

DMT

Written by

Adam New

Produced by  
Lars Kahn

Anew@chapman.edu (380)-222-9163  
Lkahn@chapman.edu (919)-645-1112

EXT. HOUSE - NIGHT

Colorful flashing lights spill out of the windows. Multiple cars pack in the driveway, even more are parked on the street. It's a house party. MJ (21, impatient) runs outside to meet BARRY (21, looking guilty) who walks up the lawn with his head on a swivel. He's carrying a brown paper bag.

BARRY

Sorry I'm late, I wanted to circle the block a few times in case I was followed.

MJ

Huh? Don't be so paranoid. You got it right?

He grins and proudly holds up the bag. MJ kisses him on the cheek.

MJ (CONT'D)

My hero! How was it?

BARRY

Well.. the van was parked in a pretty sketchy alley, but the transaction itself wasn't too bad. It was just like you said. I knocked twice, said order for Molly, and he handed me the bag. For a drug dealer, he was actually a pretty nice guy-

MJ

Wait. Did you say "order under Molly" or "order for Molly!"

BARRY

What do you mean?

MJ frantically grabs the bag from him and YANKS it open. She's sees what's inside, and frowns.

MJ

FUCK! He gave you MOLLY!

Barry takes a moment, before connecting the dots.

BARRY

Wait... Molly's a DRUG? Well, that's misleading...

MJ

I told you specifically DMT! You always skim my texts! I said DMT!

Barry throws his hands up in defense.

BARRY

Babe, I didn't! I was so nervous I memorized your message. I would never skim, especially after you said "don't miss text".

MJ

WHAT? The fuck is "don't miss text?"

BARRY

DMT. Don't miss text... right?

MJ

NO! DMT! The drug!

BARRY

THAT's the drug?? I thought it was an acronym like LOL or OMG. Ah man...

MJ

Why would I say don't miss text at the END of the text? You already read it by then!

BARRY

I'm sorry, OK? I don't know how this works! The only drug I've ever taken is my ADHD prescription!

MJ begins to pace back and forth across the lawn.

MJ

This is bad. Really, really bad. Drugs are how my family bonds. Weddings, birthdays... everything. We get fucked up at every family gathering, I've never even seen my grandmother sober. If we don't give them drugs soon, people are gonna get bored and leave.

Barry frowns and hangs his head.

BARRY

Babe, I'm SO sorry! Maybe I can exchange it? Do dealers give receipts?

Barry tries to grab the bag from her, but she takes a step back from him and crosses her arms.

MJ

(inconsolable)

It's too late Barry. I'll just go inside and make up some reason for everyone to go home. Thanks for trying though, you should go.

She turns and walks towards the house, Barry chases her.

BARRY

What? No! Can't we just give them the Molly instead?

MJ stops and shakes her head.

MJ

No... everyone is expecting hard drugs. To us Molly's basically breath mints- we put it in our Christmas stockings every year. It just won't be enough on it's own-

BARRY

I have my ADHD meds! Maybe we can tell everyone to mix it with that?

MJ

Aww babe... You'd really do that for me? I know you have a thing about sharing your prescriptions...

BARRY

Yes! I love you, so if you wanna mix Adderall with whatever the hell is in this bag, it's your funeral-

MJ quickly covers his mouth with her hand.

MJ

No-No, we don't believe in the "F-word". This is a celebration of life.

As MJ and Barry walk up the stairs, we pan to a sign on the porch. It features a picture of BUD BRICKER (1951-2024). The text reads: Loving Grandfather, Cause of Death: Overdose.