

1 MARY HAVILAND: ADUMBRATION 1

2 INT. GUY'S APARTMENT: BEDROOM - DAY 2

GUY, a man in his late twenties with bags beneath his eyes, sits on the edge of his bed in a t-shirt and boxers. He hunches over with his elbows on his knees and clasps his hands together.

Early morning sun pushes through his window, which provides enough light for visibility in an otherwise dark room.

His phone begins to vibrate next to an empty bottle of whiskey on his bedside table, and provides a second source of unwelcomed illumination.

His phone reads "ALARM."

Guy stretches his arm over and dismisses it. He rises from his bed.

3 INT. GUY'S APARTMENT: LIVING ROOM - DAY 3

Guy stands at the front door and wears a business suit. He fiddles with his keys in his left hand.

GUY
Get to work, do the work, come home.
Three steps. Easy.

Guy checks his phone. 9:05AM. He takes in a sharp breath, then releases it.

He extends his hand towards the door nob and squeezes his eyes shut.

4 EXT. GUY'S APARTMENT BUILDING - DAY 4

Black. Keys jingle. Door slams. Heavy footsteps on pavement.

Guy's shadow is cast onto the asphalt. It runs like a bat out of Hell towards a silver Toyota that sits alone in the parking lot. Distance stretches between it and his shadow.

Guy chases his shadow up to the driver's side door and his face reflects back at him through the window.

He fumbles with his keys.

He gulps then shoves the key into the lock.

Guy rips the door open, dives into the driver's seat, and slams the door shut.

5 INT. GUY'S CAR - DAY CONT.

5

Guy pants. He puts the keys into the ignition. The engine revs to life.

He loosens his tie.

His right hand trembles and grabs the gear shift, then jerks it from "Park" to "Drive."

GUY

Good. That's good...

Left hand on the steering wheel and right on the stick shift, Guy sits, knuckles white. His foot hovers over the gas pedal.

GUY (CONT'D)

C'mon... C'mon!

His foot taps the pedal and recoils.

He slams his hands on the steering wheel.

He cries out in frustrated.

Guy glances over at the clock on the dashboard. 9:15AM.

He squeezes the wheel.

He throws open the driver's side door again and leans out. He dry heaves for a few moments.

The door ajar warning beeps fervently.

He leans back in and his breath slows. He slumps his head on the steering wheel.

He pulls his phone from his pocket and dials a contact "Tyler" which has a tie emoji next to the name. He waits and picks at an imaginary blemish on the seat.

GUY

Hey... I'm not coming today... I know,
I'm trying...

With a heavy sigh, Guy hits the "Call End" button and sits back.

He hangs his head and proceeds to exit the vehicle. He shuffles away towards his apartment building across the lot.

The door remains ajar for a moment. Guy runs back and tears the keys from the ignition before he slams the door closed.

It silences the beeps.

6 EXT. GUY'S APARTMENT BUILDING - DAY

6

Guy's Toyota sits in the parking lot. The apartment building rises behind it. Its width spans the length of the parking lot.

An ant-sized Guy unlocks his front door then enters the building.

7 INT. GUY'S APARTMENT: LIVING ROOM - DAY

7

Guy stands with his back against the door.

Low ceiling. A couch, a coffee table, and TV on a stand are the only furnishings.

A chair beside the door catches Guy's tie and suit jacket.

Guy shuffles over towards the couch and pauses at the only picture that graces the bare walls of his living room.

A collage of pictures, all of Guy and two other young men.

The three of them on the great wall of China.

The three of them eat crickets in a marketplace.

The three of them in a scuzzy bar at the counter with a large soviet flag behind them. They are dressed warmly and wear ushankas.

A napkin with a beer ring stain is tucked in the corner of the frame and reads in messy handwriting, "Aiden, Guy, and Tommy, 2010."

Guy pulls out the napkin and regards it, then crumples it in his hand. He moves to leave but hesitates.

He turns and replaces the napkin where it was in the picture and tries to smooth its new wrinkles.

Guy plops down on the couch and opens his laptop on the coffee table.

His emails are displayed and he opens the one entitled "Absences."

"...future absences...not tolerated... will result in termination...Thank you, Tyler Turner, Operations Manager."

Guy stares at the screen then slams his laptop shut.

8 INT. GUY'S APARTMENT: KITCHEN - DAY

8

Guy pops a coffee pod into his Keurig and looks over to the clock on his oven display.

9:25AM.

He sighs. He takes the pod out of the Keurig and tosses it on the counter.

GUY

Fuck it.

He reaches for the cabinet next to him and pulls out an unopened box of "Happee Nap! With Valerian Root" tea.

Guy removes a teabag.

He fills a mug at the sink and stares out the window above it.

An expanse of parking lot with his distant car like an island in an ocean.

A small, solar-powered, dancing flower sits on the shadowy window sill, motionless. Guy taps it, but with no change.

He turns away from the sink.

9 INT. GUY'S APARTMENT: LIVING ROOM - DAY

9

Guy returns to his sofa and turns on the television.

He sips his tea a few times and his face contorts.

He flips through the channels and settles on a rerun of Maury.

GUY

Drink every time a dude's not the dad.

A man and woman sit on the stage with the image of a baby behind them. The results reveal that he was indeed not the

father.

He gulps down more tea and grimaces.

Guy opens his laptop to his emails again and clicks on one from "Tommy" entitled "Wedding RSVP."

A lavishly decorated invite pops up with a photo of TOMMY and a beautiful redheaded woman, JULIE.

Below it in calligraphy it says "You are cordially invited. Tommy and Julie."

Guy grabs his phone and calls "Aiden".

GUY

Shameful.

It rings and rings then connects to Aiden's voicemail.

Guy hangs up.

He moves the cursor to the trash icon and deletes the email.

He closes his laptop again and downs the rest of the tea. He coughs from the taste.

Guy reclines back on the couch and pulls the cover from the back cushions over himself.

His vision becomes slightly foggy as sleep approaches and the clarity of Maury fades in and out.

His eyelids droop and lift.

A dark figure wavers in front of photo of the three friends like smoke.

It touches the photo and chuckles.

Guy shuts his eyes and opens them again.

The figure is gone from the photo.

It rises in front of Guy from beneath the couch.

SHADOW

Let... Go...

It plunges its dark hand into his chest.

Guy sits up, clutches at his chest, and spins his head around.

The shadow is gone.

Maury continues on, the only sound.

He rubs his chest and unbuttons his shirt. A dark, red mark spans his chest.

Guy looks down at his empty mug.

10 INT. GUY'S APARTMENT: KITCHEN - DAY

10

Guy lumbers up to the Keurig. He rubs his eyes.

He replaces the coffee pod within it and hits "Brew."

Guy pushes the box of "Happee Nap" into the trash.

He rubs his temples and reaches for a bottle of Old Crow Whiskey on the counter.

The last bit of his coffee drips into the mug and he tops it off with whiskey.

11 INT. GUY'S APARTMENT: LIVING ROOM - DAY

11

A sliver of gentle, afternoon sunlight falls from the window onto the floor of the living room.

Guy sits on his couch like a zombie and watches the TV.

His phone vibrates beside him.

Guy rolls his eyes and picks it up.

It reads "2:30PM Call from: Aiden."

Guy squeezes his eyes shut and lets the phone buzz. Two, three, four rings. He exhales, opens his eyes, and answers.

GUY

What's good?

AIDEN

(over phone)

Hey, buddy, did you call me earlier?

GUY

No... Maybe I butt dialed.

AIDEN

Oh, gotcha. Well anyway, how you been?

12 INT. GUY'S APARTMENT: LIVING ROOM - DAY 12

Guy lays on the couch under a blanket and the shadow stands before him.

It plunges it's hand into his chest.

13 INT. GUY'S APARTMENT: LIVING ROOM - DAY 13

Guy is silent with the phone to his ear.

AIDEN

(over phone)

Guy? Hey, I'm not calling you on the job, am I?

GUY

Oh, uh... No, no. I've actually been on a bit of a.. stay-cation?

Guy picks up his half-filled mug. He swirls the dark liquid around and takes a swig.

AIDEN

(over phone)

Oh nice! In that case...

Guy get up, mug in hand.

14 INT. GUY'S APARTMENT: KITCHEN - CONTINUOUS 14

Guy flips the light on, squints his eyes, and then flips it back off.

AIDEN(CONT'D)

(over phone)

I've got a case of beer wasting away in my fridge. Let's all meet up at Casa de Aiden!

Guy sets his mug on the counter and looks out the window at his car.

It sits alone.

GUY

Uhh, I dunno. My car's... been having trouble starting lately.

AIDEN
(over phone)
That blows...Ok, what if we come to
you?

Guy looks back at his collage of their photos in the living
room.

He nods.

GUY
Yeah... Cool. I even have half a
handle left.

AIDEN
(Over phone)
If it's Old Crow, I'll pass. Wouldn't
put that stuff in my car. Just let
Tommy know, would ya?

GUY
Yeah, sure thing. See ya soon.

Guy hangs up. He picks up the half empty bottle of whiskey
and examines it.

GUY
...It's not THAT bad.

He opens it, takes a gulp and sputters.

He sets the bottle back down.

Guy dials "Tommy" in his phone. He raises it to his ear.

In the reflection of the whiskey bottle, the Shadow stands
directly behind Guy.

The phone rings and clicks as if it connects. Silence.

GUY
Hey, Tom-may!

Small, low-pitched bursts of static.

GUY
Um, hello?

Whispers overlap. A deep, ethereal chuckle.

ELECTRONIC VOICE

Let go.

Electronic zap.

Guy drops his phone and shouts.

The phone clatters to the floor, its screen dark.

He kneels down and tries to turn it back on. Nothing.

In the phone's dark screen, he sees the figure loom over him and freezes.

It outstretches a wiry hand towards him.

His fingers tighten around his phone.

He rises, turns, and launches the phone at the foe behind him.

It passes through the figure, which evaporates.

The phone hurtles across the kitchen and makes solid contact with the wall.

It creates a small dent in the drywall and shatters. Its parts rain down to the tile floor.

Guy flips the light. He throws quick glances around his kitchen but finds nothing out of the ordinary.

Guy grabs the dustpan and brush beside him and sweeps the detritus into the pan.

GUY

Shitty phone.

He pours it in the trash.

15 EXT. APARTMENT BUILDING - DAY

15

The sun makes it's way across the sky. Its journey to the west stretches out the shadows in the parking lot.

The lot is doused in the orange glow of street lights.

A car pulls up and parks close to the building. Loud music booms from it.

AIDEN, a man in his late twenties with long blonde hair,

drums on the steering wheel.

16 INT. GUY'S APARTMENT: KITCHEN - NIGHT 16

The kitchen is well lit from the ceiling fan.

Guy grabs two glasses from the cabinet and the Old Crow and rushes back to the living room.

The glasses clink in his shaky hands.

17 INT. GUY'S APARTMENT: LIVING ROOM - NIGHT 17

Guy sets the glasses and bottle on the coffee table.

He knocks one glass off the table.

18 INT. RUSSIAN BAR - NIGHT 18

A glass falls to an old wooden floor.

It shatters.

19 INT. GUY'S APARTMENT: LIVING ROOM - NIGHT 19

Pieces of glass lay scattered on the floor.

Guy squeezes his arm.

From outside comes a loud, rhythmic knock at the door. Guy jumps.

AIDEN (O.S.)

BEER!

20 INT. GUY'S APARTMENT: KITCHEN - NIGHT 20

Aiden sets a case of beer down on the kitchen table and rips the top open.

He pulls out a can and pops open the tab. He slurps it as it bubbles over.

AIDEN

Hope you like PBR. I sure don't.

21 INT. GUY'S APARTMENT: LIVING ROOM - NIGHT 21

Guy slides a broom along the underside of the couch.

His broom emerges with a small pile of glass.

He pushes it into the dustpan and stands.

GUY

Whatever gets me where I'm going,
don't care what I'm drinking.

22 INT. GUY'S APARTMENT: KITCHEN - CONTINUOUS

22

Guy comes in with the dustpan full of glass.

AIDEN

Yeah! That's the Guy I know!

Aiden slurps down more beer.

Guy keeps his head down and dumps the glass shards into the trash.

Aiden watches as they fall upon Guy's broken phone.

He looks over at the hole in the wall.

AIDEN

So... did you talk with Tommy?

GUY

Busy.

Guy quickly shuts the lid and turns away.

He cracks open a cold one from the box.

GUY

Fiancee didn't want him going out.

AIDEN

Dude, you know Tommy-

GUY

He's not coming.

Aiden lowers his eyes to his beer.

GUY(CONT'D)

...But that doesn't mean we can't
enjoy ourselves!

Guy raises his beer.

Aiden chuckles and nods.

In unison, they chug their beers.

Guy finishes first and retrieves two more from the case.

23 INT. GUY'S APARTMENT: LIVING ROOM - NIGHT

23

Guy and Aiden sit on the couch, a plethora of empty beer cans in front of them on the table along with a half eaten pizza. They laugh heartily.

AIDEN

...Oh man, that would fuck us UP!

GUY

You are NOT the father!

The two friends take a long gulp from their drinks in unison. They burst into laughter.

Aiden wipes a tear from his eye as his laughter fades and turns towards the three friends' picture.

AIDEN

How'd we manage that?

GUY

Well, I'm pretty sure we just skipped school and waited for Tommy's parents to leave. Not exactly rocket science.

AIDEN

Dude, I mean this.

Aiden points to the photo and stands.

Guy picks up the remote.

GUY

Oh no, I told I was gonna get you addicted to Lilyhammer...

Guy presses some buttons on the remote.

GUY (CONT'D)

...So that's what we're gonna do.

Aiden wobbles over to the picture.

AIDEN

You think we can still drink that much?

GUY

Dude, it's starting!

Guy pats the couch seat emphatically.

Aiden burst out laughing.

AIDEN

You kept this?

He pulls out the napkin and waves it toward Guy.

Guy bolts to Aiden and snatches the napkin from his hand. He smooths it in his palm.

GUY

It was in my pocket when we got home.

He delicately tucks it back into the corner of the frame.

Aiden chortles.

AIDEN

It was a night to remember.

Aiden stretches his arm out and gets Guy in a half headlock, half hug.

AIDEN(CONT'D)

Good times!

Guy wriggles free of Aiden's grasp. He regards the photo of the three of them in the Russian bar.

A black smudge partially covers Tommy's face.

Guy scratches at the glass.

GUY

Did you do this?

AIDEN

Do what? Get "turnt"?

Aiden laughs.

GUY

This mark.

AIDEN

What mark? Oh man, so that night-

Guy rubs his thumb on the image hard. The black mark has almost doubled in size.

GUY
Dude, not cool.

AIDEN (CONT'D)
I swear I met a Stalin look alike in
the bathroom. Fucker tried to sell me
a cow...

Aiden voice fades as Guy continues to rub the photo with his fingers.

His hand recede from the picture and the smudge has become a fully formed shadowy figure. Its hand squeezes Guy's arm.

Guy pulls back his sleeve.

A red imprint of a hand seethes on this bicep.

He tears the frame off the wall and slams it onto the floor. The glass scatters.

Aiden jumps back and his beer sloshes out of its can.

AIDEN
Woah, man! What the fuck?

Guy breathes heavily and rubs his neck.

GUY
Get out.

AIDEN
Are you okay?

Guy storms towards the kitchen.

24 INT. GUY'S APARTMENT: KITCHEN - CONTINUOUS

24

Guy stomps up to the kitchen table and grasps the half-empty case of beer in his arms.

GUY
Oblivious, as always.

25 INT. GUY'S APARTMENT: LIVING ROOM - CONTINUOUS

25

Guy marches toward Aiden and thrusts the case of beer into his chest.

Aiden stumbles back.

GUY(CONT'D)
Just get the fuck out!

Guy pushes him backwards towards the door.

AIDEN
Dude! What's wrong?!

His back bumps against the door.

Aiden fumbles for the door nob and turns it. He retreats outside.

AIDEN
I don't know if I can drive right-

Guy slams the door.

Guy rushes to the broken frame on the ground and kneels before it.

He turns it over.

Three happy friends drink in normal Russian bar. No shadow.

He pounds the floor with his fist.

26 INT. GUY'S APARTMENT:KITCHEN - NIGHT

26

The broken frame, photo, and glass fall into the trash can, on top of the broken whiskey glass, coffee pods, and phone.

Guy turns away from the trash can.

27 INT. GUY'S APARTMENT: LIVING ROOM - CONTINUOUS

27

Guy paces back and forth frantically. His hands run through his tousled hair.

The TV roars.

His heart pounds like a drum. Sweat dampens his brow.

GUY (V.O.)
Did you do this?

AIDEN (V.O)
What's wrong?

GUY (V.O.)
Get the fuck out!

Guy shakes his head and snatches the half filled bottle of whiskey from the table.

He grabs the glass next to it.

His hands shake to the point where the glass and bottle clank together.

Whiskey spills into the glass.

He tosses it back and refills.

28 INT. GUY'S APARTMENT: LIVING ROOM - LATER

28

Guy slouches on the couch and eyes the TV with his drink in hand.

The whiskey bottle on the coffee table contains only a few drops.

"Cheaters" plays on the TV.

Guy slurs.

GUY
Why bother hiding your face, coward?!

He chucks the glass at the TV and misses. It flies in to the wall and shatters. Whiskey splashes.

He leans forward and grabs the whiskey bottle. Empty.

He tosses the bottle to the other side of the couch. Guy hauls himself into a standing position.

29 INT. GUY'S APARTMENT: KITCHEN - CONTINUOUS

29

Guy stumbles and stops at the sink.

He vomits into it.

He looks out at his lone car from the window. The doorway to the living room reflects in it. A figure in shadow steps into the doorway.

GUY
Tommy?

Guy rolls his head and turns.

The figure is motionless.

GUY
YOU'RE worthless!

Guy stumbles towards the doorway but trips and catches himself on the table.

The figure backs away and vanishes into the living room.

Guy looks up to find the figure gone. He lowers his head.

GUY
I guess you were right.

30 INT. GUY'S APARTMENT: BEDROOM - NIGHT

30

Guy shuffles into the room and tosses his phone on the table beside the bed.

He pulls off his shirt, which reveals the undershirt below, then unzips his pants and steps out of them.

His foot catches in the pant leg and he falls onto the bed.

He kicks off his pants from his foot and drapes a corner of the blanket over himself.

He drifts off into sleep.

31 INT. RUSSIAN BAR - NIGHT

31

Polka blares.

MULTIPLE PATRONS carry conversations.

A Russian flag hangs behind the bar area. Wooden shelves are lined with unmarked bottles of vodka.

The front door opens, snow blows inside. Guy steps through the threshold wearing his undershirt and boxers.

The patrons cheer in welcome and raise their glasses.

He looks down at his attire then around at the strange faces until he finds two familiar ones at the bar counter.

32 INT. RUSSIAN BAR: BAR COUNTER - MOMENTS LATER

32

A LARGE MAN with a bushy beard lines up a camera at Aiden and TOMMY who are bundled up and wear ushankas.

Aiden gestures at Guy.

AIDEN

Come on! Get in here quick!

Guy jogs over and stands between his friends.

A flash.

The three friends now face the counter. Guy looks around for the large man, who is nowhere to be found.

Aiden brandishes a bottle of vodka and pours a generous amount into their glasses.

Tommy holds out his camera for his friends to regard the familiar photo.

TOMMY

Hey! Sign!

He pushes a napkin with a beer ring over to Aiden. He signs, then Guy, who pushes it back to Tommy.

Tommy scribbles on the napkin then displays his handiwork.

TOMMY

We are gonna remember this day
forever!

"Aiden, Guy, and Tommy 2010" it reads.

They throw back their shots.

AIDEN

Well, gentlemen, I've gotta go see a
man about a cow.

Aiden gets out of his stool and wobbles off.

TOMMY

You know he might actually be buying a
cow.

He laughs and turns to Guy who is suddenly silent.

Guy pours vodka into his glass, takes it, and pours more.

TOMMY

Shit, what the hell is wrong, Guy?

GUY

You fucking know.

Tommy looks at Guy expectantly.

GUY

You guys get to go back to your
girlfriends and your perfect jobs!

TOMMY

And vodka solves it how?

Guy examines the bottle in his hand and glares at Tommy.

GUY

I forget.

Guy brings the bottle to his lips, but Tommy snatches it from him.

TOMMY

You always fucking do this.

GUY

What?

TOMMY

You always get too drunk and become a
wet blanket. You're petty.

Guy hunches over in his stool. He raises his head and lunges for the bottle in Tommy hand.

Tommy tears the bottle away and pushes Guy back with a strike to the chest.

Guy coughs and rubs his chest.

GUY

Get off your high horse, you prick!

TOMMY

Get out of your bottle, you drunk!
Any more I'd think you choose that over
your friends.

GUY

Anymore it feels like you choose
foreign chicks over Julie. Now, I want
that bottle.

Tommy sends frantic glances around him.

Tommy slams the vodka down in front of Guy and shakes his
head.

TOMMY(CONT'D)

No one would believe a drunk like you
anyway.

Guy pour the vodka again into his empty glass and brings it
to his lips.

GUY

Fuck you.

Tommy grabs Guy by his arm.

He drops the glass and it shatters on the old wooden floor.

TOMMY

I've stuck around for a while waiting
for you to grow up, but you'll never
amount to anything. You're worthless.

Tommy's knuckles become white from strain on Guy's arm.

TOMMY(CONT'D)

That's why you're alone. So you might
as well let go and drink.

AIDEN (O.S.)

What are you guys talking about?

Aiden appears on the stool next to Guy.

Tommy releases Guy's arm. A red mark remains.

Aiden grabs the bottle and examines the small amount of vodka
left.

AIDEN

I'm thinking we get another. Yeah?
Guy?

Guy turns his head to Aiden and shakes his head.

AIDEN(CONT)

How 'bout you, Tommy? Tommy?

Guy looks back at Tommy. The ruckus of the bar grows silent.

A dark hand comes down on Tommy's shoulder and he melts away.

The Shadow stands where Tommy was. It twists it's head toward Guy.

Guy skitters backwards off of his stool and onto the floor.

The shadow covers Aiden's face with its hand.

His body disappears into smoke.

Guy looks frantically at the other patrons, all of who stare blankly ahead.

Guy grabs a piece of broken glass beside him and wields it.

GUY

Stay the fuck away from me!

The figure grabs his wrist.

It leans it's face down to his.

A dark void stretches across the bar until it all goes black.

33 INT. GUY'S APARTMENT: BEDROOM - NIGHT

33

Guy's eyes shoot open. Cold sweat drips from his brow.

He lays on his back in his bed. The covers lay twisted around him.

The only light emanates from streetlamp outside which peaks in through the blinds.

A creak.

The bedroom door cracks open. Obsidian hands, darker than shadow, close around the side of the door and push it open.

Guy's eyes begin to water. They dart around the room frantically. His body is still.

The door bounces lightly against the wall. In the threshold stands the hellish shadow figure.

A muffled whimper escapes Guy's throat.

The silence gives way to his drum-like heartbeat.

He strains to sit up, but falls onto his back again, as if ropes hold him down.

His eyes focus on his arm beside him.

It trembles with effort but lays beside him.

The figure takes a step. It then lurches across the room. It halts beside Guy's bed.

It slams its hand down on Guy's chest.

Guy wheezes and watches as the figure leans down towards him.

Red eyes flick open in the center of it's face.

A tear spills out from Guy's eye and runs down his cheek.

The figure cranes its neck and it's face lengthens as if a mouth opens. Frantic voices whisper and overlap.

An inhuman hiss cuts through the others.

SHADOW

Let... go...

It's hand bores into Guy's chest.

Guy lets out a raspy breath. His eyes roll back in his head.

34 INT. GUY'S APARTMENT: LIVING ROOM - NIGHT

34

Guy thrusts a case of beer into Aiden's chest and pushes him backwards.

AIDEN

What's wrong?!

35 INT. RUSSIAN BAR - NIGHT

35

Tommy and Guy sit at the counter. Tommy grips Guy by the arm.

TOMMY

You're worthless!

36 INT. GUY'S CAR - DAY 36

Guy grips the steering wheel. He slams his hands down on it and screams.

37 INT. GUY'S APARTMENT: BEDROOM - NIGHT 37

Guy blinks hard.

The figure twists its hand within his chest.

Guy's mouth opens. He screams at the figure.

It pushes its hand down further.

Guy roars. The veins in his forehead raise up.

His head inches up from the pillow.

The Shadow's hand ejects from his chest.

Guy bolts upright.

38 INT. GUY'S APARTMENT: BEDROOM - DAY 38

Guy opens his eyes. He lays on his back in his bed.

Warm morning light streams in through the blinds.

He sits up cautiously and peers around the room. The figure is gone.

He rubs his eyes and kicks his legs off the side of the bed. He rests his elbows on his knees and clasps his hands together.

His phone buzzes with his alarm.

He grabs it from the table and lets it buzz in his hand.

GUY

Saturday.

Guy shuts it off and rubs his temples.

39 INT. GUY'S APARTMENT: LIVING ROOM - DAY 39

Guy shuffles in from the kitchen with glass of water and drops an alka-seltzer tablet in it. It fizzes.

He walks to the window and sips his water.

Aiden's car is still parked out front.

GUY

Shit.

40 EXT. GUY'S APARTMENT BUILDING - DAY

40

Guy trots out his front door, fully dressed, towards Aiden's car.

Aiden sleeps upright with his coat over him in the front seat.

Guy knocks on the window.

Aiden blinks awake and looks around. His eyes fall on Guy.

He reaches down and puts on a pair of sunglasses, then rolls down the window.

AIDEN

'Sup?

GUY

Hey. How you holding up?

Aiden is silent. He pushes open the car door and steps out.

Empty PBR cans fall out and clatter to the asphalt.

GUY

Look I'm... I'm sorry for-

Aiden pushes past Guy and stumbles to the bushes.

GUY

Dude-

Aiden vomits.

Guy gags. He covers his mouth.

Aiden stands up and faces Guy.

AIDEN

Wild night.

GUY

Yeah.... I'm sorry about last night...
You hungry?

AIDEN

Of course. Still kinda drunk.

Guy pulls his keys from his pocket.

GUY

I think I got this.

41 INT. GUY'S APARTMENT: KITCHEN - DAY

41

Through the kitchen window, Guy and Aiden get into Guy's car.
It starts then they back up and drive off.

The little solar flower on the window sill dances in the
light.

From within the room, a shadow falls over it and the flower
slows.

It stops.