

THE FLIP

Written by

Oliver Francis O'Connor

Email: [olivernarrativedesign@outlook.com](mailto:olivernarrativedesign@outlook.com)

Website: [olivernd.com](http://olivernd.com)

Phone number: (86+) 13062883102

INT. COLLEGE DORM ROOM - DAY

A cluttered college dorm room filled with motivational quote posters, empty pizza boxes and fogged up with marijuana smoke. On a desk are pieces of paper with manic business plan scribbles on them:

"Ferret Factory" "Potion Palace" "Absurd Adventure Agency"

ADAM (20s, white, athletic, well-dressed) and PAUL (20s, Indian, chubby, long shaggy hair) sit cross-legged on a worn-out couch, their eyes bloodshot. Paul clutches a bowl of delicious-looking ice cream, a spoon in his hand. They laugh heartily at something only they find hilarious.

Paul takes a bite of his ice cream.

PAUL

Man! This ice cream is like... it's so heavenly it's like the equivalent of... Cindy Hoppler's smile.

ADAM

Dude - that's gay.

PAUL

It is not gay.

ADAM

There's nothing wrong with being gay, man.

PAUL

I know there's nothing wrong with being gay but liking a girl is literally the opposite of being gay.

ADAM

Dude you need to stop talking **about** Cindy and just talk **to** her.

PAUL

I can't speak to her. She doesn't even know who I am. She's so hot and popu--

ADAM

Dude you need to stop talking **about** Cindy and just give me one spoon of your ice cream.

PAUL  
 (protective)  
**What?** Nah, dude. I told you you'd want some. This is my ice cream, okay? I want it all to myself.

ADAM  
 Come on, man! Just one spoonful. I won't even touch the bowl!

Adam slowly reaches his hand out towards the spoon.

PAUL  
 Stay back! I told you already, it's **mine**.

ADAM  
 (whining)  
 Just one tiny spoonful. That's all I want. Then I'll never ask again.

Paul hesitates, contemplating Adam's plea.

PAUL  
 (relenting)  
 Fine, but just one spoonful, alright? Don't go hogging it all!

Adam's face lights up, a mischievous smile stretching across his face. Paul reluctantly extends the spoon toward Adam, who eagerly snatches it and scoops up a big spoonful.

ADAM  
 (savoring the bite)  
 Mmm, that was the best spoonful I've ever had... Wait... new idea!

With their mouths half-full, their excitement building:

ADAM (CONT'D)  
 (excitedly)  
 One spoon!

PAUL  
 (excitedly)  
 Spoonful!

ADAM (CONT'D)  
 No. 'One Spoon', okay? Picture it, man. Single spoons of dessert that you can buy from the store.

PAUL  
 '**Spoonful**' sounds way better but yeah we could sell little plastic spoons of cake and ice cream...

ADAM

And pudding!

PAUL

And maybe even like... lasagne?

Adam's mouth drops.

ADAM

Dude. An entire menu of spoons,  
each with unique flavors and  
combinations! People would line up  
around the block for them!

PAUL

(nodding)

And we'll design cool, collectible  
spoons! Limited editions, man!

ADAM

Bro...

They do a multi-step secret handshake and on the last move  
we...

SLAM CUT TO:

EXT. GAS STATION - DAY

Adam (30s now) pulls up to the gas station in a luxurious  
car, blasting hip-hop, dressed in expensive designer clothes.  
He steps out of the car, exuding confidence.

As he approaches the pump, he notices an attractive GIRL  
(late 20s) nearby, also filling up her car. Their eyes meet,  
and a flirtatious smile passes between them.

ADAM

Nice car you got there!

GIRL

Thanks! Yours isn't too shabby  
either.

Adam begins to fill up his gas tank, still stealing glances  
at the girl.

He finishes fuelling and inserts his card into the gas  
machine to pay, but an alarming NOISE emanates from it,  
drawing the attention of the girl.

The screen reads 'CARD DECLINED - INSUFFICIENT FUNDS' in bold  
letters. Adam's expression shifts from confidence to panic.

GIRL (CONT'D)  
(curious)  
Everything alright over there?

Adam tries to maintain composure but can't hide the worry on his face.

ADAM  
Yeah it's just a glitch.

GIRL  
(smiling)  
Can I lend a hand?

She begins to walk over. Adam covers his hand over the screen and turns to the girl.

ADAM  
Stay back!

GIRL  
(alarmed)  
What is it?

ADAM  
Just stay back over there. I've got... tuberculosis.

GIRL  
Oh...

The girl starts backing away.

ADAM  
(trying to impress)  
Yeah picked it up in South-East Asia on a **huge** vacation... really expensive, so many celebrities were there.

The girl looks really freaked-out now. She backs away.

GIRL  
O...kay.

She gets in the car and drives off. Adam, cringing, speed walks towards the gas station store.

INT. GAS STATION STORE - A MOMENT LATER

Adam, looking insecure and embarrassed, pulls out a load of loose change from his pocket and begins to count it as he approaches the CASHIER (50, unapproachable man), who is busy with something behind the counter.

ADAM

Hi.

The cashier continues doing his thing.

ADAM (CONT'D)

Excuse me?

The cashier looks up with distain.

ADAM (CONT'D)

Pump 5.

The cashier scowls and then presses some buttons on the cash register.

Adam notices some 'One Spoons' by the bubble gum.

ADAM (CONT'D)

Oh, 'One Spoon'! No way. I came up with the idea for these.

The cashier's attitude totally changes to awe and amazement.

CASHIER

Wait... you're the 'One Spoon' guy?

He comes out from behind the counter and gets uncomfortably close to Adam, looking at him with reverence, reaching out to gently touch his face but feeling too scared to.

ADAM

(stammering)

What... no... no I just - I just thought of the idea too.

CASHIER

Oh.

The cashier's cold demeanour immediately returns, but he stays uncomfortably close.

CASHIER (CONT'D)

\$15.40.

EXT. ADAM'S HOUSE - LATER

Adam pulls up in his car to his one-story house. Outside is another fancy car parked and HARRY (32), a skinny guy wearing dorky clothes, leaning against it. Adam gets out of the car and notices the guy.

ADAM  
(friendly)  
Hey!

Harry, looks at him and wince-smiles.

ADAM (CONT'D)  
Don't I know you from somewhere?

HARRY  
Erm...

Harry makes an awkward face and turns his head to Adam's house, where JENNIFER (28), comes out of, dragging two suitcases.

ADAM  
Wait... what? You're leaving me?  
For this guy?

JENNIFER  
I've had enough of the bullshit,  
Adam! You sold me on all your  
business dreams and aspirations,  
but they were all baloney! **He's** the  
real deal.

ADAM  
You're leaving me for this skinny  
dork? I mean just look at his  
clothes. Look at those spaghetti  
arms for Christ's sake.

Harry smiles and raises his eyebrows, trying to be patient as he puts Jennifer's suitcases in the car.

JENNIFER  
Adam, I never gave a shit about any  
of that. Goodbye.

Harry and Jennifer get in the car and they drive off, leaving Adam on the sidewalk watching them drive away.

Then another person comes out of the house, an old woman, MRS. WILSON (70), carrying a box filled with fidget spinners.

ADAM

Hey, hey, hey! Mrs. Wilson! What are you doing with my stuff?

He rushes over to her.

MRS. WILSON

I'm kicking you out! It's time I got a tenant who's actually going to pay me rent.

He takes the box off her.

ADAM

Come on. Just give me one more chance. I'll pay you what I owe soon.

MRS. WILSON

You're out of chances, Adam. You have until tomorrow to get your stuff outta there, otherwise I'm gonna get my son to come and beat your ass.

She walks away. Adam stands there looking totally deflated.

INT. ADAM'S CAR - LATER

A sad song plays from the radio.

Adam's car is packed with boxes of possessions and arbitrage products. He sits in the driver seat listening to a sad song, crying his eyes out, eating loads of 'One Spoons'. A big pile of eaten 'One Spoons' sit on the passenger seat.

The song fades to an end.

RADIO HOST (O.S.)

That was 'Baby Gonna Miss That Phat Booty' by Flop Daddi. Now it's that part of the show where I answer all those fucking questions you've been sending in.

(sighs)

First up we've got David from Ohio, he says he's 30 years old and a total failure in life.

Canned **fart** noise. Canned '**Epic Fail**'.

Adam's crying ceases and he listens.



RADIO HOST (O.S.) (CONT'D)

David says he's got no skills, no hobbies, no friends, no money - and he's asking me, 'Radio Rodney, what am I going to do with my life? Is it too late for me?'

Adam turns up the radio.

RADIO HOST (CONT'D)

Well the good news is it's never too late, buddy. First thing you gotta do is have faith that things will get better. Say it after me: Things are going to get better.

ADAM

Things are going to get better.

RADIO HOST

Good. Now you might not believe that now but keep saying it and you will. Next thing you've got to do is stop hanging around deadbeat negative losers, find people who want the best for you, the people that excite you, the people that when you're with them the ideas flow and you just get each other.

Adam's eyes roll around as he scans his mind for people like this in his life. Then after a look of realization, he pulls out his phone and searches Instagram for Paul Kooner. He sees that he's married with a kid. He drops him a message saying:

"Hey"

The reply bubble emerges, Adam's face lights up, then...

EXT. OUTSIDE OF PAUL'S HOUSE - AFTERNOON

The white door of Paul's house opens and Paul (now 30s) is there.

PAUL

Dude! It's good to see you, man.

Adam looks a little stunned, a little bashful. Paul reaches out his hand and they do a secret handshake.

PAUL (CONT'D)

Wow, you remembered.

ADAM

Of course, man. Bro, this place is awesome.

It's a massive, gorgeous white house with a huge front lawn.

PAUL

I know, right? Come on in.

Adam goes into the house.

INT. PAUL'S HOUSE - CONTINUOUS

They walk into the large hallway that has photos of Paul and his wife and son together - through it they can see into the kitchen where Paul's wife, RAMI (30), stands talking to someone on the phone in a serious business tone.

PAUL

Look who's here, babe! We're going to hide in the study.

Adam raises a hand and smiles at Rami. She wince-smiles back at him.

PAUL (CONT'D)

(to Adam)

Sorry, dude - I'd show you around but my son's got friends over and, trust me, you don't want to get caught in the crossfire.

They walk through a wooden door into the...

INT. STUDY - CONTINUOUS

The study is filled with books and has a couple of lovely contemporary sofas facing each other. Paul collapses into one sofa and Adam carefully sits on the one opposite.

ADAM

Dude. This place... I mean... what are you working as now?

PAUL

Well... I'm a manager at a pretty big company.

ADAM

Congratulations, man... really. I'm amazed.

Suddenly, five kids, including Paul's Son, TIMMY (7), burst through the door with nerf guns and lightsabers, they start shooting and whacking Paul.

PAUL  
Hey! Guys! Come on, get off!

They continue whacking Paul.

PAUL (CONT'D)  
(defeated)  
Guys...

Rami enters the room.

RAMI  
Hey! You little rascals aren't allowed in here.

TIMMY  
Sorry, mom!

All the kids run out of the room.

RAMI  
(serious)  
Honey, I just spoke to daddy. He said that there were a few mistakes in your report.

Paul looks a little embarrassed.

PAUL  
Okay, babe. I'll fix them later. This is Adam. You know, my college roommate I told you about.

Adam stands up and goes to give her a hug but then notices that she's not responsive to his opening arms and so quickly pivots to a handshake.

ADAM  
Nice to meet you.

Rami shakes his hand, fake smiles and nods, then turns back to Paul.

RAMI  
Don't forget, okay?

PAUL  
I won't, babe.

She leaves.

ADAM

Is she always such a... what's the word? Not 'bitch'... the non-offensive version of that.

Paul is stunned for a second but then lets it go.

PAUL

No, she erm... she's a little stressed with work right now - but she's great.

Beat.

ADAM

So you're working for her dad?

Paul tries to not look embarrassed by that.

PAUL

Yep.

ADAM

(smirking)  
Dude...

PAUL

(defensive)  
What?

ADAM

You know what I saw today?

Paul turns his palms to face up, waiting for an answer.

ADAM (CONT'D)

'One Spoon'! Do you remember? It was one of our business ideas from college.

PAUL

Yeah, I remember... I've tried them. They're pretty good.

ADAM

Fuck yeah they're good. I can't believe we didn't capitalize on that idea, man! But you know what? We've got so many good ideas between the two of us. I think if we worked on one together we could make a multi-million dollar business no problem. What d'ya say?

PAUL

That's a nice idea, man, but I'm pretty busy lately. I'm a dad and my job is pretty demanding --

ADAM

But, dude... don't you want your own thing?

PAUL

What do you mean?

ADAM

You're working for your wife's dad. I mean that must feel a little... humiliating, right?

PAUL

What the hell you trying to say, man?

ADAM

Sorry... I... I just really want it to be like the old days. You remember, we used to stay up all night talking about whacky business ideas. I think we could do so well together.

PAUL

Yeah maybe we could have done, man. But things have changed - I've got a good life now. Sorry dude, but I don't want to put that at risk by going on some startup journey.

Adam sighs, disappointed.

INT. ADAM'S CAR - STREET

Adam stares at the red light ahead of him with a worried look on his face.

A big ice-cream van pulls up beside him. Adam sees and then opens his car window.

ADAM

Hey!

The ice cream guy, JOSHUA (28, cool, punk-look) turns to look at Adam.

ADAM (CONT'D)  
 Hey, man. Can I get an ice-cream sandwich?

JOSHUA  
 (Eastern-European accent)  
 Sure. 5 dollars.

ADAM  
 5 bucks?! For an ice cream sandwich?

JOSHUA  
 That's how much they cost tonight, man. Gonna be at some kid's birthday party. The parents are all rich as fuuuck.

Adam thinks for a second, then turns to the arbitrage in the back of his car - yoyos, figet spinners etc.

INT. DINING ROOM - AT THE SAME TIME

Paul sits suited at a long dining table with Rami, their son, Timmy, and MR. SHARMA (65), Rami's father, who's telling a story they all listen to.

MR. SHARMA  
 ...but that little rat didn't know that I've passed the bar and so he couldn't slip any tricks by me.  
 (curtly to Paul)  
 Potatoes.

Paul immediately goes to pass the potatoes.

RAMI  
 Dad! Don't order Paul around like that.

Paul freezes, realizing he's being a bitch.

MR. SHARMA  
 Oh, sorry, Paul. I'm still treating you as if we were at the office.

PAUL  
 (a little ashamed)  
 It's okay.

He passes Mr. Sharma the potatoes.

MR. SHARMA

Thank you very much. While we're on the topic of work, Paul - I noticed that you still haven't submitted your updated report. Anything wrong?

PAUL

No... sorry, I just forgot - been a little distracted today.

MR. SHARMA

(sarcastic)

Distracted? That's unlike you, Paul.

Mr. Sharma smirks at Timmy who smirks back.

PAUL

You know what... I'll send it to your email right now.

Paul gets up.

RAMI

Wait 'til after dinner, honey.

PAUL

No, it'll just take a sec.

Paul leaves the room.

INT. STUDY - A MINUTE LATER

Paul sighs in frustration. He takes his cellphone out of his pants and makes a call.

EXT. SMALL CARNIVAL - SAME TIME

Children are running around with ice cream, fidget spinners and other silly toys. Joshua does some really skilful tricks with the toys as he serves ice cream and toys to a huge line of kids. His van has a sign that says 'Ice-Cream and Toy Combo - \$10'.

Adam stands off to the side, watching and grinning, playing with a fidget toy in one hand.

CARNIVAL CHILD (O.S.)

Excuse me.

Adam turns to the CARNIVAL CHILD (8) - it wears a really grotesque mask.

ADAM  
(horrified)  
Jesus!

CARNIVAL CHILD  
Are you a pervert?

ADAM  
What? No!

CARNIVAL CHILD  
Can I have your toy?

ADAM  
Would you get out of here, ya  
little weirdo?!

He lightly pushes the child away by its head, then hears his phone vibrating. He takes it out, sees it's Paul. He's curious - he answers it.

ADAM (CONT'D)  
Paul? What's up, man?

INT. STUDY - RESUMING

Paul is nervously pacing around.

PAUL  
Hey, man. What's up? You good?

ADAM (O.S.)  
I'm good, man. What's up?

PAUL  
Yeah so I was thinking about what  
you were saying earlier...

EXT. SMALL CARNIVAL - RESUMING

Adam's mouth is slightly open in anticipation.

PAUL (O.S.)  
Yeah, so I was thinking that maybe  
it would be a good idea if we start  
a business together.

Adam silently but enthusiastically celebrates. Cheering and shouting without making a sound.



INT. STUDY - RESUMING

Paul stands waiting for a response.

PAUL  
Did you hear me, dude?

EXT. SMALL CARNIVAL - RESUMING

Adam composes himself.

ADAM  
Yeah, yeah, I heard you. Glad you came around, man. Hey, how about we brainstorm tonight?

PAUL (O.S.)  
Tonight... I dunno...

ADAM  
Come on, it will be just like old times.

INT. STUDY - RESUMING

Paul looks at a photo of his wife and son.

PAUL  
I guess, I mean... ok--

ADAM (O.S.)  
Great!

EXT. SMALL CARNIVAL - RESUMING

Adam is beaming with joy. In the distance he sees the child with the grotesque mask again, this time with an ANGRY MOTHER (35) next to him.

ANGRY MOTHER  
(to Carnival Child)  
Who touched you?!

Adam's smile drops.

ADAM  
Shit.

The carnival child points at Adam.

CARNIVAL CHILD

It was him, mommy. He **touched** me!

ADAM

(to Paul)

Shit, dude. I've got to go. I'll pick you up in 15 minutes.

He runs.

INT. STUDY - RESUMING

Paul is standing there a little confused.

PAUL

Wait, 15 minutes?

The phone makes the hang up beep noise.

EXT. OUTSIDE OF PAUL'S HOUSE - NIGHT

Adam's car skids to a halt outside of Paul's house.

INT. PAUL'S HOUSE - HALLWAY

Paul is putting on a jacket. Rami stands beside him, concerned.

RAMI

I just don't get it. You guys are going out partying or something like that?

PAUL

No, no... we're just going to hang out for a while - catch up, you know?

RAMI

You really want to catch up with... that guy?

PAUL

It's been like 10 years, babe... people change.

Paul and Rami both wince as they suddenly hear Adam's car horn sound 3 times in quick succession, beckoning Paul to come out.