

HELLO BROOKLYNN

Written by

Brandon E. Weber

FADE IN:

INT. MOTEL ROOM. EVENING

A single-bed room. Dark, empty, and cheap.

JOHN, a good-looking young man, enters the motel room.

He gently shuts the door behind him and surveys the room.

- In the bathroom, John splashes his face with water. Towels his face and looks at his reflection in the mirror.

- John, sitting on the edge of the bed in deep thought. Smoking a cigarette. The ashtray is full of butts.

- John stands at the window, looking out. He waiting for someone. He Looks at his watch.

- John stands in the shower, letting the water run directly on his head. He stops, suddenly attentive, listening for something. Thinks he hears it again. Shuts off the water.

A KNOCK at the door.

CUT TO:

MOMENTS LATER

John, wrapped in a towel and still wet, answers the door.

A beautiful young woman is there. John steps aside and lets her in. Her name is Kelly. She carries an overnight bag.

JOHN

Hey.

KELLY

Hey.

They hug uncomfortably.

KELLY (CONT'D)

Look at you. You look good.

JOHN

You too. Come in.

She makes her way through the room, still holding her bag.

KELLY

I'm so sorry. My flight.

JOHN  
Don't worry about it.

KELLY  
My flight was late and --

JOHN  
I said don't worry about it. I got  
it.

Beat.

KELLY  
You look good.

JOHN  
Thanks. So do you.

KELLY  
So... Do I look the same?

JOHN  
Your hair is shorter.

KELLY  
You like it?

JOHN  
You always look good. You know  
that.

Beat.

JOHN (CONT'D)  
Have you eaten?

KELLY  
No, you?

JOHN  
Not really. You want to go out or --

KELLY  
I thought we could just stay here.  
Catch up. Maybe order-in.

JOHN  
Sure. Whatever. Still like Chinese?

KELLY  
Of course.

Beat. The atmosphere is very awkward.

KELLY (CONT'D)  
How's was your shower?

JOHN  
Fine. You wanna put your bag down?

KELLY  
Um, Do you mind if I take a shower  
first? The flight was --

JOHN  
No. Yeah. Sure. Go ahead.

KELLY  
Okay. Two minutes.

JOHN  
Sure.

BATHROOM - CONTINUOUS

Kelly enters the bathroom, turns on the shower but doesn't get in. She puts the lid down on the toilet and sits. Contemplating.

She she's John's wallet, sitting on the countertop. She snoops through its contents; debit card, library card, insurance card...a condom.

She sets the condom aside on the countertop. Not sure what to think of it.

CUT TO:

MOTEL ROOM - SOMETIME LATER

John, now semi-dressed, sits at the foot of the bed, smoking another cigarette.

Kelly exits the bathroom, toweling her hair. Now wearing a tank top and shorts.

John smiles at her.

She smiles back.

KELLY  
Let's go eat.

CUT TO:

INT. RESTAURANT - EVENING

Kelly and John are eating at a nice little restaurant. John cuts into a bloody steak. Kelly's salad sits untouched. A glass of wine in her hand.

JOHN  
How long are you staying?

KELLY  
Just the night. I have to get back  
in the morning.

JOHN  
Mmm.

KELLY  
How's your parents?

JOHN  
Fine. They asked about you.

KELLY  
And?

JOHN  
I told em you were fine. What was I  
supposed to say.

KELLY  
You haven't told yet.

Beat.

KELLY (CONT'D)  
John.

JOHN  
What?

KELLY  
I already sent out the invitations.

JOHN  
So, they'll know when they get em.

KELLY  
And what am I supposed to say?

JOHN  
I don't know. "Be happy for me"?

She shoots him a look.

JOHN (CONT'D)  
What did you tell *him*?

KELLY  
Who?

JOHN  
Ben.

KELLY  
About what?

JOHN  
About where you are.

KELLY  
Told him I'm seeing an old friend.  
Which I am.

Kelly forks her salad.

John smiles.

JOHN  
And he bought that?

KELLY  
Why wouldn't he? I can be very  
convincing.

JOHN  
Yes you can.

Kelly picks at her salad for a moment.

KELLY  
I want you to come.

JOHN  
To your wedding?

KELLY  
Yes.

JOHN  
No.

KELLY  
Why?

JOHN  
Why would I?

KELLY

Why wouldn't you? You are -- or were -- a big part of my life. I mean, aren't you happy for me?

JOHN

No.

KELLY

You're so selfish.

JOHN

I think I'm entitled to selfish feelings.

KELLY

What do you want me to do? I fell in love.

JOHN

Yeah, I thought you already did that.

Kelly is upset. Drops her fork on the table.

JOHN (CONT'D)

Come on.

Kelly bites her lip to fight back tears.

JOHN (CONT'D)

Kelly, eat your salad. Come on. Please?

KELLY

I'm not hungry. Are you done?

CUT TO:

INT. MOTEL ROOM. SOMETIME LATER

John and Kelly are in bed making love. Kelly is on top, thrusting into him, breathing heavily. His hands move all over her body. He kisses her deeply as she makes love to him.

Kelly's gyrating peaks as she climaxes and collapses into his chest. Burying her face there as she cries.

John simply wraps his arms around her, hugging her as sobs.

KELLY

I better go.

JOHN

I know.

CUT TO:

EXT. MOTEL. PARKING LOT. LATE NIGHT

John opens the door to let Kelly into her taxi. She turns to face him. Emotion on her face.

KELLY

It was nice seeing you.

JOHN

You too.

KELLY

I'm sorry.

JOHN

It's okay.

KELLY

You know, I can't do this again.

JOHN

I know.

KELLY

Maybe I'll see you around sometime?

John shrugs.

JOHN

Maybe not.

They kiss one last time.

KELLY

Bye.

John closes the car door and the taxi pulls out.

John watches as the taxi turns the corner and drives into the distance.

FADE TO BLACK.