

F.O.M.O

Written by

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**INT. APARTMENT - ZACK'S ROOM - MORNING**

Zack's room is covered in clothes, his bed is unmade, and old take out boxes litter the floor. ZACK MARLEY (21) an easy mark with an optimistic attitude sits at his desk. He wears a bathrobe as a jacket over a t-shirt and sweatpants.

Zack is on a video call with SHEIRLY (78) a short woman with huge smile lines. She's sitting on a rocking chair in her Condo. Sheirly is seen via video call through Zack's screen.

SHEIRLY

(through video call)

I went to the post office the other day, I mailed you a little surprise.

Zack SIGHS and rubs his temples.

ZACK

Did you wear a mask? Stay six feet apart? Use hand sanitizer?

SHEIRLY

Of course. Aren't you excited for the surprise?

ZACK

It's a very nice gesture. I just don't want you to end up on a ventilator.

SHEIRLY

I know. I'll be careful, but I'm not worried. My psychic said I won't die till twenty-thirty.

ZACK

That's the problem grandma.

SHEIRLY

Are you sure you're okay being alone during all this?

ZACK

I'm fine. Tonight, I'm inviting some friends over for a socially distant game night. It's the first time I've seen anyone since March.

SHEIRLY

That sounds amazing. I won't hold you up. Thanks for the call. Love you to the moon. Clean your room!

ZACK  
Bye, love you.

Zack hangs up. He observes the messy room.

**INT. APARTMENT - ZACK'S ROOM - NOON**

Zack's room is slightly better; His bed is made and his dirty clothes are now in one gigantic pile. Zack sit's on his bed. He calls Tristan via FaceTime. RING! RING! RING--

TRISTAN (20) a smug frat-boy with a silver tongue answers. Tristan is at a park. He wears a fake supreme hoodie, ray-bands, and no mask. Tristan is seen on Zack's screen.

ZACK  
Hey Tristan, It's been a while.  
What have you been up too?

TRISTAN  
(on video call)  
I've been documenting the mass  
societal brainwashing known as  
Covid-19.

Tristan wildly moves the camera to find a better angle.

ZACK  
Cool, cool... I was thinking, If  
you're not doing anything later,  
Maybe, you and the boys could come  
over, socially distant, obviously,  
and we can play the new Zombie-  
Jungle.

Tristan rolls his eyes under his glasses.

TRISTAN  
I'd love to, but my cat is sick. He  
has cystic warts all over his tail.

ZACK  
That's terrible! If there's  
anything I can do--

Tristan gets a mischievous smile on his face.

TRISTAN  
Poor little guy, we might have to  
put him down. His medicine is like  
a hundred dollars. I don't have  
that kind of cash. So It's either  
Mr. Burns or rent.

ZACK  
I could pay for--

TRISTAN  
I can't let you do that.

ZACK  
It's totally cool. I'll do it on one condition, you come to my game night. It's tonight at seven.

TRISTAN  
Deal. You're a life saver bro!

Zack sends him the money. Tristan immediately hangs up. Zack almost calls back but thinks better of it.

**INT. ZACK'S APARTMENT - LIVING ROOM - DAY - LATER**

Zack is picking up old take-out boxes from the floor and placing them in a trash bag. He's on the phone with MARTY (20).

ZACK  
Marty! I'm hosting this socially distant game night... Your aunts visiting. Tell her I say hi.

**INT. ZACK'S APARTMENT - LIVING ROOM - AFTERNOON**

Zack is mopping the floor. He's on the phone with JEFF (21).

ZACK  
Jeffrey! How's this sound; My house, seven O'clock, Jungles-Zombies... a Zoom Wedding? Congrats.

**INT. ZACK'S APARTMENT - LIVING ROOM - AFTERNOON**

Zack sits on the couch. He's hunched over his coffee table, packing individual snack bags. He's on the phone with JIMMY (20).

ZACK  
Jimmy, I'm doing this Covid safe game... You have Covid? Feel better.

Zack hangs up. He shrugs and keeps prepping.

**INT. ZACK'S APARTMENT - LIVING ROOM - DUSK - LATER**

On his coffee table are individual snack packs and a variety of masks. Next to the table is a hand sanitizing station. Zack has showered. He's wearing nice, party clothes. Zack sits on the couch and waits for seven.

The clock turns to seven... Nothing. The clock turns to Seven ten, seven twenty, and finally seven thirty. Zack's excited waiting turns to anxious waiting. His leg furiously bounces.

He checks his phone every few minutes, no new messages. Zack texts Tristan a third, "Where are you?" Text, all are left unopened.

Zack checks social media and sees stories featuring Tristan, Marty, Jeff, and Jimmy pre-gaming together. Zack sits fully upright, his heart drops, and he starts scrolling.

**FADE TO:**

**INT. - ZACK'S APARTMENT - LIVING ROOM - NIGHT - LATER**

Zack is on his phone. He is looking at a picture of Tristan at a party. He's holding a hundred dollar bill and a baggie of cocaine.

Zack exits out of Social media and selects the phone app. He calls Tristan. To Zack's surprise Tristan answers, but only with audio.

ZACK

What the heck?! It's nine-thirty.

MUFFLED PARTY NOISES play through his phone.

TRISTAN (O.S.)

(Audio through phone)

Sorry bro, major traffic on the 405.

ZACK

Cut the crap. I saw you at a party.  
Is Mr. Burns even sick?!

Tristan hangs up. Zack tries to call him back, but gets an error response. He swears under his breath then hits a pillow, it goes flying. Zack gets up from the couch, embarrassed.

Zack Grabs the pillow and returns it to the couch. As Zack returns the pillow, he catches a glimpse of the clock, 9:30 PM. Zack looks to the door, it calls him.

**INT. FRONT DOOR - NIGHT - CONTINUOUS**

Zack grabs a jacket and opens the door. At his feet is a package from Grandma. He looks down at his party clothes, now feeling incredibly guilty. He closes the door.

**INT. ZACK'S APARTMENT - LIVING ROOM - NIGHT - LATER**

Zack sits on the couch in sweat pants and a T-shirt. He half-heartedly plays his new game, checks his phone, and ugly cries. A half-drunk bottle of wine sits on his coffee table.

KNOCK! KNOCK! KNOCK!

**INT. FRONT DOOR - NIGHT**

Zack walks to the door, blanket around him E.T Style. He opens the door to see VICTOR (35) an exhausted, pudgy dad wearing a Zombie-Jungle T-shirt.

VICTOR

Zack?

Zack nods.

VICTOR (CONT'D)

Sweet, here's your pizza.

Victor hands Zack his pizza. Victor starts to leave. Zack notices his shirt.

ZACK

I like your shirt.

Victor stops then turns around.

VICTOR

Thanks man. I love Zombie-Jungle!  
The zombie chick with three badonka donks was my sexual awakening!

Awkward pause.

VICTOR (CONT'D)

That was T.M.I, Sorry. My brain is all scrambled. I haven't had a day off in months.

ZACK

It's cool man... I'm playing Zombie-Jungle 2. You want to play a round? You'd have to keep your mask on.

Victor looks down the hall then back to Zack.

VICTOR  
I can't, I have deliveries.

ZACK  
Are you sure? I have pretzels and hand sanitizer. You're welcome to both. It's just me so it's all gonna go to waste.

VICTOR  
Why don't you play with some of your friends?

ZACK  
They ditched me... Enjoy your night. Thanks for the pizza.

Zack almost closes the door, Victor stops it from closing. Victor looks into Zack's puffy, sad face.

VICTOR  
Okay, one round.

**INT. APARTMENT - LIVING ROOM - NIGHT - LATER**

SUPER: Three Hours Later.

They both sit six feet apart from each other. BOOM! An explosion sound effect plays, they both CHEER. Victor eats a slice of pizza.

VICTOR  
You want to play another round? We can beat the whole game. I have like sixty milligrams of Adderall in my car.

ZACK  
It's getting late.

VICTOR  
Shit, I lost track of time. Susan is gonna shoot me... There goes seventy dollars

Victor chuckles sadly. Zack reaches into his wallet and pulls out some money. Zack hands it to Victor.

ZACK  
Take it. It's my fault you stayed.

Victor pushes the money away.

VICTOR  
I can't accept your money.

ZACK  
Please take it, I had a fun game night... Thanks to you.

VICTOR  
No payment needed, that's what friends are for.

Zack's face lights up. He puts the money back.

ZACK  
Okay, if you're sure.  
(Victor nods)  
Well If you ever want to do it again let me know. I can reorder a pizza!

VICTOR  
I'll take you up on that. By the way, you don't need to order pizza. You can just call.

ZACK  
Totally, no pizza. I'll see you around.

Victor waves and exits. Zack happily closes the door, he's content. RING! It's Zack's phone, he answers.

**INT. POLICE STATION - NIGHT**

**INTERCUTTING: ZACK AND TRISTAN**

Tristan is sitting in a metal chair holding a phone.

TRISTAN  
Hey Zack, it's Tristan. I'm at the L.A Sheriffs Office. I got pulled over on my way to game night. I must've grabbed the wrong coat from the Vet, cause they found cocaine--

CLICK! Zack hangs up the call and turns off his phone. Tristan looks up to face the POLICE OFFSCREEN.

**CUT TO BLACK.**