

You Got Something On Your Shirt

written by

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INT - BASEMENT PARTY - NIGHT

We're in a somewhat lively basement party, couple of people here and there, red solo cups abound. Down the stairs enters DAVID (mid 20s). He eyes the scene, before making eye contact with NICK (late 20s). He walks up to him, reaches to dap him up.

DAVID  
Hey man, good to see ya been a while.

Nick daps him back.

NICK  
Yeah man, yeah man, good to see ya good to see ya.

DAVID  
How's the job?

NICK  
Oh it's fantastic, can't complain at all. You?

DAVID  
Oh you know, living large out here!

They both laugh.

NICK  
Hey man, you...

Nick reaches his finger out pointing it at David's chest.

NICK (CONT'D)  
Got something on your shirt.

David looks down, a rookie mistake. Nick flings his hand up, boom, perfect contact with David's face. David flips his head back.

DAVID  
Oh man, you got me good.

Nick and David share a laugh.

NICK  
Aw man, I can't believe you fell for that!

DAVID  
(laughing)  
Me neither man, me neither!

Another partygoer catches Nick's attention.

NICK  
Ah man, gotta talk to this other  
guy, I'll catch you later.

DAVID  
Yeah yeah I gotcha, I'll see ya  
later.

Nick walks away. David stands there alone.

A beat.

David grins. He walks to PARTYGOER #1 and strikes up a  
conversation

DAVID (CONT'D)  
Hey, how's it going

PARTYGOER #1  
Oh it's going good, going good, how  
are you?

DAVID  
Oh, I'm doing great.

David sticks his finger out on PARTYGOER #1's chest.

DAVID (CONT'D)  
You got something on your shirt!

A beat.

PARTYGOER #1  
Uh, yeah man I'm not falling for  
that.

DAVID  
Oh.

A beat. Awkward silence fills between them.

DAVID (CONT'D)  
Yeah, sorry, I'll talk to you  
later.

David walks away, searching for his next target. He sees  
PARTYGOER #2 and walks up to them.

DAVID (CONT'D)  
Hey there! You enjoying the party?

PARTYGOER #2  
Oh yeah, absolutely. Man, yeah man.  
Living good dreams.

Partygoer #2 is clearly drunk.

DAVID  
Oh one hundred percent, and hey  
you...

David sticks his finger out

DAVID (CONT'D)  
Got something your shirt!

PARTYGOER #2 looks down and immediately falls down. He's way too drunk. After a moment, Partygoer #2 picks himself back up.

PARTYGOER #2  
Sorry, what was that?

David is visibly frustrated.

DAVID  
Nothing, nevermind.

David is now wandering around looking for the next chance, clearly seething. He sees JACOB. He grins.

DAVID (CONT'D)  
JACOB! My man! How the hell are ya?

JACOB  
Oh David, great to see you! I'm  
doing fantastic how are you?

DAVID  
Living the dream, y'know?

David sticks his finger out

DAVID (CONT'D)  
You got something on your shirt  
man.

Jacob looks down. But David's finger does not move, instead...

BLAM!

David lands a right uppercut on Jacob. Jacob falls on his back, blindsided. David gets a couple kicks on him in before going down to land some punches.

A silence falls over the party as this is going on, the rest of the partygoers gather in the opposite corner of the room in stunned silence. David is just absolutely going to town on him. David finally finishes wailing on him and backs away.

A beat.

Jacob rises to his knees, his face black and blue, he's coughing up blood.

A beat.

JACOB

Oh man you got me good there!

Everyone at the party erupts in celebration. Dancing ensues.

THE END