MERGE CONFLICT

INT. COMPUTER LAB - NIGHT

An empty, peaceful space. The quiet humming of computers. ALICE
sits at a monitor, hunched over her keyboard, thoughtfully
pondering a line of code. After giving it a good-old college
try, she sighs and leans back, taking a swig of the coffee next
to her.

                    ALICE
          Well, I'm stuck.

She glances over her shoulder.

                    ALICE
          Bob. You make any progress on
          backend?

                    BOB (O.S.)
          I'm a little preoccupied here.

CUT TO BOB. We're behind his shoulder, not quite looking over
it. He seems unnerved, and honestly a little peeved.

                    ALICE
          Well, get un-occupied. What's the
          matter?

                    BOB
          Are you being serious right now?

                    ALICE
          Yes, I'm being serious right now.
          This project is due tomorrow and
          we haven't merged any of our code
          yet. What could possibly be more
          important?

                    BOB
          I can think of one thing.

                    ALICE
Look, I know it's Wednesday, but
if you mention Smoke's even once,
I'm gonna--

                    BOB
Alice.

                    ALICE
Also, where is Carol? I know she
finished database-side like two
weeks ago, but that doesn't mean
she can skip out on--

                    BOB
*Alice.* Get over here right now.

                    ALICE
Fine.

Alice gets up and walks over to where Bob is standing. CUT TO
FRONT--a low shot of Alice and Bob's faces. Alice sighs.

                    ALICE (cont'd)
Okay. I see what you were talking
about.

                    BOB
You literally saw this five
minutes ago. How did you already
forget?

                    ALICE
It's very simple. I sat down to
Google how we should get help. My
code was already open on my
screen. I just got distracted.
Which isn't a bad thing, by the
way. Remember how our project is
due tomorrow?

                    BOB
          This situation is directly related
          to our project. I mean--we're
          fucked. Essentially.

                    ALICE
          We are not fucked.

Bob and Alice look back down. CUT TO POV. Finally, we see CAROL,
laying dead on the ground, an extension cord wrapped around her
neck.

                    ALICE (cont'd)
          Actually, maybe we are a little
          bit fucked.

                    BOB
          Jesus Christ.

                    ALICE
          Well, this explains why she never
          responded in the group chat.

BOB walks away from the body, looking distressed.

                    ALICE (cont'd)
          How are we supposed to finish now?
          Carol was the only one who knew
          what was going on.

                    BOB
          Carol's dead, Alice.

                    ALICE
          I'm aware, Bob.

                    BOB
          No, you're not hearing me. *Carol.*
          *Is. Dead.* And she was probably

murdered. We need to call the
police.

          ALICE
Fuck. Okay. You're right.

Alice pulls out her phone. Pauses.

          ALICE (cont'd)
But do we really, though?

          BOB, *distraught*
Alice!

          ALICE
No, okay, I know that sounds bad.
But think about this logically. If
we call the police, they'll hold
us for questioning. And who knows
how long that will take?

          BOB
Are you actually complaining
about--

          ALICE
We're gonna lose *hours* of work
time. And you know stingy Evans is
with late days. Like, remember
when Frank Wu got struck by
lightning in the middle of campus
and was in the hospital for a
week?

          BOB
Evans docked 20 points from his
submission. Said he should've been
less conductive.

          ALICE

Exactly. So, Carol's dead. So
what? This project's worth 50% of
our final grade. A late day would
knock us down a whole letter.

           BOB
Shit.

           ALICE
We need to figure this code out
first. *Then* we call the police.

           BOB
Okay. … Okay, yeah.

Bob starts to sit down in front of his laptop. Then his senses
come back to him, and he stands back up.

           BOB
Wait--no! What am I even doing? No
grade is worth more than the life
of our teammate.

           ALICE
She's already dead, Bob.

           BOB
She deserves *justice.*

           ALICE
Justice is best served cold.

           BOB
Not how the saying goes.

           ALICE
And she'll be nice and cold *after*
we finish this project. Right now,
she's still-

Alice kneels down to grasp Carol's hand, then jerks back, startled by the temperature.

>                    ALICE, *quietly*
>           She's already super cold. How long
>           has she been here?

>                    BOB
>           We got here at the same time.

>                    ALICE
>           Can you not sass me right now?

>                    BOB
>           Whatever. Look, I get what you're
>           saying about grades. We're
>           probably gonna fail if we don't
>           get this done tonight. So let's
>           just get this done as soon as
>           possible, so we can do something
>           about Carol.

>                    ALICE
>           Thank you.

>                    BOB
>           What should we do first?

>                    ALICE
>           Well, I'm kinda stuck where I am,
>           and I assume you are, too.

>                    BOB
>           Naturally.

>                    ALICE
>           Let's just merge with Carol's code
>           and see if it even runs, and if it
>           does, maybe her work is enough for
>           us to turn in.

                    BOB
          Sure, why not.

Alice moves her computer next to Bob's. They do a bunch of
complicated CIS stuff, until an error message pops up on screen.

                    BOB
          115 merge conflicts!?

                    ALICE
          No README, nothing. Carol didn't
          even write any comments. How are
          we supposed to know what to
          delete?

                    BOB
          I'm sure Carol wasn't planning on
          being strangled to death and
          leaving us to decipher her code.

                    ALICE
          And there are no office hours this
          late, so we can't ask the TAs for
          help.

Bob lights up.

                    BOB
          Unless…

He pulls out his phone, dialing a number.

                    BOB (cont'd)
          Hey, David!

                    ALICE
          David Pent? The Friday TA?

                    BOB
             (covering the receiver)
          Yes.

                    ALICE
          Why do you have his number?

                    BOB
          Not important.
               (back to the phone)
          Yeah, hey, what's up? So, Alice
          and I are working on the 487 final
          project, and I was wondering-

Beat.

                    BOB (cont'd)
          No, yeah, I get it. I just wanted
          to ask-

Beat.

                    BOB (cont'd)
          No, you were very clear. I-

Long beat.

                    BOB (cont'd)
          Understood.

Bob hangs up.

                    ALICE
           What'd he say?

                    BOB
          Not to use his number for
          debugging questions. Let's just
          say my Saturday nights are a lot
          freer now.

Alice makes a face.

                    ALICE

With our TA, Bob?

          BOB
Don't be crass. He kicked me off
his DnD campaign.

Alice makes a different face.

          ALICE
Not sure that's any better.

          BOB
So, there's no way we're fixing
this ourselves. Now that we're
actually, factually, irreversibly
fucked, can we please call the
police?

          ALICE
Not yet. I still think we can fix
this tonight. We just need to push
through it.

          BOB
What is there to push through?
We're both clueless. The only
reason we got this far into the
project is because Carol
single-handedly *pulled* us through.
I don't think I even knew how to
use Git before this semester.

          ALICE
Well, I'm not going to retake this
class just because you want to
play Good Samaritan, Robert.

          BOB
I'm not going to let you disregard
our *murdered teammate* just for the

                              sake of something as stupid as
                              GPA, Allison.

                         ALICE
               You really think you're gonna get
               a FAANG internship with a 1.2?
               Grow the fuck up.

                         BOB
               *You* grow the fuck up!

                         ALICE
               No, *you*—

A loud yawn from off-screen. Alice and Bob scream in horror,
clutching one another.

Long beat. Alice and Bob slowly turn their heads towards where
Carol's body was.

                         BOB
                    …Carol?

CUT TO: Carol, perfectly alive, sitting up and stretching.

                         CAROL
               Good morning. When did you guys get here?

                         ALICE
               You're alive?
                    (to BOB, relieved)
               Dude, she's alive. She-

Alice shoves away from Bob.

                         ALICE (cont'd)
               You moron. You didn't check her
               pulse?

                         BOB

She had an extension cord wrapped
around her neck; I think that's
license to believe she wasn't
breathing. You held her hand--why
didn't *you* check?

          ALICE
Her hand was cold!

          CAROL
Haha, sorry, bad circulation.

          BOB
But then, why the…

Bob gestures around his neck.

          CAROL
Oh, yeah. I wanted to prank you
guys when you got here. But I
guess I fell asleep. My bad.

          ALICE
Oh my god.

Carol reaches for her backpack and pulls out her laptop.

          CAROL
Good thing you guys were yelling
so loud, it woke me up, hehe. Were
you arguing about something?

Alice and Bob look at one another.

          BOB
Nope.

          ALICE
Nah.

          CAROL

>               Awesome. Let's get this done, so I
>               can go back to sleep.

Alice and Bob share one last look of horror, then walk
off-screen to sit next to Carol and debug their code.


                    END