

COKE AND COLA

Written by

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A young man's new life with his girlfriend exposes an addiction he
can no longer ignore.

INT. FRAT HOUSE BEDROOM - NIGHT

In full color scheme- the door swings open. *

A big guy, DEREK (18), probably 6'6, with a wide smile, comes into the room. He picks up a tin of Zyns, a couple beer bottles, from the ground as... *

A much smaller, peppy girl, JENNA (18), walks inside behind him. She looks at the beer bottles. The Zyns. Her eyebrows raise, but she just takes a sip from the straw inside the coca cola can she's holding. *

Plops down on the bed turned to it's side like a couch. *

Derek stands up, grabs the TV remote. Looks at Jenna. *

DEREK

Catch.

She balances the coca cola can next to her, holds up her hands. He throws it to her. *

DEREK (CONT'D)

Your turn to pick something. *

JENNA

You already know I've barely watched anything. I don't even know how I got into film school. It's funny- every time someone mentions the 'classics,' I'm just sitting there like yeah. Okay. I've definitely seen that one. *

(beat)

I haven't. *

He smirks. Sits down next to her. They're sitting a couple inches apart. He takes the remote from her. Goes to a Netflix profile. *

She has another sip. The can's getting close to empty. *

DEREK

If you want another, there's more in the fridge. I might grab a beer- *

She keeps sipping, brows raising only by the 'beer,' as he scrolls down lists of movies... *

JENNA

What about The Virgin Suicides or something? *

DEREK
The Virgin Suicides?

JENNA
Yeah. Have you never heard of it?

DEREK
No? What is it about?

He closes the space between them with an arm around her. *

JENNA
I mean it's right in the title.
Give it your best guess. *

DEREK
So it's about virgin's who commit
suicide because they're- what?
Virgins? *

JENNA
Well that's not really why they
kill themselves. But...you know,
close enough. *

DEREK
Okay. Let's watch it. *

Jenna takes the last sip from her coca cola can.

JENNA
What's your bet that I can get this
in the trash first try?

He looks at her. She's angling her arm towards the trash. *

DEREK
No shot. *

She shrugs. Sits up. Angles her arm. Forward. Back. Throws
the can across the room. It misses. Bounces right off the
trash can. *

He's laughing- pulls her even closer to him. She leans into
his touch. *

INT. FRAT HOUSE BEDROOM - NIGHT *

Derek rushes through the door holding Jenna in his arms. *

She's bent over. Traces of vomit around her mouth. *

He holds her hair. Positions her over a trash can. *

DEREK *
How many shots Jenna? *

Jenna looks at her fingers. Fails to count. *

JENNA *
(slurred) *
I don't 'member. *

DEREK *
(under his breath) *
Shit. Shit. *

He feels around his pocket. Takes out a bag of powder. *

As Jenna vomits into the trash can- *

Derek sticks a key into the bag. Holds Jenna's shoulders so she's facing him. Her eyes are barely open. *

DEREK (CONT'D) *
Hold your breath. When I tell you *
to breathe in, do it- hard. *

Jenna's unresponsive. Derek holds the key under her nose. *

DEREK (CONT'D) *
Breathe in. *

She does. Some powder falls. Most is underneath her nostril. *
He takes his finger, rubs the excess into her gums. *

Tears fall from her eyes. *

JENNA *
What- *

Derek brings her close. There's tears in his eyes too. *

DEREK *
I'm sorry. You're scaring me...You *
need to sober up. *

He gets another bump ready. Jenna takes the key from him. *
Looks back and forth between the key and Derek. *

Snorts the bump. There's silence for a second. She vomits *
again into the trash can. *

INT. APARTMENT BEDROOM - NIGHT

In a much more muted color scheme- Jenna (25), shuts the door behind her, throws her purse on the bed. She closes the curtains in a hurry. *

Looks herself up and down in the mirror. Changes her sweater into another sweater that barely looks any different.

There's a chime from her phone. She looks at it- leaves the room. *

INT. APARTMENT LIVING ROOM - NIGHT

She looks out the peephole. Opens the front door. *

JENNA

Hey-

Derek (25), avoiding her eyes, walks inside. He's shivering. *

JENNA (CONT'D)

Is it cold out there?

DEREK

I don't know. Maybe. *

(beat) *

Are your roommates home?

JENNA

Nope. They're both gone. *

Derek seems to relax a little. He wipes his nose.

DEREK

Okay.

JENNA

Do you need a tissue?

DEREK

No but you know what I need-

JENNA

Right. Nasal spray?

Derek gives her a thumbs up. She leaves the room.

JENNA (O.S.) (CONT'D)

Hey but you didn't forget to bring the-

DEREK

Of course not. I got it right here.

He pats his pocket.

She comes back into the room- gives him the nasal spray.
There's a tissue in her hand too.

He inhales. Some of the spray drips down. She hands him the
tissue.

JENNA

Is it all ready or...?

He pulls a bag out of his pocket. Hands it to her. She puts
it up to her eye. *

JENNA (CONT'D)

Can I take a line now?

He gives her another thumbs up but she's already on her
knees, pouring a little powder onto the coffee table.

From her pocket she gets out her ID- crushes the powder into
a line. Divides that line into two. She puts the ID back into
her pocket. *

JENNA (CONT'D)

Do you have-

He hands her a twenty dollar bill. She laughs a little.

JENNA (CONT'D)

Twenty? Thanks.

He puts the nasal spray and the used tissue on the table.
Gets on his knees next to her. Looks at the two lines.

DEREK

One of those for me?

She tenses.

JENNA

If you would just give me the guy's
number I wouldn't have to rely on
you for this you know.

She finishes rolling up the bill. Puts it to her nose. Blocks
off her other nostril with a finger before she snorts one of
the lines.

Derek just watches. *

DEREK

You know I would never give you his number.

JENNA

I know.

She puts her eye to the table- traces excess powder into her gums. Goes back to rolling up the bill. Tighter. *

JENNA (CONT'D)

That's the problem Derek. But you gotta know I could find another dealer. If I wanted to. *

DEREK

I never should have given you any in the first place. When you ask to do it- I just wish I could go back in time and make sure you never had the chance to try. *

JENNA

You know full well that first time was just to help me. *

DEREK

But it didn't help you, Jenna. *

He touches her shoulder. She moves away a little. *

JENNA

You know full well- it did help me. That one time. *

(beat)

After that? Maybe it is on you. But why I tried it...that's not really your fault. *

DEREK

I know. I just- it isn't right. *

She turns her whole body to face him. She's still holding the rolled up bill in her hand.

JENNA

It isn't. Is it? *

He shakes his head no. Now he's looking at the floor. *

JENNA (CONT'D)

Then why do you do it? Hmm? How can
you justify that and not me doing
it? I thought you said it was safer
if we did it together.

*
*

Derek takes her hand holding the bill. She tries to pull
away.

*
*

JENNA (CONT'D)

What are you...

He doesn't let go.

DEREK

I just- I wanted to make sure you
didn't get addicted.

(beat, looking at the
lines on the table)

This isn't you.

*
*

She looks at the lines too. Back at him.

*

JENNA

I wouldn't say that I'm addicted.

He blinks. There's tears behind his eyes.

JENNA (CONT'D)

How would it feel if I cried in
your face because you're addicted?
And don't fucking say that you're
not. You fucking are and you're an
ass if you can sit here and judge
me when I'm not even close to as
gone as you are.

He thinks about this for a second. Lets go of her hand.

She shakes her head at him.

JENNA (CONT'D)

God, you're an ass.

He turns away. She snorts the second line.