

BUSINESS OPPORTUNITIES DRFT 1

Written by

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INT. LIVING ROOM - DAY

CHRIS enters his apartment, pushing the door against the THREE FULL TRASH BAGS in the way. His airhead roommate, DEVON, sits on the couch strumming a BACKPACKERS GUITAR.

CHRIS

(sniffs)

What the--is that weed? Devon--why in God's name are there are three garbage bags of full of weed in the middle of the living room floor?!

DEVON

Hear me out--I'm selling it. I already got a buyer for it. Got a super sweet deal on it, too.

CHRIS

How did you even pay for--

He looks at the BROWN BOX on the shelf. He goes and opens it. It's EMPTY.

CHRIS (CONT'D)

Dammit, Devon! That was our rent! I thought you said you had a legit business opportunity in the works.

DEVON

This is!

CHRIS

That's what you said about your invisible car project. And what kinda cracked out pothead buys trash bag portions of weed anyways? I'm not tryna have them around my daughter.

DEVON

Your daughter?

Chris pinches the bridge of his nose and exhales.

CHRIS

Yeah, dude, my daughter. The little person who lives with us every other weekend and who I'm responsible for keeping off drugs is going to be home from school soon.

DEVON

(spaced out)

Whoa, is that today?

(snaps out of it)

Come on man, relax! They're only going to be here for a couple hours then we're paid! Swear.

CHRIS  
How paid, Devon? 'Cause as of now  
we can't pay rent.

DEVON  
Paid. Rent and more. Didn't you say  
you needed some extra money? For  
your daughter? Ta-da!

Too tired to argue anymore, Chris collapses on the couch next  
to Devon.

CHRIS  
(sighs)  
You better be right about this.  
'Cause there's no way we're  
starting Stripper Bros incorporated  
back up./If I have to start  
stripping again I'm gonna be  
pissed.