

INT. APARTMENT - NIGHT

A house party. People pour drinks and tell jokes. Then MARK arrives with his girlfriend, SOPHIE. Mark wears a sweater over a collared shirt. Sophie heads to the bar.

Seeing his old friend, RYAN heads over to greet him.

RYAN

Mark! Holy shit, it's been forever! How's it goin'? We hardly see you since you two made it official.

MARK

It's going well. Sophie is the perfect woman. Don't get out too much these days, but you know how that is.

RYAN

Not really. I go out every weekend.

MARK

Oh. Cool.

RYAN

You alright?

MARK

A little warm. I think I should lose the sweater.

RYAN

Go for it.

Ryan waits. Mark doesn't even make a move for the sweater.

MARK

I thought I'd be more comfortable in a sweater, but then I remembered how hot I sometimes get at parties like this.

RYAN

...Huh.

MARK

So I was going to leave the sweater behind, but Sophie reminded me how chilly it's been lately.

RYAN
So... you went with the sweater.

MARK
Uh huh. (LONG PAUSE) Maybe I'll
keep it on.

Ryan looks at Mark as if he no longer recognizes him.

RYAN
Uh, do you wanna grab a beer?

MARK
That sounds nice.

Ryan leads Mark to a bucket filled with beer on ice where
they see DAVE.

RYAN
Dave!

DAVE
Ryan! Hey!

Dave and Ryan do an elaborate series of handshakes, hugs,
fist bumps, etc.

RYAN
Hey, you remember Mark?

DAVE
Of course! I've still never seen
anyone charm a girl like this guy.

Dave offers his hand and Mark shakes it like he's arrived for
a job interview.

MARK
That's very kind. It's a pleasure
to see you again.

DAVE
... I'll see you fellas around.

Ryan looks on in disbelief. He reaches for a beer and
quickly pours it into a plastic cup.

RYAN
Here. Drink this.

MARK
Could I have a light beer?

RYAN
(SERIOUSLY) Now.

Mark takes a light sip, but RYAN tips the cup, pouring the beer into his mouth and spilling out.

Mark wipes his chin, brushes beer from his sweater, and looks at Ryan. Ryan waits for a reaction.

MARK
Do you know of an all-night
drycleaner? I think I'll drop this
off on the way home.

RYAN
Damn, Mark, I don't even know who
you are anymore!

Ryan grabs Mark by the shoulders and shakes him. Suddenly, he notices a look in Mark's eyes. A cry for help.

RYAN (CONT'D)
Mark, what is going on?

MARK
I'm... in a relationship. It's so
great.

Mark's eyes are now screaming "Help me!" He struggles, but can't fight the string of uninteresting phrases he is uttering. Ryan refuses to let go of his friend's shoulders.

MARK (CONT'D)
We're using greek yogurt as a
healthy substitute in all our
meals.

RYAN
What happened to you?

MARK
Do you watch "Property Brothers"?

RYAN
Snap out of it!

MARK
Can you believe... the price... of
gas.

Mark faints and Ryan lowers him to the floor.

RYAN

Mark...

Ryan looks at his unconscious friend with pity. He grabs a nearby pillow, places it over Mark's face and holds it down. He nods. He is doing the right thing.