Int. Car. Day.

A young woman with auburn hair that compliments her looks and highlights her features, wearing a sun dress and heels drives down a busy highway. She’s between applying her make-up and keeping her eyes on the road. A conversation on the radio in the background as she puts away a make-up tool and reaches for the next only for it to slip through her fingers. As she extends her arm to grab the fallen object she takes her eyes off the road.

Cut to:

Ext. City St. Day.

(Same exact moment the woman takes her eyes off the road)

A mother mid-forties, strolls across the street with her young son.

Cut back to:

Int. Car. Day.

As the woman retrieves the tool with her attention still on it she sits up only to then notice the mother and her young son. With frightened eyes she immediately slams on her brakes.

Cut to:

(Point of the view of mother and son)

Ext. City st. Day.

You hear the screeching of the tires and we see the reaction from the mother.

 Fade to white.

Fade in

Int. Bedroom. Night.

A window reflecting moonlight from the night sky, rain pouring down it we then pan over to a young woman lying down in bed curled into a ball wiping away the tears that fill her eyes. Wearing just a t-shirt too big for her something a man would wear down to sweatpants. As she lets out a deep sigh of depression the young woman rolls to her other side grabbing a cell phone. She scrolls through various pictures of her and a mysterious gentleman she shows emotion towards and becomes even more un-happy. She slides her finger over a picture repeatedly, tears increasing. The young woman buries her face into her pillow letting out a loud cry.

 Fade out.

Ext. Day. Park.

The glimmering sunlight shines through the trees reflecting the fallen golden crisp leaves of the season. Various people jogging, talking and walking their dogs we see the young woman sitting on an old rusty park bench with her purse by her side engaged in a book. Pan from the front of her to her peripheral vision a young man approaches from the opposite side of her. He appears to have sturdy features with a slim athletic build, dresses from a beatles era but for more for comfort.

 Gentleman

(Stops and looks) M. T. Coffin. He’s one of my favorite authors.

The young woman appears annoyed and not interested.

The gentleman looks and takes a step back and thinks for a second.

 Gentleman

 I think “Blood in the Amity River” was by far the best. I mean I’m not….

The woman interrupts him. Still focused on her book.

 Woman

 (Sarcastic) So because you see a woman sitting by herself in the park, your first thought is she must be waiting for someone like me to sweep her off her feet. Let me save you some time. I’m not interested.

 Gentleman

 Actually I was thinking that if she’s reading that, has her hair tied back, rockin the whole pale I’ll stab you in a dark alley kind of look…

She smirks.

 Gentleman

 (Continued) I should probably keep walking.

Woman still focused on her book.

 Woman

 And yet here you stand.

Gentleman

 What can I say. I always burn myself on things that are hot even when I know all signs say to walk away.

 Woman

 Oh wow! I’ll keep the poor stupid women who fall for that line in my prayers.

 Gentleman

 (Chuckles) I admit that was pretty lame. I’m 0-1. Here how about this…

The woman slams her book shut.

 Woman

 Ok you seem like you may possess some intelligence but incase that shirt you clearly borrowed from a 10 year old girl is cutting off the blood to your brain how ‘bout I make it easy on you. I’m not interested!

The gentleman starts to walk away, turns back around after a couple steps and goes back over.

 Gentleman

 I’m Greg by the way.

She ignores him and opens her book again.

 Greg

 (Pause) See now usually how this works is I say my name, you give me yours and then there’s some light flirting.

The young woman is still looking at her book.

 Woman

 If I pull out my mace…is that considered flirting?

Greg smirks a little bit. He then notices her purse where it displays her name.

 Greg

 Delilah.

She gives him a fake smile.

 Greg

 You know you might have better luck not being disturbed if you did this in a coffee shop. That way you’d be with the other lonely, my life sucks, I’m an outcast, no one understands me kind of people. Just sayin.

 Delilah

 Oh I’m so sorry. I don’t mean to spread my plague around the good people of the city. I didn’t know losers weren’t allowed in the park. I’ll go crawl into a dark hole and let everyone live their perfect lives with their perfect jobs, their perfect cars, their perfect fucking everything!!!

Greg rubs his neck looking around to see if anyone is watching them.

Greg

 Look I’m sorry I didn’t mean---

 Delilah

(Stands up angry) Excuse me for thinking I could enjoy a nice day without being hounded by some asshole who thinks that by making small talk and hinting at his “favorite parts” of the book or that he cried a little bit at the end I’ll go weak at the knees and sleep with him.

Delilah gathers her things furious in a heap. She storms off.

 Greg

(Distance behind her) Wait—I’m sorry. I didn’t mean—ugh—stupid.

Cut to:

Int. Day. Dr. Kristoff’s office waiting room.

 Secretary

 Dr. Kristoff will see you now.

Delilah stands and heads into his office.

Cut to:

Int. Day. Dr. Kristoff’s office.

 Dr. Kristoff

(Minutes later) Has your sleep gotten any better since the last I saw you?

Delilah

 (Sobbing) Worse! I wake up every half hour to the hour. The sound of screeching tires and loud screams---I wake up in a cold sweat gasping for air constantly. I can’t get the images out of my head.

 Dr. Kristoff

 What do you see in these dreams?

 Delilah

 I see people crowding around, people yelling, and I hear an ambulance.

 Dr. Kristoff

 This is a result of guilt. You won’t forgive yourself for what happened so it manifests itself deep into the cortex of the brain.

 Delilah

 How can I not feel guilty? Had I not been running behind this would of never happened.

 Dr. Kristoff

 You can’t think like that Delilah. Things happen every single day. Most can’t always be explained. This wasn’t your fault. It was a freak accident.

 Delilah

 An accident that wouldn’t have happened if I had been on time.

 Fade to black.

Ext. Day. Downtown coffee Shop.

Delilah is sitting at a table outside the coffee shop. The day is overcast and cold. From the opposite side of her we see Greg, the gentleman she met at the park approaching behind her. As he passes her he happens to glance over. He stops , gives her a once over and slides into the chair on the other side.

 Greg

 You read a lot.

 Delilah

 Of course!

 Greg

 I’m like that annoying tick you can’t get rid of.

 Delilah

 More like a venereal disease.

Delilah shoves her book in her bag and stands up to leave. Greg stands up at the same time.

 Greg

 Wait!

 Delilah

 For you? No thanks.

Delilah goes to move past him, but he blocks her.

 Greg

 I’m sorry about the other day. I was an ass.

 Delilah

 (Sarcastic) You mean you’re not always an ass?!

 Greg

 No. I’m always an ass. Usually I can make it work for me. (Pause) Please..

He motions for her to sit back down.

 Greg

 So what are you reading this time?

 Delilah

 What to do when you’re being held against your will.

Greg laughs.

 Delilah

 It’s called “Confessions of a bipolar stock broker”.

 Greg

 So it’s about Wall street? Didn’t they make a movie of that?

 Delilah

 What do you want?

 Greg

 Let me make up for my behavior the other day. I know a great place that serves soup.

 Delilah

 Soup? I know that place. It’s called my house.

 Greg

 Well, I wasn’t going to skip ahead to going to your place but if you insist.

She gives him a tired look.

 Greg

 I’m kidding-I’m kidding. Seriously, just one bowl. We don’t even have to sit at the same table. I can sit behind you.

 Delilah

 How about we don’t and say we never will.

 Greg

 One hour. And we never have to see each other again.

Delilah contemplates the idea. She gives him a long look over and decides.

 Delilah

 Fine, one hour.

Greg smiles and gets up.

 Greg

 It’s a date.

He walks off.

 Delilah

(Shouting to him) No! It’s a deal. Not a date.

Point of view from behind her:

Greg turns around for a brief moment and smiles back at her.

Cut to:

Int. Day. Dr. Kristoff’s office.

(picking up from the previous conversation same day)

 Dr. Kristoff

 You mentioned a man. A man you met recently. Tell me about him.

 Delilah

 Oh it’s nothing. Just someone I’ve hung out with once.

Dr. Kristoff gives her a stern look making her feel as though she should go on.

 Delilah

 Well his name is Greg. He’s a freelance photographer, he sometimes volunteers at the local children’s hospital. He likes double lattes, cats, cold play and teaches surf lessons to under privileged kids in the summer time.

 Dr. Kristoff

 Sounds like you know quite a bit about this Greg for only going out with him once.

 Delilah

 Ok maybe a few times. We’re just friends though.

 Dr. Kristoff

 Good for you. Sometimes distraction is the best medicine to heal a bruised soul or a broken heart.

Delilah sits there silent. Still processing what Kristoff said.

Cut to:

Quick cuts of over the course of a couple weeks of Delilah and Greg spending time together:

-Delilah lays on Greg’s chest looking up at him holding hands.

-Greg surprises Delilah in the kitchen while she’s washing dishes and picks her up.

-Both of them are sitting on a park bench passionately kissing.

 Fade to black.

Int. Afternoon. Dr. Kristoff’s office.

 Dr Kristoff

 So last time we met we were discussing your growing relationship with this young gentleman Greg. How’s that going for you?

 Delilah

 It’s been really great. We like a lot of the same things. We listen to the same music…

She pauses.

 Dr. Kristoff

 But?

 Delilah

 He’s not him.

 Dr. Kristoff

 I see. Does he know about your previous relationship?

 Delilah

 NO!

He can tell she’s hiding something.

 Delilah

 He’s asked but I just said it was a painful break-up.

 Dr. Kristoff

 I think it might help you to talk about it. Sometimes letting someone in can start the healing process.

 Delilah

 (Hysterical) I’m not going to just forget about him.

 Dr. Kristoff

 No one is saying to forget about him. You’ll always have your memories. But, you have to move on.

 Delilah

 (Sobbing) I don’t know if I can—I don’t know if I’m ready. It’s too soon.

 Dr. Kristoff

 It’s been 6 months Delilah. (Pause) It’s time!

 Delilah

 (Crying) I don’t know.

 Dr. Kristoff

 Maybe you should go talk to him. Maybe that’s the closure you need.

Cut to:

Ext. Cemetery. Day.

Delilah takes a long stroll through the cemetery. The sun lights up the cemetery and the look of fall fills the scenery. Her breathing increases as she nears her destination. Pan from the back of a head stone, come up to see her approaching a grave. Delilah takes a deep breath.

 Delilah

 Hey Robby. It’s me.

As she says that we pan around her revealing a name on the headstone saying “Here lies Robert Rabuka”.

 Fade to white.

Cut back to:

Int. Car. Day.

The sound of screeching brakes as we fade from white to reveal Delilah in a car coming to an abrupt stop. The mother and son stand in front of her car frozen. She pokes her head out of the window.

 Delilah

 Sorry!

The mother looks at her with utter disgust and pulls her son along. Once they are clear, Delilah drives off.

Cut to:

Int. Restaurant. Day

The man from the pictures on the phone sits at a table wearing a suit, hair slicked back waiting. He checks his watch and cell phone while impatiently waiting tapping his fingers on the table.

Cut to:

Delilah driving down the street as fast as she can.

Cut to:

The man has had enough and stands up in disappointment and anger and walks out of the restaurant. He exits the restaurant and walks across the street hastily then suddenly you hear a loud honking and the man turns. We hear the sound of a car crashing as we fade out to a blank white screen.

Cut to:

As Delilah takes a corner she immediately comes to a halt. There is a large crowd surrounding an accident. Delilah parks her car where she is. She slowly steps out of the car and walks towards the crowd. She makes her way through a bunch of people. We pan from above her as she gets closer to the center of the accident revealing the man from the restaurant lies on the ground lifeless and covered in blood. Delilah rushes to his side, holding his head crying immensely.

Cut back to:

Ext. Cemetery. Day.

 Delilah

 (Sobbing) I’m so sorry Robby! I should have been there. If I wasn’t late you’d still be here. (Pause) You used to always say my tardiness would be the death of you.

Delilah chuckles for a second and goes right back to sobbing.

 Delilah

(Continued)….. I miss you so much. I see you everywhere I go. I still remember our 2nd date. You forgot to get reservations at Benchinis so we snuck in the back and pretended we worked there and sat down in the corner hoping we wouldn’t get caught. (Pause) That’s when I knew—that’s when I knew I was falling for you. Our weekends spent in Napa running through the vineyards, mostly from someone telling us to leave. Religion, beliefs, or politics…none of those ever mattered. It was always just the two of us. Every time your lips touched mine I felt—I felt like I could fly. I know you used to tell me don’t ever let one person hold you back, not even family. If it wasn’t for you I wouldn’t be where I am today and I’ll always love you for that. Most people say they want to find their better half I did better than that…I found my guardian angel.

Just then a leaf falls from the tree above and lands right in front of her. She looks up and notices something bright from above flickering creating an immediate and intense sign for Delilah that everything will be all right.

 Fade to white.

Int. Dr. Kristoff’s office. Day

 Dr Kristoff

 So how are things?

 Delilah

 Things have gotten better.

 Dr. Kristoff

 Any more nightmares?

 Delilah

 No.

 Dr. Kristoff

 Good to hear. How about your depression?

 Delilah

 It’s getting better. Some days are better than others.

 Dr. Kristoff

 Hang in there. You’ve made terrific progress. Things can only get better from here on out.

Cut to:

Ext. City st. Day.

Delilah walks out of Dr. Kristoff’s office building. She puts on a beanie.

(After she’s exited the office building she says this as she looks up at the sky)

 Delilah

 Thing’s are definitely looking up.

Delilah turns and walks down the street. As she appears farther we fade to black.

 THE END.