

'HARD FEELINGS'

by

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Story by

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INT. MALE OFFICE BATHROOM - DAY

Your standard human-garbage-collection venue;
Urinals. Cubicles. Dryers.
And a counter of sinks.
With TWO HANDS gripping it as if it edged an abyss.
Their fingers shuddering from the applied force.
The WEDDING RING cutting into its skin.
Its history.

Below the counter, the sounds of a wounded animal;
Hard breaths resisting vomit.
Angry yelps resisting tears.
Quivering grunts resisting panic.
- *Rock bottom in a self-hatred spiral* -
A broken man hiding from life, under a sink.

His ring finger raises, relieving its pressure.
The remaining left hand's fingers folding under pressure.
He pulls himself back up to life height.

SAM, late 30's, stands in front of the mirror.
Rubbing blood back into his wedding-ringed finger.
His face a kaleidoscope of desperate emotions;
Regret - anger - disbelief - fear.

The millisecond he hears the OUTER DOOR open, Sam blasts on
the tap, burying his face in handfuls of water.

The INNER DOOR barges open with swagger;
CHRIS, mid 30's, struts in-- stuttering a misstep as he
recognizes Sam.
He recomposes his course for the urinal.
His back to Sam.
Sam peeks up at his mirror's reflection;

- *What's he say to him?*

Sam's frozen. Welling fury.
Chris pisses.
Intermittently.
Chris looks back at Sam.
Only to ignore him in favor of a piss streak.

Sam's focus burns a hole through the back of his skull.
Chris feels it.

CHRIS
No hard feelings, huh?

His brazenness floors Sam.
Sam fights to hide it.
Burying his face in water.
Wishing he could drown.

Chris finishes up.
And joins Sam at the spare sink,
To preen his hair in the mirror - *it's a mess*;
He needs the HAIR GEL in his jacket pocket.

CHRIS (cont'd)
You know I'll look after you.

Sam's emotions run so wild he's impotent to response.

CHRIS (cont'd)
Besides...Judging by the other
night, you loved me bossing you.

SAM
D'you know how much, I wanted-

CHRIS
-yeah. I know.

Chris relishes the memories.

CHRIS (cont'd)
Lighten up, you could still get
regional manager...Be one of my
little gofers. I got your back.
It'll be fun.

He slaps Sam on the back, like a true pal.

SAM
What, was our night to you, Chris?

CHRIS
Fun.

Sam's breath hijacks his lungs.
As his world implodes.
Chris feels it's nuclear heat.
He washes his hands to distract his conscience.

CHRIS (cont'd)
What? I gave you what you wanted.

Each word puncturing Sam's wilting corpse.
The opposite of what he wanted to hear.

CHRIS (cont'd)
Problem is, like most closets, you
don't really know which side you
wanna dress on.

SAM
I trusted you.

CHRIS
Relax. I won't tell anyone.

Chris grabs TOWELS from the DISPENSER to wipe up.

SAM
I did.

CHRIS
(suddenly concerned)
Who?...WHO, Sam?
(Sam looks to his ring)
Oh...Not Emma--it is Emma?
(Sam doesn't deny it)
Wow.
(Chris considers it)
Hmmm?...Wanna try a threesome? A
throuple? Might be fun. So long as
she's not gonna freak out seeing
you hanging off the end of my cock,
that's never a good time-

SAM
-I have a whole family, Chris.

CHRIS
(joking)
Kids're a hard no, that's just-

SAM
-a whole life I risked for you.

CHRIS
What is this 'People's Court'? Risk
comes from not knowing what you're
doin'; 1-0-1 business sense, Sam.

SAM
Fuck your cunt.

Sam crosses behind Chris to the TOWEL DISPENSER to wipe up.

CHRIS
Not my forte. Sorry.
(seeing Sam distraught)
Look I'll put a good word in for
you. You'll be fine-

SAM
-screw your pity. I don't care,
about that.

CHRIS

Then what? Yes, we had fun. No, I'm not gonna daddy you through you're-

SAM

-you said, you knew what it was like to keep secrets.

That one hit home!

Sam sees a crack open in Chris;

SAM (cont'd)

You said, you knew what it was like to be used.

CHRIS

(vulnerable...)

I was...I--

(...to withdrawn)

...I was drunk.

SAM

So was I.

Their loving night haunts them both.

SAM (cont'd)

So, you were using me?

(no response)

'Cause that'd be an HR issue. To anyone with any business sense.

CHRIS

(barely audible; genuine)

No--...Wasn't.

SAM

D'you think I was using you?

Chris' gagged by his feelings.

Sam tries to prize an answer out of him;

By loving his soul in the mirror.

But, Chris can't take the heat.

Sam tries a different approach;

SAM (cont'd)

D'you know what Emma said when I told her? She said, she's gonna make sure I never see the kids again...You ever lost what you love most, Chris?

Sam hands him the moment to seize.
To say how he really feels.
But, Chris is drowning fast.
- *Diving down in a self-hatred spiral* -
Unable to take the risk.

Sam tries one last time.
Laying himself bare to Chris;

SAM (cont'd)
You...You think I don't know what I
want. I know what I want...You know
how I know?
(no response)
'Cause the next morning when I woke
up, I watched you sleeping. I
couldn't stop...And d'ya know what
I wanted...more than anything--
...All I wanted, was to make you
breakfast.

Chris' heart splinters.
Piercing his soul.
This is the moment he's avoided his whole life;
Admitting his true feelings.
Feelings Sam knows Chris has for him.

Sam wills him to jump;
Ready to catch him...

SAM (cont'd)
But...

But, the risk feels fatal to Chris.
Paralyzing him.
He tries to ignore Sam. To save himself.
Hurting them both.

Sam isn't going to win.
They're both going to lose.

Sam knows that now.

SAM (cont'd)
No hard feelings.

Sam exits.

Chris' hands grip the counter.
Holding him up.
As his world implodes.