

Another Day

Written by

This One

INT. SUPERMARKET - DAY

KYLE (80s), gray-haired, wrinkled, and grumpy, stands by a display of canned soup. He sports a walking stick and wears shorts and a T-shirt that reads "Keep Away."

A rubber ball—probably stolen from the toy aisle—bounces off his leg. He flinches, glaring at a cute boy, MENDEL (4), who immediately forgets about the ball, grabs a can of soup, and throws it into his mother's cart.

His mother, PATRICIA (50), sporting gold bracelets and flashy gold hoops, puts it back on the shelf. Mendel waits for her to turn away and grabs the soup again. A couple of cans fall onto the shelf but, thankfully, not to the floor.

Annoyed, Kyle interferes.

KYLE

You the babysitter? Why don't you start watching him for a change?

Patricia raises her eyebrows at Kyle.

PATRICIA

Come on, Kyle, I'm his mother, you know that. We're across the street from you.

KYLE

Ah, I always thought you were his grandma. To think that people wise up with age, but no. They go ahead having babies in their sixties.

Patricia makes a full turn to get away from Kyle.

PATRICIA

I just turned fifty. (looks for Mendel) Mendel! Let's wrap up. Get your cereal, baby and we're done.

Mendel is nowhere to be seen.

KYLE

Mendel? Wow. Yeah Mendel, go annoy some other people.

Kyle smirks at his own wit.

KYLE

Tell them your name, too.

NT. SUPERMARKET - DAY (CONTINUOUS)

Kyle stands by a display of oatmeal, watching Mendel run around. He glances at Patricia, who's putting earphones into her ears. He rolls his eyes.

Suddenly, Kyle spots something small and furry scuttling across the floor. His eyes widen in surprise.

Mendel keeps running toward the aisle. Kyle jerks forward, trying to keep the creature away, but in the rush, he falls flat on his stomach, screaming. The spider disappears.

Patricia, hearing the commotion, rushes toward them in alarm.

PATRICIA

Oh my God, what happened?

KYLE

You and your offspring, that what.

MENDEL

There was a spider! (points at Kyle) He saved me.

Kyle groans at that. He scrambles up, uses his stick to get on his feet.

KYLE

Like I fucking would. I saved the animal from you.

MENDEL

Mom, do we call nine one one now?

KYLE

Heavens, are all kids this stupid or you're an unfortunate exception?

Patricia sighs, grabs Mendel and her cart, and walks away.

INT. KYLE'S HOME - DAY

Kyle enters with a bag of groceries in hands.

KYLE

Gloria. I'm home.

KITCHEN

He walks in and puts the bags on the countertop.

In the middle of the counter stands a fancy urn. Kyle touches it lovingly.

KYLE

You wouldn't believe what happened  
at the store. IVF babies, spiders..  
I saved one from a kid, you know.

He wearily sits down, holding to his stick.

KYLE

The boy is Mariana's grandson. I  
was so nasty to him and his flashy  
mother. Dropped the f-bomb in front  
of the kid, made fun of his name...  
You'd be proud.

He takes a breath.

KYLE

Or not.

He reaches for a bowl of sugar and starts eating it with a  
spoon, right from the bowl.

KYLE

Can't see why you'd be jealous of  
Mariana. I never did anything, you  
know... And our thing with her was  
long before us... I know you know.

He looks toward the window and sees MARIANA (80s) standing  
next to her house, which is across the street from Kyle's.  
She's thin and wrinkly, with gray hair and delicate features.  
She is clearly looking toward his house.

KYLE

Speaking of the devil!

Mariana takes a step toward Kyle's house. Kyle indignantly  
rises and walks toward the door.

He grabs the mailbox keys on his way out.

EXT. KYLE'S HOUSE - DAY

With a stern face, Kyle shakes his keys in the air and  
strides toward the mailbox.

He trips on the way. Mariana rushes to catch him.

He doesn't fall but regains his posture.

KYLE

Quick to touch a man, aren't you?

MARIANA

I'm here to thank you for what happened. Patty told me. And I'm sorry again about Gloria. She was a sweetheart.

Kyle slouches at once.

MARIANA

We don't have to be enemies. Gloria was nice to me. We were friends.

KYLE

I'm sure she was jealous of you.

MARIANA

If she ever was it's because she loved you so. She brought us a pie the day Patty had Mendel.

Kyle blinks rapidly, his eyes on the verge of tearing up. He straightens and looks like he just swallowed a stick.

MARIANA

Come over sometime to catch up.  
Don't be a stranger.

Mariana gives his hand a light squeeze, then turns around and walks back to her house.

Kyle watches her go.

INT. KYLE'S HOME - KITCHEN - CONTINUOUS

Kyle walks in and puts the mailbox keys back where they belong. He sits next to Gloria's urn.

KYLE

Did you see her touch me? A bundle of raging estrogen, isn't she?

He touches the urn.

KYLE

I'm lonely, Gloria. I'm just...  
lost without you.

He continues sitting like that, looking at the urn.

FADE OUT.