

SAINT PETER'S SNOW REMOVAL

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SAINT PETER'S SNOW REMOVAL

BY

ARAM S. KATZ

BLACK SCREEN

MAN (V.O.)

(emotionless)

Nothing comes from nothing. In the
end, we're all nothing, dear.

FADE IN:

INT. BEDROOM - DAY

The scene opens in a very small studio apartment, the kind of place a person one step above homeless would consider home. Hanging from the ceiling is the sole means of illumination; a naked light bulb without a lamp shade on an electrical cable.

BEGIN OPENING
CREDITS

Around the room are the signs of a single man; clothing strewn around the floor, a pile of dirty dishes in the sink, and a completely unkempt apartment.

The furnishings are Spartan and cheap; a ratty second hand two seater sofa, a spool for a coffee table, metallic window shades that are old, dirty and bent, a double bed that has seen better days and a kitchen that looks as though it survived a military siege.

Next to the bed is a night stand complete with a nearly broken desk lamp and a vintage 1980s style alarm clock radio. Against the wall is a water warped wooden wardrobe.

The walls are painted generic white. They are barren, devoid of any decorations, paintings or anything that would bring color to the room.

On the other side of the room is an extremely old television set with a "rabbit ears" antenna on the top.

All in all, this apartment should be condemned. It is decaying, lifeless, colorless and bland to the point of being invisible.

The clock turns over from 17:59 to 18:00 and the alarm goes off: Utica's talk radio station, WUTA 1170 AM.

DJ (O.S.)

Good evening, Utica, New York!
It's a fantastic WUTA 1170 AM
Monday evening and there isn't any
place you would rather be. You
know it! Be prepared, ladies and
(MORE)

DJ (O.S.) (cont'd)
 gentlemen. . .a monster nor-easter
 is heading our way tonight and we
 all know what that means.

The lump underneath the blanket begins to stir and move.

DJ (CONT'D)
 Yes, it means it's time to call
 Saint Peter's snow removal! You
 all know what that means. The way
 it comes is the way it goes!
 Because our city government is just
 the most pathe. . .

A hand comes out and hits the snooze button. The lump groans and slowly sits up to reveal a man of no real distinction in appearance. He is average in every way possible and as bland looking as his apartment. This is the MAN, mid-to-late 40s, a bit tall and graying around the edges.

He rubs his eyes and looks at the window. He leans over and moves a couple slats of the window shade out of the way and looks out the window. He sighs.

Slowly, he gets out of bed and stands up. The floor is ice cold, so he quickly puts on slippers that look as though he ran a marathon in them. He stretches.

END OPENING CREDITS

He looks around and sees his robe on the sofa. He picks it up. What should be a bright white robe is actually now brown, grey and off white, the fraying on the belt and edges showing its age.

The snooze button goes off again and he presses the alarm clock. He sighs and shakes his head. He lumbers into his bathroom. He turns the light on then turns and looks at himself in the mirror.

BATHROOM

Almost automatically and with no passion or emotion, he picks up his Q-tip and cleans his ears as he turns the water on. He turns to look in the mirror again at the same long, drawn face looking back at him. The radio pops on again.

DJ (O.S.)
 So that's news again folks. Again,
 the nor-easter is coming and is
 predicted to be here later tonight.
 So, all you kids. . .no school
 tomorrow!

As the DJ continues to rattle on and on, the man drowns him out, rubs his five o'clock shadow and looks at the shaving cream and straight razor on the counter next to the sink.

He looks down, then scratches above his right eye.

He puts his hand into the shower and feels the water. He adjusts the temperature, takes off his boxers and goes into the shower.

SHOWER

Water cascades down on him as he stands with his head against the moly tiled wall. The water steams up the room, indictating how scalding hot the shower is. Slowly, steam fills the bathroom.

He stands motionless and stares at the floor, his expression blank and empty. He grabs his soap and begins to clean himself. The man's physique leaves a lot do be desired. He may be in his mid 40s, but his body looks a lot older, suffering from poor diet and abuse through neglect.

His chest has hair over his torso, arms, stomach and back. Without a shirt, he would look like the missing link. He picks up the shampoo and lathers his body hair. He closes his eyes and lets the water relax him.

His eyes remain closed as the water hits his body. The alarm goes off again, the snooze button elapsed again.

He shakes his head and, as if habitual in action and almost automatic, opens his eyes, turns off the water and grabs his towel to wrap around him.

BATHROOM

He steps out of the shower. He grabs a towel and walks to the mirror. He wipes the condensation off the mirror, picks up his toothbrush and begins to brush his teeth. He picks up his cup, drink water and gargles. He bends over and spits into the sink. He looks at himself in the mirror and shakes his head.

He grabs the shaving cream and lathers up his hand to rub on his face. When done, he turns on the water and washes the excess off in the sink. He picks up the straight edged razor blade and stares at it. He lifts his head and closes his eyes. He hesitates and puts the razor to his throat. His hand shakes as if he is thinking about something he wants to do.

He sighs after looking at himself in the mirror and begins to shave.

SINK

As he shaves, blood drips into the water. It is apparent he doesn't care that he cut himself shaving.

APARTMENT

On the bed are the clothes of a security guard. On the floor next to the bed are ratty old work boots, fraying and showing the steel of the steel tips.

The Man sits down next to his clothes wearing boxer shorts and woolen socks. On his face are numerous pieces of toilet paper where he cut himself shaving. They are white and red in the center.

He picks up his long underwear and puts them on. The Man then stands up and puts his black pants on. Then his blue shirt. He puts on his black tie.

Next, he bends over, puts on his jacket, then looks at himself in the cracked mirror hanging from the front door. He sees himself; his blank, lifeless expression and empty stare. He closes his eyes and then looks around.

He sees his Nokia 1280 phone and puts it, and the charger, in his pocket. He grabs his wallet and keys. He puts on a faded black overcoat and grabs his security guard hat. He looks his the vanity mirror against the closed bathroom door.

MAN

Another day in hell.

The man turns and opens the fridge. He pulls out a brown bag and a bottle of water. The man then walks to the front door. He opens the door, closes it behind him and locks it.

EXT. PARKING LOT - EVENING

The Man exits the building and walks to his beat up Chevrolet Beretta. He opens the door, gets into the driver's seat and turns on the car. It is missing a muffler so it is loud enough to wake the dead.

He puts it into gear and begins to drive away.

EXT. VACANT PARKING LOT - NIGHT

He drives into a large dirt parking lot and drives to a fence. He pulls into a parking space next to the gate near a white guard shack.

The Man gets out of the car and turns to lock the door, but hesitates. He shakes his head, disgusted with himself and looks around to see. . .nothing. Not a person, not a car, not an animal, just gravel, dirt and plants. The wind and his breathe are the only sounds he hears.

The Man walks from the car and walks to the gate. He takes out his key and unlocks the gate. He walks in and then to the white guard shack. He opens the door, turns on the light and looks around.

INT. GUARD SHACK

There is barely anything in this room that could be considered modern: an old, broken down microwave oven with a rusty hot plate on the top, an old, vintage 1970s style TV (black and white) complete with rabbit ears, a space heater with a frayed electrical cable plugged into the wall, and a small now "off white" refrigerator in the corner.

The man walks to the wall, picks up a long rectangular piece of paper and slides it into a time clock.

He looks at his watch, then picks up a clipboard. He pulls out a pen and writes on the paper. He puts the clipboard down and picks a long, black metal flashlight. He takes off his overcoat and steps back outside.

EXT. LUMBERYARD GROUNDS

The Man walks through the lumberyard shining his flashlight, inspecting the lumber and making sure everything is safe. There is no emotion in his steps. There is no nothing at all. Everything is automatic, robotic, and done through rote routine.

He walks back to the guard shack and looks up to see a cloudless, perfect night.

INT. GUARD SHACK

MONTAGE

- 1: Man plays solitaire.
- 2: Man eats his lunch.
- 3: Man turns on the space heater and pulls out a book.
- 4: Man stares at the clock and watches the time slow down.
- 5: The sun rises.

EXT. PARKING LOT - MORNING

The Man looks up at the clock in the guard shack as the sun rises. He grabs his overcoat, punches out of the time clock and walks out into the parking lot. The nor-easter did not come.

The man walks to the gate, opens it, and then locks it behind him. He walks to his Beretta, opens the door and watches the sun come up over the eastern hills of Utica and Herkimer County. The trees are barren in winter and, with no snow on the ground, there seems to be no life to anything.

The Man gets into his car, turns it on, and drives away. As he does, another car enters the parking lot. The driver inside honks the horn at The Man, who returns the gesture.

INT. DINER

The Diner is pretty much empty.

Sitting in a booth in the corner, The Man sits pawing at his breakfast. He has barely eaten anything. He looks at his eggs and his coffee. He puts his fork down and stands up. The throws ten dollars on the table, picks up his coat and leaves, his breakfast barely touched.

INT. APARTMENT

The door opens and the man walks into his apartment. He puts his keys on the hook near the door and turns on the light. He walks to the fridge area, opens the nearly dead fridge, and pulls out a beer. He walks to the sofa and collapses into it. He opens the beer and turns on the TV to show a grainy, old color TV picture.

TV COMMERCIAL (O.S.)

Think about it! Two weeks of fun
and sun in the paradise of
Thailand. All you have to do to be
eligible is call this toll free
number and subscribe to. . .

CLICK!

MAN

(quietly)

Fuck off.

The Man drinks as he watches his TV's blank screen. The room is absolutely silent. The naked light bulb pops and the room becomes dark. The man looks up.

APARTMENT - SOME TIME LATER

The light is back on as the Man holds the blackened, dead light bulb in his hand.

His Nokia rings. He picks it up and looks at the number. He shrugs his shoulders and puts the phone to his ear.

MAN

Hello? Yeah! Okay, I'll be there
tonight. Are you going to. . .I
know. No promises. Okay. See you
then.

The man hangs up the phone. He shakes his head and stands up. He puts the beer on the spool and throws the bulb into the trash. He takes off his clothing down to his boxer shorts and climbs into bed.

He lays on his back, staring at the ceiling. Eventually, he closes his eyes and falls asleep.

EXT. BAR

ESTABLISHING a small corner bar.

INT. BAR

The place is empty, except a rather plain looking WAITRESS sitting at the register reading the Utica Observer-Dispatch. She is in her early-to-mid 30s, a bit rotund with her long brown hair in a pony tail.

The bar has the ambiance of an Italian 1930s style speakeasy. Behind the bar are many different pictures and posters of various Buffalo Bills players and team photos: The 1990 Bills, Jim Kelly, Fred Jackson, Eric Moulds, Andre Reed, Bruce Smith, etc. The prize of this collection is an autographed photo of a man and Bills DT Kyle Williams.

The bell at the door rings and the Man walks in. He sits at the bar. Waitress comes up to the Man and smiles.

WAITRESS

Hey, buddy. How have you been?

The man nods.

WAITRESS (CONT'D)

The usual?

The man nods. Waitress goes to the bar and starts making a drink.

MAN

How have things been with you?

WAITRESS

(matter of fact)

Oh. . .so-so. Nothing special really.

The Man takes the newspaper and opens to the sports section.

MAN

(laughs)

Hey, the Sabres won.

He turns the page.

MAN (CONT'D)

(depressed)

And the Knicks lost. . .again.

Waitress laughs and turns around. She puts a drink in front of him and smiles.

WAITRESS

Tom Collins, heavy on the sugar.

The Man puts the paper down and smiles.

Uneasy silence as the Man takes a drink. He puts his drink down and looks around.

WAITRESS (CONT'D)

So. . .

Man nods in agreement.

MAN

How did it work out with that guy?

Waitress takes a bar rag and wipes down the bar.

WAITRESS

(emotional)

Oh, you know. You're not my type. You're a good girl. You'd make any man happy. I've heard it all before.

The man nods.

WAITRESS (CONT'D)

I just assumed that one would be different. He was educated. A traveler! He knew things I never knew existed. He was special.

MAN

But you're not his type.

Waitress throws the bar towel into a bin and looks at the Man.

WAITRESS

And I know why? Look at me!

MAN

Don't do this to yourself.

WAITRESS

Look at me! I'm ugly. I'm frumpy. But I keep smiling because I know someone is out there.

Man drinks and stares into space.

MAN

I used to believe that.

WAITRESS

Why shouldn't I believe it? I'm still young. I'm. . .

Man puts his hand on Waitress's hand.

MAN

Don't. If it happens, it happens.

Waitress nods quickly and forces up a smile.

WAITRESS

I know. I know. But you do know what it's like? Every one of my friends is married with a child. I am the odd one out.

MAN

When you get to my age, it really doesn't matter anymore.

Waitress walks to the corner of the bar.

WAITRESS

I hope to be with someone when I am your age.

As the Waitress sits and picks up her paper, the Man stands up and walks over to her.

MAN

Look. You're a wonderful person. You always make me smile.

WAITRESS

I make everyone smile. What I want is to make someone melt for me. But it doesn't happen. I know how men think. "She has a good personality" means she's ugly. "She's has a beautiful soul" means she has a fat body. "She's independent" means "she's overbearing." These are things people use to describe me. This is me. I accept it. But I'm a good person, dammit.

The Man sighs.

MAN

(quietly)

Sometimes being good isn't good enough.

The Man smiles. He looks at his watch and then at the door.

MAN (CONT'D)

Where is he? He said he's be here by nine.

The Waitress rolls her eyes and picks up her newspaper.

WAITRESS

Honestly, I don't know why you're friends with that guy. He's such an ass.

The Man takes another drink from his glass and shakes his head. He looks at his watch again.

MAN

Maybe, but I've known him my entire life.

The Man stands up and takes a drink.

MAN (CONT'D)

I'll be in the head. If he comes, tell him to wait.

The Waitress nods as the Man exits the room. She watches him leave then puts down her newspaper. She then walks to the Man's drink and places a coaster under it. She walks to the cash register and looks at the mirror behind it.

She sees herself: her plain, average, uninspiring appearance looking back at her. She forces up a smile, but it vanishes fast. In its place remains a forlorn, almost dejected, expression. She wipes her face with a bar rag.

WAITRESS

(to herself)

Day by day, girl.

The bell at the door sounds and two people, a man and a woman, walk into the bar arm in arm, laughing and giggling, enjoying each one's company. This is FRIEND and FLOOSIE.

Friend smiles at Waitress. He is a man of medium height, but well built, well put together, has a perpetual tan and is extremely handsome. With him is the Floosie. She is in her early-to-mid 20s, thin, pretty with long brown hair and a gym toned body. She looks as though to have an Italian background as her skin tone is deep brown and her eyes are dark brown.

Waitress looks at Friend and motions to the drink on the bar. Friend sees it and walks Floosie to the bar.

FRIEND

Here, my dear!

Floosie sits and giggles as Friend sits next to her. He looks at Waitress.

FRIEND (CONT'D)

Hey! Toots! A little service here.

Waitress puts down her newspaper and stands up. She walks over to Friend and looks him in the eyes.

WAITRESS

Don't. Ever. Call me. Toots!

FRIEND
 (indifferent)
 Yeah, whatever! Fuzzy navel for
 the lady and. . .a Gin rickey for
 me.

Waitress turns around and looks in the mirror as Friend and Floosie get romantic in a very obvious and rather obnoxious way. Friend looks at Waitress and smiles, knowing this will upset her.

And it does. Waitress looks down and tries to avoid seeing the public display of affection.

FLOOSIE
 (giggling)
 Stop! You'll get some of that
 later, baby.

FRIEND
 Oh. Show Daddy some of it now.

Floosie takes Friend's hand and puts it on her leg. She leans into him and kisses his lips, licking them as she pulls away.

FLOOSIE
 (seductive)
 I can do much better with my lips
 when we are alone.

Waitress turns away and puts the drinks on bar.

WAITRESS
 (cold)
 \$9.50.

Friend pulls out his wallet and looks at Floosie.

FRIEND
 Well, what do you think?

Floosie looks at the Waitress, who instantly become very self-conscience. Waitress steps two steps back and tries to hide from the judging, condemning eyes.

FLOOSIE
 Exactly what you said. Listen,
 honey. . .if you want a man in your
 life, drop some weight and stop
 looking like a sow.

Waitress smiles. She knows what is being said is true, but tries to act as though the venom doesn't sting.

FRIEND
 Look at her. Ugly. Fat. Worthless
 job. What man would ever want to
 be with that?

Waitress looks at the ground, then goes back to her position at the corner of the bar. She picks up her newspaper and a pencil. That hurt and she struggles not to give Friend or Floosie the satisfaction to know it.

FLOOSIE

(cruel)

Personal ads aren't going to help a cow like you!

From the bathroom, Man opens the door and walks back into the bar room. He sees his Friend with the Floosie and walks towards them.

MAN

You're finally here.

Friend stands up and extends his hand to Man. They shake hands. Man looks at Floosie drinking her drink and is instantly turned on by her. She is just one of the most attractive women he's seen.

FRIEND

(cordial)

I'm sorry we were late. She had to work a little late and then wanted something to eat before we came. Gotta do what the girl says. . . especially one as hot as she is.

Floosie blushes, but she knows the words are true. She is beautiful and has no problems letting people know it.

FLOOSIE

Please. I'm nothing special.

FRIEND

Stand up. Let my friend get a good look at you.

Sensing more attention, Floosie seductively stands up and looks at the Man with a "fuck me, come hither" look. She is going to put on a show for her man's friend.

FRIEND (CONT'D)

What do you think, buddy?

The man nods his head and, being shy, tries to play off his desire and emotion by walking to his drink and sitting down.

FRIEND (CONT'D)

(absent minded)

Oh, I forgot. Her name is. . .

MAN

I know who she is. She works in Sangertown.

FLOOSIE
 (shocked)
 How do you know that?

Man smiles and drinks his drink. Floosie looks at Friend, concerned.

FRIEND
 (awkward)
 Anyway, it's our night to have good time. A little casino, a little dancing. . .maybe a little fun if the mood is right.

FLOOSIE
 (seductive)
 Keep saying the right things, Prince, and the Queen is all yours.

Man smiles and drinks his drink. He reaches into his wallet and pulls out a \$10 bill, placing it onto the counter.

MAN
 (quiet)
 You said you'd introduce me to one of her friends.

FRIEND
 Sorry, buddy. Her friend said she had other plans tonight. Looks like you'll be staggng it again.

Man picks up his drink and finishes it. He lifts his hand to the Waitress.

MAN
 (defeated)
 Another one, please.

Waitress stands up and walks over to the alcohol. She stares daggers at Friend and Floosie. If she could, she would rip both to shreds, but instead, just quietly makes another drink.

Friend puts his hand on Man's shoulder.

FRIEND
 Look, don't be that way. Maybe tonight you'll break your losing streak and find someone.

Floosie snickers.

FLOOSIE
 Please, dear. A loser like this? My friend was right. He can't afford a sweet girl like that.

Waitress spins around and looks at Man sitting, just staring ahead, cold and hardened. She stares at Friend and the Floosie, infuriated. She picks up the \$10 bill and points at them.

WAITRESS

(stern)

Out! Both of you!

Friend looks at the waitress, angered. He stands up and takes Floosie's hand.

FRIEND

Fuck you! Keep the change and go
buy a life!

Friend looks at Man, who picks up the new drink and starts drinking.

FRIEND (CONT'D)

(impatient)

You coming?

Man shakes his head. He looks at Floosie and then back at the bar.

MAN

Not tonight. I don't feel like
staggering it again.

Friend nods his head and walks, hand and hand, with Floosie to the door. Floosie picks up her purse and follows.

FLOOSIE

(laughing)

You were right. A skank and a
loser. They are perfect for each
other.

The two leave. And the bar is nearly empty and silent as the Man and the Waitress look at each other.

Neither person moves as the clock turns over from 10 PM to 11 PM. Man looks at Waitress and tries to smile, but a pained, almost forlorn and apologetic look overcomes his face. He opens his mouth as if to speak, but second guesses himself, opting to remain silent.

Waitress goes to the register with the \$10 bill, opens the cash drawer and makes change. She spins around and takes the Man by his hand.

WAITRESS

(quickly)

Why don't you stand up for
yourself? You know what she said
isn't true.

The man doesn't respond.

WAITRESS (CONT'D)

You are a good, wonderful man.

The man finishes his drink, stands up and puts \$15 on the counter. He picks up his jacket and looks at Waitress.

MAN

No. What she said is true. I'm 48 years old. This is my life. I accept it.

WAITRESS

But. . .

MAN

(quiet)

I may be a good man, but I know I am not good enough.

The Waitress sighs.

WAITRESS

(exasperated)

Don't you want anything better?

Man turns and walks to the door. He opens it.

MAN

(cold)

I gave that up years ago.

The man leaves the bar, leaving the Waitress all alone as well.

EXT. BAR PARKING LOT - NIGHT

As the man walks to his car, the neon lights on the window shut down. He turns to look at the bar.

Waitress walks out, locking the doors behind her. She turns and looks at the Man, as he gets into his car, alone, puts his car into gear and drives away, alone, leaving the Waitress all alone to watch him disappear into the night.

Waitress then turns and walks in the opposite direction, just as alone as the Man.

INT. APARTMENT

The door slides opens and the Man walks into his studio flat. He hangs his keys on the hook near the door and turns on the light with the switch near the door. The lone, naked light bulb illuminates. The man stares at his hovel.

MAN

(quiet)

Home crap home.

He takes off his jacket and begins to unbutton his shirt. He throws his jacket onto the ratty sofa and walks into the bathroom.

INT. BATHROOM

Man, now shirtless, gargles and spits into the sink. He splashes water onto his face and looks in the mirror to see himself stare back at himself. He hates what he sees.

Slowly, he picks up his toothbrush and begins to brush his teeth.

BEDROOM

The man turns off the light in the bedroom and takes off his pants so he is just in his boxer shorts. He crawls into bed, puts the covers over him and turns to plug in his Noka 1280 into the wall charger. Instantly, it rings that he has received a text message.

Man looks at his phone.

INSERT

Phone: "She is open minded and we met another hot girl. Threesome! You should have come, buddy. Wish me luck."

BACK TO SCENE

Man looks at the phone and types in a response.

MAN (V.O.)

"You don't need luck, you jerk. I hope they rob you blind."

The man looks at his phone, shakes his head, and then deletes the message.

MAN (V.O.)

Good luck. Have fun.

The man sends the message, puts the phone to his side, and stares at the ceiling.

Suddenly, he hears the sounds of a three way playing in his mind.

FRIEND (V.O.)

Don't stop! All the way down!

FLOOSIE (V.O.)

(giggling)

Which one, baby?

FRIEND (V.O.)

Both of you. Switch off.

Man hears the sounds of intense and wild sex in his mind. He closes his eyes. He rolls over and. . .

INT. HOTEL ROOM

He sees a posh hotel room with very flavorful décor. The man stands up and looks around, smiling. He looks down and sees himself in a white robe. He walks to the vanity mirror by the closed bathroom door and looks at himself.

INSERT - MIRROR'S REFLECTION

The man looks all cleaned up and good, like he's the "cock of the walk." He looks like the playboy he's always wanted to be.

There is a knock at the door. The man walks over and looks through the peep hole. He looks down and opens it to see his Friend looking back and smiling.

FRIEND

Thanks for inviting me, buddy. I owe you!

Man nods as Friend walks in and looks around, interested.

FRIEND

(concerned)

So where are they?

Man closes the door and looks at his Friend. He walks to the mini fridge and pulls out a small bottle of wine. He walks over to the glasses on the hutch and pulls out a wine glass.

MAN

(smooth)

In the bathroom.

FRIEND

(eye widen)

Together?

The man pours himself a bottle of wine and smiles.

MAN

They are getting ready.

The man walks to the bathroom door and taps the door with his knuckles. He hears two girls giggle.

MAN

(calling out)

You two almost finished?

FLOOSIE (O.S.)

Five minutes, baby. My girl friend needs to finish. . .preparing.

BIMBO (O.S.)
 (whisper)
 Landing strip or bald?

Man looks at his Friend and smiles. He walks over to one of the chairs and sits down. Friend sits on the edge of the bed.

MAN
 You know the rules. You watch until one of them wants you to come over. Then you can get involved.

FRIEND
 (nodding)
 Of course. You're the boss.

The bathroom door opens. Floosie steps out and looks at Man with a "tear me apart" look, wearing a towel around her body, her wet hair down. She looks behind her and her friend, the BIMBO, a beautiful Latina with long black hair in her early to mid 20s, comes out wearing nothing by a smile.

BIMBO
 I've heard so much about you and I am so curious.

The two women giggle and kiss each other, then walks over and crawl onto the bed. They motion for the man to join them.

MAN
 (slick)
 It's going to be long night.

FLOOSIE
 (not scared)
 Bring it, big man.

Man slides out of his robe and climbs into bed with the two women. Instantly, they are all over him.

FRIEND
 (quiet)
 You are amazing, buddy.

BIMBO
 (frowns)
 Tell your friend to be quiet.

Man looks at his Friend, who stands and sits where Man sat before.

INT. BED

The two girls are all over the Man, licking and kissing him under the blanket. The man smiles in bliss. He closes his eyes, lost in ecstasy.

Suddenly, his phone vibrates again. The Man opens his eyes.

INT. APARTMENT

The fantasy is over. He is back in his apartment, alone. He looks down and sighs. He nods and then looks at his phone. He picks it up and stares at it.

INSERT - CELL PHONE

Phone: "Thanks, buddy. I'll fuck them both once for you! These bitches aren't going to be walking tomorrow."

BACK TO SCENE

Man looks at his phone, then starts punching in a message.

MAN (V.O.)
Did you get home safe?

Man hears a siren whiz passed his door. His phone vibrates.

WAITRESS (V.O.)
Yes I did. Thanks for caring. You
are a sweet man.

The man taps on his phone again.

MAN (V.O.)
It's the man I am. Good night.

With that, the man turns his phone off, plugs it into the wall charger, rolls over, closes his eyes and goes to sleep.

However, sleep doesn't find him. He looks under the blanket and sighs again.

MAN
(upset)
Just go to sleep.

The man rolls onto his back and stares at the ceiling. In his bed, the blanket has a lump around his mid-section. A blank, almost empty look takes over his face.

INT. BATHROOM - LATE AFTERNOON

Second verse, same as the first with no changes.

In his pants and shirtless, Man stares at his long drawn face. Almost automatically and with no passion or emotion, he picks up his shaving cream and lathers his face as he turns the water on. The hot water condenses on the cold mirror as the man picks up his straight edged razor and shaves.

He finishes, picks up a face towel and wipes the excess shaving cream from his face. He turns off the water and wipes the condensation off the mirror. Then, he picks up

his toothbrush and begins to brush his teeth. He picks up his cup, drinks water and gargles.

He bends over and spits into the sink. He looks at himself in the mirror and shakes his head.

MAN
 (to himself)
 More of same. Welcome to Hell,
 junior.

APARTMENT

The Man adjusts his tie in front of the broken vanity mirror hanging from the door. He sees himself; his blank, lifeless expression and empty stare. He closes his eyes and then looks around. He grabs his wallet, cell phone, and keys. He puts on a faded black overcoat and grabs his security guard hat.

The man opens the door, closes it behind him and locks it.

EXT. PARKING LOT - EVENING

The Man exits the building and walks to his beat up Chevrolet Beretta. He opens the door, gets into the driver's seat and turns on the car.

He puts it into gear and begins to drive away.

EXT. VACANT PARKING LOT - NIGHT

He pulls into a large dirt parking lot and drives to a fence and parks next to the gate with a white guard shack.

As he pulls in, the same car honks its horn and drives away.

PERSON IN CAR (O.S.)
 Good night, loser!

INT. GUARD SHACK

The Man sits in the white guard shack, staring off into space, there, but not really there. He looks as though he sleeps with his eyes open.

MONTAGE

- 1: Man with flashlight doing his rounds.
- 2: Man eating out of his lunch bucket.
- 3: Man watching the time pass by.
- 4: Sun breaks over the eastern sky.

EXT. VACANT PARKING LOT

The Man walks to his car as another car pulls into the parking lot. As the man enters his car, the other cars drives into the spot next to him.

INT. CAR

The Man puts his key in the ignition. The driver of the other car honks the horn. The Man rolls down his window.

OTHER CAR (O.S.)
Go home. You'll scare away the customers.

Man rolls up his window, puts his car in reverse and pulls out of the parking space.

INT. BAR - MORNING

The Waitress has just come into the bar. She wipes down the bar counter and puts on her apron. As she ties it in the back, the Man walks in. He nods and the Waitress walks over and makes a Tom Collins.

She turns around with the prepared drink in her hand and looks at The Man.

WAITRESS
Are you going to sit down?

Man shakes his head "no." Waitress puts the drink and looks at the Man.

WAITRESS (CONT'D)
Okay. \$5.50 then, please.

The man pulls out a \$10 dollar bills, picks up his drink and slams it.

MAN
(soft)
Keep the change, dear.

Waitress smiles as the man walks to the bathroom.

WAITRESS
(calling out)
I hope you're doing well.

The waitress takes the money and goes to the cash register.

WAITRESS (CONT'D)
(calling out)
You know. . .it's been a while since I've seen you in here.

No response.

WAITRESS (CONT'D)
 (calling out)
 You haven't even spoken to me in a
 while. I sort of missed you.

The bathroom door opens as the toilet flushes. Man looks at the Waitress and smiles.

MAN
 (low)
 Sorry, I've been really busy. I'll
 try to be more attentive to you.

The man walks out of the bar, leaving Waitress alone. She shakes her head and continues her cleaning.

PARKING LOT

The Man walks to his car. Suddenly, he reaches into his pocket and pulls out Nokia.

INSERT:

Phone: Dinner 2nite? Usual diner on James Street? 8 PM?

BACK TO SCENE

Man shakes his head and gives a half hearted smile.

MAN (V.O.)
 Okay. See you there.

Man puts his phone back into his pocket, unlocks the driver side door, and gets into his car.

EXT. DINER - NIGHT

ESTABLISHING Diner

INT. DINER

Sitting in a nearly empty diner is Friend in a booth and a young woman in her mid-30s drinking coffee, along with a HOSTESS at the register and a FRY COOK in the kitchen area.

Friend sits reading the menu and looking at the young woman sitting at the counter. She is physically, almost flawless looking: long brunette hair, flawless skin, sexy, slender and dressed in a white silk blouse, a black leather belt for show, a red mid-thigh skirt that shows off her perfectly toned legs and black three inch pumps.

Next to her, folding on the back of the chair, is a long red overcoat. The quality of her clothing would be priced out of most people's price range that live in Utica. This is the GIRL.

Girl sits drinking coffee, tapping on her phone, ignoring the world. She seems aloof and haughty with an apparent

conceited aura to her. She knows she is beautiful, she know she is desired, and uses that to her advantage.

Friend watches her, almost jumping out of his skin. He wants this girl's body in the worst way, and is looking for any opening he can find. As he watches Girl, the Man walks in.

HOSTESS

Welcome. Only yourself, sir?

Man looks around and sees his Friend in the booth. He motions that he will join his friend. Hostess comes out with a menu and follows the Man as he walks to his Friend's booth.

Friend looks up and smiles as the Man sits down. Hostess hands the menu to the Man, then walks away.

MAN

(to Hostess)

Thank you, Miss.

Man opens the menu. There is a long, awkward silence. Finally, Friend clears his throat.

FRIEND

Look, I'm sorry about that night with that bitch. She treated you terribly. You didn't ask for that and didn't deserve it.

Man continues reading the menu, not paying attention to his friend.

FRIEND (CONT'D)

I told her in the car that what she said was wrong. She agreed she was out of line.

Man doesn't look up at Friend.

MAN

(cold)

She said she agreed with you that I was a loser. Those words came from your mouth.

Friend shakes his head.

FRIEND

No. What I told her was people think you're a loser, but you're one of the best friends I have.

Man puts the menu down to see Friend smiling a smug, shit-eating grin.

FRIEND (CONT'D)

If it makes you feel better, I made the bitch cry and beg for her life in bed. Punishment for her rotten attitude.

Man shakes his head and motions for the Hostess to come over. Hostess picks up her check register and a pen and hurriedly walks over to the Man.

HOSTESS

(smiling)

What can I get you, sugar?

MAN

Coffee and a Napoleon, please.

Hostess writes down the order and walks to the kitchen.

Friend looks at his coffee and then glances at the Girl. He smiles.

FRIEND

See her?

Man looks at the Girl and nods. He turns back to Friend and shrugs his shoulders.

MAN

(quiet)

She's out of my league.

Friend chuckles.

FRIEND

Nonsense. You could get her. Think I should try something?

MAN

Didn't you just have two girls a couple days ago?

Friend smiles as Hostess puts two cups of coffee onto the table. Man smiles in thanks and picks up his coffee to drink it.

FRIEND

Yeah, but sex is like food. You can't go without it two days in a row.

Man cocks his eyes and looks at the Girl again. She picks up her glass of water and drinks.

MAN

I don't know. What would I say to her?

Friend stands up.

FRIEND

Relax. I'll break the ice.

Friend walks over to the Girl. She looks up at him. He smiles and asks if he can sit with her. She motions to join her.

Friend looks back at the Man. He knows what Friend will do. The Man stands up and walks passed the Girl and his Friend. He looks down to see the girl laugh a little and Friend look up at him, winking his eye and smiling.

Man walks past them and into the hallway to the men's room.

MEN'S ROOM

Man walks in and looks in the mirror. He shakes his head and closes his eyes.

MAN

(angry)

Yes. You are a loser.

Man walks to the urinal, stands in front of it, does his business and rests his head against the wall, looking down. He slowly starts, softly, banging his head against the wall.

MAN (CONT'D)

(frustrated)

Get. A. Damn. Spine!

Man stand motionless, eyes closed, looking down. He lifts his hand and flushes, but does not let go of the handle. He cannot move.

MAN (CONT'D)

He's going to do it to me again.

Man lifts his head, adjusts his fly and walks to the sink to wash his hands. He looks into the sink and raises his wet hands to wash his face. He looks into the mirror.

MAN (CONT'D)

And you know you'll just take it
like the coward you are.

Man takes three paper towels, wipes his hands and throws them, angry, into the garbage.

He walks to the door, but stops before leaving. He sighs.

MAN (CONT'D)

Time to watch the inevitable.

The man leaves the bathroom.

DINER

The Man walks back to see his Friend sitting closer to the girl. She appears to be receptive to him. Realizing he was correct in his assumption, Man walks to the booth and begins to pick up his stuff.

Hostess sees this and walks over to the Man.

HOSTESS
Leaving so soon, buddy.

The man remains silent and simply nods. He picks up his jacket.

HOSTESS (CONT'D)
You know what your problem is?

Man stops and stares at the Hostess, as if to say "okay, tell me everything is my fault."

HOSTESS (CONT'D)
You give up to easily. And you let people walk all over you.

Man puts his coat on and reaches into his pocket.

MAN
(cold, flat)
How much?

HOSTESS
Wait here. I'll get your bill.

Man stands looking outside into the Utica night. He is impatient. He looks at the door as if it were an escape from a trap.

Friend walks over and grabs his jacket. He doesn't look happy and, rather violently, puts his arms into the sleeves.

MAN
Problem?

FRIEND
That bitch over there! She's either a dyke or a whore! Either way, she isn't worth talking to.

Man looks at the girl, who has resumed tapping on her phone.

MAN
Why do you say that?

Man zips up his jacket and grabs his winter hat.

FRIEND

Why? Because she fucking told me she wanted nothing to do with me, that's why. No one rejects me.

Friend looks at the table.

FRIEND (CONT'D)

I gotta go someplace and cool off. Can you cover me this time and I'll pay next time?

Man's attention has drifted to the Girl sitting at the counter. He looks at her longingly and smiles a little.

Friend sees this and turns to look at the Girl.

FRIEND (CONT'D)

Don't. She's a waste of fucking period sex. I'm leaving.

MAN

(preoccupied)

Yeah, yeah. I'll cover you. Good night.

Friend shakes his head in disgust and walks out the door.

Man stands at his booth looking at the Girl. He turns to see the Hostess motioning for him to go over to her and talk.

Man feels his heart beating hard and heavy. He tries to move towards the girl, but his feet are cemented to the floor.

He takes off his jacket and sits in the booth. He picks up a spoon and stirs his, now, ice cold black coffee. He taps the side of the cup with the spoon and looks over, yet again, to the girl at the counter. She simply looks radiant. . . absolute perfection in appearance.

Man closes his eyes and puts the spoon down. He looks over again at the Girl and quickly stands up. He turns to face the Girl, but does not move.

He takes a deep breath, and finally, one foot lifts off the ground and he finds himself walking towards the girl.

He hears nothing but his heavy breathing and his pounding heart. He is terrified, but he keeps walking towards her.

Finally, he finds himself standing behind her. He turns to see the Hostess, again, motioning for him to speak to the Girl.

He opens his mouth, but nothing comes out. He steps back, composes himself, and closes his eyes.

MAN (CONT'D)
 (slowly)
 Excuse me, Miss?

Girl stops tapping her phone and looks straight ahead. She does not turn around.

MAN (CONT'D)
 I, uh. . .I was sitting in the booth over there and, uh. . .

Girl, motionless, still does not turn around. Man closes his eyes.

MAN (CONT'D)
 (quickly)
 Well, I was wondering if, maybe, you and I could possibly have a meal together, if you don't mind.

Girl picks up her water and takes a drink. She still has not acknowledged the Man.

MAN (CONT'D)
 (self-doubt)
 I know I'm not much. And I do not know what I could offer someone like you, but. . .

GIRL
 (flat)
 What do you mean "someone like me?"

Man, taken aback, coughs a dry cough.

MAN
 I meant no disrespect. But I know you are so out of my league. I wouldn't know how to. . .

The Girl turns around in her seat and looks at the Man, who recoils into silence.

GIRL
 Is this all you see?

Man looks at her puzzled.

GIRL (CONT'D)
 This face, this body, these legs, these tits? Is this all I am to you? Maybe even this pussy. Am I just that?

Man shakes his head.

MAN
 No. No. I never thought that. . .

GIRL

That other guy told me that I would be the luckiest girl in the world if I let him fuck me. Is that what I am? A hole?

Man furiously shakes his head no.

MAN

(fast, desperate)

No, I just wanted to have something to eat with you and talk. Nothing more.

Girl looks at the Man. She just stares.

MAN (CONT'D)

Please. I'm not a player or a mover. I just wanted to come over and. . .

But it becomes apparent to the Man that the Girl has stopped listening. His voice trails off as the girl stares at him. It is as though she is looking through him and not at him.

Man shifts his weight in an awkward, uncomfortable way. He realizes he lost his chance. He looks for anyway he can to escape this Girl's blank stare, but again, his feet are cemented to the floor.

The girl sighs and makes no eye contact. She stares straight ahead without moving.

Man smiles and takes a step back. He says nothing. He turns around to walk back to his booth, defeated. 'I knew she'd shoot me down.'

GIRL

(quiet, slow)

I guess that's okay with me if you want to sit and stay here with me. I'm going nowhere and have nothing planned.

The man smiles and moves to the chair next to the girl at the counter. Hostess sees this and comes over to them, smiling.

HOSTESS

So, what can I get you two love birds?

Man looks at the Hostess and smiles. Girl chuckles a little and shakes her head.

MAN

Just bring my things over here and I'll pay for whatever the lady wants.

The Hostess hands the Girl a menu.

HOSTESS

Don't take too much advantage,
honey.

The girl takes the menu and opens it. She looks at the man and winks.

GIRL

(coy)

I promise I won't be too greedy.

MAN

(honest)

A girl that looks like you. .
.order anything you want.

The girl's face sours.

GIRL

(fire)

What's that supposed to mean?

MAN

(quietly)

I've never spent time with a girl
so lovely before. I just assumed
that when a man is with you, he
should be generous.

The girl closes the menu. She looks at the smiling Hostess.

GIRL

(cold)

Small salad and diet coke please.

Hostess writes the order and looks at the Girl's changed expression. She bids a very hasty retreat with the order.

The Girl looks down at the ground, her demeanor changed from the way she previously behaved.

The Man notices this and turns to face her.

MAN

Did I say something wrong?

The Girl shakes her head, but does not lift it to look at The Man.

GIRL

No. It's me, not you.

Man looks at the Girl, concerned. He puts his hand on hers. To his surprise, she does not recoil or move her hand. She accepts the physical contact.

GIRL (CONT'D)

Ever since I was a child, people only saw me for what they see. High School, I was the beautiful girl every jock, prep, and rich kid saw as a conquest and a prize. In college, I was hit on by everyone; students, professors, men, even a few women. When I said no, I turned from a conquest to a dumb whore, a cock tease. I did nothing.

The girl lifts her head to look at the man, a pitiful, pained look on her face.

GIRL (CONT'D)

I am tired of this. It's all men see and it's the reason I have no girl friends. I wish, sometimes, I was plain.

MAN

(sincere)

I never thought that about you.

GIRL

Even when I dress down, men still notice and hit on me. None want to know the real me, just that they see and their idea of what I should be.

MAN

But when I see a pretty girl, she's always happy.

Girl looks at Man and sighs.

GIRL

Yeah. Happy. Happy. Happy.

MAN

I hope you don't think. . .

GIRL

Stop! I know you didn't. But after all these years of being alone, being mistreated and being judged and stereotyped, it is an automatic reaction. Most don't know I graduated Summa Cum Laude at NYU and Magna Cum Laude at Columbia. Most think I went to school for communications or the majors that "the models can do."

MAN

And you majored in. . .

GIRL
(proud)
Dual BA in Economics and Political
Science from NYU. Master's in
Finance from Columbia.

MAN
That's better than me. BA in
Sociology from SUNY-Brockport.

The girl shakes her head.

GIRL
Anything is good. An associates
from a community college.
Anything. Don't belittle yourself.

Hostess comes back with the food and places it in front of
the two customers. She smiles and then goes back to her
register to pick up a novel and start reading.

Man looks at his Napoleon and takes a bite. The Girl pokes
at her small green salad.

MAN
What do you do?

The girl shakes her head.

GIRL
It's not important.

Man shrugs his shoulders.

MAN
That good?

GIRL
No, just meaningless.

Girl lifts her fork to her mouth and takes a tomato into her
mouth.

Awkward silence as the two strangers eat.

Then, all of a sudden. . .

MAN
(quickly)
Do you want to get out of here?

Girl looks up at the man and smiles.

GIRL
What did you have in mind?

MAN
Do you trust me?

Girl nods her head.

GIRL

You've given me no reason not to trust you.

Man looks at the bill in front of him and drops a \$20 bill on the counter.

MAN

It isn't much. I hope you don't mind.

The girl scowls at the man.

GIRL

Don't stereotype me. Please. Be different from everyone else.

MAN

(cowed into shame)

I'm sorry. I didn't mean.

GIRL

When I don't fit the stereotype, I am abandoned. Remember, I'm supposed to be easy and can be bought.

Man stands up and extends his hand.

MAN

No. To me, you're a person just as lonely as I am.

The girl looks up at the man and smiles a very hurt smile. She nods her head. She extends her hand and takes his in hers and stands up.

GIRL

Maybe you're right.

Both put on their jackets or overcoats and walk, hand and hand, to the door. They walk passed the Hostess.

HOSTESS

You all have a good night.

Both nod and smile and exit the diner. Hostess then walks to the counter to begin cleaning up.

EXT. DINER PARKING LOT

Man and the Girl walk through the empty parking lot towards the only car there, the man's beat up, old Chevrolet that would be a fantastic car if it were new, but after 25 years of use and Northeast winters, has seen better days. The girl looks at it and smiles.

MAN

(down)

I know. It's a piece of garbage.

The girl shakes her head.

GIRL

That doesn't matter. As long as it runs.

The man opens the passenger side door and the girl gets in.

INT. CAR

The girl looks around the car. Even though the car is beat up, old and about to fall apart, the interior, while showing the signs of old age, is immaculate.

She smiles and opens her purse to take out a vanity mirror with rouge and a powdering cotton inside. As she begins to look at herself and "put her face on," the man opens the door and comes into the car.

As he does, the first snowflakes start to fall on the windshield. He looks the snow and smiles.

MAN

Finally, the snow comes.

The girl looks and sees the flakes fall onto the windshield. She looks up at the sky through the windshield.

GIRL

Well, if it comes as they say, I'm sure Utica will clear the roads.

The man starts laughing. The girl looks the man laughing, confused.

MAN

Utica has Saint Peter's snow removal. The the way it comes down is the way it's going to go. No one plows the roads.

The girl shrugs her shoulders and watches the flakes start to come down heavier.

GIRL

Well, maybe this time will be different.

With that, the man puts the key into the ignition.

EXT. PARKING LOT

The man puts the car in gear as the snow begins to collect on the parking lot surface. He flips the lights on and drives out of the parking lot onto the barely lit street and

into the Utica night.

INT. CAR

Awkward silence as neither person knows what to say to each other.

The Girl stares out the window while the man drives.

The man pulls up to a stoplight on red and stops. There is no one on the roads at all.

As the man waits, he flips on the radio:

DJ

(radio voice)

Well, folks, WUTA's weather staff says finally the storm we've been waiting for is coming. Expect at least a foot or two by tomorrow night here in the Mohawk Valley and at least 30 inches up in the mountains.

The girl looks at the roads and then at the man.

GIRL

Is he serious?

The man nods.

The man looks at the girl as the light turns green and he continues down the street.

MAN

(sincere)

You're not from around here.

The girl shakes her head.

MAN (CONT'D)

Where are you from?

The girl puts her makeup back into her purse and stares out the window.

GIRL

Oh. Here and there.

MAN

(dry cough)

What brings you to the second rung of Hell?

The girl giggles and shrugs her shoulders.

GIRL
Just looking for something
different and new, I suppose. Why
haven't you left the "second rung
of Hell?"

MAN
(smiling)
I haven't found that something
different to lead me away.

The girl turns to look at the man as he drives, a serene,
peaceful, almost happy looks comes over her face. She takes
the man's hand and holds it in hers.

The man looks at her hand and then at the girl, a shocked
and confused look on his face.

GIRL
(smooth)
It's just a hand.

The man squeezes the girl's hand and smiles wide.

MAN
It's been a long time.

GIRL
Why is that?

The man pulls his hand away from the girl and puts both on
the wheel abruptly. The girl watches this and scowls a
little, realizing this might be a sore topic.

MAN
Can't you tell?

GIRL
(sincere)
No, I can't tell. I think you are
sweet.

The man looks at the girl as the car stops at another red
light.

MAN
Look at me. I'm hideous.

GIRL
That doesn't matter.

MAN
Maybe to someone like you it
doesn't. But when a man looks like
me, good luck.

GIRL
(hurt)
Someone like me?

MAN

You're beautiful, intelligent, insightful, and pretty much perfect. You could have anyone man you wanted at the snap of a finger. I could be the smartest, most wonderful person on the planet and I won't get passed the "he's ugly" test.

The man steps on the gas and continues down the road.

MAN (CONT'D)

I do not mean to be so blunt. I'm not handsome, so I have nothing to offer.

GIRL

That's not true. I'm sure you can provide.

MAN

I work as a late night rent-a-cop at a lumber mill.

GIRL

(grasping)

But you have a degree in sociology.

MAN

I couldn't afford the Master's Degree, so I'm stuck.

The girl looks at the man puzzled.

GIRL

There has to be something else you can do.

The man shifts in his seat.

MAN

I. . .I am a musician. I can play four instruments.

GIRL

That's something. Tell a girl you can do that. Women love artists.

The man shakes his head.

MAN

Women love famous artists. When you're nothing, you are reminded of that everyday of your life until you begin to believe it.

The girl scowls and holds his hand tighter.

GIRL

That's not true. Do it to make you happy then.

MAN

Undiscovered talent is no talent. You get dragged down by insults and told you suck every day. It takes the fun and happiness away.

The girl looks at the man and smiles.

GIRL

I would love to hear you play song or two.

The man blushes. He turns to look at the girl who smiles.

MAN

(sincere)

Why are you alone?

The girl shutters a little and hugs herself.

GIRL

I just. . .I just haven't found the right person yet.

MAN

Tall, muscular, wealthy? Good in bed? Athletic?

GIRL

(hurt)

Decent. If he's handsome, that's great. But there must be more there. Looks, money and muscle only get you so far. But if he's a moron and can't keep me engaged, what's the point?

The man doesn't respond. The girl looks at the man to see his face has changed.

GIRL (CONT'D)

(concerned)

Did I say something wrong?

The man shakes his head.

GIRL (CONT'D)

(recoils)

I'm sorry if I did.

MAN

I don't know if I can offer what you want.

GIRL

You don't know what I want. And right now, I want to be here with you.

A deer saunters out onto the snow slicked road. The car comes towards it. The man sees it and slams on the brakes. The cars going into a 360 skid. The deer, frightened, hops back into the forest as the car skids out of control.

The girl starts to panic. The man instinctively puts his arm in front of the girl in order to hold her in place and turns the car into the skid. He takes his foot off the brake pedal and the car spins slower.

It grabs the roads and slides into the embankment where it comes to a stop.

The man looks at the steering wheel and then breathes. He takes his hand off the steering wheel and looks at the terrified Girl in the passenger seat.

MAN

Are you okay?

The Girl quickly nods her head and feels over her body.

GIRL

I think so. How did you learn to drive like that?

The girl looks down and sees the man's hand over her breast. She sighs and looks at him, smiling. The man, realizing where his hand is, quickly pulls it away.

MAN

I'm sorry. I didn't mean.

The Girl takes his hand in hers again.

GIRL

I don't mind. You were saving my life.

She takes his hand and puts it over her breast again.

GIRL (CONT'D)

Like what you feel?

The man, very uncomfortable, pulls his hand away again. He puts the car into gear and pulls back into the street.

The girl giggles and adjusts in the seat.

GIRL (CONT'D)

So shy.

MAN

What do you want to do?

The girl responds by lifting her arms in an "I don't know" gesture.

MAN (CONT'D)
May I introduce you to someone?

The girl smiles and nods.

EXT. CAR

The car turns down North Genesee Street and towards the city of Utica. The snow has gotten worse. And as stated, there has not been one plow on the roads.

EXT. BAR PARKING LOT

The Beretta pulls into the bar's parking lot.

MAN (V.O.)
Don't get out. Let me get the door.

GIRL
(happy)
Just gallantry.

The man gets out of the car and runs over to the passenger side door. He opens it and extends his hand, helping the girl out of the car. She smiles.

GIRL (CONT'D)
Thank you, my good sir.

MAN
Anything for you, princess.

The girl takes the man's hand and they walk hand and hand towards the bar.

MAN (CONT'D)
We won't stay long. I just want a friend of mine to meet you.

GIRL
Okay.

They walk together to the door. The Man opens it and holds it open for the Girl.

INT. BAR

The snowstorm has kept people out of the bar, so the place is practically empty except one couple in the corner reading and eating Tomato Pie and anti-pasto; and the BARTENDER, a middle aged man close to 70 with salt and pepper hair and a pencil thin mustache.

The man looks at the bartender with a sour face.

MAN

Where is she?

BARTENDER

I gave her the night off because of the storm. You and your lady friend want something?

Man looks at the girl and holds out a stool for her to sit down, which she does with a smile.

MAN

My usual. And you, my dear?

GIRL

(thinking)

Mai Tai if you can, please?

The Bartender nods and turns to the bar.

MAN

I'm sorry. She isn't here. I think she would have liked you.

GIRL

Well, I like you. And I'm sure that would make her think the same for me.

The Bartender turns around with a Tom Collins and a Mai Tai.

BARTENDER

\$11.50 please.

The girl starts to pull out her wallet, but the man stops her.

GIRL

I have the money. Let me pay.

The man pulls out a \$20 and puts it on the counter. The Bartender takes it and goes to make change.

The Man lifts up his glass as if to make a toast. The girl responds.

MAN

Here's to you: The most wonderful person I've ever met in my life.

GIRL

(shy)

I'm nothing special. Honestly.

MAN

I don't agree.

GIRL

You're sweet, but you're making me
out to be this person I'm not.
I've done a lot I am ashamed of.

Man clinks the glasses and takes a drink. The girl also
drinks.

Bartender comes back with the change and puts it on the
counter.

BARTENDER

I have to say. I never imagined a
loser like you with a knockout like
this.

Girl looks at the bartender.

GIRL

(offended)

Excuse me?

BARTENDER

No offense, lady, but this guy is
bottom of the barrel. Dead end job,
worthless apartment. . .probably
hasn't been with a woman since he
bought his last hooker.

The man sits there taking the abuse without flinching. Girl
looks at the man and then at the bartender.

GIRL

Do you have to be this cruel?

BARTENDER

It isn't cruel if it's true. Ain't
that right?

The Man nods and looks at the ground.

GIRL

(furious)

No it's not. Dammit, stand up for
yourself. You are not what this
creep says you are. If anyone is a
loser, it's him. Looking down on
people isn't a quality. . .

The bartender puts up his hand and looks at his watch.

BARTENDER

Save it, toots. Hey. . .you in the
corner. That will be \$22.25.
Let's hurry it up.

Girl looks at the bartender, takes her drink and throws it
in his face. The Man stands up and backs up. The bartender
exhales with a purpose, then wipes his face and stares

daggers at the Girl.

BARTENDER (CONT'D)

(furious)

You and the loser get out of my bar.

Girl takes the man by his hand and leads him to the door. She is just as furious as the bartender.

EXT. BAR PARKING LOT

The snow has begun to come down even harder. It is near whiteout conditions now.

The girl looks at the man in the parking lot and points at the bar.

GIRL

How can you let people talk to you that way?

The man just shakes his head while walking to his car.

The girl grabs the man by his arms. He looks at her.

GIRL (CONT'D)

Why don't you believe me when I tell you that you're a good man?

The man sighs.

MAN

Because I can count on my hands and have fingers left over the amount of times I've been told that.

The girl looks at the man with an awful look. She cannot believe what the man is telling her.

MAN (CONT'D)

I think I've worn out my welcome. If you tell me where you want to go, I'll take you there. Thank you for a good night.

GIRL

(sad)

Do you want to leave me?

Man walks toward the car. He opens the passenger side door.

MAN

No, but I know when I've lost my chance. And I know. . .

GIRL

You know nothing. I'm here. I'm not leaving. Why don't you believe this?

The man looks at the snow fall.

MAN

Please just get in the car.

The girl, upset but cold, realizes talking in a snowy parking lot isn't smart, so she listens to the man and gets into the car.

The man walks in front of the car to his side, opens the driver's side door and gets in.

INT. CAR

The man turns on the car and then flips on the heater. It blows, weakly and really taxes the engine.

He looks at the girl.

MAN

Where do you want me to take you?

The girl takes the man's hand and sighs.

GIRL

Your apartment.

The man looks at the girl confused. He doesn't understand.

GIRL (CONT'D)

I don't want to be alone tonight. Please. Let's just go to your apartment.

MAN

(down)

I live in a really crappy place.

GIRL

(shaking her head)

I don't care. I want to go there.

The man looks at the girl. She is sincere. He sighs.

He puts the car into gear.

MAN

(quietly)

Just don't expect much.

The man looks behind him and starts the car in motion.

EXT. BAR PARKING LOT

The car pulls out of the driveway and, very slowly, makes its way down the snow covered street.

INT. APARTMENT

The door opens and the man walks in, followed by the girl. He hangs his keys on the hook next to the door and then closes the door as the girl enters the room.

Girl looks around at the ratty condition of everything as well as the plain and uninspired motif. She dry coughs and then. . .

GIRL

It's nice.

Man takes off his jacket.

MAN

(embarrassed)

Don't lie to me. It's a dump.

The man turns and looks at the light switch. He reaches out for it, only for the girl to say:

GIRL

No! Please.

The man stops and looks at her, puzzled. She sighs.

GIRL (CONT'D)

I sort of like the darkness.

The man obeys and walks to the bathroom, closing the door behind him.

MAN (O.S.)

Try to make yourself comfortable.

The girl walks around the apartment and sees the condition of everything in it: old, ratty, broken down, dilapidated and worn out. She takes off her overcoat and places it on the sofa; a pristine, expensive overcoat on a thirty year old sofa, stained with holes in it.

MAN (O.S.) (CONT'D)

Do you want anything?

GIRL

(quiet, to herself)

Maybe a new life.

MAN (O.S.)

What was that?

Girl comes back to reality.

GIRL

Oh what. . .nothing. Thanks.

The toilet flushes and the door opens. The Man walks back into the bedroom and looks at the girl.

Another very awkward silence as the girl stares out the window and the man looks at the beautiful girl in the soft light of a snow covered street light.

He finally walks over to her and puts his hands on her shoulders, standing behind her. She grabs his hand and does not turn around, accepting the physical contact.

Man looks out the window.

MAN

It really is a beautiful night.

The girl nods and smiles. She raises the man's hand and kisses it. The man looks at her, confused.

GIRL

Upstate winters are wonderful.

The girl laughs. The man pulls back, realizing the lame nature of the compliment.

The girl turns and looks at the man.

GIRL (CONT'D)

Do you think I am beautiful?

The man nods. The girl motions for the man to sit on the sofa. The man does, followed by the girl, sitting on his lap and embracing her.

GIRL (CONT'D)

(whisper)

Tell me what you think about me.

The man closes his eyes.

MAN

You have been perfect.

The girl comes closer to him and kisses the man. Their tongues meet and the kiss is passionate, intense and powerful. Their lips do not separate. She climbs on top of him and straddles his body.

The Man, shocked, keeps his hands at his side. He embraces the kiss.

When she pulls back, both are panting.

GIRL

That was amazing.

The girl stands up and looks back at the man over her shoulder. Her one piece dress falls to the floor, showing her almost perfect physique.

The girl turns around and looks at the man, dressed only in her bra and panties. She sits down on the edge of the bed facing the man. She undoes her bra, exposing her breasts to the man.

MAN

(embarrassed)

This is just too much.

The street lamp light enters the room as the girl lays back in the bed. The man stands up and walks over to the bed, sitting on the edge.

BED

He puts his hand on her leg: smooth, shapely, muscular. The girl moans and arches her back to his touch. The man turns to look at the girl: her eyes talk loud and her body shifts to show off her curves.

The man looks at the girl and with an uneasy grin, says:

MAN

All my life I've wanted to be with someone as perfect and beautiful as you. I can't believe this is real. I just wanted to say. . .

The girl lifts her hand and puts her fingertips on the man's lips.

GIRL

Shhhh. No words. I understand what you mean.

The girl lays down and stretches her arms, showing her body off. She puts her arms behind her head and looks at the Man.

GIRL (CONT'D)

You may think it's easy to find a man to be with. But it's not. I've been alone for so long I have accepted it. But if you want to come here and be with me, I can accept that too.

The man nods. The girl reaches up and takes the man's shirt. She pulls him down on top of her body and their lips meet again. This time, the man surrenders to her charms and wraps his arms around her. She does the same.

They on the bed and the man kisses her lips. He runs his tongue over her lips. The girl moans and begins to take off the man's button down shirt.

GIRL (CONT'D)

Don't stop. God in heaven, don't stop.

MAN

(quickly)

I won't. I'm yours.

The man takes off his shirt as the girl takes off her panties. The man stands up and takes off his pants and boxer shorts. The girl looks at the man's naked body, eyes widening as he stands back up.

GIRL

(looks to the ground)

Wow.

The man crawls back on top of the girl. She opens her legs and wraps them around him. They kiss as the man's hands start exploring. The girl closes her eyes and arches her back as the man kisses and caresses her neck and chest. Everything done slowly, everything done romantically and passionately. He takes her feelings into every action.

The girl wraps her arms around the man and instantly she is on top and he is on the bottom. She releases the beast inside and starts playing, teasing and kissing the man's body.

MAN

(in ecstasy)

My God, you are amazing.

The girl goes wild on the man, causing him to moan. She climbs up and kisses him with intensity, as if she is the man taking control of the woman.

The girl then stands up with her head on either side of the man and strips completely naked. She caresses her breast and looks down at the man.

GIRL

(seductive)

Do you want me?

The man nods.

GIRL (CONT'D)

Tell me, please.

MAN

(gently)

I want you. I want you in the worst way.

GIRL

You want this body?

The man shakes his head.

MAN

I want every piece of you.

The girl sit down on the man's body and puts the sheet over her. She moves a little as she sits on his body.

She relaxes into him and puts her hands on his chest. She lifts her head up and moans, signaling he has entered her. She puts her body on his so she lays on him.

GIRL

(whispering)

Be gentle. It's been a long time.

The man begins to move. The girl gasps and tenses, eyes wide, then moans again as the Man kisses her. Each few seconds, she tenses up, then relaxes, not expecting the sex she is receiving.

GIRL (CONT'D)

(shocked, in passion)

Oh my God. . .

The man begins to speed up and the girl's moans get louder and more intense.

MAN

Tell me what you want tonight.

GIRL

(whorish)

Fuck me!

The man rolls over and instantly, he is on top and she is on the bottom. She looks up at him, eyes wide and in pure romantic feeling.

MAN

Are you ready?

The girl wraps her legs around him and nods, eyes wide and turning white.

GIRL

(enraptured)

Fuck me.

The man begins thrusting.

MONTAGE

A) Man on top hard and fast.

B) Girl on top kissing him.

C) Girl on top rocking back and forth as the man kisses her breast.

D) Girl on top of man sitting on the sofa, bouncing up and down wildly.

E) Man on his back in bed with the girl's head on his chest.

BED

The two lay in bed, spooning. The Man kisses the Girl's shoulders as the Girl has a very contented look on her face. Both are naked. The man's arm is wrapped around the girl's slight, petite frame.

He is kissing her shoulder as she massages his head.

GIRL
(content)
Absolutely amazing.

The man smiles and kisses the girl's neck. It causes her to shiver and shake.

GIRL (CONT'D)
You have nothing to be ashamed of.

Man looks at the girl and smiles wide.

MAN
Tell me about yourself.

The girl rolls over and puts her arm and leg around the man's body and her head on his chest. She closes her eyes.

GIRL
What do you want to know?

MAN
What brought you to Utica?

The girl snuggles under the man's arm and holds him tighter.

GIRL
(soft)
Oh. I wanted to come Upstate.

MAN
You're from The City?

GIRL
Born and raised. Sadly.

Man looks at the girl, confused.

GIRL (CONT'D)
Nothing but misery there.

MAN
Wait until you get used to being here.

The girl giggles.

GIRL
I mean, my job is good there. But.
. .well,

MAN
You must have the pick of any man
in the world.

The girls looks up and scowls a little.

GIRL
Men there only look at me for one
thing. And too many times, I've
been told if I wanted to "get
ahead," I should be "giving head."

The man pulls the girl in tighter and kisses her forehead.
She relaxes and kisses his lips.

MAN
How long have you been single?

GIRL
Too long.

MAN
Tell me why you broke up with him.

The girl shifts in bed and pulls the covers closer to her,
as if to use them for protection.

GIRL
Why do you want to know that?

MAN
Curious how a man would be foolish
enough to lose you.

The girl smiles and looks up at the Man's face.

GIRL
(dreaming)
He just. . .he wasn't a good
person.

MAN
Cheated?

GIRL
No. Just cold. Ice cold.

The man sits up and looks at the girl, who turns to lay on
her back.

MAN
He hit you?

The girl shakes her head.

GIRL
(embarrassed)
He did other things. He. . .

The man turns to the girl and sit with his feet on the ground.

GIRL (CONT'D)
(resolute)
He was a rich man who inherited his money. You know what rich men do to girls like me?

The man nods, understanding.

GIRL (CONT'D)
And they make you believe that doing it is normal.

The girls wraps the blanket over her head and quietly begins to weep a little. The man looks at himself in the vanity mirror and then back at the girl.

GIRL (CONT'D)
(sad)
I haven't known one day of true love in my life. I've been so alone, even when a man is in my life.

MAN
When do you go back to New York?

The girls takes the blanket off her head and wipes her eyes. She looks at the man and smiles.

GIRL
I don't know. Maybe if I met a man like him.

The man looks at her and holds her close.

MAN
Him?

GIRL
He was an older man. I was riding my bike in Central Park after a snowstorm and my chain got wrapped around my leg. I was thrown and cut my leg deeply. I laid in the snow, bleeding for what seemed like forever. Then he came. He bent over, pushed my hair out of my face and picked me up off the ground. This stranger who didn't have to do
(MORE)

GIRL (cont'd)
anything, like everyone else. But
he took me to the hospital and
stayed with me all night.

The girl smiles and moves her head so she lays on the man's legs.

GIRL (CONT'D)
We talked for hours. I fell in
love with him. This old man old
enough to maybe be my father and I
knew I wanted him. One night, I
invited him to my apartment for
dinner to thank him. When he
arrived, I came out of my room
wearing just underwear and an ankle
bracelet. I knew he was married,
but I didn't care. I loved him.

MAN
He stayed with you.

The girl shakes her head negative.

GIRL
He did the honorable thing. He
stood up and left and I never heard
from him again. I knew I would
never meet a man like that ever
again. Someone with honor and
respect. Someone who saw me as a
person and not as a conquest. I
knew I was late to the dance, but I
wanted that dance anyway.

The man bends over his body and kisses the girl's forehead.
She smiles.

GIRL (CONT'D)
You said you could play guitar? Do
you mind if I listen?

MAN
I suck at it.

The girl grabs the man's hand and sits up.

GIRL
I'm sure it will be great. Please.

The man looks on the floor and sees his boxer shorts. He
picks them up and puts them on, then walks over to his
wardrobe. He opens the doors and pulls out a brown acoustic
guitar. He walks to his sofa as the girl move to the foot
of the bed and sits.

MAN
I don't know if you know this one.

The man sits and tunes his guitar by ear.

GIRL
How long have you been playing?

MAN
(not looking up)
Forty years almost.

The man picks the little "e" string to finalize tuning, then strums all six strings. He looks up at the girl.

He puts his fingers on the neck in an "E" chord and smiles. Slowly, he begins to play a song he wrote.

GIRL
Yours?

The man nods.

GIRL
(smiles)
Sounds good.

The man looks up, shocked. The girl looks at him as he plays. The man sings the first verse as the girl watches.

As the man sings the second verse, the girl sits down and watches him intently, listening, understanding the passion and emotion the Man puts into the words and the music. He isn't just singing; the words are him baring his soul.

The pain and the hurt that comes from his voice takes her aback. She closes her eyes.

BOSS (V.O.)
(angry)
You will do what I tell you because
I own you.

The Girl shudders a little and nods without making a sound. She hugs herself as if to protect herself from an invisible antagonist that is either about to beat her or belittle her in front of people.

BOSS (V.O.)
(angry)
You're God damned right I own pussy
like you! You're replaceable
bitch. Get down on your knees and
open wide. I'm taking your ass out
of commission for the weekend.

As The Man changes from the refrain to the bridge of the song, The Girl slides down onto her knees as if a trance, her eyes closed.

When she opens her eyes, she looks around:

INT. OFFICE

Note

NOTE: Black and white for flashback.

To see herself in a well made office in a professional plaza. The furniture shows high taste in simplistic, but aristocratic, style. The decor shows the office's main occupant is a man of power, wealth, and importance.

The Girl stands up and looks around the room as though she has been in this room many, many times before. She sighs and sits on the sofa against the wall.

As she sits, the door opens and her Boss, an older man in his 50s, with his two partners, one in his twenties with a look like he would beat any woman who crosses him, and the other in his early 30s, who seemed to concentrate more on improving his body than his personality, join him. The younger is ASSOCIATE and the older is SCUMBAG.

Boss looks at the Girl who looks up at him, terrified. He looks at his two associates and points at the Girl.

BOSS
(calm, cold)
She's yours, boys. Let me get my camera.

Before she can move, the two associates have moved on The Girl. One has quickly pinned her down, holding her mouth closed, while the other starts ripping at her clothing.

The more she fights, the more violent they become, until she realizes she has lost and completely submits.

Boss has set up a camera to record the "romp" as Boss sits back at his desk chair, smiling.

BOSS
You know the only thing you're good for.

Girl closes her eyes as one of the Associates begins to attempt to pound her through the sofa.

BOSS
(violent)
Make the bitch scream.

The Associate causes the Girl intense pain but he is completely indifferent to it. He knows the Girl only has one purpose in the world and he uses all his hatred of women in his sexual punishment.

She looks over at Boss, pleading with her eyes to make him either slow down, be gentler, or stop. She bites her lip to get herself to stop screaming but it can't stop.

Boss zooms the camera in on her and smiles an evil, almost sadistic smile. He enjoys everything he sees.

BOSS

You better give him what he wants
or I'll make it even worse for you.

Girl looks up at the Associate. She submits completely, faking her pleasure and starts kissing him passionately, telling the Associate she is enjoying it and wants more.

ASSOCIATE

(grunting)

Yeah. That's what a little bitch
is supposed to do.

Everyone starts cheering and egging the Associate on, insulting the Girl as she is getting destroyed. They all tear her soul out of her body.

SCUMBAG (O.S)

(laughing)

Let me in. Let me have a piece of
that now.

One final thrust as hard as possible and the Associate sticks his tongue down her throat. She doesn't fit, but it feels disgusting.

ASSOCIATE

(evil)

My boy there is going to fuck you
worse than I did. And I'm not
done.

SCUMBAG (O.S)

Bend her over. I'm going to tag
that ass with my huge cock.

BOSS

(ordering)

Roll over, bitch.

The girl, in pain and exhausted, does as she's ordered. She knows she's in for a long night. Scumbag comes to her from behind and lifts her up by her waist and puts his foot on her head.

SCUMBAG

(violet)

I'm going to take you out of
commission.

Girl bites her bottom lip and closes her eyes. Instantly, she jerks forward and lets out a bloodcurdling scream. Scumbag is huge and went in so hard and fast she feels like her ass is about to explode. She clenches her eyes closed, praying she will survive.

BOSS
(evil)
Keep your fucking eyes open.

She opens her eyes and goes into automatic mode. As it continues, the pain is almost so intense she passes out from it. She fades out hearing the men laughing at her misery, watching Boss on his cell phone listening to him inviting more friends over to have their way with her, and listening to Scumbag saying he won't stop even if she dies.

Girl fades into unconscienceness.

BACK TO SCENE

Note

Note: Back to real time. End black and white

The Girl gets off her knees and slowly stands up. She walks the man as he starts to improvise an instrumental to his song.

During the instrumental:

GIRL (CONT'D)
(quietly)
I remember a time when I had good
dreams and peace. I was safe
within my dreams. I am safe now
with you.

As the instrumental ends, the man plays the final verse and sings it as if his soul were on fire. He gives everything he has to the last few words like these words are his own soul screaming out for accepts.

As the Man plays the last "E" note to end the song, he closes his eyes. He puts the guitar down and looks at the girl. A strong connection has been made stronger, as the girl looks at the man with softer, more loving eyes.

GIRL
You have a beautiful voice.

The Girl looks at The Man, blushing.

GIRL (CONT'D)
You are just beautiful.

The girl climbs on top of the man's lap and sits on him facing him. She doesn't wait for his reaction. She just starts kissing him. Unlike before, the man reacts by picking up the girl in his arms. She wraps her legs around him as he walks to the bed, holding her up. Their kiss doesn't break, even as he lays her on her back in the bed.

MAN
When did heaven bring me an angel?

GIRL
 (smiling)
 At the same time someone brought me
 a prince.

The man kisses the girls on the bed laying on top of her.

As he does, the snow outside piles up against the window,
 blocking out the light from the screen lamp.

GIRL (O.S.) (CONT'D)
 (passionate)
 Don't stop.

Unlike with her Boss, she means her words this time. She
 doesn't want The Man to stop.

They make love.

INT. APARTMENT - MORNING

The man and girl sleep in bed, his arms wrapped around her,
 holding her tight and her arm and leg draped over his body
 with her head on his shoulder. The sun peaks in from the
 outside and the light shines into the man's eyes. It is not
 direct sunlight as the snow is still coming down.

He shifts to get out of it, and then wakes up. He turns to
 see the girl still with him, sleeping like a baby.

The man pulls out his phone and taps a text message into it.

MAN (V.O.)
 I didn't see you at the bar last
 night. Something happened. I am a
 changed man.

The man puts the phone down and kisses the girl on her
 forehead.

The man stands up and puts on his boxers and walks into the
 bathroom. He closes the door.

The girl shifts her weight and smiles, still asleep, as she
 rolls onto her side and hugs the pillow tightly.

The toilet flushes and the man emerges. He sits on the sofa
 and puts on his socks and pants. He stands up and finds a
 clean shirt after sniffing three dirty shirts. He puts on
 his shirt and looks at the girl. He smiles.

He walks to the coffee table and picks up a pen. He looks
 around and finds a piece of paper. He walks to the fridge
 and writes something on the paper. He then walks to the
 table and pulls off a piece of scotch tape and affixes it to
 the paper. He puts it on the front door, grabs his jack and
 looks at the girl.

He turns and sees his phone. He walks over and puts it into his pocket then walks back to the door, picking up his wallet from the coffee table.

He smiles as if he is in love, opens the door, puts on his jacket and walks out.

INSERT

Door: "At the store getting us breakfast. Be back in 30 minutes."

EXT. PARKING LOT

The man steps out of the door from the building and feels his pocket. He reaches in and pulls out his phone. He looks at it.

WAITRESS (V.O.)

I am glad to hear that. Tell me
all about it when you're in the bar
next time.

The man walks out to the street and turns left. The snow is at least 18 inches high and the street looks as though it still hasn't been plowed.

EXT. HANNAFORD GROCERY STORE ON MOHAWK STREET

ESTABLISHING Hannaford during the snow storm. The parking lot is completely empty.

INT. HANNAFORD GROCERY STORE

The store is empty, save The Man, who goes through the aisles not like he normal walks around. He pushes his cart light on his feet and a figuratively skip in his step.

In his cart are the things for a good breakfast; hash browns, eggs, bacon, cheese and bread.

He turns down the refrigerated aisle. He walks down the aisle and stops. He opens up the doors and pulls out two cartons of orange juice. He looks at both of them and smiles.

MAN

The good stuff.

The man puts back the carton in his left, turns and walks towards the register. The smile on his face cannot be understated. He is a new man.

He walks towards the register and looks out the window. The snow has finally stopped.

INT. REGISTER QUEUE

A young, teenaged CLERK stands chewing gum and tapping on her smart phone as The Man walks up with his cart. She puts the phone down and looks at the Man, smiling.

The man knows her by his reaction and begins to put the groceries on the conveyor belt.

CLERK
Good morning, sir.

The man nods and continues to put his items on the counter. The Clerk picks them up and scans them.

MAN
You're in for a long day. I doubt anyone will be here.

The clerk shrugs her shoulders.

CLERK
It's the pleasure of living a five minute walk from here. Why are you in here so early?

The man smiles and looks at the clerk.

MAN
Well, I met someone and I am making her breakfast in bed.

The clerk smiles and continues ringing up the items.

CLERK
I'm sure she will love it. She must be very special.

The man watches the snow start to come down again, only not as hard.

MAN
(absent minded)
She is the best.

The man smiles and runs his card through the payment machine. The clerk hands him the receipt. The man picks up the bags and exits the store as the clerk picks up her magazine and resumes tapping on her smart phone.

INT. APARTMENT

The handle jiggles and the lock unlocks. The door opens and the Man bends over to pick up the bags on the ground. He walks in backwards, his back to the bed.

MAN

I'm sorry I took so long. Luckily the snow stopped. I hope you like omelettes and mocha. The coffee and hot chocolate is over the fridge if you want to help me.

The man puts the bags down and hangs the keys on latch near the door. He picks up the bags and turns around.

Instantly, his look changes instantly. He looks at the bed and it is empty. He puts his bags down and walks into the bathroom.

MAN (CONT'D)

(concerned)

Are you here?

Obviously, there is no answer.

The man walks back into the room slowly, in complete disbelief. He sits on the edge of the bed and puts his head in his hands. He turns to look at the bed, hoping to see the girl there, but she is gone.

He stands up and sees a note he taped to the fridge. He stands up and walks to the fridge. He takes the note in his hand and reads.

GIRL (V.O.)

Thank you for everything. Goodbye.

The man steps backwards and falls into his sofa, a strange defeated look on his face, the note still in his hand. All he does is stare at the ceiling. He does not move a muscle.

His phone rings. He does not answer it.

It rings again. Still, he does not answer it.

He closes his eyes and does not move a muscle.

MONTAGE

1: Time elapse morning into afternoon. The man doesn't budge an inch. This time elapse is shown by the movement of the shadows with the passage of time from the light coming into the apartment from the window.

2: The note in his hand.

3: Staring at the ceiling.

4: Bags still in the same position they were in when he came into the apartment.

There is a knock at the door.

FRIEND (O.S.)
Hey, buddy! You in?

The Man still doesn't move a muscle.

Friend knocks on the door again.

FRIEND (O.S.) (CONT'D)
Look, man. I know you're in there.
Open up, please.

The man, finally, turns his head and looks at the door.

MAN
(softly)
It's open. Just come in.

The door slides open and Friend walks in, dressed in a winter coat, jeans and boots. He is covered in snow and water.

Man shakes his head and shakes the snow from his jacket.

FRIEND
God damn, it's still coming down.

The Friend looks at the man staring at the ceiling.

FRIEND (CONT'D)
What's go your knickers in a twist?

The man doesn't respond. The friend shrugs his shoulders and sits on the bed.

FRIEND (CONT'D)
Look, about that girl from the bar.
I know I already apologized, but I
feel I need to do it again. She
was out of line.

The man doesn't face his friend and just looks at the ceiling. The Friend is completely indifferent to the man's state and takes off his jacket as if he owns the apartment. He instantly rubs his arms and gets a chill.

FRIEND (CONT'D)
Damn it is cold in here. Don't you
feel it?

The Friend stands up and walks to the thermostat. He starts playing with the dial.

FRIEND (CONT'D)
Jesus, you kept this off? In this
weather? Are you trying to kill
yourself?

The Friend adjusts the thermostat and smiles. He turns to look at the Man and, finally, it begins to dawn on him there

is something wrong with the Man. Friend sits back down on the bed and looks at the man, concerned.

FRIEND (CONT'D)
Something wrong with you today?

The man doesn't respond.

FRIEND (CONT'D)
Hey. . .hey. I'm your friend here.
What's wrong?

Still, the man doesn't respond or even acknowledge Friend. Friend shifts his weight as he sits.

FRIEND (CONT'D)
Come on, buddy. This isn't like. .
.

MAN
(quietly)
What is wrong with me?

The man looks at his friend, his eyes empty and gone.

MAN (CONT'D)
There has to be something wrong
with me.

FRIEND
(insincere)
There's nothing wrong with you.

Man puts his hands behind his head.

MAN
Am I stupid? Ugly? Worthless?
Why do bad things happen to me all
the time?

FRIEND
Bad shit happens to everyone. Not
just you.

Man stands up and looks out the window.

MAN
Ever since college, crap just been
terrible. I can't find a good job.
I can't find a good girl. I drive
the same car I had in high school
and live in the same craphole
because I have no money. What's
wrong with me?

FRIEND
You just caught a bunch of bad
breaks. Things will change. Just
give it time.

The man stares at the snow fall.

MAN

How much time do I need to give?
How long is my prison term before I
am given my parole or my pardon?
I've been patient.

FRIEND

(platitudes)

Life is that way. You have to
crawl before you run.

Man turns and looks at his friend with a dirty, angry look.
Friend remains indifferent to it.

MAN

Can you say anything other than
pseudo-psychological hyper-babble?

FRIEND

(upset)

Don't get that way with me. You're
the one not making any sense.
Where is this coming from?

MAN

(quietly)

She was perfect.

Friend lifts his head and looks at the Man. He is now
interested.

FRIEND

She?

MAN

Smelled great, looked great. .
.intelligent, beautiful, talented,
amazing. She was everything I ever
hoped to find.

FRIEND

(lecher)

Does she have a friend?

Man turns and looks at his friend. He hands him the piece
of paper. Friend reads it and instantly becomes confused.

FRIEND (CONT'D)

(indifferent)

So? Someone left. Big deal.

MAN

(impatient)

She wrote that for me! She wrote
that after I left to buy us
breakfast. She. . .

FRIEND
 (interested)
 Woah! Wait? You had a girl here?

Man nods his head. Friend looks at the note and comes to the realization. He starts to laugh.

FRIEND (CONT'D)
 You thought a one night stand was going to be your true love? Are you fifteen years old?

The Man turns and looks out the window as his friend laughs at him.

FRIEND (CONT'D)
 Bitches you pick up can't be wives. And I still can't believe you, of all people, picked up a girl. Tell me about her.

Man sighs.

MAN
 The girl from the diner.

Friend is shocked. He stares at the Man and can't believe his ears.

FRIEND
 Are you? Do you. . .the bitch from the diner that blew me off? You landed that hot piece of ass? Damn, buddy! I gotta give you props. You picked up on my leftovers.

The man stares at his friend with daggers in his eyes.

FRIEND (CONT'D)
 I bet she was a screamer, wasn't she? She looked all "no, I'm pure and innocent and a good girl" but I know, deep down, that bitch wanted to get fucked into next month. Did she scream? Call you daddy?

MAN
 You are out of line.

FRIEND
 I'm sure she could suck a good dick too. Bitches like that can do everything in bed. Model grade, celebrity looking types know how to fuck and fuck fantastically.

Man turns to face his friend, his anger about to bleed over.

FRIEND (CONT'D)

You should have called me, man. I would have loved to tag team her sweet looking ass. Make that ho remember me for the rest of her life. Maybe even teach you a few things about making a bitch beg for more. . .

Man walks over to the friend and picks him up. The Man is much stronger than the Friend.

MAN

(furious)

That's enough. You know, I put up with a lot of crap from you because we've known each other since 2nd grade, but I see all I am to you is a joke. You use me to make your own life seem less empty.

Friend struggles to get free. Man shakes him back into pay attention to him.

MAN (CONT'D)

I am not your God damn doormat, pal! I am not that person and I never was. I may be alone, but I still have my self respect. You threw yours away years ago, even if you had some in the first place. You were a bully to everyone, including me, and you haven't changed one damn bit, except getting older.

FRIEND

(scared)

Okay. I understand. Let me go.

MAN

(irate)

You can't seem to figure it out, so I will tell you now. You are garbage! Just the lowest form of scum found at the bottom of a swamp. There's a snake's ball bag, and then there's you! And I am not putting up with it anymore.

Man drags the friend to the door. He opens the door.

MAN (CONT'D)

Take your bullying, your bullcrap, and your life and get the hell out of mine!

Man throws his friend out of into the hallway, then slams and locks the door so the Friend cannot get back in. Man,

panting from anger, then collapses onto the sofa, puts his head in his hands and sits motionless, holding the note the Girl left.

MAN (V.O.)

I got that out of my life, but my life is still a nightmare. I awake at night, terrified, like I'm falling or running through the streets naked, trying to hide from people.

While Man speaks,

SERIES OF SHOTS

1: Man laying in bed, tossing and turning. Instantly, he sits up wide awake. He is sweating as he turns and clutches his pillow, staring at the wall, terrified.

MAN (V.O.)

Since that day, I haven't slept well. I try to sleep, but sleep never finds me. Maybe it's punishment. Maybe it's regret.

2: Man at work, sitting in the guard shack doing nothing.

MAN (V.O.)

Work means nothing anymore. I just don't care. All the responsibilities I have I've ignore. I just write my initials on the slips when I'm supposed to do my job and don't bother with it. I don't see the point. No one's going to steal lumber and metal tubing frozen to the ground in the dead of winter with their bare hands.

3: Man walking down the street sidewalk. The streets still have not been plowed. The snow has just been tramped down into a dense layer on the road due to footsteps and car tires.

MAN (V.O.)

I've walked a lot since that night. I can't get it out of my mind. Maybe I deserved what she did to me. I don't know. All I know is as I walked this morning, I came back to this bar and there you were. You didn't have to listen to me, but you did. And I really have nothing more to say.

The man walks into the bar.

INT. BAR

The waitress stands behind the bar looking at the man. On the bar are four or five highball glasses. It is apparent the man has been drinking and that everything that has happened has been a story told to the waitress by the Man. He is a bit drunk and still as broken and depressed as he was when he returned from Hannaford's.

The waitress rubs down the counter with a bar rag, and then wipes her eyes. She looks at the man and sighs.

WAITRESS

Have you heard from either of them?

The man shakes his head.

WAITRESS (CONT'D)

You know she is never going to come back.

The man nods his head.

WAITRESS (CONT'D)

And you know your friendship is over.

Again, the man nods his head.

WAITRESS (CONT'D)

So what are you looking for?

The man looks up at the waitress.

MAN

To wake up everyday, look in the mirror and not hate looking at what is looking back at me.

The waitress smiles a small, hurt smile and puts the bar rag to her mouth.

WAITRESS

(sincere)

You know what I'm looking for?

The man stares at the waitress.

WAITRESS (CONT'D)

I am looking for the same thing you're looking for. I want to look at myself and be happy with what I see. But. . .

The waitress puts the bar rag down and leans against the counter next to the cash register. She fiddles with her hands.

WAITRESS (CONT'D)

But I know it won't happen. And I know why. I am what you feel about yourself. I'm overweight, I'm ugly. I'm undesirable. You're a wonderful person and each time you come in here, you brighten up my face.

The man picks up his drink and holds it in his hand.

WAITRESS (CONT'D)

(tearing up)

I wish that I was that girl you met at the diner. I wish I was slim and sexy so you would come up to me, heart in your hand, and do for me what you did for her.

MAN

(confused)

You want a one night stand?

Waitress shakes her head.

WAITRESS

No. I want you to come with me after I get off shift. You are what I've been looking for and I don't want you to get away from me. We are two good people. We've known too much misery and loneliness in our lives. We need to do something different. Please.

The Man looks at the glass in his hand and smiles. He stands up and looks at the Waitress.

MAN

(quiet)

How much?

The waitress is devastated. She just opened her heart to this man and he didn't even notice or care.

The waitress looks at her note pad.

WAITRESS

(quiet)

\$27.50

The man pulls out two twenty dollar bills and puts them on the counter. The waitress takes them and turns to face the register.

MAN

(calm)

I've lived alone most of my life.
Not by choice. I have never had a
woman throw themselves at me
before.

The Waitress laughs and closes the register. She turns to face the man.

WAITRESS

I'll bet. Your change.

The waitress puts the money on the counter and the man takes her by the hand. She looks at him, confused.

MAN

This may be the alcohol talking,
but I know we've both lived empty
lives for way too long. If you
want me to spend time with you
tonight, I've got nothing planned.
We can just talk. But I don't want
to be alone tonight. I don't want
to be alone anymore.

The Waitress looks at the Man and smiles.

EXT. BAR - NIGHT

The Waitress stands in the doorway, locking the door and putting the chain around the door handles. As she turns, the Man walks up to her. She smiles widely.

WAITRESS

You weren't lying to me.

MAN

(sighs)

I never lie.

She stares at him. He stares at her. The man offers the waitress his arm to hold and she gladly accepts it.

They cross the street together and walk to the third house on the left. As they climb the stairs, a Utica Public Works snow plow finally clears the snow from the street.

The Man turns to watches the plow go by and smiles

MAN (CONT'D)

Took them long enough.

WAITRESS

Sometimes, St. Peter does his job.

The Man smiles and looks at the Waitress. He extends his hand and she takes it. They turn and walk to the front door.

The Waitress unlocks her front door and they walk in together. The front living room light turns on.

EXT. STREET - NIGHT

The Girl stands outside the Man's apartment, across the street from it. She looks at the entrance, alone on the street.

She inhales deeply, then closes her eyes. She takes a step forward as if to walk across and go into the building.

But after that step, she stops. She looks at her watch. She sighs. A tear comes down her face.

She motions as if she will continue to talk to the apartment, but stops again. Then she turns and walks away.

She is alone. There isn't a soul on the sidewalk nor a passing car on the street. She walks under the a streetlight, then looks up at it. She stops, looks over her shoulder again at the Man's building, then turns back and continues to walk away

EXT. BUS STATION

ESTABLISHING Greyhound bus station.

INT. BUS STATION DINER

Again, it is empty except one figure. This time, it's the Girl. The Girl sits looking down, twirling her spoon in her coffee and not moving a muscle. She has no bags and nothing except her purse and her overcoat.

As she sits, a very young man, no older than 20 years old, walks up to her. He is tall, well put together and has the appearance of inherited money.

He doesn't even wait for The Girl to see him. He sits down next to her. This is the STUD.

STUD

Hey baby. How are you tonight?

The Girl ignores him.

STUD (CONT'D)

Quiet and shy. I like that in a girl.

The Girl turns and looks at Stud, who smiles a cocky, arrogant smile.

GIRL

(flat)

May I help you?

STUD
(oil slick smooth)
The better question is how can I
help you?

The girl picks up her coffee and takes a drink.

GIRL
What do you expect out of me?

STUD
Talk, see where things go.

Girl puts her coffee cup down.

GIRL
You don't even know my name.

STUD
(smiling)
And you don't know mine. Ain't
that the fun? We can have fun
together and not worry about what's
next.

Girl shakes her head.

GIRL
So all I am is a mountain to climb?
Not a person? Not an equal. Just
two tits and a pussy wrapped in a
good body? Is that all I am to
you?

The Stud stands up.

STUD
(disgusted)
Bitch, please. You're fucking
crazy. I have no time for a psycho
that thinks she is better than she
is.

The girl nods.

GIRL
So I am just a hole to you?

Stud turns and walks away.

STUD
(shouting out)
Bitch, you just lost out on the
best thing you'll ever see in your
miserable, fucked up life.

The Stud exits the diner as the girl looks at her bus
ticket.

INSERT

Bus ticket: She stares at the word "Utica."

BACK TO SCENE

The girl sighs. She looks at her watch and then stands up. She picks up her overcoat and puts it on. She grabs her purse, and as she does, some falls to the ground.

She picks it up.

MAN (V.O.)

At the store getting us breakfast.
Be back in thirty minutes.

The girl folds the note and puts it into her purse. She walks towards the buses at the station.

GIRL (V.O.)

Maybe I need more than thirty minutes. But I found the man I said I would never find. And I hurt him badly.

ANNOUNCER (O.S.)

Attention. The bus heading to Syracuse, Rochester, Buffalo, Erie, Cleveland and all points west is boarding at port #4.

The girl continues walking.

The girl exits the bus station and climbs onto the bus.

INT - BUS

The Girl hands her ticket to the DRIVER and puts up a weak, hurt smile. She looks at the near empty bus and then sits down behind the driver.

The driver closes the door.

EXT - BUS

As the bus pulls out, the sun pokes out of the clouds.

INT. BEDROOM - DAY

The man is, again, alone in his boarding house room. His alarm clock from his cell phone goes off. He stirs and rolls over on his bed, looking at the ceiling.

The man takes his cell phone and shut off the alarm clock. He sits up and stretches. The Man stands up and walks into the bathroom. He turns on the shower.

His phone begins to ring. After a couple of minutes, he walks out in a towel and looks at his phone. He picks it

up. He pressed a button and reads.

WAITRESS (V.O.)
Have a good night at work. See you
tomorrow morning. Miss you.

The man taps into his phone.

MAN (V.O.)
I think I need to quit this job and
get on with my life.

The man puts his phone down and walks to his closet. He puts his clothing on as the phone rings again. He looks over at it.

WAITRESS (V.O.)
It's about time.

The man smiles, grabs his wallet and phone and walks out of his apartment.

INT. BUS

The girl sits watching the upstate New York landscape fly passed at 70 miles an hour sitting on a bus on the New York State Thruway. She stares motionless out the frozen window.

GIRL (V.O.)
I hope he will find his good place.
And I hope I will find mine soon
too. Because anywhere is a better
when you're alone for too long.

She looks down at her watch, then sits back in her seat. She closes her eyes and begins to nod off.

BEGIN CLOSING
CREDITS

The End