

WINNERS
[FINAL DRAFT]

Written by

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EXT. HINES DRIVE - EVENING - WINTER

Two friends jog down a long road, surrounded by forest. Snow is thick and on everything. VINCENT; handsome, in his early 20s, yet slightly overweight; is dressed in heavy winter clothing. With him is DAVID; also in his early 20s, less attractive than Vincent, but in better shape. They both speak through their breath.

DAVID
So what happened?

VINCENT
Nothing happened. I'm just... done.
I've been thinking about this for a while now.

DAVID
You never mentioned it before.

VINCENT
Well the thought has been floating around, but... I've been seriously considering it since our anniversary.

DAVID
Jesus. I had no idea.

VINCENT
Well. I wanted to be sure before I said anything, but. Now I'm sure.

DAVID
Just like that?

VINCENT
Well no, nothing is ever, "just like that", its been working it's way towards this point.

DAVID
Isn't the point of a relationship to be working toward the future?

VINCENT
Yes, and there's the problem.

David shakes his head in disbelief. They jog in silence briefly.

DAVID
You know you could have talked to me about this before.

VINCENT

I know man. It's nothing like that.
I'm talking to you now aren't I?

Vincent smiles at David. They continue to jog. A silence starts to brew, and it's verging on uncomfortable.

VINCENT (CONT'D)

Above all, she's just kind of a
bitch.

CUT TO:

EXT. MORGAN'S HOUSE/INT. JACKIE'S CAR - NIGHT - WINTER

A quaint suburban street, is disrupted by a car hurriedly pulling to the curb of MORGAN'S HOUSE, which only has a porch light on. Behind the wheel is JACKIE; she's in her early 20s, not dressed to impress, but has a classic look to her. She pulls out her phone and sends a text. She stares at the house waiting.

INT. MORGAN'S HOUSE - BATHROOM - NIGHT

MORGAN, early 20s, quietly gorgeous. She is leaning over the toilet throwing up. It appears she's been at it for awhile. Once she finishes, she takes a deep gasp for air. Still leaning down, she lifts her hand up and flushes the toilet.

EXT. MORGAN'S HOUSE/INT. JACKIE'S CAR - NIGHT - WINTER

Jackie continues to wait. Finally Morgan slowly walks out of the house and towards the car. Jackie gets out to meet her. They hug.

JACKIE

Hey.

MORGAN

Hey.

Jackie pulls back and looks at her. They smile at each other.

JACKIE

Come on.

They get into the car and drive away.

INT. JACKIE'S CAR - NIGHT - WINTER

Morgan is leaning her head against the window, she has a somber look on her face. Jackie looks as if she's trying to find the right words to say.

JACKIE
Are you doing okay?

Morgan looks like she was snapped out of a dream and sits upright.

MORGAN
I'm fine.

JACKIE
We don't have to talk about it.

MORGAN
No. We will. I just. Not feeling a hundred percent.

JACKIE
That's normal.

MORGAN
I think it's just, anxiety, or-

Her thought trails off and she looks out the window again. Jackie looks concerned.

MORGAN (CONT'D)
Thanks for getting me.

JACKIE
Of course.

MORGAN
I really am fine. I'm just trying to figure out why now?

JACKIE
I get that.

MORGAN
Something doesn't feel right. Like I should be mad or something.

JACKIE
Who's to say what feels right?

They have a silence that starts to verge on uncomfortable.

MORGAN
What a piece of shit.

CUT TO:

EXT. HINES DRIVE - EVENING - WINTER

Vincent and David are still jogging and are making progress.

VINCENT
And then tells me to shut up, in front of all of them. I don't care if you don't like Anthony, he's important, and so are the rest of them. And it's a thousand little things like that. It just drives me crazy.

David looks at Vincent curiously.

DAVID
You done?

Vincent laughs at this, David chuckles too.

VINCENT
It's always irrelevant. Nothing she ever starts to fight about is important. Like, "you didn't text me in the last hour", sorry I was busy. "Why aren't you including me?". What does that even mean? You're standing there. Speak! And I can understand being upset to a degree, but no matter what, I end up being the one to say I'm sorry.

David looks unsure. Vincent looks over at David.

VINCENT (CONT'D)
What?

DAVID
I get what you're saying, but those are just annoying quirks, nothing detrimental.

VINCENT
Okay fine. Those weren't the most prime examples, and it isn't always like that.

(MORE)

VINCENT (CONT'D)

But too often we're fighting,
because that's just what happens. A
relationship is supposed to be
about happiness, right?

DAVID

Of course. But it's never going to
be that way. It's work too.
Everything's a neatly wrapped gift,
until you open it. But if you want
what's inside, you do inevitably
have to open it.

VINCENT

But if what's inside isn't going to
make me happy... why open it at
all?

David shrugs.

DAVID

I can't disagree.

CUT TO:

INT. JACKIE'S CAR - NIGHT - WINTER

Jackie and Morgan are still driving.

MORGAN

The only way I've figured
describing it is that he's been
acting more like an older brother
than a boyfriend.

Jackie leans her head back and starts to laugh.

JACKIE

Gross. I hate my older brother.

They both laugh at this.

MORGAN

He's been mean, the way he picks on
me, and not in a fun and playful
way. And on top of it he's very
controlling.

JACKIE

I know, he's always calling for a
status report.

MORGAN

Right! Just because I have friends who are guys. People can be just friends.

JACKIE

Well-

MORGAN

Chad.

Jackie laughs.

JACKIE

Okay. Yes people like Chad, for sure, just friends with.

MORGAN

It's stupid, that after so much time and effort, I just end up here, like this.

JACKIE

Look. We get comfortable in our situations. Whether it's a relationship, a job, or even just being friends.

MORGAN

Yeah, that's the only reason I'm here right now.

JACKIE

I think this will be good for you.

Jackie's phone goes off. She grabs it.

JACKIE (CONT'D)

Rachel wants to know if we're coming over?

Morgan lets out a groan.

JACKIE (CONT'D)

I know. She's still our friend though.

MORGAN

I don't know if I can deal with her right now.

JACKIE

Gwen and Julia are there too.

MORGAN
That evens things out.

Jackie hands the phone to Morgan.

JACKIE
Here, text her, tell her we're
coming.

Morgan types out the text then hands Jackie her phone back.

JACKIE (CONT'D)
Thanks.

They have a quick beat of silence.

JACKIE (CONT'D)
You better not talk about me like
Rachel when I'm not around.

MORGAN
Oh, I most definitely do.

CUT TO:

EXT. HINES DRIVE - EVENING - WINTER

Vincent and David are on the side of the road now. David is stretching, Vincent is trying to catch his breath.

DAVID
Well do you still want to go to
Aaron's?

VINCENT
Of course.

Vincent spits. David gets out his phone and dials a number

VINCENT (CONT'D)
I don't get how you don't get
tired.

DAVID
Cause I'm not fat.

Vincent flips off David.

DAVID (CONT'D)
(On the phone)
Hey. Yeah we're still coming.
(MORE)

DAVID (CONT'D)
 We'll be there in like 20. Cool.
 Yes. Okay.

David hangs up the phone.

DAVID (CONT'D)
 They're already fried.

VINCENT
 I can't wait.

DAVID
 Well let's get moving.

David starts to jog. Vincent groans very loudly.

VINCENT
 I hate running.

DAVID
 Oh come on, we're jogging.

VINCENT
 Well I hate jogging too.

CUT TO:

EXT. RACHEL'S HOUSE - JACKIE'S CAR - NIGHT

Jackie and Morgan are parked at the curb.

JACKIE
 Look. I know it's hard to hear now.
 But you're better off. It's gonna
 be a hard couple of weeks, maybe
 months... I won't let you get to a
 year, but in the long run this is
 going to be a blessing in disguise.

Morgan hugs Jackie.

MORGAN
 Thanks. I'm just mad he got to do
 it. I've had the thoughts too, but
 I'm not a cruel person.

JACKIE
 No you're not.

MORGAN
 (to herself)
 So out of the blue.

Morgan just shakes her head. Jackie nods towards the house.

JACKIE
Let's go in.

MORGAN
Okay.

They both get out of the car.

INT. AARON'S GARAGE - EVENING - WINTER

A table is in the center of the room, there's a bunch of typical items scattered throughout, all pushed towards against wall. A pile of weed is in the center of the table as well as a joint roller, and a bowl. AARON, BLAINE, and MARK are all sitting around the table.

As David and Vincent walk into the garage, Aaron takes a rip from the bong.

VINCENT
And that honestly pisses me off to no end, and she doesn't understand that.

DAVID
Well... I don't see how that's an issue really.

VINCENT
Of course you don't David.

Aaron exhales a giant cloud of smoke.

AARON
What now?

DAVID
Vince wants to break up with Morgan.

BLAINE
What?

MARK
Bout time.

Aaron holds the bong out to Vincent.

AARON
Here. Cures all problems.

Vincent grabs the bong.

VINCENT
Thanks.

BLAINE
Why?

MARK
Who cares why. Just do it. She
fucking sucks.

BLAINE
Shut up. Why?

Vincent exhales and then shrugs.

VINCENT
A lot of things. I dunno.

BLAINE
Well I'm sorry man.

Vincent shakes his head.

VINCENT
Don't be. It's a good thing.

He stares at the ground.

VINCENT (CONT'D)
(to himself)
Pretty sure.

AARON
When you gonna do it?

VINCENT
Tonight.

AARON
Tonight?

MARK
The fuck. I brought Mansions. I
thought we were gonna play.

VINCENT
We are. It's not gonna take hours.

BLAINE
What are you gonna do?

VINCENT

We're gonna meet at the bean, and
I'm just gonna do it and then go.

BLAINE

Fuck.

Mark stands up and walks over to a counter in the garage that has an ashtray. He lights a cigarette and stands by it.

MARK

I'm serious man. Good riddance. You
haven't seemed happy in a while. I
assumed it was because of her.

DAVID

Have you ever considered psychology
for a major? You're very
comforting.

Mark salutes David. David picks up the bong and takes a hit.

VINCENT

It's just all gotten to be too
much.

AARON

Well. Not to mention... at this
point. Isn't it just.

Aaron trails off. Everyone looks at him confused.

DAVID

What?

AARON

Right. Sorry. It's just convenient
at this point right? That's what
you said to me before.

VINCENT

Right.

David looks confused, and then upset, he looks at Vincent, who doesn't acknowledge the look. David then looks away.

VINCENT (CONT'D)

We got set-up in the first place,
it wasn't a natural connection.
That's not a strong foundation for
anything. And now it's... just
become easy.

BLAINE

Easy isn't synonymous with bad.

MARK

Not all of us can be you and Carrie.

Blaine shrugs.

BLAINE

Not my fault you guys aren't me.

VINCENT

I think what really set it off recently was her talking about plans for when I'm done with college. Like long term shit.

AARON

What? You're not in college.

VINCENT

I'm going back next semester.

MARK

You said that last semester.

VINCENT

Fuck you. I'm gonna. But even so. It's things that are years ahead, like getting a place, or if we should move, or a dog.

AARON

You're upset cause she wanted to get a dog?

VINCENT

No a dog together. Dogs always lead to babies. How can we even start to plan things like that. We're 20, let's fucking be 20.

BLAINE

Truthfully I don't think age should be a factor with things like this.

MARK

Why cause you're going to get married to Carrie, and you guys are perfect, so everyone is capable of doing the same?

BLAINE

No. Asshole. I don't know if we're going to get married. But I think once you know, who cares when it is? But you have to feel it and just know. And I agree Vince, I don't think you're there, yet.

AARON

Well obviously. He's talking about breaking up with her.

They all chuckle. Vincent sits silently as the group continues. Vincent picks up the bong and takes a hit.

INT. RACHEL'S HOUSE - BASEMENT - NIGHT - WINTER

Jackie and Morgan walk down the stairs. There are two sofas forming an L shape against the back wall. RACHEL, is laying like a propped up cat holding a drink. JULIA, is sitting near her holding a drink, and GWEN is standing by a countertop-bar leaning on it, drinking her drink. There is a table in the center of the room with some bottles of wine and liquor on it. Red solo cups scatter the place, and its a mess.

JACKIE

But that's just so disappointing.

Morgan shrugs.

MORGAN

It got the job done.

As soon as they walk into view, Rachel shoots up and rushes over to them. Gwen stands up straight, and Julia stands up. Rachel violently hugs Morgan.

RACHEL

I am so, so, so, sorry.

Morgan hugs back, and smiles.

MORGAN

Thank you.

JACKIE

Yes, hello to you too.

Jackie walks into the room and goes to sit on the couch. As she passes, Gwen hands her a drink and walks over to Morgan.

RACHEL
You can stay the night if you need.
Stay a week. I really don't care.

MORGAN
Maybe tonight, but really, I'm
okay.

Gwen walks over and hugs Morgan too.

GWEN
Sucks.

MORGAN
Beautifully said.

Julia still stands back by the couch. Her and Jackie continuously exchange looks. Then Jackie and Julia both jolt their heads towards the others when they walk over.

RACHEL
Julia. Say something.

Julia walks over to Morgan and just hugs.

JULIA
Sorry.

MORGAN
Thank you.

And their hug continues.

GWEN
Well at least you'll actually
hangout with us now

Gwen sits down on the couch next to Jackie.

RACHEL
Yeah, I feel like I haven't seen
you in forever.

Rachel stays standing near Morgan and Julia hugging. They finally separate.

JULIA
Do you want something to drink?
Wine or Whiskey?

MORGAN
No. No. I'm not feeling great.

GWEN
Drinking fixes that.

MORGAN
No, like my stomach.

Gwen shrugs and goes to sit. Julia grabs the whiskey and a cup and goes to the counter to make herself a drink.

RACHEL
Well tell us what happened.

JACKIE
Rachel.

RACHEL
What?

MORGAN
No. It's fine. He just asked to hangout at the bean like always, and then, bam.

JULIA
And then bam?

MORGAN
I mean, pretty much.

RACHEL
Well what'd you do?

MORGAN
I just asked why, and he yelled at me and was nothing but a fucking asshole about the whole thing. But it's fine.

GWEN
I've been waiting for this.

JACKIE
Do you have a filter we can turn on?

Julia walks to the couch with her drink.

MORGAN
I dunno. When I broke up with Jeremy that was devastating. I was a fucking mess for months, and we barley dated half a year. Vince and I dated for two years and I feel nothing.

She pauses, stares at the ground.

MORGAN (CONT'D)
Nothing.

JULIA
I think this is something you
wanted to happen.

GWEN
He's an asshole.

MORGAN
He really is. He even started to
talk about marriage.

JACKIE
What?

MORGAN
Yeah! I'm only twenty years old.
You are most certainly not the love
my life. I don't want to talk about
this now.

GWEN
If you were so sure that he wasn't
the one why did you keep dating?

They all look at Gwen.

MORGAN
I don't know.

CUT TO:

INT. AARON'S GARAGE - NIGHT - WINTER

They are all sitting at the table now and are setting up
Mansions of Madness.

MARK
Well you're going to be fine. So
that's what matters.

They are now passing around a bowl.

VINCENT
I have no doubt about that. I mean
shit. Veronica has been talking to
me a lot lately.

DAVID
Veronica Basley?

Vincent nods.

MARK
Ew.

AARON
Not ew. That's dope. Do it. Her. Do her.

VINCENT
I'm not saying I'm going to. I don't think I really want to even. But it's nice knowing there's options.

BLAINE
Well obviously there will always be options. There's options for everything. But eventually ya gotta pick the option you want the most.

MARK
Eventually. Not now he doesn't. So please don't pick Veronica.

VINCENT
I never said I was going to.

BLAINE
But you also shouldn't carelessly be floating from one thing to the next.

DAVID
It doesn't need to be that way. But be open to what's around.

BLAINE
I know! But-

VINCENT
Listen. All that matters is... I'm breaking up with her. I'm gonna go.

MARK
Amen.

AARON
You better fucking come back.

VINCENT
I'm gonna come back.

Vincent stands up. Aaron grabs his arm.

AARON
Hey. Don't back out. Remember
everything you said and felt. If
she cries, fight it. You gotta just
do it. It's hard, but follow
through.

Vincent nods.

AARON (CONT'D)
I believe in you.

VINCENT
See ya soon.

He leaves the garage. They all make sure he's gone.

MARK
He's not gonna do it.

CUT TO:

INT. RACHEL'S HOUSE - BASEMENT - NIGHT

They are all drinking a new cup of their respective drinks,
except for Morgan. She starts to wince a little bit, holding
her stomach.

MORGAN
Fuck.

JULIA
Are you sick?

MORGAN
No, I don't think so.

JULIA
Did this start after the fight?

MORGAN
I felt queasy earlier this week,
but yeah pretty much.

JACKIE
Well, in better news you can do
whatever you want now.

GWEN

Or whoever.

Rachel smacks Gwen softly on the arm.

RACHEL

But don't forget about yourself,
that is most important.

JACKIE

She is... actually right. Don't let
it consume you, you're your own
person. You don't need someone else
to thrive.

MORGAN

Listen. I don't know how many times
I have to say it. I'm not doing it
as a defense. I am legitimately
good. This is something I wanted to
do anyway. I just got comfortable.
Now I can do whatever I want. No
more controlling freak making my
every move. And I can hangout with
you guys.

JACKIE

Eh. I'll pass.

They all smile.

MORGAN

He's an asshole. Especially doing
it like this. No, "we need to talk"
text, or anything. At least then
you start to prepare for the worst.
I was ready for a great night.

JULIA

Maybe it is a great night.

They look at her confused.

JULIA (CONT'D)

The night you became Morgan again.

JACKIE

Damn.

RACHEL

I am glad to have Morgan back.

Morgan smiles.

MORGAN

I don't know what I'd do without
you guys.

GWEN

Die.

JACKIE

Most definitely. Die.

Then Rachel stands up.

RACHEL

I propose a toast.

They all stand up too.

RACHEL (CONT'D)

To Morgan. The best girl we know.
And may she be free and happy
without that asshole.

GROUP

To Morgan.

They all clink cups.

CUT TO BLACK:

INT. THE BEAN - BACKROOM - NIGHT - WINTER

Vincent sits alone. There is only one other person in the room at the opposite corner reading a book. In the main room it is busy, and filled with quite a few people. His knees are bouncing, his hands dangling between his legs, and he is hunched forward. He is staring at his phone and also at the door. He looks around the room. He starts to stare out the window. He looks down at his phone and then back at the door, just as Morgan starts to walk in.

Morgan approaches Vincent and has a big smile on her face. He just stares at her expressionless, and his eyes start to shift toward the ground. She sits across from him.

MORGAN

Hey.

He won't look up at her.

VINCENT

Hey.

She looks at Vincent recognizing he's acting a little strange.

MORGAN
What's up?

VINCENT
Nothing. Just. Been a long day.

MORGAN
Tell me about it. I had to work with Jenn tonight, and she seriously never shut up once. Once. The entire shift. She was just going and going and going and it was ridiculous. I was counting the minutes till I could leave. I hate her. I don't get how someone like that coul-

VINCENT
I think we need to break-up.

He finally looks up at her, tears forming in his eyes.

MORGAN
What?

Vincent doesn't say anything. Morgan getting desperate.

MORGAN (CONT'D)
What?

VINCENT
I don't know. I don't know. Fuck.
Fuck.

They sit in silence.

VINCENT (CONT'D)
I just don't know.

MORGAN
Vince, what is going on? Talk to me please.

VINCENT
I think we need to break-up.

Morgan is flabbergasted.

MORGAN
Why?

VINCENT
I don't know.

He looks down again.

MORGAN
Then. What? What?

VINCENT
I do know. I just don't know.

MORGAN
Vince what are you saying? Please
just use words. Do you. What?

He stares at the ground.

MORGAN (CONT'D)
Hey. Hello. Look at me.

He takes a deep breath and looks at her.

VINCENT
It has nothing to do with you. At
all. It literally is all me.

MORGAN
Oh my God, you're serious?

VINCENT
I don't even know anymore. I
thought I did but I don't know.

MORGAN
How can you be so fucking stupid?

VINCENT
I don't know. I just. It's always
been relationship after
relationship and I have never taken
time for myself, or for what I want
to do. Like school, or to figure
out my own stuff, ya know. I just
need time to be alone.

MORGAN
And those are things you can't
achieve if you were with me? Is
that it?

VINCENT
I don't think so. I mean I haven't
since we've been dating.

MORGAN

I can't even believe this. No. I can't believe you. Why do you get to decide this?

Vincent tries to grab her hand. She pulls it away.

VINCENT

I'm sorry.

MORGAN

But why? Why actually? This feels like a line.

VINCENT

I don't know what else to do. I feel like I'm backed into a corner.

MORGAN

A corner you've magically put yourself in, because I definitely didn't fucking put you there.

VINCENT

Look maybe one day we'll be able to be together and it'll be fine.

MORGAN

Oh no, don't do that. Don't just string me along.

VINCENT

Look! I don't know what else to do. I know I'm being selfish but this is something I have to do.

MORGAN

Just like that?

He shrugs.

MORGAN (CONT'D)

I just don't believe this. What about... what about the other day.

Vincent looks at her calmly.

VINCENT

That was nothing, you're fine. We're fine.

MORGAN

You're so fucking sure.

She starts to cry softly.

VINCENT
Please don't cry.

MORGAN
Oh but you can?

She turns away from him. He tries to put his hand on her shoulder.

VINCENT
Morgan.

She jerks away from his hand. He sits there defeated. He kisses her shoulder.

VINCENT (CONT'D)
I love you Morgan-

She turns toward him.

MORGAN
Then don't leave.

He stares her in the eye. He leans forward and they kiss.

VINCENT
But I have to.

He stands up and starts to walk out the door. He turns around one last time to look at her. She sits defeated, with tears going down her face. Vincent is now gone. She wipes her face and gets her phone. She dials a number. She now looks mad and serious, no traces of sadness can be found.

MORGAN
You're not gonna believe what just happened.

CUT TO BLACK:

INT. AARON'S GARAGE - LATER THAT NIGHT

Vincent walks in, expressionless, they are all still smoking and setting up the game.

AARON
Holy shit, you came back.

BLAINE
How'd it go?

VINCENT
How do you think?

David holds up a bowl for Vincent to hit.

MARK
Well. At least it's over now right?

Vincent takes a hit. He stands there as the guys go back to the game.

VINCENT
You know what I realized.

CUT TO:

INT. RACHEL'S HOUSE - BASEMENT - NIGHT - SAME TIME

They all clink cups. Morgan stands there as the rest drink. She looks around, they all start to chat.

MORGAN
You know I think I just realized something.

SPLIT/SCREEN:

Vincent is looking at the rest of his friends. Morgan is staring at her friends. They speak at the same time.

VINCENT
I never even loved her.

MORGAN
I never even loved him.

There's a moment where we see them both blankly staring at their friends.

INT. RACHEL'S HOUSE - BASEMENT - NIGHT

We then dissolve just to Morgan. She hurriedly rushes to the bathroom that is in the basement. She pushes open the door and starts to throw-up.

JACKIE
Oh shit.

RACHEL
Shit, get it in the toilet.

They all look around at each other, not exactly sure what to do.

GWEN
Rachel. Go get water.

Rachel nods and starts to go upstairs. Morgan gets up for a moment and a look of dread comes over her face.

MORGAN
Fuck. Fuck. No. Not now.

Julia slowly approaches the door. Jackie and Gwen stand by the couches watching.

JULIA
Are you okay?

Morgan whips around and looks at Julia, with tears in her eyes.

MORGAN
Grab my purse.

CUT TO:

INT. AARON'S GARAGE - LATER

The guys are playing the game now, laughing and having a good time, Vincent seems down. His phone starts to ring. He looks.

AARON
Who is it?

He doesn't respond.

DAVID
You don't have to answer it.

Morgan is calling. He stands up, grabbing his phone and walks outside.

MARK
Oh come on.

EXT. AARON'S GARAGE - NIGHT - WINTER

Vincent walks and starts to get angry. He finally answers the phone.

VINCENT

Morgan. Listen. Not this soon. I don't care what you think, what you have thought about, or what you have to say. I'm done. This is over. Okay? I'm not going back. I'm not taking you back. And I'm definitely not sorry. Okay, you hear me? This happens too often, and I stand by everything. It's not just me it's you too. It's both of us, and this is over with, you hear me? I'm done. I'm done.

He is breathing heavily. She snuffles.

MORGAN

(Over the phone)

I'm pregnant.

His eyes slowly start to widen.

CUT TO BLACK: