

Balance

Written by

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FADE IN:

INT. LIVING ROOM - APARTMENT - NIGHT

MARA, (20s), and JASMINE, (20s), both wearing black dresses and heels, stumble inside the apartment.

MARA
Well that was...underwhelming.

JASMINE
Really? I had a good time.

Mara rolls her eyes. Jasmine sits down on the COUCH and spots a box of CRACKERS. They both put their PURSES down.

MARA
You didn't eat anything while we were out?

JASMINE
(blankly)
I'm watching my weight.

MARA
Dude, you're skinny as fuck.

Mara starts to uncontrollably laugh. It seems contagious as Jasmine catches on.

JASMINE
Hey, remember TIMMY from second grade?

MARA
How could I forget? He pulled his pants down and showed us his little shrimp. Ugh.

Mara shudders.

MARA (CONT'D)
Want another drink?

Jasmine doesn't respond and focuses on devouring her crackers. Mara gets up and walks into the kitchen. She goes in the fridge and pours two cups. Jasmine starts to snap at her.

JASMINE
Hey, what happened to that guy from tonight? He was really hot and heavy for you.

Mara walks back over to the couch and hands Jasmine her drink.

MARA
Who? THOMAS?..

Mara takes a sip.

MARA (CONT'D)
No thanks, he wanted wayyy too much.

JASMINE
Like what?

MARA
Just too clingy. Wanted to have my number and take me out on a "proper date". Ugh.

JASMINE
Ugh? Ok Mara...

Mara turns toward Jasmine aggressively.

MARA
What was that?

JASMINE
Nothing.

MARA
No, I'm sick of your little bullshit comments all the time. What?

Jasmine sighs, sits up, and puts the box of crackers down.

JASMINE
Unfortunately, you're incapable of making a decision. How many guys do you have to try before you realize you're the problem?

MARA
Ok well I see you sobered up quickly.

Jasmine raises her cup.

JASMINE

Its surprising right? Since you're the one who parties all the time, but I'm the one with the high tolerance...hmm maybe I am still drunk...

Jasmine takes another sip.

JASMINE (CONT'D)

The point is, you run through men like it's a sport, and that's the truth.

Mara stands up. Jasmine checks her phone.

MARA

You're mad at me because I actually know who I am? You can't go five minutes without checking your makeup or worrying about what someone else is doing.

Mara snatches Jasmine's phone out of her hand.

MARA (CONT'D)

This! This is what you live on! And if you got off your phone for one fucking minute, you'd realize that Instagram is not real life... You insist on trying to be someone you're not, and for what? At least with those guys, I know that they like me for me, not for some edited-watered down version.

This hits Jasmine hard. She gets up and walks towards the door.

JASMINE

You're full of shit. You know... I'm gonna go take a walk.

Mara watches Jasmine.

MARA

Go ahead and walk out, but I'm the quitter right? Is this how you deal with all your problems? What do you do when your mother calls you stupid, and fat? You walk away from me but not from her?

Jasmine has her hand on the doorknob but walks back over to Mara.

JASMINE

What about you? You've failed at everything and try to cope by being an asshole to every guy you meet. News flash, no one is going to want you!

Mara puts her face down to avoid eye contact. They both take a beat. Jasmine takes a step away from Mara.

JASMINE (CONT'D)

God, we should have never moved in together! After two years of being apart, I actually thought maybe you would have changed. Why did you even transfer to my school? You couldn't have wanted to be closer to me.

MARA

I needed another fresh start.

Jasmine scoffs.

JASMINE

Of course.

MARA

No, you don't know what it's like to be expected to be perfect. A family full of doctors and what am I? Three colleges in three years. A disappointment.

Jasmine's face softens. She grabs a TIARA off a shelf and holds it up to Mara's face.

JASMINE

Well, you're perfect to someone.

MARA

That means nothing. It's all performative. Who am I beyond "Miss Rosehaven"?

JASMINE

You're me, right? Performative?

Mara sulks.

MARA

Hey, my bad Jas. You know I don't get it.

JASMINE

Well, it's not easy to get. The shit my mom would say when I was a kid, all the criticizing, I just started to believe it myself.

MARA

Like mother like daughter, the offensive little comments rubbed off on you huh?

Jasmine shoves her elbow into Mara.

JASMINE

I'm sorry.

MARA

Mhmmmm yeah me too, I suppose.

JASMINE

Well...can we finish our drink now?

They walk back over to the couch and grab their cups.

MARA

What movie do you want to watch?

JASMINE

You pick.

MARA

Hangover it is.

Jasmine drowns her drink.

FADE OUT: