

BROKE

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DRAFT: 4/10/2017

Sunlight shines like a spotlight on a pitiful plate of spam and eggs, with a sheet of paper serving as a place mat.

VERONICA, 24, lonely soul, dives her fork into the unfortunate meal and shoves it in her mouth out of sheer necessity.

Her phone DINGS.

ON SCREEN: We see a Venmo notification with a message from Marissa: 'I believe in you.' \$150 has been add to her account.

She picks up her phone to call Marissa.

MARISSA (O.S.)

Hello?

VERONICA

You almost made a thug cry.

MARISSA (O.S.)

Ha. You know I'm always here for you.

Veronica takes a deep breath.

VERONICA

Congratulations on your new job. I'm proud of you. We're along way from borrowing the same twenty dollars every week in college. Well, you are anyway.

MARISSA (O.S.)

You will get there soon. How much more do you need?

Veronica pulls out the sheet of paper from under her plate. The sheet is marked up with calculations, with a number circled.

VERONICA

Five hundred.

MARISSA (O.S.)

Shit.

Veronica digs into her bag on the floor and pulls out a pitiful handful of cash.

VERONICA

Yeah, but I'm taking Simone's headshots today. That's about three hundred and then maybe I'll sell a kidney or rob a bank for the rest.

She uncrinkles the bills, it's only about eight dollars in single bills.

MARISSA (O.S.)

You could sell your camera.

Veronica pauses.

VERONICA

(sarcastic and dismissive)

Thank you so much girl, I love you. Talk to you later.

2

INT. LIVING ROOM - DAY

2

It's a basic space, more than a college apartment but less than a starter home. A television sits on the floor, a lamp and a couch finish out the room. It's comfortable and homey.

A black curtain hangs from a rod in the back of the room, bright lights shine on SIMONE, 20s, sensual and exuberant, poses as Veronica snaps away.

VERONICA

Twist a little towards me.

Simone obliges.

SIMONE

Wait, this is my good side.

She turns towards the opposite direction.

Veronica snaps a few more photos.

VERONICA

Alright, I think we got it.

Simone joins Veronica over by the couch, the two sit.

Simone scans through the photos.

SIMONE

Wow, I didn't know you had skills like that.

VERONICA

Thanks.

Veronica starts breaking down the lights.

Simone sits back on the couch.

SIMONE

So, how is living alone?

VERONICA

It was great until I realized
paying Los Angeles rent by myself
would drive me to a life of crime.

Simone half smiles, she doesn't really care, and blurts-

SIMONE

I just booked a co-starring role in
a new pilot.

Simone, absentmindedly poses on the couch, expecting a grand
response.

Veronica disappoints.

VERONICA

Cool, that's great. You're really
doing it big out here.

Veronica snaps a photo of Simone on the couch.

VERONICA (CONT'D)

Anyway, I will send your retouched
photos within the week.

SIMONE

Sounds great, don't forget to cc my
manager.

They hug.

Simone heads towards the door.

VERONICA

Oh- I just, um..do you wanna just
Venmo me or Chase Pay..?

SIMONE

Oh, girl. I get paid next Friday. I
can pay you then right?

VERONICA

Oh, I mean...rent is due tomorrow,
but I mean, sure. I guess.

SIMONE

Okay cool, I'll have my people,
call your people.

She leaves.

VERONICA

Fuuuuck.

3 INT. DINING ROOM - LATER 3

Veronica dumps a jar filled of coins on the table, her rent notice sticking out underneath.

She arranges the coins in order.

Quarters.

Dimes.

Nickles.

Pennies.

She makes a tally on her sheet. She only has fifteen dollars in coins.

4 INT. LIVING ROOM/DINING ROOM - MOMENTS LATER 4

She starts taking pictures of everything in sight. The couch, the lamp, the dining room table.

She sticks the memory card into her laptop and creates a Craigslist ad for the furniture.

5 INT. LIVING ROOM - LATER 5

Veronica's camera is still hanging around her neck, as if attached to her body. She sits on an apple box, shaking her feet as she anxiously looks on as-

JORDAN, 20s, a blend of awkward and embarrassed, examines the couch.

JORDAN

It looked different in the ad.

Veronica rolls her eyes.

VERONICA

How so?

JORDAN

There was a girl sitting on the couch, and it wasn't you.

VERONICA

Look, do you want it or not?

JORDAN

I really just came to shoot my shot with the girl. But she's not here, so...

She starts to walk out.

Veronica's foot stops shaking.

VERONICA

Make an offer.

JORDAN

For what?

VERONICA

Her number.

Jordan, shocked, but also admiring her initiative.

JORDAN

Five bucks.

VERONICA

Is that all my friend is worth to you?

JORDAN

Woah, alright. Okay. Twenty.

VERONICA

Fifty.

Jordan digs into her pockets and hands over the money.

Veronica takes the money into her hands, her mind starts racing with her eyes as she finds her new hustle.