

Smoke Rings

By

Andrew Messer

2009

Andrew Messer  
andrewcmesser@gmail.com

FADE IN:

INT. LIVING ROOM - NIGHT

TYLER sits on a couch, sipping a beer. DARRIN enters the room carrying a small tabletop hookah.

DARRIN  
And we're good to go.

TYLER  
Sweet.

DARRIN  
How's the beer?

TYLER  
Solid, man. Good choice.

DARRIN  
I try.

They begin to smoke.

TYLER  
What flavor?

DARRIN  
Some fruit. I think pomegranate  
and passionfruit. Weird, I know.

TYLER  
Flowers or fruit, every time?

DARRIN  
Yeah, let's not talk about it.

They sit for a while, smoking, sipping.

TYLER  
How's sociology?

DARRIN  
She's still a bitch, dude. I don't  
know how she expects us to read a  
hundred pages a week and write four  
pages. It's bullshit.

TYLER  
Yeah. You get that in a intro  
class, I guess though, right?

(CONTINUED)

DARRIN

Yeah.

They smoke.

DARRIN (cont'd)

Where's Tara been?

TYLER

I dunno, man. She's been busy I guess. She hasn't come over in over a week.

DARRIN

Bummer. Not getting laid.

TYLER

Yeah, it sucks. I'm being cockblocked by some project group she's with.

DARRIN

Pre-law will do that, man.

TYLER

Yeah but it's with that same fucking guy. Gilbert.

DARRIN

She wouldn't cheat on you, dude.

TYLER

Yeah, I know. But it pisses me off.

DARRIN

Understandable.

Darrin downs the rest of his beer.

DARRIN (cont'd)

You good?

Tyler checks the level of his bottle.

TYLER

Yeah, I'll grab one in a minute.

DARRIN

Cool.

Darrin disappears for a minute. Tyler smokes and stares. Darrin returns with a fresh beer. He sits down, but is subtly closer to Tyler, on the next cushion over.

(CONTINUED)

DARRIN (cont'd)  
Hey, at least it's more guy time.

He pats Tyler on the leg.

TYLER  
True. She hates hookah, too.

DARRIN  
Two for one.

More smoking. Darrin pops out a few smoke rings.

TYLER  
God, that's cool.

DARRIN  
All in the throat, man.

Darrin passes the hookah over.

DARRIN (cont'd)  
Right here.

He points to just above the Adam's apple.

DARRIN (cont'd)  
Like a valve.

Tyler tries it. He almost gets it, then coughs.

TYLER  
Fuck.

DARRIN  
Right here.

Darrin reaches over and touches Tyler's throat in the same spot.

DARRIN (cont'd)  
Just pop that part right there.

He retracts his hand. They are now sitting side-by-side. Tyler pops out a ring.

DARRIN (cont'd)  
There it is.

TYLER  
Ballin'. Time for a refresh.

Tyler gets up, disappears. Darrin blows rings. Tyler returns. New beer. He takes the same seat. Still side-by-side.

DARRIN  
This is good, man.

TYLER  
Yeah.

Tyler sips his beer, then looks over at Darrin popping rings.

TYLER (cont'd)  
Like a champ.

Darrin chokes as he laughs. He looks back over at Tyler. They stare for barely a moment. Darrin leans in and quickly kisses Tyler on the mouth.

TYLER (cont'd)  
(soft)  
Dude.

Darrin is frozen. Beat.

TYLER (cont'd)  
What the fuck was-

DARRIN  
(uncomfortable laugh)  
I dunno, man, I...it was the moment.

Tyler backs away, piling up against the end of the couch.

TYLER  
That was...

DARRIN  
I'm. I'm sorry, I guess, man.

Tyler stammers.

DARRIN (cont'd)  
Um, just forget that-

Tyler leans back over and kisses Darrin hard.

TYLER  
Fuck.

Tyler stands up very fast, nearly knocking the hookah over. Darrin dives to catch it and holds onto the hookah, steadying it.

TYLER (cont'd)  
I gotta leave, man.

DARRIN  
No, no, no you don't-

Tyler is already walking away.

DARRIN (cont'd)  
Tyler, man, I'm sorry.

The only response is a closing door. Darrin stares at Tyler's untouched beer. He's still holding the hookah. Darrin is about to cry. He realizes he's holding the hookah for dear life; he smashes it to the ground. He sits back on the couch, fighting tears.

EXT. DARRIN'S APT. - NIGHT

Tyler rushes out the door and paces on the sidewalk, hyperventilating.

TYLER  
Fuck. What. *Fuck.*

He looks back at the door to the building. He stops, and then opens the door and walks back into the building.

END