

**SLASH BIN**

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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, singses the end of it, and chucks it over.

Another exhale.

**INT - HELL APARTMENT - NIGHT**

BRIAN (petite, horn-rimmed glasses, mousy) and SAGE (tall, brown, angroginous) 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 RYAN (white, fratty, finance) at their dinner table. Sweat from half-iced coffees and napkins litter the table.

RYAN  
The entire joint?

CAYDE  
Yeah I guess so...

RYAN  
Guess?

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

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

RYAN  
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.

RYAN  
In flavor?

CAYDE  
What? No. In appearance, I guess.

RYAN  
Uh huh.

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

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

RYAN (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.

RYAN  
And the taste?

Cayde shrugs.

CAYDE  
I assume what you'd expect...

RYAN  
Uh huh.

Beat.

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

Ryan stares confusedly at Cayde and gently nods. Beat.

RYAN  
Right.

Ryan gets up from the table and heads to his room to get  
ready for work.

RYAN  
I guess if you're smart enough you  
can do whatever you want... I'm  
gonna go work.

**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 hurt. A firm hand pushes him square in the back and he stumbles onto his knees. He's already screaming louder than his wounds should let him.

*Sklunk.* The 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.

**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 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?

BRIAN  
Ooo la la.

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 - he chuckles at himself in return.

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.

#### **INT - VIRTUAL ROOM WITH TEAM - DAY**

Just the laptop window of the four people. Throughout their conversation Cayde scrolls mindlessly through some machine learning papers and occasionally back to the meeting when the tension peaks.

The teammates, AL, ROBERT, and EVE are debugging - bound by their digital squares.

AL  
I don't think that's my job.

EVE  
It is.

ROBERT  
I think she's right.

AL  
It can't be.

BOB  
(genuinely)  
Oh. Why?

AL  
Instruction-wise I don't use the  
SIMD set. I don't know why I would.  
It's a simple module - just a  
sequential reader.

EVE  
Oh... Uh... It's not just a  
sequential read though, right?  
(thinking)  
I mean read, correct?

Eve cutely laughs to herself and Al and Robert chuckle  
along. After a second Al goes to a resume.

AL  
I-

Eve interrupts assertively.

EVE  
It isn't one because of how it's  
called, right?

Eve has picked up the pace of conversation.

EVE  
You're sharing?

Al shakes his head affirmatively.

EVE  
Open its callsite real quick.

We hear Cayde exhale in the background. He's off screen  
but he is now in control of his keyboard and mouse.

AL  
'Kay.

Eve is leading Al through this now - he's a passenger.

EVE  
See?

AL  
Hmmm?



EVE  
Your memoizing the result on each  
run.

AL  
Oh... Yeah. I am.

EVE  
So of course the job is faulting.

Al still does not understand.

EVE  
You'll get a SIMD instuction every  
four iterations.

Nothing from Al.

EVE  
...Because the chunk size is 16  
bytes, right? One per int?

BOB  
Ohhhhh, I see.

It clicks for Al.

AL  
When it reads through the result it  
will optimize for a SIMD  
instruction... Yeah...

Al is understanding the scope of the problem.

AL  
Well, fuck.

They share a laugh.

AL  
I didn't think-

EVE  
...Yeah...

Al won't get to finish a thought in this meeting.

EVE  
Just give it its own compile  
behavior - should be fine.

BOB  
Wild... Hey y'all I got to bounce -  
another meeting.

CAYDE  
Yep. Same.

Cayde closes the meeting window and heads to calendar to  
open the next one.

**INT - VIRTUAL ROOM WITH EVE - DAY**

The same UI as the last virtual room. It's just a one-on-one with Eve now.

CAYDE  
Good catch.

Eve shrugs off the compliment.

CAYDE  
Updates?

EVE  
Nope.

CAYDE  
Alright, peace.

EVE  
Bye.

They meeting ajourns and Cayde goes back to the code. He screenshots a couple lines, goes to his messages, finds Eve, and sends it to her.

CAYDE (T.M.)  
Look's like it might be every 8.  
Same result though... it needs its  
own compile behavior.

Eve sends back the *Eric Wareheim mind-blown GIF*.

**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  
Why do you think film always talks  
about itself?

SAGE  
What do you mean?

BRIAN  
I mean, often when a character  
reaches for some artistic  
inner-exploration they find  
themselves talking about film... In  
film.

SAGE  
I guess that's true... They never  
find themselves in the oil painting  
department.

BRIAN  
Especially if there is no museum or  
painting in the scene.

They pause for a second.

BRIAN  
I think I know why...

SAGE  
Why?

BRIAN  
It's the art they consume.

SAGE  
Ah... The auteur's hand shows itself  
again.

BRIAN  
It must! What do filmmakers do in  
their free time?... Watch film! So  
they're trying to write an  
introspective scene, right?

SAGE  
Right.

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 nods in agreement. There's a pause in their dialogue  
and the camera 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!

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 computer. From the desk his phone makes the familiar Facetime vibration. He let's it ring for a second and then picks up - its Ryan.

**INT - DUAL PHONE SCREENS - VIRTUAL NIGHT**

They just stare at each other awkwardly. In the background of Ryan's room we can hear a BUSINESS MAN (Hartman) talking on one of his calls.

BUSINESS MAN (O.S)

Anyone?

Silence from the offscreen audience.

BUSINESS MAN

C'mon. No one knows the most important mechanic in business?...  
No one? C'mon. Any guesses?

RANDOM GUY steps up to the plate.

RANDOM GUY (O.S.)

Product?... The business is worthless-

BUSINESS MAN (O.S)

Ah! Nope. Anyone? Anyone else got an answer?... Chris, what do you think?

CHRIS, startled, unmutes his microphone.

CHRIS (O.S.)

Well.. I guess brass tacks it comes down to revenue. Right?...

BUSINESS MAN (O.S.)

(to CHRIS, leadingly)

Uh huh.

Ryan and Cayde are still staring at each other on Facetime. Ryan multi-tasks and heads to Messages, finds Cayde, and sends him a message.

RYAN (T.M.)

(to Cayde)

Ur a bich.

Cayde reads the notification at the top of his phone - his awkward stare unchanging. Cayde multi-tasks to open Messages and hesitates on the browser application that divides Facetime and Messages - it's more gay *OnlyFans* content.

On the other side of Messages is Photos. Cayde sneaks towards Photos but bails before anything is visible. He retreats and holds on the *OnlyFans* content momentarily.

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

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

Their stares don't change and the conversation in Ryan's background continues on.

CHRIS (O.S.)  
So it's definitely gotta come down  
to core revenue drivers... Right?...  
So marketing?

BUSINESS MAN (O.S.)  
(to himself, then his  
audience)  
*Sweet fuck.* No. The core mechanic  
of business is the short-term  
amortization of illiquid assets.

Ryan hears this and cups his face in one hand. Their awkward stares melt and they share a smirk. We can hear Business Man breathe heavily in frustration. Ryan breaks their Facetime silence:

RYAN  
My god.

CAYDE  
Wow.

PROFESSOR (50, law professor) intervenes to save Business Man some face.

PROFESSOR (O.S.)  
Alright. We're over time so let's  
hop off. Thanks for putting aside  
the time Ron.

BUSINESS MAN (O.S.)  
Yep, no worries... Thanks.

JAMES  
Thanks, Ron.

There is a sea of thank you's from students as they sign off of the call.

RYAN  
 (to Zoom, then to Cayde)  
*Thanks, Ron. I love TA-ing this*  
*class. So, l1ish?*

CAYDE  
 Works for me. Haven't done anything  
 in 3 hours anyway.

Ryan, still in conversation with Cayde, goes back to  
 chatting with him on Messages.

RYAN (T.M.)  
 Yes, you. You are a b1ch.

Cayde reads the message and then adds a heart react to it.

RYAN  
 Alright, cool.

Ryan 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 - 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 - TRAIN CAR - NIGHT**

Cayde and Ryan ride in silence towards their destination.

#### **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  
(MORE)



BRIAN (CONT'D)  
to say when you swing that bat, Tim,  
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  
about, domestic maybe? And you grab  
the nearest bludgeon... For poetry  
let's say a candelabra... And your  
Victorian wife has been sleeping  
with the maid and the patriarchy is  
buckling! We have to reinforce its  
structure! Quick! Right, Tim?

Tim nods awkwardly.

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.

This is certainly a mis-step from Tevin.

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 PARTY - OFFICE DOOR - NIGHT**

The tension is broken by the door opening. Ryan 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.

RYAN

Hey... Uh... C-

BRIAN

Coke?

RYAN  
Uh... Yeah. Coke.

**INT - LES APARTMENT PARTY - OFFICE - NIGHT**

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

BRIAN  
Right this way.

Ryan and Cayde amble over to the desk. Ryan 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 Ryan. Ryan 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 Ryan are all confused.

BRIAN  
(to the men)  
Gentlemen.

Brian hands Tevin his problem set and gives a reassuring nod to Cayde and Ryan. 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 Ryan.

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. Ryan finishes his last line of cocaine.

RYAN  
(to Cayde)  
Ready boss?

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

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

RYAN  
Yeah, sure whatever.

**INT - LES APARTMENT PARTY - MAIN ROOM - NIGHT**

Cayde and Ryan 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 Ryan approach Brian. Ryan 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 Ryan share a glance.

RYAN  
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**

Ryan 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.

RYAN  
Don't make decisions you'll regret.

SAGE  
I have never made a decision I  
regret.

Sage's response is crisp and cold.

RYAN  
Alright, then. We start.

Ryan 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. Ryan 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 Ryan 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 Ryan 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 Ryan 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 Ryan. Brian holds Cayde's gaze. Ryan steps up, aims for a bit, shoots, and hits the front of the cup with Cayde's ball in it.

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

CUT TO

**INT - LES APARTMENT PARTY - KITCHEN - NIGHT**

Sage, Brian, Cayde, and Ryan 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  
Molly?

CAYDE  
What?

BRIAN  
MDMA.

Cayde takes this as a challenge.

RYAN  
I thi- CAYDE  
Sure.

Sage pulls Brian to the side briefly.

SAGE  
That's my het.

Brian pulls away in jest.

#### **MOLLY MONTAGE**

All but Ryan are having a great time - the song *Tocarte* plays.

1. They wait in line for a bar.
2. Sage does a *Frances Ha* ATM run.
3. Cayde grinds with Brian.
4. Ryan stands alone near the bar.
5. Cayde and Ryan observe each other's behaviors.
6. Brian and Sage are good dancers.
7. They walk home.

#### **INT - HELL APARTMENT - NIGHT**

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

Ryan pulls Cayde over to the side.



RYAN  
Alright, Cayde. Ready to go?

CAYDE  
Uh...

BRIAN (O.S.)  
Not so fast!

Brian pushes in and licks Caydes ear. Ryan recoils.

BRIAN  
Just take a seat, Ryan. We-

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

BRIAN  
But wh-

RYAN  
What are the two of you anyway?

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

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

RYAN  
I understand your identities. I mean your relationship.

Sage and Brian look at each other for second.

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

SAGE  
And nothing?

RYAN  
Everything and nothing?

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

SAGE  
What's your sign?

Ryan gives a dismissive laugh. Sage fixes their posture.

RYAN  
Really? I'm a Taurus.

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

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

BRIAN  
Broken clock?

RYAN  
What?

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

Ryan is silenced he feels in the minority.

BRIAN  
Can your little brain not fit around  
the idea?

RYAN  
Of what? Your relationship?

Brian shrugs.

BRIAN  
Of astrology.

RYAN  
It's pseudo-science.

BRIAN  
Is it?

RYAN  
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.

RYAN  
Who?

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

RYAN  
(petulantly)  
Sure.

BRIAN  
Do the planets have orbits, cycles,  
or patterns?

RYAN  
Yes.

BRIAN  
Are patterns of celestial bodies  
functions of time?

Ryan hesitates.

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

RYAN  
I guess so.

BRIAN  
Definitely! Right? After relativity  
even Mercury has well-defined orbit,  
right?

Ryan legitimately doesn't know.

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

Ryan 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?...

Ryan is still silent.

BRIAN  
Certainly if Jupiter was laying on  
top of you every October that would  
affect the way you think, right?  
With the weight of Jupiter on you I  
reckon you would be thinking... not  
at all?

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

RYAN  
It's bullshit! It's clearly not  
scientific!

Brian reaches to prevent Sage from making a move. Cayde  
has his face in his hands.

BRIAN  
No, worries. 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. Ryan do you  
mind if I share smoke break with  
Cayde before you go?

RYAN  
(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  
Yeah, you like that?

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

BRIAN  
Are you?...

CAYDE  
Yeah.

BRIAN  
I remember when I started to see the  
scope of algebra... It made me aware  
of the structure we impose on the  
world. The algebra we grow up on -  
it's just one. How things  
mix-and-match depends...

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

CAYDE  
It's wild.

BRIAN

Algebra makes me consider where else that notion exists... How often do you consider how people design spaces, Cayde?

CAYDE

Not often.

CUT TO

**INT - HELL APARTMENT - NIGHT**

Sage sits across from Ryan with the glare of bloodlust. Ryan 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 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

(MORE)

BRIAN (CONT'D)  
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. Well...

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

BRIAN  
Take this, fag...

Brian smirks.

BRIAN  
And chew on the idea... If you're  
smart enough to realize the boxes we  
live in were poorly designed by  
someone else... Why live in them at  
all?

Beat. Brian lights both there cigarettes.

BRIAN  
And it's a virtual age. Whatever  
subscription you don't like... You  
can cancel.

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.

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 Ryan, 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 Ryan (clearly taken without his consent or knowing) as well as other pornographic content.

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

**CREDITS**

All of the credits sit next to some TikToks made by Cayde, Sage, and Brian.