

To Have and To Hold

Written by

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INT. LIVING ROOM - DAY

Rays of sunlight shine in through the windows of an absolutely pristine home. White walls. Tasteful decor.

THOMAS (40s), reserved and meticulous, sits at a desk. Smiles lovingly into his computer monitor.

KIMMY (40s) is lovingly smiling back via Skype. She's bubbly and warm. Speaks from inside a train station.

KIMMY

I love you so much, my Sugar Plum.

THOMAS

I love you more, my Pumpkin Strudel.

As they gaze at each other, a chat bubble pops up on Thomas's computer. The message is from someone named ERIC.

Eric writes: **You know this is a mistake.**

Thomas furiously types back: **No, it's not.**

KIMMY

I can't wait to finally see you, for real.

THOMAS

I know. It feels like we've been doing this forever.

Another chat bubble. Eric writes: **You need to tell her.**

Thomas furiously types back: **Leave me alone.**

KIMMY

Well I wouldn't take back a single moment.

THOMAS

Me neither.

Another chat bubble. Eric writes: **This won't end well.**

Thomas closes the window.

A train announcement is heard from Kimmy's end of the call.

KIMMY

That's me. I gotta go. Can't wait to finally hold you.

Thomas' smile becomes forced.

THOMAS

Right. Yeah. Me too. See you soon.

EXT. HOUSE - DAY

The front door features a prominent "no soliciting" sign.

A DELIVERY MAN puts down a box, knocks and walks away.

He's out of sight when Thomas finally cracks the door open. Thomas is in a surgical mask, safety glasses and long rubber gloves.

He picks up the package as if it was incredibly dangerous.

INT. KITCHEN - DAY

Thomas places the box on a table that's covered in a clear plastic sheet.

--- Uses tongs to carefully remove the contents: fresh food, from a Blue Apron type meal delivery service.

--- Places various items from containers into pots and pans. Touches nothing directly .

--- Uses the tongs to put the used containers into the empty box. Tosses in the tongs and his gloves. Wraps the box up with the plastic that was on the table.

As Thomas finally begins to cook, he gets a text message. Eric writes: **It's never too late to bail.**

Thomas slams his phone down. Goes back to cooking.

EXT. HOUSE - NIGHT

Kimmy nervously stands out front with a rolling suitcase at her side. She takes a deep breath. Rings the doorbell.

Thomas opens the door and they just stare at each other.

THOMAS

Wow. Pixels don't do you justice.

KIMMY

I can't believe I'm finally here.

Kimmy runs in and gives Thomas a big hug. Thomas seems to be enjoying it until suddenly he isn't. She can't see his unsettled expression.

He hides it as soon as the embrace is over. She follows it with a kiss.

KIMMY
I've been waiting so long to do that.

THOMAS
(forced)
Me too. Why don't you make yourself at home while I -- um -- excuse myself.

SMASH CUT TO:

INT. BATHROOM - NIGHT

Thomas is in the middle of a major freak out.

--- Vigorously brushes his teeth
--- Swishes and spits mouthwash.
--- Rubs hand sanitizer all over his neck, arms and face.

INT. KITCHEN - NIGHT

Thomas and Kimmy eat together by candlelight. Stare deeply into each other's eyes.

KIMMY
This is such a lovely surprise. I had no idea you could cook like this. What else are you keeping from me?

THOMAS
Nothing. Nothing important.

KIMMY
Well I have a surprise for you too. Later.

LATER

Thomas loads the dishwasher then freezes in fear. He just stares at Kimmy's dirty fork and knife. He reaches to pick them up from the table but can't.

After a beat he uses a napkin to pick them up. He hastily tosses the napkin into the dishwasher along with the silverware. Slams the door shut.

Thomas lets out a big sigh of relief. Looks satisfied with himself.

KIMMY (O.S.)

So are you ready for that surprise?

Thomas turns around. Kimmy is wearing barely there lingerie.

KIMMY

Dessert.

THOMAS

(forced)

Oh wow.

KIMMY

I just thought that since we're a real couple, we should do what real couples do.

As Kimmy gets closer. Thomas inches away. Subtly at first.

THOMAS

I kind of thought we'd talk after dinner. You know, like we always do, Sweetie.

KIMMY

We've done enough talking. Don't you think?

Kimmy approaches more aggressively. Thomas steps away.

THOMAS

It's just that I love our talks so much.

KIMMY

Me too, but I want to feel you, Thomas.

THOMAS

(forced)

Of course.

KIMMY

I want to rub my body against yours.

THOMAS

Right.

KIMMY

I want you inside of me.

On hearing that, Thomas looks like he's going to vomit.

KIMMY

(concerned)

What's wrong? Are you feeling okay?

THOMAS

I'm sorry, it's just -- I probably should have told you before. I've got this thing about germs.

Kimmy uses back of her hand to feel her forehead. Smiles.

KIMMY

Well I don't think I'm sick. So we're good.

THOMAS

Not exactly. Do you have any idea of how many forms of bacteria live on human skins cells? It's actually hundreds. Then there's the sweating and the rubbing together. Throw in bodily fluids and we're talking hundred of thousands of organisms.

KIMMY

Organisms? We've both given this thing a year of our lives, Thomas. Now you're telling me you don't want some pumpkin strudel?

THOMAS

I do, I do. I love you. It's just that there are so many germs to think about. It's horrifying actually.

KIMMY

You think I'm horrifying?

Kimmy immediately covers herself. Storms into the bedroom.

THOMAS

No, it's not just you. All mammals are dens of disease. Cesspools really.

(MORE)

THOMAS (cont'd)
When you think about it, the whole
reproductive experience is just one
big dirty horror.

KIMMY
Now I'm a whore?

Kimmy throws on clothing as she storms past Thomas and
toward the front door.

THOMAS
Where are you going?

KIMMY
The Marriott.

THOMAS
No please. Honey.

KIMMY
Have a nice life.

She slams the door as she leaves.

EXT. HOUSE - NIGHT

Thomas opens the front door to follow her but freezes at the
threshold. He looks horrified as peers out into the world.
He closes the door.

INT. LIVING ROOM - NIGHT

Thomas looks miserable. Talks with ERIC (20s) via Skype.

THOMAS
She won't take my calls.

ERIC
What do you expect?

THOMAS
I love her. I just thought that that
would be enough. I guess it's not.
I'm such an idiot.

ERIC
Remember what Dad used say?

THOMAS
Stop being such a pansy?

ERIC

No, the other thing. About when you want something.

THOMAS

He said, you have to fight for it.

ERIC

Well if you love this women the way you say you do, you have to find a way to make it work, on your terms. You being who you are shouldn't have to keep you from being happy, especially if she really loves you.

INT. BUS - NIGHT

Thomas wears a surgical mask, gloves and safety goggles. Holds large shopping bags as he rides.

The seat next to him is empty until an OLD MAN sits down. Thomas looks mortified.

The bus hits a bump and the Old Man brushes up against him. Thomas look even more mortified.

The bus stops. A group of children get on board with their mother. The kids are coughing and not covering their mouths.

Thomas looks like he could vomit into his mask.

EXT. HOTEL - NIGHT

The bus pulls away, as Thomas walks to the hotel's entrance.

He takes a breath. Uses a tissue to open the door, even though he already has gloves on.

INT. HOTEL HALLWAY/KIMMY'S ROOM - NIGHT

Thomas peels off his safety gear as Kimmy opens the door.

KIMMY

What do you want?

THOMAS

I love you.

KIMMY

You're disgusted by me.

THOMAS

That couldn't be further from the truth. I've just got this thing. I have to get over it. I will get over it. I just need you in my life to help me do it. Please.

KIMMY

I'm sorry, but I don't think I can stay in a relationship with someone that I'll never be able to get close to.

Thomas moves in.

THOMAS

I want to get close to you. Right now.

KIMMY

Really?

THOMAS

Yes, really.

Kimmy finally opens the door and lets Thomas in.

He leaves the safety gear in the hallway but brings the shopping bags.

KIMMY

What's that?

THOMAS

I swear to you, I'm going to be the man that you deserve. It's just going to take some time.

Thomas digs into the bags, pulls out medical strength antiseptic mouthwash, surgical grade hand soap, Lysol, condoms and a clear plastic sheet with an inches wide hole in the middle..

Kimmy just stares. Expressionless.

THOMAS

Please. I'm really trying.

Kimmy cracks a smile. Chuckles.

EXT. CEMETERY - DAY

Mourners stand together around a fresh burial plot, including Kimmy who is in tears.

Eric comforts her.

KIMMY
I can't believe he's gone.

ERIC
Me neither.

KIMMY
It's not fair.

Kimmy buries her head in Eric's shoulder.

ERIC
You have to know that he really loved you. More than anything in the world. You shouldn't blame yourself.

KIMMY
Blame myself?

ERIC
He never told you?

KIMMY
What?

ERIC
Oh my god. He never told you.

KIMMY
What didn't he tell me?

ERIC
He had this thing --

KIMMY
-- About germs. I know. He was getting over it. He finally started living his life.

ERIC
He barely had an immune system.

KIMMY
That's why he didn't want to -- Oh my God. He --

Kimmy bursts into tears.

ERIC

Listen to me. I knew Thomas better than anyone. He was alive but he wasn't really living until he met you. I know he'd do it over again, a million times.

They hug again. Eric cries.

ERIC

Rest in peace, buddy.

FADE TO BLACK