

ANDERSON HAS POOR JUDGMENT

A Short Film
Written by
Glen Hosking

Copyright (c) 2025 Middle Son Films
This screenplay may not be used or reproduced for any
purpose including educational purposes without the expressed
written permission of the author.

ghosking11@gmail.com
954-471-2784
middlesonfilms.com

INT. ANDERSON'S BATHROOM - DAY

ANDERSON (20s) sings a metal ballad in the shower of his studio apartment.

ANDERSON

(sings)

And I'm ten million miles gone, but
three feet away. Daydreams and
realities. There's too much to say.
The sun is an orange glow. The moon
sleeps tonight. You say it's all
over. I'll say it's alright. I'll say
it's alright.

INT. ANDERSON'S BEDROOM/LIVING ROOM/KITCHEN - DAY

Anderson emerges from the bathroom to face his JUDGES:
NIGEL, EMILY and TRAVIS. They sit behind a reality show
judges' table with the name Anderson in neon letters.

TRAVIS

Pitchy.

TITLE CARD: ANDERSON HAS POOR JUDGMENT

INT. ANDERSON'S BEDROOM/LIVING ROOM/KITCHEN - DAY

Anderson serves The Judges omelettes then leans against the counter eating his.

Emily spits hers in a napkin. Travis pushes his plate away. Nigel dumps his in the trashcan.

NIGEL

I would not be shocked if the can
spit it out.

INT. ANDERSON'S BEDROOM/LIVING ROOM/KITCHEN - DAY

Anderson gets dressed.

EMILY

I thought we talked about used
clothing.

ANDERSON

Fast fashion is bad for the planet.

EMILY
So is bad taste.

He takes a vintage jacket from his closet.

ANDERSON
You gave this jacket high marks.

EMILY
So?

ANDERSON
It was my grandfather's. What
difference does it make if I got it
from him or some stranger?

EMILY
Because Anderson, that is a vintage
piece handmade in Italy, which means
your grandfather had impeccable taste
and judging by the rest of your
closet, that jacket is the only
quality he passed down to you.

ANDERSON
Who put a bee in your bonnet?

EMILY
Excuse me?

ANDERSON
It's something my grandfather used to
say.

EXT. STREET - EVENING

Anderson walks home with a bag of takeout. A HOOKER
approaches him.

HOOKER
You sure are bow legged.

INT. ANDERSON'S BEDROOM/LIVING ROOM/KITCHEN - EVENING

Anderson and the Hooker have sex. He's trying to make her
orgasm.

HOOKER
It's not happening.

ANDERSON
What if I-

HOOKER

Forget it.

She grabs her clothes and heads for the bathroom. The Judges witnessed the whole thing.

TRAVIS

I'm really disappointed.

INT. ANDERSON'S BEDROOM/LIVING ROOM/KITCHEN - EVENING

Anderson sees the Hooker out.

HOOKER

Sorry sweetie.

He closes the door. The Judges are standing behind it.

EMILY

...So bad she wouldn't even fake it.

INT. ANDERSON'S BATHROOM - DAY

Anderson showers without singing.

INT. ANDERSON'S BEDROOM/LIVING ROOM/KITCHEN - DAY

Anderson drops a box of donuts on the judges' table then takes one into the bathroom.

INT. AD AGENCY - ANDERSON'S DESK - DAY

Anderson designs an ad for a premium brand of dog food. The Judges are seated behind him. The ad stars a Jack Russel Terrier.

NIGEL

Is that the font you're going with?

INT. AD AGENCY - CREATIVE DIRECTOR'S OFFICE - DAY

Anderson presents the ad to his CREATIVE DIRECTOR. The Judges are standing behind Anderson.

CREATIVE DIRECTOR

You like this?

ANDERSON

Just following the brand guidelines.

CREATIVE DIRECTOR
 Fuck the guidelines. Give me
 something award winning.

ANDERSON
 The ticket came in this morning. It's
 due EOD.

CREATIVE DIRECTOR
 Fuck dude!

NIGEL
 Chose the wrong font.

EMILY
 And the wrong dog.

TRAVIS
 Shoulda gone into HVAC with
 your brother.

NIGEL
 San serifs are hot right
 now.

EMILY
 The Jack Russel was a rookie
 move.

TRAVIS
 He drives a sweet-ass F-150.

CREATIVE DIRECTOR
 Take another swing at it.

Anderson and The Judges begin to leave.

CREATIVE DIRECTOR (cont'd)
 Zack Snyder.

They turn.

CREATIVE DIRECTOR (cont'd)
 Make it look like the Snyderverse.
 Fucking use AI if you have to.

INT. AD AGENCY - ANDERSON'S DESK - DAY

Anderson designs an ad starring a Great Dane leaping over a
 great expanse in the Snyderverse. The Judges look on, as
 does a co-worker named TALIA (20s).

TALIA
 Last year it was Tim Burton.

ANDERSON
 How many clients fell for that?

TALIA
 Two. Are you going to be here late?

ANDERSON
 Nope.

TALIA

We get dinner money if we work past eight.

The Judges take note of this. Was that an invitation?

Anderson gets up and walks to the printer.

TALIA (cont'd)

Did you grow up around horses?

ANDERSON

No, why?

TALIA

'Cause you sure are bow legged.

INT. ANDERSON'S BEDROOM/LIVING ROOM/KITCHEN - EVENING

Anderson stands before The Judges at the table.

NIGEL

No.

(a beat)

I speak for all of us when I say you would bring nothing to this relationship. Your career is going nowhere fast, you have don't an ounce of style, rats wouldn't eat your cooking, and you don't know how to pleasure a woman. I'd like to say you peaked in high school Anderson, but even that achievement is beyond your reach. It's a no for me.

EMILY

It's a no for me too.

TRAVIS

A definite no for me.

INT. AD AGENCY - ANDERSON'S DESK - DAY

Anderson works on a weight loss ad depicting a woman fighting back a doughnut in the Snyderverse. The Judges watch. Talia approaches.

TALIA

Hey, I hope I didn't insult you the other day.

ANDERSON

Wha?

TALIA

Calling you bow legged. That was insensitive. Kids used to make fun of my Dumbo ears and I hated it. So yeah, sorry.

ANDERSON

No worries.

He never turns to face her.

TALIA

You working past eight? Maybe we could pool our money and still have enough for a personal pizza.

ANDERSON

Oh, uh, wish I could, but I have a date tonight.

TALIA

Oh.

ANDERSON

Yeah, you know, "swipe to the left."

TALIA

Yeah... Well, I hope it works out.

She walks away.

NIGEL

It's swipe right.

INT. ANDERSON'S BEDROOM/LIVING ROOM/KITCHEN - EVENING

Anderson and The Judges watch TV while eating the usual take out food.

INT. ANDERSON'S BEDROOM/LIVING ROOM/KITCHEN - DAY

Anderson presents The Judges his wardrobe choice for the day. Three no's.

INT. AD AGENCY - ANDERSON'S DESK - DAY

Anderson works on an ad depicting a alpha male bro eating a cheeseburger in the Snyderverse as The Judges watch.

EMILY
All that gold is hurting my eyes.

INT. ANDERSON'S BEDROOM/LIVING ROOM/KITCHEN - EVENING

Anderson and The Judges watch TV while eating the usual take out food. We hear cheering from the TV.

TRAVIS
That guy's awesome.

INT. AD AGENCY - KITCHEN - DAY

Anderson grabs something from the fridge. Talia walks in.

ANDERSON
Oh, hey.

TALIA
Hey. How'd your hot date go?

ANDERSON
Total bust. Just zero connection.

TALIA
Sorry to hear that.

She walks out without another word.

EXT. STREET - EVENING

Anderson walks home with a bag of his go-to takeout. The same HOOKER approaches from behind.

HOOKER
You sure are--
(she sees it's him)
--Oh. Yeah, no.

She keeps walking.

EXT. STREET - EVENING

Anderson spots Talia on a date at a nearby restaurant. The guy she's with is everything he's not. She brushes her hair from her ears, totally confident in his company.

INT. ANDERSON'S BEDROOM/LIVING ROOM/KITCHEN - EVENING

Anderson comes home deflated.

TRAVIS

I ever tell you your posture sucks?

EXT. BOOKSTORE - DAY

Anderson exits with a bag under his arm.

INT. ANDERSON'S BEDROOM/LIVING ROOM/KITCHEN - DAY

Anderson assembles a glass coffee table.

EMILY

I don't understand this choice.

ANDERSON

You guys have a table. Why can't I?

INT. ANDERSON'S BEDROOM/LIVING ROOM/KITCHEN - EVENING

Anderson is asleep. Emily shakes him awake.

EMILY

Anderson. Nigel is missing.

ANDERSON

What do you mean missing?

EMILY

As in he's gone.

ANDERSON

How's that possible?

EMILY

I don't know. He's just not here.

ANDERSON

Have you tried looking for him?

EMILY

Look around Anderson.

ANDERSON

Hey, now's not the time to critique my living situation Emily.

EMILY

We have to find him.

ANDERSON

Okay, let's think. What was the last thing you heard him say?

EMILY

Life would be so much better if Anderson wasn't such a fucking loser.

ANDERSON

Well, it sounds like he needed some space. Let's spread out. I'm sure he hasn't gone far.

EXT. ALLEYWAY 1 - EVENING

Emily searches the alleyway.

EMILY

Nigel!

EXT. ALLEYWAY 2 - EVENING

Travis searches the alleyway.

TRAVIS

Nigel?

EXT. ROOFTOP - EVENING

Anderson wanders around the rooftop then takes a moment to admire the stars. He hears Emily scream.

EMILY (O.C.)

NIGEL!

EXT. ALLEYWAY 1 - EVENING

Anderson arrives to see Emily and Travis standing next to a dumpster. He looks inside. Nigel is dead. Stabbed to death. Rats begin to nibble.

Emily turns away and falls into Travis' embrace.

INT. ANDERSON'S BEDROOM/LIVING ROOM/KITCHEN - EVENING

Anderson and Emily talk on the couch. Travis pours three bourbons at the kitchen sink.

EMILY

Who would do that to Nigel?

Anderson's eyes shift toward Travis. Emily is stunned.

ANDERSON

I don't know why I never noticed it before. But the look on his face when you fell into his arms...

It's starting to dawn on her.

ANDERSON (cont'd)

With Nigel out of the way it's now a table for two. You know you're worth killing for.

She confronts Travis.

EMILY

You fucking redneck!

TRAVIS

What the hell?!

EMILY

You don't have the balls to tell me how you feel, so you fucking kill him?

TRAVIS

Are you nuts?!

She hits him over and over.

EMILY

You chaw chewin', shit kickin', slack jawed beer jingler.

TRAVIS

Bitch, you better stop judging me.

She goes to kick him in the balls. He blocks it and holds her leg.

EMILY

You're nothing without auto tune.

He puts all his force into her leg, launching her through the air. She crashes through the glass coffee table and dies. Blood trickles from her ears.

INT. ANDERSON'S BEDROOM/LIVING ROOM/KITCHEN - EVENING

Travis is on the couch drinking his third double bourbon. Anderson dumps the last of the broken glass into a box with a dust pan.

He grabs his bourbon and joins Travis on the couch.

TRAVIS

We gotta find whoever killed Nigel.
This is all their fault.

ANDERSON

Yeah.

TRAVIS

And for the record, I only used auto
tune one time.

ANDERSON

Of course.

A beat.

ANDERSON (cont'd)

You know, I used to think about her a
lot.

TRAVIS

What the fuck's wrong with you?

ANDERSON

I'm just sayin' -- what a waste.

TRAVIS

She was out of your fucking league.
You couldn't even get a whore wet.

ANDERSON

I know. I mean, it's not like you
were any help.

TRAVIS

Oh you want me to do your fucking for
you now?

ANDERSON

That's just it Travis, you judge me,
but you never offered to coach me.

TRAVIS

Are you going to help me find Nigel's
killer or what?

ANDERSON

Or what.

Anderson gets up and retrieves the bag from the bookstore.
He takes out a large and heavy hardcover book.

TRAVIS

What's that?

ANDERSON

The Karma Sutra.

Anderson raises it over his head then crushes Travis in the
skull over and over and over again.

EXT. STREET - EVENING

Anderson walks down the street a free man.

INT. RESTAURANT - EVENING

Anderson enters to pick up his usual online order. The
employee behind the counter wears a restaurant T-shirt and a
name tag that says VANESSA (female, 20s).

ANDERSON

Hey.

VANESSA

(brightly)

Hey you.

He picks up his bag. Something's off.

ANDERSON

I must have picked up the wrong one.
This feels heavier than usual.

VANESSA

(on the down low)

I packed you an extra.

A beat.

ANDERSON

What time do you get off?

EXT. STREET - EVENING

Anderson and Vanessa walk down the street and approach her building.

VANESSA

...I just wanna change into something
that doesn't scream "hourly wage."

INT. VANESSA'S STUDIO APARTMENT - EVENING

Anderson and Vanessa enter.

VANESSA

Back in a flash.

She quickly disappears into the bathroom.

But Anderson didn't hear her, because he's staring at a reality show judges' table with the name Vanessa in neon letters. Behind it sit her JUDGES: DEV, ROXI and C TRAIN. He sees them and they see him.

He smiles a knowing smile and they suddenly look worried.

THE END