

BRAIN DAMAGE

WRITTEN BY M. LATHROM

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Written by

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OVER BLACK

The sound of a match igniting. A match flame in the center of the darkness.

FADE TO:

EXT. PARKING LOT - NIGHT

A man's hand holds the match flame under a joint in his other hand. Muffled group chatter in the background.

He twists the joint until it's lit. Lifts it to his face. Takes a big puff. Holds it in. With a big exhale, the group chatter fades in clearly.

The man, DARREN (31), a friendly lumberjack in city clothes, holds the joint to his left to:

MANNY (28), a chubby, baby-faced guy in baggy jeans and a black band t-shirt.

DARREN

Got some new stuff. Some good stuff.

Manny waves it off, dismissive.

Darren shrugs. Holds it out toward the middle of the FIVE PERSON CIRCLE. They stand in the middle of the near-empty lot outside a closed bar. Grungy band shirts, flannel, and denim the apparel of choice.

DARREN

Marco.

CARLY (O.S.)

Polo!

Darren smirks. He hands the joint across him to CARLY (27), long straight black hair with an infectious, though slightly devious, smile.

Manny eyes the handoff.

She grabs the joint with a wink to Darren, takes a hit. Darren's big smile shines through his bushy beard.

MANNY

A-actually, I'll hit that.

CARLY

Ah ah. Strike while the joint is lit, Manny. It's going round now.

Carly hands it left to:

Jaz (29), a woman with pixie-cut blonde hair and a jean vest laden with patches. She yawns. Takes a hit.

The pale, skinny bald guy next to Darren, TITOR (32) eagerly watches the joint go around the group.

TITOR

What are you guys doing after this?

JAZ

(holding her hit)

This is after this.

She blows the smoke at Titor. He pushes her. She whacks his arm. They both smile.

Manny watches them, shuffles a bit.

Titor takes his hit, then hands it back to Darren. He passes it off to Manny.

DARREN

Finish 'er off.

Manny puts it between his lips. Sucks in too hard. The joint flies into his mouth. He coughs. Hacks.

The spit-soaked joint hits the ground.

MANNY

Marco?

The group laughs.

Darren stares over at Carly. The laughter becomes muffled the world closes in around Darren. His smile fades. His eyes bloodshot. His mouth agape. High as hell.

Something moves in the grass across the street. A black, formless figure stands and watches them, like a LUNATIC.

DARREN (V.O.)

Who is that? Hey! Am I talking?

He's not.

His eyes peer around at each person. No voices. Just muffled sounds. He stares straight in front of him, straight through Carly.

DARREN (V.O.)
You're okay, it's just strong
stuff. This is all in your head.
Just stay... Wait...

The focus goes off the black Lunatic and onto Carly.

DARREN
... quit staring at Carly. Look
down. Look down, you damned
lunatic.

Darren's eyes cross. Then uncross

DARREN (V.O.)
Am I shaking?

He's completely still.

DARREN (V.O.)
I gotta get out of here. Just back
out of the group...
(beat)
I can't move. Shit, I can't--

On Carly.

CARLY (V.O.)
Oh my God, I'm such a light weight.
Just smile, everyone else is
smiling.

Carly dons an over-the-top smile.

CARLY (V.O.)
Am I smiling too big? Shit,
everyone's going to know. I'll just
back out slowly and say I've got to
go. I wonder if Darren feels-

DARREN (V.O.)
Carly's gonna know. Just tell her
you'll--

CARLY (V.O.)
Just tell him you'll--

DARREN (V.O.)
Carly?

The dark figure behind Carly is gone.

Darren's expression becomes subtle confusion. He stares
straight at Carly, like a statue.

CARLY (V.O.)

Who said... wait. Darren, is that--

Carly stares straight ahead at Darren.

DARREN (V.O.)

Carly, I can hear you. I don't know what's happening, I think--

CARLY (V.O.)

There's something in that weed. Where the hell did you get--

DARREN (V.O.)

I don't know. My guy said it was good, I... Can you move?

CARLY (V.O.)

We have to snap out of it. Just, on the count of three, we'll just back out of the group and say we gotta go. Okay?

DARREN (V.O.)

Okay, I'll try.

CARLY (V.O.)

Okay. One. Two. Three.

Neither of them moves. The both let out stupid mumbles.

The group looks at them weird. Everyone but Jaz, who stares down at the joint.

JAZ (V.O.)

Fuck, you do this every time. You said no weed for a week, but then it's handed to you and you... it's easy, just say you're good. You could be in bed getting eaten out by Titor right, you pathetic idiot.

CARLY (V.O.)

Jesus, Jaz, can you--

DARREN (V.O.)

I knew it! Jaz and Titor. Nice, man.

CARLY (V.O.)

Darren...

DARREN (V.O.)

Come on, it's kind of great--

TITOR (V.O.)

This shit is way too... Ugh. She's just going to want me to go down on her all night. You're getting in way too deep. If Carly finds out, she'll never--

DARREN (V.O.)

What the f--

The sound of sobs stops everyone.

MANNY (V.O.)

(through sobs)

Fuck, you fucking idiot. You know you can't handle this, you fucking loser. No wonder Carly doesn't even look at you. You're pathetic.

CARLY (V.O.)

Oh my god, Manny.

DARREN (V.O.)

(sympathetic)

Oh, buddy. Manny, can you hear me, man? It's just the weed, buddy--

MANNY (V.O.)

Shit, if I don't get to piss soon, the dam's gonna break.

CARLY (V.O.)

Ew... I don't think he can hear--

TITOR (V.O.)

What the hell is that... oh shit. Shit. No. No. No.

A small stream of blood leaks out of Titor's nose. The group's eyes shoot over to Titor.

JAZ (V.O.)

Titor? Titor, can you hear? Are you okay, baby?

TITOR (V.O.)

Shit shit shit?

A stream of blood leaks from his down, over his lip, down his chin. Then, it gushes. Almost cartoonishly.

DARREN (V.O.)

What have I done?

CARLY
 What the hell's in this stuff,
 Darren?

DARREN (V.O.)
 I don't know!

JAZ (V.O.)
 Guys?

DARREN (V.O.) CARLY (V.O.)
 Jaz! Jazzy!

JAZ (V.O.)
 Guys, can you... Did you hear Manny
 a second ago? I'm worried--

MANNY (V.O.)
 You're going to fuck things up with
 them just like everyone, you fat
 loser. Oh god, no. Fuck. It's gonna--
 -

JAZ (V.O.)
 Manny, no. We love--

The sound of Manny sobbing. His sobs stop as he:

MANNY (V.O.)
 Oh no. God no, no--

A dark stain appears on Manny's crotch. It leaks down his
 leg to the ground. Piss leaks from his pants onto his shoes.
 Puddles beneath him.

DARREN (V.O.)
 No... Manny, I'm so sorry, man.

JAZ (V.O.)
 Oh, Jesus Christ...

TITOR (V.O.)
 Did Manny just piss himself?

Urine leaks down Manny's pants.

Blood streams from Titor's nose.

The group talks over each other.

Chaos.

Then.

A couple of people walk by the group, look at them standing completely motionless, as if frozen. No urine, no blood.

The couple look at each other, shrug.

DARREN (V.O.)
How long have we been here?

Darren winces as a low rumble of THUNDER reverberates in his ear. It grows as the chaos increases.

IN THE SKY

The moon rotates slowly. The dark side reveals itself.

CARLY (V.O.)
Darren, I'm afraid. I don't know what to--

JAZ (V.O.)
We have to get out of here. It's going to be morning soon.

TITOR (V.O.)
I can't feel my feet. I think I'm losing too much.

The thunder becomes deafening. They yell over it.

The moon almost completely dark.

MANNY (V.O.)
Pathetic. You little baby--

DARREN (V.O.)
We're going to be okay, Carly. I want you to know that I--

CARLY (V.O.)
Darren, no, I've always--

The moon vanishes into darkness.

The noise goes silent. None of them speak.

The environment around them blacks out into:

INT. THE BLACK

The group stands frozen in stasis.

The black, formless LUNATIC appears behind them. The Lunatic. It circles the group.

Its hand touches each of them as it makes its round.

It touches Titor, his nose stops bleeding.

It touches Jaz, Carly, Manny, then stops at Darren. It pauses for a moment behind him, then looks to Manny.

It creeps behind Manny, who's frozen in pure fear, pants wet, face red.

The Lunatic grabs his head on both sides. Puts its head to him. In one swift wisp--

The Lunatic is sucked into the back of Manny's head. Manny's eyes go black. The blackness shrinks into a pupil. His eyes go dead as his panic and fear melt.

ON THE MOON

A sliver of light reveals itself. The moon rotates out of its eclipse. The light side reveals itself.

The world fades into:

EXT. PARKING LOT - NIGHT

Everyone in the group exhales at once as if they'd been holding their breath the whole time.

Each of them let out an expletive, as if released from the grip of the powerful weed.

They all stir. Move. Feel their bodies.

They look around at each other, in confusion. Looking for an anchor on the moment.

A long pause as they stand in silence.

Darren looks at Carly. Carly look back.

DARREN

All right, guys. I think I'm gonna turn in for the night.

Titor's hand shoots up to his nose. No blood. He scratches to cloak his weird motion.

TITOR

Yeah, it's getting pretty...
(to Jaz)
Hey, I'll drive you home.

JAZ

Great, yeah, that sounds good.

Jaz fakes a yawn.

Manny remains silent.

Carly shoots him a look, then looks to Darren. Darren nods.

Carly walks to Manny, slips into his arms. Darren watches.

CARLY

Manny, hun. I'm heading home. We'll see you Wednesday, right.

Manny snaps out of it, hugs her back. Looks to Darren for approval. Darren nods.

MANNY

Yeah, of course. Yeah, I'll be there.

Manny puts on fake joy. Laughs, uncomfortable.

MANNY

Listen, I gotta... I gotta get to bed. I'll see you guys soon.

Manny release from the hug. Walks toward a black Firebird.

Carly moves to Darren. Darren puts his hands on her shoulders.

DARREN

You okay?

CARLY

Yeah, what are you talking ab--

Darren leans his head down, giving her a "come on" look.

She pulls him into a hug.

They hug under the moonlight in the empty parking lot as the others' cars drive away around them.

Darren looks over Carly's shoulder to Manny's car as he drives away. A black, formless creature, the Lunatic, is in the driver's seat.

They release from their hug. Hold hands, head toward the red motorcycle in front of the bar.

DARREN

So, I think I'm gonna cool it on
smoking. Puts me in my head too
much--

CARLY

I was just thinking the same--

DARREN

Yeah...

Carly leans into him as they walk, his arm around her.

FADE OUT.

THE END