

ACT ONE

INT. APARTMENT MAIN ROOM - DAY

Monica, wearing the same clothes from last night, rage-cleans her way across the apartment, broom in hand, unmindfully kicking clutter aside from the laminate floors onto the slightly ragged living room rug as she sweeps.

Nik is close at her tail, looking freshly dragged from sleep: shirtless, pajama pants, hair in every which way atop his head. He follows her every move, pinning her in an argument.

NIK

You're blowing it out of
proportion. What am I supposed to
do, go un-key it?

Monica sets the broom aside to carefully fold a frayed, pink blanket-hers, clearly. Satisfied with herself, she places the blanket on a worn yet cozy couch, which is placed too close to a small TV, with a coffee table barely squeezed between.

MONICA

No, I want you to-

NIK

Agree with you? Fine. You're right.
I'm wrong. Happy?

Showered, dressed, and already dead inside, Harrison sips from a mug at the makeshift breakfast counter: three mismatched stools huddled around a tiny kitchen island topped with an ugly, beige tile countertop.

HARRISON

Can we not start the day like this?

Monica walks into the narrow kitchen, eyeing a leaning tower of dishes sitting precarious in the sink, taunting her. She grabs a sponge and gets to work, scrubbing furiously.

MONICA

Start? We're still *finishing* last
night.

NIK

You're the only one still mad.

MONICA

Oh, I'm sorry. Am I being too
emotional for you?

NIK

Don't make it a feminism thing.

Monica slams the soaked sponge against the counter so hard it splashes Nik. He does a dramatic wipe of his face.

NIK (CONT'D)

(to Harrison)

See? She's still on her little power trip.

Harrison shrugs, offering nothing.

MONICA

Harrison. Seriously. How do you just... not care?

She hauls the microwave aside to scrub under it. Nik discreetly palms a stack of his mail before she clocks it.

HARRISON

I did care. Then I decided there was nothing I could do except put it behind me. (beat) But it's pretty fucking hard to do that when you two won't shut up about it.

NIK

And for the record? I'm not sorry.

MONICA

Not yet. Wait 'til BMW takes whatever we have out of spite.

NIK

Then he's in for a treat. 'Cus we don't have shit.

MONICA

Which begs the question: Why would you do something that stupid?

HARRISON

(almost bored)

'Cause he's an impulsive shit-stirrer. Stop looking for deeper meaning.

NIK

Honestly, you should thank me, Monica. Now you can be mad at me instead of spiraling about you clipping the guy's bumper.

Monica opens her mouth to retort, but-

THUD THUD THUD.

A heavy, deliberate knock rattles the door.

MONICA

(whispering)

Nik. I swear. If that is the
goddamn police, you are dead to me.

HARRISON

(raising his voice)

Who is it?

Monica whips her head toward Harrison, horrified.

MONICA

(whisper-hissing)

HARRISON! Why would you- now they
know we're in here!

She flings sponge-water at him. He grimaces, unimpressed,
gesturing to his clean shirt.

MR. CARVER

Carver. Open the door.

HARRISON

(vindicated and
unbothered)

See? Not the cops.

Nik trudges to the door, opening it to reveal MR. CARVER
(40s, lower-middle class apathy bleeding into his grooming
habits) with irritation on his face, and a document in his
hand. Nik's face falls, then he quickly catches it.

NIK

Hello, Mr. Carver. What can we do
for you today?

Mr. Carver stares blankly-no fucks given.

MR. CARVER

Someone in this unit has not paid
rent for the past three months.
This is your notice.

Mr. Carver holds up the document, which reads:

"TENANT IN POSSESSION: FIVE DAY NOTICE TO PAY RENT OR
SURRENDER POSSESSION."

MR. CARVER (CONT'D)

I need the full outstanding amount
within five days, or all of you
will need to vacate the unit.

Nik stiffens. Monica hurries over, sliding smoothly between
Nik and the doorway, a soft smile replacing her earlier fury.

MONICA

Mr. Carver—hi. Could you help us
understand why we're only hearing
about this now?

Mr. Carver holds out the notice and she grabs it politely.

MR. CARVER

Per policy, the written notice is
issued once the outstanding balance
exceeds one month's rent.

Harrison bristles.

HARRISON

That's bullshit. Why wouldn't you—

MONICA

What he means is we would've loved
a heads-up. This must be some kind
of misunderstanding.

Monica beams at Mr. Carver. Nik, now stood behind the door,
hidden from Mr. Carver's view, rolls his eyes.

MONICA (CONT'D)

We'll figure this out and get you
the money, ASAP.

MR. CARVER

Five days. You have five days.

MONICA

Of course. Thank you.

Mr. Carver offers only a grunt and nod in response, spinning
on his heel and leaving Monica in the doorway.

MONICA (CONT'D)

(yelling after him)

Have a wonderful day, Mr. Carver!

There's no answer.

Monica slowly pushes the door closed. She stares at the
notice in her hand, then turns back to the boys.

MONICA (CONT'D)

Okay... I'm going to assume this is some kind of mistake. (beat) I'm going to assume neither of you were careless enough to miss your rent for *three whole months*. (beat) And I'm going to assume this will be solved by the end of the day.

Nik swallows, eyes darting anywhere but her.

NIK

I... I didn't realize— I didn't realize how long it'd been. I meant to pay some this week so— So we wouldn't get a warning.

Harrison's head snaps up.

HARRISON

Some? Meaning what? You don't have all of it?

MONICA

You weren't gonna mention any of this to us?

Nik puts his head down, like a puppy being reprimanded.

HARRISON

Fucking hell, Nik! We live here too! People like us can't afford to get three months behind. We—

NIK

I'm sorry. I got distracted— I forgot—

Harrison springs from his stool, knocking it back so harshly it teeters behind him.

HARRISON

You forgot? If we lose this place, we're fucked! There's nowhere else even close to this cheap. (beat) We need the rent control. (beat) It's the bottom of the barrel and we're still barely holding it together.

Monica sinks into a stool, dropping her head into her hands.

HARRISON (CONT'D)
Well— *Monica* and I are barely
holding it together. You aren't
doing shit.

Nik's face hardens, jaw tightening, fists clenched.

HARRISON (CONT'D)
Our car's smashed, our home is at
stake—

MONICA
(muffled by her shirt)
Shit.

HARRISON
I don't have the fucking money to
cover you. I'm cleaned out from
paying my own rent. 2 days ago.

Harrison looks to Monica, her head still down.

MONICA
(still muffled)
Shit shit shit.

HARRISON
(to Nik)
And I'm guessing she doesn't
either.

Beat.

NIK
The smashed car isn't my fault.

Monica lifts her head—slowly—eyes blazing with fury.

HARRISON
(snarky)
No... I can guarantee it was. She
must've gotten distracted by your
big ass head in front of the rear
window.

Nik opens his mouth, then shuts it.

HARRISON (CONT'D)
You're a mess, Nik. A mess. And I'm
so sick of cleaning up after you.

Nik steps forward, head cocked to the side.

NIK

Since when have you cleaned up anything for me? You just do whatever's best for Harrison. You always—

HARRISON

And what the hell have you done for me lately? Cause fucking problems, that's what you've done.

Nik stalks closer, confrontational.

NIK

See? There it is. It's about you again.

Monica's eyes gloss suddenly, anger becoming panic.

MONICA

No. It's about us. It's about *our home*.

She quickly pulls herself together, wiping her eye. Then she plants her palms on the breakfast counter, bracing herself.

MONICA (CONT'D)

And we're not going to lose it. We *can't* lose it.

Nik and Harrison soften, a release of tension.

MONICA (CONT'D)

So we're going to need to figure out how to get the money. And get it real fucking fast.