

CHASERS

By

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SAMPLE

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OVER BLACK

We hear:

JOSH (V.O.)
I swear, I don't mean for this shit
to keep happening....

INT. JOSH'S BEDROOM - DAY

FADE IN.

JOSH THOMPSON -- 29, very tall, African Ja-Merican average in looks, self depreciating and could stand to lose 35 pounds is sitting naked in bed, looking embarrassed and queasy. He reaches for his weed pen and takes a hit. The Voice Over continues over the following action.

JOSH (V.O.)
It's been nearly five years since
my last and only long term
relationship. And since then I've
been rolodexing between them
*"Lightskin Fuckboys", "Hit It and
Quit It Latin Papis", "Big Black
Cock Fetishizers"* and occasionally
a *"Hot Fucking Mess"* like *this*.

As he mentions each category of men he encounters, a stock image of the type appears to the right of the screen.

When he gets to "Hot Fucking Mess" his bedroom door opens revealing KRISTOFF SHARMA -- mid 40's, who looks like a Brown version of Eric Stonestreet. He is wearing a red bathrobe and a towel covering his thinning hair.

KRISTOFF
Hey Handsome! How are you feeling?

JOSH
Not great... Hey! That's my robe!

KRISTOFF
I showered Baby. And I helped
myself to some coffee while you
slept.

Josh groans, unable to process this. Kristoff sits next him.

KRISTOFF
I know it's fast. But you can't
deny there has been this *sexual*
tension building up at work.

(CONTINUED)

JOSH
Not at all.

KRISTOFF
It was meant to be my little Cocoa
Rice Crispy Treat.

Josh is getting dizzy, this is all too much for him.

JOSH
I literally can't right now. You...

KRISTOFF
I understand Boo Boo. Oooh! I like
that. Or what about, Boo Bear? Or
Chocolate Boo Bear!!

JOSH
I'm not feeling too good. I gotta
go, or actually you should go.

Josh is cocooned in his blanket. He heads to the door.

KRISTOFF
Oh CBB, you don't look so good.

Kristoff rushes over to Josh, embracing him. Josh tries to
pull away.

KRISTOFF
What? Did I do something...

Kristoff is interrupted by Josh, expelling VOMIT. Lots of
vomit. Lots of vomit all over Kristoff and the carpet.

BLACK OUT

TITLE CARD: "CHASERS"

INT. JOSH'S BEDROOM - DAY

Josh is seen on the ground scrubbing his carpet with soap,
but the stain is still there. He is frustrated. He sits on
his bed and searches for "**Carpet Cleaner Astoria**" on his
phone. The following Voice Over happens over the action.

JOSH (V.O.)
*Okay, Joshua Emory Thompson this is
it. No more binge drinking, no more
dick hunting. If a dude ain't
picking me up with a bouquet of
flowers, then it's a wrap. Or maybe*
(MORE)

(CONTINUED)

JOSH (V.O.) (cont'd)
*I'm the one that needs to bring the
 flowers? What the fuck am I
 thinking? This ain't no 1995 Julia
 Roberts romcom! But why can't Big
 Black Millennial Men find that kind
 of love? Is it impossible in NYC?*

Suddenly a notification pops up. He gets a message
 on **BALDWIN'S LIST; a Gay Online Dating App for serious
 daters.** He sees a message from GARLAND. He opens it:

GARLAND
 Hey Sexy! Still on for a meetup
 today? I'm free after 4!

Josh scrolls through his pictures again and then his bio.

JOSH (V.O.)
*Is this the sign I needed? Garland?
 As in House of Judy? 5'7!
 Questionable? Live, Love, Laugh?
 Could he BE anymore basic?*

He chuckles as he falls back on his bed, exhausted.

JOSH (V.O.)
*Why can't I just be more like
 Alexander? He's four, five seconds
 from getting a ring put on it...*

CROSS FADE INTO:

EXT. PARK SLOPE APARTMENT BACKYARD - DAY

There is an outdoor picnic table covered in breakfast foods
 and meditation music playing. ALEXANDER WILLIAMS -- 29, an
 Earthy, Black, androgynous beauty is in the middle of a Muy
 Thai warm up.

CARLOS RIVERA -- 36, Latin, attractive, rugged and thick in
 all the right places, wears a **KISS THE COOK APRON**, awkwardly
 walks out with a pitcher of OJ. He smiles at his perfect
 boyfriend and takes a deep breath.

CARLOS
 It's fresh squeezed!

ALEXANDER
 What do you want?

(CONTINUED)

CARLOS

¿Que?

ALEXANDER

Last time you got up early on a Sunday to make breakfast was four months ago when you propositioned me for a threesome... with a woman!

CARLOS

True, but in my defense, once you agreed, you did end up having fun and you two talk all the time!

ALEXANDER

Yeah, Michaela is brilliant and her face is always beat to the Gods.

CARLOS

We should call her again.

Alexander looks uneasy but sits.

ALEXANDER

You want another threesome?!

CARLOS

No!

ALEXANDER

Then what is it Baby?

CARLOS

My parents are in the city.

ALEXANDER

And...?

CARLOS

You can meet them! Dinner tonight?

ALEXANDER

Dinner with the Latin Cosbys? Not interested.

CARLOS

My dad is nothing like Bill "The Pill" Cosby!

ALEXANDER

Okay but you always talk about how they don't support your *queerness*. Why would you want me to meet them?

(CONTINUED)

CARLOS

You are an... No, the most important part of my life.

ALEXANDER

Yeah, but I don't do well with conflict or family drama. Plus they are registered Republicans!

CARLOS

In their defense, they did not vote for *Tang*.

ALEXANDER

You really expect me to believe they ended up at that Latinos for Trump Rally accidentally?

CARLOS

Whatever. Honestly, it doesn't matter if they are okay with it. As long as *I'm* okay with it.

ALEXANDER

I don't know Carlos.

CARLOS

Please Alex. I love you. You are the best thing to happen to me and they should know that.

Carlos stares at him with his big brown puppy dog eyes.

ALEXANDER

Fine. I'm the LeBron of Boyfriends.

They kiss.

CUT TO:

INT. LIVING ROOM - DAY

JOSH (V.O.)

Or even *Randy Randy*...
Unconventional lifestyle, but at least he has his own Mr. Big!

We see an extravagantly decorated living room, overlooking the Manhattan skyline. RANDY CRUZ -- 28, Brown Latino hipster and boyishly good looking, tiptoes around in just his briefs gathering his clothes.

(CONTINUED)

Out of the bedroom appears RICH (mid 50's) -- white thin, tall, naked but uninteresting, holding two \$100 bills. Randy smiles at him.

RICH
I'm going to shower. Buy yourself something nice today Beautiful.

RANDY
Thanks Daddy.

Randy kisses him on the cheek and grabs the money. Rich heads into the bathroom. Randy begins to get dressed but looks over at a photo of RICH, his wife and with three adult children. He picks up the picture. BEAT.

We hear a KEY jingle and the door opens. He looks around for another exit, but is at a loss. He drops behind the couch. He hears a pair of high heels walking towards him. He has no idea what to do. So he just... closes his eyes?

The camera pans to reveal, the woman in the photo: SIMONE -- early 50's, tall, slender, a stern, lightly botoxed and exquisite face. She looks at Randy with a surprise look.

SIMONE
You know, I was ready for Susan, or Megan or even a *Rosita*! Didn't think I'd meet Timmy the Twink.

Randy's eyes are still closed and he is holding his breathe.

SIMONE
I. Can. See. You. Asshole.

RANDY
Yo soy Housekeeping!

SIMONE
I have two degrees from Yale. Try again.

She walks to the bedroom, peaking in. Randy is slowly, rolling to the door like a ninja on the first day of training hoping she can't see him. She can but she's slightly amused.

RANDY
I'm gonna be late for work.

SIMONE
You really aren't going to give me the satisfaction to chew your home wrecking ass out?

RANDY

No, yes, I mean... I'm so sorry. I really have to go though. I don't wanna get written up Kristoff is...

SIMONE

I need you to keep those dick sucking lips closed.

Randy nods.

SIMONE

What time are you out of work?

RANDY

Usually around 5.

SIMONE

I'll have a car pick you up at your job. Gimme your number and address.

She hands him her cell, he's reluctant but he takes it.

SIMONE

Don't fucking lie to me.

RANDY

I'm getting a *Killing Eve* vibe here.

SIMONE

I just want to talk, Sunshine. That's the least you can do, right?

Randy sheepishly nods.

CUT BACK TO:

INT. JOSH'S BEDROOM - DAY

Josh opens FACEBOOK and scrolls. He stops at LUCAS DANIELS' status update: **It's time for a change. NYC bound.** He clicks LIKE, then changes it to LOVE. He looks at a few pictures of Lucas with a gorgeous girl in them.

JOSH (V.O.)

I would give my left nut to feel Lucas' lips against mine just one more time. Sexy Ass Heartbreaker.

He starts typing a message to Lucas.

(CONTINUED)

JOSH

Hey Stranger! I see you're coming to NYC. We should catch up while you are here. It's been forever.

He clicks SEND as someone enters the apartment. He puts his phone down and sluggishly walks to the door.

INT. JOSH'S LIVING ROOM - DAY - CON'T

Josh walks out of his room.

JOSH

Oh My God, Nikki! I fucked the nastiest creature last night!

GLADYS

Lawd have mercy on me soul!

He stops suddenly, seeing GLADYS PARKER -- late 30s, with a slight Jamaican accent, youthful and fashionably dressed in her Sundays best, adjusting her Halle Berry inspired wig staring at Josh, unimpressed.

JOSH

What are you doing in here?!

GLADYS

I came to check the toilet. Nikki left a message that it's leaking.

JOSH

You should knock. You scared me.

GLADYS

I can come in whenever, we're family.

JOSH

That scares me too.

GLADYS

I'm going to let that one go, since you've clearly had a rough morning.

JOSH

Yeah...

GLADYS

I've been praying for you. You're still my favorite cousin even if you do enjoy bathing in sin.

(CONTINUED)

JOSH (V.O.)

I don't know why we continue to do this? My cousin Gladys basically used to be a video hoe.

GLADYS

I became a *new* woman after I was saved Joshua!

JOSH

Right.

GLADYS

I have a few young folk from church who may be interested in the empty room. One even sings with a *limp* wrist if you catch my drift.

JOSH

I'll find someone by the first. I gotta get ready for work. How about you come by later for the toilet?

GLADYS

Okay Cuz.

Gladys grabs his hands closes her eyes.

JOSH

I'm already late...

GLADYS

It's in our housing contract, that we pray at least once a week.

JOSH (V.O.)

The things I do for cheap rent.

GLADYS

Dear Lord. I am begging you to guide Joshua through his day. Lord, we know that there's temptation and wickedness running through these *skreets*. Joshua tends to flirt with the Devil but he knows not what he do. I pray that you touch him Jesus. Touch his heart. Touch his soul. Touch. Touch. Touch. Jesus. Amen.

CUT TO: