

Don't Touch!

LUKE 8:46 - And Jesus said, Somebody hath touched me: for I perceive that virtue is gone out of me...

EXT.PORCH

Ryan sits out on his back porch, smoking a cigarette. He clears his throat and spits out some phlegm. His roommate Isaak opens the back door behind him.

ISAAK

Yo, Ryan, are you gonna go to the grocery store?

RYAN

Planning on it.

ISAAK

Could you try and get toilet paper?

RYAN

I mean I can try. I don't know if there'll be any y'know.

ISAAK

Yeah, for sure, but will you at least look.

RYAN

Of course. By the way- you still going to the liquor store tonight?

ISAAK

Yeah, you want anything in particular?

RYAN

No... I just want to get drunk.

ISAAK

...You good man?

RYAN

Yeah, why you ask?

ISAAK

You just look like you need a hug. Not that I want to hug you, given the circumstances.

RYAN

I'm fine man, it's just...do you think we could be doing more?

ISAAK
More what?

RYAN
More to help people.

Isaak thinks for a second.

ISAAK
Nah.

Isaak closes the door. Ryan chucks his cigarette, raises his mask to his face, and takes off for the grocery store.

INT.LIVING ROOM

Isaak puts on his coat while briefly watching from the window as Ryan walks off down the street. He turns to face his two other roommates, Nick and Nathan, who are on the couch playing video games.

ISAAK (CONT'D)
You guys want anything from the
liquor store?

NICK
Vodka, comrade.

NATHAN
Fireball, please.

NICK
Pfft.

NATHAN
What? I like it.

NICK
I bet you do you cretin.

NATHAN
I don't know what that word means.

ISAAK
If they don't have Fireball you
want something equally as sugary
and awful?

NATHAN
If they don't have Fireball just
get me some Mike's Hard.

NICK
You could have just said yes.

ISAAC
(donning his mask)
Alright, I'll be back later.

NICK & NATHAN
See ya//Later.

Isaak leaves. Nick continues to play as Nathan starts biting his nails.

NICK (CONT'D)
You're really still biting your
nails during a pandemic?

NATHAN
It's just kind of automatic,
y'know. I'm not worried, no one
here is coughing up bright green
phlegm yet so it's probably still
safe.

NICK
I read that phlegm thing is kinda
bullshit.

NATHAN
Agree to disagree.

NICK
Well could you at least do it in
your room? It's gross as fuck
seeing your nails all over the
floor out here.

NATHAN
I take my nails to the trash.

NICK
Now you're just blatantly lying.

NATHAN
Y'know, what's your problem man?

NICK
You mean other than your Typhoid
Mary manicures?

NATHAN
(standing up)
Alright, fuck this. I have better
things to do than watch you play
this.

NICK

You do?

Nathan flips Nick off as he walks out of frame. Linger on Nick's Mario run.

INT. BATHROOM

Nathan enters and sits down on the toilet. He lets out a sigh.

Subtle splash.

Nathan reaches for the toilet paper roll but finds it's empty.

NATHAN

...Shiiit.

EXT. GROCERY STORE

Ryan exits the store with his groceries (toilet paper included) out to the parking lot.

He looks across the lot and sees a rather familiar face holding a cardboard sign reading:

"LUKE 8:48 - THY FAITH HATH MADE THEE WHOLE!"

Ryan continues on his way.

EXT. UNDERPASS

Ryan approaches an underpass, groceries still in tow. There he finds a homeless man, wearing a ski mask, bundled up. As Ryan passes, the two make eye contact. Ryan continues for a few steps, but something compels him to turn around.

RYAN

Hey man.

The homeless man looks up, but ignores him.

RYAN (CONT'D)

You want this bread?

This piques the man's interest. He stands and approaches Ryan.

HOMELESS JOE

You cough green boy?

RYAN

No sir. And I think I read that
that green phlegm stuff was kinda
bullshit.

HOMELESS JOE

Yeah well I don't get that kinda
news updates under this here
bridge, boy. Now why you wanna give
me your bread?

RYAN

I just saw you there and I
figured... y'know with all this
shit going on... look man you want
the bread or not.

HOMELESS JOE

Let me see that.

Homeless Joe take the loaf of bread and inspects it.

HOMELESS JOE (CONT'D)

Nah, don't want this shit.

Homeless Joe tosses the loaf at Ryan's feet.

RYAN

What? Why not?

HOMELESS JOE

It's whole grain. Homeless Joe only
eat potato.

RYAN

You refer to yourself as Homeless
Joe?

HOMELESS JOE

Yeah.

RYAN

Why?

HOMELESS JOE

Because my name is Joe and I don't
have a home.

RYAN

Alright Joe, well...I guess I'll
just leave you to it then.

Ryan starts walking away.

HOMELESS JOE

Woah woah woah hey now slow down a second. You wanna help?

RYAN

Yeah, I'd like to.

HOMELESS JOE

Than gimme that toilet paper.

RYAN

What? What are you gonna do with toilet paper?

HOMELESS JOE

WIPE MY BUTTHOLE BOY! Whatchu think I'mma do with it?

RYAN

It's just, we kinda need it at my place.

HOMELESS JOE

Opinions and assholes son, erryone's got one. Just opinions don't itch when they're shitty. Now you gonna help me or you gon' pass me by like them cars up there.

Ryan looks at Homeless Joe, then down at the toilet paper.

INT.LIVING ROOM

Nick is still gamin', Nathan comes out of the bathroom, freshly showered.

NATHAN

Dude, I just had to wipe my ass in the shower.

NICK

You better have not used my loofah.

NATHAN

No I had to use my finger.

NICK

Bet that was fun.

NATHAN

No actually it was fucking disgusting.

NICK

Well good thing you had already bit
your nails off.

NATHAN

You know what man...

Nathan walks over to Nick and fucks with his controller,
killing Mario in the process. The "Game Over" screen plays
along with the bittersweet piano.

Nick flares his nostrils, he's pissed.

SMASH CUT

INT.HOUSE.MOMENTS LATER

NICK

THAT WAS MY LAST LIFE YOU FUCK!

Ryan opens the door, carrying in his groceries (minus the
toilet paper), and sees Nick and Nathan wrestling on the
floor. Having noticed Ryan, they stop.

NICK (CONT'D)

Hey man, how was the grocery store?

NATHAN

(still in a headlock)

Get any toilet paper?

RYAN

They were out.

NATHAN

Damn.

Ryan walks to the fridge and starts putting stuff away.

NATHAN (CONT'D)

(wriggling out of the
headlock)

Get off me, man! Jesus!

NICK

You shouldn't have killed Mario you
little bitch.

NATHAN

I'm sorry!... It's just that you've
just been acting like a dick.

NICK
Well I'm sorry life isn't exactly a
dream right now.

The bickering couple is interrupted by Isaak entering the house with the liquor and a familiar pack of toilet paper.

ISAAK
Booze is here!

NATHAN
And you got toilet paper?

ISAAK
Yeah there was some homeless guy at
the overpass with it and I traded
him your Fireball.

Ryan, still at the fridge, subtly bangs his head against the door.

NATHAN
(disappointedly)
I suppose that's a sacrifice I'm
willing to make. I'm not venmoing
you though.

ISAAK
Whatever.

He opens the bottle.

ISAAK (CONT'D)
Shall we boys?

The boys shall.

MONTAGE OF QUARANTINE BINGE

- Shots being poured, taken.
- Heated game of drunk driving Mario Kart
- Nathan and Nick drunken rematch wrestle.
- Escalating surreal series of moments of drunken debauchery with all the roommates wearing straight up halloween masks
- END WITH: Ryan screaming behind a neutral mask

SMASH CUT

INT.HOUSE.EARLY MORNING

Ryan eyes creak open. He sits up to assess the situation. An empty bottle of vodka resides on the table, Nick is passed out on the adjacent couch with the controller next to him, and Mario menu music softly plays from the TV.

Ryan stands and stumbles towards the back door. He grabs his cigarettes off the table and heads out back.

EXT.PORCH

Ryan takes a drag as he watches the sky above the flatirons slowly fill with the light of the morning. The smoke catches in his throat and as a result he begins barking a wet cough.

He routinely spits some phlegm off the side of the porch, but despite the seeming nothingness of this action, something catches Ryan's eye.

Norma Tanega's *Don't Touch* begins playing as it's revealed his phlegm is bright green.

RYAN

Fuck.

He nervously brings the cigarette back to his lips.

CUT TO BLACK.

TITLE SCREEN: DON'T TOUCH!