

Five Minutes With Betty & Veronica
A short absurdity by Jonathan & Tanya Marten

ESTABLISHING SHOTS: EXTERIOR: CHICAGO. A BRIGHT SUNSHINE FILLED DAY. SHOTS OF BOATS ON LAKE MICHIGAN. PEOPLE WALKING AND RIDING BICYCLES THROUGH LINCOLN PARK. PEOPLE LAYING OUT. CAMERA “DISCOVERS” TWO WOMEN, BETTY AND VERONICA, SITTING ON A BENCH.

BETTY

I swear to God, Ronnie. He looks up at me and says, “dribbling out the corner of your mouth like that is a real turn off.” So I said, “listen asshole, you wanna send me back to women, just keep it up!”

RONNIE

You should’ve kissed him and poured it back into *his* mouth. Wonder how much *that* would’ve turned him off.

BETTY

Men can be such dicks, sometimes!

RONNIE

I know, I know. But, really, we don’t make it any easier on ourselves. I mean, we can be such pushovers for their bullshit.

BETTY

That’s true, too. But then, I didn’t do so well with women, either.

RONNIE

Better choices, Betty. Men, women — doesn’t matter. It’s about making better choices. I mean, really. When it came to women, you always went for those little fembot dolls. Sweet little things with an IQ of three. Face it. We both have a history of picking exactly the wrong person at just the wrong time.

BETTY

Jesus! That doesn’t say much for us, does it.

RONNIE

Guess not.

BETTY

(Sighs and ponders for a moment) No! I don’t accept this! It’s not us. It’s *them*!

AS THE TWO SIT BACK AND PONDER THIS STATEMENT, WE SEE FROM THEIR POV
A SHOT OF A HEAVY SET MALE ON A BICYCLE RIDING BY.

BETTY (continued)

There! That's exactly what I mean. You see that guy. You can tell just by looking at him. He'll ride that damn bike for an hour, then go gorge on pasta, sit back with a couple of beers to watch whatever game's on television tonight, waiting for his girlfriend to come blow him during commercials.

RONNIE

You think he has a girlfriend?

BETTY

Definitely. (Pointing at someone else) What about *that* guy?

RONNIE

Nope. No girlfriend.

BETTY

Yeah he does. But he treats her like shit. He doesn't listen to a thing she says. He pretends to listen – does the nodding, “uh huh” thing. Reads, plays computer games, has his friends over to play D & D. And then falls asleep before she gets into bed.

RONNIE

How do you know?

BETTY

Ring on the finger kinda gave it away.

RONNIE

(laughing) I'm really observant

BETTY

You can get the hang of this – trust me. Try the guy laying on that towel.

RONNIE

He's recently unemployed. He got fired from his job because he chronically oversleeps. He drinks too much. He never exercises and hasn't had a girlfriend in about a year because he has anger issues.

BETTY

Good. What else.

RONNIE

He lives out of his car. No actually he's sofa surfing at the moment. So he kinda lives out of his car, but has stuff at various friends' houses all over town. And he lies about his age.

BETTY

He isn't really even an American Citizen – he's...(with disdain) *Canadian*. Loves ice hockey. *Lives* for it!

RONNIE

But doesn't even play very well. He hurt himself in a tragic surfing accident when he was 17 and has never been the same since.

BETTY

Now you're getting it. What about *that* guy?

RONNIE

Young – obviously. Pretentiously dark, carries around *Catcher in the Rye* to make you think he's sensitive. What about the blonde?

BETTY

Oh, well. Clean, slender, works out, but not too muscular, even tan, designer shorts – oh – obviously...

BETTY and RONNIE

GAY!

RONNIE

Yeah. A real dyke.

BETTY SHOOTS HER A LOOK AS IF TO SAY, "HEY, WAITAMINUTE..."

RONNIE (CONT)

Oh, right. Sorry.

POV SHOT: A COUPLE WALKING BY, HAND-IN-HAND. CUT TO: BETTY AND RONNIE. FOR A MOMENT THE TWO WATCH, NON-PLUSED. THIS DOESN'T SEEM TO FIT THEIR WORLD VIEW. CUT BACK TO: THE COUPLE. THE MALE SUDDENLY

SWATS THE GIRLFRIEND ON HER BUTT. SHE JUMPS A LITTLE AND SNUGGLES IN CLOSER.

BETTY
Sadist!

RONNIE
Masochist!

THEY LOOK AT EACH OTHER IN SATISFACTION.

POV – BETTY AND RONNIE. A BEAUTIFUL GIRL WALKING BY. PERT, BLONDE, GIGGLY. THE PERFECT LITTLE FEMBOT RONNIE DESCRIBED EARLIER.

BETTY
Hmmm. Now *she's* cute.

RONNIE
Oh no! See. There you go again, thinking with your pussy!
For cryin' out loud will you never learn? Vapid. IQ of maybe
12. And a real cocktease. (She looks at Betty)

BETTY
Pussytease.

RONNIE
Whatever.

BETTY
You are *so* right. Oh God, and would you look at that wiggle.
Fer crissakes! I mean, c'mon! Does anybody *buy* that shit?

RONNIE
You did.

BETTY
Well not anymore! I'm back!

RONNIE
Okay then. (Pointing) Now there's a guy I can tell you about –
drives a BMW cause he likes to impress girls. Loves money,
LOVES himself. He's in the music biz – agent or something like
(CONT)

RONNIE (CONT)

that. Supposedly writes music but will never play you anything he's written.

BETTY

(Picking up on same guy) But he knows just the right music to play when he's trying to seduce you. And always sets the right mood so you think he's really a romantic, lonely soul.

RONNIE

He tells you he's seeing lots of women, so you think there's no one special and in the middle of having sex he calls you by his live in girlfriend's name.

BETTY

What an asshole!

RONNIE

(Pointing to another woman) Look at that girl. She's a gorilla

BETTY

Way too much hair.

RONNIE

Someone should tell her about waxing

BETTY

(Pointing to new guy) Really. (Next victim) No Ass.

RONNIE

(Re: same guy) Too Old

BETTY

(Pointing at new guy) Too Young

RONNIE

Too Short

BETTY

Neurotic

RONNIE

(Re: same guy) Can't commit

BETTY
(Re: same guy) Can't get it up

RONNIE
(New guy) Can't keep it up.

BETTY
(Another new guy) Premature ejaculater

RONNIE
(Yet another new guy) Pedophile

BETTY
(One more new guy) Fat

RONNIE
Ugly

BETTY and RONNIE
(Re: same guy) Loser.

THE TWO SIT BACK LAUGHING, HAVING ENJOYED THEIR LITTLE GAME.

BETTY
Hey. Let's get outta here. You feel like a drink?

RONNIE
Yeah. There'll be plenty more people to rag on there.

AS THEY RISE TO LEAVE.

BETTY
Fuckin' A! I like the way you think.

CAMERA FOLLOWS THEM AS THEY LEAVE, STILL POINTING ON PASSERS BY,
OBVIOUSLY STILL COMMENTING.

CUT TO: EXTERIOR BLACK BEETLE BAR. THE GIRLS ARE ABOUT TO WALK IN.

BETTY
You ready to take 'em all on?

RONNIE

You bet.

AS THEY WALK IN THE DOOR, CONFIDENT AND SMILING, THEY STOP SUDDENLY, STRUCK DUMB. THERE IS A LOOK OF STUNNED SHOCK ON EACH OF THEIR FACES.

CUT TO: BETTY & RONNIE'S POV – THE INTERIOR OF THE BAR. STANDING AND SEATED ARE ALL THE PEOPLE THEY'VE SPENT THE DAY COMMENTING ON. THEY LOOK GRIM. MANY OF THEM HOLD PLACARDS READING "BISEXUAL FREAK!" "ASSHOLES!" "LOSERS!" "CYNICAL" "MAN HATING BITCHES!" THE "GAY" GUY HOLDS UP A SIGN READING "STRAIGHT, ACTUALLY." *CATCHER IN THE RYE* GUY STANDS NEXT TO HIM HOLDING UP A SIGN READING "I'M GAY." THE HOT GIRL IS CARRYING THE MOST LITERATE OF SIGNS, READING "MFA, SUMMA CUM LAUDE GRADUATE OF HARVARD LAW SCHOOL ON FULL SCHOLARSHIP." SHE PUTS THAT SIGN DOWN AND HOLDS UP A SECOND, READING "NOT INTERESTED IN *YOU!*" THE SPANKY COUPLE HOLD UP A SIGN READING "REPRESSED, NARROWMINDED, VANILLAS." OTHERS HOLD SIGNS WITH SCORES READING "4.2" "-15" ETC.

CUT BACK TO: BETTY & RONNIE'S SHOCKED, EMBARRASSED FACES.

FADE TO BLACK
END CREDITS