

## PARTY POLITICS

INT - FLAT LIVING ROOM - NIGHT.

Flashing lights, cheap disco ones. Loud music plays. People dance in small groups holding red cups, beer bottles. A house party.

Around a small coffee table, a group of friends sit at a sofa: ADAM, SAMARA, KATY and MARTY. Empty cups and beer cans litter the table.

Someone catches KATY's eye at the doorway.

KATY

Oh- look who it is.

TOM half-dances and struts to the music as he walks towards the group at the sofa.

ADAM

(laughing)

What a dickhead.

KATY

(to TOM)

It's too early to be showing off.

TOM

What can I say, I'm a showman at heart.

TOM squeezes uncomfortably close between their legs and the coffee table to find a space on the sofa between ADAM and KATY.

TOM (continued)

I'm not too late am I?

SAMARA

Fashionably, as per.

TOM

How about something to drink?

SAMARA

I'd be down for some shots.

KATY

What about Marty?

MARTY

What about me?

They all turn their heads towards MARTY.

MARTY (continued)

Really? That was a one time thing.

SAMARA

You said that last time.

MARTY

Trust me, I'm good.

SAMARA

(holding her hands up)

If you say so.

SAMARA leaves the room and comes back awkwardly holding shot glasses and a bottle of vodka in her arms. The friends sit around a large table on the other side of the room. She places the bottle on the table, then carefully lines the glasses in a straight line. In one clean go, she fills the shot glasses with minimal spill. SAMARA stands back, proud of her work.

They count down from three, ready to take the shots.

CUT TO:

The vodka in the bottle has gone down significantly. The group drunkenly laugh amongst each other.

ADAM

-shit.

KATY

Excuse me?

ADAM

I have an assignment due tomorrow morning.

TOM

You're not gonna do that now are you?

ADAM goes back to the sofa and pulls a laptop out of his backpack.

SAMARA

Oh, for fuck's sake.

ADAM

It's fine, the alcohol makes me write faster anyway.

ADAM viciously begins typing away at the keyboard. MARTY, still at the table, sits back and clutches his stomach as his face turns pale.

SAMARA

(to Marty)

Are you alright?

MARTY

(fighting through gag reflex)

Yeah I'm... me? I'm fine.

SAMARA grabs MARTY's arm.

SAMARA

Come on. Let's get you some water.

She leads MARTY out of the room.

KATY

What would we do without her?

TOM picks up a beer can from the table. He shakes it to see if there's still liquid and takes a sip.

TOM

I would've gotten him a plant pot to throw up in or something.

KATY

I'm serious, she's so good sometimes,  
I swear it physically hurts me.

TOM

What do you mean?

KATY catches herself before continuing. She turns away from  
TOM and starts to nervously fiddle with a cup on the table.

KATY

Like being around her makes me feel  
like a horrible person or something.

TOM

I mean, we all feel like that  
sometimes.

KATY

Don't get me wrong, I love her, but  
she's so nice to everyone, sometimes  
I want her to fucking flip out at  
someone.

(beat)

God, I sound horrible.

TOM

So what's changed?

KATY

What do you mean?

TOM

Samara's always been... Samara  
so what's different?

KATY

Maybe it's me then.

TOM notices KATY still nervously fiddling with the cup.

TOM

Don't stress. We all feel like shit  
sometimes.

KATY

(beat)

Thanks Gandhi.

TOM

(laughing)

I can never get serious with you  
can I?

KATY

You want to get serious, let's get  
serious for a minute. Lemme hit you  
with the hard-hitting questions.

TOM

Hit me, I'm ready.

KATY sits up eagerly on her chair and tucks her legs in.

KATY

Do you think Jeffrey Epstein felt like a  
bad person?

TOM

What the fuck.

KATY

Like you said people feel guilty and  
shit about being themselves. Did  
Epstein feel guilty about what he did?

TOM

He blew his brains out before anyone  
could ask... maybe, I guess.

KATY

Would make me feel better about what  
he did if he was sorry at least.

They both burst out in laughter at their delirious  
conversation.

TOM

How about this... would it make you  
feel better if Samara was a sex

trafficker?

KATY

At least I'd know Samara's got her own shit.

TOM

Trust me, everyone's got their own shit, even Samara.

They sit together silently for a few seconds next to each other. TOM awkwardly takes a swig of his beer on the table and puts it back down.

KATY

I think I'm gonna get more to drink.

She gets up and walks away, delving into the crowd of students.

TOM

Shit.

TOM grabs the almost empty bottle of vodka and pours the rest into a shot glass. ADAM chuckles, still looking down at his laptop. TOM turns around to face ADAM

TOM

(laughing)

Like you could do better.

TOM gets up and starts walking towards ADAM at the sofa. He sits down next to him.

ADAM

I think you were about a second away from getting on your knees and proposing.

TOM

Give me some credit.

ADAM

You haven't given me much to work  
with here.

TOM

Well we used to do a lot worse  
to get girls.

A beat, as ADAM tries to figure out what TOM is talking about.

TOM (continued)

The brownies?

ADAM

You roped me into that, that was  
not me.

TOM

(laughing)

How?

ADAM

I will die on that hill , I don't  
care, it's true.

TOM

I remember trying it and thinking  
that that they messed up the recipe  
or something.

ADAM

And then...?

TOM

And then, all of a sudden woosh.

TOM rolls his eyes back and shakes his head to imply that he  
was high. They both laugh.

TOM (continued)

What was that, four years ago now?

ADAM

So stupid.



TOM

(beat)

Why don't we do dumb shit like that anymore?

ADAM

Because it's dumb, and I have actual things to do now.

TOM

And I don't?

ADAM

I mean, I just don't think I have as much free time as you do.

TOM

What is that supposed to mean?

ADAM

As in, you just have less to do.

TOM

You think I just sit in my room twiddling my thumbs and playing with my dick all day?

ADAM

Tom, don't get mad, it's just an observation.

TOM

I have important things to do too.

ADAM

I'm sure you do.

TOM

(scoffs)

Just finish your fucking essay.

ADAM  
(under his breath)  
That's what I'm trying to do.

TOM leaves the room. ADAM looks up from his laptop and looks back down. He continues to type.

INT. FLAT CORRIDOR. NIGHT.

TOM sees SAMARA, sitting on the floor, leaning against the wall and goes up to her.

TOM  
(points to the bathroom)  
Is someone in there?

SAMARA  
Guess who.

TOM  
(chuckles)  
Oh okay.

SAMARA  
Is Adam still-

TOM  
-yep.

TOM slides down against the wall to sit next to SAMARA. SAMARA hands a half-empty beer bottle to TOM, who takes a sip and hands it back.

SAMARA  
That guy needs to get his shit together.

A small pause, as SAMARA contemplates a question in her head.

SAMARA (Continued)  
Tom... why did you never come with us  
to uni?

TOM

Oh... uh... I don't know.

(beat)

I don't think I would have fit in.

SAMARA

(points to the bathroom door)

Hey if this guy could get in you  
100 percent could.

TOM

Nah it's not just that, I just didn't  
think I was the type.

SAMARA

People don't only go to study, you  
know. They want to meet new people,  
fuck new people and get fucked up.

TOM

Well I'm here getting fucked up,  
aren't I?

He gestures to the drink in his red cup.

SAMARA

(Laughs)

I guess you are.

TOM

But you're out here doing your thing,  
so I respect you for that.

SAMARA

Even if you're fundamentally against the  
whole idea of higher education for the  
sake of it?

TOM

What's a man without his morals, right?

SAMARA

(Chuckles)

Right.

TOM

(beat)

Maybe I should have gone, though.

SAMARA

What makes you say that?

TOM

I don't know, I feel like lately  
nothing seems to interest me.

(beat)

Like I've had my life on cruise  
control but I don't have a real  
destination.

SAMARA

Well, difference between you and  
me is that I spend 9 grand a year  
to feel the exact same way.

TOM

(beat)

It used to be easier, didn't it?

SAMARA

It did.

SAMARA tiredly rests her head on TOM's shoulder. MARTY retches  
in the bathroom.

INT. LIVING ROOM. NIGHT.

TOM sits on the sofa awkwardly, slightly further away from  
ADAM who continues to type away on his laptop. SAMARA emerges  
with MARTY.

SAMARA

How are we doing, strangers?

They both grunt unresponsively. SAMARA stares at them, almost  
as if disgusted.

SAMARA (continued)

Come on Marty, let's go dance.

TOM watches them as they join the crowd dancing. He turns his head to see ADAM, still working. ADAM, who notices that he's being watched, looks up, as their eyes briefly meet. TOM quickly looks away and back towards the crowd. He notices KATY dancing within the circle. ADAM's gaze lies on TOM. He suddenly closes his laptop.

ADAM

Fuck this, should we join them?

TOM

Uh- yeah sure.

They both get up from the sofa.

ADAM

Oh and by the way Tom-

TOM shakes his head dismissively.

TOM

-just leave it.

ADAM nods in agreement.

They slowly walk towards their friends who are dancing.

ADAM

How are you doing Marty McVomit?

He puts his arm around MARTY jokingly as the group joins the crowd and starts dancing.

The credits roll as the students laugh, care-free, with their drinks in hand. The lights flash, the music plays, the crowd dances.

THE END.