COCAINE COUCHES

INT. COUCHCO- DAY

Open on a run down couch store. The couches are lazily arrayed around a poorly lit showing floor.

Tracy and Nate sit at the front desk in the back of the shop.

Nate is reading Marx. Tracy is on his phone.

Ev is hiding on a couch in the back.

Jared walks through the front door. A small bell dings.

Nate barely looks up. Tracy gets on his feet.

TRACY
Hi, welcome to Cou-

JARED
Shut up.

Ev scoffs as Jared walks by to the back office.

Jared smacks him lightly on the back of the head as he passes.

EV
Hey!

JARED
Get up, bum.

Ev's face falls and he stands up.

INT. COFFEE SHOP- LATER

Ev balances 4 coffees in his hands as he attempts to hold the door open for an attractive woman in running attire.

EV
Excited for tomorrow?

She doesn't take off her headphones.

He smiles charismatically. The woman smiles lightly and walks inside.

INT. EV'S APARTMENT- NIGHT

Ev and Nate are watching TV on a stained and floppy couch in Ev's tiny apartment.

The coffee table is littered with cans, trash, and a bong.

EV
You think I'm getting fat?

NATE
No.

EV
You paused.

NATE
I was being nice.

EV
I should run more.

Nate hits the bong.

INT. COUCHCO- DAY

Tracy, Nate, and Ev sit behind the front desk in their respective chairs.

TRACY
We're selling a story, dude. A lifestyle. You gotta communicate the product, not just shove it down their throats.

NATE
They're couches.

TRACY
They're a symbol of luxury.

EV
With coke in them.

NATE
They don't know about the coke.

A woman walks over.

Ev coughs loudly. Nate picks up a magazine and hides behind it. Tracy looks up cheerfully.

WOMAN
Can I get some help?

TRACY
Of course! What type of experience are you looking for?

INT. COUCHCO- DAY

Jared walks by trying to be inconspicuous, reeking of weed.

NATE
Does he think we can’t smell that?

EV
Or like, the customers?

TRACY
It’s legal now.

EV
That would’ve been nice 5 years ago.

NATE
It’s not like you cared, Billy badass.

EV
Yea, but I was paranoid every time we smoked outside.

TRACY
Cause there were cameras.

EV
(alarmed)
What?

INT. COUCHCO

Woman walks over to couch that Ev put coke in.

Ev rushes over.

EV
Loaded couch loaded couch!

The woman looks uncomfortable as Ev hastily approaches them.

TRACY
(rerouting her anxiously)
Alright. I was actually just informed that this couch is reserved, so I'll take you right over here.

WOMAN
I mean, that one looked perf-

TRACY
Unfortunately it's not available.

INT. COUCHCO- LATER

TRACY
Why the fuck would you put a coke couch on the showing floor?

EV
What if someone wants to buy the couch same day?

Tracy takes a deep breath and almost breaks the fourth wall.

TRACY
Who let you think?

EXT. SIDEWALK- EARLY MORNING

Ev runs past a shop window and slows down to admire himself in his skimpy running gear. People in his run club run around him.

He stops, takes a picture of himself, then keeps running.

INT. COUCHCO- DAY

EV
We're gonna be rich!

NATE
Fuck all that.

TRACY
What?

NATE
We should be focused on things that matter.

TRACY
I don't know what you're talking about, bro. Money matters.

EV
It's freedom.

NATE
You're both cooked.

EV
Why?

NATE
The propaganda got you.

TRACY
Protein slop bowls for lunch? Anyone?

NATE
You got me, right?

INT. JARED’S OFFICE- AFTERNOON

Jared tuts and sings in the mirror, adjusting his wig. His back is turned to the door.

Ev walks in without knocking.

EV
Jared?

Jared doesn't look back.

JARED
Tracy.

EV
Tracy. Are we still on for tonight?

Jared looks over his shoulder.

JARED
Yes, but dress appropriately.

EV
Such as?

Jared turns back to the mirror.

JARED
Something cute.

EV
Okay. But- we’re having the meeting right?

JARED
Yes after the show.

EV
Great.

Jared looks in the mirror and puts the finishing touches on his wig.

JARED
Wear something cute.

EV
Okay.

INT. LUXURY AIRBNB-SUNSET

Tracy, Nate, and Ev sit on a plush white couch.

They stare at an equally nice couch sitting in the middle of the large room.

EV
Moment of truth, boys.

NATE
Who's gonna open it?

TRACY
It feels like a crime to slice into such a beautiful piece.

EV
It is a crime. We are criminals.

TRACY
Right.

EV
Okay.

Ev takes a large kitchen knife from the glass coffee table and cuts into the back of the couch.

Rustling is heard from inside the couch, then a ripping sound.

The guys look at each other, bewildered.

NATE
What the fuck is that?

With a loud thud, two cartel members drop onto the floor under the couch.

Tracy, Nate, and Ev jump up in alarm. Ev wields the knife shakily.

NATE (CONT'D)
Hey! Hey! Get out from under there!

EV
Shut up!

CARTEL MEMBER 1
Be cool!

NATE
Fuck you! Get out here!

Nate signals to Tracy to call the police. Tracy silently and frantically tries to say they can't because they are criminals too.

CARTEL MEMBER 2
Calm down or we kill everyone in here!

EV
Reveal yourselves!

Ev cautiously kicks the couch. The two cartel members roll out on the other side of the couch and spring up.

EV (CONT'D)
Who the fuck are you?

CARTEL MEMBER 2
Who are you?

NATE
We're the couch cartel!

Ev and Tracy cringe and sigh.

EV
(whispering)
Shut the fuck up, Nate.

NATE
I mean, we're the police! Freeze!

Ev drops the knife and punches Nate in the stomach. Nate doubles over and falls on the white couch.

CARTEL MEMBER 2
Police?

EV
We're not police.

NATE
What'd you do that for?

TRACY
Do you have guns?

CARTEL MEMBER 2
Yes.

EV
They would have shot us already.

CARTEL MEMBER 1
We have guns. Don't come any closer.

Ev jumps over the shipped couch and tackles Cartel Member 1. Cartel Member 2 starts beating Ev.

Tracy falters then joins the frey.

The fight is a sloppy mess of flailing limbs and furniture crashing around them as they flop around the room.

Tracy and Ev are losing badly.

EV
(bloody and currently getting beaten)
Nate! Nate! Get the knife!

NATE
Why should I?

TRACY
Oh god, it hurts!

EV
Fucking get over here!

Nate takes the knife and stabs Cartel Member 2 in the side.

CARTEL MEMBER 2
Oh, shit.

Cartel Member 2 falls over, clutching his wound. Ev and Tracy secure Cartel Member 1.

EV
Why'd you stab him?

NATE
(incredulous)
That's what you told me to do!

EV
(sitting on Cartel Member 1)
I thought you'd just threaten them or something.

NATE
How would that have helped?

TRACY
He's gonna die.

CARTEL MEMBER 2
I'm not gonna die.

EV
Tracy, go help him.

CARTEL MEMBER 2
Do not help me!

NATE
You need help.

CARTEL MEMBER 2
Fuck you!

INT. LUXURY AIRBNB-MOMENTS LATER

The cartel members are tied up on opposite sides of the large glass table in the middle of the room.

The white tiger rug under the table is bloody and ripped.

Cartel Member 2 has a blood-soaked sheet wrapped around his wound.

Nate goes to inspect his wound. Cartel Member 2 bites at him.

Nate jerks back and almost falls.

NATE
Jesus Christ.

Ev paces around the room rubbing his head.

EV
What the fuck, bro? Fuck!