

ATTACK!

Written by

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In black.

MARK

This isn't a big deal, okay?

CHRIS

Yes, it is.

MARK

It happened, and I'm sorry, but I can't take it back.

CHRIS

Then you'd sure better make it right.

FADE IN:

INT. SHABBY APARTMENT - HALLWAY - AFTERNOON

MARK and CHRIS are standing over a bulletin board that's broken in half on the floor with its pushpins and papers scattered about.

MARK

How?

CHRIS

First, you pick it up. That'll start the healing.

MARK

You're kind of a baby.

He bends down to start picking stuff up. Stops to itch one of his bare feet.

CHRIS

Better than being kind of a jerk.

Mark stands, dropping everything he had started picking up.

CHRIS (CONT'D)

Hey, look. It's you, proving my point.

MARK

Oh, I'm the jerk then?

CHRIS

You are.

MARK

Oh, am I?

CHRIS

I think I just said that you are.

MARK

Oh, really?

CHRIS

We could do this all day.

MARK

I'm only free until four.

Chris looks at his watch.

CHRIS

That'll work.

MARK

But if I'm the jerk, how do you explain this?

He picks up one of the pieces of paper off the floor. It reads, in scrawled red letters, "MARK SUCKS!"

CHRIS

What, that? That's nothing.

Mark picks up more paper. They all have similar messages.

MARK

Admit it.

CHRIS

No.

MARK

Admit it. Now.

CHRIS

I won't.

MARK

Admit that you bought a bulletin board you had no use for.

CHRIS

I'll say no such thing.

Mark stares him down. They're locked in a stare-down.

A long, intense, battle to the death. It lasts a solid three seconds before they both blink.

MARK
You blinked.

CHRIS
I win!

Another stare-down. This one's even shorter.

They both give up.

CHRIS (CONT'D)
Just pick it up, okay?

Chris walks into the living room and flops down into a chair.

MARK
Only if you cut it out with the stupid notes.

Mark picks another one up. It reads "ROSES ARE RED, MARK SUCKS!"

CHRIS
No.

MARK
Then face the consequences.

CHRIS
Your face is the consequences.

Mark doesn't have a response.

CHRIS (CONT'D)
So, seriously, what're the consequences?

Mark's picking stuff up silently.

CHRIS (CONT'D)
Come on, man. You're freaking me out.

Mark glares at him.

CHRIS (CONT'D)
Dude.

MARK
Whatever it is, you won't see it coming.

Mark stands up.

Turns toward the bedrooms.

Takes a step.

MARK (CONT'D)

ATTACK!

He runs screaming towards Chris, who vaults out of the chair and flattens Mark with a clothesline.

CHRIS

There is something seriously wrong
with you.

Mark can barely move, but he struggles to point to his foot.

There's a pushpin sticking out of his big toe.

CHRIS (CONT'D)

Oh. "A tack."

Mark nods.

Chris picks up a piece of paper and a pen and starts scribbling a note that starts with "MARK SUCKS."

FADE TO BLACK.