

PLUM JELLY

Written by

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INT. APARTMENT COMPLEX - NIGHT

Owen (40), short and skinny, bathroom robe, scruffy beard, paces rapidly across the kitchen floor, suddenly stopping to look up at the clock up upon the over top console.

OWEN

(to self)

11:55pm! What is taking him so long to get off shift? We need our rent money for tomorrow!

SLAM - front door flings open, as Riley (25), tall, big build, busts in.

RILEY

Hey Owen, what's shaking? Sorry I'm late, they needed help closing the restaurant up again, apparently the audit is tomorrowwwwww.

OWEN

Oh, cool, OK Riley, but did you--

RILEY

TWO WORDS Owen - PLUM...JELLY,...
Oh my gosh!

OWEN

....um, ...what?

RILEY

I just can't seem to get enough of this plum jelly man! I didn't even KNOW we had this at the restaurant!

OWEN

Ahhhhh, ok, that's great to hear...Riley, but--

RILEY

Have you tried this stuff?

OWEN

(confused suddenly)

Um, ...no ...Riley, I have no idea why Asian Panda would even have plum jelly, actually. But, what I'm a bit more concerned about is our--

RILEY

(Screaming)

OH MY GOSH...!

Owen freezes amongst Riley's sudden outburst.

SECONDS PASS

Owen remains in place, still staring

RILEY (CONT'D)

That is crazy! I didn't ever expect
Asian Panda to have plum jelly
either! What the heck
(Sudden goofy laughing)

Owen sits still in shock, wiping his brow, hand on hip.

RILEY (CONT'D)

If I had known that this was going
to be there, I might have even gone
in even earlier, my gosh! Right!

Riley takes a hard, last swallow and licks his lips, and then
throwing an arm over the shoulder of Owen; Owen starts to
bite down on his tongue hard, as his toe starts to tap
uncontrollably.

OWEN

...ah, yea, ...right, sounds good
Riley, but did your check--

RILEY

GOOD? ...No, no, Owen, this stuff
is GREAT, probably best I've ever
had, actually; want to try?

OWEN

Ummm, yea, NO, thank you Riley,
...I just wanted to know if you
were been paid--

RILEY

OWEN! Stop talking! I can't even
FOCUS anymore! This stuff's making
me CRAZY, I can't even hear what
you're saying anymore; you have to
try!

Owen's eyes become sunken, his lips pierced, mouth dropping
wide open as he flusters and fidgets in place, unresponsive.

OWEN

(elevated, agitated voice)
NO, ...thank you, once again Riley,
I just wanted to know if you knew
that tomorrow our--

RILEY

OWEN! I'm not taking no for an answer here! I am UNABLE to continue this conversation a moment further, until you at least try this!

Owen goes pale white, in shock, frozen in place once more.

Riley, quickly turns, opens up a small, condiment packet of plum jelly, grabs a spoon from a drawer, dunks it in the packet and extends the spoonful towards Owen's mouth.

OWEN

Riley, I really do not want--

A middle finger extends to Owen's mouth, hushing his speech. Riley's index finger extends to Owen's mouth to hush him.

RILEY

Shhhhhhhhhhhh, just one taste, and I swear we can talk about ANY...THING...YOU...WANT Owen - ...agreed?

Pause by Owen, no response.

SECONDS PASS

Owen and Riley are locked in a stare-down of sorts, with neither moving.

SECONDS MORE PASS

Owen finally clenches his teeth, grips his fingers into a fist behind him, and finally drops his head in defeat.

OWEN

...fine, whatever, but just a--

GULP - a large sized wad of plum jelly is quickly cast into the open mouth of Owen by Riley. As it is, Owen, slowly sloshes it about, hesitates, cocks his head in surprise and swallows.

RILEY

Well? Huh? You love it? It's the BOMB, right? PLUM...JELLY man! Did I tell you?

Owen's face goes blank; all previous signs of anxiety, confusion, and annoyance, dissipates, as he remains standing, looking off into the distance of an exterior window, relaxed.

RILEY (CONT'D)

Is that the best you've ever tasted
or what?

Owen's motionless, eyes glossing over as he continues his
dead stair about the apartment, and then slowly back to
Riley.

OWEN

...wow,

RILEY

I know, right!

Owen starts to slowly back up, turn, and sit down on the
couch, still looking like a pregnant zombie who's expecting.

RILEY (CONT'D)

So, enough about me and the plum
jelly already Owen!. What were you
asking me earlier?

No response or movement from the coach and Owen.

RILEY (CONT'D)

(Confused look)

...Owen? ...Owen, can you hear me?

Owen's head slowly turns towards Riley, but doesn't speak.

RILEY (CONT'D)

Sooooo, what were you asking me?
You KNOW our rent is due
IMMEDIATELY, right?

Owen head cocks left in confusion, eyes squinting.

RILEY (CONT'D)

You get paid yet or what?

END