

IT'S THAT SIMPLE

Written by

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FADE IN

INT. DRG 2ND FLOOR ROOM - NIGHT

A pigpen of a room. Empty beer bottles and shot glasses line the floor. An ashtray with multiple cigarettes and roaches is on the coffee table.

We hear party music emanating from downstairs. The room itself is relatively quiet, however, with the exception of two men speaking over each other, occasionally laughing.

DOM (O.S.)
You still banging Gina bro?

DILL (O.S.)
Yeah man, we've been fighting a lot though. She says I'm with my friends too much.

We see DOM (20) and DILL (20). Both are nearly identical. Buff, tall, wearing the same color Letterman jackets, deep v-necks, and black pants.

DOM
Oh fuck her dude! No wait, don't fuck her. Stop fucking her.

DILL
I know, I've been thinking about it. I do like her though. She's got a nice ass.

As the two talk, we pan over to LEONARD (18), asleep on the floor. His skin is white and clammy.

DOM
So do I, mines nice and plump, but that's not why we hang out. Is it?

DILL
No, I guess not. What about you? You seeing anybody?

DOM
FUCK NO! Bros before hoes, you know what I mean?

LEONARD
BLGGHHHHHH!!!

Leonard vomits all over the floor. Dom turns around.

DOM
Aw- damn it Leonard! The fuck is
this?

Leonard doesn't make a noise. He is totally still.

DILL
Hey, Dom. He doesn't look too good.

DOM
Shit. He's fine. Leonard! Wake up!

Dom kicks Leonard. He doesn't move.

DILL
I don't think he's breathing.

Dom gets down closer to Leonard, drunkenly feels for a pulse.

DOM
Shit.

A pause as the gravity of the situation sinks in.

DILL
Dom... Did we just kill our
fraternity pledge?

DOM
Uh-

DILL
OH FUCK! This is bad Dom. Really
bad! We're gonna be like, expelled!

DOM
Dill! We didn't kill him! He just
drank too much tequila, snorted a
little too much coke. Died on his
own volition.

DILL
YEAH! BUT WE GAVE HIM THAT TEQUILA
AND COKE! THEY CAN AT LEAST CHARGE
US FOR MANSLAUGHTER!

DOM
Oh...

Dom and Dill get up. Dill is properly freaked, hands over his
head, trying to get a grip on everything. Dom thinks.

DOM (CONT'D)
Let's get rid of him.

DILL

WHAT?!

DOM

Let's get rid of Leonard. Dump the body.

DILL

WHERE? THERE'S A PARTY OUTSIDE.

DOM

Well, we can't just leave him here! People are gonna be looking for us! Let's pretend like he had too much to drink and we're taking him home.

DILL

This isn't *Weekend At Bernie's*! We can't pretend this dude is alive!

DOM

Well, what else do you want to do? Go to prison? Look, the baseball field's under construction. Let's just dump him there and be on our way.

DILL

Dom, we're going straight to hell.

DOM

HEY! DILL! We just have to get rid of the body okay? *It's that si-*

Dom slips on Leonard's vomit. His head hits the corner of the coffee table.

TITLE: IT'S THAT SIMPLE

INT. DRG LIVING ROOM - LATER

The house is dimly lit. Loud music blares as drunk people mill about. Dom and Dill come from upstairs holding Leonard on each side, who is decked out in sunglasses and a sombrero.

DOM

Look, there's the door. Let's just carry him out and act natural.

VIC (O.S.)

WELL IF IT ISN'T TWEEDLE-DEE AND TWEEDLE-DUM. GET OVER HERE GUYS!

DOM

Fuck.

The two turn around to see VIC (22) and his crew across the room. Vic is huge, decked out in shorts and a Hawaiian shirt.

DILL

Oh hey Vic. We're actually a lit-

VIC

GET THE FUCK OVER HERE NOW!

DILL

You got it.

Dom and Dill saunter over, holding Leonard.

VIC

What were you two doin' up there?
Gangbangin' your pledge? Everyone,
this here is Dim and Doll. Our
fraternity fags.

DOM

Not true. Also, it's Dom and Dill.

VIC

We only see these two together.
Which means they get to play vodka
pong as a team.

The crowd cheers. Vic lays down three red solo cups, filling each one to the brim with Everclear.

VIC (CONT'D)

First to get the ball in all three
cups wins.

DILL

Hey Dom. Don't you think it's best
we get Leonard home?

DOM

I think so.

VIC

IF YOU MOTHERFUCKERS DON'T PLAY
THIS GAME I WILL PERSONALLY EAT
BOTH OF YOUR ASSES OFF MY SPITTLE.

DOM

Then again, one game doesn't hurt.

DILL
Why don't we put Leonard down?

Dom and Dill set Leonard on a nearby chair. They then walk over to the vodka pong table. Vic and his friends take the other side.

Dill goes first. He grabs a ball and plucks it into the cup. The crowd cheers. Vic chugs.

Dom's turn. He carefully aims at the two cups across from him, fires, but misses. Vic then slinks his ball in.

Dom chugs his Everclear, coughing afterward.

DILL (CONT'D)
You alright?

DOM
I think I just killed myself.

PARTIER #1 (O.S.)
Is that guy okay?

Dom and Dill look over to see a small group of partiers huddling around Leonard.

DOM
Oh he's fine! Don't worry about him!

Just then, Vic's friend throws his ball into Dom and Dill's second cup.

PARITER #2
Is he drooling?

Dill begins chugging the second red solo cup. He quickly spits the rest out.

DILL
FUCK! WHAT IS THIS STUFF GASOLINE?

DOM
Guys, seriously. Leonard's A-1.

PARTIER #3
I don't think he's breathing...

DOM
DID YOU NOT HEAR WHAT I JUST
FUCKING SAID? LEAVE LEONARD ALONE.

The entire kitchen goes quiet at Dom's outburst.

DOM (CONT'D)

I mean...

The third ball lands into their cup. Dom and Dill look at each other, neither willing to relive that experience.

Out of options, Dill quickly comes up with a plan.

DILL

LEONARD'S TURN!

Dill grabs the third mug from the table, runs to Leonard's chair, and pours the rest of the vodka down his throat. The crowd roars in admiration.

VIC

Yo! The freshman chugged that shit!
Delta Rho Gamma for sure!

Everyone cheers in agreement. By that point, however, Dom, Dill, and Leonard have already left.

EXT. DRG HOUSE - NIGHT

The three burst out, noticeably drunker. Dom trips on the stairs and face-plants onto the cement floor.

DOM

Damnit! Not again.

POLICE (O.S.)

FREEZE!

Bright lights go on, blinding Dom and Dill.

POLICE (CONT'D)

This is the police. Do not move.
You have the right to remai-

DOM

WE DIDN'T MEAN TO KILL OUR PLEDGE!
It was my idea to bury Leonard!
Don't arrest Dill for it!

POLICE

Woah man. What?

The lights go off, revealing the cop to actually be a PARTY BOUNCER.

PARTY BOUNCER

I'm just kidding bro, I'm not
actually a cop. What happened?

DILL
God damnit Dom.

PARTY BOUNCER
Did you say 'kill your pledge?'

DOM
Yes. But we didn't mean to! It was
an accident I swear!

A long pause as the party bouncer gazes at all of them.

PARTY BOUNCER
Oh fuck this...

The party bouncer walks away.

DILL
Wait what?

DOM
Aren't you gonna help us?

PARTY BOUNCER (O.S.)
I deal with enough idiots who OD on
this gig. I'm out.

DOM
Huh... Well that's not quite what I
expected.

EXT. STREET - LATER

Dom and Dill trudge on. Leonard's feet drag on the cement.

As they're walking, an inhaler falls from Leonard's pocket. Dill picks it up, looks at it, then puts it back into the freshman's shorts.

DOM
At least it can't get any worse.

GINA (O.S.)
Dill?

DOM
Of course.

The two look up. GINA - the woman who they were talking about earlier - stares back at them.

DILL
Gina! What're you doing here?

GINA
I'm going to your party. What're
you doing?

Dom and Dill look at each other.

DILL
Uh- We're taking our pledge home.
He drank too much. I'll text you
later.

GINA
Okay. Wanna meet up when you get
back?

DILL
Oh. See the thing is, it might be a
while. Leonard's pretty drunk.
So...

Gina stares at Dill.

DILL (CONT'D)
Rain check?

GINA
(Sighs)
God damnit Dill.

DILL
What?

GINA
You always do this! You fucking get
drunk with your friends instead of
me!

DILL
I'm trying to *please* my friends!
They need a lot of attention.

DOM
Attention? What does that mean?

DILL
No Dom- It's not- Just that-

GINA
I'm done. You love your pals so
much, you might as well just fuck
them.

Gina walks off. Dill looks at her go. Dom trudges on in the
opposite direction.

DOM
 So are you gonna help me out with
 this *friend*? Or am I asking too mu-

Dom trips on Leonard's foot and falls onto the cement again.

DOM (CONT'D)
 FUCK!

EXT. BASEBALL FIELD - NIGHT

Dom and Dill dig a hole for Leonard. After putting the body in the grave, they cover him up on opposite sides. Dom throws his dirt aggressively far, causing most of it to hit Dill.

DILL
 Do you mind?

DOM
 Oh sorry, didn't mean to get your
attention.

DILL
 Complain all you want, but I'm the
 one out of a girlfriend.

DOM
 Well, now you can embrace your
 inner queerness.

The last straw. Dill rushes Dom. The two begin fighting. They awkwardly hold each other, trying to land punches.

DOM (CONT'D)
 Fuck this!

Dom pushes Dill away.

DOM (CONT'D)
 What're we doing Dill?

DILL
 Fighting.

DOM
 NO ASSHOLE! I mean with Leonard! We
 just murdered him! We're fucked!

Dom begins to cry.

DILL
 Oh Dom, it's okay. I know it's hard
 right now, but we'll be alright.

Dill hugs Dom. At first, Dom pushes back, but Dill holds him. Dom acquiesces. He cries on Dill's shoulder.

Eventually, Dom comes up, looks at Dill in the eye. The two don't say a word to each other.

They kiss.

For a few blissful moments, all of the pain, suffering, and heartache these two have endured subsides.

DILL (CONT'D)

That was really sweet of you
protecting me in the front yard.

DOM

Thanks for drinking that vodka.

DILL

Leonard also had one.

DOM

He's a real trooper.

DILL

What're we gonna do about him?

Dom looks at Leonard. He covers his face with the last bit of dirt.

DOM

Let's worry about it tomorrow.

The two walk off, holding each other.

Once they've left, we dolly in on the burial. All is silent. As we get closer, however, a HAND bursts from the ground. A body rises.

It's LEONARD, violently coughing out dirt. He reaches into his pocket and pulls out the INHALER Dill picked up earlier. He uses it, and the retching stops.

He looks around. Not a single person is in sight. He stares at the burial. Finally...

LEONARD

Must've been a pretty wild night.

Leonard heads in the opposite direction of Dom and Dill.

FADE TO BLACK.

FIN.