

IT'S NOT ME, IT'S YOU

Written by
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INT. JOHN'S APARTMENT (LIVING ROOM) - DAY

JOHN (38), a fat, balding, mess of a man, sits on a stained, disgusting couch in his dirty, shit-hole apartment: movie posters are taped to wall; empty pizza boxes and Mountain Dew cans are scattered everywhere; a life-size Boba Fett statue stands in the corner.

Across from John, sitting on a stack of upside-down milk crates, is REBECCA (23), a drop-dead gorgeous brunette.

She's smiling and looking intently at John as if he were the most important man in the entire universe.

JOHN
We need to break up.

Rebecca is caught completely off-guard. She's crushed, and immediately starts SOBBING.

REBECCA
(through tears)
Why, John? I've never been anything
but loving and caring to you.

JOHN
Yeah.

REBECCA
I buy you things--

JOHN
(interrupting)
True.

REBECCA
(pointing to statue)
--like Booby Fett.

JOHN
It's Boba.

REBECCA
I have sex with you two, three,
sometimes four times a day.

JOHN
True.

REBECCA
I pay all your bills. For your
birthday, I sent you on a trip to
Hawaii... without me.
(MORE)

I even talked Shannon into having a three-way with us.

JOHN

True. True. True.

REBECCA

Then why? What did I do?

JOHN

Well, it's funny you should ask because, you know all that stuff you just mentioned? That's why I'm dumping you.

REBECCA

What do you mean?

JOHN

Rebecca, look at yourself. You're young and hot. Like, *way hot*. You're also smart and have a great job that pays extremely well. You're kind and honest and generous. And you're amazing in bed. I mean, seriously, I will never have it that good ever again.

REBECCA

Then why give it up?

JOHN

Because look at me. Those things I just mentioned? I am the exact opposite of all those things. I look like Ron Jeremy after a bender. I dropped out of high school after going through sophomore year three times. I work at Pep Boys--

REBECCA

(interrupting)

That's impressive!

JOHN

--as a stock boy. I'm a stock boy at 38 years old. I'm selfish and greedy and a liar. Essentially, I'm an awful human being.

REBECCA

Oh, so you're giving me the old "it's not you, it's me" routine?

JOHN

No. It *is* you. It's not me at all. I mean, sure, I'm a total mess and will be until they bury me in a coffin shaped like a TARDIS, but I'm okay with that. This is my life. On the other hand, you... you're just hopeless.

REBECCA

Oh, really? And why is that?

JOHN

Because you love me! I can't allow myself to be with someone who doesn't have enough self-respect to turn me away and treat me like shit. See, I could never love you because you love me. And it's really gross.

This causes Rebecca to burst out into another uncontrollable bout of SOBBING.

JOHN (CONT'D)

I know you can't see this now because you're hurting, but this really is for the best. You've got your whole gorgeous and perfect life ahead of you, Rebecca. Me? I'll be lucky if I make it to 40 without being homeless or dying of a heart attack.

REBECCA

Don't say that!

JOHN

It's true.

REBECCA

I love your heart.

JOHN

I know you do. And that's really depressing.

Rebecca starts CRYING again.

JOHN (CONT'D)

Come here.

John walks over and stands beside Rebecca. He puts his arm around her; she SOBS into his stained t-shirt.

JOHN (CONT'D)

It's going to be okay. There are beautiful millionaires out there just waiting to make you their wife. I'm sure of it.

REBECCA

But I don't want to be their wife.

JOHN

I know. But I don't want you to be mine, so....

Rebecca gains her composure and looks long and deep into John's eyes.

Even with teary eyes, smeared makeup, and a snotty nose, she's *still* more beautiful than 99.9% of the women on Earth.

REBECCA

Can we at least have one last quickie before I go?

JOHN

You disgust me. Please leave.

Rebecca BAWLS as she stands and runs out the door.

John waits for the CLICK of the door closing before he picks up his PlayStation 3 controller.

He unpauses his video game and continues to play.

THE END