

WOMBMATES

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INT. KATE'S APARTMENT - LIVING ROOM - NIGHT

NATE (20s), in a "Hang in there" cat t-shirt, tops off a stack of cardboard boxes. It looks a bit precarious.

KATE (20s), in a blue hoodie on the couch, fully engaged by her smartphone, pretends not to notice.

NATE
Really, Kate. I don't need any help.

KATE
Good. 'Cause I don't need a roommate anymore.

NATE
Roommate? Ouch.

KATE
If the shoe fits.

Kate pulls off a shoe and hurls it at Nate. He ducks.

NATE
We decided I should go.

KATE
You decided, Nate.

NATE
You want this lamp?

KATE
Take it. Rub it. Maybe a genie will pop out and give you what you've been missing.

Love.

NATE

Balls.

KATE

NATE
Yeah, I better go.

KATE
I shouldn't be surprised, really. You've always been the first to leave.

NATE
Name one time.

KATE
Mets. Seventh inning.

NATE
That was to beat the traffic.

KATE
Chance the Rapper. Before his first
encore.

NATE
To beat the traffic.

KATE
The last scene of every movie we've
ever seen together.

NATE
To beat the--

KATE
You. Don't. Drive!

NATE
(mumbles)
I said name one time.

KATE
Hmmm?

NATE
You always do this.

KATE
Do what?

NATE
Claim your independence and demand
space from me, and when I concede,
you cave.

Kate jumps from the couch to chase Nate, and hop-steps around
the room in her one shoe.

KATE
I've always been the strong one.

NATE
(laughs)
Strong?! You were so afraid to be
alone you quit my job. You emailed
in my resignation and called my
boss a dick!

Kate stops the chase.

KATE
He was a dick.

NATE
He really was.
(beat)
But you did it to keep me here.

Kate leans in towards Nate.

KATE
We binge watched Doogie Howser. We had fun!

Nate drops to the couch.

NATE
We had fun.

Kate drops next to him.

KATE
Who's gonna protect you?

NATE
From what?

KATE
From everything.

NATE
Please.

KATE
I've saved your life so many times, if you were a cat you'd be down to one. Every bully, and there were a lot of bullies--

NATE
Not a lot of Babylon 5 fans.

KATE
Every bully who ever bothered you got their ass kicked by who, Nate?

NATE
(mumbles)
My twin.

KATE
Use your words, Nate.

NATE
 My twin! You! OK? You've defended
 me since we were born. For some
 reason, you got the ass-kicking
 genes.

KATE
 (pats Nate's head)
 And you're good at math.

NATE
 I really am. I have to go it on my
 own now. Right?

Nate leans towards Kate. She thrusts her face toward him. He
 flinches.

KATE
 You're boring. But you're right.

NATE
 You gonna be OK?

KATE
 Fine. Are you gonna be OK?

NATE
 Probably not.

Nate stands.

NATE
 Help me with my last box?

Kate stands. She dabs her eyes.

KATE
 You made it all dusty in here.

Nate sobs.

NATE
 I'll be next door.

Kate sobs.

KATE
 At Mrs. Kramer's?

Nate tosses his head to the left.

NATE
 I rented 2-B!

Kate just stares. Then punches his shoulder with each enunciation.

KATE
Why. Didn't. You. Tell Me?!

Nate nurses his arm.

NATE
Surprise?

Kate reaches towards her foot.

KATE
You want the other shoe?!

NATE
Who's gonna protect me from you?

They both start to laugh. Kate reaches for a box.

NATE
You'll help me?

Kate removes her hoodie, revealing the same cat t-shirt Nate has. They both mime cat claws and hiss. Must be a twins thing. She lifts the box.

KATE
I got your back, bro.

Kate walks out. Nate stands, grabs a box then shuts off the lights.

KATE (O.S.)
We're here!