

Feeling Empty

By

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INT. NINA'S APARTMENT, LOGAN/HARRY'S ROOM - EVENING

We start off seeing a shadowy figure LOGAN RUE (early 20s, male) standing by a window, his face not visible to the audience.

INT. NINA'S APARTMENT, LIVING ROOM - EVENING

The small living room is decorated with a few balloons and a store-bought cake sits on the dark wooden coffee table. NINA REYES (early 20s, female) is sitting on a large, red beanbag in the corner, sighing as she scrolls aimlessly through Instagram.

Meanwhile, we see HARRINGTON TAYLOR (early 20s, male) and RIVER LU (early 20s, nonbinary) playing Uno on the coffee table, the both of them seated on the floor.

River looks up at Nina's loud sigh, narrowing their eyes. Still, River manages to hold their tongue.

HARRY

I change the color to... blue.

River, who is sitting on the floor on the other side of the coffee table, frowns at the four cards in their hand. Nina sighs loudly a second time and this time River glares over at her.

RIVER

Okay, that's it. I'm done putting up with your whole drama-queen bit, just go upstairs and talk to him already.

Nina doesn't miss a beat, not even bothering to look up from her phone.

NINA

Oh don't you even start with me, Riv, I'm so done with your bullsh

HARRY

Alright, that's enough you two.

Harry points between River and Nina with his free hand, keeping his cards close to his chest with his other hand.

HARRY (CONT.)

I think both of you can at least agree that the last thing we need around

here is the two of you at each others'
throats.

River and Nina both look away from each other, shifting uncomfortably at the scolding. They seem to settle into a silent truce.

NINA
Well, it' doesn't matter what you guys
say anyway, I'm still not talking to
him.

River just rolls their eyes.

HARRY
Nina...

NINA
(annoyed)
I mean it! Logan is such - such an ass
and you guys both know it. It's no
wonder his weirdo boyfriend dumped
him...

HARRY
Nina!

NINA
What? It's true!

RIVER
No, it really isn't.

HARRY
Just give it a little more time. I'm
sure that the two of your will be able
to make up soon...

INT. NINA'S APARTMENT, LOGAN/HARRY'S ROOM - EVENING

We watch Logan as he walks away from the window. We finally see his face for the first time.

Logan walks over to his dark, wooden desk. The desk is neat, with a large monthly planner on top, filled out with small, neat writing in each one - not so much as pen doodles hiding away in the margins. Logan opens one of the drawers of his desk and takes out a dark blue, college-ruled notebook. On his desk in a little cat mug that seems out of place in the otherwise serious set up, filled with black pens. Logan grabs one.

INT. NINA'S APARTMENT, LIVING ROOM - EVENING

Harry and River's game continues. Nothing has changed.

HARRY

So Nin... you know, whatever Logan
said, I'm sure that he regrets it.

River raises their eyebrows at Harry, not buying the excuse
for one second, but casually start sorting their deck by
color. Nina rolls her eyes. She doesn't fall for it.

NINA

If Logan really had any regrets, he'd
apologize himself.

HARRY

It's his birthday, can't the two of
you stop fighting - at least for
today? Riv and I are both really
worried about the two of you.

River looks up sharply from their cards at the sound of their
name.

RIVER

Woah, don't even think about bringing
me into this whole... guilt-trip...
speech... thing. I said my piece.

HARRY

Oh no I

NINA

It really doesn't matter. I already
told you, my mind is made up. I'm not
apologizing or forgiving him. Simple
as that.

HARRY

... Well, why don't you wanna forgive
him? What did he even say to you?

NINA

Look I

Nina sighs frustratedly, setting her phone face down on the
beanbag.

NINA (CONT.)

You know what? It doesn't matter. I'm

done, I'm done dealing with him and
all this stupid, demeaning remarks,
I'm just done.

River doesn't seem even remotely surprised by this conclusion and Harry sighs disappointedly as he places his next card down, resuming their game as Nina goes back to looking at her phone.

NINA (CONT.)
(distractedly)
... shit, my phone's bout to die. Riv,
give me your charger.

She holds out her hand, still not looking up from her phone.

RIVER
I'm it. Go get your own. using

NINA
My charger is all the way upstairs and
I'm only at like, four percent, just
give it to me.

RIVER
I have work in...

River leans back, picking up their phone where it's currently charging on the floor, next to the lamp. They squint at the screen before setting it back down.

RIVER (CONT.)
... an hour and I'm only at sixteen
percent. Go get your own.

NINA
Whatever...

Nina gets to her feet and sets her phone down on the coffee table between the still unopened birthday cake and their cake.

NINA (CONT.)
Wait, I thought that you took off for
tonight?

RIVER
Decided I'd rather spend my night
serving happy drunks and cute college
boys than play therapist.

NINA

Hilarious...

Nina sighs as she gets to her feet and walks over to the stairs.

River bits back a small smirk.

RIVER

Oh, and since you're heading up, think you could grab my wallet? Left it on the window ledge.

Nina flips River off before disappearing from view and jogging up the stairs.

INT. NINA'S APARTMENT, LOGAN/HARRY'S ROOM - EVENING

Logan is sitting down on his bed, scribbling away at his notebook. A tear rolls down his cheek and Logan brushes it away quickly, annoyed, before continuing to write.

Logan tears out a page in the notebook, crumpling it up and tossing it in the vague direction of the trashcan. It misses and lands short.

he doesn't even acknowledge it as he starts over.

INT. NINA'S APARTMENT, NINA/RIVER'S ROOM -

EVENING

Nina enters her shared room. Both beds are on opposite walls. It's an interesting combination, with Nina's bright theater kid-meets-fantasy aesthetic meeting River's dark-emo style. Both sides of the room are a complete mess.

Nina looks around for a moment before spotting River's wallet - right on the window ledge like they said. She grabs it along with her phone charger before walking back out.

INT. NINA'S APARTMENT, HALLWAY - EVENING

Nina closes their bedroom door behind her and starts walking back towards the steps. However, she pauses in front of another room - with a little sign that reads "Harry and Logan's Room" taped to the front in Harry's messy handwriting.

Nina stares at the sign for a few moments, debating, before knocking softly on the door.

NINA

Hey... uh, Logan? It's Nina. Can I come in? I really think that we should talk.

INT. NINA'S APARTMENT, LOGAN/HARRY'S ROOM - EVENING From inside the room, Logan looks up sharply at the door.

LOGAN

Fuck...

Logan hastily continues writing, rushed. He tears the paper out of his notebook and folds it.

INT. NINA'S APARTMENT, HALLWAY - EVENING

Nina sighs at the lack of response from Logan. She's not surprised.

NINA

Look, everyone out there is worried about you okay? And... and i'm genuinely sorry about what happened with James and all that. Him dumping you like that, especially today was... really shitty.

INT. NINA'S APARTMENT, LOGAN/HARRY'S ROOM - EVENING

Logan pauses only to frown at the door. He gets to his feet, shoving the paper inside the top drawer of his desk and slamming it shut.

INT. NINA'S APARTMENT, HALLWAY - EVENING

Nina jumps slightly at the slam from the desk drawer.

NINA

I... well, I know that you're mad at me - and just to be clear, I'm not particularly fond of you right about now either - but come on, Nerd. The others bought you a cake and candles and balloons and even if you're still mad at me, hanging out with all of us is better than staying in your room

and sulking all night.

INT. NINA'S APARTMENT, LOGAN/HARRY'S ROOM - EVENING

Logan glances back over at the door again. He still doesn't reply, walking back over to the bed, kneeling down next to it and pulling out a small briefcase from underneath.

INT. NINA'S APARTMENT, HALLWAY - EVENING

Nina, getting more frustrated by Logan's lack of response, knocks again on the door, louder this time.

NINA

Logan!

At the lack of response, Nina sighs, experimentally twisting the handle. The handle turns easily, it isn't locked.

NINA (CONT.)

... Look, I promise that I'm not here to pick another fight with you, alright Nerd? I just... well, I think we should talk. Can I come in?

INT. NINA'S APARTMENT, LOGAN/HARRY'S ROOM - EVENING Logan looks up sharply at that, panic written over his face.

LOGAN

No! No it's - it's fine, Nina. I... don't worry about it.

INT. NINA'S APARTMENT, HALLWAY - EVENING

Nina freezes at the at the unexpected response, cautiously letting go of the handle.

NINA

Oh. Um...

Nina stares at the door for a few seconds, thinking Logan's words over.

NINA (CONT.)

Well, uh, that's good, I guess? But I really think that we should talk. Face to face.

INT. NINA'S APARTMENT, LOGAN/HARRY'S ROOM - EVENING

Logan is rushing around his room, pushing aside angry tears. He walks over to the side of his bed, kneeling down and pulling out a briefcase.

LOGAN

It's - It's fine, really. All is forgiven. I'll meet you and the others downstairs in a few minutes.

INT. NINA'S APARTMENT, HALLWAY - EVENING

Nina takes a physical step back away from the door, uncertainly. She's won the battle but she... well, she didn't quite expect Logan to give in so easily.

NINA

Well that is, uh... good to hear, I'm glad! Yeah, um, that's good... but, uh, I - I think we still need to talk? I mean, I just want to explain

INT. NINA'S APARTMENT, LOGAN/HARRY'S ROOM - EVENING

Logan doesn't look up at door, sitting on the edge of his bed.

LOGAN

Perhaps another time, Nina. Go on, I'll meet you downstairs. I just need a minute.

INT. NINA'S APARTMENT, HALLWAY - EVENING

Nina chews on her bottom lip.

NINA

Okay I guess I'll... no, no I'm not leaving. I'm sorry, L, but this can't wait. I'm coming in, you better be decent.

Without giving Logan a chance to protest, she swings the door open, folding her arms over her chest as she looks inside the room.

INT. NINA'S APARTMENT, LOGAN/HARRY'S ROOM - EVENING

Logan is sitting on his bed, on the other side of the room, facing Nina. He's hiding something behind his back. His eyes are puffy and red from crying. There's still noticeable tears rolling down his cheeks.

Nina's rant dies on her tongue.

NINA

... shit, are you okay?

Logan looks away from her.

LOGAN

I said I'll meet you downstairs. I just need a minute.

NINA

Oh I'm not leaving, especially not now.

Nina takes a few steps forward, determined to go sit next to him, but stops at the look Logan gives her and she awkwardly takes a step backwards.

NINA (CONT.)

I... this isn't about our fight, is it? Cause look, I think we both said some shitty things and -

LOGAN

It's not about the fight.

A beat.

NINA

... it's about James then, isn't it? I honestly didn't realize that you liked the guy so much. You never talk about him.

LOGAN

I didn't talk about him because you all hated him.

NINA

Well, Harry doesn't really hate anyone...

LOGAN

Nina...

NINA

You're right, you're right. Besides, I didn't come here to talk to you about James and I don't want to fight with you. I'm still pissed about what you

said, but... fucking hell, L... It's been almost a week.

LOGAN

I already told you, it's fine. We're fine. We both said terrible things that we didn't mean and I'd rather just forget about it.

NINA

Well I understand what you mean, but I still think that we -

LOGAN

Not right now, Nina. Please, give me a minute to myself.

Nina sighs and walks back to the doorway. but she still doesn't leave, spinning around to face Logan once more.

NINA

You're one of my best fucking friends in the world, you're practically my family. And I know that we don't see eye to eye... well at all.

The kind words earn a small, watery-eyed smile from Logan.

NINA (CONT.)

And I don't like fighting with you and I know you don't want to talk about this right now, but I think it's only fair that I -

Nina freezes as she finally catches a glimpse of what Logan is hiding. And she recognizes it instantly, she knew that one of her best friends was hiding a gun behind his back.

NINA (CONT.)

... why do you have gun?

Logan stiffens but doesn't reply.

NINA (CONT.)

Logan, why the fuck do you have a gun?
Is that thing loaded?

Logan mutters a curse under his breath before pulling out the gun in plain sight. He holds up the gun for Nina to see it better.

LOGAN

It's loaded.

Nina is frozen in shock, looking between the gun and Logan's face.

NINA

... What the fuck are you doing? Put it down, that's so fucking dangerous! Where - How did you even get it?!

LOGAN

It bought it.

Nina just stare at Logan, stunned.

NINA

This isn't fucking funny, Logan! Put it down!

Logan is clearly disappointed by Nina's response. He spins the gun around in his hand expertly.

Nina's hearts stops in her chest - sure that the gun was going to fire and steps forward - only to be stopped by the cold glare Logan gives her in return. She takes a step back, standing in the door way once more.

LOGAN

I did everything right. I did everything I was supposed to do.

Nina swallows thickly. She visibly shaking as she looks between Logan and the gun.

NINA

And... and what do - what do you think that... is going to solve?

LOGAN

All that I know is that I'm in the most pain that I've ever been in my entire life. This run... impossibly deep.

NINA

You don't have to

LOGAN

You're not even listening to me...

Logan takes a deep breath.

LOGAN (CONT'D)

I don't want to do this in front of
you, but I will if I have to.

Logans says it all so casually. Nina is left scrambling,
trying to think of a response.

NINA

... what? Leave? No, no, absolutely
not! Especially not now. Wha the fuck
do you think that you're doing? I'm
not going to leave you alone and let
you do this!

LOGAN

You'd rather watch?

NINA

I'd you put that fucking gun rather
down. What the fuck is even happening
right now?! Are you out of your
fucking mind? Let us help you. We can
help you, we to help you! want

Logan just sighs, disappointed yet again.

LOGAN

Things like this don't come out of
nowhere. It... builds, one thing after
another, after another... and I'm done
with it, with all of it. I don't care
anymore, I don't anything feel
anymore. I'm beyond help, I'm broken.

Logan is crying again. Nina watches the scene carry out,
helpless.

NINA

Logan...

Nina is crying now. She's sick to her stomach and her mind is
racing, trying to come up with the right words to say. But
there's nothing, what could she possibly say to that?
Nothing, nothing at all.

LOGAN

Please, just close the door and let me
do this.

The phone charger and River's wallet slip out of her hand, hitting the carpet with a soft thud.

And for a second, it almost looks like she's going to close the door, let him finish the job, but instead she just screams as loud as she can.

INT. NINA'S APARTMENT, LIVING ROOM - EVENING

River and Harry look up sharply from their game at the sound of Nina's painfully long, terrified scream. The color drains out of both of their faces as they look to each other. And then they're both scrambling to their feet - game forgotten completely - as they race to and up the stairs as fast as they can.

INT. NINA'S APARTMENT, HALLWAY - EVENING

Within a matter of seconds, Harry and River are then at Nina's side. River rests one hand on the Nina's shoulder.

RIVER

What's going on, what...?

River trails off as they notice the gun.

Harry and River look between Nina and Logan, still processing the scene, and Harry throws a hand over his own mouth, horrified - his eyes locked on the gun in his best friend's hand.

Nina finally lets herself start sobbing. She can barely catch her breath hardly able to think over the constant waves of panic washing over her.

HARRY

... W-What is going on?!

NINA

He's - He's trying to kill himself and
I - I didn't know - I can't...

RIVER

What the fuck are you doing?! Put the
gun down, are you fucking insane?!

Logan mutters another curse under his breath and flicks off the safety. All three friends in the doorway go silent, eyes locked on Logan.

LOGAN

All of you, get out. I don't want to do this in front of you.

Harry steps forward first.

HARRY

Y-You don't have to do this at all... please, Lo, just talk to us, we're listening. Everything is going to be okay, I promise.

Logan swallows thickly at Harry's statement, but doesn't pull away.

River steps forward, standing next to Harry.

RIVER

Why are you doing this? I - fucking hell, I just talked to you last night and you were completely fine...

Logan just sighs.

Nina finally steps forward, almost protectively in front of the other two - despite being the shortest one of the group. She's still crying but she doesn't know what to say. She looks helplessly over at Harry.

HARRY

... Logan, please you're scaring us. Just put it down, and - and then we can talk, okay? Or not talk, or whatever you want, we'll do it, just... put the gun down, please.

Logan acts as though Harry didn't say anything at all.

LOGAN

I hope you have the best lives, all of you. The three of you all are truly the only good things in my life.

Harry and River are both still processing what is happening, still in shock.

LOGAN (CONT'D)

Don't blame yourselves for not being enough, because you always were, and will always be enough.

Nina is sobbing, staring at her best friend in horror as the gravity of their situation sinks in.

HARRY

But you have so much left

LOGAN

-Left to live for? No, no I really don't. I'm broken, why can't any of you see it? This is not something that can be fixed with kind words or tears. No, this all runs so much deeper than that.

Harry flinches at the cold words.

HARRY

Logan...

Logan closes his eyes, finger over the
trigger. NINA

No, no! Logan, no please, stop I'll do anything, I'm sorry, just please don't

The gunshot goes off and Nina's ears are left ringing. She sinks to the ground, stunned and shaking and crying. She can hear nothing over her rapid heartbeat.

River is kneeling down next to her, but their voice is all distorted and she can't make out a single word that they're saying.

Harry screams when the moment sinks in and Nina can barely breathe as the reality of what just happened sinks in. She feels numb and she can't process anything because no, no, Logan didn't just...

NINA (CONT.)

Oh God, oh my fucking God...

River is still trying to speak to her, trying to find out what happened. Their hands are on her shoulders, trying to get her to speak but Nina is still frozen in shock. She can't think about anything else, the moment repeating over and over in her mind as tears roll down her cheeks.

EXT. CARPENTER FUNERAL HOME - MORNING

River is standing outside, pacing in front of the doors. They tug at the sleeves of their suit, trying to pull them down. The suit doesn't fit well and River is trying to make the best of it.

Nina pokes her head outside of the home, spotting River with ease. She's wearing the black dress she borrowed from the theater company, which thankfully fit her well enough, although it was a bit faded now.

Harry is right behind her in a dark gray suit - the one he usually wore to church. He currently had a box of tissues in hand to go with puffy eyes and tear-stained cheeks.

HARRY

... hey.

River glances over at Harry, but doesn't reply. They fix their eyes on the uneven concrete below their shoes and the sound of cars passing by.

NINA

Um, I know this is weird but, uh, it's
- it's the last chance to say goodbye?
Harry and I are going to go up
together and I thought you might...
want to join...

Nina trails off uncertainly. She looks to Harry for guidance.

HARRY

You don't have to, but I just thought
it might make things... a little
easier, if we were together.

RIVER

... I didn't think that I'd have to go
to one of these things for a long
time, if ever. I - I never thought -
if anything, I thought that I would be
the one in the casket, not -

River's voice breaks off.

Harry steps forward, grabbing River's hand and squeezing it. He smiles weakly, the best he can manage under the circumstances.

HARRY

I'm glad that you're here. And no good

would come of you trying to take his place.

River nods absently. Their eyes are watery but they weren't crying yet.

RIVER

I - Okay, okay, I want to go in. It -
It feels wrong, not to at least go in
the building after... everything.

Harry smiles softly at the explanation.

Nina nods, grabbing River's hand in silent support as the now trio walks inside.

INT. CARPENTER FUNERAL HOME - CONTINUOUS

Harry, River, and Nina enter the funeral home, still holding hands. They enter a lobby area, surrounded by other people in black and murmuring quietly. A few people look over at them, but most are keeping to small groups.

HARRY

... Riv? Are you okay?

River silently shakes their head.

Nina looks uneasily over at Harry.

NINA

We don't have to go in

RIVER

No, no I think - I just... shit, this
is so...

NINA

Fucked up?

RIVER

Yeah...

HARRY

Hey, there's no rush. We can just take
it one step at a time, okay?

River nods and the trio ventures deeper into the funeral home.

NINA

I want to introduce myself to Logan's

family. Where are they?

Harry shifts uneasily on his feet.

RIVER

Never got the impression that he's on good terms with them...

NINA

Because he's gay?

RIVER

Probably. Your guess is as good as mine.

HARRY

Guys I... I really wouldn't get your hopes up. I don't even think that they showed up.

River and Nina share a worried look.

NINA

What the hell do you mean?

HARRY

Well, it took me some searchin, but I was able to call Logan's mom. I told her what happened and she just said 'Good riddance' and hung up.

RIVER

Shit...

NINA

So that's it? His family is so fucking pissed at him for being gay that they really aren't going to show up to his funeral?

HARRY

We don't know if that's why. I'm starting to think that we were the closest thing that Logan had to a real family...

River suddenly stiffens.

RIVER

Guys, he's here. Look.

River points across the room and standing over by Logan's

closed casket is another man in a black suit, JAMES EMERSON (male, mid-20s, tall). The other man is standing alone, leaning on his umbrella. He's turned away from them, focusing on Logan's casket.

NINA

Oh my God...

RIVER

That asshole has some real nerve
showing up here...

HARRY

I mean, he is - uh, I mean was Logan's
boyfriend...

Each of them flinch at the correction.

NINA

I don't care. Logan was completely
fine until James showed up. This has
to be his fault!

Nina's voice caught the attention of some of the other attendants and they look over at her, uneasily.

HARRY

Keep your voice down. And besides, we
don't have anything connecting James
to Logan's death.

NINA

(whisper-shouting)

He broke up with him on his birthday,
the night he died! How could he not
have something to do with it?

HARRY

Let's just keep our distance, okay?
The last thing we want is to start a
fight at Logan's funeral. Let's just
keep things civil.

Nina shifts on her feet, unconvinced. But she lets Harry lead her and River away from the casket.

EXT. ST. MARY'S GRAVEYARD, LOGAN'S GRAVESITE - LATER

The trio is completely in tears. The words of the pastor are muffled.

Nina is staring at the now closed coffin - a simple, dark gray thing. She holds a small white rose in her hand, as does everyone else.

James is the first to place a rose on the grave, gently, before walking off and Nina watches as he leaves the ceremony completely, hands shoved in his pockets.

Harry gives his rose a quick kiss before setting it on top of the coffin. He's crying and he steps away, his glasses falling off of his nose and he sniffles loudly, in a poor attempt to pull himself together.

Nina follows hesitating just a moment too long before setting her own rose down and stepping away from the coffin.

Once everyone places the flower, the PASTOR (male, early-60s) begin to speak again.

PASTOR

May the Lord bless Logan, and watch over him. And may the Lord look kindly onto us as well and give us peace. In the name of the Father, and of the son, and of the Holy Spirit.

AUDIENCE

Amen.

HARRY

Amen...

NINA

Amen...