm presenting a point of view. It's upsetting to think about, I know. I'm sorry I guess.

CHRIS is still quiet.

RANDY

The hardest part of all of this is not sounding insensitive. I'm not trying to be a dick here. There's bad apples for men and women. It always feels like the guys who blindly defend ALL women are the same types of guys that would be killed by a female serial killer or something, you know? People have gotta be careful out there, man.

CHRIS

(frustrated)

Fair enough.

(CONTINUED)

RANDY

I'm sorry if I came across as too...

CHRIS

Nah, don't be. I guess I might've been too argumentative, but I can see where you're coming from.

RANDY

Yeah?

CHRIS

Don't take that to mean I'm joining the dark side or something. I still think you're a fucked up individual.

RANDY

So-

CHRIS

But you've managed to humanize yourself I guess. I don't think that makes your behaviour any less bad...or defensible even. But hearing you talk helps me to understand the nature of what I'm dealing with here.

RANDY

What do you mean?

CHRIS

I mean...your type of behaviour. The destructive stuff. I'll say it: jerking off compulsively. It's ingrained in our culture. The fact that you don't understand how it can be wrong is a sign of a...I'm not sure. It's a systemic thing. Let's face it, I'm not changing your mind about anything here today.

RANDY

No, probably not.

CHRIS

Exactly. You're walking out of here as the same man you were when you came in. Other people would say you have already hit rock bottom, and you don't even realize you have.

(CONTINUED)

RANDY

Huh.

CHRIS

I don't think guys like you ever change, do they?

RANDY

I don't know.

CHRIS

Probably not in any meaningful way.

Short silence.

CHRIS

I gotta tell you something. When I was younger...one of the worst things I've ever done is bullying a girl. When I was a kid, I was kind of a piece of shit. I kind of even don't wanna get into it. But the gist of it is lots and lots of verbal abuse. And at one point I pushed her. I mean, I didn't know what the fuck I was doing when I was a kid. Not entirely. But as an adult...now I'm sick to my stomach. I can't believe I'm the same guy. I know I was wrong. That poor fucking kid...I'm ashamed of it, really. But here's what I'm getting at: once the damage has been done is there really any coming back? I'm a husband and father, and I try to donate money to shit every once in awhile when I can. But at the end of the day I'm still the guy that did that stuff when I was a kid. Who knows how that girl ended up as a result of me bullying her all the time. Now that I'm "cured" or whatever....good for me. But what about her? I've probably altered that poor girl's life permanently. Just like you have probably ruined women's lives on purpose or not...

RANDY exhales a deep breath, overwhelmed at the thought. He is finally confronting something he's been avoiding for a really long time.

(CONTINUED)

After a LONG MOMENT of the two men sitting there and contemplating the consequences of their actions, RANDY finally stands.

CHRIS follows him as they walk back to the sink.

RANDY proceeds to snake the pipe with full force.

RANDY
We're almost there.

After a violent plunging of the pipe, we hear the water finally start to go down the sink's drain. After the small moment, the water is gone to the last drop.

RANDY
We did it.

RANDY catches his breath.

RANDY
Look, about your question. If people can change and if it makes a difference. I'm an idiot but I think it's just like your kitchen sink.

CHRIS
(distracted)
Hmm?

RANDY
I mean...as people...We've always gotta be assessing and analyzing how we're doing. Otherwise...

He motions to the sink.

RANDY
...Problems.

Silence.

RANDY
But then again what the fuck do I know?

CHRIS smies.

RANDY
Listen, so....are we alright or what?

CHRIS

With...

RANDY

Are you gonna um, you're not gonna report me to the police or something, right?

CHRIS

No. But one condition: if I ever have a problem with the sink again you're coming over to fix it. For free.

RANDY

Done.

CHRIS

I have the video. I'm 100% serious about using it if I need to.

RANDY

I understand. We're good?

CHRIS

Give me my money back.

RANDY opens his wallet and hands CHRIS back the money he was paid earlier.

CHRIS

Now get the fuck out of my house.

RANDY puts the snake away in his toolbox silently. He looks at the sink one last time, and leaves.

Over the closed door:

THE END.