

Best Buds

Written by

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Logline: After smoking too much weed in their hotel room on a high school field trip, three students must decide who will answer the knock on their door after curfew.

FADE IN:

INT. HOTEL ROOM - NIGHT

Four high school students lounge around a two bed hotel room with bags of TAKEOUT FRIED CHICKEN. ALLY (17, hangry), EVAN (18, stoner), PAUL (16, young), MATT (18, studious) talk casually.

ALLY

I can't believe they didn't feed us today.

PAUL

I can't believe we walked so far. 18 miles? My feet are killing me.

MATT

Paul, The packing list said to bring tennis shoes.

EVAN

There was a packing list?

Everyone scarfs down their food except for Matt, who sits on the bed and pulls open his LAPTOP.

MATT

Hey does anyone remember the date the tour guide said the Capitol building was built?

EVAN

Homie. Do not tell me you are doing the post trip homework. We haven't even left D.C. my dude.

MATT

I know, but Mr. Murphy is writing my letter of recommendation. I wanna do well.

A collective groan fills the room.

ALLY

He is soul-sucking. Literally the human embodiment of a Dementor.

PAUL

Fitting, because I wanted to die when he made the class hold hands as we walked through the Smithsonian.

MATT

Well maybe we wouldn't have had to
if SOMEONE hadn't tried to climb
the Lincoln Memorial!

EVAN

Ok I knew the man was tall but I
didn't realize he was that tall!

Ally's phone on the bed buzzes. She reads a text.

ALLY

Shoot. Curfew was three minutes
ago.

Ally stands up and begins to gather her belongings.

ALLY (CONT'D)

I should get back to my room before
Murphy sniffs me out. Peace,
people.

The boys say goodnight as Ally exits and closes the door.
They all return to what they were doing except Evan, who
picks up a BACKBACK which he starts rummaging through.

EVAN

So what's on the agenda boys?
Night's young.

MATT

She just said it was curfew...

EVAN

Ugh curfew this, curfew that. When
did the chaperones stop anyone from
having a little fun?

MATT

Um. Literally everyday of this
trip. That's their job.

PAUL

Well, what did you have in mind
Evan?

EVAN

Might I propose a sesh of sorts?
Gentleman, may I introduce you to
my good friend Monique.

He produces a SMALL PIPE...

EVAN (CONT'D)
And her sister, Mary Jane.

...along with a BIC LIGHTER, and a ZIPLOCK BAG OF WEED.
The boys are startled. Evan preps the bowl as they talk.

MATT
Nope.

EVAN
Give me one valid reason why we
shouldn't.

MATT
Someone might smell it, it could
set the fire alarm off, we would
get suspended-

EVAN
I've never been one for
hypotheticals. Paul?

PAUL
I've never actually... done weed.

EVAN
(raising the pipe)
To a night of firsts!

PAUL
I mean. Why not, right?

MATT
You sure, Paul?

Paul shrugs. Evan grins.

EVAN
C'mon Matt, lighten up.

Evan ignites the bowl and takes a hit. He blows it into
Matt's face.

EVAN (CONT'D)
What's the worst that could happen?

SMASH CUT TO:

INT. BATHROOM - 5 MINUTES LATER

Smoke lingers throughout the apartment like a deep fog.

Matt comforts Paul, who is hacking up a lung in the toilet bowl. Evan lies in the bathtub, his consciousness drifting aimlessly away.

Needless to say, they are stoned.

EVAN

You guys ever realize that Mr. Murphy kinda looks like-

MATT & EVAN

An armadillo?

The boys start to giggle, which makes Paul just cough harder.

PAUL

Hey... Hey you guys ever realize that the Washington monument looks like a- like a-

They all burst into hysterics.

KNOCK KNOCK KNOCK. Everyone in the room falls quickly silent as all heads spin to the door. All eyes go wide.

PAUL (CONT'D)

Do- do you think that's for us?

KNOCK KNOCK. The boys talk in a loud-yet hushed whisper.

MATT

Nobody move.

Evan moves.

PAUL

Evan!

MATT

Just shut up! Maybe he'll go away.

The three stand silent in anticipation. It seems clear for a second before... KNOCK KNOCK.

PAUL

Someone has to answer it!

MATT

Nu-uh. I can't have this on my permanent record!

PAUL

Oh come on, you guys are seniors!

EVAN

I got this.

They both look over to Evan, who is currently sparking up another bowl.

KNOCK KNOCK. KNOCK.

Matt grabs the weed and runs for the toilet.

EVAN (CONT'D)

Matt! Matt come back here right this second young man!

PAUL

I can't do hard time man I just got my driving permit!

Matt dumps the bag into the toilet and promptly flushes it. He grabs EYE DROPS off the bathroom counter ledge.

EVAN

NO! MJ!

In each corner of the room, pure chaos ensues.

Evan reaches into the toilet bowl, scooping out water in a desperate attempt to save the grass.

Meanwhile, Matt squirts the eye drops in his eyes, which stream down his cheeks like tears.

Paul has found the ROOM PHONE.

PAUL

Hello? Can I speak to a manager? I think someone's trying to break into our room.

Matt runs over and slams it into the receiver.

MATT

Pull yourself together, man! Now look at me. Are my eyes red?

They are still blood red, but eye-drop tears streak down his cheeks.

PAUL

Uhhhh.

WHIRRRRRRR. A HAIR DRYER turns on in the bathroom as Evan stands in the doorway, airing out his soggy nuggs.

EVAN
 (yelling)
 Guys she's drowning! Who knows the Heimlich? Wait... Has anyone seen Monique?

KNOCK KNOCK KNOCK KNOCK.

MATT
 One second! We're uh, getting changed!

EVAN
 But not like in a gay way or anything!

MATT & PAUL
 What?

Paul has now grabbed a takeout bag, waving it around the room like a net in an attempt to collect smoke.

PAUL
 (yelling over noise)
 It's no use! We're fumigated!

Evan unplugs the hair dryer, now performing chest compressions on MJ.

EVAN
 Come on baby! Pull through for daddy!

Matt has wandered over to a large mirror on the wall.

MATT
 Shit. SHIT!

Matt dives to his own DUFFEL BAG and produces a pair of swimming goggles. He puts them on.

EVAN
 Why do you have those?

MATT
 Paul you lied, they are red!

EVAN
 This place doesn't even have a pool!

MATT
 It was on the packing list!

PAUL

Wait!

The room goes silent as they wait for the door. The knock doesn't come, but a voice from the other side whispers something unintelligible. The only words heard are:

VOICE

Chicken... Chicken!

MATT

Ok now he's just making fun of us.

EVAN

September 18, 1793!

PAUL

What?

EVAN

The Capitol building, it totally just came to me.

MATT

Fuck it! Everybody hide I'll answer it.

The room scatters, but not before Matt's fellow roommates give him a salute.

Evan dives under the bed, his feet obviously sticking out. Paul hides behind the blinds, his figure standing out against the fabric.

Matt sighs, takes a deep breath, removes the goggles.

He walks up cautiously to the door. His hand shakes nervously as he reaches for the lock. CLICK.

He sheepishly pulls the door open to see a very hangry Ally standing before him, arms crossed. She pushes past him and into the room. She pauses, taking in the crazed surroundings. She is now a witness to the odd disaster before her.

ALLY

What happened?

Everyone exits from their hiding spots.

MATT

We thought you were-

ALLY

Does anybody check their phone?

Everyone unanimously pulls their phones out. They have a text that reads: Open up! Left my food (chicken emoji).

Matt walks over to the bag on the chair and hands it to her. She shakes her head as she leaves the room.

ALLY (CONT'D)

Damn guys. Open a window.

Beat. The boys break out into a chuckle.

MATT

Oh my god that was close. So, so close.

EVAN

Things got a little... heated there.

PAUL

Yeah, sorry for freaking out a bit.

MATT

Well just be thankful we didn't have to deal with Murphy.

KNOCK KNOCK.

FADE TO BLACK.