

Big Fattie's Greenie
an original screenplay by
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FADE IN:

INT. HOSPITAL HALLWAY - DAY

MISTY, 20, is cleaning staff. Though her scrubs are neat & clean her look is that of a rave-kid (pink plastic ear pieces, coloured short hair, good physique, colourful make-up).

Misty smacks her gum, pushes the cleaning cart. She picks up some cleaning supplies off the cart, enters a room.

OBESE MAN'S ROOM

Misty looks at the patients, both asleep, their beds separated by a curtain. One man is OLD, knee surgery, the other OBESE.

BATHROOM

Misty cleans the bathroom.

OBESE MAN'S ROOM

Misty looks often at the doorway as she 'wipes' the bed-side table counter-top, the bed bars of the Obese man's space.

Misty lifts Obese's blanket. She looks around on his body. She spies a green patch (fentanyl) on his thigh. She smiles, peels it off, pockets it.

HALLWAY

We see the back of Misty as she pushes the cart along.

INT. MISTY AND JAY'S APARTMENT - NIGHT

JAY, early 20's, moderate tattoos and piercings, sits on the couch, watches TV.

Misty enters, plops beside him happily, eats from her box of KFC. Jay tries to get into the KFC.

MISTY

Screw off! This is mine!

JAY

Come on, Misty. Just give me one, please?

MISTY

Forget it! I worked all friggin' day and didn't even have breakfast.

JAY

(back to TV watching)
How many greenies did you get?

She smiles, gets up to get her purse off a chair, Jay quickly sneaks a bite off her chicken leg, she doesn't notice.

Misty returns to the couch as she searches through her purse.

Misty empties a little wallet of its contents: 6 green patches, mostly used up, just the casing left.

JAY (CONT'D)

Nice haul, bitch.

MISTY

Hell yeah, and check this out-

Misty opens a little silver pill case, carefully pulls out Obese's patch.

MISTY (CONT'D)

It's practically full. And get this
(gloats)

He was so obese, he was like
(shudders)

Like ick uhhh, so fat.

Jay takes the patch, holds it up to the TV light to inspect.

JAY

Sweet.

Misty gets up, lifts up the couch cushion, fishes around in the back, pulls out a small plastic tackle box.

MISTY

(while in couch)

Yeah, don't get any fancy ideas,
Jay. You got your oxy for the month.
This is my score...

Misty sits back on couch, opens the tackle box. It's small (just one level, several compartments). At least 20 greenies of various states of emptiness fill the tackle box.

She plucks the Obese patch from Jay, returns it to the silver case.

MISTY (CONT'D)

...you know I'm saving for that trip
to Jamaica with Bethany.

Jay returns to watching the TV. Misty sorts the remaining used patches into the tackle box compartments.

JAY

Well, you hate pushing, Misty, so if I'm helping you sell this shit, I get a cut.

MISTY

Yeah, like paying your share of rent for the past two months.

Jay smirks, Misty shakes her head, only slightly pissed.

EXT. COLLEGE TRACK FIELD - DAY

A variety of sports are in mid-practice.

TANNER COLLINS, 20, slender but muscular, practices ----- . Tanner's buddy, BLENDER, also practices, but Tanner is much better.

BLENDER

Dude, you are so gonna kick ass at State this year.

COACH LIGHTER has been watching their work.

COACH LIGHTER

You keep this up, Tanner, and you'll go national. Hell, kid, you keep your focus and eat right, you could go worlds, even Olympic.

A group of TRACK GIRLS, including the black girl, ALICIA, jog by as Lighter talks. Alicia eyes Tanner, but only Blender notices. Blender smiles at Alicia, she rolls her eyes. Tanner was too focused on his next throw to notice.

ALICIA

(to FRIEND)

Sounds like Tanner Collins might be keeping me company at State comps this year.

FRIEND

That skinny little white boy? Serious?

Alicia shrugs, looks back over her shoulder at Tanner.

INT. TANNER'S DORM ROOM - EVENING

Sport ----- posters adorn Tanner's half of the walls. The other side of the room is adorned with centerfolds. Tanner sits on his bed, texts.

LUCIOUS, 20's, foot-ball type, enters, SLAMS/sticks another centerfold onto his wall.

LUCIOUS
Now that, my friend, is sweet pussy.

TANNER
(still texts)
You're sick, you know that, right?

LUCIOUS
Just because you're a wimpy ass virgin who doesn't even know what he's missing yet, doesn't mean you can't appreciate the sheer beauty of that woman.

TANNER
There's more to a girl than her body, dude.

LUCIOUS
No, no Tanner, no there is not.

TANNER
(looks up from cell)
Are you going to the party at Metcalf house tonight?

LUCIOUS
Oh yeah. They throw the best parties.
(beat)
I thought you didn't party...too pure...Olympic dreams and all.

TANNER
Yeah, well...

LUCIOUS
Wait a minute...wait a minute...you're gonna meet a chick there, aren't ya?

Tanner rolls his eyes, gets up, grabs a towel.

TANNER
Just don't follow me around at the party, a-ight?

LUCIOUS
(mock girl voice)
Ooh, Tanner, let me feel your biceps.
Ooh Tanner, let me feel your-

The door slams shut.

INT. METCALF FRAT HOUSE PARTY - NIGHT

Tanner stands in a group with other TRACK GUYS. Tanner has a bottle of water in his hand. A petite blond with way too much black eye-liner, ELINE, approaches. Tanner is instantly nervous.

ELINE

Hi!

Tanner awkwardly hugs her.

TANNER

Hi, hey, you made it.

ELINE

Yeah, we texted about that.

TANNER

Yeah

(awkward beat)

These are, ah, the guys...

As Tanner introduces Eline to the Track Guys, we see the group from Alicia's point of view from across the room. Alicia scowls at the view as Eline & Tanner flirt closely.

MISTY

You look like you could use some cheering up.

Alicia turns around to see Misty was lurking behind her.

LATER

The MUSIC is louder, the room more full. Misty approaches Jay. He talks to a dark-looking GAMER-TYPE.

MISTY (CONT'D)

Jay. Finally. I found a buyer for Big Fatty.

Jay smiles at her slowly (he's euphoric/high). Misty is bent on business, doesn't notice yet. She takes the shoulder bag off his shoulder, looks through it, talks while looking.

MISTY (CONT'D)

She wants to buy it for her cousin's bridal shower. She's gonna put it in the punch, label it and everything. It's perfect. She went to get the whole four hundred, cash, right now. Perfect, right?

Misty is by now looking in the silver pill case, it's empty.

MISTY (CONT'D)

You sold it already?

Jay smiles at her, frowns, not following her.

MISTY (CONT'D)

Jay. Jay.

(holds up case)

Where the hell is the patch?

JAY

Yeah....

MISTY

Jesus Christ. You're high, aren't you!?

(mad)

Who did you sell it to, Jay? Jesus Christ, Jay. There was enough juice in this to kill someone! Most of these kids don't have any tolerance!

JAY

Um, don't worry baby. There was a whole group of them. Like ten of them. They said they were gonna put it in some pop and share it.

MISTY

How much money did you get?

Jay pats his back pocket.

JAY

They each put in forty bucks, baby. We're good.

Misty looks around, still uneasy.

MISTY

Let's get out of here.

BACK YARD OF PARTY - LATER

The Track Guys all stand around in a group. They pass around the dregs of a two-litre bottle of coke.

Eline and Tanner are removed from the group. They kiss.

ELINE

Are you sure you don't want to go try some of the greenie juice?

TANNER
 (shakes head)
 I feel pretty good right now.

Eline pulls out the Obese patch, less juice in it now.

ELINE
 Sure you don't wanna feel even better?

TANNER
 I thought you put it all in the pop
 they're drinking?

ELINE
 Yeah, but there's still some in the
 case. It's not much.

TANNER
 My coach would kill me.

ELINE
 You don't start competing for weeks,
 right? It'll be out of your system
 by then.
 (beat)
 Come on. We'll split it.

Using her teeth, Eline rips the Obese patch in half. A bit of juice drips down, Tanner catches it on his hand. He frowns for a minute, then licks it. He winces (it tastes bad).

ELINE (CONT'D)
 Yeah, tastes bad. Listen, just, put
 this under your tongue, or chew it
 like gum.

He looks down, pulls away from her a bit.

ELINE (CONT'D)
 You've got the rest of your life to
 be perfect, Tanner. Just for tonight,
 just be one of us.

Tanner takes the patch, looks at it, puts it under his tongue. He chews. Eline takes the other half, smiles as she chews.

INT. METCALF FRAT HOUSE PARTY - LATER

The party is in full swing. The music becomes MUFFLED.

911 DISPATCHER (V.O.)
 Emergency at Metcalf Frat House on
 the campus grounds. Ambulance and
 police presence requested.

AMBULANCE ATTENDANT (V.O.)
 Ambulance unit thirteen oh four
 responding.

EXT. METCALF FRAT HOUSE PARTY - LATER

Worried college students leave the party as the ambulance arrives, SIRENS blaring. Cop cars are already parked, lights flashing.

INT. METCALF FRAT HOUSE PARTY - CONTINUOUS

The lights are all on now, most partyers have left.

The Track Guys all sit on couches. Some cry. Some shiver, look pale. Tanner is on the floor, a POLICE OFFICER performs CPR. Ambulance ATTENDANT WOMAN and MAN rush in with bags.

ATTENDANT WOMAN
 You were right. Fentanyl. I'll get
 the antidotes ready.

The Attendant Man drops beside Tanner, opens his bag, preps a defibrillator.

ATTENDANT WOMAN (CONT'D)
 You all took it, right?

The Track Guys nod, guilty.

From upstairs, we hear a BLOND GIRL as she SCREAMS.

BLOND GIRL (O.S.)
 She's not breathing! She's not
 breathing!

Blond Girl runs into the main room.

BLOND GIRL (CONT'D)
 There's a girl in a bedroom! She's
 not breathing!

Blond Girl sees that Tanner gets SHOCKED, breaths in a breath of life.

BLOND GIRL (CONT'D)
 Oh my god. Is that Tanner Collins,
 like, the track star Tanner Collins?

The two Ambulance Attendants share a dark look. They know this kid's career is hereby ruined. Ambulance Attendant Woman continues to administer a needle to the Track Guys.

INT. POLICE INTERROGATION ROOM - DAY

A very pale, sad, skinny Tanner sits at a desk. OFFICER BARROW questions him.

OFFICER BARROW

So, kid, if all your pals remember the guy who sold you the patch, why can't you?

Tanner shakes his head.

OFFICER BARROW (CONT'D)

Come on, kid. Did you know the pusher personally? How well did you know Eline Thatcher? I mean, we know you had sex with her, and the manslaughter charges against you and your buddies have been dropped, so you're Scott free now. Why can't you just corroborate your friends and tell us what the pusher looked like?

TANNER

(quiet)

I'm never gonna compete again.

Officer Barrow looks disgusted, rolls his eyes.

TANNER (CONT'D)

I don't remember.

Tanner SLAMS his fists on the desk. Tears squeeze out his eyes.

TANNER (CONT'D)

I don't remember anything!

LATER

Officer Barrow interrogates Alicia.

OFFICER BARROW

Anything you can remember about that night, miss...

ALICIA

Duncanson. Alicia Duncanson.

OFFICER BARROW

Any faces that weren't the 'campus type'. Anyone pushing any kind of drug, it doesn't have to be greenies. Anyone who, maybe, fits this description?

He pushes the drawing of Jay (a close likeness) toward her.

OFFICER BARROW (CONT'D)

We've got this guy in custody, but we want to push him, make him tell us his source. We're looking for someone who was not high that night to give us something to go on, otherwise murder charges just won't stick.

ALICIA

No, I'm sorry. I, I left early. I just don't remember anything.

He smiles dejectedly. He believes her.

INT. HOSPITAL CAFETERIA - DAY

Tanner enters the busy cafeteria, his tray full of food. He appears very dejected. He is stooped, weaker, pale colouring.

Tanner approaches one of the only empty chairs, at Misty's table. Misty eats a soft taco, some of it spills as he talks.

TANNER

Can I, uh, sit here?

MISTY

As long as you don't mind taco everywhere.

Tanner tries a smile as he sits, but he's depressed.

MISTY (CONT'D)

That was a joke. You can laugh now.

Tanner stabs half-heartedly at his fries. Misty eyes him.

MISTY (CONT'D)

Lemme guess. Methadone clinic Wednesdays.

Tanner smiles wryly at his fries.

MISTY (CONT'D)

You should be smiling! Dude, a free high twice a week for the rest of your life, right?

Tanner looks at her.

TANNER

I'm not supposed to be like this.

Misty is forward, she rubs his arm.

MISTY

Baby, I think you're perfect just the way you are.

TANNER

I used to compete. Track. ----- . I was really good.

Misty's bravado simmers down a bit, she draws away, her fingers linger on his.

MISTY

I bet you were the best. Olympic dreams, right?

Tanner's eyes mist. His flips his hand over, so Misty's fingers are on his palm.

TANNER

I like the meth high. It really works for me.

MISTY

Yeah! I mean, professionals are on it. Hell, half the staff in this hospital are on it.

TANNER

You should tell my parents that.

Misty rubs her hand up Tanner's wrist, forearm.

TANNER (CONT'D)

They kicked me out last week. I slept at a friggin' shelter last night.

MISTY

Well! I kicked my boyfriend out last week.

Tanner and Misty lock eyes, mutually attracted to each other.

FADE OUT