INT. APARTMENT - DAY.
Two young men, A and B are sitting on a couch drinking beer.

B
(frustrated)
...if I can't paint, everything just turns to shit.

A
(not listening)
I wish I had two dicks.

B's younger sister (C) enters through the front door. Nervous, she remains quiet and walks by the two friends.
A is clearly very attracted to her.

B
(to sister)
You know what a penis is…stay away from it!

A
(shouting to C)
It's really no more painful than a punch in the chest.
(responding to B)
I had a boner with a capital O
B
(matter of fact)
That's what she was there for, that was the plan, to give you a boner.

A
(musing)
Man, I'd like to put my face in there.

B
Jesus Christ.

A
(earnestly)
I like eating pussy.

B
(disapproving)
Love is a distraction.
Sorcery requires complete focus.

A
(defensive)
A lot of guys don't. Well maybe they do.
Maybe that's just black guys.
B
(annoyed)
I don't have time for this horse shit.

A
Why should I be made to feel I have to apologize for my existence?

B
There are two types of tragedies in life—

A interrupts B as he begins to rant, lost in his neuroses.

A
I need to turn my life around. What do I need to do? I need to fall in love. I need to have a girlfriend.

B
(continuing his thought)
—One is not getting what you want, the other is getting it.

(beat)
A
(astonished at this cliche)
What am I, a fucking retard, man?

B
You underestimate yourself.

A
(reabsorbed in his crisis)
Maybe it's my brain chemistry.

B
(trying to cheer him up)
You're the best. You're the shit. You're the shit!

A
(in his own world)
All my problems and anxiety can be reduced to a chemical imbalance or some kind of misfiring synapses. I need to get help for that.

B
(making light of the situation)
Everything I take is prescription. Except for the heroin.
A  
(continuing rant)
I have failed, I am panicked. I've sold out, I am worthless,
I... What the fuck am I doing here? What the fuck am I doing here? Fuck.

B  
(changing topic)
...Why is it that the Baptist have all the women and no booze and the Catholics have all the booze and no women.

A  
(zeroing in on the root of his suffering)
Brad, your sister's turning into a fox.

B  
(realizing A is serious)
You're not touching her you filthy piece of shit.

A  
(paying no heed to B's reaction)
I would rather have had one breath of her hair, one kiss of her mouth, one touch of her hand, than eternity without it. One.

B  
(annoyed, a little angry)
I ever hear about you so much as looking at that girl, you're gonna wish you were born without a dick.

A  
(trailing off in his fantasy about B's sister)
Champagne would fall from the heavens... Doors would open... Velvet ropes would part.

B  
(has had enough)
What do you say we cut the chit-chat, a-hole?

A  
(pausing, then deciding to push B's buttons)
...You know, I could eat a peach for hours.

B  
(protective)
You watch your FUCKING mouth!

A
(teasing)
...She looked 18

B
(attempting to change the subject)
If you will SHUT UP now—

A
(cutting B off)
—Good judgement wasn't exactly my forte....
I trust and accept your judgment.

B sighs and takes a sip of beer. Arguing with A is pointless. 
A's voice slowly fades into the distance as we find C sitting alone.

C:
(voiceover)
I remember once imagining what my life would be like,
what I'd be like. I pictured having all these qualities,
strong positive qualities that people could pick up on from across the room.
But as time passed, few ever became any qualities 
that I actually had. And all the possibilities I faced 
and the sorts of people I could be, all of them 
got reduced every year to fewer and fewer. 
Until finally they got reduced to one, to who I am.