

COCAINE

by

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INT. HOUSE - FRONT ROOM - NIGHT

MIKE, 21, tall and skinny makes his way through the party. Lots of people dancing, loud music playing. He looks around awkwardly for a place to go.

At a table in the far corner FRANK, 22, short, fat and TOMMY, 29, gaunt and pale both see Mike and wave him over.

Mike smiles, pleased to see them.

He joins them at the table. Frank and Tommy pass a small mirror with a pile of cocaine on it back and forth between each other.

FRANK  
You want a hit?

MIKE  
No thanks, I'm good.

Frank and Tommy share a look, then laugh at him.

TOMMY  
You listen to your parents and teachers too much.

FRANK  
This is from Mother Earth.

Frank takes a hit.

FRANK (CONT'D)  
Some of the greatest minds the world has ever seen were on this shit.

Tommy takes a hit.

TOMMY  
Don't you want to open your mind?

Frank takes another big hit and his nose begins to bleed profusely. No one reacts.

FRANK  
See how the universe really works?

Tommy takes another huge hit, coughs up a large mouthful of blood.

TOMMY  
Got to get woke son.

Frank takes another hit, clumps of his hair fall out.

FRANK

We've got to go back to the way  
things used to be man

Tommy has some more, a couple of his teeth come out. Spits them down onto the table.

TOMMY

Like we've been on this planet  
for thousands of years. We should  
have learnt how to move fucking  
objects with our minds by now.

They both keep snorting the Cocaine in bigger and bigger hits.

Frank's eyes begin to bleed.

FRANK

This is how we get to the next  
stage of evolution man.

Tommy loses all control of his tongue.

TOMMY

Fuck evolution I'm standing next  
to god.

Frank now losses the ability to move his arms.

FRANK

Dragon energy. I want to jump off  
a fucking building and fly to  
China.

Tommy falls face first into the table. Not moving. He looks dead.

Frank takes one more hit, his jaw becomes tightly shut.

FRANK (CONT'D)

If you keep on saying no you'll  
never see the truth.

Now Frank has the same fate as Tommy. Flops forwards, face first into the table.

Mike seems to be weighing up all that they've said.

A moment passes, alone with his thoughts.

Now with a shrug of his shoulders his takes a hit of the cocaine.

He jumps up and starts dancing wildly. Inventing whole new dance moves on the spot.

The rest of the party joins in with him.