

SLOTH & CHUNK

Written by
Justin Shady

INT. CHUNK'S HOUSE (LIVING ROOM) - DAY

CHUNK, now a 38-year-old man, sits on the couch surfing the Internet on his laptop.

SLOTH, now a 62-year-old man, enters.

SLOTH
What Chunk doing?

Sloth sits next to Chunk, who rolls his eyes and SIGHS.

CHUNK
(annoyed)
Nothing, Sloth.

Sloth looks at the laptop screen.

SLOTH
Ah. Facebook. Sloth have Facebook.

CHUNK
I know. You "like" everything I do.

SLOTH
(shrugging)
Sloth like Chunk.
(beat)
How many friends Chunk has?

Sloth glances back at the screen. Chunk is obviously annoyed.

SLOTH (CONT'D)
Wow, Chunk have lot of friends.
(beat)
Sloth have more.

Chunk slams the laptop closed.

CHUNK
Good for you, Sloth. You have more friends than me. Congratulations! I wonder how many Facebook friends you'd have right now if I left you chained up in the basement of that restaurant.

SLOTH
Sloth rescue Chunk!

CHUNK
Yeah, but who stood between you and a bunch of cops with guns drawn?

SLOTH
 (defeated)
 Chunk.

CHUNK
 Exactly.

SLOTH
 Mikey. Data. Mouth.

CHUNK
 I get it, we were all there.

SLOTH
 (continuing)
 Andy. Brand.

CHUNK
 Sloth, for Christ's sake!

SLOTH
 Sloth sorry.

Chunk INHALES, then EXHALES deeply.

CHUNK
 (calming down)
 No, I'm sorry.
 (beat)
 Look, this living situation just isn't healthy anymore. Katie and I have been talking and we think it would be best for everyone if you got your own place. You know, tried out finally being independent. Of course, we would help out until you can fully get on your feet.

SLOTH
 (shocked)
 But... Chunk say Sloth could live with Chunk.

CHUNK
 Yeah, I did... twenty-seven years ago! And I'm now a middle-aged man, and you're collecting Social Security. And, I'm married! Do you know how long it took me to find a woman who wasn't creeped out by my much-older, disfigured roommate who only wears Superman t-shirts? A long fucking time, Sloth.

SLOTH
 (screaming)
 Sloth hate Chunk!

For a second, Chunk is completely taken aback. Then--

SLOTH (CONT'D)
 (guiltily)
 Sloth overreact. Sloth still love
 Chunk.

CHUNK
 Look, the truth of the matter is,
 in the very near future, we're
 going to need your bedroom because
 Katie and I are expecting.

SLOTH
 Oh. Sloth congratulate. Chunk know
 sex?

CHUNK
 We're having a baby girl.

SLOTH
 Chunk have name?

CHUNK
 Yes, we're--

SLOTH
 (interrupting)
 It not Sloth, is it?

CHUNK
 No, we're not naming our daughter
 Sloth.

SLOTH
 (hurt)
 Oh.

CHUNK
 We're naming her Ruth after Katie's
 grandmother.

SLOTH
 Ruth. Ruth. Ruth. Baby? Ruth.

CHUNK
 (covering face)
 Actually, forget what I said.
 That's no longer her name.

SLOTH
Why?

CHUNK
Because you just ruined it for me.

Sloth and Chunk sit in awkward silence for a beat. Then--

SLOTH
When Chunk need Sloth out?

CHUNK
The baby is due in December, so it
would be great if you could be out
by the end of fall.

Sloth grabs his face and stands. He's completely manic.

SLOTH
(screaming)
No! Fall! No!

CHUNK
(standing)
I'm sorry, Sloth! I--

SLOTH
(screaming)
No! Fall! Fall!!!

Chunk puts his arm on Sloth's shoulder to calm him down.

Sloth raises his arms and bashes Chunk on the top of the
head. Chunk falls to the ground, either unconscious or worse.

Sloth looks down at Chunk's body.

SLOTH (CONT'D)
Uh-oh.

THE END