

Never Let A Good Thing Pass You By

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FADE IN:

INT. APARTMENT BEDROOM - DAY

A modest one bedroom apartment is littered with clothes. The dresser is peppered with beauty products.

Andrea, 26, steps in front of a full size mirror as she hastens to fix a heel on her foot. She straightens her blouse and admires her business-minded outfit.

ANDREA

Today's the day. Think positive.

She smiles at herself before grabbing her briefcase and exiting.

INT. APARTMENT HALLWAY - DAY

She makes her way down the staircase with caution. A door opens behind her.

MR. KERCHEV, 48, yells at her in a thick Russian accent.

MR. KERCHEV

Rent!

She picks up the pace.

ANDREA

I know, I know. I'll have the rent Monday.

She never stops to acknowledge him.

MR. KERCHEV

You say same last three weeks!

ANDREA

I know. I promise.

She exits the building. He looks at her apartment door.

MR. KERCHEV

You pay... You see.

EXT. MANHATTAN STREET - DAY

Andrea checks her watch as she exits a STARBUCKS with her coffee.

ANDREA
Alright. We're good. We're good.

INT. OFFICE BUILDING LOBBY - DAY

ERIC, 30, good looking, but dressed like an adolescent. Baggy jeans, a T-shirt, and untied shoes adorn him as he walks past the SECURITY GUARD.

SECURITY GUARD
Nice outfit Mr. Tate.

ERIC
Thanks. We'll call it casual
Friday.

As Eric enters the revolving door to exit, Andrea enters to come in. She speeds it up and his shoelace gets caught under the door. It comes to a halt causing Andrea to smash her latte up against the glass and all over her shirt. They get stuck in the middle.

ANDREA
No. Come on. You've got to be
kidding.

ERIC
Oh my god. I am so sorry.

ANDREA
I have an interview in, like, three
minutes.

ERIC
Well, hold on. I can get you
another shirt.

She begins to push the door. He struggles to get his foot free.

ANDREA
Just move!

Her heels skid on the tile, but she makes progress and Eric falls to the sidewalk when it comes full circle.

INT. OFFICE HALLWAY - DAY

Andrea hastens to the reception desk. A sign above the RECEPTIONIST reads "CITY RECORDS". Several other CANDIDATES sit in waiting.

ANDREA

Hi, I'm here for an eleven o'clock interview. I had an accident. Can you show me where the rest room is?

RECEPTIONIST

Name?

ANDREA

Andrea Richards.

She pushes the button on her intercom.

RECEPTIONIST

Mr. Spinks, your eleven o'clock is here.

MR. SPINKS (V.O.)

Send her right in.

RECEPTIONIST

They'll see you now Ms. Richards.

She smiles at Andrea.

ANDREA

Thanks.

RECEPTIONIST

My pleasure.

INTERVIEW ROOM

MR. SPINKS is a well dressed executive. He sits with a COLLEAGUE. They stand as she enters

MR. SPINKS

Ms. Richards.

They shake hands.

ANDREA

Hi, nice to meet you. I have to apologize. I just spilled my entire latte all over my shirt downstairs. I was walking through the revolving door when some over-grown Jonas Brothers wanna-be got his shoelace stuck in it.

MR. SPINKS

No problem. I admire your resolve
to come in anyway. Have a seat.

OFFICE HALLWAY

Eric enters carrying a bag from "SAK'S FIFTH AVENUE". He
scans the candidates. He heads for the interview room.

RECEPTIONIST

They're in a meeting Mr. Tate.

ERIC

It's okay. I'm just gonna sit in.

INTERVIEW ROOM

Eric enters and Mr. Spinks and his colleague stand. Him and
Andrea lock eyes.

ERIC

I'm a man of my word. One new
shirt.

He shows her the bag.

ERIC

Sorry guys, it's my fault that she
doesn't look presentable.

MR. SPINKS

So you're the one who... got the
door stuck?

He nods. Mr. Spinks and his counterpart smile widely. They
both sit.

MR. SPINKS

Ms. Richards, we'd like you to meet
Eric Tate... Owner of City Records.

She covers her face.

ANDREA

Oh... My god.

ERIC

Did I miss something?

MR. SPINKS

Ms. Richards was just wondering if we represented the Jonas Brothers.

ERIC

No. But hell, we'd love to.

The executives laugh. Andrea gets up and exits.

EXT. STREET - DAY - MOMENTS LATER

Andrea walks, head hung low, defeated. Eric catches her from behind.

ERIC

Heh, you forgot your shirt.

ANDREA

That's okay. You keep it.

ERIC

They told me what you said. It's fine. I don't normally dress like this. Had a photo shoot today. For the cover of R.S. My marketing agent thought it would be a good idea if I dressed, well... A little bit trendier.

ANDREA

You look like your fourteen.

ERIC

I know... I just fired her. Any good at marketing?

She laughs.

ERIC

Look. Let me make it up to you. Let me buy you a couple of drinks tonight and we can discuss your resume.

ANDREA

That doesn't sound like a proper interview.

ERIC

It's not. Plus, I don't do the hiring anyway. I may have some pull though. What do ya say?

INT. APARTMENT HALLWAY - DAY - LATER

Andrea enters from a rainy exterior. She folds her umbrella and hurries up the stairs. She dances in anticipation and locks her knees together as she opens the door.

INT. BATHROOM - DAY

The sounds of her keys jingling and a door shutting are heard off screen. She flicks on the light to the bathroom and screams. The discolored ring next to the sink represents a toilet that was once there, but is no longer.

APARTMENT HALLWAY

Andrea hesitates, then knocks on Mr. Kerchev's door. He opens the door with red stained lips holding a cherry popsicle.

MR. KERCHEV

Da?

ANDREA

Did you happen to see anyone up here today?

He shakes his head, slurps his sickle.

ANDREA

Cause my toilet, it's um... Gone. Did you... Take it?

MR. KERCHEV

Nope. Maybe you pay rent, toilet... magically re-appear.

ANDREA

I don't have the rent.

MR. KERCHEV

I don't have toilet.

ANDREA

Well, can I use your...

He slams the door in her face. She turns to enter her room. She locked herself out.

ANDREA

Shit. Shit. Shit.

APARTMENT FIRST FLOOR

Andrea looks out the door at the ensuing monsoon. It only worsens her condition. She looks around. It is empty. She takes a long stare at a large flower pot on the floor next to the stairs.

CUT TO:

EXT. STREET - NIGHT

Andrea and Eric exit a nightclub that has a line of people wrapped around the corner. He is dressed more proper for his age.

ERIC

Sorry, I get a little claustrophobic. Plus, I couldn't hear a word you were saying.

ANDREA

It's okay. I don't mind. You know, you don't really strike me as the exec type.

ERIC

I'm not really. Tried to be a recording artist for ten years. Even with a record company I couldn't succeed.

ANDREA

My mother always said, "never give up on your dreams". You shouldn't. That's why I'm here and not in Michigan.

He stops and leans against the wall.

ERIC

There's a line you have to draw sometime. You have responsibilities and you have dreams.

ANDREA

Ah, you've lost me.

ERIC

Not everyone can be the best at what they want to be.

(MORE)

ERIC (cont'd)
Sometimes being responsible is accepting what you can do well and moving on. Plus, this was my father's company. He's too sick to run it anymore. It's his legacy.

ANDREA
I'm sorry. Is he okay?

ERIC
He had a stroke. He's just not the same. Doctors say he probably won't ever be.

They continue their walk.

ERIC
So tell me, why New York?

ANDREA
I know, small town gal, big city. This was the place for me. The one I've always seen in the movies. People on the streets no matter what time of day... I just figured, how could anyone be lonely in this town.

ERIC
How long have you been here?

ANDREA
Almost three months.

ERIC
You've got a lot to learn about this city.

They smile at each other and walk in silence for a moment.

ERIC
I've had the chance to look over your resume. It's great, but you have no experience.

ANDREA
I know. That's been the thing holding me back. I hear the same thing everywhere I go.

Eric stops.

ERIC

I'm prepared to offer you a job,
but I have to ask you a question
first.

ANDREA

Okay?

ERIC

I'd like to take you out again. On
a proper date. Would you say yes if
I asked?

Andrea purses her lips.

ANDREA

Is that part of the job
requirement?

ERIC

No. We have a strict policy against
inter-office dating. I can't date
someone who works for me. So...
It's either a job or a date. Can't
be both.

She takes a moment, begins to walk.

ANDREA

Look, you're very sweet and cute.
But you're a rich, good-looking
guy. You could probably have any
woman you wanted. Things like this
don't happen to girls like me.
Besides, if I don't pay my rent
soon, I'm gonna lose my apartment.

Eric sighs.

ERIC

So you want the job.

ANDREA

I need the job.

They stare at each other for a moment.

ERIC

Okay. It's yours. Let me hail you a
cab.

Andrea looks across the street at a hotel lobby.

ANDREA

You know, I think I'll go use the bathroom across the street before I go home.

He looks at her, puzzled.

ANDREA

It's a long story.

INT. HOTEL LOBBY - NIGHT

Andrea exits the bathroom. She hears an all too familiar piano riff and goes to explore. She finds Eric sitting at a piano in an empty, closed restaurant.

ERIC

Walk on by... hi and bye. Soon I'll have you in my head for a try. And wonder why I can't keep you in my life. And you'll be mine, no matter if I wind and work my way out of this bind. Take in the scent of your wake, a moment spent, a lifetime too late.

She approaches him. He stops.

ANDREA

That's nice. Did you write that?

ERIC

Yes. That was always the problem. Nice, never great.

ANDREA

What is it about?

ERIC

Just someone I met once. Someone who intrigued me, yet I fear I'll never get to truly know them.

ANDREA

You never know, things could change. Always think positive.

They smile at each other for a moment.

ERIC

I guess we should get you that cab.

Andrea nods. They exit.

EXT. STREET - NIGHT

They stand in waiting, silent.

ANDREA

I had a nice time tonight, thank you.

ERIC

You're welcome. I'll look forward to seeing you at work.

ANDREA

Me too. Thank you. I think if things were different, it would've been nice to see you again. Like this. But, I guess, the rules are the rules...

ERIC

I understand.

He hails her a cab. She stares at him before entering.

INT. APARTMENT FIRST FLOOR - NIGHT

Andrea enters and sees an older couple staring at the wilted flowers in the pot next to the stairs. She tip-toes by them.

OLD WOMAN (O.S.)

I'll bet it was Mrs. Johnson's dog again. Disgusting beast.

INT. APARTMENT LIVING ROOM

Andrea enters and puts her keys on the table. She hits the button to the answering machine.

ANSWERING MACHINE (V.O.)

Two new messages.

Beep.

CAROL (V.O.)

Hi... Andrea, this is Carol Cairnes over at MG Enterprises. I just got a call from Eric Tate.

(MORE)

CAROL (V.O.) (cont'd)
He highly recommends you and it
just so happens I may have a
position open that I think you
would be perfect for. Call me
Monday to set something up. Thanks.

Beep.

ERIC (V.O.)
Well, I thought long and hard about
it. I'm not letting another good
thing pass me by. So, once you've
got a job, maybe it would be okay
for me to asked you out again? Good
night Andrea.

She smiles and sits on the edge of her bed. We hear a
familiar tune as we...

FADE TO BLACK.

THE END.