

quilt

by

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INT. DORM ROOM - NIGHT

A clock TICKS.

AJ, 21, sits leaned-back at his desk, smoking a cigarette. He is half way finished with it.

He hears keys jiggling in the door-handle, he stops smoking and looks. He takes an earbud out.

DAVID, 21, enters. He briefly glares at AJ before shutting the door behind him.

AJ lets his other earbud fall.

AJ

Hey.

AJ is shocked. He stubs his cigarette out.

David moves around the room slowly. He carefully pulls a suitcase down from his closet and plops it on his bed.

AJ (CONT'D)

How are you.

David returns to his closet. He takes all the shirts at once and brings them to his bed.

AJ stands up.

AJ watches David yank shirts off their hangers and shove them into the suitcase.

He steps closer and leans in to look at David in the eyes.

He waves a hand in David's face but David leaves.

AJ (CONT'D)

(upbeat)

Can we talk-

David is back at his closet.

AJ (CONT'D)

David.

David is looking at his retired lacrosse gear.

AJ (CONT'D)

I'm sorry.

David picks up the helmet.

AJ (CONT'D)  
I shouldn't have been driving  
David, we wouldn't have crashed.

David whips around.

DAVID  
You, you wouldn't have crashed.

AJ  
Can you please forgive me.

David throws his helmet right past AJ then takes a backpack from the closet.

AJ (CONT'D)  
How do I make this right?

David throws backpack onto his desk.

DAVID  
(pissed)  
Can you fix my *back*? Can you get  
*pro teams* to recruit me again? Can  
you bring me back my *life*?

AJ does not respond.

DAVID (CONT'D)  
Exactly.

David goes and opens desk drawers.

AJ  
(whisper)  
I'm sorry...

DAVID  
Don't say it again *please*.

David dumps a desk drawer into the backpack.

AJ  
Would you just stop packing?!

David leans to unplug a computer but strains his back.

DAVID  
*Forget, it.*

AJ  
I can't! Let me help you, at least.

David unplugs it.

DAVID  
(disgusted)  
You can't! Do you not get this?

David throws the cable into his backpack then slings it all on one shoulder. He goes to grab his suitcase.

AJ stands in his way.

AJ  
Please.

He tries to get past AJ.

AJ shoves the suitcase onto the floor.

David steps back.

He turns to go but AJ yanks him by his backpack. David just lets it slide off his shoulder.

AJ jumps on David's back and flings an arm around his neck.

AJ (CONT'D)  
Stop!

AJ forces David to look at him.

DAVID  
Fuck you you want this all to be okay? It'll never be!

AJ  
I said I was sorry.

DAVID  
But *for what!*? You can't even *admit* what for you're a fucking coward!

AJ shoves David backwards into the dresser.

AJ  
For *crashing!*

DAVID  
No! For for what you did to me, AJ?! What did you *do*?

AJ releases David.

DAVID (CONT'D)  
Say It.

AJ  
I killed you.

A clock TICKS.

A cigarette is ashed.

AJ leans against his windowsill, a cigarette in one hand and an ashtray in the other.

AJ's eyes are locked in the spot that David was.

He takes a puff from a cigarette that's more than halfway through.

We now see that the other side of his room's empty.