

Big Time ©
written by
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INT. SUBURB CURTIS'S HOUSE - DAY

SPACIOUS, PRETTY HOME.

ART, 20, A THIRD YEAR COLLEGE STUDENT WHO HAS HAD FIVE MAJORS, AND HOWIE, 24, A WANNA BE PLAYA' AND HIP HOP SOLDIER, CHILL ON THE SOFA.

CURTIS, 28, A BIG AND TALL GUY WHO IS USUALLY VERY PRACTICAL HANGS UP HIS PHONE IN FRUSTRATION.

CURTIS

Guys, let's go find the new guy.

HOWIE

Chill bro.

ART

I heard that. Stop worrying.

Stop trying to sell the house.

CURTIS

I don't want to be late.

ART

You don't want to be late, you want to work more, be responsible, make more money.

CURTIS

Yeah.

ART

You're boys want to chill.

CURTIS

We're not boys.

HOWIE

He meant friends.

CURTIS

I know-- I met you yesterday.
(To art) I met you two weeks
ago. We're not boys.

HOWIE

We're all you got.

ART

We should be life coaches.

HOWIE

I'm with that. Three Fly flipping
failure to huge success.

ART

Four Fly, with the new guy.

CURTIS

What failure?

ART

Curt, you proposed and you're
girl moved to the other side of
the country. All you got was an
empty house. And bills.

HOWIE

She humiliated you, man.

CURTIS SLUMPS ONTO THE SOFA.

HOWIE (CONT'D)

But, this house is serious.

CURTIS

I gotta sell. It's too much
house.

ART HOPS UP.

ART

That's not what we're saying.

CURTIS

My life depends on guys I hardly know.

HOWIE

Right. We're your boys. We're gonna get you through this, man.

CURTIS

I should raise your rents, then we won't need another roommate.

HOWIE

...Let's go get this guy.

ART

Yeah, come on. Raise our rents?

CURTIS LUMBERS OUT THE FRONT DOOR.

HOWIE

Did you see the back porch?

ART

The patio. Sweet.

THEY BUMP FISTS.

CURTIS (O.S.)

Fellas!

THEY RUSH OUT THE DOOR.