

Property of
Gueniver
Warren

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Roommates

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by
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This is a sample of worked owned by Gueniver Warren. For more information, contact below:

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1. INT. APARTMENT - LIVING ROOM/BEDROOM - NIGHT

In the darkness that shrouds the apartment, the click of the bolted door unlocks and opens. Lines of light pour in as RACHEL (25), brown-eyed kind-hearted but struggling young woman, dressed in a sleek red party dress and her chocolate brown hair tied into a messy bun drunkenly staggers into the apartment leaning on DRUNK MAN (27).

The drunk man, his hands under her arms, keeps her standing as he leads her in, closing the front door behind him. His eyes scan the room, searching for something. Rachel tries to muster some strength to pull herself away, but his tight grip keeps her close.

He spots what he wants, guiding her towards the bedroom in the far back wall. She reluctantly follows along, her feet dragging with each step. She tries to pull back.

RACHEL
(weakly; whispering)

No...

The drunk man grins, not listening to her words and pushing the bedroom door open with his foot. He pulls her in, against her weak protests, placing her on the edge of the bed that is barely seen through the gap in the doorway. He admires her for a moment.

DRUNK MAN
You look wonderful.

The drunk man, cups her face in his hand, guiding her backwards against the bed as he kneels above her.

2. INT. APARTMENT - BEDROOM - MORNING

Rachel lies in her messy bed, the morning rays filtering in through the sheer curtains. Her makeup smudged across her face and remaining remains in the same dress.

She groans, rubbing her face, shielding her eyes from the light. Sitting upright, she uncovers her eyes, showing a figure sitting at the end of the bed.

Her eyes adjust and meet RUBY (25), a powerful and protective woman with similar brown hair and eyes, who holds out a glass of water and sits on the end of the bed. In her other hand, a pair of pills, paracetamol.

Rachel tilts her head, narrowing her eyes. Rachel hesitantly takes them and places the pills into her mouth. She downs the glass of water and pulls the glass down, cupping it both her hands.

RACHEL

What happened last night? It's all such a blur...

RUBY

Just a fun night out.

Rachel looks away for a moment as realisation washes over her. She returns back to Ruby, who remained unmoving.

RACHEL

(confused)

Who are you?

RUBY

I'm Ruby, your new roommate.

Rachel shakes her head.

RACHEL

I wasn't- I didn't advertise for a roommate.

Ruby's permanent smile falters for a second but quickly turns back into her normal grin. She taps Rachel's knee through the quilt of the bed, standing up.

RUBY

I've got to get back into the kitchen, I left the sausages on, I can't let them burn.

She steps towards the door but turns back to Rachel who stares at her, confused and trying to recall information.

RUBY (CONT'D)

Want any?

Rachel stares briefly before giving her a hesitant nod.

3. INT. APARTMENT - LIVING ROOM/KITCHEN - NIGHT

Night fills the apartment, the ceiling lights illuminating the room. Rachel walks out from the bedroom, make-up on and wearing a black, sparkled off-the-shoulder body-con dress; reading herself for a night out.

She holds her handbag and phone. The screen displays a dating app profile of CHRISTOPHER (27), Rachel's handsome online date. She switches to their messaging conversation, with him agreeing to pick her up at 10pm.

A text bubble begins to appear and a message from Christopher pings through: "I'm getting in the lift now."

She types: "Awesome, see you in a minute." And end it with a blushing, smile emoji.

She locks her phone, placing it on the kitchen counter and unclasps her bag. Rachel flicks through her handbag checking everything. She looks up, searching before spotting her purse and dropping it into the handbag and placing the bag on the counter.

Her eyes wander towards a clock face hanging on the wall; 9:57. She gives herself a slight nod, a deep breath.

A loud knock.

She smiles at the front door. She opens it; beaming.

Christopher stands at the door, suited up with a smile.

CHRISTOPHER

(Charming)

Wow, Rachel. You look wonderful!

Rachel freezes, her smile fading as her eyes gloss over and her breaths deepen. Ruby, appearing from nowhere in the same dress, pushes her to the side.

RUBY

(whispering)

Don't worry, I've got this.

Rachel takes a step back, further into the apartment.

RUBY (CONT'D)

Thank you. You don't look so bad yourself, Christopher. Blue really suits you.

Christopher bows his head, sheepishly, with a grin. He meets Ruby's eyes again.

CHRISTOPHER

Want to get going?

RUBY

Yes. Just let me get my bag.

Christopher nods. Ruby turns back into the apartment, towards the counter and Rachel, who composes herself. Ruby takes the handbag and phone from the counter, dropping it into the bag and holstering the strap over her shoulder. She looks to Rachel with a caring smile.

RUBY (CONT'D)

(whispering)

Everything is okay. I'm happy to go out, and you can stay here. You'll be safe here.

Rachel replies with a slow nod, her breathing slowly coming back to normal. Ruby turns back to Christopher, a beaming grin across her face.