ET TU

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FADE IN:

INT. OFFICE BLDG. - MEN'S ROOM - MORNING

TRENT (29, tall, disheveled brown hair) peers into the mirror at the bags under his eyes. Death Cab for Cutie t-shirt, cargo shorts, and flip-flops.

He leans over the sink, deep in thought. Finally snaps himself out of it. A melody brews from within. Starts to hum.

Toilet flush ends the music. MR. WILLIAMS (55, starched white shirt and power tie, in shape) exits a stall.

    MR. WILLIAMS
    Crap, you look like hell.

    TRENT
    I'm working on it.

They both wash hands.

    MR. WILLIAMS
    Work harder.
    (sidelong look)
    Rough out there.

Done in a jiffy, he leaves the crumpled towel on the sink.

    MR. WILLIAMS
    Mind ditching that?

    TRENT
    Not a problem.

Mr. Williams exits. Trent blasts cold water, washes his face.

INT. HALLWAY - CONTINUOUS

Down the hall Trent trudges. Working the same hum. Large POSTERS of "Jacked 'n Pumped" energy drinks hang on the walls.

Headed his way is ELLIE (28, sweet face, cutting look, all the more striking together). She wears a summer dress and sandals. The humming intensifies.

    ELLIE
    Look alive -- not even a full day today.

Trent bows his head, smiles as she passes.
ELLIE
He's workin' the smile though...

She HUMS a few bars in unison as she trails down the hall. Trent turns back before disappearing into an adjoining room.

INT. ROOM 204 - CONTINUOUS

Energetic. A dozen SALES REPS on phones (20s-40s, beachwear). Trent plops down at his cube in the corner. An ugly potted plant hangs on a shelf. PICTURES of his German Shepherd, parents, and beloved Yamaha keyboard decorate his cube.

He opens an Excel doc, frowns at his sales total of $4K for the month -- $5K off the pace (bold red). Glances at the wall clock (8:45), reaches for his phone, BILL (35) pops in.

BILL
How's the music going?

TRENT
... Melodies yeah, lyrics nada.

BILL
Too bad. That new gym up the street? Over on Bentley? Just sold them.

TRENT
Good for you.

BILL
Pretty damn sweet. Hey, we're going to Tank's mañana. Any interest?

TRENT
I'll call ya. Should probably sleep 'til Labor Day.

BILL
Sleep away the summer, that sounds good. Don't forget how to use that thing.

INT. ELLIE'S OFFICE - CONTINUOUS

Ellie SHARPENS her pencil in an electric sharpener. Neat but uninspiring office, only a few baubles. She taps away on her laptop. Mr. Williams breezes in.

MR. WILLIAMS
Are we gonna rebound or what?
ELLIE
We're gettin' there.

MR. WILLIAMS
That tuition wasn't cheap. Just an FYI.

ELLIE
Got it.

Mr. Williams snaps a C-note from his wallet and flings it onto her desk.

MR. WILLIAMS
For the ride back. Maple walnut for me.

ELLIE
Oh there's something I wanted to --

He's already gone.

ELLIE
... ask you.

She sits with a frown. Closes out of an email in progress. Snatches up the hundred.

INT. ROOM 204 - MOMENTS LATER

A beach ball bounces its way from cube to cube. Ellie whisks in, shades atop her head.

ELLIE
Vámonos!

A grand wave. Sales Reps rise in a flurry.

ELLIE
Trent, are you awake over there?

TRENT
Yeah!

ELLIE
Let's go.

Trent grabs his duffle bag, last one left. Phone rings. Stares at it. Answers.
TRENT
Thanks for calling Jacked 'n Pumped, this is Trent.
(excited look)
Sure, I can help you.

INT. VAN - MOMENTS LATER

It idles in the lot. Murmurs. Groans of discontent.

BILL
He can't be writing music.

Trent boards to a wave of catcalls, cap on backwards. He finds it hard to push down a grin. Ellie throws him a look, he plunks down in back, the van departs with a roar.

EXT. POND - LATER

Screaming kids in the distance. Trent lies with his face buried in a blanket, 5 meters from the water. Snoring. His right hand atop a green spiral notebook.

NEIGHBORING SPOT

Ellie chats with Reps Raquel (31, robust) and Tanya (39).

TANYA
We'd fight all the time. Got stupider with each occasion. That's a word, right?

ELLIE
Yup.

RAQUEL
Over what?

TANYA
You name it. He hated my parents, too. What a gem. You guys still having fun?

RAQUEL
Trying to.

TANYA
Keep it that way. You want kids?

RAQUEL
I do, he's on the fence.
TANYA
Dealbreaker?

RAQUEL
I'm not sure.

Ellie watches them -- a bystander in life. Fidgets with her bathing suit.

TANYA
Whatever you do, decide for yourselves. Don't let anyone strong-arm you.

RAQUEL
Won't let that happen.

TANYA
Hey, check out sleepyhead.

Trent scrawls in his notebook, one eye open, face still welded to the towel.

RAQUEL
We know you're checking us out!

BACK TO TRENT

who doesn't flinch. The scrawling continues.

His FACE is intense. PEN scribbles something at the top. Drops his pen, the drought is over. His EYE can't believe it. One peek over at Ellie who smirks back at him.

The eye shuts.

EXT. POND - LATER

Quieter now. The screaming kids have left. Trent is still out. A faint melody bleeds through his earbuds. Ellie gives him a tap on the shoulder.

ELLIE
Time to go.

Doesn't budge. All the other Sales Reps have evacuated. Ellie turns to his notebook, CU of poem:

It Was Always For You

It's dusk in morning
It is dusk at night
Can you feel it?
I can hear it
There's no turning back
There is no going forward
Until I come for you
I come for you
I once denied it
And denied it well
But now I know for certain
The dawn will happen
The dawn will happen
When I finally shout
It was always for you
Always for you

Ellie overhears the music playing on his iPod. Recognizes the melody. Sweet. Solid. Sweeping. The tune from the hall. Takes an earbud for a listen.

Peeks back at the lyrics, her hand touches the notebook as she skims them again.

She studies Trent a moment. Shuts the notebook, places the earbud back. And dribbles what's left of her water bottle onto his back. He's up.

INT. ROOM 204 - MORNING

Only a few reps, back in business attire -- including Josh, a sharp tie to boot. Clock reads 7:15. He's on the phone.

TRENT
It's packed with Vitamin C, yeah. Calcium and magnesium, too. That'll help with absorption. Some ginseng, but not much.

Does quick arithmetic on his blotter.

TRENT
Sounds good, I'll put you down for ten. Very good, Mr. Klein. Ciao.

Hangs up, revisits his Excel doc. Wipes out his $4K figure and types in $9100 with a grin. Thwacks Enter. Phone rings.
TRENT
Yeah.

ELLIE (over phone)
You mind coming over?

TRENT
Not a problem.

INT. ELLIE'S OFFICE - CONTINUOUS

Ellie finishes an email, clicks send. She peeks at a PICTURE of her parents that rests on her desk. Trent enters.

TRENT
Hey.
(re: door)
Should I...?

ELLIE
Go ahead.

He shuts it and takes a seat.

ELLIE
It's early for you.

TRENT
Slept like a baby. Does it show?

ELLIE
Yeah, it does. What brought that on?

TRENT
Can't really say. So what's up?

ELLIE
I was looking over your numbers.

TRENT
Recently?

ELLIE
Yes.

TRENT
Very recently?

ELLIE
Yes, I saw.

Trent smiles proudly.
TRENT
And...?

Ellie waves away a Sales Rep at the door.

ELLIE
How's your music going?

TRENT
My music?

ELLIE
Yeah.

TRENT
It's going. Why?

ELLIE
That's good.

She picks at the corner of her blotter.

TRENT
You're making me nervous. Are you alright?

ELLIE
Any new songs... lately?

Trent shrugs. Ellie peeks at him for more information. The shrug only grows. Ellie combats with a curious smile.

TRENT
Nothing I'd wanna show off.

ELLIE
I see. Is that a good thing?

TRENT
I think so.

ELLIE
So it's sort of a... quasi... mezza-mezza... dry spell.

TRENT
Exactly.

ELLIE
Too bad.

TRENT
Why's that?
ELLIE
I have to let you go.

It's like he didn't hear it. Grins stupidly at her. Ellie waits for it sink in...

TRENT
(still smiling)
What?

ELLIE
The numbers aren't there. Not where we need them to be.

TRENT
You said you checked them. Very recently.

ELLIE
I did. But you've been here four years. We expect more than average.

The smile is officially gone.

TRENT
Tell me you're kidding.

ELLIE
... I'm sorry.

He turns to look at an associate passing by the window, who waves at Ellie.

TRENT
I came in early today. I can make that a habit. From now on.

ELLIE
I think it's time for your dry spell to be over.

Trent hone in on her. About to say something -- he declines.

INT. ROOM 204 - CONTINUOUS

He does the death march back to his corner cube. Sales Reps are wrapped up in calls. Trent stands frozen by his chair.

Then, The Tasmanian Devil. Pictures, pens, loose change, magazines, trinkets -- even some erasers. He opens drawers left and right -- CRAMS all of it into his shoulder bag.

Leaves the room without a goodbye either way.
INT. HALLWAY - CONTINUOUS

Treks solo down the hall. Past the posters of energy drinks. Mr. Williams now pops into view, coming the other way. Gives Trent an over-the-top salute and continues along.

Trent looks back at him. Continues on. Stops short at a garbage can. He rummages through his bag.

Bill breezes by, a pat on the back.

BILL
Sorry pal, wind at your back. Missed you on Saturday!

Trent finally uncovers his green notebook. Starts to tear out the poem. Another fresh one peeks out from behind it, entitled "Without You."

Dumps the whole damn thing. Shoulder bag back on. Onward down the hall.

EXT. PARKING LOT - CONTINUOUS

He heads for his car. The lot is full. Stark sunlight. Gutted. It's etched across his face. He grips the shoulder bag tight. A HUM ends on one note.

Trent turns to the right. Following him on the sidewalk, the beach ball blows in the wind.

Scampering footsteps. Trent finally turns...

It's Ellie. Whisking her way over lugging his potted plant. The coup de grâce.

She's now up to him, raises the plant. And sends it SMASHING to the pavement.

KISSES him. Trent stands stoic...

Waiting for the world to resume. It doesn't take long. Replies to her in kind.

Ellie pulls back a tad. Enough time for him to slip off the shoulder bag and RAM it down to the pavement.

ELLIE
You're not a real good liar.

TRENT
I'm fired.
ELLIE
I've been thinking about starting my
own company. There's an office
building down the --

He quiets her with another. Smoldering.
The sunlight far less stark.

FADE TO BLACK

THE END