

ONE NEW MESSAGE

Written by

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FADE IN:

INT. BRIAN'S BEDROOM - DAY

Beside a photo of Brian and Megan sits BRIAN, 20's, who stares at his phone from a half-used bed.

BRIAN
She called.

ON THE PHONE

An alert that reads: "ONE MISSED CALL: MEGAN -- 12:46 AM"

BRIAN (O.S.)
Megan.

BACK TO SCENE

BRIAN
But why call? Why now? It's been
over six months since...

INT. COFFEE SHOP - DAY

BEGIN FLASHBACK

Brian scrolls through Facebook feeds on his laptop. His eyebrow raises. He clicks on a link to Megan's page.

BRIAN (V.O.)
... That day.

His jaw drops, horrified.

MEGAN, 20's, enters the coffee shop, drops her designer purse on the table, plops down across from him, and starts texting.

MEGAN
Hey. What's up?

BRIAN
What's up?

Brian spins the laptop around.

BRIAN
This! This is up!

Megan stops texting, eyes the post. Takes a breath.

MEGAN
(non-chalant)
What?

BRIAN

I thought you weren't on Facebook.

MEGAN

I'm not -- I am, I guess -- but, I'm never even on it --

BRIAN

-- It says you're single!

MEGAN

What? That's old. Why you gotta live in the past?

BRIAN

Okay, what about this status update? You posted it yesterday!

Brain recites text.

BRIAN

I'm ready to start dating again, but there never seem to be any quality guys around. Grrrr! -- Feeling annoyed, frowny face!

Brian flicks the screen and stares bullets through Megan.

BRIAN

What the Hell is going on here, Megan? You're seeing other people?

MEGAN

... You're not?

BRIAN

What? No! We talked about it! We made a commitment, like, almost a year ago!

MEGAN

Not according to this, Ryan!

Megan flicks the screen. She grabs her bag and stomps away.

Brian, a hundred shades of red, boils over.

BRIAN

... My name is Brian...

END FLASHBACK

INT. BRIAN'S BEDROOM - DAY

Brian shakes off the memory.

BRIAN

She knew my name. She was just upset.
Pretty sure... Anyway, I wasn't the
one in the wrong -- I figured that
much out... eventually.

He eyes the phone.

ON THE PHONE

An alert reads: "ONE NEW VOICEMAIL - 00:25"

BACK TO SCENE

Brian fidgets with the phone.

BRIAN

She left a message. Twenty-five
seconds. That could be anything.

His fingertip hovers over the touch-screen "trash" icon.

BRIAN

I should just delete it right now.

Hesitation.

BRIAN

But then I'd always wonder. I'd go
insane. Okay, so why did she call?

IN THE BATHROOM

Brian runs the sink and brushes his teeth.

BRIAN

Maybe she finally realizes it was
her fault. And maybe she's still in
love with me. I mean, she kept my
number, right?

Megan, in a bathrobe, leans in and kisses him on the cheek.

MEGAN

I was wrong, Brian. I'm still in
love with you. Please forgive me.

BRIAN

Unlikely.

MEGAN

I'll beg, if I have to.

Megan unties the robe and lowers to her knees. Brian smirks.

BRIAN
Highly unlikely.

IN THE BEDROOM

Brian knots his tie in a mirror.

BRIAN
Maybe she wants to congratulate me
on my recent career success.

Megan wafts by while checking her lipstick in the mirror.

MEGAN
What success.

BRIAN
Good point. Not applicable.

AT THE BED

Brian laces his shoes.

BRIAN
Maybe she's calling to brag about
her career success?

Megan sprawls out on the bed with cash and makes it rain.

MEGAN
I just got a promotion at work. Now
I can afford to buy myself everything
that you couldn't afford!

BRIAN
Swell.

INT./EXT. CAR - DAY

Brian drives. He comes to a stop sign.

BRIAN
Maybe I have it all wrong. What if
it's something really bad?

Megan leans up from the back seat, gigantic, and wiping tears.

MEGAN
I'm pregnant. And there's a good --
one in five -- chance that it's yours.

BRIAN
Yikes...

SFX: HORN HONKING.

EXT. COFFEE SHOP - DAY

Brian hurries out with a large cup of iced coffee.

BRIAN
It's definitely something bad.

He bumps into a JOGGER and spills a few drops on himself.

BRIAN
Maybe she called to say she has an S-
T-D, and that I need to get tested.
Possible. But more than likely she'd
call to blame me for it.

Megan, with a terrible flare up, storms up, snatches the java out of his hand and splashes it in his face.

MEGAN
You gave me herpes, you scab!

She storms off and kicks the cup as she goes.

BRIAN
Impossible. I was barely getting
laid before we met. Or when we were
together, for that matter. Or now.

INT. PUBLIC BATHROOM - DAY

In the mirror, Brian tries to clean the coffee from his tie.

BRIAN
(wringing out his tie)
But she is. Maybe it's a recording
of her having sex with someone else.

Moans come from one of the bathroom stalls. He listens.

AT THE STALL

Brian pushes a stall door open. Megan, dressed skanky, is getting wrecked by a HIPSTER.

HIPSTER
Yeah! You like that? Tell me I'm
better than your ex!

MEGAN
Oh, you're better! You're way better!

The hipster turns around and gives Brian two thumbs up.

BRIAN
(scowling)
You know, I'm good at other stuff!

AT THE SINK

Brian heads back to the mirror and straightens his tie.

A FLUSH comes from the stall. Megan exits and buttons up.

BRIAN
Maybe a jealous boyfriend got a hold
of her phone.

A beefy muscle head, TY, spins Brian around and picks him up
by the collar. Megan slinks up behind them.

TY
Who's Brian?

MEGAN
He's nobody, Ty.

TY
Then why's his number in your phone?

MEGAN
So I know not to answer if he calls,
dingus.

Ty squints at Brian, ponders...

TY
Oh. Okay.

Ty drops Brian, who crashes to the floor.

BRIAN
Of course she'd have a boyfriend.
Aside from the fact that selfish,
spoiled, self-centered, unfaithful
and just plain mean --
(sigh)
-- she's perfect.

He gets up and takes a step forward.

EXT. CAR DEALERSHIP - DAY

Brian smiles at passing customers. He's virtually invisible.

BRIAN
Who am I kidding? The perfect woman
doesn't just land a perfect boyfriend.
She lands the perfect fiancée.

Megan races up to Brian with a collection of balloons.

MEGAN

O-M-G, Brian! I'm getting married!

She holds out her hand. Huge rock.

BRIAN

Why not? Everyone else is doing it.

Megan hands Brian a balloon from her bouquet and skips away.

BRIAN

I don't know anything that could
crush me more. Well... unless...

The balloon pops.

MEGAN (V.O.)

Brian...

INT. BAR - NIGHT

Megan, looking gaunt, sits beside Brian and a few empty beer bottles. She takes his hand.

MEGAN

... There's something I need to tell
you. They found a malignant mass...

BRIAN

Not that. Please not that.

Brian, devastated, turns away, slams a shot of tequila, and chokes tears into his sleeve. He escapes the bar stool.

BRIAN

... But worse still ...

INT. BRIAN'S BEDROOM - NIGHT

Brian loosens his tie and drops to the bed.

BRIAN

... What if it's too late to say
anything at all.

A DOCTOR sits beside him.

DOCTOR

She tried to call you before the
surgery. We had to put her under,
and then it was like... she just...
gave up. I'm terribly sorry for
your loss.

The doctor pats his leg, stands up, and walks away.

Brian breaks down. He wipes a tear.

He unlocks his phone and presses the Voice Mail icon.

SFX: TOUCH TONE BEEPS

He activates the "speaker phone" function and shuts his eyes.

PHONE VOICE (V.O.)

New message.

Garbled voices -- a male, a female, and Megan. Loud music.

MEGAN (V.O.)

(filtered)

-- Nother cosmo --

(distortion)

-- Smoking again!

More laughter. Brian's eyes dart to the framed photo.

MEGAN (V.O.)

(filtered)

Ha! Right? ... Hello?

(distant)

-- shit, you guys! I butt-dialed
some guy named Brian!

MALE VOICE (V.O.)

Who's Brian?

MEGAN (V.O.)

Pffft. I don't know!

Muffled laughter.

Click.

Silence.

BRIAN

Or maybe it's time to move on.

Brian presses a button.

SFX: BEEP.

PHONE VOICE (V.O.)

Message deleted.

He sets the framed photo on its face.

CUT TO BLACK.