

The Juggler
By
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1. INT. VIDEO STORE 6 PM - CLOSING TIME

Employees busy tidying up. MARK - clean cut boy-next-door - is clearing the till. JAY - who looks like a ladies' man - is stacking Valentine's day DVDs.

JAY
(Stacking a Titanic
DVD, shaking his head in disapproval)

MARK
(Chuckles)
Just watched it again last weekend
with the missus. Sixth time.
(Smirks)
This time in 3D, though

JAY
(Looks disappointed at MARK)

2. EXT. IN FRONT OF VIDEO STORE 6:30 PM

MARK has a gift bag in hand. JAY is searching in his pockets, looking a bit annoyed

JAY
... got a fag to spare?

MARK and JAY light up cigarettes and walk to the metro station. MARK looks wary, a man burdened by life. They pass a few couples parading down the road elegantly in their best date-clothes.

MARK
(looking at the gift bag)
That's 3 days of me stacking DVDs.
Hope she likes it.

JAY
(Shakes his head as if saying,
"Man, I feel your pain")

MARK
Mate, let me ask you something. I
struggle with one girlfriend, and
you seem so chilled juggling I
dunno how many

JAY
(Smirks, pats Mark on the shoulder)
(MORE)

(CONTINUED)

JAY (cont'd)

Logistics mate, logistics. Chicks are simple if you sort out logistics. See, my main one is the door whore at a club. Meeting her now for dinner, and maybe a blowjob in the alley before she heads to work. Then candlelight champagne with this new chick Sheronda, at her place. Tight round black ass she got, mate. (licks lips)

MARK looks impressed, a bit uncomfortable, not knowing what to say

JAY

And then there's good old Abi. Told her that I'll be stuck at mom's place fixing the boiler. Don't think she bought the story though. Needy bitch! Anyway, if I'm still horny after Sheronda, I'll text her for a booty call
They reach the metro station and are about to part ways

MARK

Good luck champ. Goodnight

JAY

(patting Mark on the shoulder)
Goodnight fella

3. INT. JAY'S APARTMENT 7 PM

CLOSE UP SHOT OF THE DOOR FROM INSIDE.

JAY walks in with a little plastic bag in hand.

WIDE: VIEWING THE ENTIRE STUDIO APARTMENT

Grim looking small studio apartment. Clothes and cigarette butts, and a large number of unwashed dishes strewn all over the place. Jay's shabby, hungry looking dog jumps up and down wagging his tail

JAY places the plastic bag on the bedside table and takes out Chinese take-away food. He lies down on his sofa-bed, and eats noodles from the box, with his bare fingers, feeding some to the dog lying next to him. Dog looks at him lovingly. They kiss