

WISHBONE

By

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INT. CAR - NIGHT

NICK (mid-thirties, hipster-handsome) sits on the passenger side. On the drivers side is a CHLOE (early-thirties, attractive, confident). Both smile and laugh flirtatiously.

NICK
So, this penguin waddles into a bar...

CHLOE
Yeeaah?

NICK
He's frantically flapping his wings in a panic. The bartender asks: 'What's the matter?'. The penguin replies: 'I lost my brother'. The bartender then says: 'What does he look like?'

CHLOE
Don't quite your day job, sailor.
(*Serious*)
It's time to go.

NICK
(*Reluctant*)
It's time.

Nick leans over and kisses her deeply.

NICK
In a while, crocodile.

CHLOE
Later, 'gator.

Nick smiles, moves to get out of the car.

EXT. CAR - NIGHT

CLOSE IN ON NICK'S HAND AS HE CLOSES THE DOOR.

PULL BACK TO REVEAL:

Nick, (unkempt beard, longer hair, disheveled) stands next to a dilapidated car in a dimly lit underground parking lot.

YOUNG WOMAN (O/S)
Mr. Francis?

Nick shudders, turns to see a young couple on the other side of parking lot. The Woman has a book under her arm.

YOUNG WOMAN

I wanted to-

She stops in her tracks off of Nick's pained expression. The Young Man steps forward.

YOUNG MAN

C'mon, honey. Now's not the time.

Nick turns away, pulls a car cover over the destroyed, desolate vehicle.

EXT. STREET BY BEACH - BREAK OF DAWN

Early in the morning. Daybreak... misty and moody. Nick runs with conviction, but no joy.

Nick comes to the end of his run, sits down on a bench facing the water. Sips from a water bottle, stares out indifferently into the sunrise.

MIDDLE AGED MAN (O/S)

This view never gets old.

Nick, taken aback, spins to his right to reveal:

A middle-aged man in a black suit, white shirt and black tie, next to him on the bench.

MIDDLE AGED MAN

It's strange... For a long time, beauty like this didn't register. It would pass me by in a blur. Blotted out by the monotony of the grind. But then I learned, it's important to be grateful.

Nick seems agitated. He gets up and starts to walk briskly away.

MIDDLE AGED MAN

And I am grateful, Nick. More than words could ever express.

Nick accelerates into a run.

INT. APARTMENT BUILDING LOBBY - LATER THAT MORNING

Back from his run, Nick is by his mail box. As he shuts the mail box door, an older, large-set woman emerges carrying a mail bag. She beams at Nick.

MAIL WOMAN

Good morning, Mr. Francis.

NICK
 Bit early for a delivery, isn't
 it?

The MAIL WOMAN pulls out a small package and clipboard
 from her bag

MAIL WOMAN
 I need you to sign for this.

Nick reaches out and starts to sign. As he does this, the
 Mail Woman pulls out a book from her mail bag. She looks
 up sheepishly at Nick and holds out the book and a pen.

MAIL WOMAN
 Would you mind signing this too?

Nick sighs, annoyed. He *gruffly* grabs the book, scribbles
 something and hands it back abruptly. She smiles. Nick
 doesn't. He turns and walks away.

INT. NICK'S APARTMENT - MORNING

Minimally furnished living space. Devoid of color and
 personality.

SERIES OF QUICK SHOTS:

- Nick sits on the end of his bed, takes his sneakers off
- Nick in the shower
- Nick brushes his teeth
- Nick gets dressed
- Nick puts the kettle on
- Nick puts a tea bag into a cup
- Sits alone at the kitchen table with his tea.

END SERIES OF QUICK SHOTS

INT. APARTMENT - EARLY AFTERNOON

NICK -- on a solitary chair in the middle of his sparsely
 furnished living room, smokes, while he types on his
 laptop.

A light KNOCK on the door. NICK, stops. Waits. Continues
 to type.

RAP-RAP-RAP.

Knocks get louder, so NICK stops and gets up.

CUT TO:

NICK opens his front door. On the other side of the door is KAT (alternative, pretty, in her mid-twenties). She holds a brown bag full of groceries.

KAT
Nick Francis?

NICK
Yes?

KAT
Hi! I live down the hall. I'm-

NICK
Are you locked out?

KAT
No. No. I was just at Yentils.

NICK
Ok.

KAT
The Yiddish grocer on 5th?

NICK
Right?

KAT
They have this amazing roast chicken and-

NICK
What do you want?

KAT
Well, I have all this food, and thought-

NICK
That's what you have, not what you want.

KAT
(Wavers)
Uh, I just figured you may be hungry.

NICK
That's for me?

KAT
Yeah.

NICK

Why?

KAT

Why? Um, random act of kindness?

Nick hesitates slightly in the doorway.

KAT

And it's really kinda heavy.
C'mon, let a girl in.

Nick pauses, stirred by a memory. He opens the door slightly.

Kat confidently walks through and over to the kitchen table. She lays down the bag of groceries and shakes out her arms. She unpacks Styrofoam containers, and a roasted CHICKEN.

KAT

Gotta admire your zen-li-ness.
I'm a proud, card-carrying
pack-rat. But I s'pose for you it
makes sense... uncluttered space,
uncluttered mind, right? Which is
important-

NICK

Ok.

Kat looks bemused. Nick walks brusquely over to a shelf and grabs from a pile of books that share the same cover.

SUPER ON SCREEN - name of the book:

'Adrift in the Abyss' - by Andy King'

Photo of Nick at the back.

END SUPER ON SCREEN

Nick opens it, pulls pencil from behind his ear, scribbles something in it and then TOSSES it over to KAT.

NICK

Here.

Unfazed, Kat takes a moment to study the back of the book.

KAT

Why Andy King?

NICK

Because of this.

They both stare at each other.

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