

THE LAST PHONE CALL  
By Carson Jones

FADE IN:

INT. DORM ROOM - EVENING

MARQUES is pacing anxiously across the room. BRADY is relaxed on the couch, looking down at the PHONE in his lap. It's clear from Brady's body language that this is a common occurrence in this household.

MARQUES

It's over, dude.

BRADY

(half-listening)

You said that last time.

MARQUES

(emphatic)

Yeah, but this time it's for real.

Brady gives a dismissive gesture and scrolls on his PHONE.

Marques pulls his own PHONE out from his pocket and looks at it.

MARQUES

Still nothing? Dude, she's so pissed.

BRADY

(without looking up)

Did she say she's pissed?

MARQUES

She never says when she's pissed, man. I can just tell.

BRADY

What set her off this time?

MARQUES

(defensive)

Easy man, she's still my girl.

BRADY

(looks up at Marques)

Down boy, I'm trying to help. For real, what made her upset?

Marques sits down across from Brady. He is hunched over, and bounces his leg nervously. He glances down at his PHONE periodically.

MARQUES

It's my fault. You know Melanie from our Bio lab? We were working on our group report in the Union and she saw us together. She blew up, said she knew I was cheating on her, and said some really mean shit to Mel.

Brady looks up at Marques sympathetically.

BRADY

Jesus.

MARQUES

Yeah. I tried to tell her it wasn't like that, but you know how she is. Hasn't talked to me since.

BRADY

(confused)

Wait, how's that your fault?

MARQUES

(shrugs dejectedly)

I should have just told her, you know? I didn't say anything 'cause I was scared she'd get mad, but her finding out like that just made things worse.

Brady pauses for a moment, considering his words. He opens his mouth like he's about to say something, but his PHONE DINGS in his lap and he looks down at it. He smiles and chuckles to himself.

MARQUES  
(irritated)

What?

BRADY  
(bashful)

Oh, sorry man. Ro just sent me something.

Marques gets up and starts walking around again.

MARQUES  
Man, you and Ro are so lucky. Same major, never fight. You guys just hang out and send each other stupid memes all day.

BRADY  
That's how it should be, right?

MARQUES  
Yeah, but couples should challenge each other, you know? You're partners. Partnership means sacrifice, and overcoming obstacles.

Brady rolls his eyes.

BRADY  
That sure sounds like her.

MARQUES  
Whatever man, you just don't get it.

Marques sits down at the kitchen table, slumped over.

Brady's PHONE DINGS again. He reads a message, then stands up and puts on his jacket. He walks over to Marques.

BRADY  
Look man, just do what you did last time, right? Apologize, take her somewhere nice. Things will blow over.

MARQUES

But what if it doesn't?

BRADY

(assuringly)

It will. You're a catch, man. I know she knows it.

OS: KNOCK ON DOOR

BRADY

That's her.

Brady opens the door. A bubbly woman steps into frame and throws her arms affectionately around him. She plants a big kiss on his lips and gives Marques a happy wave. Her presence brightens the room.

ROCHELLE

Hey Marq!

Marques waves back dejectedly, still looking down at the PHONE in his hands. ROCHELLE looks back at Brady questioningly.

BRADY

Don't mind him, he's having girl trouble.

Rochelle shares a knowing look with Brady. She steps over to where Marques is sitting and puts a hand on his shoulder.

ROCHELLE

Hang in there, Marq.

Marques nods sullenly, but says nothing. After a moment, Rochelle Looks at Brady.

ROCHELLE

(cont.)

You ready?

Brady gives an exaggerated bow as he opens the door.

BRADY

M' lady.

Rochelle hip-checks Brady playfully on her way out.

ROCHELLE

M' dumbass.

They both snicker, and Brady throws his arm comfortably over her shoulder as the door closes.

Marques goes back to pacing, with an anguished look on his face.

Marques flinches as his PHONE rings in his pocket. He takes it out, stares at it for a few seconds and answers. A feminine voice emits from the PHONE.

PHONE

Hey...

Marques cringes, anticipating what's coming.

PHONE

(cont.)

What do you want for dinner?

Marques pauses, taken aback. He raises his eyebrows, surprised.

OS: LAUGHTER FROM BRADY AND ROCHELLE CAN BE HEARD

Marques stops pacing. His shoulders straighten. He stares at the door.

PHONE

Hello?

Marques keeps staring.

PHONE  
(annoyed)

You there?

Marques takes a deep breath, as a wave of visible calmness washes over him.

MARQUES (INTO PHONE)  
(confidently)

I think we should break up.