

**DO ME A SOLID, BRO**

Written by  
Justin Shady

INT. BAR - NIGHT

Longtime childhood friends BRIAN and TONY (both mid-30s) sit in a back booth reminiscing about their high school days.

BRIAN

And then Jay jumped up onto the table, right in the middle of the cafeteria, and screamed, "I took a dump in the clam chowder this morning!"

Both guys bust out into LAUGHTER. Then--

TONY

Jay was notorious for doing that kind of shit.

BRIAN

He was a madman.

TONY

I wonder what he's up to now.

BRIAN

(surprised)  
Oh, shit. You didn't hear?

TONY

No. What?

BRIAN

He died.

TONY

(shocked)  
What? Jay died? When?

BRIAN

Few years back. He walked in on a gas station robbery and got shot.

TONY

Fuck. That sucks.

BRIAN

Yep. Just goes to show, you never know how much time you have left.

TONY

Seriously.  
(raising pint)  
Well, shit... to Jay.

BRIAN  
 (raising pint)  
 To Jay.

They CLINK pint glasses and each take a swig.

TONY  
 We met Jay in, what? Seventh grade?

BRIAN  
 Sixth.

TONY  
 Sixth. Christ. That gives me pause.

BRIAN  
 No shit.

Beat, as the wheels in Tony's head turn.

TONY  
 Brian, if something horrible like  
 that were to happen to me one day,  
 would you do something for me?

BRIAN  
 Anything. What you need?

TONY  
 Well, if I... you know.

BRIAN  
 (matter-of-factly)  
 Die.

TONY  
 Right. If that were to happen, at  
 the back of my closet, behind my  
 shoe rack--

BRIAN  
 (interrupting)  
 You have a shoe rack?

TONY  
 (saving face)  
 It's really more of a shelf with  
 shoes on it. Anyway, behind it  
 there's an old Adidas shoe box with  
 some, well... let's just say some  
 private photos that were taken with  
 a few ladies from my past.

BRIAN

Ah.

TONY

Don't look at them--

BRIAN

(interrupting)

Don't need to worry about that.

TONY

(continuing)

--just bury the entire box  
somewhere deep in the woods or  
something. Okay?

BRIAN

No problem.

The fellas sip their beers, followed by a beat of silence.

BRIAN (CONT'D)

You know, since we're on the topic,  
think you'd be willing to do  
something similar for me? You know,  
upon my unexpected demise.

TONY

Name it.

BRIAN

Alright, well... stuffed between my  
mattress and box spring is a tiny  
metal box. Inside, there's some...  
you know.

TONY

Weed.

BRIAN

Black tar heroin.

TONY

(shocked)

Heroin?!? Since when do you use  
heroin?

BRIAN

(thinking)

2001? No, 2002.

TONY

Holy shit. I never knew.

BRIAN

(continuing)

In my attic, balanced on top of the third rafter from the left, there's a small leather case. Inside is a voodoo kit with some vials of hair, blood, and semen.

TONY

Semen? *Whose* semen?

BRIAN

(vaguely)

Not yours.

TONY

I would hope not!

BRIAN

The entire case needs to be burned, but you'll have to recite a chant as you do it to make sure a curse isn't placed on your soul. It's pretty specific, so I'll email it to you.

TONY

Wait, let me get this straight. After I get rid of your black tar heroin, you want me to burn your voodoo kit while reciting a chant?

BRIAN

Right. You can burn it on the altar to Satan I built in my basement. Speaking of which, that will need to be dismantled as well.

TONY

What tools would one need to--

BRIAN

(continuing)

Oh, and do you remember Jessica? The blonde I dated for a few months after I moved back from Amsterdam?

TONY

Yeah?

BRIAN

Her remains are buried in Death Valley, just off 190.

TONY

What?!?

BRIAN

(takes out a pen)

Yeah, it's kind of hard to find so I'll draw you a map.

(draws on a napkin)

Her body will have to be dug up and burned, and then you'll have to grind her bones down into a fine powder and sprinkle them in a large body of water.

TONY

Are you fucking kidding me?!?

BRIAN

Of course not. You don't want me to have a ruined post-mortem rep, do you?

TONY

(hesitant)

No, it's just that I... I mean....

BRIAN

(offended)

Dude, we've been friends forever. Do me a solid, bro!

Tony sits in silence, unable to process what he's just heard.

BRIAN (CONT'D)

I'll also need you to find new homes for my rabbits. Cool?

Again, Tony just sits there.

BRIAN (CONT'D)

(slaps Tony on the back)

Alright, next round's on me.

Brian gets out of the booth and walks off. Tony sits staring at the drawn map on the napkin.

TONY

(to himself)

Death Valley?

THE END