

Roommates

Written By

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INT. BATHROOM - NIGHT

WHITNEY (32, BLACK) is half-asleep taking a piss. She's wearing a negligee.

KAI, A.K.A GERTRUDE (22, WHITE) barges in and startles Whitney. Kai is wearing an oversized BOB'S BURGERS t-shirt.

Kai waves at an appalled-looking Whitney, and proceeds to brush her teeth.

Whitney is grabbing toilet paper when Kai faces her--

KAI

Hey, these fuzzy little black balls
I see on the floor all the time...
I'm assuming is your hair. Can you
do something about that?

Whitney reaches behind her, and pulls out a long string of Kai's red hair.

WHITNEY+

This long piece of stringy type
thing that I just pulled out of my
ass, I'm assuming is your hair.
Could you do something about that?

KAI

Brah, this ain't a race thing.

WHITNEY

It's not?

KAI

I guess I'm not used to your hair
type.

WHITNEY

If you helped with sweeping the
floor every once in a while,
there'd be less of both of our hair
types around.

KAI

I swept last month.

WHITNEY

Yeah, that's the problem.

Whitney pulls up her underwear and washes her hands.

WHITNEY (CONT'D)

Also, when I told you I'm open to sharing the bathroom when I'm in it, I meant if I'm putting make up on or brushing my teeth. I like to piss alone.

KAI

I guess I could've knocked.

WHITNEY

There goes an idea.

Whitney leaves. Kai shrugs and continues brushing her teeth.

SUPERIMPOSE TITLE: ROOMMATES

INT. WHITNEY'S ROOM - NIGHT

Whitney's room is a nest of elegance. It's filled with antique furniture, and expensive art.

Whitney lays on her french-style chaise, and sips wine in her negligee. In her hands is the book "A SHORT HISTORY OF NEARLY EVERYTHING" BY BILL BRYSON. It's a large special edition copy. Tucked in that book is another-- a trashy romance novel: "LORD OF THE HISSY FIT" BY ELIZABETH MAYNE.

It starts in low, but then starts to grow-- the sound of sexual moaning.

Whitney grabs her earplugs and puts them on, and attempts to proceed with her reading, but the moans have no boundaries.

Whitney impatiently throws her earplugs on the floor and marches out of the room.

INT. KAI'S ROOM - NIGHT

Whitney storms into the mix-matched bohemian thrift store inspired room held together with push pins and duct tape.

Kai and her LOVER are hanging on swings as they go at in an impossible position.

WHITNEY

You guys need to keep it the fuck down!

Whitney stomps out.

BEGIN FLASH BACK

SUPERIMPOSE: 2 MONTHS AGO

INT. LIVING ROOM - DAY

Kai looks around the room while Whitney jots notes.

KAI

Brah, I really like how all the rooms have a fire place. Classy.

WHITNEY

They're not functional, but there's nothing like spending a quiet evening admiring the aesthetics of it all over a cocktail. Which reminds me, do you consider yourself quiet?

KAI

Sure. I mean, there is a time for quiet and a time for less quiet, right?

WHITNEY

Yeah.

KAI

I like to play my radio from time to time, and I sing in the shower... I don't have the best voice.

WHITNEY

Yeah, that's all normal-ish. It's not like I freak out whenever things get a little loud.

KAI

You just don't want 24-hour loudness, I get it.

WHITNEY

That's exactly it.

KAI

I can't stand all the wild parties by the university, which is the major reason I want to live in Mid City. I need a milder environment. Trust me, I'm not like the other obnoxious Tulane brats who use their trust fund for pot money.

Kai and Whitney smile at each other.