

The Party

By

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3

EXT. APARTMENT, NIGHT

ROSE and BRIAN are standing in front of her apartment. Rose is fumbling with her keys and attempts and fails to get her key in the lock multiple times.

BRIAN
(reaching for the key)
Here, let me.

Brian turns the key and swings open the door.

There is a CANVAS with a half finished drawing on it in the corner of the room, and PAINTINGS of a similar style hang along the walls. Rose steps inside and turns to look at Brian.

BRIAN
Are you going to be okay from here?

ROSE
(stumbles)
Yea...thanks

BRIAN
(hesitant)
No problem.

ROSE
(suddenly)
Why don't I get your number..just
in case I need you know rescuing
again..haha

BRIAN
Yea, sure.

Brian reaches into his pocket pulls out his WALLET, and produces a BUSINESS CARD from inside one of the pockets, and hands it to Rose. Rose stares at the card for a moment

BRIAN
Alright. Take care.

Brian turns and walks away from the apartment.

ROSE
(longingly)
Bye

Rose turns and shuts the door and bolts it behind her. Rose sighs and fiddles with the business card.

4 INT. APARTMENT, MORNING -

ROSE is in her bathroom staring in the mirror. Her makeup is smeared and she is wearing sweatpants and a t-shirt. She splashes water in her face and her eyeliner smears on her face. She wipes it away and stares at her reflection in the mirror. Getting choked up Rose slaps her palm against the mirror and stares down into the sink.

She looks back at her reflection.

She begins to cry and slumps on the ground. She clutches her knees and hides her head in her arms sobbing.

5 INT. APARTMENT, DAY -

ROSE is sitting on the couch in her apartment with her head lying on her knees which are clutched to her chest. A blanket is draped over her shoulders, and a SKETCHPAD with a half drawn image is lying on the table in front of Rose. The sputtering of a coffee machine is heard in the background. Rose stares at the drawing for a moment. The beeping of the coffee pot is heard, it's done brewing. Rose stands and pours herself a large CUP of coffee, and grabs a PIECE OF FRUIT before sitting back down on the couch. She takes a sip of the coffee and draws a little more. Brian's BUSINESS CARD is lying next to her sketchpad. She glances at it then back at the sketchpad. Rose taps her pencil a few times and glances at the card again.

6 INT. CAFE, DAY -

ROSE is sitting at a small circular table in a cafe. She is holding a CUP OF COFFEE in her hands. BRIAN is sitting across from her drinking TEA. Rose is dressed very eclectically with lots of color; Brian is dressed semi-professionally with very little color. Nothing is said for a brief amount of time.

BRIAN

Finance. I'm an adviser for high risk loans.

ROSE

Damn. That must've been a hard job to snag.

BRIAN

Not really. I graduated top of my class, so job offers weren't hard to come by.

(CONTINUED)

ROSE
(in awe)
Wow...

BRIAN
You attend the U?

ROSE
Yea, senior year! woo!

BRIAN
What do you study?

ROSE
I'm a Fine Art and communications
major.

BRIAN
Oh that's nice which way are you
planning to go?

ROSE
I'm an artist.

BRIAN
Oo. risky choice

ROSE
What do you mean?

BRIAN
Well, there's really no money in
being an artist.

ROSE
It's not really about the money

BRIAN
Well do you have any debut plans?

ROSE
Not really. I've been just seeing
where life takes me

BRIAN
I guess that's one option.

Awkward silence, they sip their drinks.

BRIAN
So. How do you feel about William
Schneider?

ROSE
Schneider? Well, I love his work.
His pastels are breathtaking.

BRIAN
True. Personally, I'm particular to
his oil works.

ROSE
Canvas or linen?

BRIAN
Linen, it creates a more powerful
effect.

There is a break in the conversation. They sip their drinks.

CUT

7 INT. BEDROOM, DUSK-

ROSE is sitting in a swivel chair in her room, her nose
piercing is gone. Her room feels oddly empty, around her
desk is cluttered with crumpled drawings. She seems slightly
agitated. A piece of paper is in front of her with a few
stray marks on it. Rose draws a bit in a vague pattern then
exasperated crumples up the drawing and throws it to the
side. She picks up her phone and calls a number. She spins
around in her chair with the phone to her ear. Rose is
startled as the other end picks up.

ROSE
Oh..hey! Hey Brian

There are pauses in between Rose's speech where Brian is
talking unheard.

ROSE
Yea I'm good you?

Pause

ROSE
I've been working on it...Yea I
talked to a gallery the other
day...yea I know its a long shot,
but...mhhh..anyway, I was just
wondering if you wanna go out
tonight? I'm going to this banging
party and...(long pause)...Yea I
know, I don't have class on
Wednesdays...right. A job.

(CONTINUED)

Rose stops spinning in her chair and leans forward.

ROSE
...Right, I should work on my
painting anyway...(laughs) talk to
you later.

Rose hangs up the phone and stares at it for a moment. She shakes her head and stands up from the chair leaving the bedroom and shutting the door behind her.

8 INT. APARTMENT, DUSK-

ROSE walks into her kitchen. Her phone beeps, and she pulls it out. There is a text from a FRIEND.

FRIEND(TEXT)
Hey girl you comin?!

ROSE(TEXT)
No.

Rose turns her phone off and goes to her liquor cabinet and pulls out a BOTTLE. She pours herself a large glass and gulps it down. She takes a deep breath and follows with another glass. She puts the glass down on the table and stares at the bottle reaching for it and taking a large swig right from the bottle.

9 EXT. BRIDGE, NIGHT-

ROSE is standing on a bridge staring out at the water in front of her. She lays her head down on the banister of the bridge. She looks up at the moon, looking inquisitive. The camera zooms out viewing Rose, the Bridge, the Moon all in one shot.

10 INT. APARTMENT, DAY -

ROSE is sitting on the couch in her living room on her computer. The half finished canvas still lies in the corner no progress has been made on it. There is an empty BOTTLE in the garbage among other trash. A barely started drawing of a moon and city is on the table discarded to the side. Rose looks significantly different; less makeup, calmer colors, less jewelry. She is looking through Brian's Face book profile. She is currently flipping through photos of him. He is dressed similarly in every photo; business casual, grays, dark blues, black; at various business events. Her phone buzzes and she quickly grabs it

(CONTINUED)

BRIAN(TEXT)

Good. You?

ROSE(TEXT)

I'm doing well.

Rose types in the text box "You wanna grab dinner sometime?" when the (...) pops up, she backspaces her text and waits a moment for Brian's text to pop up.

BRIAN(TEXT)

You submit your resume for the Anderson job?

ROSE(TEXT)

Yea earlier today.

BRIAN(TEXT)

Good. Tone it down if you get an interview. Make sure to look professional.

ROSE(TEXT)

Will do!

Rose lying on her back fiddles with the keys a bit, thinking of something to say.

BRIAN(TEXT)

Work to do, see you at the opening.
bye

ROSE(TEXT)

Bye.

Rose lays her phone down and flips over to continue looking through Brian's Facebook.

11 INT. APARTMENT, DAY -

The sizzling of eggs being cooked is heard. The camera slides along the kitchen counter: a TOASTER cooking toast, a CUP OF COFFEE, the clock on the oven reads 6:15am. ROSE grabs a spatula and flips the eggs, her nails are neatly done. The camera focuses on the hands and then zooms out to see ROSE. She is dressed like a secretary (little color, limited jewelry, light makeup, no piercings) The toaster dings and the camera cuts to an elevator ding.

12 INT. OFFICE, SAME DAY -

An elevator door opens and a big burly man walks out, BOSS. He walks across an office to a desk where ROSE is sitting doing paperwork. BOSS walks over to her desk with a large STACK OF PAPERS. He drops the stack on her desk and stomps away before she can respond. Rose stares at the stack and groans to herself and continues filing.

13 INT. APARTMENT, DUSK -

ROSE walks into her apartment looking very exhausted. She goes over to the liquor cabinet grabs a bottle of wine stares at it for a moment, takes a deep breath, and puts it down. She grabs a can of soda from the fridge and plops down on the couch and turns on the news channel. She opens her Facebook on her computer. "Brian Masterson" pops up in the chat bar with a little green dot next to it. Rose notices and clicks on the name.

TYPED

ROSE(TYPED)

You see the report on Somalia?

BRIAN(TYPED)

I did. This could be bad for overseas stock.

ROSE(TYPED)

They said the town is in complete disrepair.

BRIAN(TYPED)

Yea it's gonna be a huge financial mess.

ROSE(TYPED)

Yea, I'm sure, but all those poor people...

Another chat box pops up.

FRIEND(TYPED)

Crazy party tonight on 14th you in?

ROSE(TYPED)

Worked all day way too tired.

FRIEND(TYPED)

COME onnnnnnn, it's been forever since you came out with your girls.

(MORE)

(CONTINUED)

FRIEND(TYPED) (cont'd)
 Stop being so boring, It's
 FRIDAY!!!

ROSE(TYPED)
 Sorrrrryyy maybe next time :)

FRIEND(TYPED)
 :(fine next weekend! No excuses!

ROSE(TYPED)
 For sure!

Another message from Brian pops up as the friend signs off.
 Rose x's out the chat box from her friend.

BRIAN(TYPED)
 I guess but there's nothing we can
 do about that.

ROSE(TYPED)
 I heard there's a bunch of relief
 funds being set up.

BRIAN(TYPED)
 Those things are nonsense, just a
 waste of money with no real
 direction. I have an early meeting,
 so I gotta go. Goodnight.

Rose goes to type "Goodbye", but Brian signs off before she
 has the chance to respond. Rose sighs, turns off the TV and
 shuffles into her bedroom.

FADE OUT

14 INT. CAFE, DAY -

ROSE and BRIAN are sitting across from one another at the
 cafe where they had coffee together the first time. They are
 sitting at the same table. Rose has a CUP OF TEA in front of
 her as does Brian.

ROSE
 I've really turned things around.

BRIAN
 I'm glad you're doing well.

ROSE
 I'm doing really good at work too!

(CONTINUED)

BRIAN

Good, Anderson is a highly respected firm. You can make a lot of good connections there...Rose, I'm proud you're really taking your life seriously.

ROSE

It's all because of you...for you. I even stopped drinking.

BRIAN

...for me?

ROSE

(interrupting)

I fixed everything. I'm better now.

Rose goes to grab Brian's hand but he pulls it away.

BRIAN

I don't understand what you're trying to do.

ROSE

I love you.

BRIAN

Excuse me?

ROSE

I said I love you.

BRIAN

No, I heard you. That's just foolish, you don't love me.

ROSE

(passionately)

But I DO! I love you!

BRIAN

(calm)

That's ridiculous.

ROSE

(growing agitated)

You have to feel something, too.

BRIAN

(condescending)

No. Of course not.

(CONTINUED)

ROSE
(standing)
Then what do you think of me?!

BRIAN
What? I don't know, sit down, don't
make a scene.

ROSE
Tell me!

Brian looks at her for a moment.

BRIAN
(aggravated, standing)
You really want the truth? I think
you're a mess. You've got no
direction to your life...You're
immature.

ROSE
...I don't understand.

BRIAN
How can you not understand? You're
a mess, Rose.

ROSE
But I fixed everything for you!

BRIAN
That's not how the world works.

ROSE
Fuck you!

Brian grabs Rose's arm to try and get Rose to sit back down.

BRIAN
Stop making a scene.

ROSE
Get off me!

Rose rips her arm out of his grip, grabs her BAG and storms out of the cafe leaving Brian standing in the cafe alone while all the other patrons stare at him judgmentally. The camera follows Rose as she storms out of the coffee shop and down the street.

CUT

15 INT. APARTMENT, MIDDAY -

ROSE bursts into her apartment and goes to the middle of the living room. She stands still for a moment breathing deeply as sobs are rising in her throat.

Going over to the liquor cabinet, she flings it open, and grabs the first BOTTLE seen. She fills up a glass and slams the bottle on the counter.

Rose stares at the glass for a moment while her grip continues to get tighter. Screaming she hurls the glass against a wall, and proceeds to grab the bottle on the counter and hurl it at the wall.

Rose goes to the liquor cabinet and smashes bottle after bottle against the wall until there are none left. The ground is sopping wet and glass is scattered everywhere. Staring at the mess, Rose slumps down to the ground, crying.

The camera is on Rose as she looks up and takes deep breaths to quell her sobbing. She stares at the wall in a strange state of awe as she wipes the tears off her face. Standing slowly she stumbles to the corner of the living room grabbing the half finished canvas.

Rose tenaciously creeps around the glass and plops on the ground where she previously was. Rose stares at the wall and begins to sketch on the canvas as the camera pans around to see the wall which is covered with many bright colors from the alcohol.

FADE OUT

16 INT. ARTS GALLERY, DAY -

"1 Year Later"

FADE IN

Fade in to a colorful painting in a gallery. The camera zooms out, slowly, away from the painting. ROSE is standing in front of the painting. There is plaque under the picture with her name on it.

FADE OUT

THE END