

INT. COLLEGE APARTMENT - MIDNIGHT

ALEX (19) is sitting on a run down pleather couch, holding the top of his head with both hands, trying to take deep breaths.

DEVON (19), sitting right next to him, is groaning loudly and rocking back and forth clutching his stomach.

There is throw up all over Devon's clothes, the coffee table, which also has a half eaten bright green gummy, and the floor.

CONNOR (19) desperately searches through drawer after drawer in the apartment, grabbing towels and even assorted clothes around the room including a designer scarf, bleach, soap, and any other absorbent object or cleaning supply he can find and subsequently fit into his arms.

ALEX  
(grabbing his hair in  
between his fingers)  
Oh god, oh fuck! Dude! What do we  
do? What--

CONNOR  
(bringing over the  
cleaning supplies)  
I'm working on it man! Chill!

Connor lays out the cleaning supplies, kneels over the mess, and starts to spray the floor.

DEVON  
(groaning, but also  
giggling hysterically)  
Guys... I--

ALEX  
We know you feel bad! We can see  
it! Shut up already! Oh god, this  
is gross, I feel sick, I'm gonna--

CONNOR  
Don't you dare! Go sit somewhere  
else!

Alex stays in the room, but walks as far away as he can from the vomit and goes on his phone.

CONNOR (CONT'D)  
(looking up)  
Can't you do something to help?  
Maybe look up how to clean vomit.

ALEX  
No, I will literally--Okay, let me  
give it a shot.

Alex tries to start typing something, but almost immediately  
gags at the thought.

ALEX (CONT'D)  
(straining to talk through  
his gagging)  
Nope.

Connor, who is still vigorously rubbing at the vomit with the  
collective swaths of absorbent objects, sighs.

CONNOR  
Fine.

Connor loses his balance and falls onto his forearm. It is  
now covered in vomit. He grits his teeth and his face makes a  
pained expression.

INT. COLLEGE APARTMENT - MOMENTS LATER

Connor is washing his hands at the kitchen sink when he hears  
Devon making gagging sounds again.

CONNOR  
(whipping around)  
Son of a--

DEVON  
(through strained breaths)  
Guys.

CONNOR  
I am never doing this with you guys  
again!

ALEX  
Let him talk!

DEVON  
Guys, I need to... to pee. Can  
someone help me?

Alex's face drops. He looks at Connor.

Connor looks at the spot he cleaned, and then looks back at  
Alex, squinting his eyes.

There is silence for a bit, and then Alex reluctantly starts  
helping Devon out of the living room.

ALEX  
Come on, dude, let's go.

Alex and Devon exit the room.

Connor's shoulders drop, as if all the weight has been taken off of them. He walks over to the couch, and is about to sit down when--

ALEX (O.S.) (CONT'D)  
Uh, Connor?

Connor stays in the crouched position between standing and sitting.

CONNOR  
(gritting teeth)  
Yes?

ALEX (O.S.)  
He's, uh, bleeding.

CONNOR  
WHAT THE FU--

EXT. CAFÉ PATIO - AFTERNOON

It is a cold afternoon at the local Groundworks café. Connor and his sister Rachel (19) are sitting across from each other at a patio table.

The busy crowd of regulars remains a little too quiet, eavesdropping on their conversation.

Connor picks up and sips his coffee, while eyeing Rachel expectantly.

Devon sits frozen in silence, shivering and rubbing his arms from the cold air but not breaking eye contact with his coffee.

There is a noticeably empty fourth chair at the table with an empty coffee cup in front of it.

Rachel looks around, and the crowd goes back to their own business, bringing back the background noise. She then takes a moment to formulate her thoughts.

RACHEL  
(slowly)  
What I find funny about this whole story... Is that it doesn't really answer my question.

CONNOR  
(nervous)  
And what was that again? Because--

RACHEL  
(cutting him off, still  
talking slowly)  
Shhhh. I asked you if you knew what  
happened to my scarf. I can't seem  
to find it...

Rachel takes a sip of her coffee.

RACHEL (CONT'D)  
Anywhere.

Rachel looks at Devon.

Devon is still staring down uncomfortably at his untouched  
coffee cup, refusing to meet Rachel's burning gaze.

CONNOR  
...I don't know what happened to  
your designer shit. I was just  
explaining to you how busy I was  
last night taking care of that  
whole mess. I couldn't have done  
anything, and neither could either  
of these chucklefucks.

Connor motions towards Devon and the empty seat.

RACHEL  
When did I tell you that it was the  
designer one missing?

CONNOR  
(realizing his mistake and  
quickly recuperating)  
Uh, I don't know, Rachel, maybe you  
didn't need to, 'cause you leave it  
around everywhere.

RACHEL  
(frustrated)  
I do not!

CONNOR  
(snapping back)  
Why do you care so much about a  
scarf anyways?!

RACHEL  
It's expensive! And I'm cold!

CONNOR

Well don't ask me. I have no idea  
where it went. And also did  
nothing.

The table goes silent for a bit. Connor nervously scratches  
behind his ear. Rachel picks up on it, and breaks the  
silence.

RACHEL

I find that hard to believe.

Connor pinches the bridge of his nose.

CONNOR

Come on, why don't you just trust  
me for once!

A bell rings. The door to the patio from the café bursts open  
as Alex walks out with a cup of coffee in his hands.

ALEX

Hey guys, so what did I miss?

RACHEL

Connor was just filling me in on  
what you three were up to last  
night while I was out.

Connor looks at Alex with alarm.

Devon also looks up for the first time, sheepishly yet  
clearly agitated.

Alex doesn't notice their stares and starts laughing.

ALEX

Oh man, that was awful. Did he tell  
you how we had to clean all of  
Devon's vomit?

CONNOR

We?

ALEX

(ignoring Connor)  
And we barely had enough towels as  
is! We had to grab--

Connor kicks Alex under the table.

Alex stops talking but still doesn't get it.

Connor raises his eyebrows at Alex in distress, but Alex opens his mouth again.

ALEX (CONT'D)  
And then, get this, Devon started  
bleeding out hi--

Connor kicks Alex again.

At the same time, the background noise in the patio goes silent as everyone around the group of four stops to hear the rest of what Alex has to say.

ALEX (CONT'D)  
Dude, what was that for?! Cut it  
out!

CONNOR  
(gritting his teeth)  
That is definitely. Not.  
Appropriate. For the table.

ALEX  
(waving his hand)  
Oh, come on, you've said worse. And  
it was crazy! We even had to use  
Rachel's--

Rachel immediately goes ballistic and jerks up, reaching over the table for Connor's collar and spilling her coffee in the process. Connor struggles and knocks the table over.

CRASH! Ceramic cups fall and break on the ground.

The café regulars watching this happen cheer for the bloodshed about to ensue.