

Still Time

Written by

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Third Draft

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WGA Registered  
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INT. COLLEGE CLASSROOM - DAY

REBEKAH (20/21) sits to the left of STEVE (20/21). They are not familiar.

A PROFESSOR stands before the class. He's young and hip and wearing a tan leather blazer and boat shoes without socks.

PROFESSOR

Now, our next exercise is a simple one. And this will represent first of all just how we all see the world differently, even on a micro level.

Rebekah has curly brunette hair and light brown eyes: a certain amount of jaw-dropping beauty borne of an effervescence and an uplifting presence. She's dressed well and wears high top white sneakers. Her general air is one of confidence.

Steve, on the other hand, seems kind of schlubby with his hair going every which way and a five o'clock shadow that casts a dark pallor over the lower half of his face. It's well into the afternoon but he's dressed like it's 7AM and he woke up late for class.

(beat)

So, simple task: Turn to the person next to you and tell'em where you're from.

Steve turns toward Rebekah but she turns away. Her other neighbor is previously engaged. She turns back to Steve.

REBEKAH

(uncomfortable)

Hi, I'm Rebekah.

STEVE

(a little too hyped)

Steve.

REBEKAH

Where are you from?

STEVE

Oh, uh--

(jokingly coming onto her)

Where are you from?

She does her best to hide a negative reaction.

REBEKAH  
Simi Valley, just a dumb little town  
full of horses.

His face drops, he is silent. She smiles nervously.

REBEKAH (cont'd)  
What's so shocking about that?

STEVE  
That's where I'm from too.

REBEKAH  
....whoa.

STEVE  
Crazy, right?

REBEKAH  
I'm... And I've never met you?

STEVE  
What the fuck, right? This is cool!

The room quiets down as everyone finishes asking.

PROFESSOR  
Now, raise your hand if you've heard  
of the city?

Many hands go up.

PROFESSOR (cont'd)  
Been there?

Many hands go down.

PROFESSOR (cont'd)  
Lived there?

Rebekah and Steve are the last two with their hands raised.  
He looks over and smiles. She laughs nervously.

PROFESSOR (cont'd)  
Knew each other?

They bring their hands down.

PROFESSOR (cont'd)  
Well that's new.

The Professor smiles, then turns to the class.

PROFESSOR (cont'd)

This is actually an excellent example of the matter at hand. Even though they're from the same city, they've definitely developed different outlooks.

INT. PSYCHIATRIST'S OFFICE - DAY

Steve sits across from a YOUNG PSYCHIATRIST wearing navy blue scrubs that seem like they've been tailored.

The doctor clangs away at a keyboard as Steve speaks.

STEVE

My mental map might be coming back to me?

YOUNG PSYCHIATRIST

As a question?

STEVE

I'm still in that void I told you about but...

Steve shrugs.

YOUNG PSYCHIATRIST

Do you think you'd benefit more from raising your dose or standing pat for now?

INT. REBEKAH'S COLLEGE ROOM - NIGHT

Rebekah lays on the bed next to NANCY (20's). She has jet black hair and thick-rimmed glasses--her goth tendencies slowly eroded by the slow life of Humboldt.

A novelty light projecting stars spins over them. They're both a little drunk.

REBEKAH

Maybe Prague... it's always had such a beauty to me... I just know I've gotta get out of here for a little while after I graduate...

NANCY

I feel you.

REBEKAH

Do you ever feel like you've never  
gotten to know yourself?

NANCY

Not yet... but all signs point to it  
dawning on me at some point...

EXT. BEACH - DAY

Rebekah and Nancy walk along the beach toward a bonfire  
being attended by at least ten people. They are bundled up  
against the cold on yet another gray day.

REBEKAH (V.O.)

I just--I hope for a lot of things  
and that feels really fragile.

EXT. CROSS-CAMPUS WALK 'N TALK - DAY

Steve and Rebekah come out of the building together. They  
continue walking side by side, awkwardly and on accident,  
for a long moment.

REBEKAH

Where are you headed?

STEVE

Home for a nap. Are you this way too?

REBEKAH

Yeah, I parked over there.

STEVE

(like a gentleman)

Well, I dare say, my lady, if that's  
the case then I must ask if you'd  
allow me the pleasure of accompanying  
your left side for a little while.

She stops and looks him over and smiles.

REBEKAH

(like a Southern  
Belle)

My goodness, my left side? I don't  
know if a lady like me would allow  
it. It is my best side, after all.

Steve smiles..

STEVE

So I'm assuming we went to different high schools?

REBEKAH

I went to Santa Susana, you probably went to Simi.

STEVE

(mock indignity)

What're you saying about me?

(beat)

You probably think the Jonny Boy's up by the Regal has the best pizza.

REBEKAH

What, I like their pizza!

STEVE

Holy shit, I was right?

She laughs.

REBEKAH

Maybe... What'd you come up here for?

STEVE

Journalism. I wanna write about baseball but that's stupid so, uh, let's talk about you!

REBEKAH

But only if you consider specific stupid... Well, that and the fact this school doesn't have a team... Huh, I hadn't thought of that.

(with a nudge)

Maybe it's not just specific.

STEVE

Hey... I didn't realize that until I got here. I just wanted to be far for awhile.

REBEKAH

Sounds about right. I picked the farthest in-state public school from home. But you like it?

STEVE

(doing that flirty thing again)

Do you like it?

It gets her to laugh this time.

REBEKAH  
Enough. The weather sucks and I'm  
craving a mega-dose of sunshine  
but... I've learned a lot.

STEVE  
I'd never be able to stay past  
graduation, though.

REBEKAH  
It gets really claustrophobic here,  
doesn't it.

They stroll up to the quad and come upon A CHRISTIAN GROUP  
that has set up shop in the Free Speech space. Their banner  
says, "Still Time." THE MAN AT THE MIC is dressed well, trim  
and fit like a rower--clearly a soon-to-be Youth Pastor.

MAN AT THE MIC  
And y'know what? God's actually a  
great comedian because His will is  
all about timing.

Steve looks to Rebekah, thinking it's about them but she  
clearly isn't thinking about him--the whole situation seems  
to have thwacked her over the head with bitter resentment.  
He tries his best not to slump.

STEVE  
Well, I'm that way.

REBEKAH  
You live in the dorms?

STEVE  
I like it.

REBEKAH  
But you're too old to live there,  
silly.

STEVE  
Sure, make fun of me now, but we'll  
see when who's usin' who for free  
desserts at the dining hall.

She laughs.

REBEKAH  
I might take you up on that.  
(MORE)

REBEKAH (cont'd)

(beat)

I'm toward the lot. I'll see you soon, Steve.

STEVE

Sounds good.

They hug tentatively before she turns away and walks down the path between buildings.

Steve does a small fist pump then turns to walk toward his dorm.

Along the path, his face grows sullen the longer he's left to his own thoughts.

MATCH CUT TO:

EXT. ARCATA MARSH - DUSK

Rebekah walks up to a bench and sits on the right side. The view of Humboldt Bay is breathtaking. She brings out her notebook and a pencil, shifts herself to focus on the eucalyptus trees lining the road and begins.

MATCH CUT TO:

INT. HOUSE PARTY - LIVING ROOM - NIGHT

Steve sits on the left of a couch, away from the party. He holds a beer and stares at a TV playing shitty music videos. The sound is turned way up so that everyone can hear it.

JORDAN (20/21) walks in. He's slick with his long hair and fedora and beige leather blazer. He sees Steve and laughs at him.

JORDAN

Who is she?

STEVE

What?

JORDAN

Peach Face, you're not listening to me.

STEVE

(rubbing his chin)

Oh yeah. I dunno why I did it. I don't even know who she knows.

(MORE)



STEVE (cont'd)  
(high-pitched)  
"I wanted to feel pretty, okay?"

Jordan laughs.

JORDAN  
Sounds like you're smitten and  
hopeful, my good sir.

STEVE  
I doubt she'd even be here.

Jordan flops down on the couch.

JORDAN  
So I'm right. What's she look like?

STEVE  
She's gorgeous, I guarantee you, but  
but that's not what it's about--it's  
the fact that she, like, *knows* me  
already in a way most people don't, I  
feel like and--

Jordan punches him on the arm.

JORDAN  
Your vagina is showing. C'mon, I need  
a beer.

They stand and head toward the kitchen.

JORDAN (cont'd)  
Man, I've felt fuckin' dopey all day.  
Y'know what my professor called me? A  
doofus. He said he had no idea how  
I'd failed upward so well for so  
long.

STEVE  
Shit man, that's harsh.

JORDAN  
Good thing there's no such thing as  
having a drinking problem in your  
early 20's.

STEVE  
Her name's Rebekah.

Jordan points to a RANDOM WOMAN.

JORDAN  
Did she look like that?

STEVE  
No.

Jordan points again to ANOTHER RANDOM WOMAN.

JORDAN  
What about like that?

STEVE  
No, Christ, she looked like,

Steve scans the room and freezes when he spots Rebekah. He surreptitiously nods toward her.

STEVE (cont'd)  
That.

Jordan looks over and sees Rebekah for the first time through the crowd.

JORDAN  
Holy shit, her?

STEVE  
How do I look?

JORDAN  
Like you still have no chance. How do I look?

STEVE  
Jesus, no, pick someone else.

Jordan takes a step toward Rebekah before being stopped by Steve.

STEVE (cont'd)  
Dude.

Jordan stops.

JORDAN  
You're right. Let's start over there, in the kitchen. Let her find us.

HOUSE PARTY - KITCHEN

THREE DUDES pass a pipe as Jordan and Steve enter.

The First Dude sits on the counter.

THE FIRST DUDE  
Yeah man. MK Ultra is definitely  
still ongoing.

The Second Dude leans against a fridge upon which are a shitload of magnets that he keeps accidentally knocking off. As he speaks, he's picking some up from off the floor.

THE SECOND DUDE  
C'mon man, I doubt it.

Jordan maneuvers around him as he opens the fridge for a beer. As he closes the door, Jordan smears his hand and knocks off more magnets.

THE SECOND DUDE (cont'd)  
It's totally under a different name--  
hey!

The Second Dude stands holding a magnet aloft.

THE SECOND DUDE (cont'd)  
Trees of Mystery, I've been there.

The Third Dude is JUST TORVALD, a Norwegian who may or may not be a ghost.

JUST TORVALD  
Like on the internet?

STEVE  
So it's good then.

JUST TORVALD  
What?

STEVE  
Whatever you're on.

JUST TORVALD  
This weed is grown next to Orchids.  
Beautiful.

Jordan turns to Steve.

JORDAN  
Garage?

JUST TORVALD  
Yes, that's where they're grown.

Steve shrugs. They head toward the garage and poke their heads in.

HOUSE PARTY - GARAGE

It's been outfitted as a grow room for orchids, heliotrope, and a legal amount of marijuana. There's a ping pong table in the middle.

People stand on the sidelines as two people play an intense game.

RANDOM GUY

When are we gonna watch *Porky's*?

RANDOM GIRL

What the fuck is *Porky's*?

RANDOM SECOND GUY

It's a work of art!

JORDAN

She's not in here.

Steve watches the game.

JORDAN (cont'd)

(nudging)

Hey.

STEVE

(agitated)

What?

JORDAN

We should go find her.

STEVE

Jesus, dude, layoff.

JORDAN

My butt! It hurts!

They watch the game before them play out, back and forth between two players that're getting progressively more drunk, taking a victory swig after every point. Everybody's into it.

In the background, Rebekah appears in the doorway. She takes a step in, clearly looking for someone. When she sees Steve, she does a double take.

REBEKAH

Steve?

He turns his eyes upon her. She smiles.

EXT. FIELD - DAY

Rebekah's hand reaches through rustling knee high grass and cattails toward something off-screen.

BACK TO:

INT. HOUSE PARTY - GARAGE - NIGHT

Jordan gets her attention.

JORDAN

Must be Rebekah.

REBEKAH

How'd you know?

JORDAN

I can talk to birds.

She laughs.

STEVE

Hey! Rebekah! What's up? I'm glad you recognized me.

REBEKAH

(with playful nudges)

Why, because you shaved? And combed your hair? And generally don't look like you just woke up?

He stops her with a smile.

STEVE

Me and Jordan are just watching some ping pong. Good stuff, just like your burns.

She laughs as she leans away from Steve toward Jordan.

REBEKAH

I'm assuming this is Jordan?

STEVE

Yeah...

He puts out his hand for a shake. She obliges as he gracefully takes her hand and bows deeply.

JORDAN

Nice to meet you.

REBEKAH

Hi, uhm. I'm actually trying to find my friend so I can't talk--I guess she's super drunk and ran off somewhere. I'll see you soon, okay?

STEVE

Oh, yeah.

She gives Steve a small hug.

REBEKAH

Nice to meet you, Jordan.

She turns to leave, remembers, turns back.

REBEKAH (cont'd)

Are you guys going to the thing tomorrow?

INT. STEVE'S DORM ROOM - LATER

Steve and Jordan, drunk and tired, stumble into the room. It's sparsely decorated with unframed posters and fairly messy.

JORDAN

God, it's so dumb you still live here.

STEVE

I like it. Plus, remind me why you're sleeping on my goddamn floor?

JORDAN

You know Other Steve is the worst.

STEVE

And do you see any roommates around?

JORDAN

I see your point.

Throughout the scene, they set up a place for Jordan to sleep.

STEVE  
I can't stop thinking about her, man.  
She's seems so sweet.

JORDAN  
Gay. She's hot, dawg. And way out of  
your league, your ballpark, your  
city, your--

Steve hits him with a pillow.

STEVE  
I wish this thing was full of  
nickels.

JORDAN  
(high-pitched mimicry)  
"Fuck you, dad!"

Steve gives a little with a laugh.

STEVE  
And what, though, so you're her type  
and I'm not.

JORDAN  
I play in the majors, you know that.

STEVE  
You make her sound like a commodity.

Steve stops.

STEVE (cont'd)  
You're gonna try'n steal her, aren't  
you.

JORDAN  
(mocking Steve)  
She is not a commodity, she cannot be  
"stolen."

STEVE  
There's always a chance.

JORDAN  
For me to get my dick wet.

STEVE  
So you're not backing down.

JORDAN  
Nope.

STEVE  
 You're just gonna go all pound and  
 bound on a girl I really--

Steve, exasperated and overwhelmed by the possibility, stops helping Jordan.

STEVE (cont'd)  
 Fix it yourself then, asshole. I'll  
 see you in the morning.

Steve pops off his shoes, gets under the covers, and rolls over. Jordan watches Steve for a long moment before continuing to lay out bedding.

INT. REBEKAH'S COLLEGE APARTMENT - MORNING

Rebekah sits at the table eating breakfast.

Nancy enters, hung over and half awake with her hair going every which way. She still wears a semblance of last night's outfit.

NANCY  
 I don't see how you can be so bushy-  
 tailed after all that.

She sits down with a sigh.

REBEKAH  
 I should mostly just be exhausted  
 from chasing you around.

NANCY  
 I know, that's what I mean.

REBEKAH  
 It was still a fun time, I mean, do  
 you remember any of the random people  
 we met?

NANCY  
 Nope, I don't really remember much  
 after going into the High Brow.  
 (beat)  
 ...we wound up at a house and we....  
 there was ping pong?

REBEKAH  
 Jeez, yeah, we went to that girl  
 Francesca's friend's party. We met  
 them all at the bar.

(MORE)



REBEKAH (cont'd)

And of course they had friends and of course you had to run off.

NANCY

You don't have to spend all your time saving me. I woulda been fine.

REBEKAH

Sure, and then what would I do? It was better than just coming home.

NANCY

Yeah but... Sometimes I feel like I'm accidentally taking advantage of you.

REBEKAH

Don't worry, I like being there for you.

NANCY

So you still had fun last night?

REBEKAH

Sure, I ran into some people from class and stuff. But you do need to control yourself a little better. That way, you won't wake up all guilt-addled from the memory loss.

NANCY

Oh shit, did I do something? What happened?

INT. DINING HALL - MORNING

Jordan sets down his tray, full of cake and milk, across from Steve.

JORDAN

Thanks for this.

STEVE

If you'd call that breakfast.

JORDAN

Please, muffins're just cake with their pants on. They're both tasty and tasteful.

They settle in to eating for a long moment. Jordan pauses before taking a bite.

JORDAN (cont'd)  
Shit, man, I'm sorry.

STEVE  
For which thing.

JORDAN  
I'm being serious. I was a dick last night. If you like her that much, I'll lay off.

STEVE  
Wow, look at you being human.

JORDAN  
I'm trying my best here.

STEVE  
So, but, prove it.

JORDAN  
Dude, whatever. I'm being sincere. I'll show you, just watch...

They eat.

STEVE  
Did you practice any interview stuff?

JORDAN  
Yeah, I got this whole thing planned where like I say--

INT. CONFERENCE ROOM - DAY

Jordan speaks to a MUSIC ALUMNI. The banner above them says, "Music Department."

JORDAN  
It all started because I wanted to be in a ska band.  
(beat)  
Turned out I just liked music.

Across the room, Steve speaks to a JOURNALISM ALUMNI.

STEVE  
Yeah, I mean, the dream's always kinda been to get hired by a baseball team as a beat writer.

Under the "ARTS - GRAPHIC DESIGN" Banner, Rebekah speaks to JANE (50s) who is tall and slender with long white hair and thick-rimmed glasses.

REBEKAH

Right now? I dunno, I just... I wish I had a better answer but--I love what I'm doing, I'm just a little tired of the constructs of school, maybe... And... I feel like I've lost sight what it's like to just make art for myself, as an independent woman.

JANE

College is what's keeping you from being Beyonce, got it.

Rebekah laughs.

JANE (cont'd)

...you have a sketchbook, don't you.

REBEKAH

How'd you know?

JANE

The type of mind you seem to have. And the size of your purse.

Rebekah grows sheepish.

JANE (cont'd)

Oh don't get shy about it, it's nothing. Do you have anything you can show me?

REBEKAH

I dunno, it's actually... a lot of horses.

JANE

A country girl.

REBEKAH

I grew up that way, yeah. Never really got into the music even though it's all my dad listens to.

JANE

I like it. I like horses too.

Rebekah opens her purse and pulls out her sketchbook. Its black cover is aged and adorned with a few stickers. Most of its pages are full. She leafs through it quickly until she finds one that she's proud of.

REBEKAH  
(showing the book)  
It's my mom's horse.

JANE  
Is it from a picture?

REBEKAH  
Yeah. Well, I embellished and stuff a little bit but--do you wanna see the picture? I can--

Rebekah starts to dig in her purse for her phone as Jane flips through the pages. Horses and animals and different designs and shapes and color combinations and fonts and calligraphy that've been experimented with fill the pages.

REBEKAH (cont'd)  
Sorry, I can't find my phone in here,  
I wanna show you the picture it's  
based on.  
(digging back in)  
Goshdarnit...

Jane puts a hand on her arm.

JANE  
Let me stop you. It's great.

Rebekah realizes that Jane leafed through her notebook.

REBEKAH  
(shy)  
You didn't see anything... silly,  
right?

JANE  
You're adorable.  
(beat)  
Let me give you my card...

The alumni hands back Rebekah's journal then turns away to grab a business card.

Unbeknownst to her, Jordan comes up behind Rebekah and peers at the drawing over her shoulder.

JORDAN

Cool horse.

She jumps in fright. Jane turns back.

REBEKAH

Sorry, he just spooked me.

JANE

Do you know him?

REBEKAH

No, Yeah, well, I mean, this is...  
Jason?

JORDAN

I'm hurt, Rebekah.

REBEKAH

Oh c'mon, that's unfair. You just  
scared me.

JANE

Here's my card. Email me in a few  
months when you feel like you know  
your direction. Maybe we can work  
something out.

(to Jordan)

Best of luck.

JORDAN

Thanks, ma'am.

(to Rebekah)

It's Craig Kerfifflestein.

Rebekah takes the business card.

REBEKAH

Thank you so much.

She turns to Jordan.

REBEKAH (cont'd)

You're ridiculous.

JORDAN

Eddie Adams from Torrance.

REBEKAH

(laughing)

Who else.

JORDAN  
Count Jackula the Eighth.

REBEKAH  
But seriously.

JORDAN  
Jordan. Rebekah, right?

REBEKAH  
Right.

JORDAN  
With a "c" or a "k?"

REBEKAH  
A "k."

JORDAN  
So you're Jewish.

REBEKAH  
My parents are Christian.

Steve turns the corner and sees them interacting. He watches unnoticed as he approaches.

JORDAN  
I bet it's a triple K because your  
parents are racists.

REBEKAH  
It's actually because they love Ice  
Cube.

STEVE  
(butting in)  
Her parents nearly named her O'Shea.

JORDAN  
(turning)  
Oh hey buddy!

INT. PIZZA JOINT - DAY

Rebekah, Steve, Jordan, and Nancy sit around a table.

NANCY  
So how'd it go for you guys?

JORDAN

Fine, I guess. I'm kinda on the fence if I even wanna keep playing, though.

REBEKAH

What instrument?

JORDAN

Trumpet. I started as a kid. But the whole world of scouting bands really seems cool.

NANCY

I played clarinet in high school.

JORDAN

I might look into working for a record label or something instead, I dunno yet...

(beat)

Rebekah, hi, how'd it go for you?

REBEKAH

Pretty good until *someone* rudely interrupted me while I was showing my drawings to a potential connection.

JORDAN

Hey, don't blame me for your jumpiness.

STEVE

You draw?

NANCY

(goadng)

Show them.

REBEKAH

No, well, yes to you, Steve, but no to you, Nancy. I'm not taking it out.

STEVE

Insert dick joke here.

Everyone laughs.

NANCY

C'mon... just a couple things.

Rebekah scoffs with concession and speaks as she gets it out of her purse.

REBEKAH

Fine, but only a couple things. The lady, Jane, leafed through nearly the whole thing while I was trying to dig out my phone and...

Rebekah drops it on the table with a thud.

REBEKAH (cont'd)

It sucks because there's a lot of not-so-great stuff that I'm just working on. I don't know now if she actually liked me or if she just gave me her card out of pity.

Rebekah opens the book.

STEVE

I already like all the colors. I'd hire you just based on your palette.

She turns to the drawing of the horse and shows it to Steve.

REBEKAH

I draw.

STEVE

Oh wow! I can practically hear it whinny.

REBEKAH

And I'll show you guys this but that's it...

She flips to a bookmarked page and lays out a detailed portrait of a building across a river in Eastern Europe.

REBEKAH (cont'd)

This is the exact spot I'm going to find after graduation.

JORDAN

That looks far.

REBEKAH

That's the whole point. I drew a portrait of a picture and now I wanna see it in person to see how it all blends together in my memory.

STEVE

Then are you gonna draw it again?



REBEKAH  
I'd like to.

Jordan reaches to turn the page but Rebekah slaps his hand.  
He plays dead.

EXT. PIZZA JOINT PARKING LOT - EVENING

The four of them come out of the restaurant. Jordan sees that Rebekah's about to go with Nancy, that she didn't drive here.

JORDAN  
(to Rebekah)  
You wanna ride with me?

REBEKAH  
(kind of stunned)  
I mean--

She looks at Nancy, then to Steve who's staring at Jordan, and back.

REBEKAH (cont'd)  
It seems okay.

INT. JORDAN'S CAR - DUSK

They drive south on the 101 between Arcata and Eureka.

Jordan notices the time.

JORDAN  
Hey, it's 8:02. I wonder if frogs are gonna fall from the sky.

REBEKAH  
...Magnolia...?

JORDAN  
You know that movie?

REBEKAH  
"My name is Quiz Kid Donnie Smith and I have a lot of love to give."

JORDAN  
"Find the gun, Jim!"

They laugh together.

REBEKAH

I've always pegged you as more of a Philip Seymour Hoffman... Steve's kinda the Jim.

JORDAN

And who's Nancy? Linda Partridge?

REBEKAH

No, she's the Aimee Mann in all of us, holding it together.

JORDAN

We all have our layers.

REBEKAH

(like Shrek)

"Onions have layers. Ogres have layers. Get it?"

Jordan breaks down laughing, to the point that he accidentally shows his "real laugh."

He abruptly goes silent.

REBEKAH (cont'd)

Did something happen?

JORDAN

(quietly)

I don't like my laugh.

(beat)

Please don't tickle me.

He quickly digs his iPod out of the center console.

JORDAN (cont'd)

That song is on here. See if you can find it.

EXT. MOVIE THEATER - DUSK

Steve and Nancy wait quietly before the box office while Jordan and Rebekah pull up and park.

She's laughing as she gets out of the car. Steve panics. He walks toward them as they approach.

STEVE

(to Rebekah)

Can I talk to you for a sec?

REBEKAH

Sure?

Jordan walks ahead toward the theater.

STEVE

Let me pay for your ticket. We can call it our first date.

REBEKAH

I'm sorry, what?

STEVE

I don't mean to rush it's just I really--I enjoy your company.

REBEKAH

Steve...

She turns to walk away.

STEVE

Please?

She turns back.

REBEKAH

This isn't a zero sum game like you're thinking so stop acting like a scared little boy and let's go.

Once more, she makes to walk to the theater. Steve stays put for a long moment before turning to walk back to his car.

JORDAN

You're going the wrong way!

Steve waves without turning back.

FADE TO BLACK

OVER BLACK

"The Weeks turn into Months turn into..."

FADE IN:

EXT. SIDEWALK - NIGHT

Jordan and Rebekah walk down the street.

NANCY (V.O.)

What do you mean he can't do it  
without you?

REBEKAH (V.O.)

I dunno if I'd even wanna go by  
myself, honestly.

Their hands slowly intertwine.

NANCY (V.O.)

Jesus Christ, Rebekah, you're losing  
me.

They look at each other and smile.

INT. REBEKAH AND NANCY'S APARTMENT - DAY

Nancy has a leg up, defensive. Rebekah cries. They sit  
across from each other at the kitchen table.

NANCY

(continuing)

If you're gonna allow him to do this  
after only like seven months, imagine  
the shit he's gonna pull long term.

REBEKAH

You're being too harsh--like I said,  
this whole thing has a double-edge.

NANCY

(emphatic)

Bullshit.

Nancy stares down Rebekah.

NANCY (cont'd)

I refuse to stand around and watch  
you burn.

Silence. Rebekah weeps.

FADE TO BLACK

OVER BLACK

"...until after about five years..."

FADE IN:

EXT. REBEKAH'S PARENTS' RANCH - DUSK

A horse and its foal play in the dirt before Rebekah. Her hair is cropped short and she wears glasses.

She sits in a camping chair. In her lap is her sketchbook. She lifts her hand to scratch her nose. The wind rustles its pages and it lands on a partially finished portrait of JORDAN. She picks up her pencil from the ground and returns to see the portrait.

She grows still.

Her dad, BILL, walks up. She smiles. He is heavysset and tall and jovial in his light denim shirt and dark denim pants.

REBEKAH  
Hey dad, perfect timing.

BILL  
You doin' alright, kiddo?

REBEKAH  
Yeah, it's just...

A shrug he understands.

BILL  
We're gonna go eat in a little bit.  
If you aren't inside yet, I'll text  
you when we're thinking of leaving.

Rebekah nods. He smiles before heading away.

She turns back to the animals.

EXT. HIKING TRAIL - DAY

Steve hikes quietly by himself. He now has a beard and longer hair. His walk is slightly more hunched, as if he's carried the weight of his early-20s on his back.

COSMO (V.O.)  
It worries me, man, that you started  
packing before you even saw a single  
apartment.

STEVE (V.O.)  
I like to be prepared.

COSMO (V.O.)  
I dunno, man, because this is  
starting to remind me of last time  
and I really--

He heaves a sob, stopping Cosmo's Voice-Over. He looks  
around in fear of being seen by someone else.

He stops. He sets his pack down. He cries.

INT. STEVE'S STUDIO APARTMENT - DAY

Steve sits before his desktop computer in a small alcove.  
Some stuff is packed into boxes.

Before him on the desk is his laptop with a sports article  
pulled up along with several other open tabs. There are  
notes on the tabletop.

Steve presses the Go Live button.

STEVE  
Hey everyone, welcome to another  
episode of It's the Baseball Show,  
Bro! No, I still haven't thought of a  
better name.

INT. EMPTY STUDIO APARTMENT #1 - MORNING

Steve walks into the apartment with a LANDLORD.

His video speech continues over this and the next few  
scenes.

STEVE (V.O.)  
(continuing)  
Right off the top, I wanted to let  
you know that I'm moving pretty soon.

INT. EMPTY STUDIO APARTMENT #2 - DAY

Steve walks away from a DIFFERENT LANDLORD into the  
apartment and toward the window.

STEVE (V.O.)  
Enough of my personal bullshit.

INT. EMPTY STUDIO APARTMENT #3 - DUSK

Steve looks out the window. The THIRD LANDLORD stands behind him.

STEVE (V.O)  
Let's get into yesterday's action,  
and I guess some of today's since  
we've got sweet, sweet morning  
baseball going on out in Miami.

INT. EMPTY STUDIO APARTMENT #4 - NIGHT

It is quiet.

Steve opens a closet. Behind it is a washer and a dryer. YET ANOTHER LANDLORD stands next to him.

SERIES OF SHOTS - MORNING/DAY/DUSK/NIGHT

INTERCUT of Steve walking down four different streets back to his car. He tries his best not to walk with his head down but...

Each street takes a different amount of time. The walk that takes the longest occurs at dusk: it grows darker as Steve gets in his car and sits without starting the engine.

Silence. He puts his head down as things grow dim.

MATCH CUT TO:

EXT. REBEKAH/JORDAN'S APARTMENT - NIGHT

She stands, quietly exasperated, head hanging low before the stairs up to her apartment.

She looks up and stares at the back of Jordan's head.

STEVE (V.O.)  
Don't. Quit. Keep. Going.

Her attentions returns to her feet as she heads up the steps.

MATCH CUT TO:

EXT. HIKING TRAIL - DAY

Steve watches his feet as he quietly walks along the trail. His eyes are red and bloodshot and dry. Nature and quietude surround him as he heads further along the trail.

STEVE  
 (in time with his  
 steps)  
 Don't. Quit. Keep. Going.  
 Don't. Quit. Keep. Going.

Quietude.

INT. BREWERY OFFICE - DAY

Steve talks to COSMO (28). They sit at chairs on opposite sides of a desk. Cosmo is tall and lanky and blonde. His blue eyes resonate even through the darkest sunglasses. They both hold tiny beer sampler cups.

COSMO  
 (after a pause)  
 That's really what you tell yourself?

STEVE  
 That's really what I tell myself.

COSMO  
 Here, try this one.

They "cheers" their paper shot glasses and slug back the brew.

Steve cringes and shivers and dances out the disgust.

STEVE  
 Gross dude! What're you thinking?

Cosmo looks in the cup.

COSMO  
 Oh, sorry, *I* drank the beer. You  
 drank my nut butter.  
 (beat)  
 C'mon, man, I'm really trying here.

STEVE  
 Huh, well? Keep practicing.



COSMO  
I'll give it more time or something  
uh...

Cosmo refills his cup. Steve points to a different.

STEVE  
That one was okay, give me that one  
again.

Cosmo refills Steve's cup. They "cheers" and drink back  
another shot of beer.

REBEKAH (V.O.)  
(in media res)  
Oh, thanks, uhm, I think I know what  
your shirt's referencing... Anyway, I  
studied PR in college up in Humboldt  
and then kinda fell into social media  
as the company I was at grew into  
needing someone to do their tweets  
and all that.

Again, Steve dances out the demons in his chair as Rebekah  
finishes her answer.

MATCH CUT TO:

INT. BREWERY OFFICE - NEXT DAY

LENA sits in Cosmo's place. She has long black hair and  
brown eyes. She's feisty and amicable and sweet. She dressed  
in a tastefully well-worn T-Shirt and jeans. Her Doc  
Marten's are colorful and tight-laced and steel-toed.

Rebekah sits in Steve's place, across from Lena. She is both  
dressed up and wound up.

LENA  
So you definitely have some  
transferable skills but...

REBEKAH  
But I still got let go.

LENA  
Exactly.

REBEKAH  
Apps and widgets don't excite me. I  
stayed too long and... I'm scared to  
get too personal.

LENA

Try me.

REBEKAH

I dunno, I just lost touch with myself and when it came time to cut someone, I was the first to go--

(stopping herself)

I hope that's not too honest.

LENA

Could you be satisfied with the work?

REBEKAH

I'm sorry?

LENA

I'm saying that this job is basically the same thing you did, just with beer. And if you're gonna fizzle out and die on us, I don't wanna have that around from the beginning.

REBEKAH

Beer's cool, though, it's got a lot of options. More than anything I think it'd be great being a part of growing a brand instead of, like, a mega-corporation.

(with a shrug)

To be completely honest I'm still a wine and whiskey girl.

LENA

Classy.

REBEKAH

So, but, I have a sort of knowledge base of everything, if it helps, even though it's not in a professional setting. I mean, I've been going to bars all my adult life and Lord knows my boyfriend drinks so I kind of know the whole scene.

Lena is quiet for a long moment, looking over Rebekah who after a moment smiles nervously.

REBEKAH (cont'd)

Did I say something?

LENA  
(after another beat)  
You seem nice.

REBEKAH  
Thanks, uh...

Lena smiles.

LENA  
I'm gonna say... Come by tomorrow,  
can you do that?

REBEKAH  
I mean, what time?

LENA  
When works for you? Later, like  
three?

REBEKAH  
What'd it be for? Another interview?

LENA  
Kinda. I want you to just come by and  
meet my husband. This is more his  
baby than mine but he hates this part  
of the process. Hence, my beautiful  
face.

Rebekah laughs.

LENA (cont'd)  
You seem great but I'm leery of the  
fact that you burned out at a job  
doing the exact same thing as you'd  
be doing here. No offense, just a  
safeguard.

REBEKAH  
None taken. Okay, uhm... four will  
work. It'll work.

LENA  
I said three.

REBEKAH  
Shoot--sorry. I mean, can it be four?  
It'd work better for me.

LENA  
Four is fine.

INT. BOWLING ALLEY - EVENING

Cosmo, dressed in full bowling outfit, pitches the ball. It only hits two pins.

Steve laughs from his chair at the console.

STEVE  
You're getting better.

COSMO  
Whatever, doofus.

Cosmo sits down. Steve doesn't move.

COSMO (cont'd)  
Your turn.

Cosmo punches him on the arm.

COSMO (cont'd)  
Bowl, take your mind off of  
whatever's stuck up in your noggin if  
only for a second.

Steve sighs.

STEVE  
Okay.

Cosmo's phone goes off, he checks it as Steve slaps his knees and stands.

STEVE (cont'd)  
I should get going.

COSMO  
Why? No one's even gotten here yet.

STEVE  
I know but...

Steve sits down and starts to unlace his shoes until Cosmo stops him.

COSMO  
Nah, dawg. You ain't goin' home and  
getting drunk by yourself yourself.  
You're staying. You're getting drunk  
with me and the boys.

(MORE)

COSMO (cont'd)  
 And we're talking about your Lord and  
 Savior Jesus Christ. This pamphlet  
 will help start our conversation.

Steve enjoys the inside joke.

STEVE  
 ...Fuck, okay, alright. You're right.

Cosmo smoothly sits and puts an arm around Steve's shoulders  
 all in one motion.

COSMO  
 Relax a little baby girl.

Steve heaves one hell of a sigh in Cosmo's arms.

STEVE  
 I'm reminded why Lena loves you.

A GROUP OF PEOPLE dressed like Cosmo approach the lane.  
 Cosmo stands to greet him.

COSMO  
 What's up! Steve is trying to leave!

The crowd reproaches the announcement with boos.

INT. REBEKAH'S APARTMENT - NIGHT

Rebekah comes through the door to find Jordan watching  
 cartoons in the dark. He's aged considerably--gone is the  
 long hair and the fire in his eyes. A vodka bottle sits on  
 the table next to a glass with ice in it.

REBEKAH  
 Seriously?

JORDAN  
 What?

REBEKAH  
 It's not even seven and you're neck  
 deep in it.

JORDAN  
 Jeez, did the interview go so bad  
 that you're taking it out me? I'm  
 having my requisite one before going  
 out.

REBEKAH  
Requisite.

JORDAN  
You're acting weird. It's fine. See?

He stands, grabs his jacket.

REBEKAH  
The interview went well, if you care.

JORDAN  
What's with you?

He leaves.

She pours a small sip of vodka and drinks it down.

INT. STEVE'S WORK - DAY

An open floor plan office with large windows tinted different colors. Steve sits at his desk with headphones on. He's given it a personal touch with bobble heads and mini-figurines of baseball players along with pop culture things.

He edits a document on his laptop, highlighting and changing words.

After a moment, his phone rings. He picks it up.

STEVE  
What's up?...Okay, sounds good. One sec.

He stands, brushes off his shirt, and heads down the bullpen walkway toward DALE'S office.

He reaches Dale's office and knocks.

DALE (O.S.)  
Yoseph Broseph!

Steve enters.

INT. STEVE'S WORK - DALE'S OFFICE - CONTINUOUS

Steve comes through the door.

STEVE  
Sup dawg?

DALE  
 You should probably go ahead and  
 smash that door-closed button.

Steve hesitates.

DALE (cont'd)  
 (serious)  
 Yeah man.

Steve closes the door.

STEVE  
 What's up?

DALE  
 Lotta things, mi amigo, lotta  
 things...

The way he trail off unsettles Steve.

DALE (cont'd)  
 Sit, please, you'll need it.

STEVE  
 ...ruh-row.

Steve sits down.

DALE  
 (like Shaggy)  
 Yeah, Scoob, I think we're fucked  
 this time.  
 (all business)  
 Corporates gone rogue. They're hiring  
 A.I. and Indians.

Steve thinks for a second.

STEVE  
 No...

DALE  
 And that's the sound of connecting  
 dots.

STEVE  
 Layoffs.

DALE  
 To long-term employees who make more  
 than the job's new rate.

A long silence in which Steve's emotions get the best of him. He breaks beyond social norms as his eyes well.

DALE (cont'd)  
Yeah dude, buttfuck city. Population:  
us.

Steve puts his head in his hands.

DALE (cont'd)  
Damn, bro, I'm surprised you aren't  
dancing around, honestly.

Steve looks up.

STEVE  
Why would I ever celebrate getting  
fired?

DALE  
With severance! During the middle of  
baseball season!

STEVE  
I kinda see what you mean but...

DALE  
But what I'm leaving out is that  
there's a best part.

STEVE  
Of being fired.

DALE  
Of winning the vacation lottery. Man,  
you know I know Brad, right?

STEVE  
The guy that does broadcast stuff.

DALE  
Here's your best part: I'm now  
allowed--nay, I am obligated--to send  
along your portfolio to see if he can  
find you something to do over there.  
Get me a package together of written  
stuff.

STEVE  
Are they gonna want videos too?



DALE

Dealer's choice on the videos, my dude. I know him pretty well and I think there's a couple that he'll really like.

STEVE

That's fine I guess but uh... do I go home now now or do I--

INT. STEVE'S OLD APARTMENT - LATER

Steve looks around at all his stuff, packed up and ready to go.

DALE (V.O.)

Go home and party with yourself! The best part of getting fired is that you get to spend the next 36 hours in a justifiably drunken haze.

He sighs.

STEVE

(resigned)

Well?

EXT. BREWERY (BUSINESS PARK) - DAY

Rebekah walks past buildings that are blank and identical, on the way to the brewery.

INT. BREWERY - PRODUCTION FLOOR - CONTINUOUS

Everything darkens quickly. She squints as her eyes adjust. She heads through the vats of beer fermenting.

She stops before the office door, exhales and straightens out. She knocks.

LENA (O.S.)

That shouldn't be closed.

Lena opens the door. She's wearing a T-shirt with a cat shooting lasers on it.

LENA

Hey girl hey! Did you make it here okay?

REBEKAH  
 Boyfriend needed the car but  
 otherwise fine. Cool shirt.

LENA  
 Made it myself. This is Ruffles, our  
 cat.

REBEKAH  
 I just have a fish.

LENA  
 "Fuckin' Ruffles No!" is his full,  
 God-given, name.  
 (beat)  
 Is it a betta fish? C'mon.

They move through the production floor as they talk.

REBEKAH  
 Yeah, and well neglected. I keep  
 forgetting about him.

LENA  
 Like a lit candle.

REBEKAH  
 And it just won't die.

Lena laughs.

LENA  
 Well, this got dark fast.

They round the corner and approach Cosmo. He turns and sees  
 them.

LENA (cont'd)  
 Come talk to us.

Cosmo comes over.

COSMO  
 (to Rebekah)  
 Hi again. I heard my wife likes you.

REBEKAH  
 Thanks, Lena.

COSMO  
 So, but, do you wanna try any?

REBEKAH

I've never had beer during an interview.

COSMO

Then there's a time for everything. Take this space, for instance. We're gonna try'n turn it into a tasting room once things take off a little more. And I guess that's where you come in.

REBEKAH

Where are you guys at in terms of followers and stuff?

Lena and Cosmo turn to each other, embarrassed.

LENA

We've been doing it all through our personal accounts. So we'd be starting it fresh.

REBEKAH

Should be okay, most people will follow the new one too. What kind of content are you mainly looking for?

LENA

Whatever your heart desires. Behind the scenes stuff, posters, can you design labels? I know we didn't discuss it but...

She holds up a bottle with a crude, all-text label in Comic Sans that reads "BOAR SONG BREWERY."

COSMO

Looks like a goofy, fun, time right?

LENA

It needs work, babe.

COSMO

I know.

(to Rebekah)

And you probably do too.

REBEKAH

...yeah...

They all laugh.

REBEKAH (cont'd)  
My degree is in graphic design,  
actually, so that's kinda my forte.

COSMO  
Oh sick!  
(beat)  
Well, look. I have this funny feeling  
I'm gonna be hungry in about an hour  
or so. Take some time to think  
everything over and then we'll talk  
over dinner. If you need to love it,  
that's fine. We're very lovable.

She smiles.

REBEKAH  
That will work.

INT. SPORTS BAR - EVENING

Steve sits at the end of the bar before a vast array of TVs showing various different sports games. Before him lays a notebook and his phone shows a live-updating box score.

He watches, he drinks, he notes.

After awhile, in the background, Rebekah enters the restaurant and sits at the opposite end of the bar, close to the door.

Steve doesn't notice her until she speaks.

REBEKAH  
Actually, maybe, just a water, sorry.  
I'm waiting for co-workers.

He looks over. He sees that face.

EXT. RIVER - DAY

A tidal wave rips through river, flooding its banks.

BACK TO:

SPORTS BAR - CONTINUING

Steve turns away. He does his best to distract himself by checking his notes and his phone.

Finally, he laughs to himself, stands and approaches.

As he's about to get her attention, Cosmo and Lena come through the door.

LENA

Rebekah!

Steve stops cold. Cosmo notices.

COSMO

Steve!

Rebekah turns, sees Steve.

REBEKAH

Steve?

COSMO

Wowser Bowser.

LENA

You two know each other?

STEVE

(to Rebekah)

What're you doing here? This is my life in Los Angeles.

REBEKAH

I should be asking you the same thing.

COSMO

We're trying to hire her.

Steve and Rebekah look at each other and laugh.

LENA

But seriously, college or something?

Steve and Rebekah lock eyes.

INT. MUSIC VENUE - NIGHT

Jordan's phone goes off while he stands near the bar. He watches passively as a death metal band comprised of teenagers transitions.

LEAD SINGER (O.S.)

This one goes out to all the ladies--  
it's about Satan's mom!

They jam out as Jordan pulls up a picture of Steve with the caption "Look who I found!" His eyes go wide.

INT. SPORTS BAR - CONTINUING

Steve, Rebekah, Cosmo, and Lena, sit at a booth eating dinner.

STEVE

Wow...

REBEKAH

Are you still friends with him online? He signs bands now.

STEVE

I think I've seen it around, seems kinda glamorous.

REBEKAH

It's not. He just gets wasted on weekdays for work. But let's not get into that right now, is that okay?

LENA

Totally fine. What about you, Steve? Seeing anyone?

STEVE

Oh c'mon, Lena...

REBEKAH

No but seriously.

Steve feigns a worried smile.

STEVE

It's honestly been a while since my last girlfriend.

COSMO

(hawking)

Damaged goods, ladies and gentlemen, damaged goods.

STEVE

Eat a dick, alright?

(to Rebekah)

It's not that, alright? It's just...

REBEKAH

Oh there's a story there.

STEVE  
(after an exhale)  
Tell her, Cosmo.

COSMO  
She was a conniving little bitch.

Rebekah's eyes go wide with shock.

LENA  
It's fine, honey, Steve was with the  
only woman I'd let him say that shit  
about.

(to Cosmo)  
Fuck her, right Cosmo?

COSMO  
Amen, sister-wife.

STEVE  
(to Rebekah)  
For once, he was actually being  
rather pleasant about her.

LENA  
(to Rebekah)  
She was one of those brainwash-you  
types that make you go, "This is  
love!"

REBEKAH  
(to Steve)  
Yeah?

STEVE  
She basically went out for a pack of  
smokes and never came back.

COSMO  
Whatever. Trust me, Rebekah, she  
doesn't matter. And we can't let this  
evil whore of Babylon ruin anything  
else--like our dinner. So how about  
tell her about your profile, Steve.  
That's at least on topic with your  
love life.

LENA  
Yeah, show her, Steve.

STEVE  
Ah c'mon guys, it was hard enough  
showing it to you two.

REBEKAH  
Showing them what?

STEVE  
Online dating. It's my first foray.

REBEKAH  
Any matches yet?

STEVE  
Nope. Nobody responds.

LENA  
Show her why, though.

STEVE  
Hey, my profile isn't bad.

COSMO  
Let her be the judge of that.

STEVE  
Fine.

Steve gets his phone out and enters an extensive pass-code featuring letters, symbols, and numbers.

REBEKAH  
Paranoid much?

STEVE  
(thumbing through  
apps)  
Really I got nothin' to hide, it's  
just the invasion I don't like. And  
after we broke up I just never  
changed it. Okay, here.

Steve hands his phone over. Everyone leans in around it.

LENA  
I say he needs better pictures.

REBEKAH  
No, those are fine--

COSMO  
Lipstick on a pig, am I right?

REBEKAH  
(laughing)  
You're just being way too honest.



STEVE

About what?

REBEKAH

About where you're at in life: no girl wants a man who says they're in transition with work. It makes you sound unemployed.

LENA

That wasn't there last time.

STEVE

(mostly to Cosmo)

I got laid off today but there's a thing with a thing.

COSMO

Shit, seriously?

LENA

That sucks, what happened?

Steve holds up his hands.

STEVE

I don't wanna talk about it right now. My boss is hooking me up with an interview so it might be okay but...

(to Rebekah)

What about the rest?

REBEKAH

Oh, uhm,

She quickly taps the screen as it dims into a locked state.

REBEKAH (cont'd)

Nailed it, uh...

(beat)

You talk about sports a lot.

STEVE

Because I like them?

REBEKAH

Sure but this makes it sound like you're, like, One-Dimensional Dan.

STEVE

I also put some other stuff.

REBEKAH

But barely. You're selling yourself short, it's like--

Steve protests when he catches Rebekah opening his sent messages.

STEVE  
Oh c'mon, don't--

She holds up a finger to silence him. He abides. Cosmo whispers something to Lena who laughs.

STEVE (cont'd)  
Ah c'mon, guys.

COSMO  
Not about you, Narcissus, go back to your mirror.

REBEKAH  
Sweet... sincere... But you still come off as desperate.

STEVE  
Still?

REBEKAH  
Remember, I knew you in college.

Cosmo and Lena just about lose it with laughter.

Rebekah goes to hand the phone back to Steve but Cosmo intercepts. He scans for a quick second.

COSMO  
It sounds like I'd spend my time wasting away with a bored retiree.

STEVE  
Jesus guys, just shit all over me.

REBEKAH  
It's outta love.

Steve smiles.

REBEKAH (cont'd)  
(to Cosmo and Lena)  
Did you guys meet online?

COSMO  
(wistfully)  
No, I was dancing nights at the Beaver's Tail when--

Lena punches Cosmo on the arm.

LENA

We worked together for a little while at a restaurant. Simple stuff, right?

COSMO

I went to a different bar but we stayed in touch.

LENA

Never stopped talking from the moment we met, etcetera.

COSMO

Etcetera. We've heard it before, right?

(getting serious)

But Rebekah.

REBEKAH

Yeah?

COSMO

What do you think, are you gonna come work for us?

Rebekah looks over to Steve.

REBEKAH

They seem worth it, right?

STEVE

Definitely.

Rebekah turns back to Cosmo and Lena.

REBEKAH

Yeah. Heck yeah. When do I start?

EXT. ALLEYWAY - NIGHT

Jordan stands with a couple people, smoking with everyone else.

JORDAN

(drunk)

And, what, what would you call it? I mean, fate? Nah, fuck that.

SMOKER

Don't worry, John, you'll figure it out.

Jordan puts his head down.

BLACK OUT

INT. REBEKAH/JORDAN'S APARTMENT - LATER

Rebekah and Jordan argue in the living room.

REBEKAH  
What was I supposed to do? Leave?

JORDAN  
You coulda found a way.

REBEKAH  
You're drunk, go to sleep.

JORDAN  
You're wrong, go to sleep.

Rebekah sits down with a flustered exhale. She looks up to Jordan.

REBEKAH  
...we should give him a chance.

JORDAN  
(rather irate)  
Are you fucking serious?

INT. STEVE'S APARTMENT - DAY

Steve has his laptop out before his desktop computer. On his laptop, he pulls up different news articles. He makes notes.

After a long moment frozen in thought, he sets down his pen.

Steve stands and enters his kitchen. He opens a drawer and removes a paring knife and sets it on the counter.

He stares at it for a long moment.

There's a knock.

Steve opens the door to find the MAILMAN.

MAILMAN  
Didn't fit in the slot.

The Mailman hands Steve a thick white envelope from his former employer.

STEVE

Thanks, man.

He closes the door, turns around, and tears open the envelope.

After sifting through a few pages, he sighs. He tosses the package on the table and returns to sitting at his computer.

Steve looks down and takes a deep breath. He looks back to the camera and presses record.

STEVE (cont'd)

What's up guys? I hope everything's good with y'all, uhm... I feel like it's reaching that point where the boxes are weird and it's like, why hasn't he moved yet? Well... Let's just say things are sorting themselves out. But honestly we've got quite a few things to talk about so let's jump right into it. Uhm--

As Steve talks, a silenced call shows up on his phone from an unsaved number. The sounds of Steve fades out as Jordan's VOICEMAIL fades in:

JORDAN (V.O.)

Oh hey, buddy. It's Jordan... I heard you ran into Rebekah and I was thinkin' "Hey! We should get together."

MATCH CUT TO:

INT. JORDAN/REBEKAH'S APARTMENT - BEDROOM - DAY

Jordan lays in bed as Rebekah moves around the room to get ready. Their bedroom is messy and dim and sparsely decorated.

JORDAN

(continuing)

So yeah, just give me a call when you get the chance, uh... Peace!

He hangs up the phone, tosses it aside.

JORDAN (cont'd)  
 (to Rebekah)  
 There. I did it. Remind me why,  
 again?

REBEKAH  
 Because.

Jordan sighs.

INT. BREWERY - PRODUCTION FLOOR - DAY

Cosmo and Lena shake hands with MARISOL, a woman in her mid-40s.

COSMO  
 We'll be in touch, okay?

Marisol puts on her sunglasses and walks out through the elephant door.

LENA  
 You did it again.

COSMO  
 Did what again?

LENA  
 Drank more than the rest of us. It's only 11AM, by the way.

COSMO  
 But I'm not even the least bit drunk.

LENA  
 It's the optics of it, Cosmo.

COSMO  
 I like what I make. And it helps me loosen up if I'm tasting it with them. Call it a nervous tic.

LENA  
 You just gave me, like, three excuses at once and I'm liable not to believe any of them.

(beat)  
 Look, I'm not asking you to quit. It's just that I've noticed that people are noticing, okay? Is that simple enough?

(MORE)

LENA (cont'd)

It's been this whole fucking problem lately and you haven't even been paying attention.

COSMO

So... You're saying I have a problem.

Lena growls with frustration.

LENA

Y'know what? Sure, yeah, fuck it. You have a problem, Brian. Whatever gets it through your smug fucking face.

COSMO

(quietly)

I don't like when you get this mean.

Lena sighs, looks down, looks back to him.

LENA

As far as I can tell you are incapable of both dealing and using.

She turns to leave. Cosmo scoffs.

COSMO

Don't be such a narc, Lena, for the love of God. You know I started this because I love the craft--that I thoroughly enjoy the whole venture, that what we're aiming for with the tasting room and the--

LENA

(coming at him)

Don't you dare mention the future when that's the whole fucking problem! Don't you get it? You've wrapped up everything in this. Our savings. Our income. My parents' money. Your parents' money. Cosmo, Brian, it's like--

COSMO

Calm the fuck down, Lena, you're being ridiculous. Things are fine despite the absolutely apeshit lens you've found to view everything through. You can't keep--

LENA  
What the fuck, okay! What the  
everliving fuck.

Silence. A crescendo of footsteps approaches from outside.

LENA (cont'd)  
(whispering)  
I am not done with you.

Lena walks out into the sun and sees Rebekah.

LENA (cont'd)  
Oh hey girl, what's up!

Cosmo breathes a sigh of relief.

Lena and Rebekah come back into the brewery.

REBEKAH  
I was bored so I went to that tap  
takeover you were doing and...

INT. BAR - EVENING

Rebekah sits at a table with a flight of tasters. She has her sketchbook open. She takes a sip, then begins to draw.

REBEKAH (V.O.)  
I came up with these based on what I  
tasted. Some of them are kind of  
jokey, I dunno, but...

INT. BREWERY - OFFICE - LATER

The three of them are huddled around her sketchbook looking at four or five variations on a boar singing.

COSMO  
Oh my God this is fantastic.

Cosmo and Lena lean in closer.

INT. BREWERY OFFICE - LATER

Lena and Rebekah sit before their computers at the table. Lena types at her computer for a beat before making a noise of disgust.



LENA  
Are you down to get personal?

REBEKAH  
What's up?

LENA  
It's...

Lena exhales heavily and trails off as her eyes well.

REBEKAH  
(understanding)  
C'mon.

INT. COFFEE SHOP - DAY

Lena and Rebekah now sit across from each other at a table.

LENA  
It feels downright stupid if not dangerous that I came to you but it's like... I only ever really get to hang out with Steve anymore because of everything, I dunno, I'm sorry if this is weird.

REBEKAH  
I get you. It's not like throwing a dart at your list of facebook friends and then proceeding to unload on them is a good idea whatsoever.

Lena laughs.

REBEKAH (cont'd)  
It's fine. To tell you the truth my boyfriend drinks too much too--and at work, no less. There've been complaints about his behavior even--not, like, anything that's made it all the way to corporate but... he says it helps him talk to people--all that trite crap that I just can't stand anymore.

LENA  
It's crazy how much they have in common.

REBEKAH  
 (with a shrug)  
 Turns out.

LENA  
 I had a friend who made a pillow once  
 and on it were sewn the words  
 "Recognition is not action." Cosmo's  
 done the first part finally but...  
 I've gotta wait and see on the second  
 thing.

REBEKAH  
 Jordan's never gonna stop, I just  
 know it. He's just so wrapped up in  
 that world, y'know?

LENA  
 But we're better than this. I mean,  
 it sucks, we can't let it drag us  
 down.

Rebekah puts a fist to the air.

REBEKAH  
 Rise up!

Lena joins her.

LENA  
 "Fist in the air in the land of  
 hypocrisy!"

Lena laughs for a long moment, goes quiet, and slumps.

LENA (cont'd)  
 But then it's like... how much do you  
 drink? This whole fucking thing has  
 made me assess how in-the-right I am  
 with all of it. I used to be a tank  
 with it back when Cosmo and I met.

REBEKAH  
 I've honestly swung back and forth  
 between far too much and far too  
 little for awhile now.

LENA  
 So I grew out of it and he hasn't  
 yet, it seems like.

Silence.

REBEKAH  
So what're you gonna do?

LENA  
Same thing you're gonna do: give him  
a chance.

Rebekah looks away.

LENA (cont'd)  
Jordan doesn't deserve another one,  
huh.

REBEKAH  
So, so many times in the past I've  
put up with this long-form hurt he's  
started to put on me. But now?

LENA  
Now it's just like you wanna hit him  
in the mouth.

Rebekah laughs.

LENA (cont'd)  
It's been how long for you guys?

REBEKAH  
Almost six years now.

LENA  
And you always thought you'd marry  
him.

REBEKAH  
(with a shrug)  
This is love.

LENA  
Hoo-boy.... you're in the soup now,  
sister.

Rebekah sighs.

INT. CORNER OFFICE - DAY

Steve sits across from BRAD (50s), a balding and plump man  
wearing a blue suit and purple sneakers.

STEVE

(in media res)

I'd sit with my dad and watch games-- but then he left. I was six and he just kinda like, poof! my whole concept of having a father went up in smoke, uhm... Sorry, I know you said to be honest, but I feel like that's enough.

BRAD

Did you ever play anything? Or have you always just spectated.

STEVE

In high school I was a Junior on the JV team as a fourth outfielder.

BRAD

You kept playing, though?

STEVE

I had good plate discipline and enough of a glove to keep me afloat.

BRAD

What about college, though? You didn't keep playing?

STEVE

I got really into writing and wanted to focus my energies on that.

BRAD

Did you still cover what was going on?

STEVE

Yeah, I mean, the school itself only had softball but I blogged a lot back then about everything.

BRAD

What did you learn from these experiences?

STEVE

I got really good at finding the positives in losses, let's say.

BRAD

And then after college you just... didn't?

STEVE

I went in search of writing other things, really anything that wasn't sports. I got really burned out by the editorial process at my school and... All circles presuppose they'll end where they begin, right?

Brad smiles.

INT. STEVE'S APARTMENT - DAY

Cosmo sits on Steve's couch, slouched with arms crossed, pensive. The boxes have become more numerous. The TV plays.

COSMO

So you're about set?

Steve comes over from the kitchen.

STEVE

Yeah, man, I think that place in North Hollywood might come through.

COSMO

You'll be so far!  
(long beat)  
She thinks I drink too much.

STEVE

Sorry, what?

COSMO

Can you believe that?

STEVE

Lena thinks you drink too much?  
What's that gotta do with me moving?

COSMO

Nothing, it's just, it's fucking with my head, man.

STEVE

All I'm saying is that the more you fight it, the more it looks like you have a problem.

COSMO

So now you're saying I have a problem.

STEVE

We all have a problem, dawg. Blame the media or whoever decided to glamorize a poisonous liquid that's fucked up a lot of lives. Don't choose it over Lena is all I'm saying.

COSMO

(to an invisible crowd)

And he's on her side, ladies and gentlemen!

(back to Steve)

What the fuck, Steve.

STEVE

There's no sides to this. It's about your health. And honestly? I am if that's what it takes to get everything straight again. You've got a whole buttload riding on this brewery and the last thing you need is to be abusing your own supply. I don't wanna lose you to it. And I don't want you to lose Lena because of it.

COSMO

It's never been bad though and she's--

STEVE

She's right 85% of the time. You can't deny her track record over most things. It's why you married her.

COSMO

(exasperated)

Ah goddammit...

STEVE

There's too much collateral. We haven't even mentioned Ruffles yet. Who'd get him?

COSMO

Fuckin' Ruffles no!

They laugh.

BLACK OUT

OVER BLACK

"Until One Day,"

INT. STEVE'S CAR - DAY

Steve, crying, pulls into the BREWERY PARKING LOT. He swings into a spot and heaves a heavy sigh. He turns the car off, wipes his eyes, then checks himself in the mirror.

INT. BREWERY (PRODUCTION FLOOR) - MOMENTS LATER

Steve catches Cosmo and Lena in the midst of a heated conversation.

LENA

I'm surprised she's even coming back.  
Do not fuck this up.

STEVE

Guys?

COSMO/LENA

Steve?

STEVE

Hey, yeah, I uh...

He reaches them. He pushes up a sleeve to show small scratches all over his arm.

COSMO

Were you hanging out with cats?

STEVE

I couldn't break skin. I feel like a coward.

COSMO

Why didn't you get in touch first?

LENA

Steve, we're about to have a meeting.

STEVE

Sorry, shit, I'll leave you to it,  
then.

He turns to leave.

COSMO  
You're not leaving. Hang out in the  
office.

STEVE  
With Rebekah?

COSMO  
Or your car?

STEVE  
It's hot as fuck.

COSMO  
I'm giving you options, my man.

In the distance, Marisol appears through the elephant door.

LENA  
Marisol! Hey!

Marisol heads toward them.

LENA (cont'd)  
We were just finishing up a meeting  
with another client.

STEVE  
(to Marisol)  
I buy beer.

Steve walks back toward the office as Cosmo and Lena begin  
their meeting with Marisol.

INT. BREWERY OFFICE - THAT MOMENT

Music plays as Rebekah works quietly on a new label design.  
She clicks and taps her way through revisions and edits and  
perfections.

Steve comes through the door, she looks up.

STEVE  
Mind if I hang out for a little bit?

REBEKAH  
Only if you give me honest feedback.

She turns her laptop towards him. He looks over a new label.

STEVE  
You misspelled "hops."



REBEKAH  
 "Hoops?" Holy cow, how did I miss  
 that?

He laughs.

STEVE  
 Maybe it's a basketball-themed IPA at  
 heart.

REBEKAH  
 Maybe.  
 (beat)  
 You excited to see Jordan tonight?

STEVE  
 Sure, I mean, it's been awhile. He  
 was cool when I knew him so he's  
 probably cool now.

COSMO (O.S.)  
 Rebekah!

REBEKAH  
 Yeah?

COSMO (O.S.)  
 Come on out here.

REBEKAH  
 See ya soon.

She stands and walks out of the room and onto the PRODUCTION  
 FLOOR.

MATCH CUT TO:

INT. COSMIC MINI GOLF COURSE - NIGHT

Rebekah walks through the course. It's painted neon and cast  
 in black lights. The ponds and features glow in the dim UV  
 rays. Trashy house music plays.

She turns past the bright orange windmill to find Steve and  
 Jordan sitting at a small bar set up in a tropical section  
 of the concourse. They're both on their phones and seemingly  
 worlds apart.

REBEKAH  
 (approaching)  
 Looks like I didn't miss much.

STEVE

We were just looking up old friends  
that died.

JORDAN

(obviously avoiding  
something)

Boring shit, let's get back those  
swingin' vibes!

They leave the bar and head toward the next hole which is designed as a jungle with a big red loop. A soundtrack of nature sounds plays to accompany the setting.

Jordan sets down his ball and looks back to them.

JORDAN (cont'd)

As hard as possible right? So it goes  
through?

Before they can protest, Jordan takes a wild hack that hits the bottom of the loop and comes barreling back toward them.

Everybody ducks. The ball ricochets past them and back down the walkway.

STEVE

You hit it, you get it numbnuts.

JORDAN

Ah c'mon...

Jordan heads back down the walkway after his ball.

Rebekah steps up and sets down her ball.

REBEKAH

As hard as possible, right?

STEVE

(with a laugh)

Fuckin' Ruffles no!

She smiles then settles in to take a swing. Her ball gracefully moves through the loop and coasts to a stop near the hole.

Steve golf-claps.

STEVE (cont'd)

(like an announcer)

An excellent display by a true  
professional.

Steve steps up and sets his ball down.

Jordan returns.

JORDAN

I had to go all over hell's half-acre  
and way, way up a day-glo camel's ass  
to find this thing but it's fine,  
I'll be fine it's just--

He breaks down in fake sobs.

STEVE

(still announcing)

Surely we shouldn't expect any sort  
of decent play after such a harrowing  
journey.

JORDAN

(to Rebekah)

What's he doing?

REBEKAH

I think he's providing commentary.

Steve steps up to the tee.

STEVE

Now, here we have an excellent  
golfer, an absolute--

JORDAN

Hell no, you can't announce for  
yourself.

(commentating)

Surely his performance at the  
Handicable Invitational last month  
will boost this young slugger's  
confidence. Like they say, his brain  
might be retarded but his heart sure  
ain't.

REBEKAH

Whoa babe.

STEVE

2010 called. It wants your ability to  
say that word back.

Rebekah laughs as Steve concentrates before taking a well-executed swing. It rolls through the loop and cruises all the way to the lip of the hole. He takes a bow.

JORDAN

Lucky shit.

Jordan places his ball and swings gently. It doesn't have enough force to get through the loop. Steve and Rebekah laugh.

REBEKAH

I think you over-corrected.

Jordan tries again with successful results. He joins them by the golf hole.

As they talk, they finish out their round.

REBEKAH (cont'd)

So, wait. Who'd you know that died?

STEVE

Sarah Trevors?

JORDAN

I don't think she ever knew her.

(beat, to Rebekah)

Stabbed to death in San Francisco just after graduation.

REBEKAH

Damn...

JORDAN

Yeah, it kinda shocked everyone. She wasn't even in a bad part of town or anything it was just kinda...

(with a stabbing motion)

"Here is your plate, sir!" And she was done.

STEVE

Good and sensitive, like you've always been.

(beat)

Mack was the only other one.

REBEKAH

Mack?  
(to Jordan)  
Really?

JORDAN

Fuck.

STEVE

Wait...

REBEKAH

(to Steve)

I was never friends with him online.

(to Jordan)

Why didn't you say anything?

JORDAN

It was a few years ago. I didn't think--

REBEKAH

Years? Are you fucking kidding me?

JORDAN

I didn't think you wanted to hear about an ex offing himself.

REBEKAH

(gale force)

He what?!

Rebekah moves to slap Jordan across the face but stops short as he cowers.

REBEKAH (cont'd)

You aren't worth it.

She makes swiftly for the exit.

STEVE

Not a smart choice, my man.

Steve watches Jordan hurry after her. He looks around, alone and dismayed.

STEVE (cont'd)

Sure, yeah, I'll just...

Steve walks through the course and out into the

INT. ARCADE - THAT MOMENT

He squints as his eyes adjust to the flashing lights and noise of the concourse full of skee-ball lanes and basketball games. He spots Jordan crashing through the entrance. Steve makes for the door but is stopped by a voice.

MISERABLE EMPLOYEE

Gotta leave the putter.

Steve turns around to see the MISERABLE EMPLOYEE behind the counter. He hands it off.

He walks through the arcade and out into the

EXT. PARKING LOT - NIGHT

He finds Jordan and Rebekah.

REBEKAH

What else have you been keeping from me?

JORDAN

It's fine, I didn't know you'd care.

REBEKAH

Oh bullshit, like I'm gonna believe that. There's other stuff, isn't there.

JORDAN

Rebekah, c'mon, you're acting paranoid. It was just an oversight.  
(noticing Steve)  
Right man? You got me.

STEVE

Dude, it's been well over five years. I have no idea what you've been up to.

REBEKAH

(to Steve)

You say it with expectation. Like he probably has.

She opens her car door. Jordan hurries over to get in with her.

REBEKAH (cont'd)

(to Jordan)

Don't you dare. Ride with him.

She gets in the car. Jordan looks to Steve.

JORDAN

Thanks for the help.

STEVE

What am I supposed to say? The last time we spoke you didn't even apologize.

JORDAN

I didn't know you'd decided it was the last time! Jesus, dude, I thought we were gonna stay friends and you just bitched out--same as you're doing right now.

STEVE

So what, I'm supposed to blindly be on your side?

JORDAN

You're not an innocent party, asshole.

Steve unlocks his car. His car beeps as the lights flash.

JORDAN (cont'd)

Don't you go dippin' out on me too.

STEVE

Sorry man, I'm sure you'll find a ride.

Jordan is left alone as Steve gets in his car and drives off. He takes out his phone and notices his battery life: 9%.

INT. REBEKAH'S CAR - LATER

She's parked outside her apartment, crying. She talks on the phone to her dad, Bill.

REBEKAH

And like, I don't know what to do, I really don't... I got here and...

BILL

There's always home.

REBEKAH

I can't come all the way out there tonight. I've got work in the morning.

BILL

Well? I'm sure you'll figure it out.  
You've always been the resourceful  
one.

REBEKAH

Thanks, dad, I just... I regret so  
much right now.

BILL

It'll pass. I know you're going  
through it but you'll find a way.

INT. COSMO AND LENA'S PLACE - LIVING ROOM - NIGHT

Cosmo throws Lena's phone into the couch. It startles  
Ruffles, who runs away.

COSMO

Why don't you ever pay attention to  
me? It's only the shitty things you  
notice anymore.

LENA

I'm sorry, I wasn't even aware that--

COSMO

Oh that helps your case for sure. You  
were only aware of my drinking and my  
posture and my inability to--

LENA

(lashing out)  
Just listen to me, Cosmo!

Cosmo freezes in fear. Silence.

Lena's phone rings.

COSMO

Oh dear.

LENA

I'll let it go, I don't need--

COSMO

I wanna know.

Lena picks up her phone from the couch.

LENA

It's Rebekah.



COSMO  
Huh, I wonder what she wants.

Lena answers the phone.

LENA  
Hey! What's up?

INTERCUT WITH REBEKAH IN HER CAR.

REBEKAH  
Hey, I'm sorry, I know it's strange  
that I'm calling but...

LENA  
What's up? Is everything alright?

REBEKAH  
Jordan and I had a fight and I can't  
go home and... can I come stay? I  
don't know what to do and it's like--

LENA  
Okay, okay, it's fine, I mean...  
Cosmo's right here, let me see what  
he says.

Lena mutes her phone.

LENA (cont'd)  
She needs a place.

COSMO  
Why us?

LENA  
I dunno, it must be... something.  
Shit, Cosmo, maybe I shoulda never  
opened up to her.

Cosmo is silent for a long moment.

COSMO  
Okay.

Lena unmutes her phone.

LENA  
Okay, you can come by.

INT. STEVE'S APARTMENT - NIGHT

Steve is dressed up. He sits at his desktop computer, one of the last things to be packed. It is quiet.

On his monitor, he pulls up his profile on a dating website and deletes it.

He lays down with his shoes on.

INT. COSMO AND LENA'S PLACE - LIVING ROOM - NIGHT

Rebekah stands with Cosmo and Lena. They've put bedding on the couch for her.

COSMO

So the bathroom's the second door on the right. Don't pee in the closet like Steve.

REBEKAH

Did he really?

LENA

No, Cosmo's being crude... But also yes, almost.

They laugh. Rebekah's phone goes off in her purse.

She looks at Lena as it rings.

LENA (cont'd)

You've gotta say something. You can take it in our room.

Rebekah sighs, crosses the room, and answers Jordan's video call.

REBEKAH

What?

JORDAN

I barely make it home only to find you gone?

Rebekah enters the

BEDROOM

And sits down on the bed.

REBEKAH

I'm just at my boss's place.

JORDAN

Come home... I'll tell you everything from now on.

REBEKAH

Oh, so there *is* other stuff you haven't told me about. Or other people.

#### LIVING ROOM

Cosmo and Lena do their best not to listen but, muffled, they eavesdrop...

JORDAN

You're trying to tear us apart. If you wanna leave, then leave. I won't stop you, I promise, but I might kill myself.

#### BEDROOM

Rebekah sees Jordan rage silently for a long moment on her screen.

She looks away from her phone, drops her head, and begins to cry.

REBEKAH

I don't know if that's what I want, though, I mean for Heaven's sake, it's been so long and we've gone through so much and--

JORDAN

It's just become convenient enough that you put up with me. Fuckin' shit, Rebekah, what're you trying to pull?

REBEKAH

I don't know if you're worth it anymore, though, that's what I was gonna say.

JORDAN

Wow...

REBEKAH  
I'm sorry, Jordan, I really am but in  
a lot ways it feels like--

The crashing noise of collapse.

COSMO (O.S.)  
Oh God, Lena!

Rebekah races into the

LIVING ROOM

And sees Lena having a seizure. She drops her phone in shock. Jordan watches people rush around the room and the sounds of an emergency for a long moment before hanging up.

COSMO  
Don't let her swallow her tongue. Oh  
god, oh god, oh god....

He dials 911 as Rebekah elevates the convulsing head of Lena.

COSMO (cont'd)  
(into phone)  
My wife's having a seizure! No, this  
is a first, please--  
(beat)  
Yes, that's correct... That's not  
soon enough! What do we do?

Cosmo listens. Lena convulses in Rebekah's lap.

INT. STEVE'S APARTMENT - NIGHT

Steve signs his name on a note, folds it, and sets it on the kitchen counter next to a long line of pills and a glass of water on the counter.

He swipes half of the pills into his cupped left hand and picks up the glass of water.

As he moves to put the pills in his mouth, his phone rings.

FEMALE BRITISH ROBOT  
Call from: Don't call me Brian,  
Bitch.

Steve stands, frozen in time, as the call rings and rings and rings. It ceases.

Steve puts the pills in his mouth, gagging already. He raises the water glass only to hear his phone ring again.

FEMALE BRITISH ROBOT (cont'd)  
Call from: Don't call me Brian,  
Bitch.

Steve, piqued, spits out the pills into the sink and answers his phone.

STEVE  
A simple "U Up" text would've  
sufficed.

Long beat. Steve's face drops.

STEVE (cont'd)  
Oh my god, dude, I'll be right there.

INT. HOSPITAL - WAITING AREA - NIGHT

Steve comes through the door and stops when he sees Rebekah sitting next to Cosmo.

STEVE  
You're here? That's weird.  
(to Cosmo)  
How's she doing?

COSMO  
It's been a minute since we've heard  
anything but she stabilized in the  
ambulance so she's recovering.  
(beat)  
Why're you all dressed up?

Steve's eyes shift toward Rebekah then back to Cosmo.

STEVE  
...I never planned on moving.

Cosmo knows. He gives Steve a long hug.

COSMO  
(whispering)  
All you had to do was call, bro. I  
don't get it.

They break from their embrace as Steve moves to take a seat.

STEVE  
 (to Rebekah)  
 And you?

REBEKAH  
 I was there when it happened so, I  
 dunno, I'm just here.

Stillness.

A doctor comes out and Cosmo walks over to the doorway. The door closes behind them leaving Rebekah and Steve alone among the passing hospital staff.

STEVE  
 I thought you went home.

REBEKAH  
 I did and then I didn't. It just  
 didn't seem like a good idea. I was  
 on the phone with him when this  
 happened.

STEVE  
 So wait, do you need a place to stay?

REBEKAH  
 Right now? Really?

STEVE  
 What, I didn't mean it as--I'll sleep  
 in my pants, I'll even wear shoes if  
 you want, I'm not--

REBEKAH  
 (laughing)  
 We'll see.

Silence.

CUT TO:

INT. HOSPITAL - WAITING AREA - LATER

Steve's on his phone. Rebekah's stretched out across two seats, trying to stay awake as she watches the health show on the TV.

STEVE  
 Here's another one of my favorites.

He turns his phone toward Rebekah who looks over at a cat video.

They laugh.

REBEKAH  
You should get one.

STEVE  
I've thought about it but... I dunno, maybe not right now. They're great, though.

REBEKAH  
I've always had dogs but they're more like having children. Cats you just kinda let co-exist with you.

STEVE  
Pet ownership on easy mode.

Cosmo comes out.

COSMO  
She wants to see you guys.

INT. HOSPITAL - ROOM - NIGHT

Rebekah and Steve stand by the bed. Cosmo sits in a chair.

LENA  
(to Rebekah)  
I guess it's good you came by. Thank you.

REBEKAH  
Things've gotten real between us incredibly fast, hasn't it.

Lena smiles.

LENA  
I hope that's okay.

Rebekah shrugs with a smile.

STEVE  
(to Lena)  
Did they say what it was? Were you struck by spooky ghost lightning?

LENA

They think it was just a reaction but they're gonna test for a condition. I guess we'll see.

(beat)

But, you, mister. We have some talking to do once I'm out of here.

Steve looks to Cosmo.

COSMO

I couldn't not tell her.

FADE TO:

INT. STEVE'S APARTMENT - NIGHT

Steve rushes into the kitchen ahead of Rebekah to put all the pills away.

She steps in.

REBEKAH

What're you doing?

STEVE

Oh, I just--I was counting my meds.

She picks up his suicide note, sees a few words, looks at him.

REBEKAH

Counting your meds, eh?

He is silent.

REBEKAH (cont'd)

Tough day all around, I guess.

(beat)

Why are you all packed?

STEVE

I can't tell you.

REBEKAH

Otherwise you'd have to kill me?

STEVE

No, because I don't want you to run away or think differently of me or anything.



REBEKAH  
(holding up the note)  
I already saw this.

Steve hangs his head.

STEVE  
It was supposed to be easier for everyone.

REBEKAH  
Except for the part where you're dead. That'd be pretty hard.

STEVE  
I... I'm not selfish.

REBEKAH  
I know that.

STEVE  
But I don't want to be around. I don't want this life.

REBEKAH  
You want whatever's next?

STEVE  
I want reprieve from feeling like shit all the time. I want to be able to function again.  
(beat)  
Here, sit.

She flops down on the couch, adjusts and moves pillows and fixes herself until she's settled.

REBEKAH  
Comfy. Can I sleep here?

STEVE  
I hope it smells okay. I have a sheet I can get for you and--

REBEKAH  
Dork, it's all so very fine.

STEVE  
It's one of those secret worries, y'know? That just passes through my mind...

REBEKAH

Boy, you're really good at finding ways to eat at yourself.

STEVE

Om nom nom, straight into my center. But uh... I'm all done. Let's talk about something else.

He sits on the far end of the couch and looks at her as he adjusts himself into comfort.

STEVE (cont'd)

(mimicking her)

Comfy.

She laughs.

REBEKAH

It all feels like forever ago. When we met and all that.

STEVE

Five years and countless days...

Steve goes quiet.

REBEKAH

I'll be honest too: I expected better out of these five years.

STEVE

You never found your Point in Prague, did you.

REBEKAH

Nope, I never found my point.

STEVE

Was it his fault?

REBEKAH

Kinda sorta. It snowballed into something else entirely but...

STEVE

Do you still have the drawing?

REBEKAH

I do my best to keep everything I make. It's a storage nightmare.

STEVE

Well, then, there's still a chance.

REBEKAH

Oh if only... I just feel like I got duped by following my dreams. By trying anything out of the ordinary. I wish I'd've just stayed in my nerd-box and not grown as a person.

STEVE

We were promised a lot as kids growing up but then...

REBEKAH

Something just went haywire.

STEVE

Like, I got stuck with what I was doing right out of college--but at least I had something, y'know? And I stayed and stayed and stayed to support my girlfriend at the time but my apathy and her aggression killed the relationships around me to the point that when she left me I found myself leading a very quiet life that just turned into a downward spiral over time... I feel dull now. Not, like, my personality but--dim is a better word. Like the lights are going out on everything and...

REBEKAH

That's... dark.

STEVE

Great joke, dad.

REBEKAH

(with a laugh)

I didn't mean it like that, I just meant--

She reaches for his hand and stops mid-sentence. Their eyes lock.

EXT. FOREST - DAY

The trees are fully engulfed in uncontrollable flames.

The river rages on, impervious.

BACK TO:

STEVE'S APARTMENT

He looks into her eyes.

REBEKAH

This is your chance, Steve.

He looks through himself for a long moment before taking his hand away.

INT. HOSPITAL - ROOM - NIGHT

Cosmo and Lena lay close one another in the small bed. The warm yellows of a streetlight permeate the room.

COSMO

Do you remember when we went to  
Oceanside that one time?

LENA

You tried mussels and I tried  
oysters...

COSMO

And then I muscled your oyster?

She slaps him on the chest.

LENA

Say it right.

He takes up her hand and plays with the tips of your fingers.

COSMO

And then we laid in the sand and  
realized just how Hunter and Torrance  
would play together when they were  
five and six until we fell asleep  
together...

Cosmo smiles as she interlocks their fingers and brings them down between them.

COSMO (cont'd)

...I miss us, Lena. I miss imagining  
our kids... I want to be better for  
you.

LENA  
That's not enough to get the  
enterprise of us all the way back. I  
need to see you act.

COSMO  
Why does it have to all be on me?

LENA  
(smiling)  
Because I'm a perfect angel.

COSMO  
So what then?

LENA  
You've gotta want it for yourself.

Silence.

COSMO  
I acknowledge that I'm holding back  
the brewery and us and probably  
fucking everything.

LENA  
What does Brian want for himself?

COSMO  
To cut back enough that I don't lose  
you. No, wait, that's--

LENA  
You caught yourself, good.

COSMO  
Let me try it again: to cut back  
enough that I don't lose my dream,  
that I don't eventually get cirrhosis  
and die. I need you in my life and I  
need you to see me change.

LENA  
(with a push)  
So prove yourself then, motherfucker.  
(beat)  
I dare you stick the landing on this  
one.

COSMO  
So nothing I say tonight with solve  
this.

LENA

...Brian. I love you and I won't leave you over all of this right now. But I also want a family. Hunter and Torrance have an honest to chance to actually exist but if you don't get a handle on this whole situation then it won't and it'll tear us apart... I don't want a growing rift between us.

COSMO

You are my favorite and I refuse to let that happen. Maybe... we need a sign. Like, what if when I inadvertently begin to push it you tap your nose, like this:

(tapping nose)

Boop boop be doop.

LENA

But if I do that it means you didn't have the goddamn self-control in the first place.

COSMO

Cool, so it'll be a clear indication of when I've fucked up.

LENA

And that I'm mad as hell.

COSMO

So we have it if we need it. But I promise you I'll do my damndest not to reach that point.

(quietly)

I'm dead without you, Lena. And tonight I saw the end of everything coming on all too quickly. I'm ready for change--to change--especially now.

LENA

You finally woke the fuck up.

Silence. After a long moment, Cosmo moves his hand up her thigh.

LENA (cont'd)

Really, dude?

COSMO  
Haven't you always wanted to get  
freaky somewhere weird?

LENA  
I literally just had my first  
seizure.

COSMO  
(like a Girl Going  
Wild)  
"It's my first time!"

LENA  
Lie with me, just not in the biblical  
sense. Help me sleep, I'm drained and  
scared and I just need this spot  
right here...

She pushes herself into his chest.

LENA (cont'd)  
This is my spot.

COSMO  
I never want to be gone from you.

Stillness.

INT. REBEKAH'S APARTMENT - BEDROOM - MORNING

Jordan lies in bed, deep asleep. Rebekah slams a suitcase  
onto the bed to wake him up.

He sees the suitcase, then looks up to her.

REBEKAH  
I can't anymore.

JORDAN  
But... no. Just fucking no.

Jordan gets out of bed.

JORDAN (cont'd)  
You aren't giving me--

REBEKAH  
What, a chance? All those times over  
the years don't count? Do you need me  
to list them?

(MORE)

REBEKAH (cont'd)

(beat)

You do. Okay. How about when you crashed through the table at Karen's wedding. Or when you ditched me at Coachella for drugs with strangers. Or what about when you got--

JORDAN

Shut up! I'm your fuck-up, remember? I thought you liked me this way.

REBEKAH

I did when we were twenty-freakin'-two but for the love of God we aren't anymore, Jordan. We aren't.

JORDAN

You're supposed to save me, though, we've talked about this.

REBEKAH

Nope, I'm done kowtowing to it. In truth, I really think you're being mean when you talk that way.

JORDAN

How is that mean?

REBEKAH

Is is supposed to be sweet? That I have to clean up your mess and try'n force you to be better?

JORDAN

Not when you put it that way but--

REBEKAH

That's not a relationship! That's pet ownership!

(beat)

I need a man. Not a fucking dog.

Jordan is stunned into sitting by her curse.

JORDAN

Wow...

REBEKAH

And for the record, just so that I remain more transparent throughout these proceedings--



JORDAN

So that you can stay on your high horse?

REBEKAH

I was with Steve last night. I gave him a chance and he rejected me.

A long beat.

JORDAN

Her name was Katrina. We saw each other for four months before she decided she didn't want to leave her husband. I was and very much now am ready to leave you.

REBEKAH

Oh okay. Then I want you out and gone when I get back from my parents' place. I mean, I don't even know why I'm the one packing when--

JORDAN

Nope.

REBEKAH

What do you mean, "nope?"

JORDAN

I mean check the new lease, the one we signed after you lost your job and during the more recent period in which you've been living off me.

REBEKAH

(quietly)

Crap.

JORDAN

You're out and you're gone. You better hope this dysfunctional fucking bunch you've found doesn't drive that whole business venture into the ground because I'd hate to see you urban camping, Rebekah. Best of fucking luck.

REBEKAH

Can I at least--

JORDAN  
(apeshit)  
Get out!

She recoils in fear.

BLACK OUT

INT. WELL - DAY

From the bottom of a deep well, the light shines through the trees. The bucket drops slowly.

FADE TO BLACK

OVER BLACK

"And yet, after all this time..."

INT. BREWERY - DAY

Steve and Cosmo stand before a vat of beer. Over them hangs a banner with the new logo. The place has begun to sprout tables and chairs in preparation for the opening of their tasting room.

Steve and Cosmo clink small glasses and down a small sample of beer. Cosmo swishes his and spits it back out.

STEVE  
You're getting better at this.

COSMO  
Thanks man, coming from a Philistine like you that really means something. But at least you're on TV now!

STEVE  
Barely. I basically just let my nuts swing in the wind in front of a live audience.

(beat)  
The whole thing fucking sucked. I thought they were gonna fire me on the spot.

COSMO  
And did they?

STEVE

They're making me do it again next week.

COSMO

That's dope dude! You shouldn't doubt yourself because you'll grow into it. You're already better than some of the bungholes on that channel.

Steve drinks back another beer.

STEVE

Strawberry?

COSMO

It's supposed to be watermelon.

STEVE

I was close.

(beat)

But, so, lunch?

COSMO

I'm not going anywhere.

STEVE

Oh but I thought--

COSMO

Doofus. *We* aren't going to lunch.

STEVE

But I'm hungry? And you asked me to come by because of said hunger? Who am I going to lunch with if not--  
ohhh...

COSMO

Why do you think I brought you here?

STEVE

So you could unzip while I kneel?

Cosmo gestures widely like a magician.

COSMO

It was all an illusion.

(beat)

It's time for you to nut up, big shot.

STEVE

Meaning...

COSMO

Meaning go ask her out to eat if you're so hungry.

STEVE

Oh, but I--

COSMO

Don't be such a sissy lala, my neighbor. You're full of both shit and excuses--and mama taught me those are both very stinky things.

(beat)

Let me put it to you like Bush is president: Don't be such a fucking pussy. She's not gonna be single forever, bro. Hell, I'm surprised she's gone this long.

STEVE

Isn't she in the office with Lena though? I mean, I don't want an audience.

Cosmo pushes Steve in the direction of the office.

COSMO

Don't. Be. Such. A. Say it with me, kids! Let's all watch!

INT. BREWERY OFFICE - THAT MOMENT

In the office, Lena and Rebekah sit at their desks before computers, working quietly. Music plays.

Steve and Cosmo appear in the doorway.

STEVE

(to Rebekah)

Hey, so, uh--

COSMO

Just say yes. He's asking you out.

STEVE

Dickslap, this is my thing.

(back to Rebekah)

Sorry, he's just--

REBEKAH  
 (with a laugh)  
 Yes.

STEVE  
 Yes? Wait. No, hold on, before you--  
 (to Cosmo)  
 Let me do it myself, okay?

COSMO  
 Sure!

Cosmo leans against the door sill. Steve turns to Rebekah.  
 Lena perks up in her chair.

STEVE  
 Jesus Christ, this exactly what I  
 didn't want.

After laughing to himself for a second, he turns to Rebekah.

STEVE (cont'd)  
 (like a gentleman)  
 Why good day madam! My name is Steve.  
 I've never seen you around these  
 parts before.

Rebekah laughs.

REBEKAH  
 (like a Southern  
 Belle)  
 Hello, Steve, I'm Rebekah.

STEVE  
 Good evening, Rebekah! I'd like to  
 cordially invite you to a meal with  
 this here handsome visage. Would you  
 oblige me by indulging in something  
 both delicious and, in your case,  
 free?

REBEKAH  
 A meal? Sweet mercy, my  
 sensibilities!

Cosmo dies laughing.

LENA  
 Go to that new sushi place down the  
 block. I wanna know how it is.

STEVE  
Sound good to you?

REBEKAH  
Definitely.

INT. SUSHI RESTAURANT - LATER

The WAITER shows them a table, sets down menus, and walks away. Rebekah takes an inside seat facing away from the window.

Steve moves to sit across from her then hesitates.

STEVE  
Are we on a date?

Rebekah smiles at him.

REBEKAH  
Yes. This is a date.

He sits down to the left of her.

REBEKAH (cont'd)  
So what's the what, then?

They lock eyes for a long moment.

He flops his hand on the table like a dead fish, open to holding.

She does the same, flopping her hand palm-up next to his.

STEVE  
(with mock-  
exasperation)  
Always so stubborn.

He takes her hand. Their fingers grow tight around one another's.

BLACK OUT

OVER BLACK

After a long moment, the sounds of the forest percolate through. A few birds filled in by the rustling trees. The growing sounds of two sets of footsteps grow.

REBEKAH

Wait, wait, let's try it again.

STEVE

Okay okay, here we go.

REBEKAH/STEVE

(alternating words)

Don't. Quit. Keep. Going.

Don't. Quit. Keep. Going.

They fall out of rhythm and into unmitigated laughter as the sound fades out...