

BUILT TO LAST

written by

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FADE IN:

INT. APARTMENT - DAY

Up beat Garage rock plays.

Camera pans across the wall of a run down apartment. We pass framed pictures and posters. All of the people in the pictures look between 16-19.

INSERT - PICTURES

- BILL (hefty, tattered, white guy with black hair) leans on a guitar case with a beer in his hand. TODD (5'10" with a very average build and short brown hair) stands next to him and smiles with his hands in his pockets. Two other band mates stand and pose, one with a guitar strapped to his back and the other sits behind the drum kit.

- Todd poses in the middle of an Philadelphia street on a one speed commuter bike. SYDNEY (a brunette with smooth pale skin and round facial features, poses in a half squat in front of him with her arms out. ERIC (a pale skinny male with short frizzy brown hair, hugs Todd's waist.

- Bill stands in a record store with "Electric warrior" by T. Rex on display, happy to have found it.

- Bill, Todd, and two band mates, KEN and REED, play in a small basement. Bill leans into a microphone, Todd plays bass. There is a crowd of elated teenagers who enjoy the music. Eric sits on an amp behind the band sipping a beer.

- A shot that looks over a small cement backyard with a cloud cigarette smoke hangs above a crowd of teenagers stand and converse. Sydney stands in the corner with two girls, LILY and KENNEDY. Eric stands behind Sydney watching the conversation.

-Todd, Bill, and Eric are sitting on a stoop eating huge slices of pizza. Todd has his thumb up, Bill is making a funny face, and Eric is smiling.

We pan off the wall.

Bill, Ken, and Reed, are in a very small living room playing the song we have been hearing. They are now older (22 years old). Two big comfy chairs are pushed to the side walls and a big worn down couch is pushed to a wall by the door, facing the band.

Sydney (age 21) and Eric (age 21) sit on a couch with SCOTT (skinny, pale, medium length blonde hair, age 22) who is snuggled into Eric whose hair is much longer and frizzier. In front of them is a coffee table riddled with empty beer cans, ash, and miscellaneous wrappers.

FEMALE VOICE (O.S.)  
BILL?! Are you fucking kidding me?!

The band falters as the high pitch voice overpowers the music.

GINA, a girl about the same height as Bill with dirty blonde hair in a pony tail, storms into the room.

GINA  
Bill!

BILL  
(Annoyed)  
Gina! What?!

GINA  
Why don't you fucking guess?

BILL  
I told you they were coming over to practice today. This is our first practice in over a year.

GINA  
I don't give a shit about your practice. I'm tired of seeing your dirty fucking dishes in the sink! I feel like a god damn maid!

Ken and Reed calmly pack up their equipment. Scott gives Eric a kiss on the cheek, gets up from the couch, and leaves.

BILL  
Nobody asked you to do the god damn dishes. You don't even live here!

GINA  
It takes 5 seconds to clean a plate. I don't get how you can live like such a slob!

Sydney grabs a PBR from the coffee table. Eric grabs a cigarette from a pack on the table. He puts it in his mouth and plops the pack back down.

They both get up from the couch and head to the door.

BILL  
It's one fucking plate.  
(To Eric and Sydney)  
Guys, back me up here.

Eric and Sydney close the door behind them.

GINA  
It's not one fucking plate it's a  
whole sink! There are literal flies  
circling in your kitchen.

BILL  
What's your fucking deal?

GINA  
Don't you fucking talk to me like  
that. I'm not you're god damn mom and  
I'm tired of acting like it!

BILL  
What the hell are you talking about?

GINA  
You better start taking care of this  
god damn house because I have no idea  
how those two live with you when you  
don't clean or fucking do laundry or  
jack shit!

EXT. PORCH - DAY

Sydney and Eric hang out on the stoop.

Sydney sips her beer and Eric drags from his cigarette and looks around. Bill and Gina scream over each other from inside.

BILL (O.S.)  
Why are you acting like those are all  
my dishes?! Half that shit isn't even  
mine! Stop acting like you live here!

GINA (O.S.)  
I basically live here given all of the  
fucking work I put into making your  
life seem even remotely livable!

BILL (O.S.)  
 What the hell are you talking about?

Their voices begin to fade out and we tilt from Sydney and Eric up to the sky.

GINA (O.S.)  
 You wouldn't last a god damn week in this shit hole if I wasn't here!

BILL (O.S.)  
 You're fucking crazy! No one asks you to do anything around here.

GINA (O.S.)  
 I'm crazy?! You are out of fucking line thin--

BILL  
 I didn't say you were crazy--

Framed in the sky: "Built to Last"

INT. LIVING ROOM - DAY

In the middle of the room is a crappy wooden table. The album "The Stooges" by The Stooges plays on a record player in the living room, visibly from the kitchen. The album sleeve rests next to the player, facing the kitchen. Bill, Sydney, and Eric sit around the table and play Rummy 500.

Sydney looks at her cards intently.

Eric is pale, he holds his cards in front of him but stares into nothing.

BILL  
 And yeah, I'm not saying that this album is *bad* by any means but it's just so obvious that by Funhouse it was just the music that Iggy actually wanted to be making. Like the guy fucking cuts himself on stage and rubs hamburger meat all over his chest. To give the self titled some credit though, the music itself still floats today but just look at the album art. I mean it's like every record cover from the 60's was shot in front of the same school picture background. --

Sydney discards a 2 of clubs and reorganizes her cards. She looks at Eric.  
Eric sits motionless.

SYDNEY

Eric.

Eric blinks and slowly grabs a card and places it in his hand. He looks at all of his cards and slowly places a 2 of diamonds into the discard pile.

INSERT - DISCARD PILE

There are 5 cards in the discard pile. Three of them are 2's.

Sydney and Bill exchange a glance but do not call rummy.

BILL (CONT'D)

I don't know, it's just I feel like this is the kinda stage in their music where they really split off from the path of like where, say, T. Rex went kinda straying from the whole post-psychedelic scene and that fusion of psychedelic and glam rock with Electric Warrior. Well not Glam rock but like... I don't even know. It just sounds like modern shit from today. Honestly, fuck, that album is so god damn legendary.

The turn has circled back around to Eric. Sydney bumps him with her shoulder to get his attention. Eric does not notice.

BILL (CONT'D)

I mean that album is just a masterpiece. You take these amps like the old Dynacos that just never fucking quit, caus' you know that's the difference. Back then that equipment was made to sound great and built to last--

Bill looks at Eric.

BILL

(Aggressive yell)

ERIC.

Eric looks up at Bill bitterly. Eric takes three random cards fro his hand and puts them in front of him.

Sydney looks up at Bill. Bill glances back at her and then down to his cards.

Beat

Bill picks up a card from the deck.

BILL  
(Whistles)  
Damn, Better start countin' those  
points.

Bill places down three of a kind.

Sydney picks up a card, places her old card on Bill's new three of a kind and discards the one she just picked up, winning the game.

SYDNEY  
Aw, thanks Bill, you didn't have to.

BILL  
What?!

SYDNEY  
(Counting points)  
And that's 500, game over. I couldn't  
have done it without you.

BILL  
(Half-joking)  
You cheated and you know it.

Sydney lights a cigarette and gathers all of the cards.

BILL  
Man that was beat. I'm gonna go to the  
store and grab a pack. Eric, coming  
with me?

Eric does not move.

SYDNEY  
Can you get me a pack? This is my last  
one.

Sydney holds up her cigarette.

BILL  
Sydney, hell no. You still owe me 5  
dollars from two nights ago.

(To Eric)  
Eric, are you coming?

SYDNEY  
Come on! I'm getting paid tomorrow. I  
promise I'll get you back.

ERIC  
I'm gonna go to Scott's.

Eric slowly gets up from his chair.

SYDNEY  
Wow, three days in a row? New record.

Bill stands next to the front door waiting for Eric.

BILL  
Come on, let's bounce.

SYDNEY  
Bill can you please grab me a pack.

BILL  
No you cheapo, I'm not buying you a  
whole pack.

Bill opens the door for Eric.

SYDNEY  
(Baby voice)  
Pweease. I pay you back.

BILL  
Alright, yeah of course. Just don't  
ever use that voice again.

SYDNEY  
Thank you!

EXT. CHINA STAR - DAY

A run down corner store in the middle of a city block on a  
warm summer day. A SCRAPPY MAN stands out front of the door  
counting change.

A large yellow sign hangs above the bullet proof glass which  
reads "CHINA STAR".

INT. CHINA STAR - DAY

Bill operates an ATM next to the counter. Eric stands next to



him.

BILL  
 Two fucking dollars to pull out money,  
 no way.  
 (Turns to Eric)  
 Plus the five dollars my bank takes  
 out. Why do none of these places just  
 invest in a goddamn card swiper.

Eric shrugs and looks around.

Bill presses ACCEPT on the machine.

BILL  
 This is ridiculous.

The machine dispenses a twenty dollar bill and a receipt  
 reading Bill's bank account balance: "\$12.39" Bill turns to  
 the counter and speaks to the CLERK through the Plexiglas  
 covering.

BILL  
 Two 100's.

CLERK  
 What?

BILL  
 Two 100's.

Bill points to the Marlboro 100's on the shelf.

BILL  
 Marlboro. Two.

The CLERK turns to the cigarette wall behind him.

BILL  
 (To Eric)  
 Show tonight at The Krypt--

Eric gives a slight expression of disinterest.

BILL  
 What do you mean no?

The Clerk puts two packs of Marlboro shorts on the counter.

BILL  
 (To Clerk)  
 100's.

Bill pushes them back under the barrier. The Clerk takes them back, annoyed, and turns back to the wall.

BILL  
 (To Eric)  
 It's gonna be good. There's some band playing that Syd says--

Clerk puts two packs of Marlboro 100's on the counter. Bill slips the 20 through the barrier.

CLERK  
 22.68.

BILL  
 What?

CLERK  
 22.68. Twenty two dollars and sixty eight cents.

BILL  
 What the fuck? 12 dollars for pack?

Clerk points at a sign with a pack of Marlboro on the front and a number underneath that reads "10.50 + tax"

BILL  
 (Condescending)  
 Well I don't have 3 dollars.

The Clerk points at the ATM. Bill is furious. Eric nudges him and hands him a five dollar bill.

BILL  
 Thank you.

The Clerk grabs the money and counts out the change.

BILL  
 Scott seems cool--

The Clerk puts the change through the barrier.

BILL  
 (Crudely)  
 Thanks.

Bill grabs the pack and the change. He hands the change to Eric. Eric grabs the bills and gestures that he can keep the coins.

EXT. CHINESE STORE - DAY

Bill and Eric walk out of the store.

SCRAPPY MAN

Ay boss, can I get a quarter?

BILL

Here, how about 32.

Bill drops the remaining change into the man's hand.

SCRAPPY MAN

God bless you.

EXT. STREET CORNER - DAY

Bill and Eric stand on the corner of a busy street. Bill opens the pack and slips a cig in his mouth.

BILL

(Lighting cigarette)

It's every fuckin' day with that guy.

They stand, taking in the passing cars and sunny day. Bill looks over at a bar across the street.

Beat

BILL

To tell you the truth Syd wants to go and doesn't wanna go alone. I guess Lily doesn't wanna go or something.

ERIC

Yeah, I think I'm just gonna stick this one out.

BILL

Yeah, whatever, tell that to Sydney.

Bill looks around and shields his eyes from the sun.

EXT. ROWHOME - NIGHT

There are three teenagers standing on the stoop of row home. Muffled live music is heard from inside.

Next to the teens is a card board sign that reads "The Krypt \$5" with a hand doodled Gothic mansion.

INT. BASEMENT - NIGHT

Bill and Sydney stand in the back of a small cement basement. In front of them is a crowd of 20 kids in their mid-late teens watching a band. Bill and Sydney drink cans of Coor's Banquet.

We pan to reveal Eric standing next to them accompanied by Scott.

They speak in a harsh whisper over the music.

ERIC

I think we might be the oldest ones here.

BILL

I never wanted to be these people.

Bill takes a large gulp of his Coors Banquet.

SYDNEY

Shh.

Beat

The song ends.

LEAD SINGER

(Sincere)

Thank you all so much for listening. We really appreciate you all and I hope you enjoyed it.

Bill rolls his eyes.

LEAD SINGER

Up next are our good friends Redheaven so please make sure to stick around and give them a listen.

The BASSIST whispers in Lead signer's ear. Sydney watches the GUITARIST pack his equipment.

LEAD SINGER (CONT'D)

Oh yeah, and we have some merch upstairs so please make sure to check it out. It means a lot to us to see

you all come out. Thank you again.

The band packs their equipment and the crowd begins to murmur. The crowd filters through the cramped stairwell.

SYDNEY

They were really good.

ERIC

You guys wanna go out back?

BILL

They were alright. I mean, they could've done without a monologue between every song.

ERIC

We're gonna be out back.

BILL

Okay, I'm gonna wait for all these fuckin kids to clear out.

Eric and Scott move through the crowd and up the stairs.

Bill grabs his phone from his pocket. Bill is getting a call from Gina. He silences it, Sydney notices.

SYDNEY

Why don't you just break up already.

BILL

I think we did. It's... complicated

SYDNEY

It's really not. You guys hate each other.

BILL

We don't hate each other. It's just... I don't know, it's... Whatever, wanna go upstairs?

SYDNEY

You can go, I'm gonna wait for it to clear a bit.

EXT. BACKYARD - NIGHT

Eric and Scott stand off to the side of a small gated in backyard, crowded with the same teenagers from the basement.

Scott and Eric share a cigarette.

SCOTT

You wanna go back to my place?

Eric shrugs.

SCOTT

We can go back to yours. I can call  
Julia and grab some stuff on the way  
over.

Eric nods and shrugs.

Bill walks out of the back door and walks towards Eric and  
Scott.

BILL

Excuse me, excuse me.

Bill stumbles through the crowd next to Eric and Scott.

BILL

I'm in a sea of preteens, I need to  
get out of here.

Bill finishes his beer and cracks open another from his  
backpack.

EXT. ROWHOME - NIGHT

Bill, Sydney, Eric, and Scott walk out of the rowhome. Bill  
and Sydney are visibly drunk.

BILL

Let's go home and get fucked up.

SYDNEY

I'm hungry.

ERIC

I think we are gonna head home.

SYDNEY

Let's get food.

ERIC

Okay we'll see you guys at home.

SYDNEY

Wait, we're walking this way.

The four of them pass by the band from earlier. They load their equipment into a small van.

BILL

Oh look, it's those guys. I'll be right back.

SYDNEY

No, come on.

BILL

No, I'll be right back.

SYDNEY

Bill, just--

Bill jogs over to the van.

BILL

(To the Bassist)

Hey, you guys killed it. Your set was surprisingly impressive.

BASSIST

Uh, thanks.

BILL

Yeah, I mean a lot of talking, but your music was really good. You threw some pretty good licks in there.

The Bassist turns back to the van to continue loading.

BASSIST

(Unenthusiastic)

Yeah, cool. Thanks.

BILL

Are you listening to me? I'm saying you did well.

BASSIST

(Turns to Bill)

Yeah, and I said thanks.

BILL

No you didn't. You're fuckin' blowing me off.

BASSIST

Hey calm down alright buddy, I--

BILL  
I am fuckin calm "Alright".

The Lead singer over hears.

LEAD SINGER  
Hey, are we all groovy over here?

Eric, Scott, and Sydney overhear. Sydney rushes over.

BILL  
I'm comin' over here, telling you did good, when your set was clearly garbage--

SYDNEY  
Bill!

BASSIST  
Hey man what's your problem?

BILL  
What's my problem? People like you are my damn problem. You know, we're all in it together man and you're acting like some high and mighty douche.

BASSIST  
You better watch you're mouth.

Sydney puts an arm on Bill.

The other band mates gather behind their friend.

BILL  
You better watch your fuckin' mouth--

Sydney looks at the Guitars and brushes her hair behind her ear with an embarrassed smile.

SYDNEY  
Bill come on.

BASSIST  
Yeah dude, why don't you get out of here. Try being in a band, you might make some friends.

Sydney pulls at Bill.



BILL

I've been in a band and we've played in way better venues than this shit hole apartment.

SYDNEY

Bill come, the fuck, on.

BASSIST

Yeah I'm sure. Where do you guys play huh? You're living room? Invite me to the next show.

BILL

Yeah, you'll get front row seats to my fuckin nuts.

SYDNEY

Bill shut the fuck up.

Sydney yanks Bill and they both walk away. Eric and Scott have already left.

BASSIST

Can't wait!

EXT. CITY STREET - NIGHT

Sydney and Bill walk down a dark street lit by street lights and corner store signs.

BILL

Wow, what a jackass.

SYDNEY

Do not talk to me right now.

BILL

What?! I tried to be nice. I knew that guy was a poser.

INT. LIVING ROOM - NIGHT

Bill and Sydney walk into their house.

BILL

I just think they're gross. I don't get why people want to drink something they don't like when there are better options.

Bill plops his keys on a small table next to the door.

SYDNEY

Cause the more you drink it the better  
it gets.

Bill and Sydney walk into the kitchen.

BILL

No it's gross, why even drink it in  
the f--

Bill flips on the lights. Gina sits in a chair with her arms  
crossed.

GINA

Nice of you to show up.

BILL

Gina what the hell--

GINA

I'd like to know why you've been  
IGNORING me all night.

Sydney walks to her room.

BILL

How did you even get in here?

GINA

(Aggressive)  
You smell like beer.

BILL

(Jokingly)  
Yeah well I've been drinkin'.

GINA

You're disgusting. I was going to ask  
where you were but from your stench,  
obviously some cheap nightclub.

BILL

Yeah we were living it up at a  
nightclub. I'm sure you knew exactly  
where I was but you've been thrown out  
of every god forsaken bar in this  
city.

GINA

Excuse me!?! If there is any reason we've had to leave it's because your drunk ass picks a fight with anyone th--

BILL

When have I ever gotten in a fight. You literally got kicked out of Runway TWO NIGHTS AGO because *Georgia* dropped--

GINA

That bitch did not drop shit! She threw her marg at me because she's jealous th-

BILL

Jealous?!  
(laughs)  
Why would anybody be jealous--

GINA

Y--

INT. SYDNEY'S ROOM - NIGHT

Sydney sits in her bed on her laptop with headphones on. Loud sex and the song Vernal Equinox by CAN is heard from behind the wall behind her.

INT. ERIC'S ROOM - NIGHT

Eric is sitting up staring at nothing. Scott kisses his bear chest.

The sound of music fades. The sound of sizzling meat rises as Eric stares forward. Eric looks down.

INT. KITCHEN - DAY

Eric sits at the kitchen table with a spoon in his hand and the same lifeless expression. He blinks. There is a cereal bowl in front of him. He looks up at Sydney who cooks bacon on a pan. Her back is to him.

Bill walks into the room finishing a cup of coffee from a dirty white mug. He puts the mug in the sink and walks out.

BILL

See ya.

INT. RESTAURANT KITCHEN - DAY

Bill sits on a stool in the corner of a cramped kitchen slicing meat with a deli slicer, wearing an apron. Mariachi music plays out of a small speaker below the counter. DAVID (a dark skinned, chubby, Mexican man with jet black hair in his mid 30's) stands in front of a flat top grill cooking peppers, onions, and meat. In front of him is a window that looks out over the seating area of the restaurant. Behind him is a MICAH (A blonde, rough, muscular, Caucasian man in his 40's) working a set of deep fryers. To his right is JOSEPH (a skinny, lighter skin Mexican guy with an under bite and a baseball cap in his mid 20's) cutting vegetables on a white cutting board.

DAVID  
(Whistles)

Check out what we got over here.

Micah puts a fry basket onto the hook, walks up next to David and looks out of the window. Bill looks out too and continues to slice meat.

A tall African American woman walks into the restaurant.

Bill looks at his co workers.

DAVID  
Look at the culo on that one, eh?

MICAH  
Eh, that's all you man, I'm not about those black chicks.

Micah walks back to the fryer.

JOSEPH  
Whatchu see guey?

FRYER  
Just some fine specimen that walked in.

Joseph turns around and peers through the window. He whistles and turns back to his prep.

Bill continues to slice the meat and watch.

DAVID  
If I weren't back here--

MICAH

If you weren't back here, what?

DAVID

If I weren't back here I'd take that fine bitch back to my place and show her what she really wants.

MICAH

Oh yeah?

DAVID

Yeah, get the candles out. You know a bitch like that loves that shit.

MICAH

Yeah, I'm sure what she really wants is a 40 year old man Mexican man lighting her hair on fire while he busts his load.

Bill chuckles.

DAVID

Cállate pendejo. I ain't the one that's 40. Gringo perezoso.

Bill slices the last bit of his meat and heads to a stairwell to his left.

MICAH

I don't know what he said but I'm sure it's a lie.

Bill comes out of the doorway of the staircase with out his apron, tapping the top of a pack of cigarettes.

BILL

I'm gonna go out for a smoke.

DAVID

See what I mean about gringos. They'll kill themselves just for a break.

Bill walks to the door that leads out of the kitchen.

A male couple walks into the restaurant.

DAVID

Ay Bill, here comes some for you.

Micah and Joseph laugh.

Bill nods to the couple as he walks past them towards the front door.

EXT. RESTAURANT - DAY

Bill walks out onto a busy street and sparks a cigarette. He looks around at the commotion as he takes a drag. He turns and walks around the corner of the building towards a small side street.

EXT. SIDE STREET - DAY

Bill stands against the wall on a quiet side street, smoking his cigarette. A woman passes him pushing a stroller.

He smiles at the baby.

He looks up at the mother but she doesn't look back.

Beat.

Bill puts the cigarette in his mouth pulls out a small flip phone. He punches some numbers on the pad and puts it up to his ear.

The screen splits in two. Bill on the right and FRANKLIN (a small jumpy white guy in his early 20's) on the left. Franklin bounces back and forth with his hands in his pockets. He quickly grabs a phone out of his pocket and puts it to his ear.

FRANKLIN

Whose this?

BILL

Yo, Franklin, where are you?

FRANKLIN

Bill? Whatchu mean? I'm right where you told me to be!

Bill looks around.

BILL

Well obviously fuckin' not caus' I'm where I told you to be.

FRANKLIN

You said Dublin street, between 5th

and 6th, right?

BILL

Yeah.

Bill looks up at the street signs which read Dublin and 6th.

BILL

It's right outside of McLennin's where I work. You've been here a million times.

FRANKLIN

Nah, I don't think so.

BILL

Yes you fuckin' have.

Bill pinches his nose and collects himself.

BILL

Where exactly are you?

Two zoom out of both frames to reveal that they are both standing on the opposite side of the dumpster.

Bill looks over the dumpster. He walks around to where Franklin is standing.

FRANKLIN

Like I said I'm by the dumpster you told me to--

Bill closes his flip phone.

FRANKLIN

Oh hey.

BILL

Yeah, shut up. Here.

Bill hands over a small wad of dollar bills. Franklin hands Bill a small bag of cocaine.

BILL

Cool, see ya--

Bill turns to leave.

FRANKLIN

Oh hold up.

Bill looks back.

Beat

FRANKLIN  
Can I get a cig?

BILL  
Fuck off.

Bill shakes his head and continues to walk.

FRANKLIN  
Oh come on man. I just hooked you up  
with that friendship deal!

BILL  
No you didn't, your shits expensive  
and trash. You're just the only one  
around right now.

FRANKLIN  
Come on Bill, just a drag!

Beat.

BILL  
Fine.

Bill takes a cigarette from his pack and hands it to  
Franklin.

FRANKLIN  
Bless you homie.

Bill turns around and walks back to his work.

FRANKLIN  
Oh yo, wait!

Bill turns around annoyed. Franklin looks like he wants to  
say something but doesn't.

BILL  
Need a light?

FRANKLIN  
Yeah.

Bill tosses him a lighter.



BILL  
Just keep it.

Bill turns and walks back to his work.

FRANKLIN  
You the man Bill!

Franklin hops down the side street in the other direction.

INT. LECTURE HALL - DAY

Sydney sits in the middle of a large lecture hall full of students. She taps her pencil as the professor speaks, barely audible, in front of a large green chalk board.

Sydney stops tapping her pencil and lets out a sigh. She looks to her right where LILY (Small, skinny, Laotion girl with big eyes and even bigger glasses) sits beside her taking notes.

Lily looks back and sticks out her tongue with an "I'm bored" face.

Sydney chuckles.

The sound of backpacks zipping and notebooks flipping can be heard throughout the room.

PROFESSOR  
Alright, I wasn't really done but it looks like that is all the time we have for today. Have a great weekend and I will see your all on Monday.

Sydney and Lily pack their notebooks into their bags.

INT. APARTMENT - DAY

Sydney and Lily walk through the front door of Sydney's apartment. Sydney throws her backpack onto the couch near by and Lily takes off her shoes.

SYDNEY  
Like, I can't tell if he's just not good at engaging or if what he is talking about is actually just boring.

LILY  
I know, me too. It's definitely a mixture of both...

Probably more of the boring part.

Eric sits in the corner of the room playing Dead Rising on a small CRT.

Sydney goes to the kitchen.

LILY

Hey Eric!

Eric turns around slightly.

ERIC

Hey.

Lily follows Sydney to the kitchen.

INT. KITCHEN - DAY

The walls are slightly stained and one half of the double sink is full of dishes.

Sydney goes into the hallway towards her room.

SYDNEY

Hold on I'll be right back.

Lily sits in one of the chairs around the square wooden table in the center of the room. Lily pulls out her phone while she waits.

Sydney comes back into the room with a sandwich box.

SYDNEY

Hey sorry.

LILY

All good.

SYDNEY

Wanna go to your place or stay here?

LILY

Here's good.

SYDNEY

Cool.

Sydney pops open the lid of the box. Inside is a grinder, rolling papers, and various foggy plastic sandwich bags. Sydney opens one of the bags, opens the grinder, and grinds

some weed.

LILY

So, I have something you aren't gonna  
wanna hear.

Sydney looks up, still grinding.

LILY

I got an invite to a little get  
together at Kennedy's--

SYDNEY

No.

Sydney stops grinding and pull out one of the rolling papers  
from the pack.

LILY

Oh come on, don't just say no--

SYDNEY

If she wanted me to come why didn't  
she just invite me?

Sydney rolls the joint.

LILY

She hasn't seen you in a year! No one  
has. Ever since Todd... you know. I'm  
not saying it wasn't devastating but  
you can't let it control your life--

SYDNEY

I'm not letting it 'control my life'.  
My best friend died--

Sydney eyes tear up.

LILY

I know, I'm not-- I'm sorry, listen...

Sydney lights the joint and takes a puff.

LILY

... I didn't mean that. Everybody  
misses you guys. They asked me to ask  
you because they knew I would be  
seeing you and we all really care  
about you.

Lily tears up.

Beat.

Sydney passes the joint to Lily. Lily takes a puff.

LILY

I know what you're worried about but everyone's a lot different now.

She takes another drag and hands it to Sydney.

Lily exhales.

LILY

As far as I know everybody got really clean after they heard about Todd. Noah, Darius, Molly, Khalil. It's not as bad as it used to be.

Sydney takes a hit and looks at Lily.

LILY

I understand if it's still too soon but we miss you, and Bill and Eric. When they ask about you I honestly don't know what to say. Sometimes I feel like I don't know either.

Lily's eyes water more and she looks down.

Sydney turns and looks in the air. The joint smokes between her fingers.

Sydney sniffs and wipes a tear from her eye.

Sydney ashes the tip into an empty coffee mug on the table and hands it to Lily.

SYDNEY

When is it?

LILY

(Worried)  
Tonight.

SYDNEY

I'm supposed to visit my grandmother in a little later, but maybe.

Lily smiles. Lily takes another puff and hands it to Sydney.

LILY  
Which grandmother is it?

SYDNEY  
My mom's side. She had an accident a little while ago so they put her in home.

LILY  
Oh, I'm sorry to hear that.

Sydney shrugs and she hits the joint. She ashes it again.

SYDNEY  
I mean, it's better that someone gets to take care of her. Plus it's one of the nice ones in Rittenhouse so I'm sure she's thriving.

She passes it to Lily.

LILY  
Wow, that must be lavish.

SYDNEY  
I haven't been yet but I'm sure.

LILY  
Yeah, last April we visited my grandparents for New Years and my grandfather immediately started firing about 'young people now' and 'Liberals this and that' and--

Lily takes a drag from the joint which is now almost gone.

SYDNEY  
You can just ash that in here.

Sydney pushes a dirty coffee mug to her.

LILY  
Thanks.

Lily smushes the joint on the inside of the cup and ex hails.

SYDNEY  
And then what?

LILY  
And then nothing.

Lily laughs and wipes her eyes.

LILY

I'm not about to argue with my senile  
foreigner grandfather about politics.  
I just tried to laugh about it.

They laugh.

Beat.

They look at each other. Lily reaches out and puts her hands  
in Sydney's.

LILY

I love you, but if you're not ready I  
understand. I know it'd brighten a lot  
of peoples day to see you there  
tonight though.

SYDNEY

Thank you. I'll see what Bill says. I  
love you too.

LILY

Aw!

Lily gets up from the table and gives Sydney a hug.

LILY

I've gotta head home and get some  
homework done before the party. I'll  
text you all the info.

SYDNEY

Girl, it's Friday.

Lily grabs her backpack from the chair.

LILY

Yeah, but you know me. I'll be  
thinking about it the whole night.

SYDNEY

Yeah I know. I'll lock you out.

Sydney and Lily walk into the living room.

INT. LIVING ROOM - DAY

Lily ties her shoes as Sydney waits by the door.

LILY  
Bye Eric!

Eric does not turn around.

ERIC  
Bye.

Lily stands up and Sydney opens the door.

Lily walks onto the threshold and turns to Sydney.

LILY  
See you tonight, hopefully.

Sydney smiles.

SYDNEY  
See you.

Lily skips down the steps.

Sydney closes the door and leans her back on the door.

She looks over at Eric.

EXT. RITTENHOUSE SQUARE - DAY

Sydney has ear buds in. The song "Single Girl" by The Kossoy Sisters plays over the scene.

Sydney walks through a large lush park filled with people of all ages enjoying the nice weather. There are groups of teens, adults with their children, old couples, and joggers with their dogs.

Sydney walks by a guy juggling with a hat on the ground for donations. A small group stands around him clapping.

Sydney takes out a pack of cigarettes, pulls one out, and lights it between her lips. She sits on a bench near by and exhales deeply.

She looks up at a tall, light brown, stone building. Her attention is caught by the sound of someone yelling. She turns her head to the middle of the park.

Two high school students push each other around playfully. Three of their friends sit on the stone railing and watch while one antagonizes from the sideline. They all laugh and enjoy the warm Friday afternoon.

Sydney takes one last drag of the cigarette before pushing it out and standing up from the bench.

INT. OLD FOLKS HOME - DAY

The music fades out.

Sydney walks into a cozy room with one bed, a cushioned rocking chair, a desk, and a smaller wooden chair. There is a small mirror on the wall and a family portrait on a bedside table. An old woman, NANA, rocks in the chair reading a short novel.

NANA

Sydney! So glad to see you.

SYDNEY

Hey Nana!

Nana gets up and they hug.

SYDNEY

How are you? You look great!

NANA

Thank you dear! Here, sit.

Nana pushes Sydney towards the rocking chair. Sydney resists.

SYDNEY

No Nana, you sit. That's your chair.  
I'll sit here on the bed.

NANA

No dear I insist.

Sydney sits on the bed.

SYDNEY

Oh Nana, you're so sweet. I'm good  
here, trust me.

NANA

Are you sure honey?

Nana sits on the rocking chair.

NANA

Aw, how are you! You look so  
beautiful, so much more grown then the  
last time I saw you.



SYDNEY

Thank you Nana! You are looking great too! How is the new place? Are you adjusting fine?

NANA

Oh yes dear, everyone here is so nice. How is school? You're still in school?

SYDNEY

Yes, I am a Senior in college now so I'm almost out.

NANA

Oh! That is so wonderful! You know, you are living in such an amazing time for young women. When I was your age the only thing women could do was be a school teacher or a house wife. Now there are women doctors, women lawyers, women pilots.

Sydney forces a smile.

Nana puts a hand on her knee.

NANA

What are you studying again? Remind me, my memory is getting a little...

Nana motions a swirl around her ear.

SYDNEY

Oh, uh, biology. Like plants and such.

NANA

Oh honey that's so amazing! How are your little friends, those boys. There was the skinny one and the fat one and the cute one.

SYDNEY

Uh, they are fine. They are all in school too. They're uh, doing fine.

NANA

What was the name of the cute one again? T- Ton-- Todd!

Sydney forces a laugh and her eyes begin to water.

SYDNEY

Oh yeah, he is great. Still in school too. He still plays music with everyone. They're, um, really good.

NANA

Oh sweetie that's so great. You know you should really lock that one down before he's taken. He's a real catch. How's the skinny one. He's smart right? What is he studying?

SYDNEY

He was-- he's an engineer.

NANA

Smart kid! And that little Oriental friend of yours? The one from grade school, do you still talk to her?

SYDNEY

She's great. I'm going to be seeing her tonight actually.

NANA

Aw, that's so sweet. I hope you guys have fun. Not too much fun though!

Nana laughs and puts a warm hand on Sydney's shoulder.

Sydney wipes her watery eyes.

NANA

Are you okay dear?

SYDNEY

Yeah it's just the pollen. You know this time of year.

NANA

Oh my, let me shut the window.

SYDNEY

Oh Nana, it's okay.

Nana gets up from her rocking chair and brings down the four panel glass window.

SYDNEY

Nana you didn't have to.

NANA

Don't be silly. Anything for my little Sydney. Oh! I almost forgot. I have the damndest story. Oop! Pardon my language.

Sydney laughs.

SYDNEY

You're okay.

NANA

When I was in grade school I had a friend named Doris Greensfield, prettiest girl you've ever seen! We used to spend summers by the lake just giggling and gossiping. Y'know, like little girls do, myah myah myah-- Well, one year when we in elementary school her father got a new job in Pittsbergh and, well, the whole family moved and we never saw each other again.

Well! The first day I move in here, I'm settling in and I see a board with the names of all of the old farts, like me, living here and you would never guess the name I saw on that board. I put my bags in my room and headed straight to the front desk. I talked to a nice young man and he told which room was hers so I rushed right over!

She opens the door and yells Nancy! She recognized me after all these years! Her face was 80 years older but she looked exactly the same. We spent the whole night playing games and catching up. Oh, it was such a wonderful night.

SYDNEY

That's incredible!

NANA

(Shaking her head)

I know, I'll tell yah. Stuff like that you couldn't read in a book.

SYDNEY

That's so amazing. I'm so glad you

have a friend here already. How was she?

NANA

Oh she was just fine honey. But enough about me, how are you? How is school? You're still in school?

SYDNEY

I... Yeah, I, I study biology.

Nana puts her hand on Sydney's knee.

NANA

Oh honey that is incredible. You're living in such an amazing time you know? There are so many opportunities for young beautiful women such as yourself.

SYDNEY

(Concerned)

Uh huh.

NANA

Say! How are your little boy friends. Are they still in school too?

SYDNEY

They're--

A bell rings.

NANA

Already? You just walked in! That's the dinner call honey.

SYDNEY

Oh, okay. I should be heading out now anyway.

NANA

Oh don't be silly. You know I would rather sit and catch up then eat with a bunch of stinky old people.

SYDNEY

Nana you shouldn't miss dinner. I'll be back later this week. I'll walk you down.

NANA

Aw, are you sure sweety? I'm so glad you can come visit. I'm sure you have a ton of homework piled up.

Sydney gets up from the bed and helps Nana out of the chair.

SYDNEY

Don't worry about me. I'll always make time to visit.

NANA

I'm so proud of you. I know you'll do such great things when you're out of school.

Nana pinches Sydney on the cheek.

NANA

Now don't worry about me getting to the dining hall. I remember where it is. You go be young and make some mistakes.

Sydney forces a smile.

NANA

But not too many!

Nana laughs.

NANA

Love you sweety.

Nana gives Sydney a big kiss on the cheek.

SYDNEY

I love you too Nana. I'll be back soon.

NANA

I hope.

Nana turns and walks out of the door.

FADE TO:

INT. APARTMENT - NIGHT

There is a knock coming from the outside of a white door. The sounds of music and festivities can be heard off screen.

KENNEDY (a dark skinned girl with blush cheeks, long curly hair, and high waisted jeans, age 22) walks up and opens the door.

Sydney, Bill, and Eric stand on the porch. Bill holds a 30 rack of Coors Banquet and smokes a cigarette.

Eric itches his arm.

KENNEDY  
OH MY GOD YOU GUYS!

Sydney and Kennedy scream and hug.

KENNEDY  
It's so good to see you!

SYDNEY  
You too! Oh my god you look amazing!

KENNEDY  
You too! Hey Bill! Hey Eric!

BILL  
Hey Ken!

Bill flicks his cigarette into the street, puts down the beer, and gives Kennedy a hug.

Eric waves and Kennedy waves back through the hug.

Bill steps back to the porch and picks up the beer.

KENNEDY  
Well come on in.

Sydney, Bill, and Eric walk through the door.

The room is spacious. there is a staircase on the left that leads upwards, a living area forward and to their right with two couches and a television, and a step up into a kitchen area even farther ahead. The room is filled with 21/22 year olds all drinking, smoking, and talking.

KENNEDY  
Well there's some people downstairs and some people outside so go wherever. I think they're setting up some games downstairs.

BILL  
Oh sweet, is there anywhere I can keep  
these?

KENNEDY  
Wherever.

BILL  
Cool.

Bill puts the beer down at the end of one of the couches. He looks at Sydney and Eric and points down at his feet where the beer sits.

Sydney gives him a thumbs up.

Bill takes a beer from the box and walks into the kitchen and around a corner towards the basement.

KENNEDY  
Hey Eric, how've you been?

ERIC  
(Sluggish)  
I'm good. Just... you know... living.

KENNEDY  
Oh nice, what've you been up to? Are  
you working?

ERIC  
I'm in between stuff right now.

Sydney glances at Kennedy.

KENNEDY  
Oh cool! Well I think Molly and Khalil  
are outside. Darius and Shaniah said  
they'd be by later so--

Eric's eyes light up.

ERIC  
(Motivated)  
Oh sweet. Cool, I'll see you, then.

Eric heads through the kitchen and out the back door.

Kennedy looks at Sydney. They share a mutual look of concern.

INT. BASEMENT - NIGHT

Bill walks down a small flight of stairs, ducking under a square of the ceiling above.

Music plays from a portable speaker on a wooden coffee table. Against the wall behind the table is a worn out couch. There are some chairs around the table. ALESSE, short curly black hair and olive skin, age 21, and CHRIS, a chiseled face hidden behind patchy stubble, sit next to each other on the couch, their legs intertwined. In the center of the room is a plastic fold out table where two people set up blue solo cups. On the chairs around the coffee table three more people sit, all around 22.

Reed stands watching the game. He turns around when he hears Bill walk down the steps.

REED

Bill! You made it!

BILL

Of course. You think I'd miss an opportunity to get drunk?

CHRIS

Bill!

Bill turns to Chris.

BILL

What up fucker?

Bill walks over to Chris and they exchange a thunderous handshake.

BILL

Hey Alesse.

ALESSE

Hey Bill, it's been a while.

REED

Is Gina here?

BILL

Nah, she didn't wanna come.

REED

Why?



BILL  
I don't know. She wasn't insistent and  
I didn't really care.

REED  
True.

Chris tickles Alesse.

ALESSE  
Chris stop!

BILL  
Alright well let's get this party  
started! What the fuck are we  
listening to?

TREVOR (a guy with a red hat, dark skin, and hamster-like  
features) plays beer pong.

TREVOR  
This is Tool bro.

BILL  
This shit is trash let's get something  
good on.

TREVOR  
Quit clownin' this is good music.

CHRIS  
Trevor, no one wants to listen to your  
shitty prog rock.

TREVOR  
Fuck outta here.

Bill cracks open a Coors Banquet.

BILL  
(To Trevor)  
You guys putting money on this?

Bill points to the table.

TREVOR  
What? No.

BILL  
(To Chris)  
You think Kennedy has some dice?

REED  
Dollar games?

Chris makes one loud clap.

CHRIS  
Oh, that's a bet!

He jumps off of the couch towards the steps.

ALESSE  
Chris!

EXT. BACKYARD - NIGHT

Eric walks out into a small cement yard surrounded by cement walls and a chain fence. There is a small metal table with four metal chairs. MOLLY (a pale girl with blue and green hair, age 22) and Khalil (a chubby dark skinned guy with red dip dyed dreads, age 21) sit in front of a Nintendo Switch and play Super Smash Bros Ultimate.

ERIC  
(Condescending)  
What up *gamers*.

Molly pauses the game and hugs Eric.

MOLLY  
Eric, oh my god!

Erin and Khalil dap each other up.

KHALIL  
My guy.

MOLLY  
It's so good to see you!

ERIC  
What's goin on? Why are you guys out here?

KHALIL  
Kennedy said we were being too loud so we had to come out here.

ERIC  
Classic.

MOLLY  
Wanna play winner?

ERIC  
Yeah, is this the new smash?

KHALIL  
*Hell* yeah.

MOLLY  
Yeah, just got the new dlc so we're trying him out.

ERIC  
Fuck yeah, I haven't played smash in a minute. I'm just gonna watch for a bit.

MOLLY  
Yeah here...

Molly reaches over in her chair and pulls one of the other chairs closer.

MOLLY  
Take a seat.

ERIC  
Sweet.

KHALIL  
Alright let's get back in this. I'm tryna fuck shit up.

INT. LIVING ROOM - NIGHT

Sydney, Kennedy, and Lily sit on the couches in the seating area by the front door. There are empty cans and dirty ash trays on the table. In front of Kennedy on the table is a cloudy sandwich bag and she grinds weed in a grinder.

SYDNEY  
So how is everything? Where are you working now?

KENNEDY  
I'm still at Barrio. It's...

Kennedy shakes her head.

KENNEDY (CONT.)  
whatever.

SYDNEY  
Are you making good money?

KENNEDY  
Yeah, the money's not the problem.  
It's like, old gross men and my  
managers kinda suck.

Kennedy stops grinding and starts rolling a joint with  
wrapping paper from the table.

KENNEDY  
I have also been working there fro a  
while and looking back to when I  
started I feel so weird how I was when  
I started.

SYDNEY  
What do you mean?

KENNEDY  
Like...

Licks the joint closed.

KENNEDY  
...when I first started working there  
I was figuring who everyone was and  
they became my primary friends caus  
they seemed to have a really cool  
group dynamic so I was trying to fit  
in it. Now that I've worked there  
forever and I look back at how I  
viewed them and how I thought they  
were super cool and I was totally  
wrong. Like they're cool people but  
they're also just really shitty. Like  
I feel as though they just let me act  
like an idiot until I figured it out  
and now I feel kinda dumb.

SYDNEY  
It was kind of like that when we were  
in the dorms freshman year.

Kennedy lights the joint and takes a puff and passes it to  
Sydney.

LILY

Yeah, I got really stressed hanging out with some people in the dorms. It kind of felt like they expected me to be a certain way so I was always put in the position of being the shy innocent one. They would be like 'Oh Lily you sweet thing' whenever we were drinking or if I didn't know something. It was so frustrating.

Sydney passes the joint to Lily.

EXT. BACKYARD - NIGHT

Molly and Eric are playing the Switch. Molly wins.

ERIC

Fuck, I suck.

Eric passes the controller to Khalil.

MOLLY

Just takes practice.

Molly and Khalil chose their characters and begin the match. Eric smiles.

KHALIL

I had this dream last night that I kissed young Carrie Fisher, I don't think I can kiss another woman again.

Molly and Eric laugh.

ERIC

I think you are talking to the wrong people here.

MOLLY

Nah, I get it. She's hot. Not really my type though. She's too--

Khalil's character kills Molly's character.

MOLLY

Fuck, shut up, you're distracting me.

Eric laughs.

Beat.

Eric looks up at the stars and his smile fades.

Eric let's out a deep sign.

Molly and Khalil continue looking at the screen.

MOLLY

Are you okay?

ERIC

Yeah I'm good... I'm just--

Eric shrugs.

KHALIL

What's up?

ERIC

I don't know. Lately I've been  
feeling... asleep.  
Like, if I woke up right now in my bed  
I wouldn't be surprised.]

MOLLY

Have you been sleeping?

ERIC

Yeah, that's kind of all I do.

KHALIL

Well there's your problem. The more  
you sleep the more tired you are.

ERIC

Yeah but I feel like it's more than  
that too. It just feels cheesy though.

MOLLY

What does?

ERIC

It sounds dumb to say out loud.  
Sometimes it feels like I'm not really  
feeling anything. Like, I look up at  
the stars and I wanna say I feel the  
weight of them all looking back at me  
or I see the beauty in insurmountable  
absurdity of how they got there but I  
don't... They're just there.  
I understand how counteractive it is  
to say 'what's the point of us all',

some people have goals and motivations rooted deep inside of them but personally, I just don't care anymore. In high school my mind just believed that anyone that didn't do math or physics was just a complete idiot. After Todd died I look back and realize how absolutely fucking dense I was. There were scores of ancient civilizations that cared so deeply about keeping themselves afloat and advancing in science and now they're all dead. There's just so much uncertainty it seems like no matter how great you are or how many lives you've changed, you could just die in your 20's and that's it.

Beat.

ERIC

Wow, I'm sorry. I'm being a fucking bummer.

Eric takes a swig from his Coor's Banquet.

KHALIL

Nah, I think I know what you mean. I remember helping my mom move into her new apartment after leaving my dad and the song 'First Day of My Life' came on, you know, by Bright Eyes.

Eric chuckles and nods.

KHALIL

Yeah well we were pulling up to her apartment, with that song playing, and I'm sitting in the car, watching her unlock the door to her new place, and... I really wanna say it hurt. Watching my Mom officially leave my Dad. But it didn't. It just didn't really matter to me.

I look back now and it doesn't feel like it even happened. Sometimes a memory will come back and I wonder how many important memories I've forgotten... and how many will never come back.

They all sit in silence and drink their beers.

ERIC  
Speaking of memories, where's  
Sherjeen. I haven't seen him in  
forever.

Molly and Khalil look at each other and then to Eric.

INT. KITCHEN - NIGHT

Sydney fills two cloudy glass cups of water from the sink.

INT. BASEMENT - NIGHT

Sydney walks down the rickety steps holding a glass in each hand. She places one cup down on the beer pong table next to Trevor.

TREVOR  
Thanks Syd.

Trevor down 4 cups.

SYDNEY  
Not doing so hot?

Trevor tosses the ball which bounces wildly off of the table. His opponent chases it down.

TREVOR  
Yeah don't tell anyone but Bill put  
ten dollars down if I lose and said  
he'd give me half.

SYDNEY  
You're lying.

TREVOR  
Unfortunately I'm not and this guy  
sucks. We've been playing for 25  
minutes.

Bill stands in the corner talking with Kennedy. Sydney shakes her head.

BILL  
(To Kennedy)  
Having fun?

Kennedy shrugs.



KENNEDY

Yeah. You? Win any money?

BILL

I'm still up but I just lost 12 dollars on one fucking game.

Chris sits on the couch counting a wad of bills. Alesse has her legs over his.

ALESSE

What does it matter, you're gonna spend it all on beer and cigs anyway.

CHRIS

Shut the fuck up bitch.

ALESSE

You shut the fuck up.

Alesse pulls a cigarette out of a pack that sat next to her. Chris takes the cigarette from her hand and puts it behind his ear.

ALESSE

Give it back!

Alesse slaps him in the head. The cigarette falls out onto their lap.

CHRIS

Chill!

Chris slaps her thigh. Alesse shoves him.

Kennedy looks from Chris and Alesse back to Bill. Bill is watching the game of beer pong.

Beat.

BILL

So, how's the restaurant?

KENNEDY

You don't give a shit.

BILL

What?

KENNEDY

How's your restaurant.

BILL  
You right. What're you drinkin'?

KENNEDY  
Jack and coke. Want some?

BILL  
Nah, I'm set.

Bill holds up his beer.

KENNEDY  
So, I hear you and Reed were thinking  
of getting your band back together.

BILL  
Yeah, sort of. We met about a week ago  
but it just wasn't the same.

KENNEDY  
I'm sure it's like that. It's never  
easy getting back into something.  
Don't be too critical on every note.

Bill shrugs and sips from his beer.

KENNEDY  
Well, I know it's been rough but  
sometimes I help book bands at the  
space I work; if you guys ever want,  
I'm sure I could get you something  
there.

BILL  
Really?.

KENNEDY  
of course, we book shitty bands all  
the time.

BILL  
Fuck you.

They laugh.

BILL  
Thanks Kennedy. Do you want a beer?

KENNEDY  
I'm all set.

Kennedy raises her drink.

BILL  
Fuckin' A.

\*Clink\*

INT. LIVING ROOM - NIGHT

Bill and Sydney burst through the door of their dark apartment drunk, stumbling, and laughing.

Bill trips over the couch and lands THUD on the floor. Sydney and Bill erupt in laughter.

BILL  
Fuckin' A!

SYDNEY  
Fuckin' A.

Bill gets up and waddles into the kitchen.

INT. KITCHEN - NIGHT

The lights in the kitchen are off.

BILL  
Put on some Hank Thompson!

Bills turns on the light to the kitchen and walks to the fridge. He opens the refrigerator door and winces at the light coming from inside. He reaches in and grabs a six pack.

BILL  
(Country singer voice)  
And a six pack to go.

INT. LIVING ROOM - NIGHT

Sydney lays on the carpet. I Will Always Love You by Dolly Parton plays on the stereo.

Bill opens one of the beers and plops the rest on the coffee table in front of the couch. He sits next to Sydney, drinking his beer.

Beat.

SYDNEY  
Did you know, she wrote this *and*

Jolene in the same night?

BILL

Dolly Parton?

SYDNEY

She wrote it about Porter Wagner when she was on his show. They were good friends but it was time for her to move on and be her own person. So she is saying, despite all him trying to tell her what was best for her, she is going to do what she wants and she will always have a place in her heart for him.

They sit and listen to the rest of the song.

Randy by Dolly Parton plays next on the record.

Bill gets up and walks to the record player.

BILL

Oh, I got a good one.

Sydney stares up at the ceiling. The sound of the needle landing on the record plays over the stereo. She sits up and looks at Bill.

Hello Darlin' by Conway Twitty plays over the speakers.

Bill has his back to Sydney. He whips his head around with a southern swagger.

BILL

(Along with the song)

Hello Darlin'

SYDNEY

Shut up!

BILL

It's been a long tiiiiime!

Bill uses his beer as a microphone and puts on an Elvis-esq performance.

SYDNEY

Oh my god. You're ridiculous

BILL

You're just as lovely as you used to be.

Sydney laughs and walks to the coffee table for a beer.

Bill puts on a pouty face as part of the act.

BILL

How's your new love? Are you happy?

Sydney shakes her head. Bill offers his hand to get her to dance.

Sydney smiles and shakes her head. He waves her on insitantly.

She putss her hand out. He spins her.

SYDNEY

Bill!

They dance together, a hand to move with the other and a hand holding their beer.

Sydney tries to twirl Bill but she swings him too fast towards the couch. Bill trips over the coffee table and knocks it over.

SYDNEY

Oh my god!

No movement can be seen behind the topple over table.

Beat.

Bill laughs.

BILL

Fuck.

SYDNEY

Oh my god.

Bill erupts in laughter. Sydney holds back her laughter.

FADE TO:

Sydney and Bill lay on their backs on the carpet looking up at the ceiling. Walkin' After Midnight by Patsy Cline plays over the speakers.

The sound of the sink from the kitchen can be heard.

Bill sits up.

BILL

Eric?

Sydney sits up too.

Sounds of dishes clinking can be heard. Bill and Sydney look at doorway.

Eric walks into the living room in his underwear holding a glass of water.

Beat.

ERIC

You guys remember Sherjeen, from my AP classes? Got a full ride to Penn? Some guys busted in his house to rob it or something and I guess they didn't know anyone was home.

Eric puts makes a gun with his thumb and pointer.

ERIC

One in his chest, one in his face. 'Called the police and said he couldn't breath. By the time they got there he was dead...

Beat.

ERIC

Smartest guy I knew.

Eric walks back through the kitchen to his room. He turns the light off on his way. His door shuts.

EXT. APARTMENT - DAY

A beat up Pick up truck pulls up in front of Eric's apartment. Eric runs out of the front door and hops into the truck.

INT. TRUCK - DAY

Eric sits in the back seat next to Reggie, a large man in his 50's. Eric looks at him but he stares straight ahead.

MALCOLM, a tall, rough, muscular man also in his 50's, drives the truck. ROONEY, medium build, with big round eyes and saggy neck skin, sits in the passenger seat.

The noise in the truck is loud as it drives along the highway. Suicidal Tendencies plays on the radio.

MALCOLM  
This is Rooney--

Rooney turns around in his seat and shakes Eric's hand.

ROONEY  
Hey kid.

MALCOLM  
And that's Reggie.

Eric looks at Reggie and smiles. Reggie doesn't look back. Eric looks forward. Reggie looks at Eric confused.

MALCOLM  
(To Eric)  
He can't hear a damn thing you're saying.

REGGIE  
What'd you say Malcolm?

MALCOLM  
This is Eric. Margret's son.

REGGIE  
Margret?

MALCOLM  
Margret's son! Eric.

ROONEY  
Margret, from Sherlin's!

MALCOLM  
No, different Margret. Margret Cline,  
from Taplight.

Reggie turns to Eric.

REGGIE  
Eric? I'm Reggie.

Reggie shakes Eric's hand.

ROONEY  
So you're Margret's son?

MALCOLM  
That's what I just said.

ROONEY  
I know, I'm introducing myself.

MALCOLM  
Well how do I know?

ROONEY  
(To Eric)  
So, you in school?

ERIC  
Uh, not right now.

ROONEY  
Oh, is it summer break?

ERIC  
No, I'm just not in school. I dropped  
out last semester.

ROONEY  
Why'd you drop out?

MALCOLM  
Rooney.

ROONEY  
(Defensive)  
What? I'm getting to know the kid.  
(To Eric)  
What were you studying?

ERIC  
Electrical Engineering.

ROONEY  
There you go. That ain't easy stuff.

ERIC  
It's not that I couldn't. I was  
actually kind of ahead.

ROONEY  
Then why'd you quit?



MALCOLM

Rooney will you cut it out, it's 7:30  
in the morning.

(To Eric)

You like punk?

ERIC

Yeah. I like the Misfits and stuff.

MALCOLM

Misfits.

ROONEY

You know, back in the day Glenn Dazig  
used to hang out a lot in the club  
Malcolm used to work at. We were  
pretty tight.

MALCOLM

You weren't tight with Glenn Danzig.  
That guy was a dick. He didn't talk to  
anyone but hot chicks and tipped like  
shit.

ROONEY

We were tight. I used to buy him  
drinks all the time. You can ask  
Margret, I'm sure she remembers.

MALCOLM

Rooney, I can tell you for certain  
that Glenn Danzig has no idea who you  
are.

ROONEY

Why'd you always gotta be a dick?

MALCOLM

I'm not being a dick, you're just  
saying dumb shit.

REGGIE

Mommy? Gnah ha na. Kill tonight!

Reggie shakes his head to the song in his head.

Eric looks at Reggie and then at Malcolm and Rooney who pay  
no attention.

Beat.

ROONEY

Yeah, I'll tell you what Eric. College is the only legal form of robbery. They brainwash the whole population to think that you need to spend all your parents hard earn money to sit in a dorm room for four years and smoke weed.

Malcolm shakes his head and rolls his eyes.

ROONEY

I'm sure you realized that. That's why you got the hell out of there.

ERIC

Uh, kind of. I just didn't really see myself doing, you know, engineering anymore.

ROONEY

I hear you, who needs any of that headache?

ERIC

Yeah, I mean, the students in my classes, I feel like none of them had real lives. All they did was study or talk about the homework they had. It was like a competition to see who's lives were harder. Who had more homework, who got the least amount of sleep because they were studying. It's all they could talk about. They didn't know anything else and everybody would get so stressed before exams. One day I almost threw up from how anxious I was about a test. I thought I was gonna have a heart attack. Then I thought, what if I died right now? The last thought I would have before I died is that I am failure who's going to flunk out.

Eric looks up embarrassed at his words.

Beat.

ROONEY

I like this kid, he gets it. You know you figured out something that takes

most people 50 years to figure out.  
You're lucky to be ahead of the curve.  
Malcolm here has yet to figure that  
out. He went to art school with Reggie  
and here we all are, building houses.

Malcolm shakes his head.

The truck stops.

EXT. CONSTRUCTION SITE - DAY

Malcolm, Rooney, and Reggie grab tools and equipment from the back of the truck. Eric stands beside Malcolm. Malcolm hands him a hard hat.

MALCOLM

You know how to use this?

Eric takes the helmet and puts it on his head.

INT. SYDNEY'S ROOM - DAY

Sydney grumbles as she wakes up engulfed in blankets and pillows.

Sydney's alarm clock reads '2:03'

Sydney grumbles louder.

INT. HALLWAY - DAY

Sydney walks out of her room wearing saggy sweatpants and an giant shirt. She walks down the hall towards the kitchen.

The sound of guitar can be heard from the living room.

INT. KITCHEN - DAY

Sydney pours herself a cup of black coffee from an already made pot.

BILL (O.S.)

Syd?

INT. LIVING ROOM - DAY

Bill sits on a wooden chair holding an acoustic guitar.

SYDNEY

How are you so awake.

Bill looks at the clock on the wall.

BILL

Well its past two, also in my dream  
last night I was playing this crazy  
song but I can't remember how it went.  
I think I'm close though, check this  
out.

Bill begins a finger plucking melody.

SYDNEY

Ah too loud.

Sydney walks into the kitchen.

Bill hits one last note before putting down the guitar.

INT. KITCHEN - DAY

Sydney looks out of the window above the sink.

Bill walks into the kitchen.

BILL

Did you finish that pot?

SYDNEY

I don't think so.

Bill pours himself a cup of coffee. He puts two spoon fulls  
of sugar and walks to the refrigerator.

BILL

So I was talking to Kennedy again this  
morning and she get Reed, Ken, and I a  
gig at Collinhill's this Thursday.

SYDNEY

(exhausted)

That's great.

Bill grabs the milk from the refrigerator and walks back to  
his coffee.

BILL

Yeah, so they're gonna be over a bunch  
this week to practice if that's cool.

SYDNEY

Yeah whatever.

Bill pours a bunch of milk into his coffee and stirs it around.

BILL  
You're comin' right?

SYDNEY  
Uh, yeah, of course. Thursday?

BILL  
Fuck yeah. This is gonna be so sick.

Bill takes a big swig of his coffee.

Sydney looks out of the window and sips her coffee.

EXT. RITTENHOUSE SQUARE - DAY

The sun shines through the trees and people of all sorts enjoy the beautiful weather.

"In the Pines" - by the Kossoy Sisters plays distantly.

The bench where Sydney sat before is empty.

INT. OLD FOLKS HOME - DAY

Nana and Sydney sit around a record.

.

NANA  
Oh dear, I'm doing wonderful.

Already on my first day everyone is so nice to me.

SYDNEY  
That's amazing Nana!

NANA  
A little curious dear.

SYDNEY  
Why's that?

NANA  
There are so many new people. Some people are so good at remembering your name. I can never remember theirs

SYDNEY

That's good that people are friendly.  
I can never remember names either.

NANA

Oh honey, at your age you should be sharp as a bullwhip. I knew a kid who used to play along our street when we were chittlens and he used to have big curly hair. It used to stick out all the way around like, and he would sit on the side of these street holding it down when it was wet while he rest of us were playin'.

They laugh.

SYDNEY

That's incredible! What did you guys used to play?

NANA

Oh you know, we would play in the woods and us, the girls would sew dolls.  
We had a mean old neighbor and his wife. Wicked old man he was. Probably rot in hell.

Nah laughs at her sentence.

SYDNEY

Did you guys used to play with the dolls and stuff?

NANA

Yeah, when we were young. I still might have mine. Might have kept it in the basement.

SYDNEY

What did you do when you got older?  
Did you ever go to bars and stuff.

NANA

Oh definitely. My grandfather more than I did. He was such a bastard. He used to call me slipping drunk and tell me to come pick him up and when I get there he would go he would be outside with his friend and go, "No I

didn't."

SYDNEY

Oh my God!

NANA

Well I got tired of it so one time when he called me I went down to my fathers basement and grabbed the little pistol and I went down there and said, "If you don't get in this car so help me to god, Butch." And he hopped right in.

SYDNEY

You did not.

NANA

I did. He was such a little rat.

Sydney sighs while watching the record spin round and round.

FADE TO:

INT. BAR - NIGHT

It's evening time and the orange glow of then setting sun through the windows of a small dimly lit bar/restaurant. There aren't many people in the place. One table is a family with small children, a couple tables with people in their 20's and 30's, and 4 people sitting at the bar.

Sydney sits at the end of the bar with her card wallet in her hand. Kennedy slides a pint of beer towards her. It stops perfectly in front of Sydney.

SYDNEY

Okaaay.

Kennedy walks towards an electronic cash register at Sydney's end of the bar. She very obviously presses the buttons but doesn't charge Sydney.

KENNEDY

One... Beer...

SYDNEY

You're too kind.

Kennedy smiles and goes to the other side of the bar to serve more patrons.

Sydney picks holds the beer with the same hand as her card wallet. She sips the foams off of the top and she lifts the glass. She transfers the glass to her other hand as she gets up and turns around. She walks towards a small stage in front and to her right.

Reed is hooking up some pedals to a medium size amp at the front of the stage. Ken walks through a set of set curtains at the back of the stage holding a large kick drum.

SYDNEY

Waddup.

REED

Hey Syd.

SYDNEY

Where's Bill?

REED

Uh, he--

Bill slaps his hand on Sydney's shoulder.

Some of Sydney's beer spills on the floor.

BILL

What's up friends?

SYDNEY

Ah, fuck you.

Bill has a guitar gig bag around his shoulder and an amp in his hand. He walks onto the stage and puts the amp down.

BILL

I'll clean that.

Bill takes out his guitar from the case and leans it against the wall.

BILL

Reed, I got my side. I'm gonna grab a beer, you want one?

REED

Yeah sure.

BILL

Ken?



Ken shrugs.

BILL  
Sorry Syd, you want another one?

SYDNEY  
Nah, it barely spilled.

Bill walks to the bar. Sydney follows.

INT. BACKSTAGE - NIGHT

The floor is riddled with wires and the walls are covered in stickers and tags. There is a small sound board in the corner and a metal door leading outside.

Bill walks through the red curtains with three beers. He gives one to Reed and one to Ken. Reed and Ken look concerned.

REED  
Thanks.

Ken nods in acceptance.

Bill licks the beer from his thumb and heads back out of the curtain.

REED  
Yo, Bill.

BILL  
What's good?

Reed looks towards the curtain.

REED  
There's like, families and kids here.

BILL  
So?

REED  
Well we say some fucked up shit in these songs.

BILL  
Like what?

Bill looks at Reed and thinks. Bill looks over at Ken.

Ken nods.

BILL  
Well... let's just skip the bad ones.  
Right?

REED  
I mean... They're all pretty bad.

Beat.

Bill looks out of the curtain.

BILL  
Fuck.

Reed looks comically concerned and scratched his cheek.

BILL  
I can't just not sing. That's like 3  
minutes of the same chords.

Reed puts his hands on the top of his head.

BILL  
Fuck! Why didn't you say anything  
earlier.

REED  
I didn't think about it! Ken was the  
one that brought it up.

Bill looks at Ken.

Ken shrugs with a sorry expression.

BILL  
This is fucked, we can't just not  
play. I've gotta pee like shit, I'll  
be right back.

INT. BAR - NIGHT

Bill walks past Sydney at the bar. Kennedy is pouring three  
shot glasses.

SYDNEY  
Shot?

BILL  
One sec.

INT. BATHROOM - NIGHT

Bill washes his hands.

Through the mirror, Bill sees the Bassist from the band in the beginning walk into the bathroom and to a urinal.

INT. BAR - NIGHT

Bill walks to Sydney at the bar.

BILL  
Remember that jack--

The Guitarist from the same band sits next to Sydney holding one of the shot glasses.

SYDNEY  
Cheers.

They all take the shot.

GUITARIST  
Woo!

SYDNEY  
(To Bill)  
The what?

BILL  
(Panicked)  
Jack, that guy from high school. What a weirdo right?

Bill immediately turns away and heads backstage.

INT. BACKSTAGE - NIGHT

Reed leans against the wall tapping his foot.

BILL  
We gotta bail.

REED  
Wait, remember when we played that Christmas party a couple years ago?

BILL  
Come on.

REED  
That's kind of all we have right now.

BILL  
The three of us collectively don't  
know any other covers?

Beat.

INT. BAR - NIGHT

Bill, Reed, and Ken are up on stage. Ken on drums, Reed on  
bass, Bill on guitar. Both Reed and Bill have mics.

Sydney, Guitarist, and Bassist sit at the bar and listen.  
Kennedy stands behind them leaning on the bar.

BILL  
(Into the mic)  
Hey, uh, how's everybody doing  
tonight?

Sydney and Kennedy cheer. Hunter whistles. Matt does not.

RANDOM PATRON  
Yes!

BILL  
Thanks. Sweet. We are...

Bill looks over at Reed.

Reed shrugs.

BILL  
We are-- We're gonna play some  
seasonal covers for you tonight. Good  
Ole' Christmas in July.

SYDNEY  
Woo!

BILL  
Thanks.  
Oh, and don't forget to tip your  
bartender.

KENNEDY  
Woo!

BILL  
Okay, here we go--

CUT TO:

Bill and Reed sit side by side at the bar looking greatly discouraged.

Kennedy brings them both a pint of beer.

KENNEDY  
Ho ho ho.

Bill puts his hands over his face.

Sydney comes up behind them putting her hands on their shoulders.

SYDNEY  
Woohoo! Great set.

BILL  
You really don't have to.

SYDNEY  
Trust me, it wasn't that bad. If it makes you feel any better I don't think anyone in here was even listening.  
Let's do a round!

Kennedy grabs a bottle of bottom shelf tequila and 5 glasses.

SYDNEY  
Oh, this is Hunter.

Hunter, stands next to Sydney and gives a small wave.

HUNTER  
Hey, I'm Hunter, and this is Matt.

The Bassist, Matt, stands beside Hunter and raises a peace sign avoiding gaze from all.

Reed turns around in his chair.

REED  
Nice to meet you Hunter. Nice to meet you Matt. I'm Reed.

Reed shakes their hands.

BILL  
I'm Bill.

Kennedy pours the shots and pushes them to the group.

SYDNEY  
Thanks Ken.

REED  
Actually, Kennedy, can you put those  
on mine.

SYDNEY  
Reed I got it.

REED  
No trust me, we owe you one.

Kennedy smirks and walks to the cash register.

REED  
(To Kennedy)  
And can you close it?

BILL  
(To Reed)  
Dude.

REED  
Sorry bud.

Reed slides Bill his shot.

Hunter and Sydney cough.

HUNTER  
Fuck.

Bill looks at Reed. Reed down the rest of his beer.

SYDNEY  
Wait where is Ken?

REED  
He's packing up. I really should go  
help him.

Reed drinks as much of the pint as he can.

SYDNEY  
I'm gonna say goodbye.

Reed heads back stage, Sydney follows.

Bill sits at the bar with Hunter and Matt. Hunter drinks water from a straw.

Beat.

HUNTER  
Hey Bill. Do you like prog rock?

EXT. BACK ALLEY - NIGHT

Bill and Sydney smoke cigarettes by the metal door that leads inside. Reed closes the back door of a van.

REED  
(To Bill)  
You stayin'?

Bill shrugs.

REED  
Alright, see you guys.

Reed hops up in the passenger seat. Reed and Ken drive away.

Beat.

BILL  
Where's Eric?

SYDNEY  
Who cares.

Beat.

Bill's stomach grumbles.

SYDNEY  
(Scornfully)  
His phone was off. I'm guessing he's with Scott.

Bill stares into nothing as he drags from his cigarette.

INT. BAR - NIGHT

Sydney, Hunter, and Matt stand at the end of the bar talking and laughing.

Bill sits beside them but doesn't engage in conversation. He

grasps his beer and looks fairly drunk.

His stomach grumbles. Bill blinks and looks at his stomach.

INT. BATHROOM - NIGHT

Bill sits on the toilet. He sighs of relief.

BILL

Fuck.

The door to the bathroom opens. Bill sees two pairs of feet walk to the urinals.

HUNTER

Dude, and how about that show?

MATT

It wasn't entertaining enough to be good and it wasn't bad funny enough to that to be a joke. Oh my god, it was so hard to watch.

They begin to pee.

MATT

Were they all friends with that dude who, like, overdosed.

HUNTER

Oh shit, yeah. In high school.

MATT

You have to be an idiot to be doing stuff like that.

INT. BAR - NIGHT

Sydney, Hunter, and Matt stand laughing at the end of the bar.

Bill walks over calmly.

-- POW --

Bill punches Matt in the face.

SYDNEY

Bill!



HUNTER

Matt!

Hunter and Sydney push Bill away from the bar. Bill trips and falls to the floor. Hunter helps Matt from off the ground and as Bill is struggling to get up. Matt kicks Bill who is on the ground.

KENNEDY

Hey!

Kennedy rushes over from the other end of the bar.

Matt punches Bill in the face as Hunter tries to hold him back.

CUT TO:

INT. LIVING ROOM - NIGHT

Sydney busts in the door of her apartment with Bill and Gina.

Eric plays video games in the corner.

He turns around.

ERIC

What happened?!

Sydney pushes Bill onto the couch. Tina stands over him.

GINA

What the hell is wrong with you?! And I can't believe you played a gig tonight and didn't even tell me.

Sydney walks into the living room with a bag of ice. She throws it at Bill. He puts it on his eye. Sydney leaves.

GINA

I have to get a call from Sydney that says you got too drunk and punched some guy minding his own god damn business.

BILL

If I wanted you to be there I would have invited you.

Gina gasps. She picks up a dirty glass of ash water from the table and splashes it in his face. Bill gives no expression

as Tina storms out.

Eric and Bill sit in the room in silence.

Bill stares forward on the couch with the ice pack on his face.

Eric sits on the floor. His game is paused but the idle music plays awkwardly in the background. Eric searches for words.

Beat.

Bill keeps his glare forwards.

BILL

You check your phone today?

ERIC

It's broken...

Bill nods.

BILL

(Calmly)

'was a good show... Sydney's new friend Hunter came. Cool dude. His friend came too. Really nice guy.

Beat.

Bill gets up and walks through the kitchen to his room.

EXT. CONSTRUCTION SITE - DAY

It's a hot and sunny day. Malcolm uses a tape measure to measure the separation of the wooden beams that make up the frame of the construction. Reggie stands at the top of a thin ladder shooting nails into some boards.

Rooney and Eric stack a load of nine long 2x4 wooden beams.

ROONEY

You probably don't remember this but your mother used to bring you around a lot. Do you remember being at the 30 at all as a kid?

ERIC

I remember being there but I don't remember anything else really.

ROONEY

You were a well behaved little kid. Nothing like Malcolm and I in middle school. I've known that fucker since we were 3 years old.

ERIC

(Focusing on the work)

Hm.

They grab the beams from either end and lift them. They walk towards an area with a bunch of tools set up.

ROONEY

Yeah we used to get in fights all the time in middle school. Not with each other.

They bring the beams down to the ground next to a small table with a miter saw.

Eric puts on safety goggles. He loads the logs onto the table and cuts them into segments.

Rooney speaks with his body.

ROONEY

One time I had this kid come all up in my face, right. I say "Hey man, step off me." This kid was bigger then my but I could tell he was a little pussy you know so I was like "Hey man, seriously, you don't wanna do this." But he was all in my face right so I - 'BOP', popped one right in nose. What you wanna do is pop one off right in their nose caus you know how that hurts. That'll end a fight quick. See that's what you want to do. Don't fight, just end it. You ever been in a fight?

ERIC

Not really.

ROONEY

Well if you ever find yourself matched up with some dude what you wanna do is aim for the throat cause if you land it, you hit their neck and if they try to duck it you just hit'em in the

face, see?

Eric nods.

Malcolm looks up from his measurements.

MALCOLM

Rooney! I'm not paying you to bother  
the kid.

Rooney picks up some safety goggles and a saber saw.

ROONEY

I'm teachin' the kid somethin'!

Rooney looks at Eric and points at Malcolm with his thumb giving a "You believe this guy?" expression. He walks towards the construction frame.

Eric continues to cut the beams.

Malcolm walks over.

MALCOLM

How's the cutting.

ERIC

Good.

MALCOLM

Don't listen to a god damn thing he  
tells you. Rooney has learned  
everything there is to know and he'll  
tell you about it.

Eric chuckles. Malcolm looks down at the beams.

MALCOLM

Are you measuring these?

Malcolm measures one of the cut beams. Eric is frozen.

MALCOLM

These are an inch and half too short!  
What the hell are you doing?!

Rooney and Reggie look over.

MALCOLM

I told you three and half feet!  
THAT'S MY MONEY!

Eric is sunken in fear.

MALCOLM

Why aren't you measuring?! What'd you drop out of algebra?!

ROONEY

Malcolm, he's a kid.

MALCOLM

All of this wood is ruined.

Malcolm heads to his truck.

ROONEY

Where are you going?

Malcolm hops in the truck and starts the engine.

MALCOLM

I gotta head back to the fucking hardware store to buy more fucking wood.

Malcolm drives off.

Rooney looks at Eric. Eric stands motionless looking at the empty space where Malcolm's truck was.

INT. COFFEE SHOP - DAY

Sydney waits at a small side counter in a local coffee shop. To Sydney's right is the register where another woman orders her coffee. Behind her stand two dudes in their 30's. DUDE 1, wearing a long sleeve under a short sleeve, has his arms folded squints at the menu through his thick framed square glasses. DUDE 2, ripped pants, ripped shirt sleeves, tattoos and a backwards snap back, stands behind him.

DUDE 2

Four dollars for a cup of coffee?!

DUDE 1

This is a nice place. They sell good coffee.

DUDE 2

I buy a pack of insta coffee this big-

Dude 2 holds his hands out about the size of a half gallon.

DUDE 2 (CONT.)  
 -for 8 bucks at costco. That shit  
 lasts me 3 weeks. That's like 30 cups.

A BARISTA bring 3 cups of coffee to the counter in front of  
 Sydney.

SYDNEY  
 Thanks.

BARISTA  
 We have trays by the sugar if you need  
 it.

SYDNEY  
 Thank you.

Sydney grabs a tray and puts the coffee on the tray.

DUDE 1  
 I'm an adult, I can afford a good cup  
 of coffee. How do you even drink that  
 insta shit?

DUDE 2  
 I do drugs, do you think I give a shit  
 what I put in my body?

Sydney rolls her eyes as she walks out of the coffee shop  
 with the tray of coffee. A bell rings above the door as she  
 exits.

EXT. COFFEE SHOP - DAY

Lilly and Kennedy stand out side of the coffee shop on the  
 pavement smoking cigarettes.

SYDNEY  
 Some men are actually children.

Sydney hands each of them their coffee.

LILY  
 Thanks.

KENNEDY  
 What'd we owe you?

SYDNEY  
 Don't worry about it.

KENNEDY

No seriously.

SYDNEY

It's cool I got it. You guys wanna hit Spruce?

KENNEDY

Yeah let's go.

EXT. PARK - DAY

Kennedy sits at a small glass table. Sydney and Lily slide into the seats around the table. Sydney pulls out her weed box and rolls a joint.

Drane Youre neck by Lady Lamb plays from a speaker in the distance.

KENNEDY

So I'm workin at the bar the other night and I'm working with my manager Hailey who's normally, y'know. I'm serving this dude a drink when I hear all this shit come from the other end of the bar and I see Hailey in the yelling at some guy so I go up and I-- like, I dont what happened but I go up to the guy and he's all mad at her right so i put on that chill persona and I'm like yo what happened and his friends immediatly start flooding me like "He didnt even do anything this bitch is crazy" and shit like that so i looked at the guy and I'm like "dude, it doesnt matter." and he is like yelling at me and i'm "No." "Dude, at this point"

LILY

Ew

KENNEDY

I know, and one of the kitchen guy came out with his chest all out you know.

Sydney licks the joint while looking up at the story.

KENNEDY

I know, and when he was leaving the

dude looked at me and he goes, "You shouldnt hire people like this".

SYDNEY

Shut up.

KENNEDY

He said that. I was like, "yeah man, I won't".

LILY

Wow.

They laugh.

Sydney lights the joint she rolled.

She offers it to Kennedy. Kennedy refuses.

KENNEDY

Nah.

SYDNEY

Why not?

KENNEDY

I was just about to leave for work.

SYDNEY

So?

KENNEDY

I'm gonna be toasted. I'll act all weird.

Sydney look supset.

KENNEDY

And then I'll be all beat at the end of my shift.

Kennedy gives a sorry expression.

Sydney offers the joint to Lily.

LILY

We have a CRN final on Wednesday.

SYDNEY

Wednesday, it's Sunday.



KENNEDY

I really have to go, I'm gonna be late  
at this point.

Kennedy picks up her tote bag and rushes out.

LILY

I should really keep studying.

Sydney.

Lily and Sydney walk away cross a 2 way inter pass.

LILY

Bye!

Sydney takes a drag.

Crane your neck plays. Sydney leans her elbows on the glass  
table and takes another drag.

EXT. CHINA TOWN - DAY

Sydney walks along the busy streets of Philadelphia. She  
takes in the sights, sounds and people. She watches people go  
about their lives and rush to their separate destinations.

She watches the teens in the Bubble tea cafes in China town  
laugh and flirt. She looks up at the arch on 9th street.

EXT. LOVE PARK - DAY

Sydney sits on a bench smoking a cigarette. She watches  
people take pictures with the LOVE statue.

EXT. BENJAMIN FRANKLIN PARKWAY - DAY

Sydney walks down sidewalk looking up at all of the flags of  
the different countries.

EXT. ART MUSEUM - DAY

Sydney stands in front of a giant metal fountain. Water  
sprurts out of the mouths of giant iron fish and the trumpets  
held by metal odonis-like men. She looks closely at the fine  
detail and the wear of time.

CUT TO:

She stands on the opposite side of the street as the museum.  
She looks at the large structure of the museum and the people

walking up and down the steps. She looks over at the people happily taking photos with the rocky statue. She looks at the giant lion statues that guard the building.

INT. LIVING ROOM -DAY

There is no one in Sydney's living room.

INT. KITCHEN - DAY

There is no one in the kitchen either.

INT. SYDNEY'S ROOM - DAY

Sydney sits on her bed with a blanket over her lap. A tray table sits beside her with weed and paraphernalia.

She smokes a joint and watches TV on her laptop.

INT. RESTAURANT - DAY

Bill leans a broom and dust pan against the wall next to a dirty table. A group of loud patrons walk past him leaving the restaurant. He pulls an orange spray bottle and a rag from his belt and wipes the table down.

A MANAGER walks by Bill towards the kitchen.

MANAGER

Bill.

Bill looks up at the Manager. The Manager points at a dirty table near Bill.

MANAGER

When you're done.

Bill watches the manager walk through the doors of the kitchen. Through the swinging doors Bill can see David exclaiming something expressively while grilling. Micah shakes his head at the statement while he drops a fryer.

EXT. CONSTRUCTION SITE - DAY

Eric pencils off a mark on the three and a half foot mark of a measuring tape on both sides of a wooden 2x4.

CUT TO:

Eric uses a miter saw to cut through the marked lines on the 2x4.

Rooney kneels over some wood and screws into it with a power drill. Reggie sits on the thin wooden frame of the house above Rooney screwing nails into the wood he sits on.

MALCOLM

Okay, lunch time.

Eric, Rooney, and Reggie stop what they were doing and look up.

Malcolm walks to the truck and they all drop their equipment and follow.

INT. BAR - DAY

All four of them sit at the counter of a run down dive bar. Their seating order from left to right is Eric, Malcolm, Rooney, Reggie.

The BARTENDER, a wrinkly woman in her late 40's, brings them all burgers.

BARTENDER

Can I get any drinks for y'all?

ROONEY

We'll take two Yuenglings.

MALCOLM

Yeah, make that three.

(To Eric)

You want one?

ERIC

Uh, yeah thanks.

BARTENDER

How old are you honey.

ERIC

21.

Eric reaches for his ID.

BARTENDER

I believe you baby. That's four Yuenglings? Can I get anybody waters too?

MALCOLM

Yeah four waters please.

BARTENDER  
Can do sweetey. I'll be right back  
with all those.

MALCOLM  
Thank you.

The men dig into their meals.

ERIC  
(To Malcolm)  
Thank you.

MALCOLM  
Of course.

The Bartender bring over the four beers.

MALCOLM  
Thanks again.

BARTENDER  
Cheers baby. Let me know if there's  
anything else I can get for y'all.

ROONEY  
Could we get some hot sauce?

BARTENDER  
Sure thing.

The Bartender slides a small condiment basket to Rooney from  
down the bar.

ROONEY  
Thank you.

BARTENDER  
And I'll be right back with those  
waters.

The Bartender walks off.

The three men eat their burgers and drink their beers.

Eric looks at his beer.

ERIC  
Are we aloud to drink on the job?

MALCOLM

And get fired? Sounds like a win win.

Rooney and Reggie laugh.

Eric chuckles and takes a sip.

MALCOLM

No, the only boss you have to worry about is me and as long as you show up on time and do your job you're better than half the people in the business.

ERIC

(Cautiously joking)

I'm glad the bar is so low.

MALCOLM

I hired Rooney. If you're below my bar you smoked too many cigarettes as a child.

Reggie and Eric laugh.

They all continue to eat and drink.

MALCOLM

(To Eric)

Hit it hard last night?

The Bartender brings over the waters.

ERIC

Huh?

MALCOLM

Seem a little hung out.

ERIC

Oh, no. I'm just-- no, I don't really go out much anymore.

Malcolm takes a big sip from the bottle.

Eric takes a sip of water and then takes a sip of beer.

ERIC

I guess I haven't woken up this early this consistently since high school.

Malcolm takes a bite of his burger.

ERIC

It's a lot easy when you have stuff to do. Like come here and work. The past year I haven't really had a job so I kind of slept in till whenever.

Eric takes a bite of his burger and sips his beer.

MALCOLM

Yeah, that'll change as you grow up.

ERIC

Well it's funny. I used to be able to wake up at 5am and go to school and study all day. It's kinda weird to think about that now. I was "smart" but I didn't really know anything. I guess I had drive though. I just don't really have the motivation anymore.

They sit and eat and drink.

ERIC

I guess I just don't know what I want to be as an adult. I don't really even see the point in growing up. I have no goals since I stopped doing engineering but I can't image going back. I lost all motivation. I'm a completely different person. What am I supposed to do or look forward to when I have no motivation? I just wish I could reset, y'know? Just end this timeline and start a new one. I don't wanna be this person anymore. I just can't see myself being a real adult.

MALCOLM

When do you think you become an adult? You're sitting at a bar on your lunch break having a beer.

Beat.

MALCOLM

Do you really want to be a different person?

ERIC

Kinda.

MALCOLM

Enough to do something about it?

ERIC

Yeah.

MALCOLM

Then that's all there is. Do something to get there. You don't have to know exactly what you want but at least you know what you don't want. And if you don't do anything, nothing will change. And if you're okay with that then let it happen.

The four men continue sitting at the bar eating their burgers and drinking their beer.

INT. BAR - NIGHT

Bill walks into a crowded bar full of people in their 20's and early 30's. He looks around curiously at all of the people. None of them pay him any mind. A four piece rock band plays on a small stage at the back of the bar.

CUT TO:

Bill walks away from the bar with a glass of beer. He walks to the side of the crowd watching the band. He sips his beer and watches the guys play.

INT. BAR - NIGHT

Pass the Booze by Ernest Tubb plays in a dimly lit saloon.

The bar is nearly empty except for a couple patrons at tables in the front and one OLD MAN, a well dressed, wrinkly old white man in his late 60's, sitting beside Bill at the bar in the back. A pea coat sits on the back of the Old Man's chair and a display of bills sits under and empty glass in front of him on the bar.

A BARTENDER, male in his 30's, walks up to Bill and point at the empty bar in front of him.

Bill looks over at the Old Man. He is sipping some brown liquor straight.

BILL

I'll have whatever he's drinking.

The Bartender turns around to the liquor wall behind him and grabs a bottle of Laphroaig Cairdea.

Bill puts a debit card on the bar. The Bartender slides him the glass of whiskey and slips the card from the bar.

BILL  
Keep it open.

The Bartender nods.

Bill sips the whiskey. He looks over to the Old Man.

The Old Man finishes his drink and puts on the pea coat.

BILL  
Back to the wife?

OLD MAN  
I'm not married.

The Old Man plops a wool tweed hat on his head and walks out.

Bill sits alone at the bar.

INT. CAR - NIGHT

Bill sits in the back left seat of an Uber. He looks at the street lights as they pass by.

The Car slows down to a halt. JENN, a peppy brunette slides into the front seat. Bill takes notice.

UBER DRIVER  
Jennifer?

JENN  
Yessir.

The car pulls back onto the road.

The car is silent except for the hum of the engine.

Beat.

JENN  
Mind if I put some music on?

The Uber driver gestures to the radio.

Jenn flips through the stations. "Say So" by Doja Cat plays.



JENN

Oh.

Jenn grooves to the song.

JENN

Cool with you guys?

Jenn looks back at Bill. Bill doesn't know what to say.

JENN

What were you guys up to tonight?

The uber driver gestures to the road. Jenn looks back at Bill. Bill looks at her wide eyed.

Jenn looks out of the window.

JENN

Oh! A liquor store!

(To the Uber Driver)

Please, I'll give you \$20 to pull in.

The Uber driver immediately pulls into the lot. Jenn looks back at Bill.

JENN

Is that cool? I'm so sorry.

Bill looks at her in confused wonderment and shrugs.

EXT. LIQUOR STORE - NIGHT

Bill, Jenn, and the Uber driver stand around the car in the parking lot smoking cigarettes.

Bill takes a sip from a flask. He passes it to Jenn.

Jenn takes a swig.

JENN

That's a handy little thing you got there.

BILL

Y'never know when you'll need it.

Jenn offers the flask to the Uber Driver. He nods his head to the car.

JENN

Right.

Jenn passes the flask back to Bill.

JENN

I'm starving.  
(To Bill)  
You hungry.

Bill shrugs.

INT. DINER - NIGHT

Jenn and Bill sit across from each other in a four man booth. They are the only ones in the place.

"All I Need is the air that I breath" resonates in the empty diner.

Jenn drizzles syrup over a big plate of french toast. Bill picks at the fries on the side of his BLT.

JENN

So you punched her boyfriend.

BILL

They're not dating. And I didn't punch him, I punched his friend.

JENN

Why?

BILL

I don't fucking know. I was hammered and the guy was being an ass.

JENN

Were you drunk?

BILL

I was hammered. I don't know. Now she won't talk to me. She hasn't talked to me in like a week.

JENN

Don't you guys live together. What'd you do when you see her?

BILL

We don't really. I don't spend any

time at home and I think she just stays in her room. It's so frustrating. I wish she would just text me back. I know she's getting them. I know she's just sitting there all pissed for no reason probably just remembering all the shitty things I've done and getting herself more worked up.

JENN

You don't know that. Maybe she's just doing her own thing.

BILL

No, I know her. It's so fucked. We're friends for 6 years and one thing I do is the only thing she thinks of me now. It's so selfish.

JENN

She doesn't owe you forgiveness. I mean if she decides to never talk to you again that would suck but it's ultimately up to her.

BILL

But that's so shitty. Why does she just get to decide to never talk to me again. I mean it's torture. All I can think about is her talking to her friends and being like "Yeah Bill, Fuck Bill he's such a dick." When they had no idea what happened.

JENN

Well then you shouldn't assault a dude at a bar.

BILL

I didn't assault him I just punched him in the face.

JENN

That's assault.

BILL

Whatever. They guy was dick.

Bill takes a big bite of his BLT.

Jenn eats her french toast.

BILL

Well what about you?

JENN

Me what?

BILL

I don't know, you said you and your boyfriend were in a big fight.

JENN

It's not a big fight, he's just a moron.

BILL

What'd he do?

JENN

He just... he can be so fake sometimes. I just feel like he's not being honest with me just to make me feel better or something. I'll ask him how something look sand he'll just tell me whatever he thinks I want to hear to make me happy but that's not what I want. I just wish he was more honest. I feel like everyone can be on the same plane when you're totally honest.

BILL

What'd you mean?

JENN

Like, If everyone was just totally honest with one another. You might initially be upset about something but if you know that they aren't lieing, like, that is legitimatly how that person feels then I can be okay with that.

BILL

I think I get what you're saying. I think I feel that way too.

JENN

Yeah, oh well I'll tell you one thing he did. I went away for a week on a

little family vacation thing and when I get back--

BILL

You guys live together?

JENN

Yeah. Well there's this one beer I really like and I always keep back ups in the fridge for when I feel down, or just when I want one or whatever--

BILL

Right.

JENN

Well I get back and they're all gone and I ask him, like, "did you drink those?" and he's like "Yeah I didn't think you wanted them." And I'm like, "why didn't you think I wanted them?" and he's like, "Well they've been in there forever." and I'm like "Yeah caus I'm saving them and he refused to apologize for drinking them.

BILL

It was just beer.

JENN

It's not the beer I care about. He just stood there like a doof all calm acting like I was the insane one for caring about it. And On top of all that he refused to apologize. At one point I'm like "Dude I don't even care about the beer, just apologize and I won't be upset" and he's just like "Well I'm not wrong". I was fuming. I couldn't believe he was being such a child.

BILL

I mean...

JENN

Am I wrong?

BILL

Well, what if he's just being honest. What if he was legitimately not sorry.

Jenn looks at the table in contemplation.

Bill thanks about it and takes a bite of his sandwich.

BILL

Maybe that's just who he is.

The two of them sit in the empty diner eating their meals.

INT. ERIC'S ROOM - NIGHT

Eric sits on his bed in his messy room.

He presses a button on his phone and puts it up to his ear.  
The phone rings.

SCOTT (O.S)

Hey cutie.

ERIC

Hey, I know this might seem a little  
out of the blue but I don't think we  
should really see each other anymore.

SCOTT (O.S)

What? Is everything okay? Did I do  
something?

ERIC

I just... I don't think I should... I  
just don't really think this is  
working.

SCOTT (O.S)

Well can we at least talk about it in  
person.

ERIC

I... Okay. Yeah.

Eric looks uneasy.

INT. SYDNEY'S ROOM - DAY

Sydney looks at her text book and sighs.

INT. LIBRARY - DAY

Sydney and Lily are at a table in a crowded school library.  
They're text books, laptops and notebooks are open and they  
are jotting done notes.

EXT. RESTAURANT - DAY

The sunny day is bustling with people and cars.

Bill stands off from the doors of his work smoking a cigarette and taking in the day.

INT. ERIC'S ROOM - DAY

Eric and Scott sit on his floor awkwardly.

SCOTT

Well I guess I can't say anything to change your mind.

Eric shrugs.

SCOTT

Well hey, I brought some new dope over. Shelly got a new supplier and she says good things.

Scott rummages through his tote bag.

ERIC

I really shouldn't.

Scott stops rummaging. Scott looks discouraged.

ERIC

I mean I just.. I have to be somewhere later.

SCOTT

Okay.

ERIC

Well, maybe this can be like, out last goodbye.

Scott smiles.

EXT. GRAVEYARD - DAY

There are rows and rows of gravestones but in the middle of our frame is a single average looking tombstone. Sydney stands on the right of the frame looking at the stone.

Bill walks in from the right side of the frame.

They stand on opposite sides of the grave looking at the

stone.

INSERT - GRAVESTONE

The gravestone reads:

Todd Hill  
Keep on rockin' in the free world.

BILL  
If Todd knew his parents carved a Neil  
Young quote on his gravestone I think  
dig his way out and smash it.

Sydney chuckles. She fights the tears swelling in her eyes.

Bill cracks a smile.

BILL  
Remember when he used to call and do  
his Mr. Dielle impression to get us  
out of class.

The tears in streak down Sydney's cheek. She chuckles and  
nods.

BILL  
You know he is the one that introduced  
me to Gina.

Beat.

BILL  
I hope he rots.

Sydney chuckles and shoves Bill.

Bill laughs. They look at the rows and rows of graves behind  
Todd's grave.

Beat.

Bill looks at Sydney.

BILL  
Eric didn't come with you?

SYDNEY  
I figured he'd be with you.

Bill looks back at the grave.



INT. ERIC'S ROOM - DAY

A needle pierces the skin.

A small squirt of blood makes it's way into the brown liquid in chamber of the needle. The plunger pushes all of the liquid into the arm.

EXT. GRAVEYARD - DAY

Bill and Sydney still stand and look at the gravestone.

There is an open space to the right of Todd's grave.

Bill points to it.

BILL

Race yah.

Sydney looks at the spot.

SYDNEY

I'm getting cremated.

Bill nods in agreement.

Beat.

BILL

He'll probably come later. Or maybe we missed him.

Sydney doesn't react.

BILL

You bike here?

SYDNEY

Bus.

Bill nods.

BILL

Want a ride back?

Sydney looks at Bill.

SYDNEY

Yeah.

INT. ERIC'S ROOM - DAY

Eric and Scott are passed out on the floor.

Eric's chest convulses.

INT. CAR - DAY

Bill drives and Sydney sits in the passenger seat.

SYDNEY

I thought he'd be there.

BILL

It's a hard thing.

Beat.

INT. ERIC'S ROOM - DAY

Eric's chest convulses heavier. He begins to choke.

Scott is asleep.

INT. CAR - DAY

Bill's gaze is caught by a Dunkin Donuts as he drives.

SYDNEY

Want some coffee?

BILL

Hell yes.

Bill pull a hard 180 in the car. Sydney grabs for the car safety handle.

SYDNEY

Ah!

INT. ERIC'S ROOM - DAY

Eric's face turns purple. He spits bits of vomit on his face as his chest convulses heavier as he chokes.

INT. CAR - DAY

Bill grabs two coffee's from a drive through window and hands one to Sydney. He drives back on the road, the coffee in one hand and the steering wheel in the other.

Sydney blows on her coffee and looks at Bill's cup. She takes the cup from his hand.

BILL  
What are you doing?

Bill tries to focus on the road.

Sydney gives him her cup.

BILL  
Oh yeah?

Sydney smiles to herself.

Bill takes a sip of the black coffee.

BILL  
Fuck, this is terrible!

Sydney chuckles. She sips his sugary coffee. She gags.

SYDNEY  
This isn't even coffee. Do you drink this every day?

BILL  
I like to enjoy it.  
This is like, rancid bad.

SYDNEY  
If you drink this much sugar and cream everyday you're gonna get diabetes.

Bill takes another sip of the coffee.

BILL  
Hm, not too bad on the second sip.

Sydney drinks more of coffee. She looks at the cup. She looks at Bill driving. She takes another sip.

INT. LIVING ROOM - DAY

There's no one in the living room. Keys on the other side of the door and the muffled voices of Bill and Sydney can be heard from the other side.

Bill opens the front door and they both enter. Bill walks to the kitchen doorway and turns around.

BILL

Here.

Bill gestures to his empty coffee cup and raises a hand up, ready to catch Sydney's

Sydney tosses him her cup and plops down on the couch. She pulls a cigarette from the packet on the coffee table.

INT. KITCHEN - DAY

Bill tosses the cups out in a small trashcan by the entrance way to the corridors of their rooms.

Bill pauses at the sound of choking.

BILL

Eric?

Bill walks into the corridor.

INT. LIVING ROOM - DAY

Lights her cigarette and turns to see. he gets up from the couch and follows Bill.

INT. ERIC'S ROOM - DAY

Bill opens to the door to Eric's room.

His face drops.

BILL

ERIC!

He runs into the room.

Sydney looks in the room from the corridor. She rushes to the doorway and looks in. She screams.

Bill shakes Eric up by his shirt. He slaps his face gently as Eric chokes lifelessly.

BILL

Eric, Eric, Eric--

Sydney screams and cries in the doorway.

Scott wakes up slowly not quite gripping the situation.

Bill looks at him with burning rage and socks him out cold.

Sydney has her phone to her ear and pulls her hair. Tears run down her red face.

Bill strokes Eric's hair and shakes Eric's head.

BILL

Oh my god, oh my god.

BILL

Call the police. Are you calling the police?

SYDNEY

I am, I am.

She shakes anxiously.

Tears swell in Bill's eyes. His face swells red with anger.

SYDNEY

Hello, yes. We need you right now, our friend is overdosing. Our address? We live at...

FADE TO BLACK:

FADE IN:

INT. RECORD STORE - DAY

A needle drags along a record.

"Mother's Last Words to her Son" by Washington Phillips plays throughout the store.

Bill turns from the record player and picks up a crate of records. He has a thick beard. He wears a shirt with slight tears and black cut shorts. He walks the record crate to another part of the store.

INT. GREENHOUSE - DAY

Sydney waters plants in a lush greenhouse.

EXT. APARTMENT - DAY

Their old apartment has a "For Rent" sign hanging on the metal railing leading up to the front door.

INT. LIVING ROOM - NIGHT

Bill sits in a couch in new living room watching TV alone.

INT. LIVING ROOM - NIGHT

Sydney sits at a wooden table in a different living room typing on her computer. The only light in the room comes from a small yellow lamp and her computer screen.

EXT. GRAVEYARD - DAY

The grave yard is bleak and the sky is cloudy.

Two graves are in the center of the frame.

INSERT - GRAVESTONE 1

The gravestone reads:

Todd Hill  
Keep on rockin' in the free world.

INSERT - GRAVESTONE 2

The gravestone reads:

Eric Cline  
In God's Care

Bill stands on the left with his hands in his pockets looking down at the stones.

Beat.

Sydney walks into the frame from the right and stands next to Bill. They are side by side center frame.

They keep their view on the stones.

Sydney hugs Bill, putting her head in his chest with tears runs down her cheeks. Bill hugs her tightly, his eyes swell with tears.

THE END