

Slip

Written by

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INT. APARTMENT - NIGHT

Black screen. The sounds of a loud party can be heard before slowly growing muffled. A woman's face flashes in a colorful room, her features are mostly obscured by darkness. Black screen. A bed creaks loudly over the party and then a rhythmic pounding begins. The woman's face reappears, larger. Black screen. The rest of the sounds fade away slowly as the pounding sound grows sharper until it is isolated.

INT. APARTMENT - MORNING

AVA (20, an averagely built brunette) is lying in bed, her hair a mess. Her eyes are half open and she is still dressed in clothes from the night before. She sits up, looking tired and weak. She picks a pair of jeans up off of the floor and folds them absentmindedly. The pounding sound continues and transitions into the sound of vegetables being chopped.

INT. APARTMENT - NIGHT

Ava stands at a kitchen counter, chopping vegetables. The doorbell rings and she turns around. She wipes her hands on her jeans and freezes, with a confused look on her face. She continues to rub her hands on her jeans and a super faint ringing sound can be heard. She stops abruptly and walks toward the door. As she passes by a bedroom, a figure can be seen standing in the corner, partially illuminated by a colorful light. She does not notice him and stops in front of the door. She takes a breath, smiles wide, and pauses for a moment.

BRIAN (23, a tall, short-haired brunette) and CHARLIE (22, a tall, wavy-haired brunette) stand outside the door. Ava opens it. They all stand awkwardly at the door.

AVA

Blair! They're here!

BLAIR (21, short, black haired with a full face of makeup) shouts from the bathroom.

BLAIR

Shit!

Brian and Charlie walk in and start taking off their coats as they mutter awkwardly. Blair flits by in a bathrobe.

BLAIR

Hey boys!

She squeezes Brian's arm and heads into her room. Ava notices and her face flashes with a concerned look.

BLAIR (CONT'D)
(from inside the room)
There's wine on the table already just
help yourself.

BRIAN
Sounds good.

Ava turns to walk toward the kitchen and Charlie follows. She stops him politely, and he flashes her an inquisitive look.

AVA
No, I got it. Thank you.

She watches as Brian and Charlie walk into the living room and start pouring some wine. Down the hallway behind her, the figure appears again. She turns and walks back into the kitchen.

INT. KITCHEN-NIGHT

Ava resumes her chopping while listening to the conversation in the living room.

BLAIR
(loudly exiting her room)
Sorry about that! We're both a little
bit worn out from last night.

CHARLIE
Yeah, I think we all kinda went too
far, with the drinking.

BLAIR
Honestly.
(lowering her voice)
Did you see? Ava was totally fucked
yesterday.

As the conversation continues, the figure stands facing Ava. Her brow furrows and she continues chopping.

CHARLIE
Yeah, I saw her stumbling around the
bedroom at one point.

BLAIR
(somewhat flatly)
I just hope she didn't do anything
that she might regret later.

BRIAN
I don't think so.

Ava abruptly enters the living room. The conversation stops
and they all look up at her, waiting for her to speak.

INT. LIVING ROOM-NIGHT

AVA
... Could I get you guys something to
drink, maybe?

BLAIR
(smiling, with false warmth)
We already have a bottle.

Ava walks back into the kitchen, flustered. She leans over
the counter and breathes deeply. Blair enters, annoyed.

INT. KITCHEN-NIGHT

BLAIR
(aggressively)
What the fuck was that about.

AVA
What?

BLAIR
What do you mean, 'what'. Are you
still drunk?

Ava looks up.

AVA
Why are you being so aggressive.

Blair sighs, agitated. She leans in closer to Ava. As she
speaks, a colorful light slowly appears in the background.

Blair speaks harshly, in a hurt whisper.

BLAIR
Does it mean nothing to you? How I
feel?

Ava stands silently, staring at Blair in shock until she notices the light behind Blair and her look turns slightly to confusion. Blair continues to stare at Ava intently.

Brian shouts from the living room.

BRIAN

Yo, you guys got any cigarettes?

Blair continues to glare at Ava.

BLAIR

(sweetly)

I have a pack in my room, I'll be right there.

Blair walks away, still looking at Ava and the light fades away.

INT. LIVING ROOM-NIGHT

Charlie is sitting alone on the couch, looking at his phone. He looks up as Ava walks in.

CHARLIE

Still tired from last night?

Ava leans exhaustedly against the mantle. Her hands are fidgeting.

AVA

(jokingly)

Who here isn't hungover?

CHARLIE

(innocently)

Everything alright? (pause) With Blair I mean.

Ava looks down and breathes deeply. She doesn't look up.

AVA

Something must have happened last night. I don't remember.

CHARLIE

We shouldn't have come tonight.

Ava inhales sharply, looks up, and smiles weakly.

AVA
 (lightheartedly)
 I just hope I didn't embarrass anyone.

CHARLIE
 (snarkily)
 Well I don't even know what you have
 to be embarrassed about, seeing as you
 spent all the time in your bedroom.

In the hallway, the colorful light returns and the figure stands watching. Ava turns and looks at him. She straightens, shocked, and starts to slowly approach him as he backs away from her.

CHARLIE (CONT'D)
 Are you alright?

Ava walks forward until she is standing in the hallway, transfixed by the figure. She tries to focus on him, but his features are indiscernible. All of the sound around her is muffled and barely audible.

INT. HALLWAY - NIGHT

CHARLIE (O.S.)
 Ava?

BLAIR
 Hey.
 (louder)
 Hey!
 (fully audible)
 Ava, what the fuck!

Sound returns and Ava turns to see Blair walking quickly down the hallway. A timer is buzzing loudly in the kitchen. Charlie stands behind Ava, looking worried.

Blair takes the food angrily out of the oven.

BLAIR
 Are you trying to burn this apartment
 to the ground? Jesus!

AVA
 I -

BLAIR
 Just grab Brian and tell him that
 dinner's ready.

(to Charlie)
Charlie, could you help me bring this
out to the table?

Charlie shoots Ava a concerned look, but turns to help Blair in the kitchen. Ava walks down the hallway, rattled by her vision, and enters Blair's room.

INT. BLAIR'S ROOM-NIGHT

Brian is smoking out of the window, his back turned to Ava. She approaches cautiously. Brian turns to face her and flicks his cigarette off the balcony.

BRIAN
Last night was fun.

AVA
It's a bit of a blur.

BRIAN
Well, I had a great time. It seemed
like you did too.

AVA
According to Charlie, I wasn't
"social" enough.

BRIAN
That depends on who you're asking. You
were nice enough to me.

BLAIR (O.S.)
Come on!

Ava stands still, with a look of confusion on her face, as Brian brushes by her and heads to the door. As he passes behind her, his hand brushes the side of her thigh.

BRIAN
(whispering into her ear)
Your jeans were really soft, by the
way.

Ava's eyes widen as he continues to walk to the door. He stops and looks back at her conspiratorially as the colored lights glow bright behind him and the figure appears slowly walking towards him.

BRIAN (CONT'D)
Shame Charlie was such a cockblock.

Ava watches in horror as the figure's silhouette vanishes and the light begins to follow Brian as he leaves the room and walks down the hallway. Ava stands in shock before slowly walking through the door. She stops and looks at the table. Blair, Charlie, and Brian all stare at her silently while the colorful lights fill the room and she slowly makes her way to her seat. She has a dazed look on her face. She sits and looks at each of them as they continue to stare at her. The lights switch to normal once Blair speaks.

INT. LIVING ROOM-NIGHT

BLAIR

As I was saying -

Ava's gaze snaps to Blair angrily and she slams her hands on the table. She looks to be on the verge of tears.

AVA

(emotionally)

What the hell happened last night.

Blair slams her utensils down and turns to face Ava.

BLAIR

(confrontationally)

I don't know Ava, what the hell did you do.

CHARLIE

Blair, I really don't think she-

BLAIR

No, Charlie. She's been acting like a naive child all day. I want her to look me in the eyes and say it.

AVA

I didn't do what you think I did.

Ava motions at Brian but does not look at him. Her hand is shaking.

BLAIR

Well. I think you're a whore and a shitty friend.

CHARLIE

Blair, calm down.

BLAIR

You're not innocent, you knew how I felt and you let her go with him.

AVA

I didn't-

BRIAN

He didn't let her, she was all over me the entire night.

Ava looks down and starts to breathe sharply.

CHARLIE

Dude, you and I both know that's not true.

BRIAN

She took me to her bedroom.

CHARLIE

She wanted to lie down. Why couldn't you have gone for anyone else.

BRIAN

It's not like there were any other viable options.

BLAIR

Did you know?

BRIAN

Obviously I knew. But why would I ever want to fuck you?

Ava looks up sharply at Blair as the table grows silent.

BLAIR

(quietly)

Fuck all of you.

AVA

(softly to Blair)

I -

CHARLIE

Look. You shouldn't blame her for what happened.

BRIAN
(scoffing)
The only person she has to blame is
herself.

CHARLIE
Dude, how? I had to pull you off her.

Blair's face turns from anger to shock and she turns to look
at Ava, her features softening.

BRIAN
You're just jealous because I got to
her first.

CHARLIE
Fuck you.

BRIAN
She liked it. She could have stopped
me anytime she wanted to.

Brian turns to Ava and looks into her eyes. Ava stares back.

BRIAN (CONT'D)
You probably weren't even drunk. I'm
sorry you regret it, but that's hardly
my fault.

Ava continues to look into his eyes as she straightens and
her features harden.

AVA
(calmly)
Get out.

Nobody at the table moves. She looks away from Brian and at
the rest of the table.

AVA (CONT'D)
Now.

They all slowly get up and walk away while Ava sits and
breathes deeply. A look of calm gradually spreads across her
face. As the door closes and the table is at last empty, she
begins to eat.

FADE TO BLACK.