

THAT'S WHAT FRIENDS ARE FOR

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INT. HOME - DAY

XAVIER (mid-20s, handsome) gets home disheveled and exhausted.

He's heavy with regret.

He surveys his home. The house is lighter. Things are...missing.

His fiancée, **CORRINE**, has moved out, her only presence, the **PHOTOS** on the wall...

KITCHEN

...and her **ENGAGEMENT RING** on the kitchen counter.

Xavier is defeated holding the ring in his hand.

His phone vibrates, it's **THEO**.

THEO (O.S.)
Hey man, welcome home!

Some welcome.

THEO (CONT'D)
You good?

XAVIER
No, having someone telling you when you can eat, sleep, and piss is something I never want to do again.

THEO (O.S.)
Will this be on your record?

XAVIER
No, but my job already fired me.

Xavier looks at the ring.

THEO (O.S.)
Where's Corrine?

XAVIER
Gone. She left her ring...

THEO (O.S.)
What about the engagement?

XAVIER
What about it?

A beat. He pivots.

THEO (O.S.)

Want me to come over? You know, I'm here for you.

XAVIER

Nah, maybe tomorrow. I'm just gonna shower until the water gets cold and eat everything I couldn't have for the past 30 days.

THEO (O.S.)

Okay, but if you change your mind. I'm here.

BATHROOM - NIGHT

Xavier does exactly what he said he would do to a curated soundtrack of top-tier heartbreak songs blasting on the home's Bluetooth speakers.

His shower is long and steamy. He washes his hair. He gets out and with a careful hand, trims his beard.

LIVING ROOM (CONTINUOUS)

LATER...

He heads downstairs. Jumps on his phone and orders from 3 restaurants.

Corrine's absence...the silence...emptiness unsettles Xavier.

Time for Netflix! He turns on the TV and reaches for his laptop.

Pulling up his mail app, he begins to draft an email, a heartfelt apology.

He erases it; sitting, thinking, remembering...

CORRINE (O.S)

If you can't say it, write it.

He begins writing again.

"Bug,

I can't say it, so I'll write it. Sorry..."

He stumbles over the email. He writes...erases...and writes again. He struggles to find the words.

"Regretful, disappointed, and sad don't begin to cover how I feel about that night.

I never meant to--"

There's a KNOCK at his door.

EXT. HOME - PORCH - NIGHT

His food has arrived, but the driver is gone by the time he gets to the door.

INT. HOME - LIVING ROOM - NIGHT

With his feast before him, he enjoys his shows, getting in some laughter.

He starts a new show, pressing play on Episode One.

LIVING ROOM (CONTINUOUS)

The final episode of the season finishes up.

Eventually, either his broken heart or his curiosity gets the best of him. He gets up and heads up stairs.

CORRINE'S ART STUDIO

Xavier opens the door to Corrine's art studio. He turns on the light.

His stomach drops, it's empty. She even took the nails out of the damn wall.

He narrows his eyes on the large trunk in the corner with old figure drawings on top of it.

He SIGHS. It's real. With his phone in hand, he sends a text:

XAVIER: She's really gone. Her studio's empty.

A CALL. Xavier picks up.

THEO
I'm sorry, Zay.

Zay fights back tears. He takes a breath.

XAVIER
She left her trunk. She loved this trunk more than the shit she took.

THEO
She was probably in a rush.

A beat.

THEO (CONT'D)
I can come over and get rid of it
if you want.

XAVIER
Nah, I'm good. Thanks, T.

He is not good. He's so far from good.

XAVIER (CONT'D)
Call you in the morning.

Xavier hangs up.

He walks into the emptiness, and it consumes him. He heads
towards the large trunk.

Kneeling down, he picks up the papers. He tries to connect
with Corrine, but it doesn't work.

He shuffles through the expertly done drawings. A smile.

He fights his sadness as best he can. He's on his feet. He
grabs the drawings and the trunk.

XAVIER (CONT'D)
Damn.

The trunk is heavier than expected.

But the weight of her rushing out of THEIR home that they
made together, leaving behind her Uncle's trunk that she
loved more than her expensive brushes, covered in his WWII
memorabilia, is heavier.

He drops the trunk weeping in frustration.

Fuming, he wipes his face and lifts the trunk again.

It's heaviness slows him down.

Frustrated, he kneels down to unlock it and finds Corrine's
rotting body folded up in the trunk.

He's moritified. His phone vibrates.

THEO: Are you sure you don't want me to come over ;)

END.

