

Times are Tough

by Colin Fisher

INT. LIVING ROOM

BRAD and CORY are sitting on the couch, playing Xbox. General mess around them indicates it's been going on for a while.

BRAD
So you gonna vote?

CORY
Dude, absolutely.

BRAD
Awesome, glad to hear it.

CORY
I mean, this is the worst our economy's been since the 30s.

BRAD
Scary stuff dude.

Cory's iPhone dings. He checks his email quickly, goes back to the game.

BRAD (cont'd)
It's like, I don't know where it's all headed or how to fix it, but I don't want to hand this off to our kids one day you know?

CORY
Totally. Look at the mess our parents are leaving us with.

BRAD
Dicks.

CORY
Hey, do you want Thai?

BRAD
Yeah, usual?

CORY
Totally.

BRAD
K.

Brad picks up his iPhone, swipes taps swipes for a while.

BRAD (cont'd)
Be here in like 20.

CORY
Awesome, you need cash?

BRAD
Nah man, already paid. Got my bonus.

CORY
Sweet. But it's like, everyone around us is just doing their day to day shit, and I'm like people!
Don't you know what's going on? I don't know how there aren't riots every day.

BRAD
Totally. I don't know what it would take to wake them up.

An error message comes from the TV.

CORY
Yo, why'd we just get booted?

BRAD
Maybe the server's down?

Cory checks his laptop.

CORY
What the hell man! The internet's out!

BRAD
What the fuck!

CORY
This is bullshit!

Cory throws his laptop violently to the floor, shattering it. Brad flips over the coffee table. They both scream primal screams, then run out the front door tearing at their shirts.

END