INT. HOUSE - FRONT ROOM - NIGHT

MIKE, 21, tall and skinny makes his way through the party. Lots of people dancing, loud music playing. He looks around awkwardly for a place to go.

At a table in the far corner FRANK, 22, short, fat and TOMMY, 29, gaunt and pale both see Mike and wave him over.

Mike smiles, pleased to see them.

He joins them at the table. Frank and Tommy pass a small mirror with a pile of cocaine on it back and forth between each other.

FRANK
You want a hit?

MIKE
No thanks, I’m good.

Frank and Tommy share a look, then laugh at him.

TOMMY
You listen to your parents and teachers too much.

FRANK
This is from Mother Earth.

Frank takes a hit.

FRANK (CONT’D)
Some of the greatest minds the world has ever seen were on this shit.

Tommy takes a hit.

TOMMY
Don’t you want to open your mind?

Frank takes another big hit and his nose begins to bleed profusely. No one reacts.

FRANK
See how the universe really works?

Tommy takes another huge hit, coughs up a large mouthful of blood.

TOMMY
Got to get woke son.

Frank takes another hit, clumps of his hair fall out.
FRANK
We’ve got to go back to the way things used to be man

Tommy has some more, a couple of his teeth come out. Spits them down onto the table.

TOMMY
Like we’ve been on this planet for thousands of years. We should have learnt how to move fucking objects with our minds by now.

They both keep snorting the Cocaine in bigger and bigger hits.

Frank’s eyes begin to bleed.

FRANK
This is how we get to the next stage of evolution man.

Tommy loses all control of his tongue.

TOMMY
Fuck evolution I’m standing next to god.

Frank now loses the ability to move his arms.

FRANK
Dragon energy. I want to jump off a fucking building and fly to China.

Tommy falls face first into the table. Not moving. He looks dead.

Frank takes one more hit, his jaw becomes tightly shut.

FRANK (CONT’D)
If you keep on saying no you’ll never see the truth.

Now Frank has the same fate as Tommy. Flops forwards, face first into the table.

Mike seems to be weighing up all that they’ve said.

A moment passes, alone with his thoughts.

Now with a shrug of his shoulders his takes a hit of the cocaine.

He jumps up and starts dancing wildly. Inventing whole new dance moves on the spot.

The rest of the party joins in with him.