

SCHEMATA

Written by

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INT. BEDROOM - NIGHT

The BED might have been tidy at one point, but it's a disaster now. Clothes everywhere, empty bottles on the dresser and floor, scratchy letters in blood on the walls. A real dump.

MADDY, 20s, lanky and drunk, bawls while stands facing the closet. She whips clothes into a plastic bag.

There's a welt on her face. Makeup runs down her cheeks.

KARL, 20s, mean and devastated, paces the floor. He's holding a hammer.

MADDY
I hate you.

KARL
We're even.

MADDY
Fuck you. I thought you were okay
with this.

Maddy grabs a suitcase from the top of the closet and it falls on her. She squeals. It hits the ground.

KARL
You fucking lied to me.

Karl throws the hammer -- CRASH on the other side of the room. Maddy flinches.

MADDY
I told you everything.

KARL
After. I needed to know before you
fuck them.

MADDY
What?

Maddy grabs boots from the bottom of the closet. She sits on the edge of the bed to put them on.

KARL
If you don't tell me first, it's a
fucking lie.

MADDY
What's the difference? I still
told you.

KARL
You're holding the fucking rope to
hang from. I didn't tie the noose.

MADDY
You're fucked.

KARL
(very, very angry)
I gave you total freedom. You
fucked yourself.

With nothing left to throw, Karl slams his fist into the wall.

MADDY
You wanna know how good it was?

KARL
(seething)
I trusted you.

MADDY
He was fucking awesome. Best cock
I've ever had.

KARL
I don't trust anyone.

MADDY
You agreed that I could sleep with
other people. That I needed more,
experience.

KARL
But the others... You told me
about. This one must have been
different.

Maddy flinches. Karl knows that he's hit the nail.

Karl grabs her purse and starts going through it.

She stands up, runs over and rips it out of his hands.

KARL (CONT'D)
Don't worry. Bruce told me
everything. The guy you were with
at the club. Everything.

MADDY
I was with the girls.
(beat)
Wait...

KARL
Not just with the girls.

MADDY
Oh...I get it. This was a test.

Karl stops abruptly. Punches the doorframe -- CRACK!

KARL
Get out.

MADDY
That's it. This was a test to see
if you could trust me.

Another realization--

MADDY (CONT'D)
You never trusted me. Huh. All
these years together.

KARL
I trusted you. Up until about ten
minutes ago.

Maddy's done. She's got his number.

MADDY
I needed something, Karl. I needed
you to fucking gave a shit.

KARL
I did.

MADDY
No, you fucking keep people
deprived of everything so they
think they need the scraps you
throw them.

Karl gets in her face.

MADDY (CONT'D)
Worse thing? I fucking bought it.

Maddy puts the suitcase on the bed.

MADDY (CONT'D)
You care about a lot of fucking
things that don't matter.
(beat)
You only wanted control over me.
That's not caring. That's not
fucking caring.

KARL

Get out.

MADDY

Gladly. Hope you're happier alone.

Maddy picks up the suitcase and leaves.

Karl hits the wall again, sits alone on the bed. He puts his head in his hand and weeps.