

RELATIONSHIT

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INT. SHOPPING MALL - EARLY EVENING

A suburban paradise. Shoppers shop. Teenagers flirt. Elderly couples mall-walk. Families gallivant. From her stroller, a LITTLE GIRL points and PROCLAIMS:

LITTLE GIRL
A PUPPY, MOMMY!

And she's partly right. Dozens of puppies, kittens, rabbits, birds, ferrets, iguanas, a literal, well almost literal, pet store stampedes down the concourse.

Careening around the corner... Our liberators appear - the epitome of rebellious youth aged into unfulfilled adulthood.

DAN RYAN, 30s, really drunk and rather short, a Napoleon complex cut with 101 Proof Wild Turkey, leads the charge.

MARISSA LANDMAN, 30s, animal-lover, people-hater with a sleeve of tattoos and jet black hair. Marissa, taller than Dan, catches up in a few strides. She carries a large Turtle.

MARISSA
He couldn't keep up. Not his fault.

DAN
I have a pocket full of snakes. Damn, that's such a dope band name.

MARISSA
You are so turning me on right now. Wait, where are the mice?!

DAN
Also in my pocket. Different pocket.

THREE MALL COPS emerge. Dan and Marissa juke past with sweet-ass moves that would break Steph Curry's ankles.

The automatic doors open. SUCCESS!!!

DAN (CONT'D)
Be free, my animal amigos!

MARISSA
Oh, fuck...

REVEAL: TEN REAL COPS storm in and mace the shit out them.

Blinded, they collide into each other and then vomit all over the animals. As they're tackled and cuffed, we cut to:

TITLE CARD - RELATIONSHIT

ESTABLISHING SHOT - SEATTLE - MORNING

After a few scenic shots of the city, we land on the hulking, oppressive building that is the King County Courthouse.

INT. COURT ROOM - CONTINUOUS

Dan and Marissa appear before JUDGE MCCARTHY, 60s, stern, his eyes so glued to their records, he doesn't even look up.

JUDGE MCCARTHY

Dan Ryan. Marissa Landman. Your escapades--

DAN

Our Ice Capades?

JUDGE MCCARTHY

ESCAPADES.

DAN

Still hearing Ice Capades.

JUDGE MCCARTHY

After a night in jail, and
(finally looking up)
getting maced pretty good--

DAN

This? This is nothing. Not like it was military-grade mace or bear mace.

JUDGE MCCARTHY

Bear mace is typically not required at mall disturbances.

MARISSA

Oh, because there aren't typically bears at the mall. However, pet stores profiting from the inhumane breeding of animals and imprisonment--

JUDGE MCCARTHY

Save the speech. Do either of you have a problem with alcohol?

MARISSA

No. Does alcohol have a problem with either of us?

JUDGE MCCARTHY

Apparently. You got inebriated at TGI Friday's happy hour and ran out on the bill.

DAN

Yeah, ironically. Hail corporate.
It's a huge circle jerk.

JUDGE MCCARTHY

But the charges don't stop there, do they? Public intoxication. Open Container. Disorderly Conduct. Disturbing the Peace. Theft. Burglary. Indecent Exposure. Bribery. Resisting Arrest. Vandalism. Trespassing.

DAN

Call Guinness. The world record book, not the beer. Ah, why not call both?

JUDGE MCCARTHY

You seem proud of your transgressions.

MARISSA

It took balls. Everyone says they like animals more than people. We showed it.

JUDGE MCCARTHY

This isn't the first time we've met.

Dan and Marissa avoid eye contact with him.

JUDGE MCCARTHY (CONT'D)

Last time, you were here because you hit Chuck E. Cheese with a skee-ball.

DAN

He started it! Come correct.

JUDGE MCCARTHY

I believe you were in violation of their children policy.

MARISSA

That rat was VERY handsy. He grabbed my tit. That's assault. I might sue.

JUDGE MCCARTHY

Clearly, the destructive nature of your relationship is not accidental.

DAN

Chaos is beauty, amigo.

JUDGE MCCARTHY

Destroying your own lives in private is your problem.

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