

Just then a group of drunk and disorderly patrons start bumping into everyone.

They seem to be celebrating a win by some sports team or another. They come in between Darius and Fred. One of the men in the drunken crowd begins yelling at Darius.

DRUNK

Number one, number one. We did it
bro, we did.

Darius eases him back but he is so excited and also drunk that he gets even more aggressive. Eventually Darius and the drunk have neared the curb.

DRUNK (CONT'D)

We're champions bro, you hear that,
champions.

He grabs darius's shirt and pulls him in close.

DRUNK (CONT'D)

We won, we won.