Love & Latte

By

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FADE IN:

INT. WARREN’S LOFT – DAY

A huge loft. Boxes strewn about. A few amenities unpacked. A classic ASTEROIDS game sits lonely in the corner. AIR HOCKEY game unwrapped and in place. An overstuffed leather couch appropriately lays with the company of a marble topped coffee table.

A single box sits upon the table alongside a baggie full of ticket stubs.

In the corner, a lone stool surrounded by 3 classic acoustic guitars.

WARREN, 40’s, a scruffy haired fellow, donning cargo shorts and a beachy button up shirt, casually reclines on his comfy sofa while talking on the telephone.

    WARREN
    (into phone)
    I pretty much am all unpacked now. It has been a couple of months you know.
    (beat)
    Yes, it’s still good to be back.

Warren gathers himself, holding the phone between his chin and shoulder. Opens the box on the coffee table.

    WARREN (cont’d)
    No I haven’t met anyone yet. Mom, don’t do this with me please.
    (beat)
    Yes, I will be there on Sunday’s.
    (beat)
    Well mom, I have some laundry to put up so I am going to go now, okay?
    (beat)
    Love you too. Tell dad hello for me.
    (beat)
    Bye mom.

Warren peels back the flaps to the box and pulls out a framed gold record.
The gold record reads "Song of the Year - Go On. Performed by Steve Henderson. 2012." Warren brushes his hand across the record and places it next to a baggie full of ticket stubs.

Warren reaches in and pulls out another gold record. A brief glimpse of the writing yet can’t quite make out as to what it says. He places it on top of the previous record and grabs the baggie of ticket stubs and stacks them in the baggie and sets them down.

Warren grabs his phone at the time he rises from his couch and goes to stand by a stack of boxes. He looks about his HUGE loft.

WARREN bebops from his car to along the front bay window of DELGADO’S CAFE. The water lapping against the rocks out behind the shop.

Warren FLINGS the door open and stops just shy of running into the back of the customer standing in the doorway.

WARREN

Excuse me.

Warren sneaks around the last one in line to take his place at the end. His attention sidelong by the blond behind the counter. Tries to find a cool way to stand and get noticed.

SARAH, a slender chic blond, 30’s, moves a wisp of hair from the side of her face. She takes a customer’s order. Warren sneaks peeks at her all the while trying to not get caught.

Not paying attention, Warren stands alone as the line has filed through. Staring at a black and white PHOTO on the wall of Central American coffee bean farmers.
FRANK, a petite man, 40’s, with distinguished gray hair, multicolored socks and loafers, prepares a drive thru order while JOSSELYN, a stunning classic look 26 year old, sweeps up behind Sarah.

WARREN (cont’d)
Hey Sarah.

Warren looking up at the marquis. Sarah sends a smile to him.

SARAH
Warren...Right?

WARREN
You remembered. That’s...great. I am thinking I would like something different this morning.

Playing in his pockets.

WARREN (cont’d)
Feeling spunky.

SARAH
Oh really?

WARREN
Yes! How about a venti hazelnut latte?

SARAH
That is what you always get.

WARREN
Your mind must be a steel trap.

Warren looking in Frank’s direction.

WARREN (cont’d)
Frank, how’s it hangin?

FRANK
Lonely and to the right! Jason is out on business this week with Clarissa. I swear I bet her real name is Chuck! Whatever!

Frank lunges through the window with an order.

Warren fumbles for his wallet.
SARAH
Anything else this morning?

WARREN
Nope, that should be it. Thanks. Lover’s quarrel?

SARAH
Five dollars and twelve cents.

He hands her a ten.

WARREN
Keep the change.

SARAH
Thanks. Frank get’s like that every time his Jason goes out of town. I swear he get’s so insecure.

Warren bellies down the counter. Josselyn sweeps along past Sarah.

WARREN
Josselyn...come on let me see them.

Josselyn stops for a moment and raises her foot to reveal a black four inch STILETTO HEEL.

WARREN (cont’d)
Damn girl!

Warren puts his hands in his pockets.

WARREN (cont’d)
Thank goodness this counter is here.

She drops her foot.

JOSSELYN
Thank you Warren you’re sweet.

She sails on into the back room.

SARAH
--and here is yours, enjoy.

Warren turns away from the counter, grabs a newspaper and takes the last seat open.
TABLE

Warren sits alone at a table for two. Scans the paper. Occasionally takes notice of people coming and going.

Josselyn cleaning tables.

    JOSSELYN
    Is there anything I can get you Warren?

    WARREN
    Nah, I’m good. How you be?

Scrubs down a table next to his.

    JOSSELYN
    I am doing just fine, thank you for asking. Just got a call from the school and my six year old son is throwing up. So now have to take off work and go get him.

    WARREN
    Well don’t let me keep you. A six year old? When did you have him? Like when you were 12 or something?

    JOSSELYN
    I’m 26.

    WARREN
    No way!

    JOSSELYN
    Yeah, well as soon as I get done with this one I gotta go. My second job awaits. See ya.

    WARREN
    Gotcha. Be careful then.

Warren gets up, folds and sets the paper down while he watches her STILETTOS CLICK upon the floor. His eyes and smile follow her.

COUNTER

    WARREN
    How does she do it?
SARAH
Good question. She is pretty
amazing. Full time here and a son.
You have been coming for
what...maybe a couple of months?
Have you ever seen anyone else here
but us and the owners?

Warren shrugs his shoulders.

WARREN
No I guess.

SARAH
Well there you have it. Just us and
little Tabitha.

WARREN
That’s cool I guess. Sucks if you
need a day off though.

SARAH
There are a few others around here
to pick up the slack. We love it
here.

WARREN
Good benefits?

SARAH
Nah, they can’t afford that.

Warren stares intently at Sarah.

SARAH (cont’d)
But like when I was sick out with
the flu, they still paid me. That
helped out tremendously.

WARREN
That’s cool then.

The front door bells chime.

SARAH
(to customer)
Welcome to Delgado’s.

CUSTOMER
How are you?

Sarah mouths "GOTTA GO."
Warren nods and walks over to the table where he sat. Picks up his keys. Walks over to Sarah busy making the new order.

**WARREN**
Sarah? Thank you for the wonderful coffee and talking to me.
(to Frank)
Frank, You need to chill buddy.

Frank is on his head mic, covers it with his hand just in case.

**FRANK**
Whatever Warren, get a clue man! It will happen to you one day.

**EXT. WARREN’S LOFT/DOOR - DAY**

Warren takes out his keys to unlock the steel door to the loft. He hears a voice inside.

**BART (O.S)**
What the hell?

Opens the already unlocked door.

He walks in to see his t-shirt, jean wearing best friend BART, in his 40’s with shoulder length hair, playing ASTEROIDS.

**INT. WARREN’S LOFT - DAY**

Darts on the wall, air hockey and Foosball taking up floor space. The ultimate big kid pad.

**WARREN**
Yeah Bart, What the hell?

**BART**
What?

Walking over to the kitchen counter, Throws his keys onto the counter.

**WARREN**
How the hell did you get in here?

**BART**
Mom.
WARREN
My mom let you in?

BART
No douche, she made me a key.

Warren grabs a water from the fridge and slumbers over to his over stuffed leather COUCH and PLOPS down.

WARREN
Hey ass! That’s my mom. I can’t believe she gave you a key to my place.

Bart is in intense asteroid beating mode.

BART
She just figured it would be best so I can keep an eye on you.

Picking up the stack of MAIL from the coffee table.

INSERT - MAIL IN HAND

Warren slowly sifts through the pieces, throwing junk down on the table and fingerling the good ones. He stops on a piece mailed from "SACRED HEART HOSPITAL."

FLASHBACK - BAR IN NASHVILLE

The back heads of people bellied up to the bar. The bartender turns up the volume up on the T.V.

TELEVISION SCREEN

A female reporter covering a local story outside auditorium.

FEMALE REPORTER
We are just learning that one of our own, Bruce Sutton, the songwriter of "Go On" and other hits has collapsed of unknown causes while receiving an award tonight. He was taken to a local hospital...
FLASHBACK - HOSPITAL ROOM
A doctor flipping through charts at the foot of a bed.

FLASHBACK - HOSPITAL DAY ROOM
The back of a patient sitting in a wheelchair staring out the window on a bright sunny day. Total silence.

BACK TO SCENE
Warren, with a grin and shake of the head, alongside a blank stare out the window he places it behind the others.

    WARREN
    Thanks for getting my mail. Guess she gave you a key to that too.

    BART
    No, the mailman was here when I got here.

    WARREN
    Well don’t use the key unless you know absolutely for sure that I am not here and no you can’t bring chicks here either!

    BART
    Why not? Someone should.

The doorbell rings.

    WARREN
    You want to answer the door or can I?

Bart still playing asteroids

    BART
    You can.

    WARREN
    Thanks.

Warren answers the door. Two delivery men stand with several huge boxes on dollies.

    DELIVERY MAN
    Mr. Pate? Warren Pate?
WARREN
Yep that’s me.

DELIVERY MAN
Sign here.

The delivery man hands the clipboard to him then takes the
dolly into the loft.

DELIVERY MAN (cont’d)
Where do you want it?

WARREN
Right over there in that empty
spot.

Bart eyes the boxes as the delivery men unload the dollies.

DELIVERY MAN
You two have a good day.

WARREN / BART
(simultaneously)
You two too.

The door closes and Bart looks down at the boxes.

BART
What this?

WARREN
Not gonna say.

BART
Why not?

WARREN
You’ll never leave if I do.

BART
Come on!

Warren PLOPS back down on the couch.

BART (cont’d)
What? You’re not going to open it?

WARREN
Maybe later.

BART
Now!
WARREN
You open it then. I already know what it is.

Bart takes out his keys to cut open the boxes.

WARREN (cont’d)
Be careful man. Don’t want to get it scratched up.

Bart opens up the length of the box and rips open the flaps and dusts away the popcorn.

BART
Holy Shit, are you freakin kidding me?

Warren peeks over the back of the couch.

BART (cont’d)
You found it!

WARREN
Yep...the PLAYBOY PINBALL MACHINE. Been looking for it everywhere

BART
Holy hell.

WARREN
I know, can’t believe I found it.

BART
Online?

WARREN
Of course.

Bart opens the other boxes.

BART
Let’s put it together!

WARREN
 Heck no. Called this guy who is coming over and put it together...right.

BART
Well that sucks.
WARREN
I can’t wait for the sweet sounds of half nude ladies and my balls.

BART
That’s about as close as you’re going to get.

WARREN
Dingle berry

BART
Ball sack...So how you feeling today anyway?

ASTEROIDS GAME
Warren begins a game.

WARREN
I’m feeling great, feeling great.
Hey you wanna order something? I’m starving.

Bart stands alongside the game.

BART
I can’t stay much longer. I gotta get back to my apartment and clean.

WARREN
Why? For your cat?

BART
No! I actually met someone dork and tonight...she is coming over for dinner and maybe more.

WARREN
Making hot dogs does not constitute as a romantic dinner.

BART
Grilling a couple of steaks buttmunch.

Warren rubs his belly.

BART (cont’d)
Was that your stomach?
WARREN
Yeah, Probably order in some Chinese.

Bart grabs his coat and heads for the door. Warren’s eyes intent on the screen.

WARREN (cont’d)
You sure you don’t wanna stay?

BART
Told you I have a dinner date.

WARREN
Thought you were kidding.

Bart stands at the open door.

BART
You go about your bad asteroid self and catch me tomorrow.

Closes the door behind him.

BART (O.S)
You need to get out some.

Warren continues to play.

INT. WARREN’S LOFT – NIGHT

Warren lies alone is his king bed staring at the ceiling. A soft glow of light from outside delights the room.

He rolls over, his eyes drawn to the light. They close.

INT. DELGADO’S CAFE – DAY

Frank leans against his window and gossips with TABITHA, a goth type girl in her 20’s. Sarah wipes down the counter while moving the hair from her face.

The front bells go off. Warren slithers through the door.

SARAH
Hey Warren. Be right with you. Give me a sec.

WARREN
Take your time.
He looks around to see the seat he always uses is open once again.

SARAH
What can I get you? The usual?

WARREN
The usual? I am becoming that predictable?

SARAH
Let’s see...venti hazelnut latte?

WARREN
Damn, I am aren’t I?

SARAH
That’s okay. Predictable can be good. Working today?

WARREN
Yeah, I figured I’d do a little today here if that’s okay.

Warren grabs his wallet from his shorts. Pulls out a ten.

WARREN (cont’d)
Keep the change.

SARAH
You don’t have to, you know.

WARREN
I know. That’s the point.

SARAH
Give me a few and I will have that right out to you, okay?

WARREN
Thanks.

He goes to his table and sits. Opens his laptop.

TABLE
Warren sits typing on his laptop. People milling about around him.

Sarah stands before the table.
SARAH
Mind if I join you?

Warren spooked, slams his laptop shut. Looks up at her.

WARREN
Oh heck no. You startled me. Please do join me.

SARAH
Your coffee.

Sarah grabs a seat across from him and sits down with a microwaved meal.

WARREN
Thanks.

SARAH
Your welcome. It’s my break time so figured I would have it with you.

Warren’s puzzled.

SARAH (cont’d)
So what were you doing?

WARREN
Oh nothing really.

SARAH
Nothing? Well you sure looked like you were hiding something.

WARREN
Well you startled me.

SARAH
Sorry about that.

Warren opens his laptop and shows Sarah the screen.

WARREN
See, nothing really.

SARAH
Stockbroker?

Warren chuckles.

WARREN
Not at all. Not in this economy at least.
SARAH
So what do you do here then? Can I ask?

WARREN
That could be a long story. How about we--

Warren’s phone rings. He mouths "One Sec" to her as he brings phone up to speak.

WARREN (cont’d)
(into phone)
Hello?

He leans forward in his chair while closing his laptop. Sarah grabs her things and removes herself from the table.

SARAH
(mouthing)
Sorry, I gotta get back to work

Warren stares blankly at her.

WARREN
Yes mom, I will be there Sunday for lunch, wouldn’t miss it.

Warren air slams his hand on the table

WARREN (cont’d)
Dammit!
(beat)
No, I’m sorry mom, that wasn’t meant for you.
(beat)
You don’t have to make anything special for me.
(beat)
Two O’clock?
(beat)
okay three o’clock it is. Looking forward to it.
(beat)
Love you too mom...see you at three.

Warren hangs up the phone. Looks around to find Sarah in his sights.

A couple arguing in the back room draws his attention. The owners, MRS. DELGADO AND MR. DELGADO are arguing in the backroom entrance.
MRS. DELGADO
(in Spanish)
Stupid!

MR. DELGADO
(in Spanish)
What?

MRS. DELGADO
(in Spanish)
You ordered the wrong thing! I wrote it down for you yesterday. Now we are going to run out.

MR. DELGADO
(in Spanish)
So order it today and have it for tomorrow.

MRS. DELGADO
(in Spanish)
You should have done it yesterday like I asked. Never mind!

MR. DELGADO
(in Spanish)
I have a sink to fix unless you think I can’t do that too.

Mr. Delgado, a hard working Central American immigrant, 60’s. He enters the restroom and closes the door behind him.

Warren’s gaze follows him momentarily before turning his mind back to Sarah. The bay catches his attention.

Tabitha carries a couple coffees to the adjacent table. Tabitha leans against his table.

TABITHA
Warren right?

WARREN
Right.

TABITHA
So What are you doing?

WARREN
A little of this, a little of that.
TABITHA
Stockbroker?

WARREN
No not a stockbroker. Why is everyone asking me that.

Tabitha gives him her don’t mess with me or my friends stare.

WARREN (cont’d)
What?
Tabitha walks briskly away.

TABITHA
Whatever.

Warren shakes his head.

COUNTER
Tabitha slides past Sarah.

TABITHA
He’s weird.

SARAH
What? I think he is charming.

TABITHA
If that is what you like. Probably over there surfing porn.

Tabitha shuffles towards the back room.

Sarah takes a drink of water and stares at Warren.

Warren closes his laptop and goes to the counter. Sarah meets him.

WARREN
I think Tabitha thinks I am weird.

SARAH
She’s the weird one not you. That annoying little sister.

WARREN
Hey I gotta go, but can I bother you for another?
Warren reaches for his wallet and pulls it out. Searching for a ten dollar bill.

SARAH
Another?

WARREN
Yeah... I have a little more reading to do later and didn’t sleep that great.

SARAH
Sure. Five--

Warren hands her a twenty dollar bill.

WARREN
Keep the change.

Sarah flirtatiously sends him a smile, takes the twenty dollar bill and keeps the change.

WARREN (cont’d)
Thanks, I’ll just wait here for it.

He watches her attentively.

INT. WARREN’S LOFT – NIGHT

Warren and Bart are in a heated match of air hockey. The CLICKS and SLAMS of the mallet and puck rule the air.

BART
Didn’t you have a doctors appointment today?

WARREN
Canceled it.

WARREN (cont’d)
Don’t try to distract me so you can win. How was your dinner date with your cat?

BART
You mean Diane?

WARREN
Whatever.

Warren scores and raises his hand in triumph and dances in circles. Bart gets the puck and begins playing the next point.
BART
Oh my God, who ever would have thought that she was a vegetarian and allergic to cats? It was a catastrophe.

WARREN
I thought you two had gone out a few times.

BART
We had, but that was once to a movie and the other times we went to clubs. No eating or cats were involved.

WARREN
So no eating or pussies or the two together?

BART
What?

WARREN
You liked that huh?

Warren scores again. Bart throws the mallet on the table and turns it off. They both PLOP down on the sofa.

BART
It was the worst date man. Her throat swelled up and her eyes got all puffy like she had been in a fight with Rocky! ADRIENNE, ADRIENNE

They both start laughing POPCORN flying. Warren leans over for the remote and puts on Law and Order SVU.

WARREN
Man, Mariska Hargitay is hot!

BART
Hey we are talking about me man!

WARREN
What about you? You don’t have a chance with Mariska.

BART
You’re stupid.
WARREN
No you are!

BART
Like you would have a chance with her.

WARREN
A better one than you. She could slam me against the wall and cuff me anytime!

BART
Um well...needless to say I won’t be seeing her again.

WARREN
Who?

BART
Diane you moron?

WARREN
I thought you were talking about MAREEEESKA?

He laughs at Bart.

BART
Dick!

WARREN
Peehole!

Bart looks around Warren’s loft and gets up to go to the fridge.

BART
Want anything?

WARREN
Grab me a diet will ya, no glass or ice.

BART
Besides...when is the last time you had a girl in here besides mom?

WARREN
For one she is my mom and not yours. Number two, you know I can’t have women up here.
BART
What?

WARREN
They never want to leave.

BART
Yeah right!

Bart hands him his can of soda. PLOPS down on the couch.

BART (cont’d)
You shouldn’t drink so many sodas.

WARREN
Yeah well you shouldn’t give your hands female names.

INT. JOSSELYN’S APARTMENT/LIVING ROOM – SAME TIME

An apartment decorated with class. A TV is on playing the local news. Coffee table strewn with magazine of business and for entrepreneurs. A single glass of wine sits on the end table next to the couch.

STEVEN’S BEDROOM

Half built Lego models strewn about the floor.

Josselyn’s 6 year old boy STEVEN is lying in bed. Josselyn leans over to feel his forehead while a thermometer sticks out of his mouth. Steven tries to speak while the thermometer is in his mouth.

JOSSELYN
Shush...almost done

Takes the thermometer out of his mouth.

JOSSELYN (cont’d)
There, all normal. I guess the medicine did the trick.

STEVEN
So I have to go to school tomorrow?

JOSSELYN
Yes you do.

Josselyn get up from the edge of the bed and rubs his head affectionately.
STEVEN
Mom?

JOSSELYN
What?

STEVEN
I love you.

JOSSELYN
I love you too. Get some rest.

Steven rolls on his side to watch a little TV.

LIVING ROOM

Josselyn sits on her couch reading a magazine and sipping on a glass of wine. TV is on but the volume isn’t.

The phone rings.

She answers.

JOSSELYN
(into phone)
Hey, I meant to call you but forgot, I’m sorry.
(beat)
Yes I will be there my full shift tomorrow. Steven doesn’t have a fever so he will be able to go to school.
(beat)
I appreciate you Sarah for covering for me.
(beat)
Okay, I will see you in the morning.
(beat)
Bye

Josselyn hangs up, sits back in her couch and throws the magazine on the coffee table.

INT. WARREN’S LOFT – SAME TIME

Warren and Bart have moved to the dart board.

WARREN
What about that girl at your work your always telling me about?
BART
Who?

WARREN
That girl you think is hitting on you cause she dresses hot.

BART
Oh...Judy?

WARREN
I don’t know. Does she dress hot?

BART
Yeah.

WARREN
Well what about her?

BART
She has a boyfriend or fiance or married or something. So no go there.

WARREN
You should get a tattoo.

BART
I think you’re stupid.

WARREN
What? You have the curse of the friend written all over you. A tattoo will give you that element of mystery.

BART
You are an idiot aren’t you?

Bart pulls the dart from the board.

INT. DELGADO’S COFFEE SHOP - SAME TIME

Frank is behind the counter humming while making sure everything is put in it’s place. A little OCD he is. Sarah finishes up mopping the floor.

Turning out the lights, Sarah grabs her purse and keys from the counter top and her and Frank make their way to the door.
FRANK
Let me walk you to your car.

Sarah turns to lock the door. The sounds of cars passing by the main street next to them. Sarah and Frank stroll along to her car.

FRANK (cont’d)
So how is everything with you? We really never get to talk here at work.

SARAH
Everything is good, thanks. Jason still gone?

FRANK
Yes, but he has been calling all the time so I have been very happy about that, but he could chill a little.

SARAH
That’s good Frank. Good.

FRANK
Yeah I know I get a little crazy when he has to go out of town on "WORK" but that’s just me. If the cops broke down my door and saw my art right now...look out.

They reach her car. Sarah leans against her car. A black BMW.

SARAH
You are such a good guy Frank. Thanks for making my days go by so quickly.

FRANK
Thank you girl, that means a lot. Heard anything from...you know?

SARAH
No and never expect to. That’s been long gone now. He just never understood or got me I think.

FRANK
Do they ever?
SARAH
Good question. I am just really happy now, you know. Never really had a chance to just be me, do what I want.

Frank grabs her hand.

FRANK
Sarah, I haven’t known you all my life but you are one of those people that make it easy to think you have.

Frank opens the door for Sarah. She gets in slowly with a grin.

FRANK (cont’d)
Be careful.

SARAH
I will. See you tomorrow.

Frank shuts the door and walks over to his car.

Sarah just sits there. The little moments of real conversation seem so pleasing to her.

INT. WARREN’S LOFT – SAME TIME

Both are sitting once again on the couch. Feet on the coffee table throwing popcorn in the air and catching what they can in their mouths.

BART
We need to get out of here sometime.

WARREN
Not tonight.

BART
I know that. Tomorrow night then?

WARREN
Maybe, I don’t know.

BART
Go grab some pizza or something.
WARREN
Gino’s?

BART
Man, we have not been there for a while.

WARREN
I might be up for some Gino’s.

Popcorn litters the front of Warren.

WARREN (cont’d)
Gotta go tomorrow night though. I have a meeting Friday morning.

BART
A real meeting or the coffee girl?

WARREN
A real meeting douche and there is no coffee girl.

BART
Whatever. I know you go to there almost every morning or afternoon.

WARREN
So?

BART
Well it is either because of some girl or is the coffee that good?

WARREN
As a matter of fact it is that good. And the bonus is that I get a lot of things done there too and they happen to be good people.

BART
Okay man, when you want to talk to me about her you can...until then it’s Gino’s tomorrow night right?

WARREN
Gino’s tomorrow. Say six.

BART
Six is cool. Don’t be giving me no lame excuse to get out of it either.
Bart grabs his empty beer from the table and gets up quickly from the couch. He walks over to the kitchen and throws away his empty with the loud CLINKS of empty bottles.

Yeah right. I gotta go chief but hey see you at six.

Six

INT. TABITHA’S APARTMENT - SAME TIME

Small, dimly lit two bedroom apartment she shares with her older musician brother.

Her brother CARL, 30’s, t-shirt and jeans guy, sits, guitar in hand practicing.

Tabitha studies at the kitchen table. She turns to her brother.

Are you freaking kidding me?

The music stops abruptly.

Can’t you see me here studying for my mid term? Am I that invisible to you?

Blank stare back at her.

The least you can do is learn another song besides Crazy Train for the umpteenth time! Holy crap!

Tabitha scoots in her chair to be squarely with her brother.

I really need this okay. It’s late anyway and I am pretty sure the neighbors would appreciate it as well.

She turns around back to her book. Her brother turns off his amp and sets the guitar against it and walks into the kitchen.
Tabitha hears the sound of water flowing in the sink. She turns sweetly to see her brother washing the dishes.

INT. GINO’S PIZZERIA - NIGHT

Quaint pizzeria adorned with old photos and fluorescent beer lights is humming this evening. The place is packed. Kids running about to play the few games to keep them distracted.

BOOTH

Warren and Bart sit at a booth facing the entrance. A PITCHER OF BEER for Bart and a HUGE soda for Warren.

BART
...and dude, she was wearing the shortest black skirt today. With those legs, damn.

WARREN
Hey, kids...

BART
I know but...

WARREN
So what did you do?

BART
I was almost embarrassed to watch her walk.

WARREN
Why did you pick of all nights tonight?

BART
I didn’t, you did.

WARREN
Well you should have told me it was family night then. Look at this place.

BART
I know. Look at it.

Attractive moms with their families and single moms sitting about and escorting their children to the games.
WARREN

Nice.

The WAITRESS walks up to the table.

WAITRESS
Okay you two, what will it be? Or you still need a few minutes?

WARREN
I think we got it. What, large supreme?

BART
Yep.

WARREN
Okay large supreme and an ice pack for my buddy here.

WAITRESS
Large supreme...need another pitcher?

BART
Sure.

WAITRESS
Be right back.

The waitress walks away from the table. Bart’s eyes follow her BACKSIDE.

WARREN
Dude, I saw that.

BART
What?

WARREN
She was eying you.

BART
No she wasn’t.

WARREN
Yeah you’re right she wasn’t.

BART
Why do you do that?
WARREN
Because it’s fun, that’s why. Hey
did I tell you that you might be
right about the coffee place?

Warren looks up and sees Josselyn and her son waiting at the
waitress station checking in. Warren gets an idea.

WARREN (cont’d)
Hold on a sec, be right back.

Warren gets up quickly.

BART
What? Met someone? What about
your--

WARREN
What about it?

PODIUM
Warren walks over to the swamped podium. He sees her and her
son sitting on a bench.

WARREN
Hey Josselyn.

JOSSELYN
Warren, how are you?

WARREN
I’m good, thanks. Hey you don’t
have to wait. Me and my friend have
a table already with plenty of
room.

JOSSELYN
Thanks, but that’s okay. We can
wait. Shouldn’t be too long.

WARREN
Oh come on. It’s just me and my
friend and we have this whole
booth.

JOSSELYN
Your girlfriend?

WARREN
No. My friend Bart, but he’s
harmless.
Josselyn looks down at her hungry son. Rubs his little head.

    JOSSELYN
    Okay.

She and her son follow Warren to the booth. Snaking around waitresses and children.

    BOOTH
    WARREN
    Josselyn this is Bart.

Bart slowly raises himself as if to stand.

    WARREN (cont’d)
    Bart, this is Josselyn and...

Warren looking at her son. Bart extends his hand to her.

    JOSSELYN
    Steven.

    WARREN
    Hey Steven.

Warren motions Bart as to rearrange the seating arrangement. Bart and Warren on one side. Josselyn sitting directly across from Bart.

The waitress places two more cutlery rolls on the table for them. Pulling out her pad and pen.

Warren raises his eyebrows at Bart. The waitress takes the order.

    WAITRESS
    Okay, I will be right back with those.

    WARREN
    So Steven what grade are you in, like fifth grade or something?

    STEVEN
    Second

    WARREN
    Second? You’re a monster then.
BART
So that makes you--

STEVEN
Six.

WARREN
We ordered a huge pizza that the two of us can not possibly finish.
(to Steven)
I bet you only like cheese don’t you?

JOSSELYN
Yeah, we usually have to get one half cheese and half with everything.

BART
I love everything! Baked in feta? So Warren who is this lady?

Warren makes funny faces to Steven mimicking them as they talk.

JOSSELYN
That is the best. Oh you mean Sarah?

BART
How about pineapple? Sarah?

JOSSELYN
Awesome! Yeah, she works with me. I think she may be interested in you too Warren.

WARREN
Whatever.
(to Steven)
How about a game Steven? All this girl talk.

STEVEN
Mom?

BART
What? Oh big bad Warren doesn’t like to talk about girls?

JOSSELYN
Sure. Let me get you a couple bucks.
WARREN  
(to Josselyn)  
Heck no! I got this.  
(to Steven)  
Better than listening to those two huh?

Steven and Warren get up from the table.

WARREN (cont’d)  
If you don’t mind Bart, between your childish banter can you please get me a refill?

Warren gives him the I did you a favor right now look.

BART  
Sure.

The waitress brings the drinks to the table.

WAITRESS  
Refill of diet?

BART  
Yes please.

JOSSELYN  
So how long have you and Warren known each other.

BART  
Oh heck for about as long as we could walk. His parents are like my second parents.

JOSSELYN  
That’s cool.

BART  
So you work at Delgado’s?

JOSSELYN  
Yes.

BART  
Warren goes there a lot doesn’t he?

JOSSELYN  
Like every other day it seems.
BART
He is holding out on me and this Sarah girl.

CLAW MACHINE

WARREN
What the heck! This thing is rigged!

Warren’s stuffed toy hits the pile. Steven starts laughing at him.

BOOTH
All of them are sitting around laughing and enjoying each others company. Most of the pizza is gone and Warren motions for another round of drinks.

Steven has a huge smile on his face as Warren kicks a paper football through his fingers.

BART
Josselyn was telling me about her plans of opening up a shoe store here in town.

WARREN
Let me tell you...cover your ears Steven.

Warren covers Steven’s ears.

WARREN (cont’d)
Josselyn here wears the hottest shoes I have ever seen, trust me.

Bart looks straight into Josselyn. Josselyn retreats flirtatiously.

EXT. GINO’S PIZZERIA – NIGHT

The four of them move through the doors and into the parking lot. Bart is following Josselyn closely while her son stands by her side.

WARREN
Josselyn it was great to see you out from behind the counter.
JOSSELYN
Thanks Warren, you too.

Josselyn turns and bats her eyes to Bart.

JOSSELYN (cont’d)
It was really great to meet you.

BART
It was for me too and Steven had fun I think.

JOSSELYN
Yeah he did.
(to Bart and Warren)
You two didn’t have to do that you know.

BART
It was our pleasure. You two be careful on your way home.

JOSSELYN
We will and thank you again.

Josselyn takes her son by the hand.

Warren and Bart slowly walk to Bart’s car.

WARREN
So?

BART
What?

WARREN
Don’t give me that. You know what I’m talking about. Did you get her number?

BART
No.

WARREN
What? Why not? She was totally into you man.

BART
I didn’t think so really.

WARREN
Yes she was.

Standing outside the car.
WARREN (cont’d)
Man you should have gotten it.

BART
Well maybe I should have. Maybe I will.

WARREN
Considering your track record and all.

Bart reaches into his pocket and pulls out a crumbled up piece of paper.

He waves it in front of Warren.

WARREN (cont’d)
That’s my boy!

They both begin to get into the car.

INT. BART’S CAR - NIGHT

WARREN
Holding out on me. You suck!

BART
Dill weed! You are too. So tell me about this Sarah chick.

Bart’s car moves through the parking lot.

EXT. PATE’S HOUSE - DAY

A bright warm morning. In his humble car, close to being a beater, Warren pulls into his parents driveway. He exits the car and opens the rear door to pull out a gift wrapped box.

He notices Bart’s car and walks up the walkway to the front door.

The front door opens and he is greeted by his mom. A conservative, well dressed, pleasant and smiley woman. DORIS, 66, extends her arms to him.

DORIS
Warren dear...

WARREN
Mom...

A hug. They enter the house
INT. PATE’S HOUSE – DAY

The sound of two people bantering back and forth in the living room. Doris and Warren walk into the living room.

LIVING ROOM

Bart and ALAN, 68, are sitting on opposite sides of the very conservative well decorated room. Recliners on either side. Bart, beer in hand, while Tom is talking to him.

ALAN
Hello son.

WARREN
Dad...Bart.

BART
What’s up?

WARREN
(to Bart)
What are you doing here?

ALAN
Oh Warren you know Bart is like family, your mother invited him. Come over and have a seat.

DORIS
(to Alan)
Lunch is pretty much ready, dear.

ALAN
Bart, bring your beer and lets all go out to the sun room and be ready for it.

Bart and Alan get up from their seats. Bart has trouble getting the recliner to sit upright.

BART
What the?

DORIS
Warren, what can I get you to drink?

WARREN
That’s okay mom, I will get it. What are we having?

Warren follows his mom to the kitchen.
Doris is getting out the baked chicken from the oven. Warren reaches to get a glass.

Doris places the dish upon the glass surface stove. Warren reaches into the stainless steel fridge and gets the pitcher of purified water.

Pours himself a glass.

WARREN
That smells awesome!

DORIS
Thank you. So how have you been feeling?

WARREN
Oh heck, I have been feeling great. Getting a lot done, met some people. Have a morning hang out.

DORIS
Probably Delgado’s. I have heard good things about that place.

WARREN
It is actually a pretty cool place. Interesting you could say.

She grabs the casserole dish and utensil.

DORIS
Will you grab the rolls please?

WARREN
Sure.

Warren follows his mom into the sun room.

SUN ROOM

Bart and Alan make small talk. Bart grabs the dish from her hand.

They begin to dig in. Chit chat along the way. Bart grabs the tongs and SLAPS a big piece of chicken onto his plate.

ALAN
So son, how is everything looking?
WARREN
All is good dad. Nothing really has changed. Just doing my thing you know.

ALAN
What’s that? What’s your thing?

WARREN
Very funny dad. Numbers are good, everything is good. Why don’t you ask Bart how he is?

ALAN
I did. He said he met a girl, finally.

WARREN
Who? Josselyn from Delgado’s? Yeah right.

BART
What’s that supposed to mean?

WARREN
You can’t even take care of your cat.

BART
We’ll see.

WARREN
What about the boat dad?

ALAN
That boat has had it. Thought I could get it running for this summer but motor is shot and really don’t think it is worth sinking the money into.

WARREN
But you love to fish.

ALAN
That’s okay. Can always do that from the pier if I want to.

WARREN
Well that sucks.
BART
Maybe we can get it running for you?

WARREN
(to Bart)
Really?

BART
Well maybe not then.

ALAN
Your mother and I have plenty to do here without worrying about that thing.

WARREN
Well just hate to see it just sit there.
(to Doris)
Mom, this is an excellent lunch.

BART
Ditto Mrs. Pate

DORIS
Thank you guys. Just nice to have you both here. We don’t get to do this as often as I would like.

Warren grabs his glass and gets up. Making sure to smack the top of Bart’s head on the way to the kitchen.

WARREN
Anyone need anything?

DORIS
No honey thank you.

BART
Beer?

WARREN
Dad?

ALAN
No thanks son.

Warren goes into the kitchen.

ALAN (cont’d)
So Bart...how has he been doing?
BART
I think he is doing great. He’s been getting out at least.

BART (cont’d)
Have you all been to see his new place?

DORIS
Yes we have. It is like his dream room. I know he loves it.

BART
So no go on the boat this year huh?

ALAN
Nope!

BART
Damn!

Warren comes back from the kitchen.

BART (cont’d)
We were just talking about you

WARREN
Great! Why are you here again?

DORIS
Oh stop that Warren.

INT. DELGADO’S CAFE - DAY

Warren is sitting with an empty chair. LAPTOP open. A haze of sun filling up the room.

Warren takes pause to look around at the people sitting and standing and milling about.

Sarah abruptly takes the seat across from him.

SARAH
Hey.

WARREN
Sarah.

SARAH
So whatcha doin?
WARREN
Nothing really. You guys look busy.

SARAH
Nah, we are cool. Everyone is pretty much happy right now. I was just talking with Josselyn...

WARREN
Oh?

SARAH
Oh come on. You have been coming here for like 3 days a week now for how long? The goofy laptop in hand.

WARREN
A while maybe.

SARAH
Yeah a while now and you just don’t come in and run off, you always stick around. I mean...I don’t mind.

He slowly closes his laptop.

SARAH (cont’d)
See right there. You just close it on up.

WARREN
What? I just closed my laptop.

SARAH
Is it a secret?

WARREN
No.

SARAH
Well then?

WARREN
Let’s just say I have been fortunate.

Frank and Josselyn get busy behind the counter. Josselyn helping another customer.

SARAH
Okay...if you don’t want to open up, I understand.
WARREN
It’s complicated. I am sure you have better things to think about.

SARAH
Sure I do. Writer?

WARREN
Absolutely not.

FRANK
Sarah?

SARAH
Yes Frank?

FRANK
Need you for a quick sec.

Sarah gets up from the table leaving her towel behind. Opening his laptop to where he was before. Tapping up the keyboard.

He closes his laptop and looks around at the people still seated.

Sarah shows up again.

SARAH
You about to leave?

WARREN
I was thinking about it.

Grabbing his laptop bag and placing his laptop inside of it. Zipping it up.

SARAH
I get off at six if you want to come back up here. Maybe we can get a drink or something.

WARREN
Well you see...and don’t get me wrong, but I don’t drink.

SARAH
Does that mean that I can’t?

WARREN
Heck no.
SARAH
Well meet me here at six and we can
go to Gino’s for a beer or
something.

WARREN
Really?

SARAH
Yeah, it will be fun. So see you at
six?

WARREN
See you at six.

Warren loops his bag over his shoulder and slides the chair under the table.

WARREN (cont’d)
Am looking forward to it.

Sarah grabs her rag from the table and leaves Warren standing there. A glancing smile from her keeps him from a quick exit.

EXT. DELGADO’S CAFE / PARKING LOT - DAY

Warren walks hurriedly to his car. Fumbling through his keys. Talking to himself.

INT. WARREN’S CAR - DAY

Sitting in the car fumbling with his keys to find the right one, he glances in the rear view mirror.

Starts the engine while still looking in to the rear view mirror. He sits there for a second.

INT. WARREN’S LOFT/KITCHEN - NIGHT

Warren tucking in his shirt. Bart leans up against the counter, beer in hand. The kitchen is immaculate.

BART
Relax dude! It’s not a date!

WARREN
Hey, I just think it’s cool that
she wants to hang with me. It has
been a while you know.
BART
Well that is your fault...only.

WARREN
Whatever.

BART
What are you going to do?

Bart throws away his empty bottle and opens the refrigerator and grabs another beer.

WARREN
What would you do if I didn’t stock up? Would you even come by?

BART
Sure I would, but probably not stay as long...

WARREN
I will keep that in mind next time. So how does this look?

BART
Smashing.

WARREN
Whatever.

BART
Everything will be cool. Just have a good time. No biggie.

WARREN
Yeah I know no biggie. Just been a while I guess is the only thing.

BART
This is not a date! Just two people having a drink and chilling.

WARREN
Just going to Gino’s I think.

BART
Perfect, very public. Do you mind if I hang here for awhile after you leave?

WARREN
No, go right ahead.
BART
Cool, cause I think I am going to head over to see Josselyn later.

WARREN
Josselyn?

BART
Yeah. I called her and we went out the other day and it was great. She is great...man...thank you for introducing us.

WARREN
You’re welcome. Where are my keys?

Bart reaches to the end of the counter for the keys.

BART
Here dude.

Tosses the keys to Warren.

WARREN
Thanks sphincter.

BART
No problemo douche.

WARREN
Later.

Warren closes the door behind him. Bart plops down on the sofa and turns on the television. Reaches into his pocket and pulls out his PHONE and begins to dial.

EXT. GINO’S PIZZERIA - NIGHT

Warren pulls into the packed parking lot. Takes him a minute or two to gather himself and exit the car.

Closing the car door, Warren makes certain he is all prepped up for the meeting.

INT. GINO’S PIZZERIA/ENTRYWAY - NIGHT

Warren enters Gino’s. He immediately spots Sarah across the way sitting at the bar.
BAR

He walks up behind her.
Pokes her shoulder.

    WARREN
    Hey Sarah.

    SARAH
    Warren, you made it. Have a seat.

Warren pulls out the bar stool and sits down. The BARTENDER
notices and walks over to them.

    SARAH
    So what have you been up to?

    WARREN
    Diet Coke please.

Bartender leaves to get his drink.

    WARREN (cont’d)
    So, how was the rest of your day?

    SARAH
    Oh uneventful really. Just the
    usual. Take the order, fix the
    order and clean up after the order,
    and deal with Frank.

    WARREN
    He is a character huh?

    SARAH
    Yes he is. High strung at times but
    a sweetheart.

The diet coke arrives.

    WARREN
    Well here’s to you.

They TINK their glasses.

    WARREN
    I know, that was lame but what the
    hell. I will tell you I sure am
    glad to see you outside the cafe
    that is for certain. So what are
    you drinking?
SARAH
Just a rum and coke and me too.

WARREN
Wow.

SARAH
What?

WARREN
I would not have taken you as that. I took you as a martini kind of girl.

SARAH
Martini girl?

WARREN
Yeah.

SARAH
Well guess you just can’t judge now can you?

WARREN
Not at all.

SARAH
I like to get my hands dirty at times and at the same time get into a nice dress and heels.

WARREN
Boyfriend...fiance...married?

SARAH
For one, I wouldn’t be here with you if I did and number two, well that is one thing I have not had the best luck at.

WARREN
Divorced?

SARAH
Yeah and several bad boyfriends before and after.

Sarah motions for the bartender and orders another round for her. Looks over her shoulder at Warren.
SARAH
Anyway, I just concentrated on school and then worked a lot. I am happier and better for it.

WARREN
Well good for you.

SARAH
Yeah.

WARREN
So what did you do in school?

SARAH
Law.

WARREN
Law?

SARAH
Yeah, surprised?

WARREN
Well yes I am, no offense though.

SARAH
Not at all. I am just full of surprises?

WARREN
Totally! So what made you get into the coffee business?

SARAH
Well, I had money saved and just wanted and needed to concentrate on me really. I moved here and that is that.

WARREN
Well they seem like good people.

SARAH
They are great. Simple people and they truly care and they get a lot in return.

WARREN
Hey are you hungry?
SARAH
I could eat a little something.

WARREN
Want to split something? Not trying to sound cheap or anything, just not that hungry for a full meal.

SARAH
That’s perfect since neither am I.

Warren gets the bartender’s attention.

WARREN
So what are you thinking?

SARAH
About?

WARREN
About what you would like to eat?

SARAH
Oh.

WARREN
What did you think I meant?

SARAH
Oh I don’t know. Just kinda was out there.

BARTENDER
Hey guys.

WARREN
Can we get a menu please?

BARTENDER
Sure thing.

The bartender reaches under the bar and retrieves two menus and slides one between them.

BARTENDER (cont’d)
Let me know when you’re ready.

WARREN
Thanks.

Warren admiringly looks at Sarah. Catches himself.
WARREN (cont’d)
You thinking appetizer, like wings or something.

SARAH
That sounds good. Hot but not too hot.

WARREN
Perfect. How about poppers too? I love me some stuffed jalapenos.

SARAH
Perfect!

WARREN
So wings and poppers it is. That was easy.

BARTENDER
Ready?

SARAH
I think so.

WARREN
We are thinking wings, hot but not too hot and poppers.

BARTENDER
Mixed?

WARREN
Yes mixed.

BARTENDER
Okay...give it about 20 minutes and I will have them out to you. Poppers first.

SARAH
Thanks.

Sarah turns towards Warren.

SARAH (cont’d)
So...

WARREN
What?
SARAH
What about you?

WARREN
What about me?

SARAH
You know, what is it with you? What is your story.

WARREN
Well like I said I have been fortunate so far.

SARAH
Oh, come on. What does that mean?

WARREN
Just that things kinda fell in place for me.

SARAH
Like what?

WARREN
I worked hard and probably could say I got a little lucky along the way.

SARAH
Okay. I think I need another drink over this stimulating conversation you are giving me.

Sarah motions for the bartender.

WARREN
It is just something I don’t talk about really.

SARAH
Illegal?

WARREN
No!

SARAH
Are you gay?

WARREN
Heck no! Not that I have anything against that, just not me.
SARAH
So what’s up?

WARREN
Okay, I can tell I am not getting out of this. Outside of my Parents and Bart, you will probably be the only other person that knows.

SARAH
I am intrigued now and feel special and maybe a little buzzed.

WARREN
Well maybe you won’t remember then.

The bartender brings over the wings and poppers. Unveils two sets of silverware and two plates.

BARTENDER
Here you go you two.

WARREN
These look good.

BARTENDER
They are, believe me.

SARAH
Good.

BARTENDER
Can I get you anything else? Another diet?

WARREN
That would be great, thanks.

Warren shuffles around the plates.

WARREN (cont’d)
Saved by the food.

SARAH
Oh no you are not.

Sarah grabs a slick wing and begins to partake. Warren throws down a popper.

SARAH (cont’d)
Continue please.

Warren picks up a wing.
WARREN
Ow! Hot!

SARAH
Well I can guess that you probably
don’t do any manual labor then.

WARREN
Nope.

Sarah holds a wing seductively to her mouth.

WARREN (cont’d)
Okay Here it goes. I am a
songwriter.

SARAH
No way! Really?

WARREN
Yes. Why?

SARAH
Never would have thought that.

WARREN
Can’t judge can you? Well I kinda
am on a hiatus right now.

SARAH
Meaning?

WARREN
I just needed a break is all. Maybe
you could say burned out.

Sarah licks her lips and picks through the wings for the
perfect one.

WARREN (cont’d)
I did well enough to be able to
take a break from it all?

SARAH
Are you serious? Anything I have
heard?

WARREN
I don’t know, maybe. I mean it, you
have to promise me you won’t tell
anyone. I have gone a long time
keeping it on the down low.
SARAH
Why is that? Why not celebrate it?

WARREN
For the same reason you are here with me now. I mean I hope it is. I just want to be me. I just want to have a regular life outside of what I do. Actually...I need to.

Sarah takes a long slow drink.

WARREN (cont’d)
I saved up some money, made a few good investments so I could quit and low and behold here I am. You know...I just got really tired.

SARAH
I do understand. And you know I am here sitting because of you.

WARREN
Well...I did do some goofy stuff along the way. Now I will tell you that you may have heard these.

Warren takes a long drink and looks intently at Sarah. Sets down the glass and wipes his hands clean.

WARREN (cont’d)
Now you can’t laugh okay!

SARAH
I won’t, I promise.

WARREN
And this is just between me and you.

SARAH
Okay! Just get on with it already.

WARREN
Let’s just say I try to spin it as I hope my song helps make millions of women feel more comfortable at a time that I guess isn’t so great for them. Maybe even you at times I don’t know.
SARAH
What the hell?

WARREN
Alright, alright, Maxi-Pads, there
I said it. I wrote the jingle for
the new maxi-pad commercial.

Warren looks around to see if anyone heard his blurting out.

SARAH
Oh my god! Really?

Sarah begins to laugh. She takes a drink to help from
laughing but to no avail.

WARREN
You said you wouldn’t laugh.

SARAH
I’m not.

WARREN
Yes you are.

SARAH
I know, I just would have never
guessed that. I think I owe you a
thank you on behalf of all my
fellow women.

WARREN
No you don’t.

WARREN (cont’d)
So there, now you know what I do or
did.

SARAH
So what happened?

SARAH (cont’d)
Wow!

WARREN
So now when you see me at the shop
with my laptop, I am just reading
or looking over leftover business.

SARAH
I just would have never guessed.
WARREN
You want to know something else?

SARAH
Yeah!

WARREN
Right before I came back I did the diaper commercial too.

SARAH
You are bloody shitting me?

WARREN
Now that was good...sick but good!

SARAH
Yes it was, but too damn funny!

WARREN
I guess it was. So there you have it. Mystery solved. You can sleep better now.

SARAH
Oh hell I don’t know about that. I will think about you every month now though.

WARREN
Well, a man can only ask for so much.

Sarah shakes her head while taking another sip. Warren wipes his hands clean with a wet nap.

Laughing and idol conversation take over.

EXT. DELGADO’S CAFE - NIGHT

The lights inside go out. Frank all alone exits the door into a brightly lit sidewalk.

Locks the door and checks to make sure. Turns and makes his way across parking lot to his car.
INT. GINO’S PIZZERIA/BAR - NIGHT

Sarah swirls around the remaining drink in her glass with finger and licks it almost flirtatiously.

WARREN
...so I moved back a few months ago, you know, be closer to my parents and all.

SARAH
You really surprised me tonight Warren.

WARREN
Well thank you Sarah. Thanks to all of you at the shop.

SARAH
Ha! Glad we could. You are a very nice and sweet man. We have even gotten to the point of wondering where you are when you aren’t there.

WARREN
That predictable?

SARAH
That predictable.

WARREN
Bad?

SARAH
Not really.

WARREN
Good, I hope.

Sarah twirls in her chair.

SARAH
I am for sure a little buzzed!

WARREN
Are you serious?

SARAH
Yeah, I think.
WARREN
Need a ride home?

SARAH
I’m good. Takes a lot for that Warren. You can walk me to my car though.

WARREN
Gladly...

Warren motions to the bartender for the check. Sarah rifles through her purse. Warren notices.

WARREN (cont’d)
No, no, no, I got this.

SARAH
Oh no, I invited you.

WARREN
Oh please...I wanted to do this for a while.

SARAH
Really?

WARREN
Yes.

WARREN (cont’d)
Remember what we said about telling.

Warren pays the bill. They both get up from the bar and begin to leave. Sarah puts her arm in his as they walk through the restaurant.

EXT. GINO’S PIZZERIA – NIGHT

Warren and Sarah stand curbside looking upon a half full parking lot.

WARREN
Which car?

Sarah grabs his hand forcefully.

SARAH
Follow me.

They both weave between cars. Sarah parks her car in a lone spot. No cars around her.
WARREN
You could have just told me.

SARAH
Complaining?

WARREN
Not at all.

They walk slowly over to a shiny BLACK BMW.

SARAH
Well here we are.

WARREN
Nice ride!

SARAH
I had a great time tonight.

WARREN
Me too. Glad I got to know you more. Think we both got a couple surprises tonight.

SARAH
Yes we did.

Sarah grabs his hand.

WARREN
Please keep our promise okay?

SARAH
I will. Don’t worry about that. It was really great talking to you and letting me into that little world of yours...I think I could get to liking you.

WARREN
You’re just buzzed.

SARAH
Just a little.

She pulls him towards her as a couple in another row gets into their car. Warren looks over to them. She kisses him on the cheek.

SARAH (cont’d)
You are a very sweet man Warren.
She gets out her keys and proceeds to unlock her door. Warren takes a step back. She looks back at him, blond hair falling across her face. Opens her door and slides into her seat. Warren grabs the door.

SARAH (cont’d)
Good night.

WARREN
Good night Sarah.

SARAH
I really enjoyed you. See you in the morning?

WARREN
No I won’t be there. Have a meeting.

SARAH
Well that sucks. Come by after then.

WARREN
If I can, you know I will.

He closes the door as the engine starts. She pulls away slowly. Warren’s eyes follow the car.

INT. WARREN’S LOFT/BATHROOM - NIGHT

Warren, wearing only his underwear is standing brushing his teeth. Spits then stares into mirror.

BEDROOM

Walking over to the edge of the bed with the covers already drawn down. He sits heavily.

With his elbows on his knees, he leans forward to cup his face within his hands.

He looks back and slides under the covers. Rolls over to turn off the lamp. A brief pause to stare at the clock interrupts his routine.

The light of a fading LED ALARM CLOCK cloaks across him. He lies there staring at the ceiling.

He rolls over.
INT. DOCTORS OFFICE - DAY

Warrens sits upon the padded stainless steel paper table. Shirt off.

DOCTOR LOWELL, 68, looks over charts.

    DOCTOR LOWELL
    So Warren, how are you feeling today?

    WARREN
    Great doc. How about you?

    DOCTOR LOWELL
    Oh hell, I’m old!

    WARREN
    Good for you doc, good for you.

    DOCTOR LOWELL
    You know what I mean.

    WARREN
    Yeah.

Doctor Lowell continues to flip through the charts.

    DOCTOR LOWELL
    I received all the records from your other doctor. Everything looks the same. Nothing new or changed?

    WARREN
    Nope nothing. Just living the good life I am.

    DOCTOR LOWELL
    You can get your shirt on now. No smoking or alcohol?

    WARREN
    Nope.

Warren grabs his shirt and puts it on and buttons it up.

    DOCTOR LOWELL
    Exercising?

    WARREN
    Does air hockey count?
DOCTOR LOWELL

Nope.

WARREN

Damn, then nope.

DOCTOR LOWELL

Well not gonna lecture you. Have been seeing you since you were born. Let’s try to make sure sure you see me when I die okay?

WARREN

I am doc. That’s why I came home. Not to see you die or anything. Hell you know what I mean.

DOCTOR LOWELL

How are your parents?

WARREN

They are good. Dad needs a new boat though.

DOCTOR LOWELL

He’s had that one forever.

WARREN

I know but it’s dead on the trailer.

Warren smacks his gut.

DOCTOR LOWELL

Get some exercise Warren.

WARREN

I think I may just do that doc.

DOCTOR LOWELL

Good. Be sure to tell your parents hello from me. See you in a month.

Warren hops off the table and grabs his keys and sunglasses from the sink area.

WARREN

Got it.
INT. DELGADO’S CAFE - DAY

Mrs. Delgado is busy on the phone. Sarah takes orders. Frank adorned with his head mic sends sandwiches and drinks through the drive through window.

Josselyn hands orders over the counter.

Mrs. Delgado becomes more frantic on the phone.

Warren giddily throws the door open and practically runs over Mr. Delgado.

MR. DELGADO
Hola Warren

WARREN
Hey, Mr. D. sorry about that.

MR. DELGADO
No problemo. Glad to see you.

WARREN
Me too!

MR. DELGADO
Go, go. It has been crazy today.

WARREN
I see that. Thank you Mr. Delgado.

MR. DELGADO
No problem.

Warren heads to the counter and gets in behind one other person. Sarah sneaks a peek at him while she taps along the screened register.

SARAH
Thank you sir. Josselyn will have your order in a couple minutes.

CUSTOMER
Thank you Sarah.

SARAH
Hey Warren.

WARREN
Hey Sarah you look quite lovely today I must say.
SARAH
Oh stop! Thank you.

WARREN
I want again to thank you for the other night. That was great.

SARAH
It was wasn’t it? The usual?

WARREN
Yeah why not. Hey sorry couldn’t make it yesterday. I will be at that table for a bit whenever it gets slow.

SARAH
Sure thing.

Warren reaches into his back pocket and pulls out his wallet. Taking a $100 dollar bill out. He hands it to her.

WARREN
Sorry, this is all I have.

SARAH
Must be nice. One sec, be right back. We just dropped the drawer so need to go get change.

Sarah walks into the back room. Mrs. Delgado with displeasure hangs up the phone.

SARAH (cont’d)
Sorry about that. Here you go.

She counts the money back to him.

WARREN
Hey, everything okay back there?

SARAH
Yeah, She just got news her daughter is leaving her husband. Pretty bad break up I think. She caught him cheating.

WARREN
Oh.

SARAH
Hey I will come over in a few minutes.
WARREN
Yeah, you’re busy.

Warren slides along the counter. Looks around at all the people milling about.

Josselyn reaches over the counter to hand an occupied Warren his latte.

JOSSELYN
Here you go Warren.

Warren turns to her.

WARREN
Oh thanks, Josselyn. Sorry about that. Hey whatcha got for me today?

Josselyn looks down and raises her foot behind her to reveal a very SEXY SHOE.

WARREN (cont’d)
Wow! Perfect on you. I swear!

JOSSELYN
Oh stop.

WARREN
Yeah I should.

Warren takes himself and his coffee to the nearest empty table and sits down. He spots an unused newspaper on the occupied table next to him.

WARREN (cont’d)
Excuse me but are you finished reading this?

MAN AT TABLE
Yes, it’s all yours.

WARREN
Thank you very much.

He slides the paper towards him and leans back to open the already read paper.

JOSSELYN
Hey!

Warren peers his eyes over his paper.
WARRREN
Yes?

JOSSELYN
I just wanted to say thank you.

WARRREN
Thank me for what?

His eyes dart in Sarah’s direction.

JOSSELYN
You know...

WARRREN
Do I?

JOSSELYN
For introducing me to Bart.

WARRREN
Well you are welcome for that I think.

She quickly grabs her rag and darts away from the table.

Warren peers at Sarah. She returns his peer with a smile.

WARRREN’S TABLE

Mrs. Delgado can be heard upset again on the phone.

Mrs. Delgado is pacing back and forth in the doorway to the back. She hangs up the phone.

Sarah gets a break and goes back to console her.

Warren gets up and makes his way to the restroom. Mr. Delgado comes out of the bathroom frantic and his shirt soaked.

MR. DELGADO
Hijo le!

WARRREN
You are a little wet there?

MR. DELGADO
It looks that way doesn’t it Warren?
WARREN
I would say so. What’s wrong?

MR. DELGADO
Always had trouble with that sink. It keeps dripping and thought I had fixed it.

WARREN
Let’s go have a look.

BATHROOM
Warren leans over the sink to get a better look. Moving the handle side to side.

WARREN
Is the water turned off?

MR. DELGADO
(in Spanish)
Yes.

Warren moves the handle back and forth.

WARREN
Wrench.

Mr. Delgado hands him a WRENCH.

Warren gives it a few turns and it comes apart.

WARREN (cont’d)
Hey if you don’t mind me asking, is everything okay with your wife.

MR. DELGADO
Oh yes. Our daughter is so mad. She found Marco running around on her. So Mrs. Delgado wants to kill him.

WARREN
I’m sorry to hear that.

MR. DELGADO
Better she find out now than later. No kids yet.

WARREN
How long have you had this place.
MR. DELGADO
We just bought it a little over a year ago.

Warren looks over the parts.

WARREN
Your people love working here, I want you to know.

MR. DELGADO
Thank you. They are good to us so we try to take care of them. Family you know. Have only had one quit in over a year.

Warren takes a closer look at where the faucet meets the sink. Reaches in with NEEDLE NOSE pliers and pulls out two rubber grommets.

WARREN
Here is the problem.

Shows Mr. Delgado two grommets.

WARREN
Should only be one in that hole.

MR. DELGADO
I thought it didn’t have one. I couldn’t see.

Warren starts to put the faucet back together.

MR. DELGADO (cont’d)
You come here a lot.

WARREN
Yeah I know. Well you have good coffee.

MR. DELGADO
Yes, straight from home. I thought maybe you liked Sarah or something. She is a good girl.

WARREN
Yes she is very nice. Glad you noticed.

Warren hands Mr. Delgado the WRENCH.
Mr. Delgado turns on the water and Warren checks for leaks.

MR. DELGADO
Gracias Warren. Next coffee on me, okay.

WARREN
I will hold you to that, how about now.

Warren and Mr. Delgado come out of the bathroom.

MR. DELGADO
Si Warren. Sarah will you get Warren another one, this one is on me.

SARAH
Sure thing. Well there you go fixing things here now.

WARREN
Yeah well, I may have to use the bathroom at some point.

SARAH
Here is your coffee, just like you like it.

WARREN
Thanks.

Warren takes his cup and has to go to a different table. He glances back at Sarah again. Takes his seat that looks over upon the bay.

Tabitha barges through the front door with backpack slung over her shoulder.

TABITHA
Okay you all, I need your help.

She careens on through to the back room.

TABITHA (cont’d)
Here is the deal, I have been waiting and hoping and finally...Carl has a chance to help bring in some cash and that helps me out more than you know.
Frank pays no attention. Josselyn is gathering her things to get ready to leave to pick up her son. Sarah wipes down the counters.

Warren looks over his shoulder at her.

TABITHA (cont’d)  
Come on guys, I really need this. He has a gig Friday at Sabine Bar and I need everyone to come out and show support. If he brings in a crowd they will offer him more gigs and I really need his cash.

Sarah still busy with the counters.

SARAH  
What time?

TABITHA  
Ten, but I have to close that night.

SARAH  
I will close for you.

TABITHA  
Awesome. Will you come after?

Warren gets up from his seat and walks over to the...

COUNTER

WARREN  
I think we can be there after closing don’t you?

Sarah takes a step back.

SARAH  
We can?

WARREN  
Sure, at least I hope so.

SARAH  
We’ll be there.

TABITHA  
Awe you two. Great! What about you Frank? Josselyn?
FRANK
I don’t know, with my anniversary
and all.

TABITHA
You’ll be there Frank, bring Jason.

TABITHA (cont’d)
Josselyn?

JOSSELYN
I think we can. Mom is watching
Steven that night so Bart and I can
have dinner.

TABITHA
This is awesome guys. I am going to
so owe you!

Tabitha puts on her apron, grabs a rag and starts cleaning.

WARREN
(to Sarah)
So I guess I will see you Friday
night huh?

SARAH
I guess so if I don’t see you
Friday day.

WARREN
You never know. Maybe I don’t need
to be so predictable?

SARAH
Maybe I don’t like uncertainty?

INT. SABINE BEACH BAR - NIGHT

Warren, Sarah, Tabitha, Josselyn and Bart are gathered
around a table. Standing room only.

A tropical cozy, fishing dive overlooking a pass.

Carl’s music faintly heard over the noise of patrons.

The CLINKS of glasses as they all toast each others company.
Laughing and smiling followed by idle chatter.

Josselyn leans over and kisses Bart upon the cheek.

CLAPPING signals the end of a song.
TABLE

TABITHA/JOSSELYN
(simultaneously)
Frank!

TABITHA
I really did not think you would
make it. This is great!

Frank stands arm in arm with Jason.

FRANK
We needed to get out of the house.

Tabitha gets up and grabs two chairs that are against the
wall, brings them over to the table.

TABITHA
Here come sit down you two.

FRANK
Thank you darling.

Carl makes his way over to the table. Rubbing his hands
together before putting them into his pocket.

CARL
So glad you guys made it. I really
mean that.

TABITHA
We wouldn’t miss it big brother.
Wait, wait, okay everyone. Let’s do
a toast to Carl.

Everyone raises their glass.

TABITHA (cont’d)
Here’s to Carl, finally paying me
rent!

CARL
Thanks sis. Really guys, thank you.

WARREN
You sound really good Carl.

CARL
Thanks again.

Carl winds his way around to the bar. Everyone is busied by
talk and cheer and drink.
Warren lifts his glass to drink and looks at Sarah. He intensely studies a huge smile and laugh that comes across her face.

BART
I gotta get me and Josselyn a drink. Where is our girl? I’m going to get us something. Anyone need anything?

WARREN
(to Sarah)
You need anything?

SARAH
No I’m good thanks.

Bart slinks through the busy tables on up to the bar.

WARREN
This is great. I am glad you are here.

SARAH
Me too. Am glad you are here with me.

She touches his hand on the table.

WARREN
Are you buzzed again?

SARAH
Oh I don’t know, maybe a little.

WARREN
Cool.

Sarah grabs his hand.

Carl’s voice can be heard ending a song through the PA system.

STAGE

Carl sits alone upon a bar stool, acoustic guitar in hand. Microphone up close.

CARL
Okay this next song is one of my favorites and I hope it is yours too. Written by Bruce Sutton...called Lost in You.
Carl begins to play the song.

TABLE

Warren’s attention is grabbed by Carl’s words. He stares and listens intently for a second.

    SARAH
    I love this song.

    WARREN
    I gotta get some air.

    SARAH
    What is it?

    WARREN
    Nothing. I’ll be right back.

BAR

Bart notices Warren leaving to go outside alone. He goes to the table.

    BART
    (to Sarah)
    Everything okay?

    SARAH
    I think so. He said he needed some air.

Bart looks up at Carl on stage.

    BART
    Go out there.

    SARAH
    You sure?

    BART
    Yeah.

EXT. SABINE BEACH BAR/DECK- NIGHT

Warren stands along the deck railing staring out into the bay. Sarah comes up behind him and grabs his arm.

    SARAH
    Hey you okay?
WARREN
Yeah. Sorry about that. Just needed some air is all.

SARAH
Air. Yeah right. Come on, what’s going on.

Warren turns around and grabs her hand.

WARREN
Remember when you asked me if I wrote anything you have heard?

SARAH
Yeah.

WARREN
Lost in You.

SARAH
Holy crap! That’s you?

WARREN
Yes. I wrote by the name Bruce Sutton.

SARAH
That is awesome, so what is the big deal?

Sarah leans against his arm.

WARREN
Nothing, nothing. Just brings back some memories is all.

SARAH
A girl?

WARREN
No nothing like that. We can go back inside. I’m okay.

SARAH
You sure? You had me worried.

WARREN
Yes. Please don’t say anything. Please.

Warren grabs the door.
SARAH
I promise.

Sarah moves slowly through the door.

SERIES OF SHOTS - ALL SITTING AT TABLE

--Everyone is laughing and enjoying the night. Picking at their food. Toasting one another.

-- Carl sings his favorite songs in the background with the SMATTERING of applause.

-- Josselyn kisses Bart on the cheek. Sarah smiles endearing at the couple. A look of surprise comes across Warren's face. Sarah grabs his hand under the table and squeezes.

-- Warren turns to look at Sarah with the sweetest smile. Sarah turns with that endearing smile at Warren.

-- Bart notices with a simple nod and a raised beer bottle.

EXT. SABINE BEACH BAR - NIGHT

Warren walks Sarah to her car hand in hand. The parking lot lit up by natural light.

WARREN
That was fun!

SARAH
Yeah it was after your meltdown. Carl’s pretty good.

WARREN
Stop! I didn’t expect it but yes he was good. Did a decent job of my song, I must say.

They continue their way to her car. Her blond hair reflecting the light. They finally make it to her car. Her hand waving his hand nervously back and forth.

SARAH
I really had a good time Warren, thank you. I needed that.

WARREN
I’m glad Sarah.
SARAH
Okay, I have to know. What is wrong with you?

WARREN
What do you mean?

SARAH
I mean...I mean you are one truly nice guy. Not many of you around. You don’t try anything. You’re happy all the time. You treat me and everyone with respect and kindness.

WARREN
You can thank my mom and dad for that I guess.

SARAH
I will.

WARREN
...and I guess I kinda like you, you know.

SARAH
Me too.

WARREN
I hope so since you grabbed my hand.

SARAH
I know.

WARREN
Speaking of mom and dad, they have a Sunday tradition of cooking and having people over and would love it if you can come this Sunday. Josselyn and Bart probably are.

SARAH
I am there.

WARREN
Really?

SARAH
Yep.

Sarah leans into Warren and a sweet kiss follows.
SARAH (cont’d)
Goodnight Warren, see you Sunday.

WARREN
Goodnight.

Their hands part and Sarah get’s into her car. Warren watches her every move. She waves through her window as she slowly moves away.

WARREN (cont’d)
(whispers to self)
Yes!

Warren’s eyes follow the car out of the parking lot and into the street and beyond until the car fades out of view.

INT. WARREN’S LOFT – NIGHT

Warren is parked upon the lone stool surrounded by 3 guitars. Gripping his cell phone in total silence.

He dials and waits.

Answering machine.

WARREN
Hey Sarah. I know you won’t like this but I thought about it today and it might not be the best thing about lunch Sunday at my parents. I don’t know if I can explain it or you would under...

Machine ends.

Warren turns off his phone and throws it upon the couch. He picks up a guitar and strums a chord.

EXT. PATE’S HOUSE – DAY

Warren pulls into the driveway. Warren notices the boat missing from the side of the house.

The front door to the house opens and Warren’s mom in all her class glides down the steps.

Warren grabs a BOX from the back seat and hands it to his mom
DORIS
Where’s Sarah.

WARREN
Not here.

Warren races past his mom.

DORIS
Oh. Bart said you were bringing her today.

WARREN
Bart? What the heck does he know. Oh yeah you call him on the phone everyday or something?

DORIS
No, silly he is inside with Josselyn and her boy, sitting at the table with dad.

WARREN
Go figure

SUN ROOM
Doris glides through the door to the sun room. Warren and stops in the doorway.

DORIS
Look who’s finally here everybody...and not in a good mood I must say.

Warren purposely moves along the table to his seat.

ALAN
Warren. Where is this Sarah girl?

WARREN
Dad.

Scooping food onto his plate.

WARREN (cont’d)
I told her not to come.

DORIS
Now what can I get you to drink.
WARREN
Water for me, thank you! Ham!

ALAN
Told her not to come?

WARREN
Yes dad, now can we just get on with this.

Alan sits back in his seat. A ghastly stare.

BART
It is delicious Misses Pate.

STEVEN
Yes it is Misses Pate.

DORIS
Thank you boys, and you better eat it like you mean that.

Doris takes her seat at the table. Everyone begins passing the platter holding the mighty ham and scooping the sides.

WARREN
So dad, where’s the boat? Getting it fixed?

ALAN
Oh heck no. It was just going to be too much work and didn’t seem worth it to me in the long run.

Bart and Warren stop in mid bite.

WARREN
So what in the world did you do with it?

BART
Yeah Mr. Pate, where did it go?

ALAN
Boat angel?

WARREN
What?

ALAN
Boat angel. You know, I donated it.
WARREN
Dad! You know I could have fixed it or something. We had some great times on it.

BART
Like that time you forgot me on the beach.

WARREN
That was the best.

ALAN
I know boys but your mom and I aren’t getting any younger and can’t worry about that old thing breaking down on us somewhere.

WARREN
Mom are you going to let him talk about you like that?

DORIS
I can take that ham from you, you know.

WARREN
Sorry mom.

ALAN
That was funny!

WARREN
You thinking about getting something else maybe just to fish in the bay or something?

ALAN
Nope.

WARREN
Well, that’s a shame.

BART
Sure is, but oh well huh?

ALAN
What about you Son? How has everything been going?

WARREN
It’s been good.
ALAN
Good.

WARREN
Yeah, dad, good!

DORIS
Who needs more drink?

STEVEN
I do Misses Pate. Thank you.

DORIS
You are very welcome young man.
(to Josselyn)
He is such a sweet boy.

JOSSELYN
Thank you.

BART
She is a wonderful mom and soon to be store owner.

Bart staring at Warren.

BART (cont’d)
(mouthing to Warren)
Where’s Sarah

Warren shrugs his shoulders and helps himself to more food.

JOSSELYN
Well we drove around this morning before coming here and looked at some empty places.

DORIS
What kind of store?

WARREN
A shoe store mom, and no you can’t buy any of them! That would be gross.

JOSSELYN
Sure she can. You can never have enough.

ALAN
Yes you can and I say enough.
WARREN
Good call dad. Her shoes are too hot for mom!

JOSSELYN
But anyway, I am just hoping at some point to be able to.

BART
You will. I just know it.

WARREN
Awe, I think I just heard your balls roll across the floor.

DORIS
Warren!

Steven chuckles under his hand

WARREN
What? I just said I heard something.
(beat)
Josselyn--

Warren raises his glass of water.

WARREN
--I know you will have a store and be successful. I can almost guarantee it for some reason I feel, kinda, sort of.

Everyone toasts.

INT. DELGADO’S CAFE - DAY

Sarah comes from the back room to the counter. Wrapping the apron around her waist and tying it. Josselyn slowly sweeps behind the counter. Frank leans against the drive-thru window reading a book.

Josselyn looks at Sarah and motions with her head to the bay window facing the bay.

Warren stands along the shoreline throwing rocks into the water.

SARAH
What is he doing? Not that I care or anything.
JOSSELYN
I don’t know. He has been out there a while now. Probably wants you to go talk to him.

SARAH
I am still so pissed at him.

MRS. DELGADO (O.S)
(in broken English, from the office)
Josselyn, you can go now. It is slow. Frank it is slow yes?

FRANK
Yes it is.

JOSSELYN
Thank you Mrs. D.
(to Sarah)
Go talk to him.

Josselyn leaves to the back room.

FRANK
Why do people ask something after they have already made up their mind about it?

SARAH
Frank can you watch the store please?

FRANK
Frank is it this? Frank can you watch this? Frank can you wait for another week or two?

Frank shushes her away.

EXT. DELGADO’S CAFE / BAY SIDE – DAY
Warren stands skipping rocks against the mostly calm water. Sarah walks up behind him.

SARAH
What the heck are you doing here? You have some nerve.

WARREN
Oh nothing much really. Got here but you had gone to lunch.
SARAH
I wish. Had a doctors appointment.

WARREN
How did it go?

SARAH
Don’t pretend nothing happened. You are a jerk. I mean really? A phone message?

WARREN
I know I’m a jerk and I am so sorry. I really don’t know what to say right now.

Stops in mid-throw.

SARAH
So what are you doing here?

WARREN
I wanted to see you. I just wanted to see you. I wanted to hear your voice.

SARAH
Look Warren I have to get back to work in a few so if this is one of your meltdowns, I really don’t have the time.

WARREN
Look, I am very sorry Sarah. I am not having a meltdown, I am freaking out about you!

SARAH
What?

Sarah takes a step towards him and grabs his hand.

WARREN
I have pretty much spent my life sheltering myself from this so this wouldn’t happen. Not wanting to get too close if you know what I mean. And then you come along.

SARAH
This is bullshit Warren. I don’t know what your problem is and even if I did I don’t know if I would want any part of it.
WARREN
No, you probably wouldn’t.

SARAH
What did you say?

WARREN
Nothing, I didn’t say anything.

Warren throws a lone rock. Then turns again towards her.

WARREN (cont’d)
Just please forgive me if you can.
I really need you to forgive me.

SARAH
What I need is to get back to work.

Sarah turns away from him and begins to walk away. Warren catches up to her and grabs her arm.

SARAH (cont’d)
I don’t get you.

WARREN
Look, I am begging you. You don’t have to decide right now but if you can, I am having everyone over this weekend and you are part of that everyone.

SARAH
Just when I think I am figuring you out too.

She stops to gather the thought.

SARAH (cont’d)
Look, I am pissed right now and will probably be tonight and tomorrow morning, so I don’t know.

WARREN
I understand.

SARAH
You know what? You need to get your shit together Warren or come clean with whatever you are not telling me. You have some real thinking to do.
WARREN
Agreed.

She leaves on into the shop. Warren turns to stare again upon the choppy waters of the bay.

INT. WARREN’S LOFT - DUSK

Warren is milling about the room. The sights and sounds of AIR HOCKEY and PLAYBOY PINBALL is being enjoyed.

EXT. WARREN’S LOFT/CURBSIDE - DUSK

Sarah gets out of her car and looks around. Sunglasses holding her hair back. Adorned in a long sundress and sandals.

She looks upon a two story building.

SARAH
(mouthing)
Wow!

She makes her way into the building.

STAIRWAY

The stairway walls are plastered with old pictures, concert tickets and framed movie posters and albums.

DOORWAY

The door flies open.

WARREN
I knew it was you.

SARAH
Yeah because you were staring at me through the window like waiting for mommy to come home. Don’t get any ideas. I am still pissed at you.

WARREN
I know. You saw me? You got my message?
SARAH
Yeah. We still need to talk so
don’t think me coming here is
letting you off the hook.

WARREN
Damn! Okay, anyway come on in and
welcome to my room.

SERIES OF SHOTS - EVERYONE ENJOYING THEMSELVES

--Mr. & Mrs. Pate sitting on the sofa in front of the t.v.
talking and laughing

--Josselyn at the kitchen counter talking with Tabitha while
she fixes drinks for Bart and Steven.

--Bart and Steven playing air hockey.

SARAH
This is so cool.

WARREN
I know huh?

They walk over to the kitchen counter.

KITCHEN

TABITHA
(to Sarah)
This place is too much isn’t it?

Sarah nods her head and just looks around admiring what the
loft has to offer.

JOSSELYN
Hey guys, I will be right back. I
have something to tell you.

SARAH
Sure.

TABITHA
(to Sarah)
Can I make you one of these
concoctions?

SARAH
What is it?
WARREN
Oh hell you don’t want to know, just have one?

Across the counter are about 5 different liquor bottles strewn about.

TABITHA
It’s good. Here have a taste.

SARAH
That is good. Sure I’ll take one.

TABITHA
Okay one of terrible Tabitha’s concoction coming up.

WARREN
Don’t say I didn’t warn you. Here let’s say hello to those two over there.

SARAH
I think we need to talk first.

WARREN
Okay. Lets go in the hallway. Be right back guys.

TABITHA
Don’t be too long you two.

EXT. WARREN’S LOFT/DOOR – NIGHT
Warren reaches for Sarah’s hand. Sarah evades.

SARAH
Warren?

WARREN
I know, I know. I have been a real jerk.

SARAH
I have to agree with you.

WARREN
You don’t have to.

Sarah leans against the wall of tickets. Gives him the look of impatience. Takes a sip of her drink.
SARAH
These are really good.

WARREN
Okay, before you get buzzed again. Here it goes.

Warren makes a full circle.

WARREN (cont’d)
I may not be well. I mean I am well now but don’t know about tomorrow or the next day.

Sarah rubs her back against the wall.

WARREN (cont’d)
I have been sick all my life. You probably think mentally but that’s not it. Sick, sick.

SARAH
What are you trying to say Warren?

WARREN
What I am trying to say is I really like you Sarah, I mean really like you and it scares the hell out of me.

Sarah stands straight in front of him.

WARREN (cont’d)
I have a rare thing, ever since I was a kid and I have so far beat the odds. I have never let myself be this close to someone...ever. I just always felt lucky to wake up in the morning and didn’t want anyone to have to go through it with me.

SARAH
What is it?

WARREN
It’s not contagious or anything. A form of blood cancer or something like that. I stopped paying attention really. Remission and all I guess.
SARAH

Cancer?

WARREN

Yep.

Sarah turns away.

WARREN (cont’d)
Now you know what I have been going through with you.

SARAH

You should have told me.

WARREN

I know. I just didn’t want to scare you off or any--

SARAH

That’s up to me don’t you think?

WARREN

I know but--

SARAH

Look, you could have at least given me a chance to run off.

WARREN

Not funny.

Sarah grabs his hand.

SARAH

No. You know what I mean. I like you a lot too Warren. I never would have guessed this at all to be honest with you. But you said you beat the odds yet you were just going to piss me off and throw me away. Unless you have anything else you want to tell me, let’s just enjoy each other okay?

WARREN

I passed out on stage 6 months ago.

SARAH

What?
WARREN
Yeah, I was getting an award and passed out. Hit hard too I think. They took me to the hospital. Checked myself out in the morning and came home. That’s why I am here now.

Sarah leans back against the wall.

SARAH
Go on.

WARREN
That’s it.

SARAH
Can we go inside?

Sarah takes him by his hand and opens the door.

INT. WARREN’S LOFT - NIGHT

Warren and Sarah stand motionless inside the front door.

WARREN
I think We better go say hello to those two on the couch you stood up the other day.

SARAH
Don’t start!

They glide hand in hand towards the couch.

WARREN
You could have picked up your phone you know.

SARAH
Whatever! Not even responding to that.

COUCH

Mr. and Mrs. Pate are seated very close.

WARREN
Mom, dad, you remember Sarah that I told not to show up the other day don’t you?
ALAN
Ha, and she took you back huh?
Never mistreat a lady Warren...and she looks like quite the lady.

Alan sips on one of Tabitha’s drinks.

WARREN
Not you too with Tabitha’s stuff?

ALAN
It’s good stuff son. Your mom’s had about five already why do you think she on my lap?

WARREN
Lord dad, never mind.

SARAH
It’s nice to meet you Mr. and Mrs. Pate.

DORIS
You too dear and you are lovely.

SARAH
Thank you.

ALAN
(to Sarah)
You are so lucky I am married right now.

SARAH
I see where Warren get’s his charm.

WARREN
And on that note, back to the kitchen.

Walking over to the kitchen counter where Tabitha and Josselyn stand.

WARREN (cont’d)
Sorry about that. He get’s one drink in him and...well you saw first hand.
KITCHEN

SARAH
So what’s going on? You seem excited.

Warren walks over to the refrigerator, opens the door and takes out an orange soda.

JOSSELYN
I mean it’s no big deal but just went around today looking at empty spots in a couple of strip malls around here.

TABITHA
Well, that’s great! It’s a start at least.

SARAH
Yeah, did you find anything that grabbed your attention?

JOSSELYN
Just one little spot I saw over by Walmart would be perfect but I am sure it costs a lot. You know being in a prime spot and all. I took down the number. I think it would just be perfect.

TABITHA
Sounds like it. That is prime real estate. All the traffic and everything.

Warren opens his soda as he walks back over to the girls.

JOSSELYN
There was another cute spot down the road though. That might be better suited for a start up at least.

WARREN
Did you call them?

JOSSELYN
Which one?

WARREN
The one by Walmart?
JOSSELYN
No, like I said, probably too much. Bart was at the house with Steven but we looked at the two spots before coming here. Bart was excited too. I will call the other place tomorrow just to kind of get an idea.

WARREN
Well call the first one too. You never know. Everyone is hurting these days and they need renters.

JOSSELYN
True, I will just to get a laugh if anything.

WARREN
(looking down and referencing Josselyn’s shoes)
By the way do you own a pair of shoes that are not hot? I can’t take this. Be right back.

Warren touches Sarah’s hand.

TABITHA
(to Sarah)
I think he likes you.

JOSSELYN
(to Sarah)
You think?

SARAH
He is sweet isn’t he?

AIR HOCKEY TABLE
Bart and Steven SLAM the puck back and forth. Steven is winning.

WARREN
Hey buddies!

STEVEN
Hi, Mr. Pate.

WARREN
Steven, you shouldn’t beat up on girls.
STEVEN
Mr. Pate. I love it over here.

BART
Sarah looks great I must say.

WARREN
So does Josselyn, You are so lucky I let you have her.

BART
Whatever. You’re just trying to distract me.

WARREN
He’s puttin a whoopin on you all on his own there sir.

BART
I know. I am like sweating.

WARREN
Don’t let up on him Steven.

STEVEN
I won’t.

WARREN
That’s my boy!
(to Bart under his breath nudging at Bart’s shoulder)
Or should I say your boy?

Just then Steven scores again and throws his arms into the air.

Bart glares at Warren as Warren walks away.

The front door abruptly opens.

FRANK
Okay ladies, let the party begin.

Frank holds a bottle of wine in one hand and Jason on the opposite arm.

WARREN
Oh lord!

Frank and Jason immediately head to the kitchen counter where Sarah, Tabitha and Josselyn are standing.
KITCHEN

FRANK
Girls, girls...here Sarah I brought you and Warren a bottle of WINE.

SARAH
Thanks Frank.

FRANK
Well girls, it’s Sangria?

TABITHA
Yes! That would be perfect for my new drink.

Warren watches them and a peace comes across his face.

TIME LAPSE
-- Frank hugs Josselyn and points to her shoes.
-- Jason hugs Sarah and kisses both of her cheeks.
-- Tabitha pours sangria into a large glass and adds different liquors to it.
-- Sitting on the couch, Mr. Pate kisses Mrs. Pate on the cheek.
-- Bart slams down his paddle on the table and walks over to Steven and gives him a high five as they smile and laugh.
-- Sarah smiles and turns to Warren and looks directly at him, her smile grows larger.
-- Warren looks at his watch.

EXT. DELGADO’S CAFE - DAY

Warren hurriedly get’s out of his car. He bebops his way over to the front door and flings it open.

Josselyn is cleaning some of the equipment. Sarah is talking to Frank. She turns and sees Warren, lights up.

Sarah makes herself busy by wiping down the counters.

Warren leans against the counter. Sarah hints of a customer behind him.
SARAH
One sec.

WARREN
Yeah, sure.

SARAH
(to customer)
Hi, what can I get you?

CUSTOMER
I think just a medium coffee...
black oh and a water please.

SARAH
Sure, anything else?

CUSTOMER
Nope, that should do it, thank you.

Warren is still leaning against the counter. The customer walks around him. Sarah gets the customer his coffee and water.

SARAH
Here you go sir. and thank you again.

The customer takes his coffee and water from her.

WARREN
I love watching you work.

SARAH
Stalker!

WARREN
I want to see it again. So very sexy.

Warren moves down the counter to order.

WARREN (cont’d)
Can I get venti hazelnut latte please?

SARAH
You’re a dork.

WARREN
Oh yeah, I like when you call me that too.
SARAH
Stop! Do you really want that?

WARREN
Yes please. And I am thinking one of those little cakes right there.

TABLE
Warren sits at his table reading his laptop. Crumpled up sport pages across from him.

Tabitha comes in with a backpack slung on one arm, cell phone in one hand. Sunglasses about to fall off.

TABITHA
Hey guys.

SARAH
Hey girl.

Tabitha throws down her backpack across the backroom and puts on the red apron.

COUNTER

TABITHA
Another week almost gone, can’t wait for summer break.

SARAH
It will be here soon.

TABITHA
Oh how I wish.

FRANK
Men beware when it does.

TABITHA
You’re just jealous Frank.

FRANK
You don’t want to compete with me, darling.

TABITHA
I will be chilling out by the pool getting a tan, Carl will be bringing me money and a textbook will be nowhere to be found.
SARAH
No summer school this time?

TABITHA
Not this year. You know the money thingy. I need to work as much as I can this summer.

Mrs. Delgado comes out of the back room carrying a clipboard.

TABITHA
Right Mrs. D?

MRS. DELGADO
(she is not paying any attention)
Right dear.

TABITHA
See, it is going to be a good summer.

MRS. DELGADO
You couldn’t tan if you were on the sun.

TABITHA
Thank you Mrs. Delgado. Love you too.

TABLE
Warren springs up from his table and goes directly to the empty counter where Sarah stands counting money.

WARREN
Hey I wanted to say again, Thank you for forgiving me and for coming over.

SARAH
Well thank you for giving me a chance to forgive you. I do understand Warren, I really do.

WARREN
I hope you do.

Warren pulls his keys from his pocket.
WARREN (cont’d)
Hey I know you are busy. Call you later?

SARAH
Can I count on it?

Warren holds the door open.

WARREN
Yes.

INT. PATE’S HOUSE/SUN ROOM – DAY

Warren and Alan sit at the table. A cooler is at the opposite end of the room.

Doris comes through the door carrying two plates filled with sandwiches and chips.

Places a plate in front of Alan and then Warren.

WARREN
...No, everything is fine dad. Nothing really.

ALAN
Well I have to admit, that was a great time the other night.

WARREN
Thanks.

ALAN
I don’t know how you did it, But Sarah seems great son.

DORIS
She is beautiful Warren, just lovely.

WARREN
Thanks mom.

DORIS
So what is it then son? Is everything really okay? Work problems?

WARREN
Work is pretty much done. Last contract is done. I should be happy
(MORE)
WARREN (cont’d)
about that. Made a ton of money on
the deal, but just not feeling it,
you know?

ALAN
Love Bug!

WARREN
What?

ALAN
Love bug! That is what it is.

WARREN
Love bug? What the hell...where do
you come up with this stuff?
(to Doris)
Really mom?

DORIS
I know. Just go with it.

ALAN
Just saying that is what it
probably is. About time, I have to
say.

Alan gets up from his chair and walks over to the cooler.

WARREN
A cooler full of beer dad?

ALAN
I’ve earned it boy!

WARREN
I know, the military, yada yada,
yada.

ALAN
And anyway it’s Sunday and heck
remember your mom and I used to go
out in the bay on Sundays. You
still remember I hope. Almost
ritualistic really. You know why we
did that?

POPS open the beer.

WARREN
Why dad?

Doris smiles.
Alan looks out the window across the lawn and into the bay.

ALAN
We would go out there, your mom in her big hat. We’d anchor, I’d throw out a line, pop open a beer and just sit. Right out there across the bay near that beach.

Alan turns toward Warren.

ALAN (cont’d)
The same place we would go when you were a boy. Taught you to fish there.

Turns back toward the bay.

WARREN
And I am so good at it.

ALAN
The most important thing though is what doing that did to us. Your mom and I, the family.

Warren leans back in his chair and looks out into the bay.

ALAN (cont’d)
We would just forget about the week. Forget about everything. We just had to clear our heads. We could just concentrate on us, all of us, when you were there. If there were problems, they didn’t go with us out there. And a lot of times they were gone when we got back.

Doris looks at Warren and nods her head in agreement.

DORIS
It’s true. Most of our best times were just doing that. We’d talk and laugh. We’d plan, we’d dream. Never an argument.

ALAN
Never an argument. It was like our church. Some people do that for the exact same reason. We’d just go to the bay.

Alan comes back to sit at the table.
ALAN (cont’d)
There is nothing wrong with being a little selfish every now and then. But I will tell you this, it is a lot more fun with company.

DORIS
You haven’t talked to her have you? I mean really talk to her.

WARREN
No.

DORIS
You need to. You are a handsome, successful man that any woman would love to just have in their life.

WARREN
That’s the problem mom. I don’t know if that is fair.

DORIS
More tea son?

WARREN
Sure.

Doris leaves to get more tea.

ALAN
Look son, you know I am a firm believer of that everything happens for a reason. Whether good or bad it does. Shit happens. Just don’t think about it so much.

WARREN
True.

ALAN
You both met for a reason, good or bad. I don’t know, you don’t know but if you keep thinking about the why’s you’ll miss out on the now.

Doris comes back with the tea and another plate of quartered sandwiches.

WARREN
Who is this guy mom?
DORIS
I know, but I still love him. Wait
till he has another one and
everyone’s problems will be solved.

Doris leans over to kiss Alan. He wraps his arm around her
waist.

INT. WARREN’S LOFT/BATHROOM - NIGHT

Warren rinses out his toothbrush. He stands before himself
in the mirror in just his boxer shorts. A blank stare into
the mirror. He turns out the light.

BEDROOM

Walking from the bathroom to a lamp lit room. His already
turned down bed. He sits upon the edge and stares at the
wall.

He turn the light out and get’s into bed. Stares at the
ceiling with both hands behind his head.

He turns and looks at the alarm clock.

Rolls over, smiles while closing his eyes.

EXT. BANK - DAY

Warren flings open the bank doors. Practically walking
without touching the ground. Smiling at the passers by.

Looks up at the sky while fumbling for his keys. Looks
around, unlocks his car and get’s in.

INT. DELGADO’S CAFE - DAY

Warren sits at his table. Smiling at everyone around him.
Mouthing "Hello" to the new customers sitting around him.
His laptop open upon the table.

Sarah stops to gaze and smile at him sitting there. He nods
in appreciation to her.
LAPTOP

A spreadsheet is open. Warren types the name BART LOMAS followed by JOSSELYN SINGLETON.

WARREN’S TABLE

He looks up from the laptop and gazes once again at Sarah, then Frank. He notices Mr. and Mrs. Delgado hugging in the doorway to the back room.

Tabitha forces her way between them.

TABITHA
Lord, yuck you two.

MR. DELGADO
(broken English)
Even you will know true love one day.

MRS. DELGADO
God help him.

Warren smiles.

He looks out the bay window and gazes out into the bay. The sunlight gleams upon the infrequent chop top.

INT. WARREN’S LOFT - NIGHT

Warren and Bart are sitting upon the couch eating popcorn, drinking soda and watching LAW AND ORDER SVU. Feet propped up upon the coffee table.

WARREN
Usually in most circumstances I wouldn’t let you have your stink ass feet up on the table.

BART
Yeah, yeah.

WARREN
That MARISKA really has it going on.

BART
Yeah she does. But hey, I think we got it going on too now, you know.
WARREN
Yeah, yeah.

BART
I mean it. When has this ever happened to us?

WARREN
Like to me? All the time but to you...never.

BART
You’re so full of it.

WARREN
It does feel good though, you’re right.

BART
Two hot women, a house full of games, popcorn...just peace you know.

WARREN
You have sand in your va-jay-jay again don’t you?

BART
Ass!

WARREN
Fart breath.

Bart sets the bowl of popcorn on the table and get’s up from the couch.

BART
Is this a SVU marathon?

WARREN
I think it is the Bart has sand in his va-jay-jay marathon.

BART
You are just on it tonight aren’t you?

Bart walks to the kitchen.

BART (cont’d)
You need anything?
WARREN
Nope I’m good.

WARREN (cont’d)
She is just hot as hell when she goes on fake dates. Those suckers.

Bart comes back with a beer in hand. PLOPS down upon the sofa.

BART
You’re out of beer.

WARREN
Damn dude, you buy the fridge full then next time.

BART
I will.

WARREN
You’ve been a good friend, I just wanted to tell you that.

BART
You have too. Hell I wouldn’t be with Josselyn if it wasn’t for you, thanks.

WARREN
You’re welcome. Don’t forget that either.

BART
How about a game of air hockey?

WARREN
Not feeling it tonight, sorry.

BART
That’s cool. I need to head on over to Josselyn’s anyway. Working on science project.

Bart gets back up from the couch and pounds his beer.

WARREN
Sex?

BART
Yeah, sex! No, Steven’s project.
WARREN
Have fun cheating.

BART
We will.

BART (cont’d)
You take care buddy.

WARREN
Hey you too.

BEDROOM
Warren’s bedroom is black except for a beam of light through the half drawn shades.

This time he does not look at his clock.

He lies in bed with the covers pulled up around his stomach.

Arms folded with hands behind his head. Staring at the ceiling.

A smile comes across his face.

He mouths "THANKS" to the ceiling.

He rolls over towards the beam of light. Smiles and closes his eyes.

EXT. CEMETERY - DAY

A beautiful day. The trees swaying along with the breeze.

GRAVE SITE

A small group of people in black under an enormous awning are gathered. A single giant oak sits at the head of the grave site.

The WORDS of a preacher sound off in the background.

Bart is holding a tearing up Josselyn in one arm and Steven in the other.

Alan holds a crying Doris.

Tabitha and Carl stand motionless

Sarah stands between Frank and Jason.
The preacher’s words end and he folds his BIBLE under his arm and walks slowly off.

Alan and Doris throw a ROSE into the hole.

Josselyn throws a ROSE, Bart throws a table top FOOSBALL and Steven throws in an AIR HOCKEY PUCK.

Frank and Jason throw in ROSES.

Sarah tosses in a BOOK filled with empty pages. It falls open on top of the casket to empty pages.

OAK TREE

Bart gathers Sarah, Josselyn, Tabitha, Frank and Jason under the OAK TREE.

SARAH
This was beautiful Bart.

BART
Thanks and thank you all for being here. Warren really wanted this. Him and I have been prepared for today for a while now.

JOSSELYN
What?

BART
I know, but I promised him not to say anything. We have known this was coming for awhile. Where were the D’s?

FRANK
They had to be at the store since we all wanted to be here.

Bart fidgets with his hair.

BART
I have known Warren all my life. His parents are like my parents. He was and still is my best friend. He knew it was going to happen...just didn’t know when.

Sarah turns away from Bart.

Bart reaches into his breast pocket and pulls out envelopes. He fans them out. He looks upon everyone in front of him.
The sun shining down upon the group gathered around the OAK TREE. Bart hands out an envelope to Sarah, Tabitha, Josselyn, Frank and then Bart keeps one.

BART (V.O)
You all here became part of his short life. Inside the envelope you will find a letter to all of us. He had me get everything ready after he passed but in true Warren style, HE had everything prepared.

(switch to Warren’s voice)

WARREN (V.O)
All of you made me want to live my life just a little bit more and hold on a little bit longer. I made a ton of money but didn’t do anything with it. I moved back a couple of months before I met you all and you were nice to me. You smiled at me and you didn’t even know me.

EXT. PATE’S HOUSE - DAY

Truck pulls alongside the curb in front of the Pate’s house. A brand new CABIN CRUISER on a trailer sits in the driveway.

WARREN (V.O)
Like my dad, I too believe that everything happens for a reason. You all gave me--

Mr. Pate smile and looks above his head. Mrs. Pate squeezes his hand.

INT. BANK/MANAGERS OFFICE - DAY

Mr. and Mrs. Delgado sit in the bank managers office.

WARREN (V.O)
--a reason to hold on a little bit longer, to ignore pain I used to feel. To not hold onto to things that may happen, but embrace the moments happening now.

Mrs. Delgado cries on the shoulder of Mr. Delgado. The bank manager stands and hands them papers. Mr. Delgado smiles as he takes the paper.
EXT. EMPTY STOREFRONT - DAY

A single occupancy building stands before her.

Josselyn slowly walks towards the double doors and takes the keys from the envelope and unlocks the doors to her store.

WARREN (V.O)
I met a woman that would soon fall in love with my best friend for God knows why, but she did and she had a dream and he shares that with her now.

They walk through the doors into her empty store.

INT. TABITHA’S APARTMENT - NIGHT

Carl walks through the door guitar in hand. He is greeted by a big hug from Tabitha.

She grabs his hand and leads him to the table where she shows him a balance statement from the college.

WARREN (V.O)
I met Tabitha and she had dreams too.

BALANCE STATEMENT

Balance owed reads "0"

EXT. STUDIO - DAY

Frank and Jason stand before a vacant art studio.

WARREN (V.O)
Frank well what can I say. Chill out man and enjoy.

Jason holds onto Frank. Frank’s hand holding onto the keys to the studio.

INT. WARREN’S LOFT - DAY

Steven and Bart play air hockey. Josselyn in the open kitchen preparing a meal.
WARREN (V.O)
Bart is my best friend and his dreams are just now coming true. Take care of Josselyn and Steven...douche.

EXT. SARAH’S HOUSE/BACK PORCH - NIGHT

Sarah sits alone on lounge chair surrounded by lit TIKI TORCHES. A single cup of coffee steams up upon the stand next to her. An OLD CASSETTE RECORDER lays upon her thighs.

She grabs the envelope and opens it. She pulls out a tape.

The title of the tape reads: "When it Hurts to Stop Hurting by Warren Pate for Sarah"

She pops the TAPE in.

Hits PLAY.

She lays back, grabs her cup of coffee and takes a small sip and stares up into the star lit night sky.

WARREN (V.O)
Sarah was a dream, my dream. It may sound corny but it is true. I never really loved or cared until her. Because of her I finally felt it. No matter what...dream big, be nice and always smile. You touch more lives than you ever really know.

FADE OUT.