OVER BLACK--

GOLDIE (V.O.)
He's a prick.

MATT (V.O.)
No, he isn't.

GOLDIE (V.O.)
He's a fucking prick.

MATT (V.O.)
Roy gets a lot of shit he doesn't deserve.

GOLDIE (V.O.)
Roy gets a lot of shit he does deserve. Remember when he threw up at David's party and covered it up with a rug?

FADE IN:

EXT. TRAIN STATION - MORNING

Two college-aged boys, MATT and GOLDIE, are leaning on the hood of a beat up 1973 Buick LeSabre. They're both drinking small Dunkin Donuts coffees.

Matt is unusually calm and quiet which is contrasted with Goldie's nervous energy.

Matt pauses to think about Goldie's accusation.

MATT
I doubt that's true.

GOLDIE
You weren't there, how would you know?

MATT
I was there. We beat the Gasparik brothers in pong three (times in a row.)

GOLDIE
(over)
Why'd you invite him?

MATT
(pause)
I wasn't gonna not invite him, (MORE)
MATT (CONT'D)
Goldie. It's a funeral, not a party.

GOLDIE
Yeah, but he didn't have to come with us.

MATT
Look, I happen to like Roy, okay? I think he has a big heart, and people should give him the benefit of the--

ROY (O.S.)
Heeeey, faggots.

Matt and Goldie give each other an uncomfortable glance before looking up at an approaching ROY, casually dressed with disheveled hair and a 5 o'clock shadow.

CUT TO:

EXT. CAR - DRIVING - MORNING
The car makes its way through beautiful upstate New York scenery. It's the middle of Fall and the leaves are bright orange and red.

CUT TO:

INT. CAR - DRIVING - CONTINUOUS
Goldie drives, Matt rides shotgun, and Roy takes up at least two seats in the back.

ROY
Look at you guys. Matt, you look exactly the same. Good as always.
(pause)
Goldie, I don't know what the fuck happened to you.

GOLDIE
Thank you, Roy.

ROY
You're welcome, Goldie.

Roy leans forward and pinches Goldie's cheeks. Goldie smacks his hand away.

GOLDIE
Come on, stop--stop that.
ROY
Goldie, what--you didn't miss me?

Roy leans back.

ROY
(to Matt)
You missed me.

MATT
(pause)
Yeah, I missed you, Roy.

Roy lights up.

He leans forward and pinches Matt's cheeks.

ROY
That's nice and all, but you're no Goldie.

Goldie is anxiously tapping the steering wheel as he drives.

ROY
(to Goldie)
What's buggin' you, buddy?

GOLDIE
Oh, nothing. My friend just died, that's all.

ROY
Alright, I'm glad you brought that up. Somebody had to.
(pause)
He wasn't our friend.

GOLDIE
Fuck you, you weren't his friend.

ROY
I was more friends with him than you were.

GOLDIE
How? Unpack that for me.

ROY
Unpack it yourself.

Matt is sitting in uncomfortable silence, not sure when to insert himself.
GOLDIE
No, seriously. How were you and Jason friends?

ROY
We got breakfast a lot.

GOLDIE
You got breakfast a lot.

ROY
Yeah.

GOLDIE
What'd he order?

MATT
Alright. We all knew him and it's sad that (he died.)

ROY
(over)
I don't even know my own breakfast order, how's that your metric system?

MATT
Alright, nobody's measuring anything.

ROY
(sarcasm)
Yeah, Goldie, it's not a contest.

CUT TO:

EXT. CAR - DRIVING - CONTINUOUS
The car zooms across screen.

CUT TO:

INT. CAR - DRIVING - A LITTLE LATER
They drive in silence for a moment.
Roy is eating a banana he dug out from the bottom of his backpack.

GOLDIE
I keep thinking about how they did it.
MATT
Don't think about that.

ROY
It's a natural thought. Everybody's thought about it.

MATT
Yeah, but you shouldn't think about it.

ROY
Why not?

MATT
I don't know.
(pause)
It's rude.

ROY
How would you guys commit suicide?
(pause)
I know how I'd do it.
(pause)
Anybody wanna hear?

No one answers.

Roy tosses his banana peel in his backpack.

ROY
(pause)
(obviously making this up as he goes along)
Well, first I'd write a really vague suicide note. But I'd change my handwriting ever so slightly to imply that someone faked the note, which would then trigger an immediate investigation into my unexpected disappearance.
(pause)
While the authorities are searching for me, I'd drive down to glorious Atlantic City, stopping along the way to completely empty my bank account at some seedy restaurant with a shady ATM.

GOLDIE
What the fuck, dude, stop--
ROY
I'd check myself into one of the finest casino resorts Atlantic City has to offer. I'd immediately head to the roulette table where I put all seven thousand, four hundred dollars on black. If it lands on black, great news. I win. I call the whole thing off and explain to the authorities the details of my premature mid-life crisis.
(pause)
If it lands on red, I'm dead.
(pause)
I head to the roof of my fine casino resort, where I then sever my head with high hopes it will hit someone on the streets. Thereby driving that person to suicide, and thus perpetuating the cycle.

Roy looks pleased with himself, while Matt and Goldie just stare straight ahead.

CUT TO:

EXT. DUNKIN DONUTS PARKING LOT - DAY

Matt and Goldie exit the Dunkin Donuts holding coffee and donuts in each hand. Roy is a few paces behind them.

Nobody is talking.

Goldie puts his coffee on the roof of his car so he can open his door.

GOLDIE
How is there not a bathroom in a Dunkin Donuts? What the fuck is that?

ROY
Just pee right there.

GOLDIE
Right where?

ROY
Just right there, on the side of the road.
GOLDIE
No, I'm not doing that.

Everyone gets in the car.

CUT TO:

INT. CAR - PARKED - CONTINUOUS

Goldie puts the car in reverse and pulls out of the spot, causing his coffee on the roof to spill completely onto the windshield.

Goldie's face is blocked out by the spilled coffee.

ROY
(long pause)
You know, I saw you leave it on the roof. And I was gonna say something.
(pause)
But I didn't.

The windshield wipers turn on.

CUT TO:

EXT. CAR - DRIVING - LATER

The car drives through an underpass.

MATT (O.S.)
So has anyone cried yet?

CUT TO:

INT. CAR - DRIVING - CONTINUOUS

Goldie and Roy think about the question.

Matt looks like he's going through something.

GOLDIE
No, not yet. It's coming, though.

MATT
How do you know?

GOLDIE
I feel a lump in my throat.

ROY
That's your Adam's apple.
GOLDIE
Thank you, Roy.

ROY
You're welcome, Goldie.

MATT
(to Roy)
Have you cried?

ROY
What do you think?
(long pause)
Have you?

MATT
I don't know. I've been trying.

ROY
What do you mean you've been trying? Trying to make yourself cry?

MATT
(pause)
I don't know.

CUT TO:

EXT. CAR - DRIVING - LATER
The car drives through more beautiful upstate scenery.

GOLDIE (O.S.)
Is it bad to hold my pee this long? I feel like that's bad.

ROY (O.S.)
Yes, it's very bad.

GOLDIE (O.S.)
Really? Is it really?

MATT (O.S.)
No, you'll be fine.

ROY (O.S.)
Don't lie to him, Matt. He needs to relieve himself. My cousin had to have his kidney removed because it was backed up with so much urine.
MATT (O.S.)
That doesn't sound medically accurate.

ROY (O.S.)
Fine. See what happens.

CUT TO:

INT. REST STOP RESTROOM - A LITTLE LATER

The door slams open as Goldie runs to the nearest empty urinal.

He unzips his pants and starts peeing.

Roy comes in with his backpack and enters the stall immediately next to Goldie.

ROY (O.S.)
Nice shoes, Goldie.

GOLDIE
(pause)
Thank you, Roy.

ROY (O.S.)
You're welcome, Goldie.

Goldie finishes peeing. He smiles in euphoric relief. His smile turns to laughing, and the laughing turns to soft crying.

He sniffles as he continues to silently sob.

INSIDE ROY'S STALL

Roy, sitting on the toilet, looks up. He cuffs his ears.

BACK ON GOLDIE

ROY (O.S.)
And what is that sound?

Goldie flushes the toilet next to him to conceal the sound.

ROY (O.S.)
Goldie locks?

Goldie flushes his toilet and leaves.

CUT TO:

EXT. REST STOP PICNIC AREA - MOMENTS LATER
Matt is browsing through his phone while sitting at a picnic table. Goldie sits down across from him.

GOLDIE
Guess what I just did in the bathroom?

MATT
You know, I'd really rather not.

GOLDIE
I cried.

MATT
You did?

GOLDIE
Yeah, it was amazing. I feel better already.

MATT
Well, what happened? How'd you do it?

ROY (O.S.)
How'd Goldie do what?

MATT
(not looking Roy yet)
Goldie just cried in the--

Matt looks up at Roy, who's now dressed in a black suit with a black shirt. His hair is slicked back.

He looks like Johnny Cash.

ROY
So that's what that weird sound was. You cry weird, Goldie.
(pause)
I never pegged you as someone so in tune with your feelings.

Roy sits down next to Goldie.

MATT
The hell are you wearing?

ROY
(pause)
I'm wearing a suit.
MATT
An all black suit with an all black shirt?

ROY
It's a funeral. You're supposed to wear black. It's a (dark day--)

MATT
(over)
You're not supposed to wear all black. You look like Johnny Cash.

ROY
(pause)
Cool.

CUT TO:

INT. CAR - DRIVING - LATER
Roy is now sitting in the passengers seat. Goldie is still driving.
Matt is alone in the back. He puts on some headphone and puts on some sad, moody music. He stares out the window at the passing scenery.
CLOSE ON MATT
Matt scrunches his face up and tries to push out a tear. He's trying to force himself to cry.
He closes his eyes and waits for the emotions to wash over him.
When he opens them, he sees Roy staring at him through the reflection of the front seat sun visor.

ROY
(mouthed)
What the fuck are you doing?

Matt rips off his headphones.

ROY
(audible)
What are you doing?

MATT
I was--I was trying to cry.
GOLDIE
You cried? Welcome to the club.

MATT
No, I was trying to. I couldn't.

ROY
Of course you couldn't. Forcing it never works. Unless you're an actor, in which case you gotta be fucked up emotionally to be able to cry on command like that.

(pause)
You can't manufacture that shit, is what I'm saying. It'll happen when it happens.

(pause)
Or not.

(pause)
You guys are thinking about it too much.

(pause)
It doesn't matter.

(pause)
(turning this into a joke)
Nothing in this life matters.

(pause)
Except women.

CUT TO:

I/E. CAR - DRIVING - LATER
The car pulls up next to an open street parking space next to the curb.
The car's flashers switch on.
Goldie checks his rearview mirrors. Matt is back in the passengers seat; Roy is in the backseat.

GOLDIE
Am I good?

MATT
You have plenty of room.

GOLDIE
Roy, can you check?
Roy is busy with a Big Mac.
ROY
(mouthful)
I'm pretty busy here with this Big Mac.

GOLDIE
Just turn around and look, am I good?

Roy turns and looks.

ROY
You have plenty of room.

MATT
Just let me park.

GOLDIE
No, I have to figure it out eventually.

ROY
Is eventually before or after the funeral?

Goldie starts backing up. He slams on the breaks for no reason.

GOLDIE
I can't see--am I good?

Matt sighs.

MATT
Just back up.

GOLDIE
I can't (see--)

MATT
(over)
Just start backing up, I'll tell you what to do.

Goldie backs up way too fast.

MATT
Slow down, slow down!

Goldie slams on the breaks, inches from another car.

ROY
Shit, Goldie!
GOLDIE

What?

ROY
(mouthful)
Ketchup!

GOLDIE

What?

ROY
I got ketchup on my shirt!

GOLDIE
(mostly to Matt)
Somebody get out and tell me if I have room.

ROY
I spilled ketchup on my shirt.

MATT
You can do this. Just back up and turn the wheel clockwise and counterclockwise. That's (it--)

ROY
(over)
Guess I'll just go pay my respects with ketchup on my shirt.

Goldie and Matt share an annoyed look.

CUT TO:

EXT. SIDEWALK - SMALL TOWN - MOMENTS LATER

The car is about three feet away from the curb. Everyone gets out.

ROY
(to Goldie)
Nice park job, Goldie.

GOLDIE
(very tired of Roy)
Thanks, Roy.

ROY
You're welcome, Goldie.
EXT. CONVENIENCE STORE - SMALL TOWN - A LITTLE LATER

Matt and Goldie are sitting on the curb in front of a convenience store.

GOLDIE
(pause)
(joking with a hint of truth)
Maybe he can take a cab home.

MATT
Dude, no.
(pause)
Maybe there's a train around here.

GOLDIE
Okay, I'll tell him.

MATT
You're not gonna tell him.

GOLDIE
(pause)
You tell him. He likes you more.

MATT
I'm not telling him, he likes me.

Roy exits the convenience with a cigarette in his mouth. He's using a Tide To-Go stick on his shirt.

ROY
See, I don't know what I was so worried about, it comes right off.
(pause)
All better.

Matt and Goldie get up while Roy smokes his cigarette. They stand in silence while Roy quickly inhales his cigarette. He stamps it out.

MATT
Ready?

Roy nods.

ROY
Sure.

They start walking down Main Street towards the church.
Roy lights another cigarette.

GOLDIE
We're walking into a funeral, you need to smell like cigarettes? You just smoked one.

ROY
I like to make my presence known.

GOLDIE
(pause)
Can I get a drag?

Roy hands him the cigarette.

Goldie takes one drag and then stomps it out.

Roy simply takes another cigarette out of the carton.

GOLDIE
You're a real fuckin' prick. I don't call many people pricks 'cause I'm not exactly sure what a prick is, but I imagine you fit whatever the requirements are to be one.

Goldie turns and walks away. Matt is stuck standing next to Roy.

Roy, defeated, puts his cigarette away.

Matt and Roy walk behind Goldie.

Everyone is quiet as they approach the church, like they're getting into character for their entrance.

CUT TO:

EXT. ACROSS THE STREET FROM THE CHURCH - MOMENTS LATER

Matt and Roy catch up to Goldie, who has stopped. He's sees something across the street.

Matt and Roy check to see what Goldie's looking at: the immediate family members (mother, father, older brother), all dressed in black, getting out of a black car.

The father and older brother help the mother out of the car. The family is quiet and stoic.

This visibly hits Roy. Immediately, his eyes fill with tears.
Roy takes a few steps back for some sort of privacy.

Matt and Goldie stand side-by-side, unsure of how to help.

After a beat, Goldie moves closer to Roy. He puts his arm around him, which Roy receives as a hug.

Roy sobs into Goldie's shoulder.

ROY
I'm sorry, Goldie.

GOLDIE
It's okay.
(pause)
I'm sorry I called you a prick.
You're not a prick.

ROY
Yeah, I am.
(pause)
Thank you, Goldie.

GOLDIE
(pause)
You're welcome, Roy.

Matt stands back and watches. Finally, he moves closer to them.

Matt wraps his arms around Goldie and Roy. They're standing in a huddle.

ROY
Okay.

The huddle breaks. They each share a look with each other.

ROY
Let's go see our dead friend.

Matt and Goldie allow themselves to laugh.

They all walk across the street and into the church.

SNAP TO BLACK.

THE END.