

INT. CAR - DUSK

JAKE jams his stick shift into gear, wrinkling and tearing a W-2 form that sat between the stick and the center console.

26, tall and lanky, he squints hard and breathes with his mouth agape as he pulls out of a parking lot. He positions his long legs on each side of the steering wheel. The orange sun reflects harshly in his eyes.

Jake grunts a sigh and throws down the visor, causing a waterfall of envelopes and folded papers to flop down.

KYLE slouches in the passenger's seat. 26, chubby, and fixed on his phone, Kyle glances lazily over his sunglasses at his exasperated car-mate.

KYLE

Bunch of shit just fell.

Jake reaches through his legs while maintaining the wheel, trying to give the road and the car floor equal attention. An AIR RAID sound effect echoes throughout the car.

KYLE (CONT'D)

(laughing)

Duck and cover?

Jake abandons the clean up effort and pops the glove box. A phone collapses to Kyle's feet. Jake quickly reaches over while changing into the right lane. Kyle puts both his hands in the air as Jake fiddles to retrieve the phone.

Jake silences the air raid ringtone and sneaks a glance at the phone. He tosses it haphazardly into a pile of coins under the radio. The coins spill out and CLINK across the console.

JAKE

It's your brother-in-law.

Kyle turns and looks directly at the phone. He bites his lip and resumes playing with his cell.

KYLE

Probably wants to see you while you're around.

JAKE

Oh, we...I saw him last night.

Kyle turns to Jake, surprised.

KYLE  
(laughs)  
Really? Did he call you?

JAKE  
Yeah, he wanted to go to No  
Problemo.

KYLE  
(falsely casual)  
Was he a dick?

JAKE  
Um...he was with this like, really  
unhealthy looking bald guy, he was  
like, an older guy.

KYLE  
How old, about?

JAKE  
Like, 28.

KYLE  
(laughs)  
I thought you were going to say 40s  
and with a crack pipe.

JAKE  
(awkward laugh)  
Not like, unhealthy with like,  
crack, just all fat and bald.

KYLE  
But that bugged you, that he  
brought that guy?

JAKE  
Um, well I just don't want to hang  
out with this fat old guy when I  
haven't seen him in forever. What,  
so he's been a douche lately?

KYLE  
Honestly, I see him...one or two  
times more a year than you.

JAKE

Did you see him on Christmas? Is this all because of what happened at Christmas?

Kyle sighs, frustrated.

JAKE (CONT'D)

(dead serious)

What, he try to give you a cologne set or something?

Jake's visor drops from the roof. A concentrated beam of red sunlight pierces Jake's eyes. Jake sighs like he just got a "D" on his mid-term.

JAKE (CONT'D)

Aw, dammit.

Kyle cackles. His laugh deflates. He stares despondently at the dashboard and chews on his sunglasses.

KYLE

(chuckles)

I don't know why I'm pissed about it.

The two sit in silence for a beat. Kyle turns sharply to Jake and sits up.

KYLE (CONT'D)

Okay, can I talk about this?

Jake smiles. Kyle laughs.

KYLE (CONT'D)

Okay, so he starts going on about how he ran into Josh DeMello, and how Josh still works at Chuck E. Cheese and the movie theater. And he's like, laughing as he's saying it, sort of declaring Josh's loser-ish-ness. But the fucking moron fails to remember where he currently works.

Jake stares ahead at the road. He realizes Kyle's looking at him. He nods quickly, struggling to stay present in the conversation.

JAKE  
Oh, so he's at the Cozy Nook still?

KYLE  
Yes! He's guilty of the same crime!

JAKE  
(apathetic)  
Oh yeah, that's kinda stupid.

KYLE  
But Jake, my whole thing is, I don't give a shit what job anyone has. It just kills me that he blatantly fails to live up to his own standards and lacks the self-awareness to see that.

JAKE  
Yeah, what a loser.

Kyle flicks a piece of his fingernail.

KYLE  
(quietly)  
Yeah man, I think it is pretty fucking loser-ish.

Kyle returns to his cell. Jake's phone BLEEPS twice. He reaches for it and wakes it with the hang up button.

CLOSE ON PHONE SCREEN: "Disconnected with Chris (4:34)"

Jake frowns, confused, and slowly places the phone back down.

KYLE (CONT'D)  
Now I want Mexican.

JAKE  
Wanna hear something funny?

KYLE  
Always.

Jake forces a big smile and laughs hard.

JAKE  
Chris just heard everything we said!

Kyle searches for the truth in Jake's dopey, grinning eyes. He reluctantly smiles.

KYLE

...what?

JAKE

Oh, like, see how the phone was right here? I guess I picked it up when he called, accidentally, and just let it...while we--

Kyle turns white. Jake forces more laughter.

JAKE (CONT'D)

Well, hey, he needed to hear that stuff anyway, right?

Kyle rubs his eyes.

KYLE

Oh my God Jake...

JAKE

What?

Kyle stares daggers at Jake.

KYLE

He's my wife's brother you asshole! Here, I have an idea. Let's get your girlfriend's mom on the phone and talk about what a twat burgalar she is.

JAKE

I know, I'm sorry, but...

Jake shrugs.

JAKE (CONT'D)

We honestly didn't say anything that bad!

Frank releases a long and shaken exhale.

KYLE

Text him. Just say something like, "Hey man, what's up?" Just feel him out. Maybe he didn't hear anything.

JAKE  
Um, later. I'll just...yeah. I'll  
do that later on.

Beat.

KYLE  
Could you...could you now? Please?

JAKE  
I don't want to deal with him  
yelling at me!

KYLE  
You deserve it!  
(Kyle fumbles his phone)  
You don't know how phones work!

JAKE  
You never shut up about Chris!

KYLE  
I'm in a car! Alone! With my  
friend! I didn't realize you were  
fucking tapped!

Kyle puts his sunglasses back on and looks out the window.

JAKE  
...I'll text him. I'll just say,  
"Hey, busy right now. What?"

KYLE  
Jake, if he heard us, he knows  
where you are and that'll add  
insult to injury.

JAKE  
How about, "Hey, hanging with Kyle,  
call you later?"

Kyle waves his hand to shush Jake.

KYLE  
We...need to sit and plan this.

The two worry in silence.