

SLASH BIN

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1/20/2012

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INT - SPACE APARTMENT - NIGHT

CAYDE (young, white, blue-eyed) hunches over his 21st floor window sill - a misty Manhattan spring caresses his face. He grips his joint neatly between his thumb and forefinger and stares through it wistfully.

Cayde reaches mindlessly to his right for the lighter and comes up empty-handed. He bends down to check the floor for it. *Nothing*. He turns towards his desk and rummages its contents. After a few moments he finds it, admires his labor, and then returns to his post at the window.

Cayde finds himself in the same position as before: staring stoically at a firmly gripped joint.

Cayde briefly ponders his lighter but decides against it. He exhales and takes a bite out of the joint. Chews... And swallows. He contemplates for a second and then eats the remainder of the joint. He inspects the butt, considers for a moment, smokes the end of it, and chucks it over.

Another exhale.

INT - HELL APARTMENT - NIGHT

BRIAN (petite, horn-rimmed glasses, mousy) and SAGE (tall, brown, androgynous) are stretching: feet touching, straddled, facing one another. They pull each other gently back-and-forth. The room is low-lit, tranquil, and incense burns in the vicinity. There's a slight pause in their rhythm and then Brian pulls Sage towards her.

CUT TO

EXT - WASHINGTON SQ. PARK - DAY

Rear-view of a man sprinting through a crowd of people. No sound.

CUT BACK TO

INT - HELL APARTMENT - DAY

Sage pulls Brian back to their side.

CUT BACK TO

EXT - WASHINGTON SQ. PARK - DAY

Rear-view of a man sitting at a park bench. No sound.

STRETCHING MONTAGE

The two stretch back-and-forth and cuts of the man running match their ryhthm. Their pace increases until...

SLAM CUT TO

INT - SPACE LIVING ROOM - DAY

Cayde sits across from AUSTIN (white, fratty, finance) at their dinner table. Sweat from half-iced coffees and napkins litter the table.

AUSTIN
The entire joint?

CAYDE
Yeah I guess so...

AUSTIN
Guess?

Austin is trying to digest what eating a whole joint would be like.

CAYDE
Well... down to the base at least.

AUSTIN
Taste?

Cayde plows through the question.

CAYDE
And I got all anxious at the end. As if someone would have discovered the rest of it... It was unnatural, I think.

Cayde inspects an invisible joint butt.

AUSTIN
In flavor?

CAYDE
What? No. In appearance, I guess.

AUSTIN
Uh huh.

CAYDE
I mean I singed the butt so it looked like I smoked it.

AUSTIN
For the people down below? On the
(MORE)

AUSTIN (CONT'D)
patio? 21 floors down? In our
non-smoking building?

CAYDE
No. I guess- Well, I guess I did it
for me... You don't really take a
good look at yourself until you eat
a joint. At the time its just you
and, you know, well, the joint. You
just ate it. That's how it went. But
when you wake up to tell your
roommate about the experience
suddenly its carrying a lot more
weight than a couple bites of weed.
More like a stomach-full.

AUSTIN
And the taste?

Cayde shrugs.

CAYDE
I assume what you'd expect...

AUSTIN
Uh huh.

Beat.

CAYDE
But at the same time a little better
than you'd expect.

Austin stares confusedly at Cayde and gently nods.

INT - HELL APARTMENT - UNCLEAR

The same space that Brian and Sage once occupied is now empty. The maximalism makes it hard to tell whether its day, night, or somewhere in-between. Incense and candles are still ablaze, but the space has lost its tranquility. A droning sound encompasses the room and focus is drawn to the burning candle.

The candle is abruptly extinguished.

EXT - WASHINGTON SQ. PARK - DAY

The park is it's usual self: weed vendors, skateboarders, cameras, and picture taking at the arch. However, the soundscape is overwhelmed by heavy breathing.

CUT TO

EXT - WASHINGTON SQ. PARK - MIDDLE CLOSE-UP - DAY

DUMB MALE BITCH (a white Chad, young professional) frantically runs through a low-traffic park. He's bleeding. A firm hand pushes him square in the back and he stumbles onto his knees. He's screams are impaired by his wounds.

Sklunk. A knife smoothly penetrates his back and his screams peak. His head arches back on all fours like a howling dog. Dumb Male Bitch's screams upset the stomach.

It's a cry for help but its social contract and phonetics have faded. The screams are drowned out by NYC traffic.

DUMB MALE BITCH
(sobbing)
Haaaal! Haaaal!

Dumb Male Bitch turns over in defense. It makes it all the easier for Brian to mount him - he has exposed his stomach. They calmly de-organ him right there.

The world doesn't bat an eye.

EXT. WASHINGTON SQ. PARK - CLOSE-UP ON THEM - DAY

Brian raises their head and checks their labored breathing. Playtime is always exhilarating. Dumb Male Bitch is gurgling his last breaths. Brian turns their head and casts a "*hello, there*" gaze over their shoulder.

CUT TO

EXT. WASHINGTON SQ. PARK - EYELINE MATCH WITH TYLER - DAY

TYLER (white, Chad, banker). Tyler is glued to the pavement, eyeline matched with Brian. He knows without a doubt he is the unique witness. He immediately abandons his *bench, coffee, and sunglasses* and turns to run.

Sage is ready for Tyler - they are standing directly behind him. Sage has a knife sticking straight out at stomach level... Tyler impales himself on the blade.

SAGE
What's your sign?

Tyler gurgles slightly.

SPLIT SCREEN CLOSE-UP

Brian and Sage give smirks of glee. It's too easy.

CUT TO

BLACK ON WHITE TITLE CARD

The frame over-exposes until the screen is a white card:

"SLASH BIN"

NOAMI'S FASHION MONTAGE

I want something here that makes the two characters seem dope as fuck. A montage with a funny camera lens - like a tunnel.

They ditch their bloody overalls and go shopping. They are truly stylish and show off their clothes in a music video fashion.

INT - WASHINGTON SQ. PARK BENCH - DAY

Brian and Sage sit next to each other on the far-end of a string of park benches. They are people watching in their new clothes. They are basking in the afterglow of murder.

SAGE

Your mount was giving cowgirl.

BRIAN

Stop.

SAGE

Go off-

BRIAN

What? Go off. What?

SAGE

What? Go off-

BRIAN

Het?

Sage smirks.

SAGE

(playfully)

Go off het.

BRIAN

(Italian mobster accent)

I ain't no fucking het.

Sage imitates a person riding cowgirl and moans gently, smirking all the while.

BRIAN

(Italian mobster accent)

I... ain't no fucking het.

SAGE

Sure...

Sage grabs Brian's arm and holds it down against the bench.

SAGE

No hitting.

Brian smiles at Sage knowingly for a moment. They resume people watching.

SAGE

Het or not you're a hero.

BRIAN

Me?

SAGE

Your rising says you save someone this month.

A skateboarder rolls through the park holding a tray with four coffees. He loses balance and slips off the skateboard and falls chest-first onto the pavement. The coffees crash to the ground hard. It's eerily similar to a viral internet video.

Brian and Sage both inhale dramatically - holding back laughter. Brian get's up and walks over to the collapsed skateboarder. Brian bends over and begins collecting the scattered objects. They gently help the Skateboarder up, hand him his belongings, and give him a nod. The Skateboarder spots some blood on Brian's hand and then nervously chuckles at himself.

Brian and Sage take out their phones and scroll for a minute or two. Boredom swells...

BRIAN

One more?

SAGE

One more.

INT - SPACE APARTMENT - DAY

Cayde slouches over his white desk watching YouTube on one monitor and has a Zoom team meeting for work up on the other. Cayde's camera is off but his team of 3 have their cameras on and are speaking. Neither screen is worth his attention - he gazes out the window.

After a moment Cayde un-docks his laptop and ducks out of his room.

INT - WHITE APARTMENT - DAY

Brian is primary focus but there is audible commotion. A paperweight comes hurling through the air towards Brian's head and they duck effortlessly out of the way.

BRIAN

Hey! Stop throwing shit!

EXT - SPACE OUTDOOR PATIO - DAY

The patio below Cayde's window has run-of-the-mill outdoor furniture. Cayde sets his laptop on one of the tanning chaises and begins looking around. He scans the area at full height to start and then more thoroughly checks underneath the furniture and in the grooves of the tiles.

Cayde looks up 21 stories at where he thinks his window is and aligns himself. He checks his feet. Still nothing.

From his laptop we can still hear the work meeting - he pays it no mind.

INT - WHITE APARTMENT - DUSK

The screen sneakily *datamoshes* from the message screen to Sage and Brian laying like snow angels next to a banker's corpse. The camera quality is cheaper than before.

We push in on the three heads (two colorful, one red with blood) until it fills the frame.

BRIAN

I hate when films reference other films... What trite recursion. Why do they do that? Why disrupt the internal logic of your piece to tip your hat? Bleh.

They pause for a second.

SAGE

It must be the art they consume...
The auteur's hand.

BRIAN

The auteur's hand indeed, Sage...
What do filmmakers do in their free time?... They watch film! So they're trying to write an introspective scene...

SAGE

Uh huh.

BRIAN

And they can't think of any art to explore... So where do those little fucks scurry to? Their fucking memories. Little bitches.

SAGE

No balls.

BRIAN

Not a single set of balls to be found on 'em... And you know why?

SAGE

Why?

BRIAN

Because any pussy can look to the past for guidance. What courage must it take to look up something new? Or, deliver no message at all?

SAGE

You know what? This conversation... It feels just like...

BRIAN

Just like?

SAGE

Just like a Joan Miro painting.

BRIAN

(mockingly)

Reaching... Are you sure it doesn't feel like Christopher Nolan's Inception?

SAGE

I'm not sure if it feels like Christopher Nolan's Inception, but with the right encouragement and a good nights rest I'm sure I could come around to the idea.

The share a smile. The framing starts to shift slightly.

There's faint grunts coming from MAN ON A STOOL (34, white, banker) offscreen.

Brian's gaze, once aimless and unbothered, is now concentrated at Man On a Stool's camerawork.

Brian briefly holds a grimace that melts into a smile.

BRIAN
 Hey. Hold it steady, will ya? You're
 ruining the shot. I know the
 dialogue is cheap but it was all
 improvised anyway.

CUT TO

INT - WHITE APARTMENT - MEDIUM OF MAN ON A STOOL - DUSK

The camera is back to its original quality.

Man On A Stool is on a noose connected to a pipe on the
 cieling. His face is bright red. One hand struggles to
 keep him topside while the other lazily holds a cheap
 camera.

Man On a Stool continues to grunt and struggle.

CUT TO

INT - WHITE APARTMENT - CLOSE ON NONBINS - DUSK

Sage is now scrolling on their phone and Brian is looking
 playfully at Man On a Stool.

BRIAN
 Seriously, you're gonna ruin it!

SAGE
 (whispers to herself)
 What's your sign? Ha ha.

Man On a Stool stuggles silently offscreen. Brian smiles -
 they're now bored.

Brian's body jerks slightly down. There's a *thud* from
 the contact of a Brian's Doc Martin hitting the stool and
 then there is a horrific *snap* of Man On a Stool's neck.
 The camera *tumbles* to the ground shortly after.

Brian chuckles at the sound.

Sage's phone buzzes. They check it and then brandish it to
 Brian.

SAGE
 Time to go.

They exit leaving behind the mutilated and swinging
 bodies. Sage picks up the camera on their way out.

INT - SPACE APARTMENT - NIGHT

Cayde is seated at his desk, legs on the table. He is
 casually scrolling *OnlyFans* content on his phone. Hhis
 phone makes the familiar Facetime vibration. He let's the

banner notification hang for a second and then picks up - its Austin.

INT - DUAL PHONE SCREENS - VIRTUAL NIGHT

They just stare at each other awkwardly. It's an *I won't laugh first* staring contest.

Austin multi-tasks and heads to Messages, finds Cayde, and sends him a message.

AUSTIN (T.M.)
(to Cayde)
Ur a bich.

Cayde reads the notification at the top of his phone - his awkward stare unchanging. Cayde multi-tasks away from the gay *OnlyFans* content to open Messages. On the other side of Messages is Photos. Cayde sneaks towards Photos but bails before anything is visible.

Cayde abruptly jumps into Messages and adds an exclaim reaction and then types.

CAYDE (T.M.)
(to Austin)
> I'm a bich?

Their stares are unchanged.

AUSTIN (T.M.)
> Yes, you. You are a bich.

CAYDE (T.M.)
> Me? A bich?

AUSTIN (T.M.)
> Yes.
> You.
> Are.
> A.
> Bich.

CAYDE (T.M.)
> Me?

AUSTIN (T.M.)
> You.

CAYDE (T.M.)
> I am...

AUSTIN (T.M.)
> You are.

The next messages deliver almost simulataneously.

CAYDE (T.M.)
> A bich?

AUSTIN (T.M.)
> A bich.
> That is correct.

Cayde breaks the verbal silence.

CAYDE
(in exhale)
Well, you got me there.

AUSTIN
I did, huh?

CAYDE
Yeah. With the whole.

AUSTIN
With the whole calling you...

AUSTIN	CAYDE
A bich thing?	A bich thing...

AUSTIN
Yeah. I kinda did.

CAYDE
You did. You really did. Well done.

AUSTIN
Thanks.

CAYDE
Yeah, no problem. I can recognize good work.

AUSTIN
So... 11ish?

CAYDE
Works for me.

AUSTIN
And maybe we can get these straggots laid.

Cayde's face sours for a moment and then composes himself.

CAYDE
Inshallah.

AUSTIN
Inshallah habibi.

Austin hangs up. Now it is just Cayde's screen. He multi-tasks again and stops before photos.

After a second, Cayde closes all his applications three at-a-time so that none but the first is visible.

INT - TRAIN CAR - NIGHT

Cayde and Austin ride in silence towards their destination.

INT - LES APARTMENT PARTY - HALLWAY - NIGHT

It's a dirty, under-furnished LES apartment. *Rock With You* by Michael Jackson plays loudly.

TEVIN (white, college student, Vineyard Vines) walks down the hall the party clutching a couple sheets of paper. He urgently pushes through hoardes of socializing NYU students. Tevin arrives at the door at the end of room to find a line of people with papers and laptops of their own.

TEVIN
(to himself)
Fuck.

Some others stumble in and out of the room but its clear they are there for a different reason.

Tevin's watch reads 10:30PM.

INT - LES APARTMENT PARTY - OFFICE - NIGHT

The room is dimly lit with a large wooden desk. The desk faces the door like a corporate office. On the business side of the desk are Sage and Brian. Brian lounges peacefully in a desk chair and Sage is zoned-in on a laptop.

On the client side of the desk is TIM (21, student, NYU hoodie), JADA (22, black, e-girl), LISA (22, white, denim skirt), and a COUPLE (who cares). Jada and Lisa are taking turns doing lines of cocaine, the Couple socializes, and Tim waits nervously for his computer.

BRIAN
Isn't that interesting, Tim?

TIM
Uh... Yeah... Yes. Yes it is.

BRIAN
You can imagine it, right?

TIM
Yeah...

BRIAN
Visualize it... Think about how it
breaks all other intuitions... Take
a slab of metal and a baseball bat.
If you swing-

Brian scans Tim up and down for a second.

BRIAN
If someone strong swings the bat at
the slab it will jettison
particulate matter and energy,
right?... Little pieces will go
flying each with their own
individual kinetic energy... Ya'
know? But, now let's say you swing
the bat a little harder. What
happens? Well, intuition tells us
that there will be a little more
particles, in number of course, and
a little more energy. Naturally, we
assume that these particles will be
moving a little faster. Easy, right?

Tim stares blankly.

BRIAN
Now this is more or less true for
big things - bats, metals, knives,
flesh but is it true for small
things? No, right? For small things
- electrons, protons, quarks this is
not the case. Energy of atomic and
sub-atomic particles excited off of
materials are discrete!... That is
to say when you swing that bat...
hard or soft...

Brian winks at Tim.

BRIAN
Tim, the stuff that flies off will
always come out at the same speed...
What the fuck? Like actually what
the fuck...

Tim actually thinks about the punchline for second.

BRIAN
Sage?

Sage nods and continues to focus on the laptop screen.

BRIAN
Now apply. Imagine your in some
dispute, with someone you care
(MORE)

BRIAN (CONT'D)
 about, domestic maybe? And you grab
 the nearest bludgeon... For poetry
 let's say a candelabra... And your
 Victorian wife has been sleeping
 with her handmaid. The patriarchy is
 buckling! We have to reinforce it!
 Quick! Right, Tim?

Tim nods yes and no at the same time.

BRIAN
 So, you go to bash her head in...
 And naturally your first swings are
 the most vengeful, the most angry...
 But by the fourth or fifth swing you
 realize the blood and bone is flying
 at you at the same speed even though
 your anger has subsided. Why?

Silence.

BRIAN
 It's crazy. Right, Tim? Why were you
 even swinging that candelabra in the
 first place if the damage done
 wasn't really up to you?... The
 damage we do is fixed,
 well-defined... out of our control.

TIM
 I-Is *she* almost done?

Tim immediately crawls into himself and Brian's eyes
 widen. Tim is in physical discomfort and jostles as if he
 is going to get up to leave.

BRIAN
 What was that Tim?

TIM
 Are *they* almost done?

BRIAN
 Hmmm. I thought I mis-heard you...

Tim is sweating. Sage breaks the tension.

SAGE
 All finished. Leave him be. I take
 she, her, hers as well Tim.

Brian, Sage, and Tim share a laugh. Tim is more at ease
 but still very uncomfortable. Sage hands Tim his computer
 and he puts it in his backpack.

BRIAN
Alright, Tim. It's been a pleasure.
Get the fuck out now.

TIM
I- Uh... Ok.

BRIAN
Send in the next one... And vectors
are easy? Just like add them and
stuff. Alright?

Tim shakes his head up-and-down, puts a hundred dollar
bill on the table, and walks out the door. A moment or so
passes and Tevin walks in and sits - he's in a hurry.

BRIAN
What can we do-

TEVIN
I need this done right the fuck now.

Sage and Brian antennae raise.

BRIAN
(frigidly)
Excuse me?

TEVIN
Group theory... Have you heard of
it? I need it done ASAP.

SAGE
(angrily)
What's your sign?

TEVIN
Fuck me. I knew I shouldn't have
come here. You guys don't have any
idea what the fuck you're doing.

The tone in the room shifts as both Brian and Sage correct
their posture and focus their attention on Tevin.

Everyone besides Tevin, Brian, and Sage leave the office.

BRIAN
I'm afraid you have me *all* the way
fucked up, Tevin... The next time my
olfactory system gets the slightest
waft of our intelligence being
challenged... I promise I will slit
you throat and bathe in your
internal organs.

Tevin believes the threat.

BRIAN
Give me the fucking problem set,
Tevin.

Tevin hands Brian the problem set and they immediately start filling out the proofs.

SAGE
Sign?

TEVIN
Wha- Libra I think. October 2nd.

Sage gives a disappointed smirk. They continue to look straight through Tevin as Brian finishes the work.

CUT TO

INT - LES APARTMENT HALLWAY - NIGHT

Cayde and Austin are lightly eavesdropping.

INT - LES APARTMENT PARTY - OFFICE DOOR - NIGHT

The door creaks open - breaking the tension. Austin and Cayde enter sheepishly. Both Brian and Sage perk-up at the newcomers. Sage looks to Brian and Brian looks at the two men.

BRIAN
Hi, there.
(to Cayde)
You're looking for something.

Cayde retreats into himself a bit.

CAYDE
Me? Oh, uh, not really...

AUSTIN
We're looking for coke... Right?
Cayde?

CAYDE
Yeah. Coke.

BRIAN
Coke?

AUSTIN
Uh... Yeah. Coke.

CAYDE
Yeah, just coke.

INT - LES APARTMENT PARTY - OFFICE - NIGHT

Brian gestures their hand to the side of the table with cocaine residue.

BRIAN
Right this way.

Austin and Cayde amble over to the desk. Austin places a hundred dollar bill in Brian's hand and Brian dumps a little baggie of cocaine on to a text book. They cut the coke up for them, roll up the bill, and hand it to Cayde.

Cayde accepts the one hundred straw. Cayde and Brian share an intimate gaze and then Cayde leans over the desk and does the first line. Cayde hands the straw to Austin. Austin snorts his line next.

There's a knock at the door.

BRIAN
Hmmm?

The head of MARCO (Latino, 23, jock) pops through the frame, scans the room, and then looks at Sage.

MARCO
Sage?... Brian?...

Beat.

MARCO
New guys... 3 and 0.

SAGE
Oh... We can't have that can we?

BRIAN
Oh no no... That just won't do at all.

Tevin, Cayde, and Austin are all confused.

BRIAN
(to the men)
Gentlemen.

Brian hands Tevin his problem set and gives a reassuring nod to Cayde and Austin. Tevin grabs his paper and eagerly checks his watch - it's 11:55PM. Cayde notices this exchange.

Brian and Sage get up in unison and head for the door. As they leave Brian turns to address Cayde and Austin.

BRIAN
Take your time. You can gimme the
straw after.

Sage gives one last glare at Tevin and they both exit.

Tevin is nervously checking the answers of his problem set. Cayde steps across the room and looks over Tevin's shoulder.

CAYDE
(to Tevin)
Group Theory?

TEVIN
Uh... Yeah.

Cayde gives the problem set a scan and nods in approval - well done. Austin finishes his last line of cocaine.

AUSTIN
(to Cayde)
Ready boss?

Cayde is jittery but still trapped in the problem set. Both Austin and Cayde tend to their cocaine-covered noses.

CAYDE
Uh... Yeah. Ready. One sec... I
mean. Yep, ready but give me a sec.
Alright.

AUSTIN
Yeah, sure whatever.

INT - LES APARTMENT PARTY - MAIN ROOM - NIGHT

Cayde and Austin jaunt out of the office full of energy - they're on cocaine. There's a beer pong table set up in the middle of the room. Sage and Brian are on one side of the table and on the other stand two Colombian men fresh off defeat.

BRIAN
(to Colombian men)
Tough luck. It's hard going
undefeated out here.

The crowd around is amused by the result but not surprised. Cayde and Austin approach Brian. Austin gives Brian the one hundred dollar bill straw and Cayde gives Brian a fifty dollar bill.

CAYDE
(to Brian)
From group theory kid.

Brian is intrigued by Cayde. Brian un-rolls, stacks, and then pockets the bills.

BRIAN
(to Cayde)
Care for a game? Or are you afraid
of losing to nonbins?

Cayde and Austin share a glance.

AUSTIN
Beer pong is a momentum game... And
we are on cocaine.

SAGE
It's a game of temperament.

Cayde is interested in prolonging his interaction with Brian.

CAYDE
Let's run it.

CUT TO

INT - LES APARTMENT PARTY - BEER PONG TABLE - NIGHT

Austin and Cayde are still hyped from their cocaine. They are physically jumping around in preparation for the game.

CAYDE
Eye to eye?

SAGE
No thanks. You can go first.

AUSTIN
Don't make decisions you'll regret.

SAGE
I have never made a decision I
regret.

Sage's response is crisp and cold.

AUSTIN
Alright, then. We start.

Austin and Cayde make their first few shots. They are gloating within reason but both are suspicious of the talent across the table.

Sage and Brian take turns missing and then feigning annoyance with their shots. Austin and Cayde have made three shots in the first three rounds and Sage and Brian

have made one. The crowd is a little confused by their performance.

Brian and Sage are down to two cups - they like the stakes. On their next shot Brian holds the ball up in their left hand so the room can see. They then take the ball out of their left hand with their right (implying right-hand dominance). They raise to shoot and make it in the bitch cup - *dink*. The small crowd cheers at the showmanship. Sage steps up to shoot and does the same. In the performance of it all Austin and Cayde forget to take the first ball out of the bitch cup. Sage drains their shot in the bitch cup as well.

Brian and Sage now take each shot almost simultaneously. Landing in the same cup within a split second of one another. Cayde and Austin try to intervene but only end up spilling their own cups. Brian and Sage have completely stoic demeanors throughout their game - they are unfazed professionals with a sinister execution style.

Brian and Sage are down to two cups and the boys are down to one. It's Brian and Sage's shot but they defer to Cayde and Austin for an attempt at redemption.

Cayde is eager for the opportunity - he likes the challenge. He steps up, looks at Brian coldly and makes his shot. Brian and Sage refuse to remove the ball - it's anyone's game.

The game is now up to Austin. Brian holds Cayde's gaze. Austin steps up, aims for a bit, shoots, and hits the front of the cup with Cayde's ball in it.

Brian smirks at Austin's failure. Cayde is unusually disappointed.

CUT TO

INT - LES APARTMENT PARTY - KITCHEN - NIGHT

Sage, Brian, Cayde, and Austin are making drinks in the kitchen.

BRIAN

You are complete shit at that game.

Nothing from the losers.

BRIAN

Did you hear me?

Brian gets in Cayde's face.

BRIAN

You.

CAYDE
What?

BRIAN
You are complete shit at that game.

Cayde turns away in defiance and this entices Brian.

BRIAN
I want to hear you say it.

CAYDE
What?

BRIAN
Say it.

CAYDE
I am complete shit at that game.
Easy.

BRIAN
That's right. You are.

CAYDE
I am.

BRIAN
You are.

Austin observes the exchange. He is vexed.

BRIAN
Dance?

CAYDE
Dance.

Cayde makes his way towards the music and Brian turns to follow.

SAGE
That's my bet.

Brian pulls away in jest.

INT - LES PARTY DANCE FLOOR - NIGHT

Cayde dances with both Brian and Sage but mainly with Brian. Cayde and Brian grind with one another but trade spots being big and little spoons.

Austin is bewildered.

INT - HELL APARTMENT - NIGHT

The gang files into the apartment. All are in good spirits except for Austin. Brian is really handsy with Cayde. Austin recoils at their intimate interactions.

Austin pulls Cayde over to the side.

AUSTIN
Alright, Cayde. Ready to go?

CAYDE
Uh...

BRIAN (O.S.)
Not so fast!

Brian pushes in and licks Caydes ear. Austin recoils.

BRIAN
Just take a seat, Austin. We-

AUSTIN
I'm good. I think I might head.

BRIAN
But wh-

AUSTIN
What are the two of you anyway?

Cayde is angered by Austin's attack. Brian observes Cayde and remains calm. Sage is alert.

BRIAN
I hope you mean to each other and not in general.

AUSTIN
I understand your identities. I mean your relationship.

Sage and Brian look at each other for second.

BRIAN
Well, Austin. We are non-binary friends. So everything...

SAGE
And nothing?

AUSTIN
Everything and nothing?

Austin gives a disapproving sigh. Cayde recoils angrily. Sage is getting annoyed.

SAGE
What's your sign?

Austin gives a dismissive laugh. Sage fixes their posture.

AUSTIN
Really? I'm a Taurus.

SAGE
(assertively)
No... You're a Capricorn.

Austin pauses - Sage is right. He's taken off-guard by their conviction. Sage's gaze at Austin has become beady, inhuman.

BRIAN
Broken clock?

AUSTIN
What?

BRIAN
That's what you're thinking
right?... Right? Twice a day?

Austin has no response.

BRIAN
Can your little brain not fit around
the idea?

AUSTIN
Of what? Your relationship?

Brian shrugs.

BRIAN
Of astrology.

AUSTIN
It's psuedo-science.

BRIAN
Is it?

AUSTIN
The orientation of the planets and
stars don't determine my happiness.

BRIAN
Well it seems like you deny
altogether that you are in system
with them. You and Ptolemy would be
good friends.

AUSTIN

Who?

BRIAN

Ptolemy. I don't care to explain...
Could I ask you a question then?

AUSTIN

(petulantly)

Sure.

BRIAN

Do the planets have orbits, cycles,
or patterns?

AUSTIN

Yes.

BRIAN

Are patterns of celestial bodies
functions of time?

Austin hesitates.

BRIAN

I mean, could I tell you where
Jupiter would be in a year.

AUSTIN

I guess so.

BRIAN

Definitely! Right? After relativity
even Mercury has well-defined orbit.

Austin legitimately doesn't know.

BRIAN

Well, Austin. If Jupiter were 100
million miles closer would your life
be any different?

Austin is silent. Cayde follows the line of reasoning.

BRIAN

Would gravity be different? Would
Earth move differently? Would you
move differently? Perhaps your brain
would process differently?...

Austin is still silent.

BRIAN

Certainly if Jupiter was laying on
top of you every October that would
affect the way you think, right?

(MORE)

BRIAN (CONT'D)

With the weight of Jupiter on you I reckon you would be thinking... not at all?

CAYDE

They're planetary bodies. There's definitely phys-

Austin is bound in the line of questioning. He lashes out.

AUSTIN

It's bullshit! It's clearly not science!

Brian reaches to prevent Sage from making a move.

CAYDE

It's not science? The masses and movements of planets... Not science?

AUSTIN

Cayde.

CAYDE

Austin.

Cayde is vexed - Brian gives him a reassuring nod.

BRIAN

Chill. All I know is that when you were born can have very serious impact on your existence. I've seen it firsthand... Ok, well. I think we can wrap it up then. Austin do you mind if I share smoke break with Cayde before you go?

AUSTIN

(annoyed)

Sure.

Brian beckons Cayde to follow.

EXT - 14TH STREET - NIGHT

Cayde and Brian stand outside against the wall. Cayde looks over to Brian who is checking the time on their phone.

CAYDE

Saw your group theory.

BRIAN

You like that?

CAYDE

Huh. Yeah, I guess so... I'm a sucker for rings.

BRIAN

Are you?

CAYDE

Yeah.

BRIAN

Algebra is so flexible. As you know.... The algebra we grow up on - it's just one. One of many. One way... to design an entire system of logic. There are so many ways to deem something as *logical*.

Cayde nods earnestly in agreement. Brian jostles their pockets looking for their cigarettes.

CAYDE

It's wild.

BRIAN

It truly is... Do you consider how people design spaces, Cayde?

CAYDE

Not actively.

CUT TO

INT - HELL APARTMENT - NIGHT

Sage sits across from Austin with the glare of bloodlust. Austin is uncomfortable.

CUT BACK TO

INT - 14TH STREET - NIGHT

BRIAN

Well, a while ago the United States came into a bunch of land. Like, 1785, a while ago ya' know? They had all this bountiful land with wildly organic contours: rivers, lakes, topological differences, ya' know? The U.S. is about progress so we had to get farms going for sustenance and the like... And it had to be easy to manage. So, they had to find a way to break up this wonderful curvacious nature... Thomas Jefferson proposes Township and
(MORE)

BRIAN (CONT'D)

Range... Cut it all up into boxes.
So be it, it needs to be easy to
divide and distribute - I get it.

Brian realizes that they only have the box of cigarettes
they start perusing their jacket for a lighter.

BRIAN

Fast forward and the United States
is standardizing education. We're
mass producing public schools.
Literacy rates are low, education
yields economic prosperity, eccetera.
You see these spaces aren't for
farming or living, they're for
learning. Spaces to make new ideas
fit into small heads. What does that
space look like? If you ask me I
don't have a clue. Maybe loads of
common space, maybe colorful - I
don't know. I presume a space like
that has be pretty adaptive and
creative. No idea in my head was
placed neatly on a shelf in
ortho-linear grey matter, Cayde. So,
how did we design them?

CAYDE

More squares.

BRIAN

Now isn't that just lazy?...

Brian finally finds the lighter.

BRIAN

Here it is.

They take a cigarette out of the box and brandish it to
Cayde with an all-to-familiar firm grip.

BRIAN

Chew on the idea... And tell me how
many boxes you find yourself in.

We watch as Cayde finishes his cigarette and digests the
thought. At the end of the cigarette he nods passively,
tosses the butt to the ground, and steps on it.

CAYDE

Fair enough.

CUT TO

INT - BRIAN'S PHONE - VIRTUAL - NIGHT

Brian drafts a message to Sage.

BRIAN (T.M.)
Chopped cheese?

After a second a thumbs-up reaction is added to the message.

INT - HELL APARTMENT STAIRWELL - NIGHT

Sage passes Cayde on his way up the stairs - both dawn thousand yard stares.

CUT TO

INT - HELL APARTMENT - CLOSE ON CANDLE - NIGHT

The candle is extinguished and then picked up by Cayde with white knuckles.

CUT TO

BLACK SCREEN

There's silence for a moment and then the only sound is the blood curdling screams of Austin, and then more silence.

INT - TRAIN CAR - NIGHT

Brian and Sage are riding towards their destination quietly eating chopped cheeses. Fade to black.

CUT TO

BLACK SCREEN

Some time on a black screen until a vertical rectangle appears...

INT - CAYDE'S PHONE - VIRTUAL

Cayde is on Twitter. There are three Tweets of interest:

JULYBAEEE (T.M.)
Mercury is in retrograde. Capricorns seek shelter!

MIKEZUCKER (T.M.)
3 more mass shootings, 3 more thoughts and prayers policies. Supply and demand.

NYPD (T.M.)
Suspects still at large...

The last Tweet is cutoff. Cayde multi-tasks and goes to Photos, clicks on albums, and scrolls to the bottom to find the hidden tab.

There are many inappropriate images of Austin (clearly taken without his consent or knowing) as well as other pornographic content.

Cayde explores these images as *Marilyn Monroe* by Sevdaliza plays.

CREDITS

Cayde grooves to *Bag Lady* by Erykah Badu.