

1 EXT. CITY - DAY - VARIOUS STREETS/PLAZAS/BUILDINGS/ETC.

NARRATOR (O.S.):

Some couples are college sweethearts...or even high school sweethearts. Some people meet on online dating websites...eharmoney, stuff like that. Some meet through friends. Some, blind dates...set up by their friends. Or they meet at some mutual event or establishment These are the common things. But then there's those random, out-of-the-blue encounters. And the way those start...that's really something. And me...well, I just drive Uber in the small city you're lookin' at. It's job that brings a lot of stories with it. I've driven people to just about every establishment in this town. The people who've gotten in and out of my car...I could probably write you a novel. And don't get me wrong, some of those stories are hysterical. But there's one that sticks with me. Mainly because of how simple it is. Basically it's a boy meets girl story...nothing more, nothing less. This particular story had me working overtime. And it started with...bugs.

FADE.

2 INT. HOTEL ROOM - MORNING

The room is damp and bare with sunlight peaking in through the blinds on the window.

On the bed in the room lies a cell phone. A text message pops up from "Luke".

In the bathroom, BRETT (mid-to-late thirties) fixes himself up in the mirror. He is a slightly jitterly and semi-nervous looking individual, who, at the moment, seems somewhat

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positive as he tries to pep himself up for the day. Under his breath he hums a song. He wears black pants and a white t-shirt.

He walks into the main room of the hotel. Lying on the edge of the bed is a black polo shirt which he quickly throws on.

His cell phone rings. He looks at the number and eagerly answers.

BRETT:

Hello. Yes. Okay... *(Long pause. He sinks.)* Okay... I understand. No, not a problem. Thank you.

He hangs up. Pause. A sigh.

He then checks the text message that popped up before he entered the room. He quickly shrugs it off.

He dials a number.

BRETT:

Hey, Aunt Linda. Ummm...the insurance company just called. *(Pause.)* It's, uh... It's a no go. *(Pause.)* Yeah, we'll, uh... We'll just figure it out when I get back. *(Pause.)* Okay. Yeah. See ya in a few days.

He hangs up. Straight away after it rings again. He answers.

BRETT:

Hello. *(Pause.)* Yeah. *(Long pause.)* What??? *(Pause.)* Are you kidding me??? *(Pause.)* How the...? Oh, Jesus... Yeah. Okay. *(Pause.)* Well, I mean...I...I can't exactly come back and... *(Pause.)* I know, it's just that it's two full shifts...gone, and I needed the hours, and... *(Pause.)* No, no, I can't. *(Pause.)* Ugh! Alright, thanks. Yeah, I'll talk to ya later.

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He hangs up and throws the phone down on the bed, then turns and sits at the edge of it. He lets out a heavy sigh. His head is clearly full of worry and doubt.

He then gets up and walks towards the door. He opens it.

3

EXT. HOTEL - PARKING LOT - MORNING SECONDS LATER

Brett strolls along the sidewalk around the building lost in his thoughts, not sure what his next move will be.

He passes by a girl who has the hood of her car up.

KEELY:

(To Brett.)

Oh, hey...

BRETT:

Yeah?

KEELY:

Are you working the grand opening?  
Your shirt... I, uh... I'm suppose  
to be there.

BRETT:

Ha! Well...I was. Or should I say  
"WE" were.

KEELY:

What are you talking about? I'm  
going in at nine. (*Second  
guessing.*) Or maybe ten. I don't  
know exactly. I forgot to charge my  
phone last night and my battery  
dies after my alarm went off this  
morning. And then...this.

BRETT:

Dead battery?

KEELY:

I'm assuming. I don't remember  
leaving anything on. I've been  
inspecting it here and the only  
thing I've concluded is...that

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KEELY: (CONT'D)  
right there is the engine. (*She points to it.*) Anyway, Can I get a ride to the store? Or a jump.

BRETT:  
Don't bother going.

KEELY:  
Huh?

BRETT:  
It's off.

KEELY:  
It's off? What the hell are you talking about?

BRETT:  
The whole thing is off. The store's not opening tomorrow.

She is unsure on how to respond to him.

KEELY:  
You are from this district, yeah?

BRETT:  
Store 565.

KEELY:  
(*Nodding to herself.*)  
134.

BRETT:  
Brett. Produce clerk. Second man.

KEELY:  
Keely. Bakery clerk. Bread.

BRETT:  
I just got a call from my store director. The health department was in the new store this morning. It's infested.

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KEELY:  
Infested!?!

BRETT:  
They shut it down. No grand opening. They're sending everyone back.

KEELY:  
What are you talking about? Get outta here! They put us all up at these hotels.

Pause between them. Brett shrugs.

KEELY:  
Can I use your cell?

4 INT. HOTEL ROOM - MORNING - SECONDS LATER

Brett motions to the bed. She enters and walks to it.

KEELY:  
Shit...the number's in my phone.

BRETT:  
WiFi's good here. Google it.

KEELY:  
(Already on it.)  
Yep...

She takes a second and then finds the number to her own store and dials.

KEELY:  
Hello? Martha...? Yeah... (Long pause.) Wow... (Pause.) Yeah, sorry, my phone's dead. I was actually going to call you and... (Pause.) Yeah, no, it's fine. I'll figure it out. Okay. I'll see you next week.

She hangs up and tosses the phone on the bed.

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KEELY:

Well alright. I stand corrected!  
They're shut down...

BRETT:

Yeah. I was there today and  
tomorrow.

KEELY:

Same here.

BRETT:

They send anyone else from your  
store?

KEELY:

No. Yours?

BRETT:

Just me.

KEELY:

Did they tell you what it was  
infested with?

BRETT:

Bugs.

KEELY:

Bugs?

BRETT:

Yeah. Bugs.

KEELY:

What kind of bugs?

BRETT:

They didn't say.

KEELY:

*(Grinning.)*

Oh man, I wanna know what kind of  
bugs.

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BRETT:

What does it matter? These next two days are shot! I lost two shifts!

KEELY:

Ummm...are you not seeing the bright side?

BRETT:

What bright side?

KEELY:

Uh, two day vacation! These rooms are paid for.

BRETT:

It's a Motel 6... What are you gonna do for two days here?

KEELY:

Hang out. Not work. Not deal with bullshit.

BRETT:

Whatever. I gotta see about getting back.

Brett walks over and grabs his phone.

KEELY:

See about getting back?

BRETT:

I took the train down here.

KEELY:

Really?

BRETT:

Yeah. Why?

KEELY:

No one takes the train anywhere.

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BRETT:

Well I did. My aunt needed to borrow my car.

Brett flips through his phone trying to see if he can find an earlier time back.

BRETT:

I gotta see if I can trade in my ticket for an earlier time back or something. I don't even know how that works. Can't remember the last time I even took the train.

KEELY:

My point exactly. And are you that desperate to get back to your store?

BRETT:

Sixteen hours may seem like nothing to you, but to me, it's big. And yeah, the train sounded like something...different. I don't know...

Keely nods her head and begins to walk back out towards the door.

KEELY:

I get it. Well...thanks for letting me use your phone.

BRETT:

Sure thing.

Pause.

Keely stands in the doorway. Brett flips through his phone not having much luck.

After a few seconds he turns to see her still standing there.

Silence. Then...

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KEELY:

You know even if you found a train going back your way right now you'd never make it in time to do a full shift today.

He thinks on this.

BRETT:

...Yeah...

KEELY:

Breakfast? *(Pause. No immediate response.)* I'll pay for an Uber.

BRETT:

Aren't you gonna take your car in?

KEELY:

Not here. I'll get it toed home and then deal with it. Come on...

He looks at her. Considering...

BRETT:

We can split it.

KEELY:

No, no, It's all good. I got it.

Brett nods and accepts.

5 INT. UBER CAR - BACKSEAT - MORNING - 15 MINUTES LATER

Brett and Keely sit in the back of an Uber car.

NARRATOR (O.S):

So this is where I came in. My first call of the day. I'd picked on their first encounter as they got in my car. She was chatty. Him not so much. He was bothered by something, I could tell. Her...well, we'll get there.

Brett turns to Keely.

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BRETT:

Where are we going again?

KEELY:

There's a diner near the store I looked up.

BRETT:

Gotcha.

Pause.

BRETT:

I wonder if we can call the new store directly and see about coming in. I mean, there's gotta be something we can help with.

KEELY:

Mmmm...I don't think so.

BRETT:

Why's that?

KEELY:

Think about it. They're shut down. X amount of money has gone into this grand opening, and now, no actual opening. No sales. They don't have the hours for us or anyone else they brought out here to work.

He realizes she's right. He sighs. She glances over to him.

KEELY:

Don't worry.

He scuffs.

BRETT:

Easy for you to say.

Pause.

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KEELY:

Don't assume that statement.

He says nothing in return.

All the while they're UBER DRIVER is listening in on the conversation.

6 INT. DINER - MORNING - 30 MINUTES LATER

Brett and Keely sit at a table in the diner over breakfast. They are in mid-conversation.

KEELY:

How many codes are there?

BRETT:

Couple hundred.

KEELY:

And you know all of them? Every fruit and vegetable...?

BRETT:

Pretty much.

Pause. She eyes him.

KEELY:

Potato.

BRETT:

Which kind?

KEELY:

Brown.

BRETT:

Russett. 4072.

KEELY:

Red potato.

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BRETT:  
4073.

KEELY:  
Gold potato.

BRETT:  
4083.

KEELY:  
Yam.

BRETT:  
4074.

KEELY:  
Apple.

BRETT:  
Which kind?

KEELY:  
Gala.

BRETT:  
4133.

KEELY:  
Fuji.

BRETT:  
4129.

KEELY:  
Red.

BRETT:  
4015.

KEELY:  
Green.

BRETT:  
4139.

She now starts rapid firing random fruits and vegetables.

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KEELY:  
Broccoli.

BRETT:  
4060.

KEELY:  
Cantaloupe.

BRETT:  
4050.

KEELY:  
Celery.

BRETT:  
4070.

KEELY:  
Avocado.

BRETT:  
Small, 4046. Large, 4070.

KEELY:  
Grapes.

BRETT:  
Green, 4022. Red, 4023. Black,  
4056.

KEELY:  
Lemons.

BRETT:  
4053.

KEELY:  
Lettuce.

BRETT:  
Iceberg, 4061. Red leaf, 4075.  
Green leaf, 4076. Romaine, 4640.

Pause.

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She is impressed.

KEELY:

Wow...

BRETT:

It's nothing...

KEELY:

It's a lot to memorize.

BRETT:

...When you do it for fifteen years years...

KEELY:

True...

BRETT:

I'm sure there's stuff that you have memorized... Random little things...

KEELY:

Yeah... I mean, not like that though. I mean, I keep a list of everything I need to remember in the back room I feel I'm so scatter-brained sometimes. And I've been there about as long as you.

BRETT:

Yeah, well...sometimes I think you gotta be scatter brained to work for this company.

KEELY:

*(She smiles.)*

I think that every day.

Pause. She looks up at him.

KEELY:

Cucumbers.

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BRETT:  
4062.

KEELY:  
Asparagus.

BRETT:  
4080.

KEELY:  
Bananas.

BRETT:  
4011

KEELY:  
Organic bananas.

BRETT:  
Anything organic just take the  
number and add a 9 in front of it.

KEELY:  
Wait, seriously?

BRETT:  
Yeah. 94011... 94062, 94080, and so  
on...

KEELY:  
Interesting.

BRETT:  
Not really.

KEELY:  
(*Calling him out.*)  
Are you always so...negative?

BRETT:  
What?

KEELY:  
Think positive, man! We just got a  
free hotel for two nights.

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BRETT:

Again, it's a Motel 6! Plus, you have a broken car.

KEELY:

They have a pool!

BRETT:

Yeah, you know what happens in pools at Motel 6's? People float in the water with their heads down.

KEELY:

*(Rolling her eyes.)*

How dark of you.

BRETT:

I'm just saying... They could have splurged and gone a few steps higher. A place where where maybe the pool isn't overflowing with chemicals strong enough to strong enough to create a new speices of fish.

KEELY:

You expect this company to put us up a Merriot or something?

BRETT:

It'd be nice.

KEELY:

Get real!

Silence between them as they eat.

BRETT:

You know what it was really?  
I...you know, I don't mean to be negative, but...I was this close to my sixteen weeks.

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KEELY:

Sixteen weeks? What, for full time?

BRETT:

Yeah.

KEELY:

Fifteen years and you're not full time?

BRETT:

You know how that goes...

KELLY:

True, but still. No chance at a promotion ever?

BRETT:

Not at my store. Nothing ever opened.

KEELY:

Wow! Well...there goes that. I'm sorry. You forty or forty-eight this week? You could work your day off to keep at forty.

BRETT:

Forty to start with.

KEELY:

Damn. That sucks.

BRETT:

Yeah... You full time?

KEELY:

No. But I was back when I was a manager.

BRETT:

What happened?

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KEELY:

Stepped down.

BRETT:

They took away your full time with that?

KEELY:

Union contract. Had to give it up.

BRETT:

Right, right... Why'd you step down?

Pause. Perhaps a mild nerve has been struck.

KEELY:

...Personal reasons.

He isn't sure how to respond. They both chew on their food unsure of what to say next.

KEELY:

You live near your store?

BRETT:

Yeah. I'm out in Santa Barbara. What about you?

KEELY:

I'm right down the street up in Pasadena.

BRETT:

That's cool.

KEELY:

Saves money on gas. I pretty much walk to work most days.

BRETT:

Good idea. I might consider that.

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KEELY:

Not to be rude, but is money that tight with you? I mean, you just... You seem like the kind of guy who has things in order.

BRETT:

I got stuff I need to keep an eye on is all.

KEELY:

Like what kind of stuff?

BRETT:

Like a mother entering dementia.

She has no quick response.

BRETT:

She, uh...it's just she in and I. I mean, I got a place with some roommates. But...I'm over there a lot. Everyday. I, uh...yeah. I gotta be...prepared. Diseases are expensive. I got a call from her insurance company today, and long story short, I ain't getting any additional help.

KEELY:

Okay. I get it then. My apologies.

BRETT:

No, it's fine. I didn't mean to snap. It's not your fault. You know what the bitch of it is? I was worried they were going to pull that shit where they schedule me thirty-nine hours on that final week. You heard stories about that, yeah? Happens all the time.

KEELY:

Of course it does. The company doesn't want anyone full time anymore. Everyone knows that. They

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KEELY: (CONT'D)

track those hours for people reaching the sixteenth week. They know if any employee reaches sixteen consecutive weeks at forty hours there's nothing they can do but give them full time status.

BRETT:

You got it. And here I loose it to bugs.

KEELY:

Ya know, I was thinking about it...

BRETT:

About what?

KEELY:

About what kind of bugs they're infested with over there...  
Cockroaches.

BRETT:

Huh?

KEELY:

Cockroaches. It's always cockroaches!

BRETT:

Who cares about the bugs!?! And what do you mean it's always cockroaches??

KEELY:

In movies and t.v. it's always cockroaches. It's like the bug of choice for infestation.

BRETT:

Bug of choice?

KEELY:

Yeah, bug of choice!

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BRETT:  
That's not a thing.

KEELY:  
It is too.

BRETT:  
No.

KEELY:  
Yes.

BRETT:  
No!

KEELY:  
Yes!

BRETT:  
Enough with the bugs. Who cares?

KEELY:  
Well you must have cared a little  
because you said "what do you mean  
it's always cockroaches?". That  
implied that you had interest.

He stares blankly at her.

BRETT:  
You're very...

He tries to think of the right word.

KEELY:  
Yes...?

BRETT:  
...Perky.

KEELY:  
I try to be. It suits me. Just like  
I guess your...jittery-ness...suits  
you.

He grins slightly.

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BRETT:

So...when you're un-perky...how do you get back to perky.

KEELY:

Well, I had a bumper sticker custom made that says 'honk if you think I'm sexy', so sometimes if I'm feeling down I just sit at the green light until I feel better about myself.

It takes him a second to get it, but he then starts laughing.

KEELY:

*(Smiling.)*

Genuine laughing. I like it!

7 EXT. DINER - MORNING - A SHORT WHILE LATER

Brett and Keely exit the diner and begin walking towards the parking lot.

BRETT:

Well, thanks for breakfast. You really didn't have to...

KEELY:

Don't mention it, man. I get it. When I first got hired I was always struggling for hours. It sucks that you've been with working there all these years now and you still have to scrounge. Capitalism, much!?!

Brett nods. Short pause as they walk.

BRETT:

Uber or walk it back to the hotel?

KEELY:

Either.

They walk on for a few seconds taking in their surroundings of the city.

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BRETT:

So you don't have to deal with  
scrounging?

KEELY:

Huh?

BRETT:

I mean, you're part-time again. You  
said you scrounged back before you  
became full-time as a manager.  
Stepped down, now back to part-  
time. You don't gotta scrounge...?  
I mean, you get by?

KEELY:

...I'm getting by...

Pause.

BRETT:

Must've been quite a shift...in  
life...for you. To step down...

They continue walking. She acts as if she didn't even hear  
the question.

KEELY:

You know what?.

BRETT:

What?

She points.

KEELY:

There's a bowling alley nearby. I  
looked it up before I came. You  
know, vacation an' all...

BRETT:

You wanna go bowling?

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KEELY:

Sure, man!

BRETT:

Are they even open?

8 INT. UBER CAR - BACKSEAT - MORNING - A FEW MINUTES LATER

The same uber driver from earlier now drives them again.  
Brett and Keely sit in the backseat.

KEELY:

*(To the driver.)*

Thanks, again.

DRIVER:

Nada problem. It's a job.

KEELY:

Are you the only one on the job  
today?

DRIVER:

*(Smiling and joking.)*

It's a small town, so probably. You  
guys work together? The shirts...

KEELY:

...Sort of, yeah.

BRETT:

I don't know about spending money  
on bowling...

KEELY:

Relax, man...

Again, the driver listens in.

9 INT. BOWLING ALLEY - LANES - MORNING - FIFTEEN MINUTES LATER

NARRATOR (O.S.):

Bowling at 10:30a.m. This was where  
I figure the connection really  
started. Total opposites as it  
would seem. Age old story really.

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NARRATOR (O.S.): (CONT'D)  
Opposites attract. But how opposite  
were they, really?

Keely finishes tying her bowling shoes after getting them on. She stands up and stumbles a little on the slippery surface.

KEELY:  
(*To herself.*)  
Easy now...

She giggles as Brett comes over carrying a few bowling balls.

BRETT:  
Here's a ten.

KEELY:  
(*Playful.*)  
Thank you, sir!

She takes the ball and sets it down on the ball return stand. Brett sits down at the scorers table and begins putting on his bowling shoes.

KEELY:  
These things are slippery.

BRETT:  
You any good at this?

KEELY:  
Not at all. You?

BRETT:  
I did a beer league on Wednesday  
nights for a while. Me and a couple  
friends.

KEELY:  
Oh that's cool. So you're pretty  
good then?

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BRETT:

No, I suck. I said "beer" league, as in we came to drink beer, and also bowled in between.

She laughs.

KEELY:

So I stand a chance then?

BRETT:

I actually think you're the heavy favorite here.

KEELY:

You don't do the league anymore?

BRETT:

Nah. I mean, again...money...keeping an eye on things. But also, it was surprisingly competitive for a beer, rec-style league.

KEELY:

Really?

BRETT:

Oh yeah! Some of these guys would get pissed when they'd have a bad game. Some of the women too. It was crazy! One guy actually yelled "donkey fuck".

KEELY:

Excuse me?

BRETT:

Serious! He was doing this fancy hook shot all night long, and doing okay, but not great I guess. Anyway, he steps up there for this one frame and he does the shot and he gets like an eight or nine or whatever...he doesn't get the strike. He turns and yells "donkey

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BRETT: (CONT'D)  
fuck!" as he walks back.

KEELY:  
...Wow...

BRETT:  
I'd never heard that one before.

KEELY:  
Donkey fuck... That's a new one on  
me.

BRETT:  
Needless to say, it started to get  
old after a while.

KEELY:  
Well, show me your game, dude!

BRETT:  
Alright, here we go.

Brett grabs his bowling ball and step up to roll. He does.  
He sort of fails as the ball hits some pins.

KEELY:  
A gentleman's three.

BRETT:  
How sophisticated of you to put it.

KEELY:  
I try.

BRETT:  
You ever go to any of those  
district bowling things the company  
had a while back?

KEELY:  
Oh no, but I remember them though.  
I never went.

The ball pops back up from the ball return machine. Brett  
grabs it.

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BRETT:

I went to one. I don't know, you ever find it's weird hanging out with people from work outside of work?

He throws his second ball. It hits...

KEELY:

One. Nice! And oh, for sure! I mean, I work with idiots!

BRETT:

Ah yes, the idiots.

KEELY:

Like, the people in my department...sometimes I don't think they know their ass from their elbow. Especially the closers. Nothing gets done and we're running behind the next morning. Then we question them on it and of course they get defensive, but the truth is they have no defense.

BRETT:

Ain't that the truth.

KEELY:

When they say words...and those words come out of their mouth, I think...if you aren't a punchline from God then I don't know what is.

Brett laughs.

BRETT:

Nice! Alright, you're up.

KEELY:

*(Feeling up to the task.)*  
Alright!

She grabs her ball and wastes no time throwing it. A pretty

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decent shot. An eight.

BRETT:

Nicely done!

Keely puts her hands in the air as if to say "Thank you...thank you."

BRETT:

You imagined it was the people in your department down there, huh?

KEELY:

Exactly! There ya go!

BRETT:

I mean, it must drive you nuts though, right? Cause I know how that is with the clerks who don't give a shit. Nothing gets done...yada yada...next day, the place is ripped.

KEELY:

I mean...it can be annoying... But in the end...it's just a grocery store. I might have moments where I think they're idiots and it gets frustrating, and I may vent from time to time like I just did to you... But again...in the end...it's a grocery store. I'll vent...sure...but that's human nature. I don't mean anything by it. They're good people. ...Look... We're not NASA scientists sending people to another planet. If we miss something on our order and we're out of hazel nut cookies for a day no one's gonna go hungry.

Her ball pops back out on the ball return. She grabs it.

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BRETT:

That's a good way of looking at it actually. And in my head I see it like that...but then I gotta "scrounge" as we put it and I end up making this job out to be this big deal thinking it'll get me more hours, and...yeah. But I like that way of looking at it.

KEELY:

I'd say it's the clearest way of looking at it...because it's true. We put food on a shelf, and people take it. That's all it is. Unfortunately, people see us as nobody's.

She throws her second ball and picks up the spare.

KEELY:

Nailed it!

Brett smiles as he watches her sit back down.

BRETT:

I'm beginning to think you may have hustled me on your skill level.

KEELY:

Could be.

Right back into work conversation

BRETT:

Remember that time we weren't "nobody's"? You know...at the beginning of...

KEELY:

...The thing...?

BRETT:

The thing.

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KEELY:

Ah yes, the thing... Years and years of being a worker bee, then someone eats bat soup, and for a few months our store is something out of a third world country, and we're "essential workers"... "heroes"...

BRETT:

Those were the days.

KEELY:

Although short lived, I guess I have to say I'm glad it's over. Anyway, I see your point. How quickly they forget...

He grabs his bowling ball for another throw. His cell phone buzzes, ringing on silent. The name "Luke" comes up.

KEELY:

Gotta take that?

BRETT:

Nah.

KEELY:

Let me ask you something... Why do you keep talking about work? You don't seem to let things go easily, huh?

BRETT:

What do you mean?

KEELY:

You keep wanting to talk about work. I mean, I get the thing with your mom. Totally recognize that. But again...free vacation!

BRETT:

Fair enough. What do you wanna talk about? You seemed very stand off-ish when I asked you about your

(MORE)

(CONTINUED)

CONTINUED:

BRETT: (CONT'D)  
personal life.

KEELY:  
Well we don't need to jump right  
into anything personal. How  
about...? Okay...it's a little  
cliche, but... What do you like to  
do for fun?

Brett throws his ball...into the gutter...again.

KEELY:  
Clearly not go bowling.

He laughs.

BRETT:  
Ummm... I couldn't say actually.

KEELY:  
You don't know what you like to do  
for fun? Oh come on! You can't be  
that wrapped up in working at your  
store that you don't do ANYTHING  
for fun!

BRETT:  
No, no, I do. It's just...I like to  
keep my schedule free... First, my  
mom, of course... But then every  
week it's the same thing with my  
manager telling me "hours are tight  
so no adding hours"...but then  
there's sick calls, and hours free  
up...and so...

Keely stands up and cuts him off.

KEELY:  
How many hours do you average a  
week?

BRETT:  
Thirty-ish.

(CONTINUED)

CONTINUED:

KEELY:

And when you take in extra?

BRETT:

Maybe an additional five or so. I swear, I gotta be the only second man to not be full-time.

KEELY:

*(A bit hard-nosed. Fast paced.)*

Okay...so...even at thirty-five, that's not going to get you to sixteen straight weeks of forty, even if you have been on a little bit of a roll like you said. It won't. Neither will sixteen at thirty-six. Neither will sixteen at thirty-seven, or thirty-eight, or thirty-nine. Hell, fifteen at forty and one week at thirty-nine won't get it. The only thing that will get you your full time status is sixteen straight weeks a forty hours, and we both know the company won't allow that. Right?

Silence.

KEELY:

Next question. Do you live comfortably?

BRETT:

Huh?

KEELY:

Do you struggle to make rent?

BRETT:

Nah. I mean, I've got two roommates. We have this apartment, and it's...fine...

(CONTINUED)

CONTINUED:

KEELY:

Okay...so...things are not too bad when it comes money and being able to live, even with this insurance thing turning you down?

BRETT:

Well, sure. Things are fine. There's no money problems persay.

KEELY:

So you're okay? Maybe even...good?

BRETT:

Good-ish.

KEELY:

So why sit around and be stressed and mopey while you try and figure out how to get that full time status? Instead, why not just live life and when it happens it happens?

Pause. Silence. He has no response, though he seems to be holding something back.

KEELY:

You're not going broke. You said you have money saved. All in all...you sound stable. And today...you gotta understand that that's good enough.

She grabs his bowling ball from the ball return and hands it to him.

KEELY:

Live a little, dork!

He takes the ball. He takes a throw.

Strike.

He is stunned. She smiles. He turns to her. He smiles.

10 INT. BOWLING ALLEY - LOBBY - SOME TIME LATER - LATE MORNING

Brett and Keely return their shoes to the front counter and round the corner to walk out the front door.

Keely stops.

KEELY:  
They have a bar here.

He considers.

BRETT:  
This early...?

She nods.

KEELY:  
We're living a little, remember?

BRETT:  
Well...okay then!

He accompanies her.

11 INT. ALLEY BAR - LATER MORNING - A FEW MINUTES LATER

Brett and Keely sit each with a beer in front of them. A few menus are placed on the table as well.

BRETT:  
So to pose the same question to you. What do you like to do?

KEELY:  
Everything. I go out with friends. We see movies. We go to dinner. We go to concerts. I have a dog I play with at least half the day.

BRETT:  
Nice. You live alone? Boyfriend? Husband? Roommates?

(CONTINUED)

CONTINUED:

KEELY:

Roommates. We actually have this house rented. Two blocks from my store. Rent's good. Easy-peasy!

BRETT:

So...you're stable?

KEELY:

Very much so.

BRETT:

That's good.

KEELY:

Super good.

BRETT:

So...you have roommates... And...?

KEELY:

No husband...no boyfriend. You?

BRETT:

No husband or boyfriend either. And for that matter no wife or girlfriend.

She grins.

KEELY:

Funny joke. Good to know you're capable of those.

BRETT:

Oh come on!

KEELY:

*(Laughing.)*

No, no, it's a good start. I like it, man!

BRETT:

Well you're bumper sticker joke got me going I guess.

(CONTINUED)

CONTINUED:

KEELY:

*(Building up.)*

Oh...yeah, that's no joke...that's like a thing I did. I mean...dude...you don't even know. Me...I'm...I'm messed up! I've like...I've like got shit wrong with me! I mean, it's getting better, but man... *(Thinking.)* Like...like... I used to be an addict. *(She gets serious.)*

BRETT:

An addict?

KEELY:

Oh yeah...big time! I was addicted to the hokey-pokey...

Short pause. Brett gives a "Huh?" look.

KEELY:

...But I turned myself around.

A brief silence. Brett smiles and shakes his head.

KEELY:

I'm good now.

BRETT:

*(Smiling.)*

Are you?

KEELY:

Totally clean.

BRETT:

Good to know. ...See...I wish I could just spit out quips like that. That's awesome. But instead, here I am, like you said, just...stressed, and...yeah... I don't know... I feel my life has a check engine light that's been on and I've just been ignoring it.

(CONTINUED)

CONTINUED:

KEELY:

Maybe it's time to see a mechanic.  
By the way, nice 'check engine  
light" quip.

He smiles and nods.

BRETT:

Well, it's the truth. Unfortunately  
quips and quoes won't get you  
anywhere.

KEELY:

And deep, philosophical sayings  
will?

BRETT:

I'd think they'd have a better  
chance.

KEELY:

Lay one on me.

He thinks.

BRETT:

"Before you speak, listen."

KEELY:

Wow! How deep did you have to dig  
to come up with that one?

BRETT:

A couple feet I'd say.

KEELY:

"Before you act, think." ...That  
one was right there on the surface.  
Didn't have to dig at all.

BRETT:

"Before you give up, try."

(CONTINUED)

CONTINUED:

KEELY:

"Before you shit, make sure there's toilet paper."

He spits out his drink as he laughs. She begins laughing as well.

KEELY:

What are we even talking about here??

BRETT:

You said to lay one on you.

KEELY:

I thought we were going deep! Not "before you speak, listen."

BRETT:

Best I got, I don't know.

A brief pause as they have a drink and get over their own laughter.

BRETT:

Maybe deep down I just thought I may not still be working here this long. You know, my dad always aimed high. I kinda wanted to aim high too. Years ago, I mean. Working at the store was supposed to be just a temporary thing. Believe it or not, ten years ago I was that guy who'd tell you nothing is impossible!

KEELY:

I've heard that speech. Nothing is impossible. But there's been several days where I've done nothing... It's very possible.

Once again, he grins and shakes his head.

(CONTINUED)

CONTINUED:

KEELY:

Alright, alright, last one, I promise. ...So...you had some kind of goal or something?

BRETT:

Not really a goal...but...a thought.

KEELY:

A thought?

BRETT:

Well...after college my buddy Luke and I had this plan to open a bait and tackle shop down in Long Beach.

KEELY:

Really?

BRETT:

Yeah.

KEELY:

So you like fishing?

BRETT:

Yeah.

KEELY:

You, like...actaully like stuff then?

BRETT:

*(Grinning.)*

Yeah. Fishing. And hockey.

KEELY:

Now we're getting somewhere. Do you go fishing often?

BRETT:

Yeah, actually. By the pier in Santa Barbara.

(CONTINUED)

CONTINUED:

KEELY:

Well where was that answer when I was asking about fun? That's cool, man. You've got a thing.

BRETT:

I have a couple things, yeah.

KEELY:

So what happened?

BRETT:

Oh, well, Luke's uncle was going to back us and help us handle the business side of things, but then...it's sort of just fizzled out.

KEELY:

Just because, or...?

BRETT:

There was this little building...like a hut...by the marina down along the beach there, and space was for lease. And it was perfect, I mean...right in heart of Long Beach. Perfect space for what we wanted to do. And... I think his uncle kind of thought better after putting it into perspective.

KEELY:

Putting what into perspective?

BRETT:

I mean, come on...he and I were like twenty-one at the time. Two kids...barely old enough to drink...running a business this guy was gonna put serious money into.

Pause. It is clear that she feels for him on this.

(CONTINUED)

CONTINUED:

BRETT:

The bitch was that he didn't back out straight up. It lingered, and we were excited. And then...one day...he was out. And there it went.

He takes a drink.

KEELY:

You still talk to your friend?

BRETT:

Luke? Nah... Here and there, but not much anymore. There wasn't any bad blood between us or anything like that. Just... We do our own things now... You know how it is.

KEELY:

Yeah...

In trying to think of a pick-me-up response, Keely picks up the menus.

KEELY:

Might as well do lunch, yeah?

BRETT:

Sure.

She hands him a menu and they take a look at it.

BRETT:

Hot dogs...hot dogs... They have five different types of hot dogs here.

They both start giggling.

KEELY:

I was just noticing this. I don't think I've ever seen five different hot dog choices on a restaurant menu.

(CONTINUED)

CONTINUED:

BRETT:

There's no descriptions here...just what they're called.

KEELY:

Hot dog...okay... Chili dog...fine... Kettle dog...

BRETT:

What the hell is kettle dog???

KEELY:

Maybe it comes with kettle chips?

BRETT:

Storm dog!?!

KEELY:

I mean...that sounds intense...

BRETT:

And Bologna dog.

KEELY:

Bologna in hot dog form I assume?

BRETT:

Makes sense to me.

KEELY:

Sounds gross.

BRETT:

Well if you think about it bologna is really just a hot dog sandwich.

She thinks...she nods.

KEELY:

I think I need another beer.

12 INT. ALLEY BAR - EARLY AFTERNOON - SOME TIME LATER

NARRATOR (O.S.):

You ever just talked with someone?  
About nothing in particular?  
Just...mindless conversation? Most  
people are too busy for that. But  
you'd be surprised at what it can  
bringout in some people.

A few hours have passed.

Several empty beer glasses and appetizers are laid out  
across the table as well as Brett and Keely's nearly  
finished hot dogs.

There is some slight tipsy-ness to their speech now.

KEELY:

I mean think about it...a hot dog  
wouldn't know the difference.

BRETT:

It's a hot dog...

KEELY:

And they probably think they're  
sandwiches.

BRETT:

It's a hot dog...

KEELY:

They're meat...and they're wedged  
between two buns...which is bread.  
Brett...hot dogs think they're  
sandwiches.

Brett grabs one of the empty beer glasses.

BRETT:

*(To no one in particular.)*  
Can we get another one for the  
lady?

They both start laughing.

(CONTINUED)

CONTINUED:

BRETT:

Enough with the hot dog philosophy.

KEELY:

How was your Storm dog? Was it all stormy?

BRETT:

Was your Kettle dog all kettley?

KEELY:

It was the kettlie-est!

BRETT:

You know these were just hot dogs with different names given to them.

KEELY:

Yes...yes they were...

BRETT:

What the hell are we talking about?

She tries to keep her composure, but cannot.

KEELY:

*(Laughing.)*

I don't know. We've done thirty minutes on hot dogs here.

BRETT:

We have! I've been timing!

KEELY:

I'm gonna be at work next week continuously thinking and talking to myself about hot dogs.

BRETT:

You ever been at work and someone catches you talking to yourself?

KEELY:

Oh everyday! I'm not kidding! They look at me weird, but I just tell them talking to the spirits within

(MORE)

(CONTINUED)

CONTINUED:

KEELY: (CONT'D)  
or some weird-ass thing like that  
and they slowly back away.

They both continue to laugh.

13 INT. ALLEY BAR - MID-AFTERNOON - SOME TIME LATER

Brett and Keely have now moved up to the bar counter and have shared yet even more drinks.

Although the drinks have been many and plenty, it's all been in some moderation. Neither is flat out drunk...just feeling good. They remain in mid-conversation.

KEELY:  
There could be a ghost right here  
next to us drowning his sorrows and  
we wouldn't even know it. Ever  
think about that shit?

BRETT:  
A ghost could be break dancing  
behind the bar as we speak.

KEELY:  
A ghost could be singing karaoke  
right now and we wouldn't hear a  
thing.

They continue laughing. Keely is clearly happy to see him enjoying himself.

KEELY:  
Beats work, eh?

BRETT:  
Perhaps not as productive.

KEELY:  
Gimmie a break, man! This is a  
perfect example of time well  
wasted.

(CONTINUED)

CONTINUED:

BRETT:  
(*Intrigued.*)  
Time well wasted?

KEELY:  
We started out this morning as total strangers...granted we worked for the same grocery company, but alas, more or less strangers. And here we drinking together in a bar and we're talking to each other as if we're close friends.

He thinks on this.

BRETT:  
You're right...

KEELY:  
Wasted time can be a great thing under the right circumstances.

BRETT:  
(*Smiling.*)  
I like that...

She takes a rather big drink of her beer.

KEELY:  
Besides, time doesn't really exist.

BRETT:  
Oh boy... How's that?

KEELY:  
(*Getting...deep.*)  
Clocks exist. Time, really, is a construct we've all agreed upon. We've taken space and matter and distance, which in this case is the earth's rotation, and broken it down into segments and given them labels.

(CONTINUED)

CONTINUED:

BRETT:

*(Laugh laughing-half stunned.)*  
That's deep...

KEELY:

Oh don't get me wrong, it has its uses...but we're wired to live our lives around this construction as if it's real. And in the end we've all become slaves to it.

Pause...

BRETT:

Woah...

KEELY:

Truth...right?

BRETT:

...Yeah...

KEELY:

Wanna know the real truth?

BRETT:

What's that?

KEELY:

*(Breaking her "deep" character.)*

I really just ramble on about that shit whenever I show up late. I actually saw it on a meme.

He laughs and shakes his head.

BRETT:

Write it down on the maintenance form when you've over fifteen late?

KEELY:

Exactly.

They both drink.

(CONTINUED)

CONTINUED:

BRETT:

*(Calling to the bartender.)*  
We'll each have another over here.

KEELY:

For real though, I think about little moments of wasted time... Like...I can sit and watch my dog chase it's tail for ten minutes and shake my head thinking how easily entertained it just was for ten minutes...and then I realize I just spent ten minutes watching an animal chase it's own tail.

A BARTENDER walks over and hands them each another round.

BARTNEDER:

You kids seems like you're having fun.

BRETT:

*(Pausing. Smiling.)*  
...We are. We really are. This one's a crack up!

BARTNEDER:

I heard that last rant. Where do you come up with this stuff?

KEELY:

Oh man...it's just stuff Brandon and I would think about or see on the internet.

She quickly catches herself. Right away he catches this.

BRETT:

What? Who?

KEELY:

Oh, ummm... He's...

She sighs... The bartender slowly walks away. Keely thinks for a second. Guess now's as good a time as any to bring it up...

(CONTINUED)

CONTINUED:

BRETT:

You don't have to... It's none of my business...

KEELY:

No, no... It's fine. He's...

BRETT:

Keely, its fine. If there's someone in your life, it's... I mean, this is just...drinks...and we're co-workers...

KEELY:

Brandon's my husband...

BRETT:

...Oh...

KEELY:

We're...not together anymore. You're fine.

Pause. Silence.

Keely calls to the bartender.

KEELY:

Check, please...

14 EXT. CITY STREET - LATE AFTERNOON

Brett and Keely make their way back to the hotel. Silence among them at first, and then...

BRETT:

Gotta say, that's first time I've spent an entire afternoon in a bar drinking.

KEELY:

Circumstances called for it I guess.

Pause.

(CONTINUED)

CONTINUED:

BRETT:

Look, Keely, I'm sorry, I didn't mean to pry...

KEELY:

You didn't pry. I brought it up. I let it slip out.

BRETT:

You don't like talking about it...about him. That's fine. Let's forget you said anything. We can still have fun. I want to have fun with you. You said it best. Total strangers as of this morning, and now... This has been the most fun I've had in a while.

She cracks a smile.

KEELY:

I should though...

BRETT:

You should what?

KEELY:

...Talk about him.

BRETT:

...Okay...

KEELY:

Everyone says I should.

BRETT:

Who's everyone?

KEELY:

Everyone's everyone. Everyone who knew him.

Short pause.

(CONTINUED)

CONTINUED:

BRETT:

*Knew him?*

KEELY:

We're not...divorced.

BRETT:

I was wondering actually... I mean,  
I didn't see a ring...on either  
hand.

She reaches slightly down her shirt and around her neck and produces a chain which has her wedding ring attached to it.

KEELY:

It's, uh... He... He died.

Brett is now completely unsure of how to respond.

BRETT:

Keely, I... Wow, I'm...

KEELY:

It's cool, man. You're sorry...I  
know, I get it. It's tough. It's  
tough to know what to say. I never  
did. Not that I know tons of people  
who've had someone die on them. But  
when the situation came up I was  
never good at finding the right  
words. No one is I guess. I guess  
that's why you just say...sorry...

Silence as they walk along.

BRETT:

How, uh... How long ago?

KEELY:

Just over four years.

BRETT:

Wow... Somewhat fresh still.

(CONTINUED)

CONTINUED:

KEELY:

I guess you could say that.

BRETT:

...How long were you married?

KEELY:

Almost six years exactly.

BRETT:

You want me to cool it with the questions?

KEELY:

I said I should talk about it and I'm talking about it. Part of talking about it is answering questions. I'll stop you if I reach my limit.

He smiles and nods in agreement.

BRETT:

Fair enough. So...six years...

KEELY:

And dating two before that.

BRETT:

College sweetheart?

KEELY:

You know it. Hung out as friends for a while and then started dating.

BRETT:

How'd you meet?

KEELY:

Hockey game.

BRETT:

Hockey fan as well, eh?

(CONTINUED)

CONTINUED:

KEELY:

I wasn't, but he was. But some friends dragged me along to a CSUN game. A bunch of us went back to the dorms afterward. One thing led to another. He and I became..."us."

BRETT:

That simple, eh?

KEELY:

Most perfect things are.

BRETT:

I like those love at first sight kind of stories though.

KEELY:

That's the way it always starts.

Their walk becomes slower. Now strolling.

BRETT:

I can...understand why you took the demotion.

KEELY:

Stepped down...not demoted.

BRETT:

Right. Sorry.

KEELY:

It was a lot to take in at the time. Had to be done...

BRETT:

Can I ask...? Ummm...

KEELY:

How?

BRETT:

Would that bring you to your limit?

She thinks a quick second.

(CONTINUED)

CONTINUED:

KEELY:

No...

BRETT:

So...?

KEELY:

He was an electrician. Made good money at PacBell...AT&T now. Anyway, you wouldn't think of that as a dangerous job... I never did. Then...one day...he climbed a poll in someone's backyard. They wear these boots when they climb. They have these, like, spike things at the toe of the boot...so they can pierce the wood. And that's how they climb the polls. Anyway...the spike gave out... He fell. Hit the backyard fence from about two or three stories up. That was it.

Brett is shocked. He briefly stops, but she doesn't. He quickly starts walking again and catches up to her.

KEELY:

Stupid thing, really...

BRETT:

That's... That's awful...  
Horrible...

KEELY:

That was... That was the...worst time.

BRETT:

I can't think of a worse time for someone.

KEELY:

...So, uh... How'd I do?

(CONTINUED)

CONTINUED:

BRETT:

With what?

KEELY:

With showing my feelings...?

BRETT:

Showing your feelings?

KEELY:

So look... Back when it happened,  
the obvious thing they said was for  
me to see a therapist. And I  
did...like twice. Wasn't my thing.

BRETT:

Okay...

KEELY:

*(Very matter of fact-like.*

*Looking for an actual answer.)*

So what are your thoughts? As we've  
said, before today you were a  
stranger. Now...we've talked. You  
found out my husband died, and that  
I've had this huge tragedy in my  
life. I told you about it. How'd I  
do? What are your thoughts?

BRETT:

Ummm...on what?

KEELY:

Everything! ...Me?

Brett begins to seriously think about an answer as he  
realizes she really wants one.

BRETT:

You're...ummm... You're good...

KEELY:

Brett...

(CONTINUED)

CONTINUED:

BRETT:

Yeah?

KEELY:

Pretend for a second that you're a shrink.

BRETT:

Okay.

KEELY:

What are your thoughts on me?

She stops, as does he. Pause.

BRETT:

This, uh...this evening has taken quite a turn.

KEELY:

Well this his morning took a rather big turn for both of us though, didn't it?

BRETT:

Good point.

KEELY:

Well...?

BRETT:

This is a very deep and...a very...big...question you're asking me. No one's ever asked me anything like that before... It's a...weird question to answer.

KEELY:

I'm sorry about that.

BRETT:

No, no, it's okay.

(CONTINUED)

CONTINUED:

KEELY:

Then I'll take your un-professional  
opinion now.

He thinks a moment, then looks at her. To him, it's clear.  
And so...

BRETT:

You're husband...

KEELY:

...Brandon...

BRETT:

Brandon...died, and it hit you  
hard, which is understandable,  
and...you didn't really shut down  
or anything, but...you're  
personality changed. You have  
this...shell. It kinda makes sense  
now. I'm guessing you weren't  
always this tomboy, one-of-the-guys  
girl you are now. It's like...it's  
a method you use to be...happy...  
If I had to guess I'd say you were  
closer to my speed before he died.

KEELY:

Your speed?

BRETT:

I mean you had real worries. Life  
was real life.

KEELY:

Are you suggesting I don't live in  
the real world now?

BRETT:

Oh no, it's the real world alright,  
but you don't approach it the same.

She looks at him. He's rather spot on and she knows it. She  
cracks slight smile at him and keeps walking. He follows.

(CONTINUED)

CONTINUED:

KEELY:  
That was...good.

BRETT:  
Well, I... I just...kinda went with  
it...

KEELY:  
No, really... You're right...

BRETT:  
I mean, if I had to guess I'd say  
what you're going through and the  
way you are now is perfectly  
normal.

KEELY:  
You're quite the guesser.

BRETT:  
...Thanks...

She looks at him. Smiles... He smiles back.

BRETT:  
Do you  
feel...different? ...Better...?

KEELY:  
Better?

BRETT:  
Well, you know...they say if you  
get things like that off your chest  
you feel better. You know...like  
taking a load off, or whatever that  
saying is...

She thinks a moment.

KEELY:  
Maybe a little, I guess.

(CONTINUED)

CONTINUED:

BRETT:

That's good.

KEELY:

Yeah... Ya know...it's funny. The last four years people have been telling I need to talk to someone...a therapist...I've always been against it. I mean, I don't need some fucking fake doctor giving me advice on how to deal with my problems...

BRETT:

Yeah, but... I mean, this is more than some problem.

KEELY:

You know what I mean. Telling me how to feel. I always thought...what would they know? It's not like every therapist on the planet's had their spouse die. All they know is what's in the books. And people say "it's a safe space" and that that's the point. I can talk to someone who won't judge, and someone who didn't know him, and...I don't know. It was just...never something I could do...talk to some stranger about my husband dying.

Pause.

BRETT:

And yet...

KEELY:

*(Half laughing.)*

I know! I just did! That was my point.

(CONTINUED)

CONTINUED:

BRETT:  
And you feel better.

KEELY:  
Thank you, doctor.

He laughs at this. She smiles and shakes her head.

BRETT:  
So...are you gonna start doing it?

KEELY:  
What, see a therapist?

BRETT:  
Yeah.

KEELY:  
...Maybe...I don't know.

They continue to walk along back to the hotel.

KEELY:  
We were gonna buy a house.

BRETT:  
Yeah?

KEELY:  
Yeah. We'd started looking. ...And then...life.

BRETT:  
Ah, yes... It can be a bitch.

KEELY:  
That it can. You start out after high school and you form a plan, and if you're like me you try and make it unique...

BRETT:  
Unique, yes! The road less traveled.

(CONTINUED)

CONTINUED:

KEELY:

Exactly. I always wanted to explore the road less traveled.

BRETT:

It's nothing special. I tried it. I mean, I feel like I've gone down the road less traveled and got lost and now I don't know where I am. I mean, you can't use Google to find your way around on this road.

That one makes her laugh.

KEELY:

Ha! Nice!

Long pause as they continue walking.

KEELY:

You know what's weird now looking back? I guess I just always thought that Brandon and I had some kind of...unique, special...thing... I don't know, man.

BRETT:

Hey, there's nothing wrong with a simple life, if things are stable an all. Marriage, house...that's a good thing. Were you two planning on having kids?

KEELY:

And that's the limit.

She stares forward and keeps walking. Obviously another nerve has been struck.

BRETT:

...Sorry...

KEELY:

...No worries... So...now what?

(CONTINUED)

CONTINUED:

BRETT:

Ummm...

KEELY:

Let's go somewhere. I'll get us an Uber.

She pulls out her cell phone.

BRETT:

Where?

KEELY:

Anywhere.

15 INT. UBER CAR - BACKSEAT - EARLY EVENING - TWENTY MINUTES  
LATER

NARRATOR (O.S.):

Two simple people. Both with problems...issues. Same as all of us. Two people you wouldn't be able to point of in a crowd. And here they were...falling for each other.

Brett and Keely sit in the backseat of the car on the way to their next destination. Silence except for the driver's radio playing low. Again, it is the same driver from before.

Brett stares out the window, as does Keely. Then, she turns to him. He turns to her. She smiles, as does he.

She places her hand on his, which is placed on his lap. She gives it a quick squeeze and gives him a nod, as if to say "thank you". She let's go.

She looks back out the window, smiling. He does the same.

The driver looks back at both of them and grins.

NARRATOR (O.S.):

That day, I was glad I was the only driver in town on the job.

16 INT. ICE SKATING RINK - EVENING - A SHORT WHILE LATER

Brett and Keely stand outside of the boarded rink staring at the skaters.

KEELY:

God, I haven't done this in years.

BRETT:

It's not as hard as it looks.

KEELY:

Really?

BRETT:

Nope. It's about exactly as hard as it looks. Brandon never taught you? You said he was a hockey fan.

KEELY:

Fan. Not player.

BRETT:

Fair enough.

KEELY:

You'd better not dare let me fall!

BRETT:

I think I'm up to the task. Let's grab some skates and go.

KEELY:

After you, man!

They head over to the skate rental desk.

17 INT. ICE SKATING RINK - EVENING - MINUTES LATER

Brett and Keely sit on a bench tying their skates.

KEELY:

These are like the longest laces ever.

(CONTINUED)

CONTINUED:

BRETT:

Just make sure they're tight.  
That's important.

KEELY:

Should I just keep tying knots?  
Cause I got like twenty feet of  
lace here...I'd need to do like a  
hundred and fifteen knots or  
something to use it all up!

BRETT:

*(Playful.)*

You wrap it around the back,  
doufus!

KEELY:

Huh?

BRETT:

Here.

She bends down and wraps the long lace around the back of  
his skates.

KEELY:

You're like a regular pro.

BRETT:

More like a top-notch amateur.

She smiles as he finishes.

BRETT:

Now just do that to the other one.

KEELY:

Thanks...

She sits back down smiling as she puts on her skates. He  
does the same with his other skate.

18 INT. ICE SKATING RINK - EVENING - MINUTES LATER

Ice skating sequence.

(CONTINUED)

CONTINUED:

SERIES OF SHOTS:

- Brett and Keely stepping out onto the rink.
- Each of them fumbling about. He's not quite as good as he'd hoped. Both are not horrible, but not pros either.
- Keely falls, Brett catches her...
- Brett attempts a fancy move...he fails.
- Keely does the same...and fails the same.
- Both Brett and Keely sit off to the side bench laughing about their skating abilities.
- Back onto the ice!
- Slow skating... They now hold each other. It's a nice moment.

FADE.

19 INT. ICE SKATING RINK - UPPER BLEACHERS - EVENING - SOME TIME LATER

Brett and Keely sit above the rink while other skaters still circle the ice below them. They are alone up here.

KEELY:

Brandon and I would go ice skating... Not often... About once a year... In the winter-time usually. There's something about an ice rink in winter...even an indoor one like this... It's...I don't know...

BRETT:

...Romantic...?

Pause. She doesn't say anything at first, though it's clear from the look on her face that she agrees.

(CONTINUED)

CONTINUED:

KEELY:  
...A little...yeah.

Long pause as neither knows what to say.

They look to each other. Smiles. They look down at the skaters. Back to each other. And...

KEELY:  
Hot chocolate?

BRETT:  
Sure.

They slowly get up and make their way over to the door leading downstairs.

20 INT. ICE SKATING RINK - CONTINUOUS - OUTSIDE THE INDOOR COFFEE SHOP - EVENING - SECONDS LATER

They reach the coffee shop inside the rink. Next to it are the restrooms.

KEELY:  
I'm just gonna use the restroom real quick.

BRETT:  
Ah yeah, same here.

21 INT. ICE SKATING RINK - CONTINUOUS - MEN'S RESTROOM - EVENING - SECONDS LATER

Brett enters and walks towards one of the stalls. His cell phone then buzzes. He pulls it out and checks it.

It is a call again from his old friend, LUKE.

He has a realization that he may have to deal with this issue soon...but not now. For now...Keely.

FADE.

22 INT. ICE SKATING RINK - COFFEE SHOP - EVENING - FIFTEEN  
MINUTES LATER

Brett and Keely sit in the middle of the shop drinking their hot chocolate passing the time.

The conversation goes on...and on...and on...

FADE.

23 EXT. HOTEL - PARKING LOT - NIGHT - SOME TIME LATER

Brett and Keely exit the Uber car and slowly walk up to their hotel rooms.

24 EXT. HOTEL - UPPER WALKWAY - NIGHT - A MINUTE OR SO LATER

The two of them reach the door to Brett's room. They stop.

BRETT:  
Where is your room anyway?

KEELY:  
Just down at the end there.

She nods to the end of the walkway.

BRETT:  
Ah. Good.

Pause. Neither really knows where to take it from here. The silence eventually makes them start to laugh.

BRETT:  
I'm, uh... I'm not really sure  
what...

KEELY:  
...Me neither... Um...

BRETT:  
I mean, Keely... When I woke up  
this morning, I knew I was going to  
work and I *knew* I was going to end  
up doing overtime and I *knew* it was  
going to be a crazy busy day. And  
(MORE)

(CONTINUED)

CONTINUED:

(CONT'D)

then...bugs!

KEELY:

Cockroaches.

BRETT:

Right. Cockroaches. And then after that...I *knew* I was going to head back home and I *knew* that tomorrow I was going to do eight hours at my store, and then... And then we went to breakfast...

KEELY:

...And...

BRETT:

I know... I *know* something's changed.

She clearly feels the same.

KEELY:

I, uh...I know what you mean.

BRETT:

*(Trying to find the words.)*

But...I mean this...us...we, uh...  
I mean, if we go in, and...  
You're...you're a widow.

KEELY:

...I know... Brett...

She leans towards him. She holds him close. He waits for her. Silence.

She kisses him.

He unlocks the door to his room. She comes over and kisses him again. He leads her inside. The door closes behind them.

NARRATOR (O.S.):

It's amazing what mindless conversation can lead to. I'll let this part speak for itself.

(CONTINUED)

CONTINUED:

FADE TO BLACK.

25 INT. HOTEL ROOM - THE NEXT MORNING

FADE IN.

They lie in bed together asleep.

Some rustling, then she wakes. She looks at him. She smiles and kisses his forehead. She rises and walks over towards the desk.

He remains asleep.

Keely rustles through some stuff over on the desk before making her way over to the restroom.

26 INT. HOTEL ROOM - BATHROOM - MORNING - MINUTES LATER

Keely splashes some water on her face.

After a few moments, Brett enters.

KEELY:

Oh hey! Good morning, you!

She smiles at him and he smiles back.

BRETT:

Good morning! Let me in on some of that there.

He grabs a handful of water and splashes it on his face. He looks in the mirror. Keely does the same.

KEELY:

Woah! Ever wake up in the morning and say 'that ain't right?'

BRETT:

Oh what are you talking about?? You look beautiful.

(CONTINUED)

CONTINUED:

KEELY:

Oh I know. I was asking you... Do you say that?? Cause you got this hair thing going.

She grins at him and chuckles...clearly joking. He shakes his heads and laughs.

KEELY:

Ha! Totally kidding!

BRETT:

Nah you're right! I mean, I don't know why they call it beauty sleep when you wake up looking like this.

KEELY:

You said it, right!?!

She fiddles with her hair.

BRETT:

I'd still kiss you, Sleeping Beauty.

She turns and comes to him.

KEELY:

That, uh, was a fun...day...the whole day was...fun, and...unexpected...

BRETT:

Unexpected being the key word.

KEELY:

Right! Yes. And, um...you know, last night...

BRETT:

I...

KEELY:

It...ummm...

Neither knows where to go with it from here.

(CONTINUED)

CONTINUED:

Then...

KEELY:  
What time is it even?

BRETT:  
Almost nine I think.

KEELY:  
...Breakfast again?

BRETT:  
...Absolutely.

KEELY:  
...I'm, uh...just gonna take a  
shower.

BRETT:  
Sure. I'll hop in after you.

KEELY:  
(*Giggling.*)  
Okay.

BRETT:  
I meant like...after you're...out.

KEELY:  
I knew what you meant.

BRETT:  
Sorry!

KEELY:  
You're fine, man. I didn't want  
sound all cliche, but...I was going  
to say last night was...great.  
Thank you.

BRETT:  
Oh...well. Thank you. I'm glad. I  
mean, I... I mean...me, with girls  
here and there...they, uh... I  
just... I just thought I was much  
good at doing...things.

(CONTINUED)

CONTINUED:

KEELY:

*(Really feeling for him with  
that one.)*

Hey... No. Last night. I mean it,  
man.

BRETT:

Well that means a lot.

Pause.

KEELY:

Maybe we could have another.

BRETT:

Another?

KEELY:

Great night... I mean, we've got  
the whole day again. Your train's  
not til tomorrow, and we've got the  
rooms another night, so I don't  
plan on calling AAA until tomorrow.

Brett realizes he hadn't actually thought about the fact  
that they had a whole another free day in front of them.

BRETT:

Honestly...I hadn't even thought  
about that.

KEELY:

Ten a.m., tomorrow, yeah?

BRETT:

Yeah, it's my scheduled day off  
tomorrow.

KEELY:

Well, cheers to our three day  
weekend!

She grabs the two drinking glasses from the sink and hands  
one to him.

They clink.

(CONTINUED)

CONTINUED:

BRETT:

Cheers!

27 EXT. COFFEE SHOP - MORNING - A SHORT WHILE LATER

NARRATOR (O.S):

The morning after. A lot of people don't know how to handle it. But when I picked them up on the second day and drove them to a nearby restaraunt they seemed to be handling it fine. Their second day together was even more comfortable than the first.

Brett and Keely begin their day date together having breakfast outside at one of the tables. The first of many random, fun conversations.

KEELY:

They never want us to talk when they do the visits. I mean, they say they want us to, but they don't.

BRETT:

Every holiday they come in! Every one!

KEELY:

Right! And I'm thinking, dude, it's like Christmas time or whatever holiday here and you're stressing everyone out!

BRETT:

Our company feels the need every holiday...you think I'm kidding...EVERY holiday...to come and examine the store...

KEELY:

What do you mean, "You think I'm kidding?" I KNOW you're not kidding, dork!

(CONTINUED)

CONTINUED:

They both start laughing.

BRETT:

And then they give us a score...like we're in grade school.

KEELY:

And that's when they'll ask us our thoughts...which they really *don't* want.

BRETT:

Right! It's like, here, put in your two cents for what it's worth.

KEELY:

Ain't worth much.

BRETT:

Well, it's like they say, put in your two cents, but then again, a penny for your thoughts...someone's losing money.

KEELY:

That should be the new company motto!

BRETT:

For sure!

KEELY:

Alright, alright enough about work! Onto something else!

BRETT:

Right! Pick a new subject!

28 EXT. CITY STREET - CONTINUOUS - LATE MORNING - SOME TIME LATER

They walk down part of a busier street down a ways from the hotel, carrying on as if it was carried over from the previous conversation.

(CONTINUED)

CONTINUED:

KEELY:  
Girlfriend!?!

BRETT:  
What?

KEELY:  
You mentioned you don't have one. I  
can see why.

BRETT:  
DANG!

KEELY:  
(*Catching herself.*)  
No, no! Not like that. It's just...

BRETT:  
Ha! Yeah, I know what you mean. I  
meant what I said this morning, fr  
sure. I, uh... I've dated... Just  
never got serious with anyone. I  
don't know... I mean, come  
on...you've broken me down quite  
nicely! I'm too...too...something.  
I don't relax enough.

KEELY:  
What was your last girlfriend's  
name?

BRETT:  
Cindy. Why?

KEELY:  
Well, where I was going with this  
was...if Cindy had dated the Brett  
I've know from lunchtime on  
yesterday...we probably wouldn't be  
walking down this street together  
here.

Pause. He smiles.

(CONTINUED)

CONTINUED:

BRETT:  
Thanks for that.

KEELY:  
I mean it, man. I mean...last  
night... I wouldn't have just done  
that with...ya know...anyone...

BRETT:  
...I know.

Pause.

KEELY:  
Cindy... Sounds slutty.

BRETT:  
*(Caught off guard.)*  
Wow!

KEELY:  
*(Smiling, shaking her head.)*  
Sorry.

BRETT:  
Nah nah, it's cool. Actually,  
you're right.

KEELY:  
Yeah?

BRETT:  
She liked sex. A lot... Always said  
I wasn't any good at it, but  
she...kept me at it. But she... She  
talked...

KEELY:  
Like...during?

BRETT:  
Yeah. A lot! Like, too much! And  
she would say weird things. It  
was...distracting. Maybe that's why  
I could never figure it out.

(CONTINUED)

CONTINUED:

She begins laughing.

29 EXT. PARK - CONTINUOUS - EARLY AFTERNOON

They've wandered into a park and continue on with the conversation as though it's flowed over from the last scene.

KEELY:

Okay, okay... Weirdest things to say during sex!

BRETT:

Like that I've actually said or heard?

KEELY:

No, no, just in general. Like funniest things not to say.

BRETT:

Gotcha.

KEELY:

"When am I suppose to feel something?"

BRETT:

"You're just about as good as my ex?"

KEELY:

Oh come on, you can do better than that! How about "Smile for the camera over there!"

BRETT:

Okay, okay...nice! Ummm..."Okay, no! I gotta be on top! With your weight you'd kill me if you get up there!"

KEELY:

Nice! Better! Uh..."Just get off me! I'll do it myself!"

(CONTINUED)

CONTINUED:

BRETT:

"How much do I owe you when we're finished here?"

KEELY:

"On second thought, no, let's just keep the lights off."

BRETT:

"Hey, nice job! You're just about as good as my last girlfriend!"

KEELY:

Meh! You're slipping...

BRETT:

"I'm sobering up here and you're gettin' ugly, honey!"

KEELY:

Nice!! "Wait...wait...where are the keys to the handcuffs?"

BRETT:

"You're the first person I've been with who's not inflatable."

This one catches her off guard and makes her laugh.

KEELY:

"Hold on while I change the channel real quick, babe."

BRETT:

"But, baby...you're sister likes it like this."

Another laugh from Keely.

KEELY:

Ummm...okay, easy one... "What was your name again?"

(CONTINUED)

CONTINUED:

BRETT:

"Oh yeah, no...the condom broke  
when I first put it on."

Quick pause. And then...

KEELY:

"Hold on, stop real quick, babe...I  
gotta take a crap."

Brett shakes his head laughing at that last one.

BRETT:

Oh God damn! Ha!

They both laugh it off.

KEELY:

On that note...lunch?

BRETT:

Yep!

30 INT. RESTAURANT - EARLY AFTERNOON - A SHORT WHILE LATER

Brett and Keely sit in booth in the corner of the  
restaurant. This time they both sit on the same side.

Their conversation continues...on and on...

31 INT. UBER CAR - BACKSEAT - MID-AFTERNOON - SOME TIME LATER

They ride along to their next destination...now hand in  
hand.

They look up and notice the same uber driver once again.

KEELY:

Okay, it really IS like you're the  
only uber driver in town. I feel  
like we should be paying you  
overtime.

(CONTINUED)

CONTINUED:

DRIVER:

*(Smiling.)*

Nada problem. I hope your vacation  
is going well.

Brett and Keely look to each other.

BRETT:

It is.

She rests her head on his shoulder as they're driven along.

NARRATOR (O.S.):

And it was indeed. They were one of  
the happiest couples I'd ever seen.  
For now...

32 EXT. THEATER - LATE AFTERNOON - A FEW HOURS LATER

Brett and Keely exit the theater and walk along side it.

BRETT:

So what'd you think?

KEELY:

It was alright. Not the best thing  
I've ever seen. You?

BRETT:

Ditto.

They walk along and round the corner.

KEELY:

Where exactly are we walking?

BRETT:

*(Laughing.)*

No idea. I think we'll need another  
Uber.

KEELY:

Done. Where to?

(CONTINUED)

CONTINUED:

BRETT:

Let me chip in.

KEELY:

No, man, it's fine. You're saving  
it for your mom. My treat. Where  
to?

BRETT:

I had a thought.

KEELY:

What's that?

33 EXT. HIGHWAY - LATER AFTERNOON - SOME TIME LATER

Their Uber car shoots down the highway as the sun begins to  
go down.

34 EXT. SANTA MONICA PIER - EARLY-TO-MID EVENING - SOME TIME  
LATER

Brett and Keely arrive at the pier.

SERIES OF SHOTS

- They play the boardwalk games.
- They take pictures on their phone at sunset.
- They continue on with their seemingly endless  
conversation.
- They kiss each other at the end of the pier,  
the water and sunset behind them.
- They walk back towards the front of the pier, his arm  
around hers.

Fade.

35 INT. BAR - NIGHT - HOURS LATER

NARRATOR (O.S.):

Their vacation was going great, as they'd said. But eventually even the greatest happy accidents will reach their breaking point. And sometimes it comes out of nowhere.

Having settled into a small sports bar to end their day together, Brett and Keely sit at a pub table and share some dinner and beers/drinks.

KEELY:

Now...today...that's how you take a day off work.

BRETT:

Can't argue there.

Pause.

KEELY:

...Thanks, Brett...

BRETT:

Oh no, again...thank you! I honestly haven't had this much fun in God knows how long. I've really just spent these last few years being a stick in the mud, really. I mean, yeah...my mother is...sick. But I'm constantly checking in, even when I know she's in good hands. But, I mean, have you realized I haven't been on my phone once this entire time.

KEELY:

Your phone?

BRETT:

Today and yesterday...nothing...not a call, not one text. And...I know she's okay. And then...you. I don't think I've ever talked this much

(MORE)

(CONTINUED)

CONTINUED:

BRETT: (CONT'D)  
with anyone before...ever.

KEELY:  
Yeah, I hear ya, man. I guess I  
hadn't thought about that. No one's  
texted me either. Kinda sad ain't  
it??

BRETT:  
Oh no no! With you I'd assume they  
just thought you were at work or  
something.

KEELY:  
Nah! Actually it's the norm for me.  
I wish I still talked to my friends  
like I used to. I guess I sort of  
lied when you asked me what I do  
for fun and I mentioned all those  
things... I mean, ever  
since...Brandon...well, you know...  
They've been different...cause I've  
been different.

BRETT:  
Yeah, no, that makes sense. I get  
it. I mean, same here  
though...different circumstances,  
but still... I used to hang with  
friends all the time back in  
college, and...well...I've told you  
it all.

KEELY:  
Yeah...

Pause.

KEELY:  
You got one call though, yeah?

BRETT:  
Huh?

(CONTINUED)

CONTINUED:

KEELY:  
Last night?

BRETT:  
What do you...?

KEELY:  
From your friend, Luke?

BRETT:  
...How...?

KEELY:  
(*Hesitant.*)  
...I didn't mean to look. It's just...when I woke up this morning...you were still asleep and I was still all groggy an' everything and I went over to check my phone but I accidentally picked up yours over on the desk without even knowing it. And the screen opened and it said his name...missed call. You hadn't even erased it. I swear I didn't mean to...I just...I noticed is all. I didn't want to say anything...

Another pause. He doesn't know what to say.

KEELY:  
I'm sorry...

BRETT:  
No, no...it's fine. I know you didn't mean to... It makes sense. I...

KEELY:  
You said you hadn't talked to him in forever. Was he...?

BRETT:  
...Calling about the shop?

(CONTINUED)

CONTINUED:

KEELY:

Yeah?

BRETT:

...Yes...

KEELY:

Wait, how do you know...?

BRETT:

He's called and texted a few times actually. He left a message. I listened to it. Then this morning I saw he had called again...early.

KEELY:

Sounds like he's eager to get ahold of you... What'd his message say?

BRETT:

He, uh...he talked to his uncle again. Actually, his uncle came to him.

KEELY:

And...?

BRETT:

Well...I haven't called him back. But, I mean, it sounded good.

KEELY:

And so...?

BRETT:

So what?

KEELY:

DUDE!?!

BRETT:

What?

(CONTINUED)

CONTINUED:

KEELY:

All throughout yesterday morning  
you gave me this whole shpeel about  
how you hate working for the  
company and then you tell me this  
beautiful story about this great  
dream you had, and here now you get  
a call saying that that dream may  
have a chance at coming true!

BRETT:

Well wait, I think that's a little  
over the top there.

KEELY:

How so?

BRETT:

Beautiful story and great dream?

KEELY:

It was beautiful, man, and it is  
great!

BRETT:

It's a bait and tackle shop.

KEELY:

It's something you love!

BRETT:

I love pizza...I'm not about to  
change my whole life for it.

KEELY:

That is a horrible comparison and  
you know it.

BRETT:

...Okay, fine...

KEELY:

So...?

(CONTINUED)

CONTINUED:

BRETT:

So what?

KEELY:

Call him! Dude!

BRETT:

And say what?

KEELY:

That you're ready to quit this  
fucking job if his uncle is serious  
about backing you!

Pause.

BRETT:

That simple, huh?

KEELY:

Doesn't seem that hard.

BRETT:

Well, I mean, come on, if you were  
me, what would you do? I have a  
sick mother who's almost lost her  
entire memory. That's... That's a  
whole thing there, ya know? It's a  
lot to consider.

KEELY:

What's a lot to consider? How to  
handle her? Money? You said it  
yourself...money's already tight  
for you. And staying with the  
company ain't gonna get any  
better...not substantially anyway.  
The strike happened, man! Us, the  
new hires, we got screwed! It was a  
two-teir settlement and that ain't  
changing. Besides, you can take a  
leave of absence for a few months  
if it makes you feel more  
comfortable. That way if it doesn't  
work out, you can come right back.  
Give your two weeks notice, which

(MORE)

(CONTINUED)

CONTINUED:

KEELY: (CONT'D)

is also enough time for your roommates to find a new tennet, and tell him you'll down there after that. No one gets screwed, and you're happy.

Pause. He's in a bit of shock at how perfect her comeback was.

BRETT:

Wow...

KEELY:

Wow what?

BRETT:

...That simple, huh?

KEELY:

What!?! It is! Come on, Brett!

BRETT:

You skipped over what to do about her.

KEELY:

You take your mother with you if that's the only way.

BRETT:

Take her with me?

KEELY:

This might sound mean. But...facts. She has what she has. She has it here...she has it there. Does it make a difference?

BRETT:

That is mean. But...I guess that's true.

KEELY:

You said you've got family that helps you out. Maybe try talking to them about taking over temporarily.

(MORE)

(CONTINUED)

CONTINUED:

KEELY: (CONT'D)

I mean, it sounds like you've given everything for her. I'm sure they'd be happy to help. But, if not...then...off to Long Beach you both go.

Another pause.

BRETT:

That simple, huh?

KEELY:

In a nutshell...yes. Maybe a heavy load to consider with bringing your mother along. But, yeah...that simple.

BRETT:

And what if I fail?

KEELY:

I had a feeling that was coming. Look, if you're worried about failing like you said your dad did...that's stupid, man.

BRETT:

It's not actually. Most would say it's understandable.

KEELY:

Would they?

BRETT:

I think so.

KEELY:

In your professional doctor opinion?

Brett is starting to get caught off guard as her behavior has clearly changed to being more aggressive.

(CONTINUED)

CONTINUED:

BRETT:

What's the matter with you?

KEELY:

What?

BRETT:

You're...badgering me with this.

KEELY:

I just want to help.

BRETT:

And I appreciate that. I do! You have helped. I mean, I think...in a way...maybe we helped each other. I know that sounds dumb and something out of a cheesy movie, but...it's true maybe. You said you'd never really opened up to anyone recently about your husband...and you did.

KEELY:

Yeah...well...

She searches for a place to go with this.

KEELY:

I just...don't want you regretting anything. Don't make a decision you'll regret!

BRETT:

I haven't said I wasn't going to call him back.

KEELY:

Then do it!

BRETT:

Settle down...

Keely has clearly become a little worked up.

(CONTINUED)

CONTINUED:

KEELY:

You have a chance to start a  
life... A good life.

BRETT:

Okay...something's wrong. What?  
Tell me?

Long pause. She thinks on this.

KEELY:

I'll make you a deal.

BRETT:

What?

KEELY:

If you call your friend...and take  
the dive...I'll tell you why you  
asking if I wanted children was my  
limit.

This comes out of nowhere for Brett, who'd actually  
forgotten about it.

BRETT:

...Okay...

Keely takes one last swig of her drink, throws some money on  
the table, and heads for the exit.

Brett is caught off guard by this and quickly follows.

36 EXT. BAR - STREET - NIGHT - SECONDS LATER

Keely stands against the wall of the building. She has  
clearly become a tad bit unglued, and it only worsens as she  
talks.

Brett comes around the corner.

BRETT:

Hey... What is the matter with  
you??

(CONTINUED)

CONTINUED:

KEELY:

Look, I'm sorry. I just... There's certain things that kind of trigger this with me, and they don't always make sense and they're not always connected to what happened, but... I don't know. I, uh... I like you, man, and we...we obviously have something here, and I really want to keep it going...and I also want to see you happy, because...

BRETT:

Because what? What is it? ...Keely!

KEELY:

Because I'm not happy, okay! Not that I'm not happy with you. I am. I really am! But...I've got baggage.

BRETT:

Uh...yeah, I know. I get it. I don't care. Your husband died! You're entitled to baggage!

KEELY:

No...I have real baggage! Hidden baggage. Baggage I've never told anyone, and of all the people on the planet I don't know how you walked into my life and became the person I want to tell my baggage to...cause I don't want to discuss my baggage, but I feel I should discuss my baggage...

BRETT:

Okay stop saying 'baggage'.

She paces a bit.

KEELY:

Brandon and I both wanted kids.

(CONTINUED)

CONTINUED:

BRETT:

Okay...I figured that with what happened yesterday...

KEELY:

I'll skip over the easy part. We tried for a while...nothing happened. We tried some more...nothing. We got tested. We waited.

BRETT:

And...?

KEELY:

Things started to get tense. Even before the tests. It...it can drive a wedge...

BRETT:

I'd imagine... I mean...makes sense.

KEELY:

Yeah, well, when you're going through it...it sucks. I hated that one of us might not be able to...produce. I knew he felt the same too. We both wanted a family so bad.

BRETT:

Can I say something?

KEELY:

What?

BRETT:

You haven't struck me as the "I Want A Family" type.

KEELY:

Well, I don't blame you for saying that. Call it a shell, call it a defense, call it whatever you want. It's the reason most of my friends

(MORE)

(CONTINUED)

CONTINUED:

KEELY: (CONT'D)  
and I never talk anymore.

BRETT:  
...What happened...?

KEELY:  
Brandon traveled quite a bit for work. His company would call him up north a lot to work out on the power lines, and so...he was gone a lot. He was...gone when the test results came in. I got a call and I went in, and... I had to tell him...

BRETT:  
Tell him...???

KEELY:  
We were just... We'd had a fight before he left. And I...I was angry... Looking back...both of us were too dumb to see that there are other ways you can...you can have kids... But when you're in the moment you don't think about those things.

BRETT:  
Keely...come on...

KEELY:  
...I wasn't able to have kids. It was me. I had the...bad body, or whatever fun thing you wanna call it.

BRETT:  
And...he resented you?

KEELY:  
I didn't want to be the bad guy. I told Brandon...it was him...

Brett is stunned.

(CONTINUED)

CONTINUED:

KEELY:

And God...I...I played along. So well! We both fell apart...everything...the marriage...

Silence.

KEELY:

Two weeks later...on a Tuesday...he got up and went to work... And that's when he fell... He never knew the truth.

More silence.

KEELY:

So... That's the baggage.

BRETT:

...That's...some serious baggage... I don't know if I've ever heard of baggage that big.

KEELY:

*(With some anger.)*

Well... now you know it!

BRETT:

Hey, listen. I mean, it wouldn't really be fair of me to judge you on this. Ya know...I mean, I don't really know...

KEELY:

*(Cutting him off.)*

Look, whatever! You don't need to say anything. I'm an evil person and that's fine! I deserve to live with that!

BRETT:

*(Caught way off guard.)*

Evil? No, Keely, you're not evil. You...

(CONTINUED)

CONTINUED:

She stops him again, now getting a bit frantic.

KEELY:

No! It's fine! I told you and now you know! You wanted to know and I told you and now you think I'm this crazy bitch who lied to her husband about this terrible thing, which of course I am, and it's fine. I knew that whoever I told about this would think the worst and you deserve to think the worst, and, ya know, live with it, man! Okay!?! I have to! And I can get by! I've been getting by LONG before you came along!

She has clearly lost her grip, and Brett can see that. He says nothing.

KEELY:

So...whatever! This...I gotta figure this out...and I will! You wanted to know, now you know. You made me tell you and now you know.

BRETT:

Made you tell me???

KEELY:

Just don't! Okay!?! Just don't!  
Just... Whatever!

BRETT:

Keely...

KEELY:

No! It's not... Just... No!

She walks away quickly.

Brett stands there alone, not knowing whether or not to go after.

He does not. He turns, and walks away.

(CONTINUED)

CONTINUED:

FADE.

37 INT. UBER CAR - BACKSEAT - NIGHT - SOME TIME LATER

NARRATOR (O.S.):  
And it can happen just like that.  
When I next saw her,  
she...well...you can tell...

Keely tries to keep it together, but she really can't and begins breaking down.

The same Uber driver watches her.

DRIVER:  
You okay, darlin'?

KEELY:  
(*Clearly not.*)  
Fine.

38 EXT. PARKING LOT - NIGHT - SOME TIME LATER

Brett walks across the parking lot of the store he and Keely were suppose to do their shifts at, which is now closed.

He stares at it pondering his future moves.

39 EXT. HOTEL - UPPER WALKWAY - NIGHT - SOME TIME LATER

Keely stands outside of her room as she continues to cry. For the first time she may actually *really* be dealing with what happened.

FADE.

40 EXT. HOTEL - UPPER WALKWAY - NIGHT - SOME TIME LATER

Brett walks along the upper walkway towards his room. Keely is no longer there. He looks down to where her room is. He thinks about walking over.

41 INT. HOTEL ROOM - NIGHT - CONTINUOUS

Keely stares at old photos of her and Brandon along with a few other personal belongings of the two of them.

(CONTINUED)

CONTINUED:

She is still a complete wreck.

42 EXT. HOTEL - UPPER WALKWAY - NIGHT - CONTINUOUS

Brett decides to walk over to Keely's room.

Should he knock? He thinks. He is about to.

43 INT. HOTEL ROOM - NIGHT - CONTINUOUS

Keely slowly gets up and paces the room. She ends up by the front door staring at it.

She thinks about opening it and walking over to his room. But she doesn't.

44 EXT. HOTEL - UPPER WALKWAY - NIGHT - CONTINUOUS

Brett lowers his hand and decides not knock. He walks away.

He opens the door to his hotel room and walks inside closing it behind him.

FADE.

45 INT. KEELY'S HOTEL ROOM - MORNING

Keely wakes up having fallen asleep in the easy chair in her room. She looks around.

It takes her a second to come to and realize everything that went down the previous night.

Pause, and then...

KEELY:

...Oh God!

She quickly gets up and rushes towards the door.

46 EXT. HOTEL - UPPER WALKWAY - MORNING - CONTINUOUS

Keely runs over to Brett's door and knocks on it.

No answer.

(CONTINUED)

CONTINUED:

She knocks again. Nothing.

KEELY:

Shit!

She checks her phone. Eight a.m.

47 EXT. HOTEL - POOL AREA - MORNING - A SHORT WHILE LATER

Keely, now wearing her bathing suit, floats, face down, in the water.

After a few seconds she flips over now floating on her back.

She reflects on everything that happened... Everything she said. She sighs and shakes her head.

48 EXT. HOTEL - PARKING LOT - MORNING - SOME TIME LATER

NARRATOR (O.S.):

That third morning was when I played my bit supporting role in this whole story. I like to think I had some kind of small impact in the outcome.

Keely waits for her ride with her bag in hand.

The uber car pulls up. Again, it is the same driver. The driver eyes her and gets out.

DRIVER:

Can I help you with your bag?

KEELY:

I didn't know Uber did that.

DRIVER:

They don't...but...you seem like you could use a hand.

The driver takes her bag and places it inside the car.

(CONTINUED)

CONTINUED:

KEELY:

I feel like I could use a few.

DRIVER:

You screwed up with that guy, huh?

KEELY:

Sort of, I think. It all happened so fast. We had a fight.

DRIVER:

Ah, a fight...yes.

KEELY:

Anyway, we both kinda unloaded on each other. We had all these problems...

DRIVER:

Most people do...

KEELY:

Well...I guess our problems didn't mesh, and so...I let him have it. And I don't know why. He didn't deserve that. Neither of us deserved that. But...I screwed up.

DRIVER:

So go apologize.

KEELY:

...What, just like that?

DRIVER:

Oh come on, girl. You're telling me a guy like that isn't gonna forgive you.

KEELY:

We barely know each other.

DRIVER:

I know. I caught on to that. And I caught onto a lot else in these last few days with you. You've been  
(MORE)

(CONTINUED)

CONTINUED:

DRIVER: (CONT'D)  
 running me ragged driving you  
 everywhere. Go do your thing! Use  
 your quips and quoes and say youre  
 sorry.

KEELY:  
 But, I...

DRIVER:  
 Get in the car!

She jumps and instinctively gets in.

DRIVER:  
 No charge on this one.

Keely smiles and nods. The driver smiles back.

49 INT. UBER CAR - BACKSEAT - MORNING - 20 MINUTES LATER

Keely sits in the back seat of an Uber car once again.

The driver looks back at her...he smiles. She smiles to him,  
 though a bit nervous about meeting with Brett again.

50 EXT. TRAIN STATION - MORNING - A SHORT TIME LATER

Brett stands awaiting his train to head back home, bag in  
 hand. He looks down the tracks to his left, then turns to  
 his right to see...

Keely approaching him from the ramp up. She stands there.

Pause. He then walks over to her. Both are unsure of what to  
 say a first.

Then...

BRETT:  
 I, uh... I thought about knocking  
 on your door last night, but I... I  
 didn't think...

(CONTINUED)

CONTINUED:

KEELY:  
(*Jumping in.*)  
I'm sorry!

No immediate response from him.

KEELY:  
Brett... I... I'm just...so, so  
sorry. It took me some time this  
morning to recap everything, and...  
Ummm... Just...I'm just sorry for  
so many of the things I said to  
you. That...first off, that wasn't  
your fault. I know you didn't make  
me say any of that and I'm so, so  
sorry that it all seemed to come  
out of nowhere. Nothing really  
prompted it, except for whatever  
reason me wanting you to take a  
chance at this small dream, even  
with everything you'd have to  
consider.

Still nothing from him.

KEELY:  
I totally understand if you can't  
forgive any of that. We just met,  
and this was an amazing two days,  
and...I understand that I ruined  
it. And...

BRETT:  
Keely...I forgave you as soon as  
you walked away.

She smiles.

KEELY:  
Yeah...?

BRETT:  
I mean, I can't really say much  
about what happened with you and  
Brandon. It's your business.  
That's...I can't imagine that  
(MORE)

(CONTINUED)

CONTINUED:

BRETT: (CONT'D)  
 situation. When I said I can't  
 judge it, I meant that.

KEELY:  
 ...You, uh... Don't think of me  
 this evil, crazy woman?

BRETT:  
 Keely... In thinking about  
 it...actually...I see you as  
 someone who wants to help someone  
 else...

Pause.

KEELY:  
 ...I have wanted to...

BRETT:  
 ...And...you...

He motions to himself. Her regret over everything has  
 quickly turned to happiness. She nods to him.

KEELY:  
 ...Yeah...

BRETT:  
 Yeah.

They smile at each other. Silence.

BRETT:  
 I've, uh... I've only got a few  
 more minutes though. Or rather, we  
 do.

KEELY:  
 ( *Holding her her ticket.* )  
 Yeah. ...So ...Did you, ummm...

BRETT:  
 Luke? Yeah. We talked. I ummm...I  
 told him it may not be the right  
 time with mom an all. But...I told  
 him I wasn't ruling it out. And  
 (MORE)

(CONTINUED)

CONTINUED:

BRETT: (CONT'D)

then...he told me I had an open invitation to join him whenever I wanted.

KEELY:

...So he's going through with it?

BRETT:

Yeah. I guess it just... Sometimes things come together out of nowhere, ya know?

KEELY:

Yeah...they do.

Brett turns to start walking towards the tracks.

KEELY:

You asked what I'd do.

Brett stops. Turns...comes back.

BRETT:

Huh?

KEELY:

Last night. I remember that part. You said "if you were me what would you do?" and then you mentioned about the things to consider and I lit you up with whatever I said...

BRETT:

*(Slightly laughing.)*

I recall that, yeah.

KEELY:

If I were you... I'd go for it. I'd ask your family for help with your mom, just while you got settled. And I'd maybe ask a friend for help with other things...

(CONTINUED)

CONTINUED:

BRETT:

You don't have to help me, Keely.  
I'd never ask that.

KEELY:

You just said...

BRETT:

(Realizing.)

...Yeah. I know, but...

She moves closer to him.

KEELY:

You need a change... And...I do  
too. We both want a change.

He can't help but agree...as he *really* has all along.

BRETT:

You've been paying for everything  
this entire time...I'm not gonna  
ask you to...

KEELY:

Brandon's company... He fell...  
Faulty boots... There was...this  
settlement. Part of why I stepped  
down. Brett... Money's not... It's  
not a problem...

For the first time, his mind is starting to change. She  
turns and looks down the tracks.

KEELY:

Look, your train's gonna be here in  
about ten minutes or so. When it  
comes, I wouldn't get on it with  
the mindset that you're gonna go  
back to work and continue on this  
same endless path. I'd call your  
friend and let him know you need a  
week or two to get things in order.  
I'd go back and start getting your  
mom ready if no one else can take  
the lead on things. You told me

(MORE)

(CONTINUED)

CONTINUED:

KEELY: (CONT'D)

your story, it was always you and her. Maybe she's want you to do this, yeah? So I'd call your friend, and I'd tell him all that.

Pause. He's really taking this in now. This is happening.

KEELY:

And if I were you I'd tell him you've met someone who likes you. Someone who wants to take a chance on something that could be great with you. Someone who can see now that there's something good coming for both of us. And if I were you I'd take a chance on this thing...and...take a chance on me.

Silence between them.

NARRATOR (O.S.):

And the rest is a small piece of history. A history that I got to witness the beginning of. By far my favorite story working for Uber.

Brett smiles.

BRETT:

...That simple, huh?

KEELY:

...Doesn't seem that hard.

He grabs her and kisses her. She embraces him, and he her. They remain locked.

FADE.

END.