

Kyle, Shelly, and Drake are standing at the dart board playing darts when Drake leans into Shelly's ear.

DRAKE

Hey, you wouldn't happen to have any chit chat on you, would ya?

SHELLY

Chit chat?

DRAKE

You know...

SHELLY

You mean blow?

DRAKE

Yeah...

SHELLY

Well then, just say that instead of making up pet names for drugs that nobody else knows.

DRAKE

Ok Shelly, do you have any blow?

SHELLY

Yes, but not much.

DRAKE

Well, like how much is not much?

SHELLY

Like not even a gram, hardly enough for all three of us.

DRAKE

Ok, hold on a second.

Drake grabs Kyle by the shoulder and talks into his ear.

DRAKE

Hey, I know you never carry, but you wouldn't happen to have any

blow back at your place would ya?

KYLE

(Shaking his head)

Yes, as a matter of fact, I would.

DRAKE

How much?

KYLE

Drake, shut up.

DRAKE

How much?

KYLE

Enough for all to be merry.

DRAKE

Ok, let's hit the liquor store
and head back to your place.

KYLE

Ok, Cochise after you.