

HERE FOR NOW

Written by

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FADE IN:

1 INT. VICTORIA'S HOUSE ENTRYWAY - NIGHT 1

The house is silent except for the rhythmic sounds of someone scrubbing a rug. The house is impeccably mid-century modern, but lived in. A young woman, VICTORIA (29), crosses the front hall from the laundry room to the living room and surveys the scene.

2 INT. KITCHEN - NIGHT 2

Victoria vigorously scrubs her hands in the kitchen sink in an empty kitchen.

Victoria's best friend, PERRY (29), appears seated at the kitchen island behind her with his legs resting crossed on the counter. Perry never looks up from his phone.

PERRY

You're gonna hurt yourself if you keep scrubbing your skin like that.

Victoria continues scrubbing

PERRY (CONT'D)

I saw some of that orange mechanic's soap in the garage, want me to grab it for you?

Victoria stops scrubbing but lets the water run over her hands in the sink.

PERRY (CONT'D)

You know we're still in a drought?

VICTORIA

I didn't ask your opinion *Perry*.

PERRY

Hey, just trying to help here.

Victoria turns off the water, gripping the edge of the counter.

VICTORIA

Not leaving my house a mess would have been a good start.

Victoria slams the faucet off and dries her hands with a dish towel, throwing it on the counter as exits the kitchen without turning to look at Perry.

3 INT. PERRY'S BEDROOM - NIGHT**3**

Victoria enters the bedroom, stopping in the doorway to marvel at the mess before sitting on the bed.

Victoria notices a bottle of poppers and holds it up to the light as Perry steps from the shadows into the doorway.

PERRY

Oh that's where that was!

VICTORIA

Really?

PERRY

It's not mine. Friend must have left it here.

Victoria shakes her head.

VICTORIA

So much for staying sober...

PERRY

Whaaat? It's VCR head cleaner!

Victoria raises her head, dropping her hand with the bottle of poppers onto the bed as she closes her eyes.

VICTORIA

I don't own a VCR.

Perry raises his hands in defeat, backing away into the darkened hallway.

VICTORIA (CONT'D)

I can't believe I let you stay here.

Victoria grabs sheets and covers and exits the bedroom.

4 INT. LAUNDRY ROOM - CONTINUOUS**4**

Victoria walks from the bedroom, opens the door of the washing machine and stuffs everything inside as Perry shouts from another room.

PERRY (O.S.)

Make sure you don't use fabric softener. You know how sensitive my skin is.

Victoria sighs and shuts the door to the machine.

5

INT. LIVING ROOM - MOMENTS LATER

5

As Victoria enters the room, she stares at the spectacle of it all. Dildos, lube, Fleshlights, towels, blankets, a harness, jockstraps, a blackened meth pipe, a Gatorade bottle with GHB, red solo cups, a pink wig and empty condom wrappers litter the space. Victoria closes her eyes.

As Victoria opens her eyes, Perry appears seated on the couch.

PERRY

At this point, you should probably just throw out the rug.

Victoria sets the cleaning supplies on the chair by the window as she moves to sit on the couch next to Perry, avoiding the stain on the rug.

VICTORIA

For 15 years, I've been your best friend. I've supported you. I have done everything that any reasonable friend could be expected to do. And more. Every, single, time your parents kicked you out, or how 'bout the time you got fifty-one-fifty'd after your last suicide attempt and I picked you up from the psych ward? Who was there for you? Hmm? Tell me that.

PERRY

You were.

VICTORIA

Who picked up your shattered pieces after every break-up?

PERRY

You.

VICTORIA

I can't even *count* the number of times I lent you money for "food" even though I know you were using it to buy drugs.

Perry curls his knees, bringing himself into a ball.

PERRY

I didn't use food money for drugs.

VICTORIA
You're missing the point, Perry!

Victoria points to the rug with an open hand while Perry just stares at his knees, closing her eyes as her hand becomes a fist.

VICTORIA (CONT'D)
I go away for two days and this,
this is what I come home to?

Perry surveys the mess.

PERRY
I didn't realize I made such a
mess.

Perry raises his head just enough to look at the rug through the top of his eyes, as Victoria gestures for his attention.

VICTORIA
Seriously, you are so fucking
selfish. You turn your best
friend's house into an episode of
CSI.

Perry looks Victoria in the eyes.

PERRY
I'm sorry. Really.

VICTORIA
It's too late for that.

PERRY
Look, I know I haven't been a good
best friend lately...

Victoria scoffs.

PERRY (CONT'D)
...and I'm sorry for that.
(beat)
It won't happen again, I promise.
(beat)
Things just got out of hand this
weekend.

Victoria avoids Perry's gaze.

VICTORIA
Understatement of the year.

PERRY

But I need you to know something.

(beat)

You were the best thing that ever happened to me. Like, for real.

Victoria begins to whimper and cry.

PERRY (CONT'D)

I've laughed more with you than any other person in my life, and you cannot know how much that meant to me.

(beat)

You've always been in my corner...

Tears begin to stream down Victoria's cheeks.

PERRY (CONT'D)

Trying to save me from myself...

(beat)

Thank you for that.

Victoria's tears are now a flood she attempts to control her sobbing as she turns to face Perry.

VICTORIA

Then why did you have to leave me like this?

Perry leans in to grab Victoria's hand and pull her closer as she closes her eyes.

PERRY

I didn't leave you, I escaped me.

Victoria opens her eyes to see an empty space on the couch where Perry had been. Wiping the tears from her face, she carefully steps up from the couch to grab the rug brush from the bucket and proceeds to scrub the blood-soaked white shag rug where Perry slit his wrists.

ROLL CREDITS

Credits roll over final scene with the rhythmic sounds of Victoria scrubbing the rug, going back and forth between the kitchen and the living room.

FADE TO BLACK.