

COKE NAIL

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INT - FRAT HOUSE BEDROOM - NGHT

OLIVIA (early 20s) a pretty girl with piercing eyes plays with her hair, sitting down on a carpet across from CHASE and DAMON (early 20s), typical frat boys, conventionally attractive and frankly similar in looks. A table separated them, beers scattered along with a bong and a gram of cocaine that Chase prepares. A TV plays a recording of a music festival faintly in the background.

OLIVIA
Can I have a bump? I'll venmo you tomorrow morning.

CHASE
If I had a dime for every time I've heard that.

Chase looks at Damon and they chuckle.

OLIVIA
No actually, I will, I promise.

She has a glint in her eye, as if she knows it's difficult to say no to her.

CHASE
Don't worry about it.

Chase pushes a section of his cocaine towards her on the table with a black credit card.

She uses an acrylic pinkie nail to scoop it up and snort it.

DAMON
Not gonna lie that's hella ratchet.

She giggles and looks at him, flirtatious.

OLIVIA
What? Jealous of my coke nail.

He laughs.

OLIVIA (cont'd)
Oh shit, I need to test Sarah.

She picks up her phone, tries opening it.

OLIVIA (cont'd)
Fuck, its dead.

(MORE)

OLIVIA (cont'd)
(to Damon)
Can I use yours? She's probably
freaking out since I haven't come
home yet.

Damon hesitates.

DAMON
Yeah.

He tosses her his phone.

OLIVIA
Password?

DAMON
8329

OLIVIA
Thank you.

She types for a minute, then sets the phone back down on the table, he takes it.

DAMON
You want another drink? we've got
punch left over.

OLIVIA
Could be down.

Damon gets up and gestures with his head for Chase to follow him.

INT - KITCHEN - CONTINUOUS

Damon starts to fill up a cup from a cooler of red liquid.

DAMON
Think she wants to have some extra
fun tonight?

Damon pulls out a baggie of a crushed pill and starts mixing it into the cup.

CHASE
(unsure)
What is that?

DAMON

Costs way more than she's probably worth to be honest. I don't want to end the night with blue balls though.

Chase is visibly uncomfortable.

CHASE

It won't like... knock her out right?

DAMON

(smug)

Nah, look imma take it from here, I'll see you tomorrow.

Chase watches as Damon takes the cup back down the hallway, he almost seems as if he's going to say something, but doesn't.

INT - FRAT BEDROOM- CONTINUOUS

Damon hands Olivia the cup.

DAMON

Special delivery.

Olivia smiles and takes the cup.

OLIVIA

Thank you.

She takes a long sip.

DAMON

Let's change this music, Chase's sucks.

OLIVIA

Sure, where did he go?

DAMON

He's tired I think. Who do you listen to?

OLIVIA

A lot of Smino, and... have you heard of... I actually don't feel that great, could you get me a water?

DAMON

Yeah, the punch is gnarly, here why don't you lay down on the bed.

(MORE)

DAMON (cont'd)
I told them the tequila was gonna be
too much.

Damon helps her onto the bed.

OLIVIA
Thank you so much.

She starts to take a sip out of the punch as Damon heads out the door.

As soon as he's out of the door she spits the punch back into the cup, puts it down, and starts shoving her fingers to the back of her throat, gagging and repeating the action until she throws up all over his bedspread.

INT. KITCHEN - CONTINUOUS

Damon hears gagging.

INT. DAMON'S ROOM - NIGHT

She swiftly grabs his phone and hides it in her shirt.

INT. HALLWAY - CONTINUOUS

Damon walks back to his room.

INT. DAMON'S ROOM - CONTINUOUS

Olivia rushes out of his room into the adjacent bathroom, pretending to be violently sick, his phone still hidden in her shirt.

Damon sees the vomit all over his bed.

DAMON
Fuck.

INT. BATHROOM - CONTINUOUS

Olivia opens his phone with the code he previously gave her and goes into his settings. She adds herself as a family member into his iCloud. She gags again for good measure, hopefully deterring him from coming into the bathroom. Then, she takes out tools from her boot and begins to take out the SIM card from the phone.

Damon knocks on the door.

DAMON
(muffled from outside)
You okay?

OLIVIA
(acting winded)
One second. I'm sick.

She dry heaves as she fishes the SIM card out and puts it in her back pocket and shoves the tools into the ankle of her black leather boots just in time for him to-

Damon opens the door.

Olivia looks up. His phone still sits on the counter.

DAMON
What the fuck are you doing?

OLIVIA
(flipping a switch
from her flirtacious
facade)
I know what really happened with
Eleanor.

DAMON
What?

OLIVIA
I have all the evidence I need right
here.

Olivia holds up the phone.

DAMON
You're fucking psycho, you came here
to what? Try and frame me?

OLIVIA
It's certainly not because I actually
wanted to fuck you. I know what you
look like, and you're so goddamn
desperate you'll take anyone home who
gives you the time of day. But I'm
also out of your league, by the way.

DAMON
How did you know about the-

OLIVIA
Roofies? Lucky I guess, scary how I
could make that assumption huh?
Really kills being a woman.

DAMON
It doesn't fucking matter you don't
have shit. Eleanor can go around
saying whatever the fuck she wants.

He steps closer to her.

DAMON (cont'd)
(under his breath)
Look, I have a loaded gun in my room.
I'd suggest you give me the phone,
and get the fuck out of my house if I
were you.

Beat.

She hands him the phone.

DAMON (cont'd)
Get the fuck out now, or I'll call
the cops.

OLIVIA
Fine.

Olivia walks out.

OLIVIA (cont'd)
(from the doorway)
Go to hell, by the way.

EXT. FRONT YARD - CONTINUOUS

Olivia walks briskly. She reaches into her pocket, takes out
the SIM card, looks at it, and puts it back in her pocket
before speeding up to a run.

She meets a vehicle with its headlights turned off at the
road. She gets in the passenger side hurriedly.

OLIVIA
Go.

JESSICA
So?

OLIVA
(adrenaline pumping
through her veins)
The surveillance footage from that
night backed up to his iCloud, I have
it.

Jessica breathes a sigh of relief.

Olivia taps furiously on her iPhone.

JESSICA
Does he expect anything?

Olivia holds up the SIM card.

OLIVA
Who's he gonna tell?

JESSICA
Check the footage.

OLIVIA
You can see everything, he grabs her
and she pushed him away. He- oh my
fucking God. We have it.

JESSICA
How long until he realizes?

OLIVIA
Any minute now.

INT. COURTROOM

Tight shot of a lawyer making a statement.

LAWYER
Miss Calloway acted in self defense,
as is shown in this new evidence. Mr.
Brownson attempted rape upon her at
which point the my client had no
choice but to use blunt force,
causing the injury.

The lawyer continues to speak MOS.

ELEANOR
Don't do this. I don't want this
anymore... I told you I'm done...
Leave me alone... don't touch me...
I'm going home...

The gavel sounds.

Fade out.