

ShoeBox

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INT. KYLE'S BEDROOM - NIGHT

Kyle is sitting at his desk. His attention goes back and forth between a large text book and a notepad - taking notes at key parts.

START

EVAN BURSTS into the room with a hyper energy. He's pissed off.

EVAN
Where is it?

KYLE
What? What are you talking about?

EVAN
Where [REDACTED] did you put it!?!

KYLE
Put what???

Evan starts digging through Kyle's stuff frantically - making a mess.

KYLE (CONT'D)
Don't! Dude, you're messing up my stuff...

Kyle reaches out to stop Evan, But Evan SNAPS around and grabs Kyle's shirt, PRESSING him up against the wall.

EVAN
Yeah? I'll mess you up!

KYLE
Stop. Man, you're hurting me.

Evan lets him go and flips over the chair where Kyle was sitting.

EVAN
Is it under here? Huh?

KYLE
Tell me what you're looking for and maybe...

[REDACTED]
[REDACTED]
[REDACTED]
[REDACTED]

~~KYLE
I don't touch anything in your
room~~

~~EVAN
I know, Mike, I know, I know, my
closet. You seen it?~~

~~KYLE
No.~~

EVAN
It's an orange shoe box? It has
important stuff in there.

KYLE
What kinda stuff?

EVAN
Don't worry about it! Alright?

Evan starts looking through other parts of Kyle's room. He's
in a panic. Kyle's watching him - worried.

EVAN
It has to be around here...

KYLE
(abruptly)
Are you on drugs?

EVAN
What?!? Bro, shut up.

KYLE
(apprehensive)
Seriously Evan. ~~What you doing with it?~~

EVAN
No. What kinda question is that?
No. Why would you...You don't know
what the hell you're talking about.

///
END

~~KYLE
I know you've been acting like a
different person ever since you got
back. And you never have money to
hang out.
EVAN
Listen, I'm not addicted to
anything. Besides, what I do is my
business.~~