~~IT'S NOT YO~~ ~~U, IT'S ME~~

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Final Draft - 7/21/19
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FADE IN:

INT. HOUSE - BATHROOM - AFTERNOON

SEAN (20) has his eyes closed. Deep in thought. Sean takes a couple deep breaths. He opens his eyes and looks into camera.

SEAN
Listen... It's hard to do this... It's not you, it's me... You're a great woman and we had some great times together, but... I don't think it's going to work out...

Sean looks frustrated as he hits the mirror.

SEAN
Really? "It's not you, it's me." What's next? "Can we still be friends"... Come on Sean. You got this.
(looks towards mirror)
Listen bitch-- No, no, no. What am I trying to do? Get killed... Now you listen to me. It's over. So don't call or text-- Crap, I can't say that. She pays my phone bill.

Sean paces around the room. A couple of seconds later, Sean stands in front of the mirror.

SEAN
You know what... I don't need to practice. I'm a man. All I have to do is wing it and get straight to the point. Then... she'll be crying and begging me to stay... How hard can it be?
(pumping himself up)
Let's do this!

As Sean walks towards the door, he stops and smells under his armpits. Sean looks a bit disgusted. He walks to the counter and grabs a speed stick. He uses it. Sean smells his armpits for the second time. Satisfied. He leaves the room, and shuts the door behind him.

INT. HOUSE - DINING ROOM - NIGHT

GLORIA (early 40's) thumbs through mail on the table. Sean puts down two slices of Supreme Pizza.

GLORIA
Oh great. Pizza... Again! Can't wait to see what we have tomorrow. Let me guess... Cheese.

SEAN
You make cooking sound easy. It's not. It takes time to learn, which I don't have.

GLORIA
(clap hands)
Oh yeah, you're right. Playing video games is definitely a job.

SEAN
...It's over.

GLORIA
Excuse me?

SEAN
Look, don't make this harder than it already is... I think it's best if we go our separate ways.

GLORIA
Sean--

SEAN
Oh wow. You're going through denial... I know you need time to process this.

GLORIA
Sean, I'm--

SEAN
No Mom. I want my privacy and you're not giving it to me.

GLORIA
Privacy? Privacy for what? You mean when you watch your--

SEAN
Yes. You don't have to say it out loud, but yes, that... Also, you know I'm seeing Norah--

GLORIA
Yeah... about Norah--

SEAN
Mom, let me finish. I don't want you scaring her off with your stories about my embarrassing moments. Remember the last girl I invited over?

GLORIA
No Sean, why don't you tell me.

SEAN
You told her that I wet the bed, which first of all, I haven't done since the third grade.

GLORIA
It was the eighth. You wet your pants when you tried asking out your school bully. What was her name again... Oh yeah! Rebecca.

SEAN
You're missing the point.

GLORIA
I'm getting it. You want more privacy. But, it's not going to happen. It's my house and you're my son--

SEAN
I'm your roommate. I pay rent.

GLORIA
Only fifty dollars. You want to do half instead?

SEAN
Half?

GLORIA
Yep. That means rent. Gas bill. Electric bill. Water bill--

SEAN
Wait, wait, wait. You're moving too fast.

GLORIA
But there's more--

SEAN
You know what-- I'm kidding about this whole privacy thing. Just blew it out of proportions.

GLORIA
Sure you did.

YOUNG GIRL (O.S.)
Um... excuse me.

A young girl sits awkwardly on the couch with her hand raised. NORAH (20). Shocked, Sean could barely get out--

SEAN
Norah.

NORAH
I'm sorry to interrupt your guys conversation. I can see I came at the wrong time... Sean, I'll see you... whenever.

SEAN
W-wait.

Norah walks to the door.

GLORIA
It was nice meeting you Norah. Hope to see you next time.

NORAH
Uh, yeah. See ya.

Norah leaves.

GLORIA
Sweet girl.

Gloria takes a bite of her pizza. Sean opens his mouth. Nothing.

GLORIA
Oh I forgot to tell you. You have-- well had a visitor. You can see I didn't embarrass you this time.
(smiles)
Progress.

Sean puts his head on the table.

FADE OUT.