

Whereabouts

written by

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INT. 20TH AND GRANVILLE. OFFICE. LOBBY - DAY

Big official office building. Lots of windows, cheap perfume and people who've almost made it.

MICAH(26) Micah is the strangest combination of lost and driven. He has wavy brown hair, thoughtful green eyes and a smile that when it appears is as timid as it is beautiful. Micah is half Japanese, half white.

Micah blends right in here.

Like a mormon at a no holds barred orgy.

Between crypto criminals and soon to be supplement kingpins.

Approaching the front desk with a pleasant but manufactured smile.

MICAH
Here for Desmond.

The long suffering RECEPTIONIST(50s) blinks at the young man for a few moments before aimless gesturing towards the elevators.

INT. 20TH AND GRANVILLE. OFFICE. ELEVATOR - DAY

The elevator is pristine, trim gold, buttons polished to a shine. Mirrors surround Micah on every side.

3 separate version of Micah stare back at him. Micah tries to smile. But it doesn't look right. He tries to fix his hair in the mirror.

Ding.

INT. 20TH AND GRANVILLE. DESMONDS OFFICE - DAY

Gold and Platinum plaques cover the walls.

Faux modern furniture fills the glass box of a lobby.

Heather(34) Desmond's artfully made up assistant sits visibly bored, the tapping of french tips on a magic mouse the only sound.

Micah pushes through the glass door. Heather doesn't look up.

HEATHER
He's busy.

MICAH
He called me.

Heather doesn't believe him.

HEATHER
He's in a meeting.

Micah nods. Turning to one of the bizarro off white settees.

Micah sinks slowly into his newfound seat.

Examining the room.

White walls, expensive looking modern art, concert photos of Desmond and various starlets.

It's an intimidating the space.

Brutalist architecture, cocaine vibe. Micah checks his phone.

INT. 20TH AND GRANVILLE. DESMONDS OFFICE - DAY

30 minutes later.

Micah's glances at the knockoff Warhol clock.

Knee bobbing. Fingers tapping. Face unreadable.

Heather's eyes judge between keystrokes.

Her sculpted brows furrowing with every reminder that she's sharing the room.

Micah glares at Desmond's frosted door.

INT. 20TH AND GRANVILLE. DESMONDS OFFICE. FRONT - DAY

The Warhol clock keeps clicking.

The pace of Micah's of fidgeting has increased.

But his face remains placid.

HEATHER
Are you sure you don't want to come
back another time. I can always
reschedule this.

Micah examines her for a moment.

MICAH
Awfully long meeting.

HEATHER
Industry stuff you know.

MICAH
Funny it's got to be the quietest
meeting--

Heather's smile is wide.

HEATHER
Let me check the schedule.
(scrolling on her laptop)
We can bring you in sometime
between..the 26 and the 27th.

Micah scoffs.

HEATHER (CONT'D)
Of March.

MICAH
How generous.

HEATHER
He's a busy man.

There's a beat of silence.

Before a strange noise begins emanating from Desmonds office.

Both Heather and Micah stop curious.

Desmond's audible snoring echoes around the room.

Heather eyes Micah visibly embarrassed.

She slowly pushes out of her desk.

INT. 20TH AND GRANVILLE. DESMONDS OFFICE. BACK - DAY

Desmond wipes sleep out of his eyes. Adjusting designer
glasses apprehensively.

DESMOND
Sorry about that.
(beat)
Were you waiting long?

MICAH
Not really.

DESMOND
Well than, what can I do for you?

MICAH
Just following up.

DESMOND
Remind me.

MICAH
The demo's I sent over
(Desmond has no clue what
he's talking about)
June. Bedlam.
(still nothing)
When you find yourself on the moon,
look for the stars--

DESMOND
Oh that one.

MICAH
Yea.

DESMOND
Do you have them with you.

MICAH
I do.

DESMOND
Could I hear it again?

Micah digs into his backpack searching for the usb drive.

MICAH
Sure.

DESMOND
Thanks.
(beat)
Heather!

INT. 20TH AND GRANVILLE. DESMONDS OFFICE. BACK - DAY

Micah sits behind the desk watching Heather connect her
computer to the giant sound system behind him.

HEATHER
Ready?

Desmond nods.

The first few notes of one of Micah's songs, Deplorable.

Desmond frowns.

A few more bars play.

Desmond shakes his head.

Motioning Heather to stop after the first line.

DESMOND

Do you have anything else?

Micah freezes.

MICAH

Uh yea.

DESMOND

Do you have that?

MICAH

Not with me.

DESMOND

Let's hear that.

MICAH

Acapella?

DESMOND

(pointing to Heather)
fetch.

INT. 20TH AND GRANVILLE. DESMONDS OFFICE. BACK - DAY

Heather presents Micah with a guitar.

Micah strums experimentally a few times.

MICAH

I call this one End of the
Universe.

The song begins with a slow plucked melody followed by a slow and steady story of someone finding out that somebody they loved is about to be dead.

It's really a heart-stopping performance.

Something that Micah pours his whole heart and soul into.

MICAH (CONT'D)

(singing)

And i'll see you, my forever, at
the End of the universe.

The final chord rings out.

Silence.

Desmond's chair creaks as he considers Micah.

Fingers steepled.

DESMOND

Can I be honest with you?

MICAH

Yea.

DESMOND

i don't see a lot here.

Micah stares.

DESMOND (CONT'D)

I mean the voice, the voice is
fine. The music... It's passable.
It just, it just, it doesn't feel 4
quadrant to me.

(beat)

Have you ever thought about... Face
tattoo's?

MICAH

Not specifically.

DESMOND

Dumpy looking guys like you need an
edge.

Micah blinks.

MICAH

What about the song?

DESMOND

You know let me explain something
to you.

(beat)

This industry. Despite what people
may believe is not in the business
of selling music.

Micah snorts. Desmond holds up a finger silencing him.

DESMOND (CONT'D)

I sell ideas. Love, passion,
sadness, eroticism, euphoria.
That's my business.

(beat)

We live in a world filled with
sorrow

(beat)

connectionless people sleepwalking
through the same old same old.

(beat)

I sell them what they're missing.

(beat)

I sell them a dream. An ideal, a
different world. One most people
will never be able to access.

(beat)

I mean look at yourself- what about
you can I sell to the baying
masses?

(beat)

Darkness, loneliness, sadness.
People already have that, in
droves.

Micah sits back.

DESMOND (CONT'D)

A sexy guy with a troubled past and
a guitar. A prom queen who drinks
more than she should. People don't
have that. A girlfriend, boyfriend,
friend friend. Hope, happiness.

MICAH

(sarcastic)

You make it sound so glamorous.

DESMOND

People like you always think their
above it. Like you don't suck the
same shit as the rest of us.

MICAH

I mean--

DESMOND

961 hours a month. 8760 hours a
year. That's my time slot, that's
what i'm working with. It's a
limited.

(beat)

(MORE)

DESMOND (CONT'D)

There's only so many car rides, so many subway commutes, only so many dark and stormy nights, one night a week at the club.

(beat)

I need to make the most of that, you understand.

Micah really sees Desmond for the first time.

DESMOND (CONT'D)

I make you want to travel, to find love, to be successful, sexy, hardworking. All these little dreams that make the world spin. That's what I sell.

MICAH

Isn't that like your job though?

DESMOND

Look man i'm a coach, I can't run the race for you. I can't create the lightning in a bottle. It's like running right. I could train someone from the age of 10 to run, 100 meter dash, every morning 5am, perfect footwear, next level coaching, the best training available.

(beat)

You could train every day of your life to be a runner, you could be incredible, the fastest in your country. And you'd be right, right up until the moment you step up onto the blocks and the guy next to has Bolt on the back of his jersey.

Micah's eyes trail to Heather.

MICAH

And what if your wrong?

DESMOND

I'm not in the business of being wrong.

MICAH

How enlightening.

DESMOND

Listen kid, I hate to be the bearer of bad news - not everyone on planet earth is meant to make it onto that stage. That doesn't mean you can't make something happen. I just can't take the risk. It's my livelihood as much as it's yours. The truth is-

(beat)

You make kombucha in a coca cola world.

(beat)

I need a chorus, a problem, repetition, I need music that can do numbers, hit charts, rot brains you know. and I think we both know, that isn't you. So let me offer you the best thing I can give you.

Micah nods.

DESMOND (CONT'D)

Go make a moody shit on socials about being sad and lonely and depressed get me a few million followers. Maybe join a group, learn the bass, get some shitty tattoos.

Micah sits back.

All this work, all the sacrifice everything.

Lit on fire in front of him.

Micah leans the guitar against the desk. Slowly standing offering his hand to Desmond.

Desmond meets him in the middle they shake.

MICAH

Thanks.

Before turning on his heel and walking out.

INT. 20TH AND GRANVILLE. DESMOND'S OFFICE. FRONT - DAY

Micah stops in the lobby for a moment.

HEATHER (O.S.)

Jesus.

DESMOND (O.S.)

He needs to hear it from somebody.
I mean seriously you can't be
making shit like that with a face
like that.

Micah shakes his head barging through the offices glass door
with a bang.

INT. PARKSIDE. GREEN ROOM - NIGHT

Micah is wearing a slightly moth eaten Bob Dylan Tee, a pair
of artificially ripped jeans and Converse so dilapidated
they've begun to split open at the toe.

Micah sits back against the wall.

Guitar case balanced beside him on a yellow milk crate.

The crashing of cymbals fills the air.

The Green Room vibrates with noise; an alt punk band is
currently tearing into an ear splitting rendition of:

Twin sized mattress by The Front Bottoms.

Micah checks his phone.

Looking over his set list for one last time.

Hands scraping through hair.

The BOOKER(30's) -- receding undercut covered poorly by a
black bandana, scabs run up his arms, razor rash covering his
neck.

BOOKER (O.S.)

How do you want me to introduce
you?

MICAH

Uh...

BOOKER

You're up in 2.

MICAH

Just my name..

FEMALE VOCALIST(30's) gravelly punky voice.

FEMALE VOCALIST

Thank you Vancouver!

The Booker bows under the curtain. The song comes to an end.

A cheer resonates through the bar.

The Booker holds the curtains aside letting the band off stage.

Micah pops the tabs on his guitar case.

Revealing a weather beaten acoustic.

It has faded stickers, a hole in on on side and a haphazardly, modded pick up.

His hands shake as he tries to grasp the neck.

BOOKER (O.S.)

Big shout out to TWISTED FANTASY.

(beat)

Next up, a fresh talent. I'm going to be honest. I have no clue if he's any good or not. We picked him up off the street. Give it up-- for

(crowd cheers)

Just my name.

Micah straightens plastering a smile on his face. Striding out onto the stage.

INT. PARKSIDE. STAGE - NIGHT

Micah squints as he's blinded by the pink spotlight. Booker passes him a stool from off stage. Micah's tries to steady his shaking hands. Booker offers him an unhelpful thumbs up. Micah sits down slowly exhaling. Pulling the mic down to his mouth. Feedback echoes through the bar.

MICAH

Hello?

Theres an awkward silence as the crowd gawk, unsure what to make of the next act.

MICAH (CONT'D)

That's not actually my-- Nevermind.

The blinding lights only add to Micah's building anxiety.

Micah reaches down fumbling for a cable.

That he swore was just right there.

But it isn't.

The lights so bright.

The silence not right.

Finally the cable his fingers wrapped around the cable.

He pulls it up searching for its home.

MICAH (CONT'D)

You guys come here often?

The crowd murmur. Unimpressed.

Act cool

Play it natural everything is fine.

Nobody knows you're a fraud.

Not yet.

Micah strums experimentally.

But the amp offers no sound.

The booker crosses his arms.

Knee bobbing rhythmically.

Face pulled into a frown.

Oh fuck. He knows. Micah strums again.

Nothing.

MICAH (CONT'D)

That's not supposed to happen.

The crowd is silent.

Micah glances down at his guitar realizing.

MICAH (CONT'D)

Don't worry this time i'll turn it
on.

Micah offers an experimental strum. This time the sound of a supremely out of tune guitar echoes out into the house.

Silence follows it.

He's sweating.

So much.

The lights.

MICAH (CONT'D)
 (pointing to the lights)
 Is there anyway we can turn these
 down.

He shades his eyes.

The crowd begins to rustle and whisper. Boredom setting in.

They know it. He's a fraud.

CROWD
 BOOOOOOOOO.

Laughter rings out.

MICAH
 Uh this is something i wrote a
 while back.

Micah takes a deep breath.

Beginning with short strums, it's a slow melody not
 unpleasant but definitely not punk.

The crowd isn't sure how to react.

Micah leans into the mic.

MICAH (CONT'D)
 (singing)
 December comes once again.

His voice cracks totally missing the note.

Micah stops. A few sprinkles of laughter ring out.

He starts again.

MICAH (CONT'D)
 December comes once again- Winters
 here to stay.

He drops his pick. Mid chord.

MICAH (CONT'D)
 Shit.

He reaches forward. Slamming his forehead straight into the
 mic.

It tips forward into the crowd.

SCREEEEEE

Micah's breath comes fast.

It's all wrong. Everything is wrong.

He can't do this. Nope.

CROWD

What the fuck is this.

He stands. Sending the stool tumbling backwards.

MICAH

Sorry.

Micah Beelines off the stage.

Dragging cables with a fight or flight panic.

The cable reaches it's end, ripping from his guitar.

The Booker reaches to grab him but misses.

BOOKER

Jesus wait.

INT. 216TH. HOWE ST. MICAH'S APARTMENT. HALLWAY - NIGHT

Micah stands outside the door to his apartment.

He pulls out his phone checking the time.

12:20

INT. 216TH ST. HOWE ST. MICAH'S APARTMENT. KITCHEN - NIGHT

Micah leans his guitar case against the door.

JESSIE(27) Stands in the open front door, paper bag in hand. She has short cropped brown hair, expressive brown eyes. Clad in ripped black jeans an oversized hoodie completed by an extra large Bowie shirt pulled over the top.

He's blindsided with an aggressive hug.

MICAH

Hey.

JESSIE

Hey yourself. How was it?

MICAH
Oh it was, great. Just great.

JESSIE
Look at you go.

Micah grimaces.

MICAH
I was a bit flat.

JESSIE
Should have hit the gym.

MICAH
Very funny.

JESSIE
Sorry I missed it.

MICAH
Next time. How was the meeting?

JESSIE
Not to shabby.

MICAH
How mysterious.

JESSIE
Can't give away all my secrets.

MICAH
Did you get the job?

Jessie bows dramatically.

JESSIE
The job got me.

Micah laughs.

MICAH
Congrats dude. Proud of you.

JESSIE
I made dinner.

MICAH
You did what?

JESSIE
Very domestic of me.

MICAH

Are your not sick or, drunk or-

JESSIE

Fuck off. You know if I locked in I could be a next level trad wife.

MICAH

You simply have to delete that app.

JESSIE

What, it gives me my edge.

MICAH

I think it's actually rotting your brain.

JESSIE

Like there was anything to be rotted in the first place.

MICAH

Miss 4.0 gpa.

JESSIE

I sucked dick on weekends.

MICAH

Really didn't need that image.

JESSIE

Snowflake.

MICAH

Fascist.

They kiss.

MICAH (CONT'D)

It smells good.

JESSIE

Sometimes my genius scares me.

MICAH

Are you sure it didn't come in a box?

JESSIE

Nope.

MICAH

That's like a huge step for humanity.

JESSIE
Hmmm, Space suits just don't do it
for me.

Micah snorts.

Jessie backs towards the counter. Grabbing a plate.

JESSIE (CONT'D)
Tada.

Revealing what can only be described as the least appetizing
meal you could conceive of.

MICAH
Wow all this, for me. I don't know
what to say.

JESSIE
Try it. It's actually really good.

Micah examines the meal more closely.

Its a basic chicken stir fry.

He spears one of the pieces of chicken.

Bringing it cautiously to his mouth.

Jessie's hand reaches out intercepting him.

JESSIE (CONT'D)
I really wouldn't.

MICAH
Why?

JESSIE
I'm pretty sure it isn't cooked.

MICAH
How sure.

JESSIE
60/40.

MICAH
I like those odds.

He twists away from her grip gulping it down.

Micah tries to keep a straight face but it's difficult.

JESSIE

Oh my god spit it out please. I don't want to be responsible for this.

Micah coughs waving her away.

JESSIE (CONT'D)

What a tragic way to go.

MICAH

Wow.

JESSIE

He LIVES!

MICAH

By the skin of my teeth.

JESSIE

Is it cooked?

MICAH

Oh it's cooked.

JESSIE

Strong 60. Knew it.

Micah is still chewing.

MICAH

You could feed astronauts with this.

JESSIE

Oh fuck off.

MICAH

Dogs could chew on it for weeks.

JESSIE

Leave me alone.

Jessie rolls her eyes pulling open the fridge and grabbing some takeout containers.

JESSIE (CONT'D)

Thankfully General Tso fucks.

MICAH

What an image.

JESSIE

You're welcome.

MICAH
You are so weird

JESSIE
I am what I eat.

INT. 216TH ST. HOWE ST. MICAH'S APARTMENT - DAY

The diminutive room is poorly lit messy, a shitty desk covered in papers, a single bed.

The bed is currently occupied by Micah sprawled out comatose.

The walls are covered in aging posters and marks of who Micah is.

Bob Dylan watching down from above the bed, flanked by a Fargo poster and a framed photo of "Remy" the rat from Ratatouille holding a crack pipe.

A sticker bombed Macbook air with a cracked screen leans haphazardly against the bed frame.

A series of BANGS and SQUEAKS

Echo through the apartment.

Startling us.

Micah stirs in his sleep.

The bangs increase in pace and pitch.

They are accompanied by loud moans.

Anyone with thin walls understands this particularly predicament.

The bangs increase in volume.

They emanate from the wall next to Micah's bed.

Micah wakes slowly at first but as the moans grow in volume they become difficult to ignore.

Crescendoing in faint screams of distant ecstasy Micah finds himself dragged kicking and screaming from sleep.

Micah turns in his bed covering his ears with his pillow.

But they just keep going.

INT. 20TH AND GRANVILLE. OFFICE. ELEVATOR - DAY

Micah stands in the elevator staring at his reflection.

There's a moment of calm before Micah breaks out into unhinged emotionally brutalized laughter.

INT. 216TH ST. HOWE ST. MICAH'S APARTMENT. KITCHEN - DAY

Micah stands zoned out in front of the toaster.

It beeps shooting toast skywards.

The banging and squeaking from next door audible.

JESSIE (O.S.)
How'd it go.

Micah shrugs

MICAH
Swimmingly.

JESSIE
Has he finally coughed up the million dollar contract?

MICAH
Not exactly.

JESSIE
That sucks.

MICAH
Yeah.

JESSIE
Oh well, you'll gettem next time though right.

MICAH
Yeah. I guess.

Silence - in the background the ceiling squeaks - the next door neighbours are still bumping uglies somehow.

JESSIE
They're really still going at it.

MICAH
Travis Scott guy finally found the girl of his dreams.

Jessie laughs setting down her groceries on the counter.

Offering Micah a quick pec on the cheek before heading into the bedroom pulling off her sweater.

Micah pulls open the fridge it's practically spotless.

Deli's filled with chopped veg, stock, portioned carbs all carefully dated and rotated.

Work habits die hard.

JESSIE

Wow that is olympic level my god.

MICAH

Oh that's relatively calm compared to earlier. Sounded like the motherfucking Kentucky derby next to my head.

JESSIE

I'm struggling to picture him in the act. I mean do you think he plows with the Yeezy's on or off?

MICAH

I mean who doesn't.

JESSIE

I love you but I don't think I could handle that.

MICAH

Few can.

Jessie hops up onto the counter.

Micah sticks his head into the fridge and starts rearranging.

JESSIE

I tried to follow your list.

MICAH

I sense a but.

JESSIE

What even is an endive?

MICAH

It's a vegetable.

JESSIE

Really?

MICAH
 (not paying attention)
 Uh huh.

Shutting the door with a clunk.

INT. 216TH ST. HOWE ST. MICAH'S APARTMENT. BEDROOM - DAY

Micah sits on the ground. Staring at his brow beaten guitar. Waiting for an answer to a question he's only just discovered is being asked of him.

He stands moving towards the instrument of his destruction.

Picking it up. Strumming an open chord.

He sinks down on the floor. Considering himself in the mirror.

Rubbing at his face suddenly self conscious. It's as if he's finally seeing himself. Or maybe something else.

He starts to play, a simple 4 chord strum, the type we've heard a thousand times before.

MICAH
 Why--

He stops. Restarting.

MICAH (CONT'D)
 Who--

He stops. Pulling out his phone. Considering a document filled with little snippets of lyrics. Scrolling down to the bottom.

Micah stares at the blank page, mind so full, brain so empty.

He starts playing again. Chords morphing, melodies forming but it's empty. Directionless wandering.

Micah replaces the guitar on the stand and sits eyes fixed on the mirror.

EXT. SEA WALL. - NIGHT

Micah strolls down a winding causeway, Ocean stretching out to his left. Cyclist streaming past on his right.

The last twinkles of blue hour sparkle.

The only soundtrack the wind and a dream.

Micah watches the waves lap against the shore.

Searching for answers that he most certainly won't find here.

In the distance a bench appears, Micah considers it before taking a seat.

There he rests arms outstretched head tilted to the heavens.

KARA (O.S.)

Hey could I possibly take your picture?

Micah starts.

MICAH

Huh.

KARA(22) Lots of denim, a film camera. Kara is the type of person who gets way too into trivial pursuit. Artificial black curls, a kanji tattoo on her left forearm and eyes the colour of spring ferns.

KARA

You looked cool.

MICAH

Did I?

KARA

Yea.

MICAH

What are you going to do with it?

KARA

Examine it in a darkened room while sipping the blood of my victims.

MICAH

What?

KARA

Instagram probably.

MICAH

Are you like one of those Tiktok guys?

KARA

What the photographers?

MICAH
Yea.

KARA
No.

MICAH
Oh.

KARA
You seem disappointed. Were you
expecting me to rizz you up?

MICAH
I mean it couldn't hurt.

KARA
Wow. you're. EYES. BABY. Bountiful.

MICAH
I feel so seen.

Kara hefts the camera ready to shoot.

KARA
Smile.

MICAH
I would prefer not too.

KARA
Why?

MICAH
Trust me. It's not pretty.

KARA
It's a smile.

MICAH
Not everyone is a born smiler.

KARA
I refuse to believe that's true.

MICAH
Refuse all you like its the gods
honest truth.

KARA
Oh come-on baby smile more.

MICAH

The male gaze really is suffocating.

Kara snorts.

MICAH (CONT'D)

My biggest struggle with dating men. That and tribal tattoos.

KARA

Tribals can be hot.

MICAH

Yeah if you have trouble seeing.

KARA

Hey.

MICAH

All dudes with tribals collectively decided they we're entirely too fuckable to begin with and needed a bit of a challenge.

KARA

Born hater.

MICAH

If the end times come, the waters rise and the heavens shatter. When earth has only one hill left. It will be upon that hill that I will die on.

KARA

Thou doth protesteth to much.

MICAH

I'm more in the face tattoo market these days.

KARA

Really?

MICAH

Yeah. Apparently that's what's holding my career back.

KARA

Who told you that?

MICAH

I had my Devil Wears Prada moment.

KARA
Giving or receiving?

MICAH
What do you think?

KARA
I wouldn't want to assume.

MICAH
I'm jaded and cynical now.

KARA
How old are you?

MICAH
Old enough to party.

KARA
I can't tell if that's sarcastic.

MICAH
26.

KARA
You've still got plenty of time.

MICAH
You look great for 45.

KARA
Respectfully that's fucked up.

They laugh.

MICAH
What were we talking about again?

KARA
Well you we're just about to
explain your new tribal and offer
me a ride on your fuego Kawasaki.

MICAH
Are you making fun of me.

KARA
Maybe.

MICAH
Tough crowd.

They laugh.

KARA
You're funny for a child.

MICAH
Thanks it was either jokes or tech
start up's.

Kara laughs.

KARA
Don't sell yourself short. You
probably look perfect for anyone
under 5 ft 8

MICAH
Fucking boomers.

KARA
Short kings work harder anyway.

MICAH
Sorry what?

Kara hefts the camera again.

KARA
Pretty please with a cherry on top
just a little smile. A cheeky grin
even.

Micah shakes his head. The shutter clicks. The flash
temporarily blinding us.

KARA (CONT'D)
One of these days i'm gonna get it.

Micah offers a hand. Kara shakes it amused.

MICAH
doubt it.

KARA
Well these photos aren't gonna take
themselves. I'll see you around.
Mr.Sad.

Kara turns walking away. Micah watches her go shaking his
head.

INT. 216TH ST. HOWE ST. MICAH'S APARTMENT. KITCHEN - NIGHT

Micah steps back into the apartment. Jessie head in the
fridge turns.

Whole ass carrot in hand.

JESSIE

I honestly thought you might have been fucking with me.

MICAH

Nope.

JESSIE

I mean let's not pretend like you haven't done it before.

MICAH

Me never.

JESSIE

Gaslighter.

MICAH

Loser.

JESSIE

Bitch.

MICAH

Cunt.

JESSIE

Whore.

MICAH

Now that's just un called for.

JESSIE

You don't deny it?

MICAH

I had an extremely unstable home-life sue me.

JESSIE

I mean a threesome in--

MICAH

We're not talking about this.

JESSIE

Oh come on.

MICAH

We've all made mistakes.

JESSIE

Uh huh.

MICAH

Mine just happens to live with me.

JESSIE

Hey.

MICAH

Did you hear back from Lisa?

JESSIE

No. She's having brunch with this guy.

MICAH

Interesting.

JESSIE

I know I mean I told her it seemed a bit fast.

MICAH

I mean she broke it off with Ellen on what Wednesday?

JESSIE

Yea I don't really understand it. She like refuses to even engage in conversation about it. I just get these weird updates about men with wide palms.

MICAH

Tinder already-- Jesus, poor Ellen.

JESSIE

That girl needs to do some soul searching.

MICAH

Don't we all.

EXT. 216TH ST. HOWE ST. OUTSIDE MICAH'S APARTMENT - DAY

Micah pushes through a ramshackle security gate.

He struggles to juggle a backpack a knife case and his bike out onto the street.

EXT. VANCOUVER. GRANVILLE STREET - DAY

Micah plugs in a pair of knock off earbuds.

Fiddling with his phone.

The first bar to Alone and Forsaken blasts.

Micah skips it.

Hoisting himself onto his turd brown road bike.

Micah hops the curb to the beat of As if by Glaive.

Scenes from mean streets interrupted only by upscale coffee joints, people vaping and the semi flacid realities of gentrification.

Micah cycles through it all, he's comfortable on the bike weaving between cars with practiced ease.

He leans into a heavy right turn.

Dodging a double parked delivery truck.

Hopping back onto the side walk to avoid a red light.

Micah slows to give way to an elderly couple.

Checking over his shoulder before sliding back onto the road.

Micah speeds up as the beat pumps.

His legs driving into the pedals as the wind begins to buffet his jacket.

Micah checks behind him ready to move into a left turn.

Nothing.

Micah swings into a wide left turn.

A car door swings open into the street.

Micah see's it.

Slamming on the brakes.

The wheels lock.

But it's too late.

Micah crashes into the door with a crunch.

Everything goes black.

EXT. VANCOUVER. GASTOWN. MICAH'S ACCIDENT - DAY

In the battle between human and car door there would appear to be no victor.

The door is bent, the man is bleeding.

Micah sits up with a groan.

The left side of his face scraped up.

His arms is bleeding.

He checks himself out.

No broken bones.

SKYLAR(24) Fanciful half pink half platinum hair, freckles and an aesthetic to die for.

SKYLAR

Oh my god are you okay.

MICAH

I'm good.

Micah looks up instinctively.

And he recognizes her.

His face falls.

SKYLAR

Oh.

She's just as taken aback.

They both just stare unsure what to say.

These two have history.

SKYLAR (CONT'D)

You're bleeding.

MICAH

Yep.

SKYLAR

I live around here.

MICAH

Uh.

SKYLAR

Would you-- I have bandaids.

MICAH

Uh.

Beat

MICAH (CONT'D)

Sure I guess.

Skylar helps him to his feet.

DOUCHY BRO(20's) handsome, falsely charming steps out of his car his face crestfallen not at the man lying on the ground but the state of his Tesla's door.

DOUCHY BRO

Ahhh man.

SKYLAR

The hells your fucking problem.

DOUCHY BRO

Dude i'm sorry I didn't see you.

Micah distracted examines corpse of his noble steed.

The front wheel bent, handle bars twisted.

He sighs.

DOUCHY BRO (CONT'D)

You need me to call an ambulance?

SKYLAR

No you fucking imbecile.

DOUCHY BRO

Chill honey.

(to micah)

Control your girlfriend dude.

MICAH

She's not my--

SKYLAR

He's not my--

Douchy bro backs away hands up.

Skylar flips him off as he walks off.

Micah watches her lost in memories.

SKYLAR (CONT'D)

Come-on.

Micah picks up his broken bike and carries it with him.

INT. SKYLAR'S APARTMENT - DAY

The place is noticeably higher class than Micah's tiny crack den.

Posters covering the wall.

Ranging from Tswift to Mega death

Clearly Skylar is quirky as fuck.

There's a tiny enclosed kitchen.

Little succulents hang from the ceiling.

Along with a wall of college core polaroids.

Micah locks onto these.

SKYLAR

Excuse the mess.

MICAH

What mess?

SKYLAR

Ha ha.

MICAH

Love what you've done with the place.

SKYLAR

Thanks.

MICAH

When did you move back?

SKYLAR

September.

The question unasked hangs in the air.

Why didn't you message me.

MICAH

Uh huh.

SKYLAR
Tour was a nightmare.

MICAH
You were touring?

SKYLAR
Yea.

MICAH
I can't believe nobody mentioned--
Congrats.

Skylar shrugs.

MICAH (CONT'D)
You must be sitting pretty then.
Hows Kevin?

SKYLAR
Yea. Hes good.

MICAH
I see.

Skylar heads into the tiny bathroom suite we hear the sounds
of her digging through shelves.

SKYLAR
I swear I bought this thing at
Dollarama.

MICAH
Classy.

SKYLAR
Shhh you.

MICAH
Who'd you play with.

SKYLAR
Some of Mark's guys.

MICAH
Fun.

SKYLAR
Chicago was great.

MICAH
Really?

SKYLAR
Yea we played at Hiatus.

MICAH
(impressed)
The Hiatus.

SKYLAR
It was pretty dead.

MICAH
Oh.

SKYLAR
We found this dive bar off Bridge
st 2 dollar tequilla and an open
mic. It reminded me of-

MICAH
Baller.

SKYLAR
There it is.

Skylar returns a pleasant but manufactured smile on her face.

She cracks open the red med kit pulling out some alcoholic
swabs and a collection of kids bandaids.

SKYLAR (CONT'D)
Pick your poison.

MICAH
I mean spiders all day.

SKYLAR
Still sucha fuckin nerd aren't you.

Micah tries to contain his smirk.

Micah reaches for one of the swabs to start Skylar stops him
mid motion.

An unspoken conflict rages between the two.

Skylar wins.

She starts cleaning the wounds.

Micah winces.

SKYLAR (CONT'D)
Such a baby.

MICAH

Only one of us ran into a white sedan.

SKYLAR

Is that what you tell yourself.

MICAH

Yea.

SKYLAR

Remember when you got that splinter.

MICAH

That splinter... I went to the hospital.

SKYLAR

It was barely a scratch.

MICAH

2 Inch's of plexi glass.

SKYLAR

Drama queen.

MICAH

Remind me again how you got that fire album art.

SKYLAR

We had two gallons of fake blood.

MICAH

Not the same. Textures all wrong.

SKYLAR

Way to rewrite history. You tripped on your own hobbit feet.

MICAH

Pushed.

SKYLAR

By the air.

MICAH

Isaac Newton would like a word--

Skylar presses extra hard with the swab.

Micah inhales.

MICAH (CONT'D)
You're so right.

SKYLAR
Thank you.

Silence.

As Skylar applies the spider graphic band aids.

SKYLAR (CONT'D)
What are you up to these days.

MICAH
Working.

SKYLAR
You don't post much anymore.

MICAH
Not much to say.

SKYLAR
I struggle to believe that.

MICAH
Not really up to it anymore.

SKYLAR
Up to what?

MICAH
Music.

SKYLAR
Why?

Micah shrugs.

That answer seems to deeply affect Skylar.

Micah checks his phone.

MICAH
I gotta jet. Work.

SKYLAR
Okay.

MICAH
I'll see you around I guess.

Skylar just nods.

Barely acknowledging him.

Just staring out the window lost in thought.

EXT. COQUILLE. FRONT ENTRANCE - DAY

The scent of cheap cologne, Adobe indesign masterclasses and venture capitalism.

That's the vibe The Coquille fine seafood brings to the world.

It's exterior verging on tacky large spindling logo stamped in British racing green onto the windows.

Its a seafood place that charges probably more than its worth but looks the part.

It sits on a packed corner surrounded by competition which are also in the slow process of opening. Staff milling about smoking. Delivery drivers coming and going with boxes of produce.

Micah rounds the corner carrying his bike.

INT. COQUILLE. BACK ENTRANCE. - DAY

Micah pulls open the door tossing the bike down next to it.

Inside the kitchen is alive with staff mulling about.

CHEF CRAIG(32) Close cropped hair, cokey eyes and shitty teeth.

Looks up from his butchery station at the new arrival.

CRAIG
You're late.

MICAH
I know.

CRAIG
What happened.

MICAH
What the fuck does it look like happened?

CRAIG
You look like you just got the shit kicked out of you by Jackie chan.

MICAH

I wish, Jerk-off pulled open his door without looking.

CRAIG

That's unfortunate.

MICAH

You should see the other guy.

CRAIG

I'll call someone in.

MICAH

Don't bother. I'm already here.

CRAIG

I'm not gonna be that guy.

MICAH

Fuck you-- you are that guy.

CRAIG

Let me pretend like i'm a good boss.

MICAH

Yea right.

CRAIG

(calls to off screen)
Sandy call Oisi.

MICAH

Fuck off Sandy don't call anyone.
I'm fucking here.

CRAIG

Relax dude it's all good.

MICAH

I told you I AM FINE.

CRAIG

Whats gotten into you.

Micah shrugs - tossing his stuff stuff down.

INT. 216TH ST. HOWE ST. JESSIE'S APARTMENT. KITCHEN - DAY

Micah steps through the door. Right into the middle of a department mixer.

Jessie holds court in the corner surrounded by EDDIE(30s) mullet weird vibe and TIARA(20s) big wannabe hippy energy.

JESSIE

Oh my god, really? I can't believe he said that.

Micah tosses down his backpack. Slipping off his shoes. He's still in a sweat stained work shirt - he looks ridiculous compared to all the well made up tech zombies.

TIARA

You should have seen her face. It was BAD.

EDDIE

I don't see how he gets away with.

JESSIE

I mean we both know how he does.

Micah tries to slip through the crowd - heading for his room. People give him odd looks as he passes them.

Somebody grabs Micah's hand.

JESSIE (CONT'D)

Where do you think your going?

MICAH

I'm really tired.

JESSIE

Please. We never hang out anymore.

MICAH

I'm gonna shower.

JESSIE

Fine. Whatever.

INT. BATHROOM. JESSIE'S BEDROOM - NIGHT

Micah steps out of the bathroom towelling water out of wet hair.

There's a bang - A DRUNK COUPLE(20s) come stumbling into his room arms around each other.

MICAH

No no no, not happening. Occupied.

They don't listen and continue making out.

MICAH (CONT'D)
Jesus christ.

INT. SOPHIES APARTMENT - NIGHT

Micah shirtless in a pair of shorts storms out into the middle of the party.

MICAH
Jessie??? Jessie?

Nobody at the party seems to notice him.

Micah storms pushes his way through the crowd of people drinking and swaying in the upscale living room.

INT. SOPHIES APARTMENT. BALCONY - NIGHT

Micah steps out into the gloom. Jessie stands elbow to elbow with Eddie. She laughs at some unheard joke.

MICAH
Jessie?

JESSIE
What?

MICAH
Sorry just wanted to let you know there's like a dude with a buzzcut and a girl with a moleskin vest making out in your bedroom.

JESSIE
Oh that's just Sam.

MICAH
And?

JESSIE
She's been trying really hard- her boyfriend of like 4 years just converted. It's a long story. She's been through a lot.

MICAH
That's great and all, but like do you think you could like tell her to like find somewhere more socially appropriate.

JESSIE
Relax mr grumpy, have a drink.
Relax.

MICAH
Jessie i've had a very long day.

JESSIE
Babe, come here.

Jessie tries to pull him into a hug.

MICAH
No, honey, please, I know your just
trying to be cool for your friend
but like- please- I need to sleep.

JESSIE
What happened?

MICAH
I don't want to go into it.

JESSIE
Your acting weird.

MICAH
I'm not acting weird. I'm just
asking you-

JESSIE
Is this about this meeting.

Micah shakes his head.

JESSIE (CONT'D)
You know I can call my dad, maybe
he can help you figure it out.

MICAH
Jessie please I really don't to
talk about this right now.

JESSIE
I'm just trying to help.

MICAH
I didn't ask for your help.

JESSIE
What's your problem.

MICAH

I'm tired, I've had a very long day- I don't want to say something-

JESSIE

So what, you don't think I haven't had tough days, you don't think I've ever not been feeling it- that's never stopped me from appreciating or supporting you.

MICAH

Jessie it's a work party-

JESSIE

So, it's important to me. You think everything you do is important to me? I haven't been to hundreds of open mic's for you- just for the love of the game.

MICAH

You know what- i'm sorry- i'm just gonna go.

JESSIE

Oh yeah real mature. Just shit all over me, for what, trying to help? Trying to be there for you-

MICAH

I'm not doing this.

JESSIE

Don't walk away from me Micah, it's not fair, putting all this shit on me. All because some two-bit middle manager with a coke habit doesn't prostrate himself before you.

Micah shakes his head.

MICAH

It's not about that.

JESSIE

Well than what the fuck is it about? Because it beats me?

MICAH

You don't understand.

JESSIE

I'm not a child Micah.

MICAH

Am I any good? Be honest with me?

JESSIE

Oh honey.

MICAH

No. This is serious. Answer me honestly. Please I need an answer, a real answer, not a pat on the back.

JESSIE

What did he say?

MICAH

Answer the question.

JESSIE

Whatever he said it isn't ture.

MICAH

Please just answer the question.

JESSIE

Why does this matter so much to you.

MICAH

Because I need to know.

JESSIE

Look one day when i'm running a firm - you won't have to worry about Desmond - we can do it without them.

MICAH

Jesus fucking christ he's right isn't he.

JESSIE

Look i'll talk to my dad about this.

MICAH

I don't need your fucking charity.

JESSIE

Don't be rude.

MICAH

Just say it.

JESSIE

Say what.

MICAH

Every time I ask you - you deflect.

JESSIE

Look just because some cunt told
you, you weren't good enough
doesn't mean you have to rub it off
on me.

MICAH

Sorry if I don't appreciate being
infantilized.

JESSIE

I'm just trying to help.

MICAH

Just fucking say it.

Jessie turns towards the balcony door. Micah scrubs his eyes
and stares out at the skyline.

INT. HOWE ST. MICAH'S APARTMENT - NIGHT

Micah tosses his bike into the hallway.

Kicking the door closed behind him.

Calling it a hallway is probably generous its more of a short
passageway.

Floor covered with shoes.

An out of date calendar on the wall.

2018 vintage.

Stepping into the living room/kitchen Micah tosses his keys
onto the counter.

MICAH

Hellooo?

His voice rings out.

But no reply is proffered.

Micah sinks down onto the couch.

INT. HOWE ST. MICAH'S APARTMENT. KITCHEN - NIGHT

Micah scrubs away at the dishes headphones on.

The door bangs open.

He looks up.

Jessie kicks off her shoes.

Beelining for the bedroom.

Micah watches her go.

MICAH

Wait--

But she doesn't.

INT. 216TH ST. HOWE ST. MICAH'S APARTMENT. BEDROOM - NIGHT

Micah slips into bed quietly.

Arms behind his head.

He stares up at the glow in the dark stars stuck to the ceiling.

INT. 216TH ST. HOWE ST. MICAH'S APARTMENT. KITCHEN - DAY

Micah steps into the living room rubbing sleep from his eyes.

Jessie nurses a cup of coffee on the couch.

MICAH

Morning.

No response.

Micah sighs.

Pouring himself a cup.

Taking a moment to enjoy the golden rays sparkling through their grubby windows.

JESSIE

Aren't you going to say anything.

MICAH

No.

JESSIE
You're unbelievable.

MICAH
Jessie please--

JESSIE
You can't avoid every single
challenge that presents itself to
you.

Micah shakes his head.

MICAH
Do we have to do this now?

JESSIE
Yes.

MICAH
I'm gonna get a bagel you want one?

JESSIE
Excuse me are you really just going
to stick your head into the sand
and pretend this isn't happening.

MICAH
I had an extremely trying night
dear I have exactly 48 hours of
time off, within which I would
prefer to enjoy and not battle
over. Before I find myself back
prepping my station for shift. So
personally I would prefer to spend
none of that limited time arguing
with you.

JESSIE
So when should I schedule this
important conversation about the
future of our relationship. because
clearly your oh so fucking packed
schedule is to full to you know
stoop to spending actual time with
your girlfriend?

MICAH
Look i'm sorry. i've been going
through kind of a lot.

JESSIE
I don't think this is working out.

MICAH

Jesus, okay. is this about the party? I don't know how many times I can apologize-

JESSIE

I'm not talking about the party.

MICAH

Well than what are you talking about.

JESSIE

Isn't it fucking obvious?

MICAH

No because then I wouldn't be asking the fucking question.

JESSIE

You make zero effort to ask me how am doing, you have no interest in meeting my friends, you refuse to do basic activities.

MICAH

I don't think that's fair.

JESSIE

Name one time we've gone out in the last 6 months.

(beat)

Name one

(beat)

Please.

MICAH

New years.

JESSIE

Pffftt oh thank god for that.

MICAH

It's a perfectly reasonable holiday whats the problem.

JESSIE

How fucking generous of you.

MICAH

Oh like you're such a blessed holy saint. Miss "what's her name again?" to my best fucking friend.

JESSIE

At least I fucking asked would you rather I get her name wrong.

MICAH

Personally i'd rather you didn't make such a big deal out of fucking everything.

JESSIE

Oh so you'd prefer if I fucking did what you do and hide in the corner sucking my thumb pretending all my problems will just go away if I pray hard enough.

MICAH

That's rich coming from you.

JESSIE

Oh please.

MICAH

Maybe you have the choice to flippantly ignore your personal responsibilities. I do not have that luxury.

JESSIE

Stop being so fucking insecure its honestly embarrassing.

MICAH

i'm not being insecure i'm just stating the facts, if things don't work out for you- you have a fallback plan. You have family, you have income, what do I have?

JESSIE

It always comes back to money doesn't it.

Silence.

JESSIE (CONT'D)

It just really feels like, like you don't even want to be in this thing anyway.

MICAH

Your putting words in my mouth.

JESSIE

We don't talk, we don't do anything, do you even love me?

MICAH

Yes of course I love you.

JESSIE

Well than why do you do this to me?

MICAH

Ugh, I--

JESSIE

Look me in the eye and tell me you love me.

MICAH

I love you.

JESSIE

Then why don't you want to spend time with me?

MICAH

I do want to spend time with you but--

JESSIE

But what!!!!

MICAH

I love you.

JESSIE

You don't. If you don't answer the question you fucking don't.

MICAH

I love you please let's just get something to eat.

JESSIE

No. I want a fucking answer. Or i'm leaving.

MICAH

Why? What does this really change about anything.

JESSIE

I hate you.

MICAH

Same dude.

JESSIE

GIVE ME A FUCKING ANSWER.

MICAH

Fine. You want a fucking answer. I can't stand your fucking friends, they're all fucking self obsessed blow hards who fucking belittle me to no end for not having a business degree.

JESSIE

Wow.

MICAH

You want the fucking truth that's the fucking truth.

(beat)

I don't like going out anymore, because it's not actually going out it's just a thinly veiled excuse so we can pose for your fucking instagram- so you can flex your sensitive, unsuccessful, artist boyfriend- like some demented fucking influencer. Just so you can make me feel small at overpriced places you scrolled through on the weekend.

(beat)

No, I don't give a fuck about Stevia Dolton and her alcoholic husband. James can go fuck himself with a decanter, for all that I care, that guy gives me the fucking creeps.

(beat)

He spends every single insufferable moment we share a room trying to lord over me about how he slept with you in first year. Like dawg I couldn't give less of a shit who you fucked in 2019 I had more important things to worry about back then,

(beat)

More important things than bullshit fucking high school - who kissed who bullshit. I honestly can't believe you like those fucking soul sucking sycophantic fucks Jessie.

(MORE)

MICAH (CONT'D)

I would rather be locked into a C.I.A interrogation room listening to 17 hours of I heart radio at 100 decibels than listen to one more story about how Chelsea's parents went to Genovese last month and ate real Italian food. Like if I want pseudo intellectual bullshit i'd at least have the fucking wherewithal to find it on some bisexual fuck named Kevin's cinematic twitter account.

total fucking silence.

Like a bomb just went off.

JESSIE

Why are you such a fucking asshole.

MICAH

I wish I had a fucking good answer for you cus i'm all out.

Jessie runs into the bedroom. Grabbing her backpack

JESSIE (O.S.)

We're done.

She returns stuffing clothes into her bag.

MICAH

I'm sorry.

JESSIE

You put on this self effacing oh i'm a soft emotionally intelligent guy who cares but underneath all that bullshit your a deeply shallow insecure boy who just wishes his mother had loved him more.

MICAH

Thanks.

JESSIE

You want answers- i'll give you fucking answers.

Micah is silent.

JESSIE (CONT'D)

You will never amount to anything because you're bullshit.

(MORE)

JESSIE (CONT'D)

This little- I think i'm John
Lennon act. Frankly it's fucking
embarrassing. You're just a guy who
leaned to play the guitar not the
second coming of Elvis. That's why
nobody gives a fuck about you or
anything you do.

(beat)

I hope you cry yourself to sleep
you fucking asshole.

Jessie kicks over a stack of books.

JESSIE (CONT'D)

Theres your fucking answer.

Jessie storms out of the apartment.

BANG

The door slams shut behind her.

Micah sinks down onto the floor.

INT. COQUILLE. STAFF BATHROOM - NIGHT

Micah sweat-stained and exhausted grabs his bag off the wall.

Shouldering it.

Unbuttoning his stained chefs coat.

Tossing it over his shoulder.

Kicking off nonslip shoes and stepping into his beat up
nikes.

EXT. COQUILLE. BACK ENTRANCE - NIGHT

Micah steps out into the gloom.

Waving coworkers goodbye.

Chef Craig leans against the corner puffing away on a
sputtering red.

Micah stops, hefting his broken bike on his shoulder.

Heading for home.

CRAIG
 (offering a cig)
 You want one.

Micah sighs. Looking between the long road home and the state of his arm.

Nodding.

Micah precariously leans the bike against the brickwork.

Accepting the proffered cigarette.

He leans over as Craigs beat up zippo struggles to light.

Taking a pensive puff.

Leaning back, taking in the tranquility of a city asleep.

CRAIG (CONT'D)
 Whats got you all stressed homie?

Micah snorts.

CRAIG (CONT'D)
 It's just unusual.

Micah takes a long drag.

CRAIG (CONT'D)
 None of my business. Just felt like it had to be said.

Beat

MICAH
 Where do I even start..

CRAIG
 We don't have all night.

MICAH
 Prick.

Craig chuckles.

MICAH (CONT'D)
 You ever feel. Like all this
 (motioning to the world
 around him)
 Is just so fucking meaningless.

CRAIG
 Above my pay grade.

MICAH

You know I've spent the last 4 years of my life throwing every piece of myself into this stupid fucking dream and what do I have to show for it.

CRAIG

So what.. Thats it?

MICAH

I don't fucking know man, it's funny you know I just imagined somehow that things would be different for me. No matter how stupid it may be, I knew the odds. I should have expected it. I practically asked for it. You know I watch my friends graduating from college with there stupid fucking communications degrees and I can't help but feel like maybe I made a huge mistake.

CRAIG

You'll figure it out.

MICAH

How do you know? It's bullshit right, because nobody figures it out, we just decay slowly, until we grow old and cynical trapped in a never ending cycle of entropy working shit jobs, for fucked wages on a shitty futon riddled with fucking cancer. All because we dreamed a little too big.

CRAIG

And here I thought you and the goth girl were fighting.

MICAH

Fuck off.

Craig considers Micah for a moment.

Before clapping him on the shoulder.

Digging into his jacket with a frown.

CRAIG

Take these

Offering him the pack of Cigarettes.

CRAIG (CONT'D)
Sounds like you need em more than i
do.

MICAH
I quit.

CRAIG
Hows that going for you.

MICAH
You're a fucking enabler.

CRAIG
Sounds like i'm the least of your
problems.

Craig flicks the butt down into the gutter.

CRAIG (CONT'D)
Get some sleep kid.

Offering Micah a jaunty wave before jogging out onto the
road.

Flagging down a cab.

INT. ANGUISH TAPROOM. - DAY

Micah sits arms splayed out on the table, hair mused and
nursing a beer. Across from him

SARA(27) Ginger locks and a link tattoo.

TALLY (29) Close cropped hair, backwards hat, vibrantly not
straight.

SARA
This is such a mistake.

MICAH
Oh thanks for the support.

SARA
I'm just being honest.

TALLY
She was better than she who will
not be named.

SARA

Yea.

MICAH

You know I really don't think i'm cut out for this whole relationships thing.

TALLY

I don't think you're meant for anything dude.

SARA

Hey way to kick him while he's down.

TALLY

He deserves it. Did you hear what he said to her I mean jesus poor girl.

MICAH

What about me. Did you not hear what she said--

TALLY

I mean you started it.

MICAH

No I didn't.

TALLY

At any point you could have walked away.

MICAH

And what pushed the argument forward a few days.

SARA

He's right.

MICAH

I mean come-on right like I have to draw a line somewhere this was a pretty irreconcilable difference between the two of us.

SARA

Seeing her friends once and while is hardly irreconcilable.

MICAH

They are so fucking awful dude.

TALLY

So what you're pretty awful
sometimes.

MICAH

You haven't met Paul.

TALLY

Oh i've met Paul.

SARA

You--

TALLY

Probably a different Paul but let
me tell you. Dentist, drives an
Audi, extremely smooth skin.

MICAH

I feel like we're getting off
topic.

SARA

Not everything's about you.
(beat)
Can I be honest with you,

MICAH

Yeah.,

SARA

You need to stop jumping from
relationship to relationship
searching for love like it will fix
everything wrong in your life.

MICAH

Can't a boy dream.

TALLY

Yes but like in an earthly way.

SARA

You're supposed to grow with
someone in a relationship its an
agreement, an understanding not 6
months of pretending to understand,
and appreciate, followed by two
fights and the burning of each
others personal affects.

MICAH

It's easy for you to say when you have the coolest fucking boyfriend on planet earth. I'd fucking Marry Jean-Sebastian dude.

SARA

Point is.

MICAH

No I mean come-on that's not helpful what do I do.

SARA

The way you complain.

TALLY

Honestly I just tune it out.

MICAH

Thats just being in a relationship.

TALLY

No it isn't.

MICAH

You don't love someone every minute of every day.

SARA

Sure but you also don't actively conspire against their social circle generally.

MICAH

I know but still.

TALLY

Still what.

MICAH

Still. I love her.

TALLY

You don't even know what love is young man.

MICAH

That's not true.

SARA

He's right.

MICAH

I came for help and all I get is abuse.

SARA

What do you want us to help you with??? Being less of an asshole.

MICAH

Sure.

TALLY

Be less of an asshole.

MICAH

Wow stimulating.

TALLY

She's right you really are a fucking sycophant sometimes.

SARA

Most times.

MICAH

What do I DOOO?

TALLY

You already know what to do.

MICAH

End myself.

SARA

Stop being so dramatic. You buy her flowers apologize profusely. Let's not pretend you aren't used to this whole song and dance.

TALLY

Either way you kind of deserve it.

MICAH

Yea.

TALLY

You'll never guess who I saw last week.

SARA

Who.

Tally just motions in Micah's general direction.

SARA (CONT'D)
No.

TALLY
Yes.

SARA
No.

TALLY
In the flesh. Well not really, on a
reel.

SARA
What was she doing?

TALLY
Burlesque??

MICAH
Sorry what?

TALLY
No singing obviously. Jesus you are
down horrendous.

SARA
Is she still just as good.

Tally glances towards Micah's pitiful posture.

TALLY
I mean it was okay.

MICAH
You know I have ears right.

TALLY
Hush.

SARA
What was she playing.

TALLY
Well thats where it gets
interesting.

SARA
Interesting?

Tally nods pulling out his phone.

Showing Sara the video.

We don't see it initially but we hear it.

It's a woman singing an acoustic ballad.

Micah's ears perk up at the sound.

As it continues.

SARA (CONT'D)

Wait.

It's really good.

SKYLAR (O.S.)

I MISSED THE TRAIN, I SLEPT OUT IN
THE RAIN.

SARA

That's...

SKYLAR (O.S.)

DECEMBER COMES AGAIN, WINTERS HERE
TO STAY. I'M READY TO GO. AWAY.

MICAH

My song.

TALLY

It gets better.

Tally turns the screen towards Micah.

MICAH

2 million views!!!!

TALLY

Uh huh.

MICAH

Bullshit. She didn't tell me about
this.

TALLY

Didn't tell you-- what??

SARA

Have you seen her.

MICAH

Yea. When was this posted.

TALLY

6 months ago.

MICAH

No way.

TALLY

Chicago actually.

SARA

Look at that crowd.

TALLY

Buzzing.

MICAH

She told me it was dead. She made it sound like the tour had been a fucking disaster.

TALLY

Firstly where did you even run into her secondly you actually talked to her.

MICAH

Yes.

SARA

God you're such a softy. She cheated on you.

MICAH

Yea and that was her choice.

SARA

7 times.

MICAH

What like getting angry will change anything.

TALLY

You still have a thing for her don't you.

MICAH

No.

TALLY

Oh my god. You need therapy dude.

MICAH

Can't afford it.

SARA

I'll fucking pay for it please.

MICAH

Shes' been jacking my song for months without even asking. How did I not even know.

SARA

We all blocked her..

TALLY

Uh. Well.

SARA

You conniving bitch.

TALLY

Sue me she's got good style. I needed the inspo.

MICAH

Why are you only telling me this now.

TALLY

Well.

MICAH

Come-on spill.

TALLY

I was a good friend. until fashion week.

SARA

Jesus you disappoint me.

MICAH

I have to talk to her. Thats so crazy like--

SARA

Do you really think thats a good idea?

MICAH

Yes, 2 million views??

TALLY

I mean it is pretty fucked up.

MICAH

Exactly.

TALLY

He also definitely just wants to talk to her again.

MICAH

No, I have no fucking interest in her, she broke my fucking heart. Ruined my life.

TALLY

Like thats stopped you before.

MICAH

Fuck off-- I have to go.

Micah speeds out of the booth.

SARA

This isn't going to end well is it?

TALLY

Nope not at all.

INT. SUBWAY - DAY

The rattling of the car.

The ambiance of a tens of conversations.

The screeching of steel on steel.

It's the beating heart of every city.

Micah stares up at the ceiling lost in a moment.

EXT. SEA WALL. - DAY

Micah returns to the same bench. For what reason i'm not even sure he knows.

We sit with him for a moment considering the world.

KARA

Fancy that.

Micah looks up.

MICAH

What brings you to these parts.

KARA

The wind.

MICAH
How colonial of you.

KARA
Fuck off.
(beat)
I've got something for you.

Kara produces the grainy 8 by 10 that she took of Micah last time.

MICAH
I told you. Not a smiler.

KARA
Oh come-on. It's not that bad.

MICAH
Way to make me feel better about myself.

KARA
I'm sorry I didn't trust you.
Should have gone for more dead fish.

MICAH
Product of a loveless marriage.

KARA
Yea right, you and your 7 brothers probably still visit mom and dad every year in east Delaware.

MICAH
Getting warmer. New Hampshire actually.

KARA
Exotic, what did they do?

MICAH
They farmed.

KARA
Anything in particular.

MICAH
Uh sheep.

KARA
Isn't that something.

MICAH
How about you?

KARA
Who me?

MICAH
Yes.

KARA
Securities fraud mostly.

MICAH
White collar. Slay.

KARA
I know, what is money really?

MICAH
What do they actually do?

KARA
My parents or me?

MICAH
Both.

KARA
Uh well. Dad's a mechanic runs a
shop back in my home town.

MICAH
Wheres that.

KARA
Some little shithole upstate. Where
even the sheep are racist.

MICAH
Haha and your mom?

KARA
Uh well.
(Kara really struggles to
get the line out)
She uh...
Did accounting.

MICAH
She quit?

KARA
No.

MICAH
Oh. I'm sorry.

KARA
Don't be you didn't do it.

MICAH
Now that would be a twist.

KARA
Haha definitely.

They sit in silence for a moment.

Micah clearly unsure if he should pry.

MICAH
Are you comfortable talking about
it?

KARA
Not really.

MICAH
Okay.

Micah's eyes soften as his eyes turn to Kara.

She won't meet his eyes.

Knees pulled up.

MICAH (CONT'D)
If it's any conciliation I know
what it's like. My dad... He uh.
He. Well he was sick. For a long
time. Most of his life actually. He
uh. He uh blew his brains out on my
birthday.

KARA
I'm sorry.

MICAH
You didn't do it.

KARA
Would be one helluva twist if I
did--

MICAH
(voice cracking.)
Yep.

KARA
Are you okay?

MICAH
Not really.

Silence.

MICAH (CONT'D)
He uh, was a really great dad you know. Not always in the right ways but you know he tried really hard.

KARA
I'm so sorry.

MICAH
Me too.

KARA
Maybe they're both in a better place.

MICAH
Hopefully.

KARA
Life really fucking sucks doesn't it.

MICAH
Yeah mostly.

KARA
And then you die.

MICAH
Yep.

Silence.

MICAH (CONT'D)
Did you get a chance.. to say goodbye.

KARA
I dunno Maybe. There was a few minutes towards the end there. But I didn't really have the words than.

MICAH
I'm sorry.

KARA

We fought. Right before it. I called her a selfish bitch. That i'm sure she remembered.

MICAH

You didn't mean it.

KARA

I did.

MICAH

You know what I mean.

KARA

In the moment.

MICAH

You're only human.

KARA

Yea but why couldn't I have just let it go.

Kara swipes at her eyes with a sleeve.

MICAH

You didn't know.

(beat)

Lifes full of what ifs.

KARA

I guess.

MICAH

If my grandma had wheels she'd be a bus.

KARA

I guess that really explains why my bus is always late-

MICAH

Blame it on my fucked up family tree.

Kara laughs.

They fall into silence.

MICAH (CONT'D)

You know I hated him for a long time.

(beat)

(MORE)

MICAH (CONT'D)

It's tough to separate the love I
have for my dad - from what he did.
(beat)

Definitely a bit of a bummer
spending your birthday scrubbing
papa dearest out of the carpet.

KARA

He was sick.

MICAH

I know. But like still it like why
not delay it a couple of days. Not
that i'm trying to make it about me
or anything.

KARA

Your only human.

MICAH

I know but sometimes
(voice cracking)
I hate him just as much as I love
him.

Silence.

MICAH (CONT'D)

That's my unoriginal sob story.

KARA

You do that a lot.

MICAH

What

KARA

It's practiced that joke.

MICAH

What do you mean

KARA

It was ready like you do that a
lot.

MICAH

Yeah I guess.

KARA

Is that how you deal with it.

MICAH

Yea mostly.

KARA
I respect that.

MICAH
My Mom downs half a bottle of
barefoot by 2pm, so this felt like
a happy medium.

KARA
I'm sorry.

MICAH
It's all good you don't force the
stuff down her throat.

KARA
Are you an only child.

MICAH
Yeah.

They sit in silence for a minute.

MICAH (CONT'D)
I have to go.

KARA
Me too.

MICAH
It was nice talking.

KARA
Yeah.

Kara looks away lost in thought.

EXT. 12TH AND 51ST. CORNER - DAY

The bustle of a late afternoon coffee spot.

Couples strolling aimlessly in search of something to do.

A couple of cooks heading for a work.

Business men heading home.

In between all the action.

Micah hops the curb.

Following his vague recollection of where Skylar lived.

Micah stops checking his surroundings. Definitely lost - somehow. He turns around heading in a different direction.

EXT. 13TH AND 41ST - DAY

Micah stands in front of a cute looking brick building.

Having reached his destination he finds himself transfixed by it.

He makes to approach the buzzer

A YOUNG MAN (22) cuts off Micah's path heading for the same destination.

Feeling the pressure Micah diverts away from the buzzer.

He watches the guy press a few buttons.

The door buzzes the man snaps it open.

And is inside before Micah can even orchestrate any manuever.

Micah stands for a long second considering his options.

Eventually working up the nerve to check the apartments buzzer for the directory.

He scrolls through the many pages.

Slowly.

Checking each name carefully.

Searching for Skylar Alexandra Corey.

He spots an Alexandra.

A Stefanie

A Selena.

But no dice.

Theres a dull realization that her name isn't even on the list.

Micah pauses for a moment.

Before rechecking one last time.

EXT. 13TH AND 41ST. CURB - DAY

Micah's legs splay out on the curb as cars occasionally slide pass

He sits between two grey sedans.

Head trapped between bumpers.

The only visual the occasional passing knees of pedestrians.

He holds the phone to his ear defeated.

SARA
(filtered)
Well what did you expect?

MICAH
I dunno something anything.

SARA
What like 4 weddings?

MICAH
It sounds really stupid I know.

SARA
Noooooooo never.

MICAH
Give me a break.

SARA
What are you trying to get out of
this dude.

MICAH
An explanation.

SARA
Really.

MICAH
Yes. Why don't you believe me?

SARA
Because. You know i've been your
friend long enough to recognize the
patterns.

MICAH
Patterns..

SARA

Every time you run into a pretty girl who doesn't give a shit about you, you fucking sprint into it headfirst.

MICAH

This has nothing to do with that.

SARA

Uh huh.

MICAH

I've spent two years of my life trying to get anyone to listen to my fucking demos with literally 0 success and here I discover a song I was told by an agent was not a money maker is out pulling views. Without me.

SARA

So this isn't about the girl.

MICAH

Yes.

SARA

uh huh.

MICAH

She stole something from me.

SARA

Sure, I. Just want to be sure that you're doing this for the right reasons.

MICAH

I am.

SARA

We love you. We really do.

MICAH

I know.

SARA

It's just hard to keep picking up the pieces every time.

MICAH

You make it sound like I bring this upon myself. Like I wanted my ex to start stealing my songs.

Silence. Sara's sighs.

SARA

Promise me something.

MICAH

Okay.

SARA

You'll use your head not your heart.

MICAH

I will not engage in sexual relations with this woman.

SARA

Thanks bill.

MICAH

Yes ma'am.

SARA

She's performing.

MICAH

Where?

SARA

Darkside.

MICAH

Thank you my dear I love you more than myself.

SARA

Please don't get arrested.

MICAH

Psssst.

INT. DARKSIDE. STAGE - NIGHT

Micah slips onto the floor of the tiny venue.

It's cramped most of the room taken up with the stage.

Darkside is a little joint designed for low-key unplugged performances.

Vintage western posters cover the walls.

A slightly sticky bar tucked into the corner lit by fluorescent glow.

We hear her before we see her.

Skylar front and centre on stage.

Plaid skirt and a cute sweater vest.

Guitar balanced on one knee.

Strumming.

SKYLAR

(singing)

The wind blew it away.

(beat)

My dreams of love and affection.

(beat)

Lost in the neon glow.

These lyrics are not something I have been able to come up with yet honestly these are shit will try and pull something together later.

The song is dreamy and filled with a longing for a forgotten love.

The crowd erupts as she strums the final chord.

Skylar stands.

SKYLAR (CONT'D)

Thanks for everything guys.

Micah edges out of his chair making a beeline for a nearby doorway.

INT. DARKSIDE. BACKSTAGE - NIGHT

Micah steps into the sparse greenroom.

Tucked amongst cases of beer and kegs.

The collection of fold out tables and vague craft services take up most of the room.

It's empty except for A NERDY BASS PLAYER(20's) and the HUNKY DRUMMER (20's)

Who stand sipping from open cans.

Micah slips past them into the bowels of the Darkside.

INT. DARKSIDE. BACKSTAGE. HALLWAY - NIGHT

Micah stops his journey down the sparsely lit hallway when the sound of voices interrupts his search.

SKYLAR

I'm trying I swear.

MALE VOICE

Try harder.

SKYLAR

I am.

MALE VOICE

Doesn't look like it from where i'm sitting. Are you taking this seriously? This is your future we're talking about.

SKYLAR

I'm just struggling to find things to write about.

MALE VOICE

Why, your life is a fucking disaster lots of inspiration.

Skylar audibly snuffles.

SKYLAR

I'm sorry.

MALE VOICE

Be better or i'll find someone who will.

Micah flattens himself against the wall.

In the murk the man passes passes right past him without even a blink.

INT. DARKSIDE. BACKSTAGE. BACK HALLWAY - NIGHT

Micah watches the man leave eyes narrowed.

He starts to continue down the hallway.

But upon hearing Skylar pretty audibly crying.

He stops himself.

Unsure of what to do.

When he can't take it anymore he pushes forward.

Around the corner.

Skylar leans heavily on the wall head in her arms.

MICAH

Hey

SKYLAR

Huh.

MICAH

You okay dude.

Skylar looks up terrified right up until she recognizes who it is.

SKYLAR

What are you doing here?

MICAH

Wanted to see you play.

SKYLAR

Why?

MICAH

Because you're insanely talented.

Micah steps forward rubbing her shoulder.

SKYLAR

Thanks.

She leans into him.

Micah puts his arm around her.

She cries into his sweater.

MICAH

Is he always like that.

SKYLAR

No.

MICAH
Why do you let him--

SKYLAR
He's the reason i'm here.

MICAH
No-- your the reason your here.

SKYLAR
You don't understand.

Micah sighs

SKYLAR (CONT'D)
I need to deliver an album that was
part of the agreement.

They stand there for a moment caught in the fleeting beauty
of the embrace.

SKYLAR (CONT'D)
(though tears)
i'm sorry.

Micah shh's her his answer unsaid.

Eventually Skylar begins to calm down.

SKYLAR (CONT'D)
Thanks.

MICAH
Anytime.

SKYLAR
Why are you really here?

MICAH
Bedlam.

SKYLAR
Oh.

MICAH
The song.

SKYLAR
Yea what about it.

MICAH
Are we really going to play it like
this?

SKYLAR

No.

MICAH

I wrote it.

SKYLAR

Yeah.

MICAH

I don't care really honestly. But it seems unfair for me not to get at least some recognition for it.

SKYLAR

I'm sorry.

MICAH

Don't be i'm being the asshole here. This isn't the right place for this.

SKYLAR

No it's okay.

MICAH

You have enough on your plate. I just-- it really hurt me.

SKYLAR

I'm sorry i'll try and figure something out.

MICAH

Thanks dude. Please don't be too hard on yourself.

EXT. OUTSIDE DARKSIDE - NIGHT

Micah skips down the street happy as can be. Phone to his ear.

MICAH

(on the phone)

What a fucking relief holy shit dude I feel so much better after that.

SARA

(filtered)

That was easy.

MICAH

Yea it seems like she's in a tough situation.

SARA

(filtered)

Hey well don't go feeling too bad for her she really ruined my July.

MICAH

I'm serious dude like that was tough to listen to.

SARA

Reminds me of your demo's.

INT. COQUILLE. BACK ENTRANCE. - DAY

Micah shoves open the backdoor.

Tossing his bag down onto the counter.

Before punching in.

CRAIG

Hey man there's someone here to see you.

MICAH

What?

CRAIG

Blonde guy claimed to be some friend or something.

MICAH

He give a name.

CRAIG

Kevin.

MICAH

Word.

CRAIG

Should I tell him to fuck off?

MICAH

Naw i'll deal.

Micah tosses his knife bag down onto the counter stepping out into the dining hall.

INT. COQUILLE. DINING ROOM - DAY

Green tapestry.

Pressed table clothes and perfectly arranged cutlery.

Yet somehow the place still seems tacky.

It's empty but for the lone figure at the bar.

KEVIN(33) badly fitting Calvin Klein white shirt, cokey gold rimmed glasses and a series case of crypto is an investment type douch-baggery.

KEVIN

Yo whats up dude.

Kevin extends a hand.

Micah takes it.

Wincing at Kevin's obnoxious strong grip.

MICAH

Sup.

KEVIN

Look man i'll keep it short and sweet.

MICAH

Dope what exactly is this about.

KEVIN

How long have you known Skylar for?

MICAH

Uhhhhh few years..

KEVIN

Well I hope that was enough because you won't be seeing anymore of her I don't like you. Maybe its the chinky eyes or your general smell. I don't want you speaking to or interacting with my girl any longer. Capiche?

MICAH

Sorry who are you?

KEVIN

Her manager.

MICAH

I don't care for your tone.

KEVIN

That makes two of us.

(beat)

Look bud this is simple, nothing personal, you seem like an alright guy but thing is my investment, in the girl. It's big enough that I can't take the risk of you fucking her up. Compende? So respectfully i'm gonna ask you to lose her number and never mention anything about her or any of her work.

MICAH

Is this about what I asked her?

KEVIN

I can have my attorneys put this down in writing if you'd prefer?

MICAH

Is that a threat?

KEVIN

Oh no, this is just a friendly conversation.

MICAH

Really?

KEVIN

A threat would be, if you talk to my girl again I will call up every label in this city and make sure your kumbaya bullshit music never makes it past anyones desk? How about that.

MICAH

You might find that tricky.

KEVIN

What the fuck did you just say to me?

MICAH

Oh nothing.

KEVIN

Good, have a good one pal.

With that Kevin promptly departs from the dining room.

INT. COQUILLE. BACK ENTRANCE. - DAY

Micah sneaks behind the building pretending to light a cigarette before pulling out his phone and making a call.

MICAH

Dude what the fuck was that?

SKYLAR

(filtered)

Sorry who is this.

MICAH

You know damn well who this is.

SKYLAR

(filtered)

Oh.

MICAH

You really send your little fucking minion over here to threaten me.

SKYLAR

(filtered)

(clearly doesn't believe
what she's saying)

You brought this on yourself.

MICAH

Are you reading that.

SKYLAR

(filtered)

I'm sorry but I can't do this right
now i'm under a lot of pressure.

MICAH

Oh i'm sure you are but I just got
shaken down by racist Jonah hill so
i'm in need of something a little
more concrete than your bullshit
right now.

SKYLAR

(filtered)

He won't let me add you to the
credits. I'm sorry.

MICAH
 (filtered)
 Why.

SKYLAR
 I can't explain. Not now.

MICAH
 (filtered)
 Sky this isn't an action movie.

SKYLAR
 (filtered)
 You're not listening to me.

MICAH
 Okay fine.

SKYLAR
 (filtered)
 Meet me. You know where.

Micah sighs.

SKYLAR (CONT'D)
 (filtered)
 I'm taking that as a yes.

MICAH
 ...when.

INT. 216TH ST. HOWE ST. MICAH'S APARTMENT. BEDROOM - DAY

Sara sits on the lumpy bed trying desperately to understand the words that keep exiting Micah's mouth.

SARA
 Jesus.

MICAH
 I know.

SARA
 What are you going to do?

MICAH
 Well I mean.

SARA
 Because as far as I can tell all of this seems bad.

MICAH

I mean I feel like she owes me an explanation.

SARA

Does she though?

MICAH

I mean yes.

SARA

This is the same girl that committed tax fraud by accident.

MICAH

based.

SARA

What does that even mean?

MICAH

Nevermind.

SARA

Look I'm just saying that as much as we give you shit for doing stupid stuff this woman actively sucks. Like, no if ands or butts about it. She fucked around with your feelings for months and not in a nice way. And I mean I understand it's hard to see past the manic pixie dream girl roller coaster ride for you but I mean come-on surely at some point you need to stop running back to this one.

MICAH

I know. All of that I know. But I swear this isn't about that. You know I don't have feelings for her like that anymore. I just for my own selfish reasons just want to hear whatever bullshit she's going to spew.

INT. LUCIES DINER. BOOTH - DAY

Micah lounges in one of the booths.

Glancing back and forth between his phone and the clock.

He's been waiting her for quite a while.

The WAITER(28) big glasses and a rainbow shirt. Approaches him for the third time.

WAITER
Can I get you something.

MICAH
Yeah actually--

The doorbell tinkles as a new figure enters the restaurant.

Micah instinctually glances over.

MICAH (CONT'D)
Jesus.

WAITER
He's not for sale here.

MICAH
Sorry.
(whispering)
I'm pretty sure my ex just walked in.

WAITER
The brown haired one?

MICAH
Yea.

WAITER
When did you--

MICAH
Monday.

WAITER
oh jesus.

MICAH
Is he back on the menu.

WAITER
Could be.

MICAH
This is really awkward. Because i'm actually supposed to meeting my other ex.

WAITER
Look at you go.

MICAH
Thank you.

WAITER
Can I do anything.

MICAH
You have a time machine hiding in
the walk-in by chance?

WAITER
I do not.

MICAH
Shit.

WAITER
She's looking this way

Micah sinks into the booth.

WAITER (CONT'D)
Don't make it so obvious.

MICAH
I'm trying.

WAITER
Uh oh.

MICAH
What?

WAITER
She's. Walking.

MICAH
Please god please.

WAITER
I have an idea.

MICAH
That makes one of us.

We see Jessie approaching in the background.

The sound of her footsteps drawing ever closer.

Closer.

MICAH (CONT'D)
Well spit it out.

WAITER

Trust me.

MICAH

Why do those words imbue the exact
opposite feeling.

WAITER

Shhh.

The footsteps keeping.

Coming.

And coming.

Louder and LOUDER.

The waiter leans down grasping Micah by his cheeks.

The waiter aggressively pulls Micah into a kiss.

And it is not pretty.

Leaning over a diner booth.

Micah desperately searches for leverage.

As he's almost pushed over.

The footsteps halt.

The waiter pulls back.

Glancing behind him.

Shrugging.

MICAH

Is she gone.

JESSIE (O.S.)

What is wrong with you?

Micah starts as Jessie's voice appears from behind him.

JESSIE (CONT'D)

Is this some type of sick mind
game.

MICAH

(unsure)

Yes.

JESSIE

I truly do not know what I saw in you.

MICAH

Me neither.

The doorbell tinkles again.

Micah groans.

Skylar stands in the door.

MICAH (CONT'D)

It's not what it looks like.

Jessie looks at the two water glasses arrayed across the table in front of him.

CRACK the slap rings out like a gunshot.

JESSIE

You fucking asshole.

Jessie grabs both glasses of water. And pours them over Micah's head.

INT. LUCIES DINER. BOOTH - DAY

Skylar and an extremely wet Micah sit across from one another in the booth.

SKYLAR

What the fuck was that about?

MICAH

Let's not go there.

SKYLAR

How can I not.

MICAH

Why am I getting accosted at work by Harvey Keitel's step cousin.

Skylar pauses unsure if she wants to go there.

SKYLAR

It's complicated.

MICAH

I'm not an idiot.

SKYLAR

I know. Look. He pitched me as this singer songwriter. Writes all her own music.

MICAH

And? Everyone has writers.

SKYLAR

It's in my contract.

MICAH

So, change the contract.

SKYLAR

I can't. I'm sorry I thought you we're cool about this. I've been posting about it for months.

MICAH

What and you expected me reach out or something?

SKYLAR

Yea kind of.

MICAH

Why the hell would I want to follow any of your shit after what you did to me?

SKYLAR

Maybe it's stupid.

MICAH

No you know i'm the idiot I should have seen this coming.

SKYLAR

I can pay you.

MICAH

it's not about the money.

SKYLAR

Everything is about the money.

MICAH

No it isn't.

SKYLAR

Give me a number

MICAH
No.

SKYLAR
4000.

MICAH
I don't want your money.

SKYLAR
You do, I've seen where you live.

MICAH
Do you know how many rejections
i've gotten over the last 2 years?

She's silent.

MICAH (CONT'D)
You know I actually stopped
counting. Stopped calling stopped
fucking believing. All because
nobody seemed to believe I was good
enough.

SKYLAR
Micah--

MICAH
Here you are touring the world
supporting people we used to listen
to in my dads Saturn, on a sunday
afternoon and here I am still
working at a shitty brunch place 5
years later. Nobody will even take
my fucking demos anymore because
i've fucking sent them to everyone
already, and here I thought I was
just a hopeless, talentless, hack
struggling uphill against the
realities of just not being quite
good enough.
(beat)
Until I discover-

SKYLAR
But--

MICAH
No you don't get to take this
moment too. Just give me what i'm
asking for.

She won't meet his eyes.

MICAH (CONT'D)

Please.

Silence.

SKYLAR

I'm sorry.

Skylar slides out of the booth without another word.

INT. SARA'S APARTMENT - NIGHT

A cozy one bedroom.

Walls covered with girlboss icons.

Pinterest core decor.

Sara sits legs curled under her on the couch.

In the background her roommate KELLY(29) close cropped short hair a paint stained gilden tee and a strangest combination of smoked too much weed at a young age and loving parents.

SARA

Wow.

MICAH

I know.

SARA

I mean wow.

MICAH

Thanks. Really helping me feel better here.

SARA

I mean.

Micah slides down onto the floor back against the couch.

KELLY

Do we have any mayo?

SARA

No.

MICAH

I expected it to go badly but I mean.

KELLY
Found it.

SARA
Only you, this could only happen to
you, seriously.

KELLY
It's pretty out of date.

SARA
Exactly.

KELLY
It smells okay.

Sara scrubs her eyes exasperated.

SARA
You're walking this time.

Micah's eye brows raise.

SARA (CONT'D)
(whispered)
6 hours in the ER for a cob salad.
Botulism.

MICAH
(whispered)
Wouldn't that kill you.

SARA
I wish.

Kelly steps into the room.

KELLY
Ladies I bring refreshments.

MICAH
I'm okay thanks.

KELLY
Oh come-on its good.

SARA
Uh huh.

KELLY
Well don't leave me swinging in the
breeze fill me in.

SARA

Micah's ex girlfriend stole one of his songs without his knowledge. It got 2 million views or something apparently and now she is rich famous and no longer his girlfriend. So it's all gotten pretty tough to swallow. I'm getting the gist of this right?

MICAH

All the important bits.

SARA

So he tried to confront her about it and she tried to pay him off and when he wouldn't agree she sent her manager after him.

KELLY

Brutal.

MICAH

Well you've got the order a little topsy turvy but-

SARA

Smeep shmop.

KELLY

Have I heard it?

SARA

What?

KELLY

The song?

SARA

How would I know?

KELLY

I dunno?

SARA

What's the name.

MICAH

Bedlam.

KELLY

Sounds sad.

SARA

It is.

KELLY

I don't really do sad stuff.

SARA

So you say.

KELLY

Reminds me of my grandma. She died
you know.

SARA

People do that.

KELLY

Very unexpected.

SARA

How old was she again?

KELLY

103.

SARA

Uh huh.

KELLY

So what are you going to do now?

They both turn to Micah.

Who seems to sink into himself.

MICAH

I have no idea.

EXT. SEA WALL. - NIGHT

Micah walks towards the bench in the distance he spots a
figure. Already sitting. It's Kara.

She looks up as he sits down in silence.

MICAH

That bad.

She snorts.

KARA

How did you know?

MICAH
It's in the air methinks.

KARA
Poetic isn't it.

MICAH
Yeah.

Silence.

KARA
I've been thinking a lot about my
mom.

MICAH
My bad.

KARA
No in a good way.

MICAH
You're welcome.

KARA
Your funny, you now for someone who
can't reach the top shelf.

Micah rolls his eyes.

MICAH
What would you say to her?

KARA
What my mom?

MICAH
Yeah.

KARA
If she was here.

MICAH
Yeah.

KARA
I dunno. I hate that question.

MICAH
Why?

KARA

It feels so empty. Because she's never going to be there. I'm never going to get to say it to her.

MICAH

That's definitely one way to look at it.

KARA

You got a better way?

MICAH

No. It just helps me to remember him you know like how he was. It keeps my image of him fresh. Pictures aren't the same.

KARA

You think?

MICAH

Yeah.

KARA

But it's not real. It's a fantasy

MICAH

Sometimes we need a little fantasy.

KARA

I guess.

MICAH

I guess we're both right and wrong at the same time.

They laugh.

KARA

This got dark quickly didn't it.

MICAH

You started it.

KARA

Fuck off.

MICAH

God finished it.

KARA

Amen to that.

Kara fiddles with her camera.

MICAH
You still want that picture. i've
been practicing.

Kara snorts.

KARA
Sure

MICAH
This ones free. But next time I
charge the big bucks.

KARA
We'll work on that.

Kara stands bringing the camera up to her eye.

Focusing slowly on Micah's churlish grin.

KARA (CONT'D)
You do really have a nice smile I
swear.

MICAH
We both know that isn't true.

KARA
See there it is.

MICAH
What do you mean.

KARA
Stop doing that.

MICAH
What do you mean.

KARA
That thing.

MICAH
What moving my face.

KARA
No idiot. You do this weird fake
smile thing. A smile shouldn't be a
forced thing. It's natural it
blooms.

MICAH

Are you really telling me I don't know how to smile.

KARA

Yes.

MICAH

Womansplaining smiling thats crazy.

KARA

Oh please if i'm overstepping my bounds feel free to continue with that which came before.

MICAH

Now hold on a minute.

KARA

I see you.

MICAH

That makes one of us.

Silence.

KARA

How do you deal with the questions?

MICAH

What does that mean?

KARA

I can't do it. When people ask.

MICAH

I'm not exactly a good reference for this.

KARA

I dunno you seem to have it figured out better than I have.

MICAH

Oh don't be deceived I most certainly don't have this figured out.

KARA

I mean at least you don't burst into a tears.

MICAH

Yeah but at the expense of having basic human emotions.

KARA

I wish I could do that.

MICAH

You don't. It doesn't do you any good being like me.

KARA

I mean--

MICAH

I wish I was like you. I wish I could cry. But I just can't.

KARA

I guess.

MICAH

Trust me.

KARA

I'll take your word for it.

(beat)

Why are you here?

MICAH

Do you want the short story or the long one?

KARA

I have time.

MICAH

My relationship just ended, I can't do what I love anymore, my family is gone, my friends don't understand and my ex stole the one thing that i've ever made that represents anything.

KARA

Was that the short or the long one.

MICAH

Little bit of both.

KARA

Fancy.

MICAH

Thanks.

KARA

My girlfriend left me for a model.
My landlord keeps trying to hit on
me. My dad keeps trying to be
supportive but I don't know how
accept help from people. My...
roommate keeps self harming and I
don't know how to help her.

(Kara rubs her left arm)

I'm feeling like i've wasted the
last 3 years of my life on a major
I don't really truly believe in.
And Matty Healy is like a 5 on a
good day.

MICAH

Look at us. Thriving.

KARA

Exactly.

MICAH

What type of model?

KARA

Like it matters.

MICAH

Ooooooof. Praying for you homie.

KARA

She does magazines model.

MICAH

Oh, well than your safe who fucking
looks at magazines anymore anyway.

KARA

Literally people.

MICAH

...Do you want her back?

KARA

No.

MICAH

Okay well--

KARA

Yes.

MICAH

Ah.

KARA

Maybe.

MICAH

Way to give a straight answer.

KARA

It's complicated.

MICAH

Is she the love of your life.

KARA

I don't really believe in all that. Love isn't as simple as one person one time one moment. You know?

MICAH

I guess. Maybe i've spent too much of my life listening to songs and watching movies.

KARA

We hear so much about love- from our parents- our media- our feed- our friends. But I like the more I think I know about it the less I feel I know.

MICAH

All my friends predominantly believe I don't understand love so i'm not exactly a brimming well of information.

KARA

Oh good.

MICAH

Does it have to mean anything?

KARA

No but like I want it too. For my own mental health.

MICAH

I mean love is kind of what you make it right?

KARA

Well whatever i'm making needs work.

MICAH

Or maybe this is all part of the grand calculus of the universe. You know. Like can you really find anything truly meaningful without getting a bit lost.

KARA

I never would have pegged you for a romantic.

MICAH

Neither would I for what its worth.

KARA

It's an interesting combination emotionally unavailable romantic.

MICAH

Cornered the market actually.

KARA

You can't tough you can't see it you can't know it until you feel like- it's How does anyone even know when the love plague as struck them down- not some random passing virulent disease.

MICAH

I don't know if it's even that complicated. In a weird way it's kind of simple- like art- you kind of know when you see it.

KARA

Whoever designed that's a fucking idiot.

MICAH

Amen to that.

KARA

Like couldn't we just all just be born with like matching birthmarks or something like seriously. it's a wonder the human race has lasted this long.

MICAH

I guess but like. Maybe thats why we've lasted so long. If it wasn't hard would it even be worth it. Like nobody cheers when I climb the local hill but if I get to the top of Everest that means something.

KARA

I guess.

MICAH

It's not like a movie or anything. There's no big arrow over peoples head. There isn't even an absolute certainty that you'll find it. There's a faint dwindling hope, a flame that no matter how hard its battered by the cruel winds of fate preservers.

Silence.

KARA

I think about her a lot.

MICAH

Do you miss her?

KARA

Yea.

MICAH

Or do you miss the idea of her.

KARA

No I mess her stupid laugh her stupid 90 day fiance - the way afternoon sun hit her face - dancing to Britney - the way my cheeks hurt after a conversation.

MICAH

Well then maybe that's your answer.

KARA

Maybe.

MICAH

It's not really a maybe business dawg.

KARA

Is this the part where you tell me to go get the girl?

MICAH

Fuck no. That shit never works.

KARA

What do I do than?

MICAH

Think about whether you'll look back on this moment with regret or satisfaction.

KARA

Is that what your gonna do?

MICAH

Absolutely not. I'm gonna drink my sorrows away and mope.

KARA

Hows that going.

MICAH

Well my moment of quiet self reflection was cut short by someone sitting on my favourite bench.

KARA

Oh sorry.

MICAH

It's okay, I've known what needed to happen for awhile.

KARA

And what is that.

MICAH

I have to go beg on my knees for her to take me back and get back to working my shitty job because sometimes dreams aren't enough. And rent needs to be paid.

KARA

I don't know you. But maybe you need to take some of your own advice dude.

MICAH

Yeah maybe.

KARA
 Hey well you certainly can't be
 doing worse than right now.

MICAH
 Thanks for your support

Silence.

KARA
 Thanks for this. I didn't know I
 needed this.

MICAH
 Your welcome
 (beat)
 What are you gonna do?

KARA
 I'm gonna go see a girl about a
 girl.

MICAH
 Good luck

KARA
 I didn't catch your name.

MICAH
 you never actually asked.

KARA
 That's neither here nor there.

She offers her hand.

KARA (CONT'D)
 Kara.

MICAH
 Micah.

KARA
 Well i'll see you around I guess.

MICAH
 See you around Kara.

Kara bounds off into the distance.

Micah levers himself to his feet heading home.

EXT. 216TH ST. HOWE ST. - NIGHT

Micah hoofs it up the stairs.

Shrouded in darkness.

Passing by the lit glow of living rooms and the flickering of tv screens.

Stomping up the stairs to his apartment.

With little to show for his efforts but heart break and sadness.

INT. 216TH ST. HOWE ST. MICAH'S APARTMENT. KITCHEN - NIGHT

Micah sips from a glass of water staring out the apartments lone tiny window.

The shadows of a city slumbering playing across his face.

INT. 216TH ST. HOWE ST. MICAH'S APARTMENT. BEDROOM - DAY

Micah slides down to the floor.

Back against the front of his aging bedframe.

He eyes the pictures on the wall.

Jessie and him at halloween.

Dressed like minions with prison tattoos.

Next to that photo.

A lone 8 by 10.

Of a man with thinning grey hair and chipped coffee mug in hand.

It's labeled

Dad (2007)

Micah stares at the image for a long moment.

Rubbing his face in belated anguish.

Micah kicks off the bedframe.

Splaying his legs out on the floor.

Staring up at the glow in the dark stars pasted to the ceiling.

Out of the corner of his eye he spots it.

His lonesome guitar.

Micah considers it for a moment before rolling over and grabbing it.

He strums experimentally.

Finding a groove.

The lyrics begin to come to him.

Can't figure these out yet.

The vibe of the song

Is like life fucking sucks but it's all we got.

INT. THE IDEAL CAFE - DAY

Halfway between hipster coffee bar and oldschool diner.

The ideal somehow caters to both audiences.

Serving a full selection of kombucha whilst simultaneously always smelling like Axe body spray.

The decor old movie posters and records literally nailed to every visible wall.

Tally and Sara sit isolated in one of the back booths.

Sipping coffee out of white mugs.

An array of sugars sit splayed out in front of him like some sort of stevia emperor.

Micah enters waving cheerfully to one of the waiters.

Clearly this isn't a new haunt.

Micah slides into the booth beside them.

MICAH

Morning.

SARA
What's this.

MICAH
Whats what.

TALLY
(motioning to Micah)
This.

MICAH
This is me.

TALLY
Are you high?

SARA
No he gets really depressed when he
smokes. He's Drunk.

TALLY
Smell his breath.

MICAH
Guys guys. Relax.

TALLY
Why.

SARA
Should I be worried I feel like I
should be worried.

MICAH
I finally wrote something, isn't
that fucking amazing.

SARA
Oh thank god. I thought she was
pregnant or something.

MICAH
Jesus christ don't manifest that.

TALLY
I don't buy this.

MICAH
Tally I haven't been able to do
anything for like a year i'm
fucking free.

TALLY
You only get this happy when--

SARA
What's her name.

MICAH
Guys come-on i'm not that
predictable.

SARA
Wrong you are exactly this
predictable. He has the glow.

TALLY
Here we go again. Spill already you
bitch.

MICAH
No she's just a friend. It's not
like that.

TALLY
Dude "not like that?" What's
happened to him?

SARA
I think he might be serious ill.

MICAH
Look, I think you guys we're right,
I really didn't know what I was
talking about.

SARA
What we're we talking about.

MICAH
You know, the love thing. You we're
right.

SARA
Well that's no surprise.

MICAH
You know I think, for the longest
time i've been chasing this idea of
love, this manufactured glossy
framed idea, this collection of all
the movies i've watched and all the
songs i've listened to. And maybe
finally I realized that maybe it's
not the master key to my life.

Tally and Sara look at each other stunned.

SARA

Tally somethings kidnapped our friend. This can't be real.

TALLY

We need to get Anderson Cooper on the phone now. The eagle has landed.

MICAH

Guys relax.

SARA

What led you to this moment of sudden enlightenment?

MICAH

I think we just talked it out.

SARA

Who is we?

MICAH

Me and Kara. I met her on a bench. It's actually funny She wanted to take my picture.

TALLY

Is she on tiktok?

MICAH

No.

TALLY

Are you sure?

SARA

Maybe she's one of those photographers who flirt with people--

MICAH

Even if she was i'm how do I put this- not her target audience.

SARA

How can you be sure.

MICAH

Because we talked quite explicitly about it.

TALLY

How exact.

MICAH

She was going through a break up thing- her girlfriend cheated on her with a model-

SARA

I'm looking her up. Whats her name?

MICAH

Please don't, she's really nice, I don't want you to bother her.

SARA

We make an exception what if she's just using you for content.

MICAH

Unless she's got a camera implanted into her cornea i'm pretty confident she isn't using me for content.

SARA

Sure-- name.

MICAH

No.

SARA

Name or I call your mom.

MICAH

You wouldn't.

TALLY

She will.

MICAH

That is fucking evil.

SARA

Try me.

Sara flips her phone around showing Micah's mothers contact page.

Tapping the call button.

It rings.

MICAH

You crazy--

It rings.

It rings

Someone picks up.

SARA

Hello?

MICAH

Fine fine I give up.

SARA

Name now.

MICAH

Hang up and i'll say it I swear.

SARA

Oh sorry Sumi wrong number.

Sara hangs up.

MICAH

Kara something.

SARA

Full name.

MICAH

that's actually all I know.

TALLY

There are a million Kara's in this city.

MICAH

Well you got what you wanted.

SARA

I can't find her.

MICAH

Lets take that as a sign, possibly even from god.

TALLY

Oh fuck.

SARA

Dude.

TALLY

You better not have just fallen in love with a lesbian.

MICAH

Firstly I haven't fallen in love with anyone- I'm allowed to just meet cool people. Thirdly she's gay dawg like i'm that much of a glutton for punishment.

SARA

What was she wearing?

MICAH

Jeans a t-shirt and a black and red plaid.

SARA

Disaster.

TALLY

PLAIDD.

SARA

DUDE

TALLY

Film photographer.

SARA

She is G A Y.

TALLY

HOMOSEXUAL.

MICAH

Thank you i'm aware.

SARA

You don't seem aware.

MICAH

I'm so aware.

TALLY

I can't. Look at him he's smitten.

MICAH

I am not.

TALLY

You are I can see in the stupid twinkle in your eyes.

MICAH

Tally relax.

SARA

How many times do we have to do
this. Stay in your lane straight
women love you.

MICAH

How many times do I have to say it
I AM NOT In love with this girl I
met for 15 minutes on a park bench.

EXT. CITY STREETS - DAY

Micah squeezes between a group of college kids milling after
class.

Spinning away from a couple mid embrace.

Jogging up some stairs.

All to the beat of the music.

It's dangerously close to the start of a musical.

As he clicks his heels.

And vaults a steel bannister.

You know that giddy feeling when you meet someone for the
first time and its like the whole world is open before you
like the fantasyland of opportunity every new meetings
brings. Also when you know it's probably doomed but you still
have the feeling despite how hard you try to turn it off.

That someonehow songified.

BRIING BRIIING BRIIIING

The ringing of his phone brings Micah's fantasy crashing down
around him.

MICAH

Hello?

KEVIN

Listen kid i hope you've come to
your senses and considered this
offer for what it is. A blessing in
disguise.

MICAH

I mean it's such an incredibly opportunity how could I turn it down.

KEVIN

Exactly. Well I can meet you anywhere we just need to sign a few things and make the whole thing official.

MICAH

Sure meet me somewhere between go fuck yourself avenue and suck me dry station.

Click Micah hangs up.

The phone rings again but Micah ignores it.

EXT. SEA WALL. - NIGHT

Micah sits on the same bench from before.

Trying to not look like he's looking for Kara but doing a really shit job of it.

The sun begins to set as he sits there alone.

Wondering if she's even going to show up.

He doesn't even know why the idea that her not showing up should even affect him considering well the fact that Sara and Tally are definitely right she's definitely gay.

he thinks about just leaving but in some ways that's worse because that admits that he really is that shallow that'd he'd walk away from meeting her just because she wouldn't be attracted to him.

That would no matter how you slice it be a pretty fucking sad move.

KARA

Fancy seeing you here.

Micahs face lights up at her voice.

MICAH

Sorry who are you again?

KARA

I uh run a small business printing bookmarks out of my backyard. I like to think of myself as an entrepreneur but like not in a soulless way.

MICAH

Isn't that something, bookmarks in the kindle age.

KARA

Its an untapped market dude.

Micah snorts.

MICAH

How are you?

KARA

Better.

MICAH

Congrats.

KARA

I'm cured.

MICAH

Of all your ailments.

KARA

Yessir one swig of that snake oil you gave me and all my problems just floated away.

MICAH

The wonders of modern medicine.

KARA

How about you?

MICAH

Could be better.

KARA

Omnious.

MICAH

I'm currently getting harassed by my exes manager he's asking me to sign over the rights for a song I wrote- Which she preformed on her socials after we broke up - which apparently went viral- viral enough she started touring- doing all things we spent years trying to do together- minus me.

KARA

You sure know how to pick-em

MICAH

Thanks.

KARA

Well whats the problem.

MICAH

I mean do I fight it?

KARA

Do you want to fight it?

MICAH

I mean kind of It's shitty right stealing something like this from someone.

KARA

I've had my fair share of shitty exes but man intellectual property theft definitely tops my list.

MICAH

I really do know how to pick em.

KARA

I mean you should fight it right.

MICAH

Yea probably.

KARA

You're not sure.

MICAH

I just don't know if it's worth it.

KARA

You shouldn't just let people push you around.

MICAH

It's not even her, it's just the shitty fucking manager. Guys a piece of work. But he's also connected, like i'm already an industry pariah can I even afford to make enemies when I don't have friends.

KARA

No fuck that. Fuck him and fuck her.

MICAH

I just don't know if even give enough a shit to burn it down anymore.

KARA

This is about more than you- you have to stand up- you can't just sit there and watch people take and take and take. Because it doesn't stop with you. You can't let fear indifference rule your life.

MICAH

(big sigh)
I guess.

KARA

Look if you don't do it for you. Do it for the kid who doesn't have the opportunity you have- you don't have anything to lose-

Micah's phone rings.

Micah pulls it out to silence it.

KARA (CONT'D)

No take it. I can wait.

MICAH

Are you sure?

KARA

Yes i've actually never been more sure.

Micah shakes his head - steeling himself.

MICAH
Hello?

SKYLAR
(filtered)
Hello?

MICAH
What do you want?

SKYLAR
(filtered)
I'm just calling again to ask you
to please just sign the papers. I
know it's a lot to ask but i really
honestly don't know what to do if
you don't. So like please I don't
want to have to beg you for this
but I Will.

Kara's eyes widen.

KARA
(mouthing)
Is that her right now?

Micah nods.

KARA (CONT'D)
Could I take that for a second

Micah shrugs before offering her the phone.

KARA (CONT'D)
Hey
(motioning micah to fill
in her name)
Skylar. So i'm actually calling on
behalf of my client.
(Kara pauses listening)
Hmm that's interesting, we're
actually in kind of a rush right
now, he has to be at a show for 6.
(beat)
Hmm. Yeah unfortunately it's sold
out. Quick question- whats your
address?
(beat)
Why?
(beat)
(MORE)

KARA (CONT'D)
Well it will make it easier to
serve you the lawsuit.

The line goes deathly silent.

Before clicking dead.

KARA (CONT'D)
Well thats dealt with that.

MICAH
Thanks... I guess.

KARA
Anytime. I owed you one.

MICAH
Why?

KARA
Well your advice paid off.

MICAH
(trying to sound excited)
You got the girl congrats dude.

KARA
Yep and I honestly couldn't be
happier.

Micah looks away.

MICAH
Good for you dude.

KARA
Thanks.

MICAH
You know, I think I'm actually
gonna head home it's been a
marathon of day.

KARA
Hey well I can't thank you enough.
I needed whatever it was you we're
selling.

MICAH
Glad someone got something other
than a headache from my words.

KARA

Don't sell yourself short. I don't know you. Not really. But from what I know of you. I think you're actually a pretty above average guy. You know for someone of diminutive stature.

MICAH

Fuck off.

KARA

Haha.

MICAH

I booked a show for tomorrow.

KARA

Really now? I thought you were still stuck being a singer songwriter who couldn't do either.

MICAH

Look at us. You got the girl I got the mojo back.

KARA

Let's just call it even than.

MICAH

I dunno, I mean clearly my advice was fire and yours well i'm still single sooooo.

KARA

Haha. Well if you keep wearing that shirt that may be a permanent.

Micah looks down at his favourite torn Bob Dylan tee.

MICAH

I love this shirt.

KARA

Exactly.

MICAH

What does that mean--

KARA

Nothing.

MICAH

Evil.

KARA

I try.

MICAH

Okay for real this time--

They fall into silence.

KARA

You know I've kind of been dreading
this part.

MICAH

Sorry?

KARA

I just really appreciate this.

MICAH

Me too.

Micah so taken off guard by Kara's words that he stutters.

He hangs there for a moment mouth opening and closing.

But nothing quite computes.

KARA

I guess i'll see you around then.

Their eyes meet for a moment - and than she's gone.

Micah stands slowly.

Still processing.

His legs moving himself away like some badly dressed
automaton.

INT. ROGUE BAR AND GRILL. FRONT ENTRANCE - NIGHT

Micah sneaks into the crowded restaurant.

Eyes locking onto the visible party tucked away into the
corner.

INT. ROGUE BAR AND GRILL. BOOTH - NIGHT

Sara, Tally, Kelly and CLARKE(26) Sara's extremely bizarre
blonde boyfriend. Just a trip of a human.

MICAH
Hello hello.

SARA
Look who it is.

CLARKE
Hey man.

TALLY
Heyyy.

MICAH
(to sara)
I bid you, a good day of birth.

SARA
What does that even mean?

MICAH
Truly whatever you want it too.

TALLY
Settle down there lover boy.

MICAH
Gimme a break.

SARA
Micah here has fallen head over
heels in love with a pillar of the
gay community.

CLARKE
I'm happy for you man. Living your
true self. We support you.

SARA
No babe no. He's still straight.

MICAH
I am?

CLARKE
He is?

TALLY
We are?

SARA
No, he, one of the straights has
become down horrendous with--

CLARKE

Oh oh I get it. That's tough man.

MICAH

She's exaggerating.

KELLY

Do I know her?

MICAH

I mean it's possible.

KELLY

Whats her name?

MICAH

Kara.

KELLY

Is she a lesbian?

MICAH

As far as I know.

KELLY

Don't know her.

MICAH

Well there you go.

SARA

How did it go? Did she break your heart.

MICAH

Not exactly. She got the girl. I'm honestly proud of her.

KELLY

Have you considered that she might not be gay?

TALLY

Why would we consider that--

KELLY

Cus like if she was I'd probably know her.

SARA

You don't know every single lesbian on earth Kelly.

Kelly shrugs like it's a silly question.

KELLY
You know Sofia Vergara?

TALLY
Not personally.

KELLY
Well I heard from a source that
she.. You know.

SARA
She what? She--

KELLY
Yes.

CLARKE
Who was the source.

KELLY
Well I can't tell you.

CLARKE
Why?

KELLY
Well then they wouldn't be a source
anymore would they.

SARA
Are you really trying to suggest
that Sofia Vergara is some sort of
closeted lesbian.

KELLY
No but I did hear something.

SARA
Kelly i'm struggling with this.

TALLY
Well I mean it's possible.

KELLY
Not impossible.

SARA
That is hardly a good metric for
science.

KELLY
Who said anything about science.

SARA
Never mind.

TALLY
(to micah)
Whats gotten into you-- your
unusually quiet.

SARA
Oh honey i'm sorry that this keeps
happening to you--

CLARKE
Stay strong man love is right
around the corner.

MICAH
You know it's the strangest thing.
The last thing she said to me.

TALLY
Spit it out already.

MICAH
She said something. Something that
just didn't really make any sense.

CLARKE
Was it.. like. Racist???

MICAH
What nooo. What does that have to
do with anything.

SARA
Babe no.

CLARKE
Racism doesn't make sense man.

Tally eyes Sara.

KELLY
He's right.

SARA
What does racism have to do with
any of this.

KELLY
Well he mentioned it.

SARA
Moving on.

TALLY
What did she say?

MICAH
We we're like about to say goodbye
and she kind of like paused and
looked at me- and than she was like
"i've been dreading this part."

SARA
Oh.

TALLY
Wow.

MICAH
It was probably nothing but like
still I was like what does that
even mean?

SARA
Weird.

TALLY
That's bizarre

MICAH
Anyways.

CLARKE
Look man true love finds a way.

MICAH
Sure man.

SARA
That's so cryptic.

KELLY
Maybe she's a secret agent?

Micah laughs.

MICAH
Oh fuck off. It's just a dumb
misunderstanding.

SARA
Uh huh.

MICAH
Anyways enough about my crazy life-
I got you something.

Micah produces a tiny DVD shaped gift it's very poorly wrapped. Sara tears into it - revealing a pristine Twilight box set

SARA

Oh my god. I love it.

SERIES OF SHOTS

-The gang celebrate Sara's birthday

-Clarke give an awkward looking toast Kelly stands clapping way to hard.

-Tally swipes a tear from his eyes and offers Sara a big hug.

-They toast to each others health.

EXT. ROGUE BAR AND GRILL - NIGHT

Micah stand in front of Sara. In the background the rest of the gang chat.

SARA

You sure you don't want to come?

MICAH

I'll make it up to you I promise.
I'm just beat.

SARA

Its okay. I'm just glad you figured things out.

MICAH

Me too.

SARA

Aw you big softy.

Micah pulls Sara into a big hug.

MICAH

I don't know what i'd do without you dude. Thanks for everything.

Sara squeezes Micah tight.

SARA

I know it may not always seem like it but we've always got your back dude. You say the word will take the 100 pound she devil down.

MICAH

I shudder for her. I wouldn't wish
such a fate on my worst enemy.

SARA

I'm the only one whose allowed to
shit on you. It's my sworn duty.

MICAH

not an elected position is it.

SARA

Absolutely not.

MICAH

i'm gonna get it back.

SARA

Yes you fucking are.

They both laugh. As they part Micah waves to the rest of the
gang.

MICAH

See you guys later.

EXT. CITY STREETS - NIGHT

Micah strolls down avenue after avenue.

Eyes downturned.

Cars speed past in the distance.

The Flashing of headlights splashing neon across his face.

EXT. CITY STREETS. TRAFFIC LIGHT - NIGHT

Micah waits for the light to swap to a favourable colour.

A distant figure appears out of the darkness.

Stumbling largely ineffectually towards one can only imagine
home.

He or she clearly isn't in a good way.

Micah observes them for a moment.

The figure trips falling face first onto concrete.

MICAH

Jesus.

As the figure writhes in pain.

There's a brief flash of pink curls.

Micah stares closer this time.

Suddenly suspicious.

The figure stumbles to it's. No her feet. He can make that much out.

Taking one wobbling step before collapsing back into a heap.

Micah jogs across the road.

The figure rolls onto her back.

It's Skylar.

MICAH (CONT'D)

Sky?

SKYLAR

Whaaaaa.

She's at that stage of drunk where words have lost all meaning.

Micah offers her a hand she misses it a few time before clasping his hand in hers.

Micah tries to pull her up slowly but she's practically dead weight.

MICAH

What's up dude?

SKYLAR

Weeeeeeeeeee.

MICAH

Jesus.

SKYLAR

Miiiiiiiiicahhhh.

MICAH

Come-on we dude we gotta get you home.

SKYLAR

Homeeee.

Micah tries again to pull her up.

Slowly but surely she inches her way upwards.

BLARGGGGGGGHH.

And promptly vomits up most of a plate of chicken strips onto his chest.

SKYLAR (CONT'D)

Aghh.

Micah sighs.

Brushing himself off slightly.

MICAH

(looking up to the sky)
I hope you're getting your kicks
out of this. You twisted fuck.

SKYLAR

Who are youuu talking too.

MICAH

Nobody important. Let's get you
home bug.

He picks her up cradling Skylar to his vomit soaked chest heading off into the night.

EXT. 13TH AND 41ST(SKYLAR'S APARTMENT) - NIGHT

Micah gently sets Skylar feat down to terra firma.

The front of her building is darkened, one of the lights out.

Only the ambience from the street light.

MICAH

Keys.

SKYLAR

Somewhere.

MICAH

That hardly narrows it down.

SKYLAR

Keyss.

MICAH
You better have your fucking keys
dude.

SKYLAR
Wheeeeeee.

MICAH
Where are your keys.

SKYLAR
Purse.

MICAH
And where is that.

Skylar just points back in the direction they came.

MICAH (CONT'D)
Come-fucking-on dude
(beat)
Do you have your phone?

Skylar shakes her head.

MICAH (CONT'D)
Do you have a phone number I can
call.

Skylar shakes her head.

SKYLAR
Nobody loves me.

MICAH
Join the club.

SKYLAR
Sometimes I just want to die.

MICAH
Don't do that.

SKYLAR
The whole world hates me.

MICAH
(under his breath)
Nope only me.

SKYLAR
Leave me.

MICAH

Yeah even i'm not that much of an asshole.

SKYLAR

I go sleepy time.

MICAH

At what point is this considered fucking kidnapping.

(beat)

Ah jesus.

Micah picks her up again.

MICAH (CONT'D)

I can't fucking believe i'm doing this.

EXT. 216TH ST. HOWE ST. - NIGHT

Micah kicks open the front door Skylar cradled in his arms.

He carries her gently into the bedroom placing her carefully down onto the faded comforter.

MICAH

Please don't vomit on my sheets.

SKYLAR

Agh.

Micah sighs.

Flicking off the light.

INT. 216TH ST. HOWE ST. MICAH'S APARTMENT. KITCHEN - NIGHT

Micah kicks off his shoes.

Pours himself a glass of water.

Tossing his jacket down onto the floor.

Before curling up on the weather beaten couch.

Closing his eyes.

INT. 216TH ST. HOWE ST. MICAH'S APARTMENT. KITCHEN - DAY

Light streams in through the tiny kitchen window.

Bathing the room in gold.

Micah's eyes slowly open.

Settling on popcorn ceiling.

There's a sound in the background it's not obvious at first but as he wakes up it becomes more and more clear.

It's the sound of someone crying.

Micah rolls off the couch momentarily confused before last night refreshes in his brain.

INT. 216TH ST. HOWE ST. MICAH'S APARTMENT. BEDROOM - DAY

Micah knocks on the bedroom door.

MICAH
Can I come in?

Silence greets him.

MICAH (CONT'D)
I'll take that as a no.

Silence.

SKYLAR
Where am I?

MICAH
My apartment. You didn't have your
keys. Or phone so it was either
this or the street.

SKYLAR
Thanks.

MICAH
No problem.

INT. 216TH ST. HOWE ST. MICAH'S APARTMENT. KITCHEN - DAY

Micah clicks on the kettle.

Pouring coffee grains into a best dad of 2007 mug.

The bedroom door swings open behind him.

Micah doesn't acknowledge it.

MICAH
Coffee?

SKYLAR
I'm okay.

Silence.

MICAH
Toast?

Silence.

SKYLAR
Why did you do it?

MICAH
what?

SKYLAR
This.

MICAH
Even i'm not that much of an
asshole.

SKYLAR
After all that i've done to you.

MICAH
I don't think my dad would have
been particularly proud of me if
i'd just left you in the lurch.

SKYLAR
Thanks I guess.

MICAH
Don't mention it.

SKYLAR
I can--

MICAH
I don't want your money. Really.

SKYLAR
Okay.

MICAH
Are you sure you don't want any
toast.

SKYLAR

I don't do gluten anymore.

MICAH

Really? Good for you.

SKYLAR

Why are you being so cool.

MICAH

I'm really not. I'm counting the minutes until you leave.

SKYLAR

I'm really sorry for how everything turned out.

MICAH

it's fine.

SKYLAR

It's really not.

MICAH

No it is.

SKYLAR

I mean look what I did.

MICAH

Honestly dude lets leave all that shit in the past.

(beat)

I got bent out of shape about this for all the wrong reasons. I've realized that honestly i've been going through a bit of a rough patch lately and I took a lot of my own personnel anxieties out on that song and by extension you.

(beat)

It was never really mine if i'm honest. It was always meant for you. Its just funny how that thing represents probably the only success i've ever seen and the fact that it wasn't even from me.

(beat)

Really just rubbed me the wrong way.

SKYLAR

Uh.

MICAH

Your an extremely gifted musician
Sky you don't need any help making
great shit. Stop getting so in your
own head about it.

Skylar smiles.

Skylar steps past Micah heading for the door. She turns.
Approaching him slowly until they stand nose to nose. Skylar
pulls him into a hug. Micah obliges.

MICAH (CONT'D)

Please for the love of god though
fire that fucking guy he will bring
you nothing but misery.

SKYLAR

I'll think about it.

Skylar heads for the door, hands swiping at her eyes.

INT. PARKSIDE. - NIGHT

Whispered questions, raucous laughter and someone shouting at
the bar tender.

All in all a typical Friday night at the Parkside.

Sara and Tally stand at the bar.

SARA

3 gin and tonics and a water
please.

TALLY

I can't believe he doesn't drink.

SARA

It all started with the
intermittent fasting shit.

TALLY

Sometimes I feel like he could use
it.

SARA

You have no clue.

TALLY

You sure know how to pick em.

INT. PARKSIDE. DANCE FLOOR - NIGHT

Tally and Sara weave their way through the dance floor.

TALLY

Have you heard any of his new stuff?

SARA

Not really he's been keeping it secretive.

TALLY

You think she's going to show?

SARA

Maybe.

INT. PARKSIDE. GREEN ROOM - NIGHT

Tally and Sara duck into the tiny green room.

Micah sits on a chair mechanically tuning his guitar.

Sara passes him a drink.

SARA

For the master.

MICAH

Thanks. Wheres the big guy.

TALLY

We lost him somewhere on the dance floor.

SARA

He really loves Post Malone.

MICAH

You say that like it's a bad thing.

SARA

Everything in moderation dear.

MICAH

True.

SARA

You excited.

MICAH

...Yeah actually.

TALLY
Hey well break a leg.

MICAH
Please don't jinx me.

SARA
Sorry.

MICAH
Thanks.

They embrace.

The Booker guy steps out from the stage side waving a greeting.

BOOKER
You're on kid.

MICAH
Thanks, see y'all on the other-
side.

SARA
Good luck

TALLY
Go eat.

INT. PARKSIDE. STAGE - NIGHT

Micah squints as he's blinded by the spotlights.

He shades his eyes from the light.

Micah's hands shake as he hefts the stool out from off stage.

He sets it down centre stage.

Micah sits down slowly exhaling.

Pulling the mic down to his mouth.

Feedback echoes through the bar.

Micah freezes.

The lights.

The sounds.

The moment.

His heart beats.

His hands sweat.

His feet twitch.

Hes a fraud, a huckster a fucking FAKE.

He doesn't belong up here.

He should quit before it gets too embarrassing.

He freezes.

It's happening again.

The silence stretches out.

Nothing but the sound of Micah's pounding heart fills the air.

Beat.

Beat.

Beat.

Then he sees her.

She's standing 4 rows back.

Faded ghost busters tee, a ripped checkered button up.

Jean shorts, converse.

And that stupid outdated film camera.

She smiles.

Beat

...

Beat.

Micah's heart slows.

He smiles back.

A DRUNK HECKLER(20's) brings us screeching back to reality.

DRUNK HECKLER
Play Wonderwall.

Micah laughs.

MICAH
 Maybe next time.
 (beat)
 This is a song I wrote about trying
 to forget someone.

Micah strums out the first few chords.

It's a slow and haunting melody about the anguish of loving
 someone you know you can't have.

Micah closes his eyes and really belts this one out.

Raw, honest, heartfelt.

MICAH (CONT'D)
 IF I FALL, IF I HAVE TO LET IT GO,
 I'LL FIND YOU IN THE ASHES.

Lyrics in progress.

INT. PARKSIDE. STAGE - NIGHT

Micah strums the last chord it rings out.

The audience breaks out into furious applause.

Tally, Sara, Kelly and Clarke are front and centre.

Micah searches for Kara in the crowd but he's lost sight of
 her.

He offers a bow to the crowd before making his way off stage.

INT. PARKSIDE. GREEN ROOM - NIGHT

Micah can't keep the smile off his face as he ducks into the
 green room.

It's like a huge weight has been lifted off his shoulders
 with the performance.

He tucks his guitar back in the case.

SKYLAR (O.S.)
 Hey.

Micah turns surprised.

MICAH
 What are you doing here?

SKYLAR
I, uh, was in the area.

MICAH
What'd you think?

SKYLAR
It's good, really good.

MICAH
Thanks.

Skyler approaches him.

SKYLAR
I fired him.

MICAH
Finally.

SKYLAR
You were right.

MICAH
Even a broken clock you know.

SKYLAR
I just wanted you to know that from
the bottom of my heart. I'm sorry
about all of it.

MICAH
I deserved most of it, but thanks
anyways.

SKYLAR
You're welcome.

Micah suddenly notices how close she is.

MICAH
What are you doing?

Skyler looks up at him. Eyes wide, hand stretching out for
his cheek.

SKYLAR
You'll always be the one you know.

MICAH
Huh?

SKYLAR
The one that got away.

SARA (O.S.) Hey Micah are you still back there.
 MICAH I mean I wouldn't be if you hadn't--

Skylar pushes forward pulling Micah into a kiss.

The door bangs open.

So caught off guard by the gambit Micah takes a second to pull away.

Sara stands shoulder to shoulder with.. Kara.

Sara is shocked.

Kara's face caught between surprise and disappointment.

SKYLAR
 Hi.

SARA
 Hi.

MICAH
 Uh.
 (beat)
 What are you doing here?

BANG

The door bangs shut behind Kara.

SARA
 What the fuck was that.

MICAH
 She just fucking kissed me.

SARA
 You said you were over her.

MICAH
 I am.

SKYLAR
 I am right here.

SARA
 Will you shut up. What in the fuck is wrong with you.

MICAH
 Lots but this was not a fucking two way agreement.

SARA

It looked pretty two way to me.

MICAH

It was not. Trust me. What the fuck do I do?

Sara examines Micah critically.

SARA

I don't know what's more terrifying that fact that your serious or the idea that you're coming to me for advice.

MICAH

Some combination of the two.

SARA

Go. You fucking idiot. Go fucking forth and try and un fuck this.

INT. PARKSIDE - NIGHT

Micah sprints out of the bar at breakneck speed.

EXT. PARKSIDE - NIGHT

Micah pops out of the bar. Neck on a swivel for Kara but she's nowhere to be found.

Micah spots Tally making out with a HOT TWINK(28) crop top, short shorts.

MICAH

Tally, tally.

TALLY

Busy.

MICAH

Did you see where the girl went?

TALLY

Your going to have to be more specific.

MICAH

Short, black hair, quirky looking.

TALLY

Bitch this is practically a gay bar
you're going to have to be more
specific.

MICAH

Tally i'm begging you just a
direction.

The hot guy points right.

MICAH (CONT'D)

I could kiss you.

That's when we notice the big glasses and the face. It's the
waiter from earlier.

WAITER

Looking for seconds baby..

Micah turns running off.

MICAH

I'm good thanks.

EXT. SIDE STREETS - NIGHT

MICAH CHARGES DOWN THE STREET

Past intersections. Parked cars. Buses. People.

Bars with nothing but hope and a dream.

Micah stops at a red light. Exhausted.

Chest heaving. Legs burning.

He looks around. Forlorn. Realizing that this probably isn't
going to have a fairytale ending.

There's a pregnant silence as Micah turns to head back where
he came.

Back towards the Parkside.

HONK HONK

Out of the darkness a speeding vehicle.

Micah ignores it.

HONK HONK HONK

SARA

Get in you fucking psycho.

Micah looks up to find Sara, Tally, The Waiter, Clarke crammed into a beat up Volvo.

Micah hops into the backseat.

INT./EXT. VOLVO - NIGHT

The car speeds down the street.

MICAH

It's okay guys, it was a beautiful effort.

SARA

Not if I have anything to do with it.

CLARKE

Where am I going babe?

SARA

Right.

MICAH

What are you doing?

SARA

I trusted you. Now trust me.

(beat)

You're not going to believe this. I did a bit of digging. On your little friend.

(beat)

And well. First- she has excellent taste in movies- I mean dog day afternoon- Rashomon-

(beat)

A real aficionado- also great photographer. I'm going to model for her actually, next week.

MICAH

I think i've actually had this nightmare before. Somebody pinch me.

SARA

Oh relax. I know you don't appreciate me sometimes but i'd like to make it clear that sometimes you may be a giant pain in the ass- your kind of my pain in the ass.

TALLY

The collective pain in our asses.

SARA

It sounded like there was more to your little story.

MICAH

Does anyone else smell burnt toast.

SARA

I thought you trusted me.

MICAH

I trust you sometimes.

SARA

Well. That was your first mistake.

(beat)

It turns out we may have been a bit- swift in our sexual orientation determination.

(beat)

She's slightly less gay than we thought.

MICAH

What?

SARA

Yes. I'm just as surprised as you.

TALLY

She found her instagram.

MICAH

That's illegal. Friend rule number 1.

SARA

Rules are made to be broken.

MICAH

Oh my god. What did you do.

SARA

Nothing I swear, I just pretended to be pastor.

MICAH

Oh- my- god.

SARA

I'm kidding obviously. I just told her I was your friend and that you were stupid and social awkward so you wouldn't be able to ask this yourself but you'd really appreciate it if she came to your show.

MICAH

Jesus christ.

SARA

And before we continue can I just say you Micah Ayoagi may just be the least clued in man on planet earth. Like I'm honestly speechless at how you've managed to fumble this bag.

TALLY

Like why didn't you even ask her about the girl?

MICAH

I mean she seemed totally cool, she got the girl.

SARA

Men...

TALLY

I mean seriously.

SARA (CONT'D)

God you really are oblivious.

MICAH

I think my head might actually explode.

SARA

Look I knew you we're pretty fucking bad at taking hints but holy mother of god.

MICAH

What are you talking about.?.

WAITER

Respectfully sir you need to shut
up and let us handle this.

CLARKE

What he said.

MICAH

Guys she's gone.

TALLY

There, right there.

The car screams to a stop.

EXT. BUS STOP - NIGHT

Tally shoves Micah out of the backseat.

Two girls stand in conversation. Next to a forlorn bus stop.

Kelly and Kara.

Micah runs a nervous hand through his hair as he slowly makes
his approach.

Kelly smirks at his arrival.

Offering him a wink before retreating back to the Volvo.

Kara's pensive eyes meet Micah's.

They stand for a moment just staring.

MICAH

I'm sorry about this. I don't
really know what they expect to
happen. If you want to go, you can
go. I just like- i- well- Thanks
for coming- it actually really
helped.

KARA

Look I don't quite know how to say
this-

MICAH

It's okay. I get it.

Kara shakes her head.

KARA
You've really got a strange
collection of friends.

MICAH
That hardly narrows it down.

KARA
The girl.

MICAH
Sara.

KARA
She found me.

MICAH
How?

KARA
Beats me.

MICAH
Yeah she's a bit of a super
stalker.

KARA
I can see that.

MICAH
But like not in a problematic way.

SARA (O.S.)
It's more of a hobby.

Micah turns. Sara rolls the window back up before he can say anything.

MICAH
Uh, um. Well. Some weather we're
having?

KARA
Yep.

MICAH
I'm- I don't know how to say this.

KARA
Well you better figure something
out- we don't have all night.

Micah centres himself. Taking a deep breath.

MICAH

That wasn't what it looked like.

KARA

Look it's none of my business who you kiss.

MICAH

I, uh, no, uh, this is all such a fucking terrible misunderstanding she mistook my attempt at character growth for a rekindling of previous romance.

KARA

She what?

MICAH

Look you don't know me very well. Obviously. I haven't always been the guy who was giving 'great' advice on a bench, you know actually until about that point I was about the last person on earth you should ask for advice. I have a habit of falling hard for the wrong people for the wrong reasons.

(beat)

And I think it took me talking about it - with you to really get to the bottom of the fucked up mystery that makes up my life.

(beat)

So, um. I know you don't know me so it might be kind of hard to believe this- but what you saw it was the culmination of a series of my worst mistakes coming together at just the wrong time.

SARA (O.S.)

It's the truth. I swear he's just an idiot.

Micahs face colours.

TALLY

And a terrible liar.

WAITER

Awful liar.

Kara snorts.

KELLY
 (to: Micah)
 Please stop talking. Your making
 this worse.

MICAH
 Please stop me if this is
 inappropriate.
 (beat)
 But, uh, I really like you.

It's Kara's turn to blush.

KARA
 You didn't tell me you had actual
 talent.

MICAH
 You never asked.

KARA
 Son of a bitch, stole my line.

MICAH
 Great minds.

KARA
 I don't quite know how to say this
 either.

MICAH
 Its okay you can let me down easy.

KARA
 No. That's not what I mean.

MICAH
 Oh.

KARA
 I'm more of a quip person.

MICAH
 Me too.

Silence.

KARA
 I've uh really enjoyed our talks,
 its the first time i've felt like
 anyone understood me, you know for
 who I am, not the fiction I
 masquerade to most people.

(MORE)

KARA (CONT'D)

More than anything I don't want to lose that. Not for anything. You didn't know but I was on my way to probably do something.

(beat)

You know how I said I have a room-mate who was thinking about. You know things. Doing things. Not good things. Well I. I lied kind of. I don't have a room-mate.

(Kara rubs at her sleeves)

MICAH

Oh.

KARA

Yea.

MICAH

Well i'm glad you didn't.

KARA

Me too.

MICAH

Life's funny isn't it.

KARA

I've been struggling to find reasons to stick around. All until. Well. That night. I know this isn't smart, reasonable and maybe a little bit crazy. We barely know each other. But I think we more than most people know that time.. Time isn't a guarantee. I could be gone tomorrow or friday and I don't think i'd be able to forgive myself if I didn't ask. Even if I should probably just accept this for what it is. A good thing. But fuck it i'm a dreamer.

(beat)

MICAH

Ask what?

KARA

Ask. Uh. This is going to sound stupid.

MICAH

No it won't.

KARA

It will.

Micah shakes his head. Pulling Kara into a hug.

They break after a long moment.

KARA (CONT'D)

So i'm saying this not as that girl
who met you on a bench but just a
girl that's standing in front of
you like an idiot, asking you, if
you'll, be my reason?

Silence.

Kara and Micah's eyes meet. The distance shrinking slowly as
the lights begin to dim. Kara's cheek eye's light up as
Micah's shaking hand gently cups her cheek.

MICAH

Can I kiss you?

KARA

You may.

The music swells.

They're lips meet.

KELLY (O.S.)

I told you she was BI.

SARA (O.S.)

Don't ruin the moment.

They break after a long beat. Light sparkling in their eyes,
cheeks red.

MICAH

I hope that answers your question.

KARA

It does.

MICAH

Really rizzed me up didn't you.

They laugh.

The music crescendos.

As they kiss again.

As we

:FADE OUT