

CROSS FALLS

Written by

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FADE IN:

INT. THE UGLY OMELET, MAIN LOBBY - DAY

A hip and rather detached breakfast joint bustles with life.

INT. THE UGLY OMELET, WI-FI LOUNGE - CONTINUOUS

CLOSE ON a sharply dressed and bespectacled man in his mid-thirties, slouching in an armchair. This is KENNY BOWMAN.

He fumbles with a plethora of scribbled notes while simultaneously powering up his laptop in a quiet corner. Numerous empty armchairs surround him.

In the midst of waiting for his laptop to boot up, Kenny glances over at a young attractive GIRL in her mid-twenties. She's buried deep in the pages of her book across the way at a table in the main lobby.

Kenny smiles and quickly returns his attention to his laptop.

INT. THE UGLY OMELET, ENTRANCE - CONTINUOUS

Through the thick curtain of cafe patrons emerges CAM KILEY, mid-twenties, tall, dark and handsome. He's built like a prize fighter. Cam stops dead in his tracks, scanning the busy cafe.

INT. THE UGLY OMELET, WI-FI LOUNGE - CONTINUOUS

Kenny peers up from his laptop, meeting Cam's gaze. He immediately sits up straight, throwing his shoulders back. He smiles wide, waving him over.

Cam approaches Kenny's corner. Kenny rises, extending an inviting hand.

KENNY

Cameron Kiley, right?

CAM

Cam is fine. Pleasure to meet you Mr. Bowman.

KENNY

Pleasure is all mine. But please, call me Kenny.

Cam grins, nodding in accordance.

CAM

Really appreciate this opportunity.

Both of them plop into armchairs, getting situated.

KENNY

So I don't know if Robbie told you, but I had the chance to swing by and catch some of your stand-up at The Improv Asylum last night. You made it look too easy!

CAM

That's very kind of you.

Kenny gathers and neatens his notes.

KENNY

So, why do you wanna get into movies?

CAM

Yah know honestly, the intention was always to get in front of the camera. I've had a love for movies since I was a kid. Actually majored in theater in college. But somewhere along the line, ended up meeting a few guys who took the stand-up thing pretty seriously and got hooked up. Fell in love with it -- the atmosphere, everything. Been graduated for a few years and been doin' as many gigs as possible.

KENNY

A rollin' with the punches kinda guy, eh?

CAM

Hey, Boston's a great place for it. And honestly, stand-up has served as a great platform to meet other aspiring actors. Been makin' alota connections. Can't complain.

KENNY

Great! But, I gotta warn yah because most of these theater kids I run into aren't necessarily aware -- the stage and film are two entirely different demons.

CAM

Oh, I figured Robbie woulda gave you the rundown. I've actually done a few short films, I mean nothin' major like a full-length feature or anything, but I've dabbled with it regardless.

(beat)

The last short I was in actually screened at the Somerville Theater a few months ago.

KENNY

Perfect. Any parts or roles you favor more than others?

CAM

I've only been cast as a supporting or secondary character. But I'm not opposed to trying out for the lead.

(beat)

Actually -- it's something I'm really interested in. Kinda tryin' to break outta my comfort zone, yah know?

KENNY

I'm all for it! Nothing wrong with getting your feet wet with something new.

CAM

Always gotta be looking for new obstacles to conquer. It's what keeps us goin', right?

KENNY

(grins)

Couldn't agree more. So, I presume you got my email and took a look over the scene I sent you?

CAM

Yeah of course.

(points to head)

Have it all up here.

A beat.

CAM (CONT'D)

The main character is a pretty cheap prick, huh?

Kenny chuckles.

KENNY

Yeah, he's not very likeable. I want him to come off as a real douchebag. But inevitably, the script builds up to that point. Starts off as a real nice guy, then kinda slowly teeters over the edge.

CAM

Makes sense. I'm excited to give it a stab!

KENNY

Well, it's your lucky day. You see that attractive brunette over there in the main lobby?

Cam peers over his shoulder. CLOSE ON the same Girl from earlier, still invested in her book. Cam turns back to Kenny.

CAM

Yeah, she's not bad, huh? Noticed her on my way in.

KENNY

Then it shouldn't be too difficult to go over and talk to her.

CAM

(unneasy)  
Wha-whatta yah mean?

KENNY

Go over there and impress me.

CAM

Could we maybe just skip to the audition process?

KENNY

This is your audition.

Cam falls silent, completely taken aback. He stares at Kenny, bemused.

KENNY (CONT'D)

Go over there and impress me. Do what you think the main character in my movie would do.

CAM

You're -- you're actually serious?

KENNY

Listen kid, you said yourself just now that you like new obstacles. Here's a new obstacle -- go conquer it!

Cam looks over his shoulder one last time, surveying the potential disaster. He returns his gaze to Kenny. He takes a deep breath and without further question, rises from the armchair, turns and saunters to the main lobby.

Kenny gathers his things, and trails him.

INT. THE UGLY OMELET, MAIN LOBBY - CONTINUOUS

Kenny finds an empty table, adjacent to the Girl's table. He pulls out his laptop and notes, acting casual.

The Girl doesn't look up once. She's thoughtfully flipping the page of her book as Cam approaches.

CAM

(to the girl)

Oh my god, is that Eat, Pray, Love?

This jolts the Girl to reality. She locks eyes with Cam. He looks confident and ready to move in for the kill.

GIRL

Um, yah. Sure is.

CAM

Great book.

GIRL

(facetious)

One of your favorites I'm guessing?

CAM

Naturally, I prefer novels. But it's probably a close second.

The Girl emits a light laugh.

CAM (CONT'D)

Mind if I join you?

GIRL

Hey, any guy that enjoys Eat, Pray, Love is definitely my cup of tea.

She lifts her hand, gesturing toward the empty chair. Cam smiles, sitting down.

A young and hip teenage waiter, dreadlocks cascading over his shoulders, approaches the table. His name tag says STORM.

STORM

Mornin' guys! Welcome to The Ugly Omelet. I'm Storm. I'll be hookin' you up with whatever you need. Can I kick-start your day with a couple of drinks?

A beat.

CAM

Yeah that'd be great, bro. How bout two iced lattes?

Cam meets the Girl's gaze, seeking consent. She nods and smiles in accordance.

STORM

Ah, stellar choice. If you want, I could also add --

CAM

(interrupts)  
That'll be all, thanks.

Storm furrows his brow, turns on his heel, and heads toward the kitchen.

GIRL

So, does the Eat, Pray, Love enthusiast have a name or?

CAM

Yeah, of course. How rude of me. You can call me Cam. And you are?

GIRL

You can just call me Mistress Arson.

Cam considers this.

CAM

Is that like, uh, some type of code name?

GIRL

Well yeah, of course. I mean code names are usually pretty effective, right?

CAM  
Um, yeah! Obviously. I mean shit, I think our waiter has the best one!

GIRL  
Touche.

CAM  
Plus, did you honestly think Cam was my real name?

GIRL  
Not a chance. I totally caught your drift. Why do you think I pulled out my code name? I don't just normally do that.

Cam crackles with laughter.

CAM  
You're funny.

The Girl smiles.

GIRL  
I try.

BEGIN MONTAGE:

-- Cam and the Girl conversing.

-- Storm returns, delivering the two iced lattes.

-- From close by, Kenny Bowman looks on attentively, typing on his laptop as the situation plays out.

-- Cam and the Girl now laughing hysterically and enjoying themselves, sipping on their iced lattes.

-- One final shot of Kenny Bowman, grinning while simultaneously jotting something down on a piece of paper beside his laptop.

END MONTAGE.

Storm returns, ripping off the bill from his pad of checks and places it down on the table.

STORM  
Whenever you two canaries are ready. No rush.

Before Storm can head off --

CAM  
 Nah that's cool, I can pay this  
 now.

Storm stands by, waiting patiently.

Cam digs in his pocket and throws some loose change, pocket lint, and gum wrappers on the table.

STORM  
 (re: loose change)  
 Whoa -- looks like we got some  
 trouble in paradise.

CAM  
 (to Storm)  
 Ah, shit. Is there anyway we could  
 get a discount on this, bro?  
 (beat)  
 I mean, I am a pretty regular  
 customer in here.

STORM  
 Um, you serious dude?

CAM  
 (mocking Storm,  
 accentuating "dude")  
 Well, uh, dude -- I clearly don't  
 have much money here.

Cam looks down and motions toward the loose pocket change he threw on the table.

CAM (CONT'D)  
 I mean c'mon --  
 (winks)  
 You could, uh, let it slide for a  
 loyal customer, right?

STORM  
 (vexed)  
 First off, we don't give discounts  
 here at The Ugly Omelet. Not even  
 to regulars. Secondly, I'm pretty  
 sure I've never seen you in here.

CAM  
 This is preposterous.

The Girl's cheeks turn crimson, her face flushed with embarrassment.

GIRL  
 (digging in her purse)  
 No worries! I got this.

Cam waves her off.

CAM  
 Unnecessary. Plan B!

Cam digs in his pocket once more, revealing coupons. He hands them to Storm. Storm smirks, suppressing a burst of laughter.

STORM  
 I'm pretty sure these expired --  
 like eons ago. No longer valid, my  
 man.

CAM  
 Plan C! Mind givin' us a minute,  
 Locks of Love?

Storm glowers at Cam. He trudges off.

GIRL  
 (hushed tone, irritated)  
 Oh my god are you fuckin' serious  
 right now?! Did you really just do  
 that?!

Cam chuckles.

CAM  
 Yeah, that totally just happened.

GIRL  
 Making fun of his hair was a bit  
 much, don't yah think?

CAM  
 Oh my god! Hair! You're a genius,  
 Mistress! Lean over here for a sec.

GIRL  
 What the hell?

CAM  
 No seriously, just lean over for a  
 sec so I can pull a strand of your  
 hair out.

The Girl's expression tells the story -- she's graduated from irritated to absolutely livid.

CAM (CONT'D)

Yeah, yeah it's so perfect! I'll take a strand of your hair, plop it in our coffee and we'll score these bad boys for free!

The Girl considers this.

GIRL

Well, now that you mention it --

The Girl leans over slowly. She gets close to Cam and smacks him in the face with brute force. She slides her chair out in a frenzy and attempts to make a hasty exit.

Cam favors the side of his face that got smacked and shoots a "how was that" look toward Kenny.

Suddenly, Kenny stands up and begins to clap his hands. Cam rises from his chair and Kenny strolls right past him and beckons to the Girl.

KENNY

Congratulations Sarah! That was perfect!

The Girl turns, meeting Kenny's gaze before she makes it to the entrance of the cafe.

GIRL

Really?!

KENNY

You're exactly what I've been looking for! Welcome aboard!

The two shake hands and exchange business cards. The Girl exits the cafe.

CLOSE ON Cam, utterly bemused. Kenny makes his way back to Cam.

KENNY (CONT'D)

Cam, good job! But right now, you're not quite what I'm looking for. I appreciate you showing up today and auditioning though.

(pats Cam's shoulder)

Better luck next time, yah?

Cam is speechless as Kenny extends his hand. They shake and Kenny exits the cafe.

CLOSE ON Cam, dejected. He rustles his fingers through his hair and stares out the window at Kenny catching up with the Girl -- their faces filled with elation.

EXT. THE UGLY OMELET - MOMENTS LATER

Cam steps onto the crowded and congested sidewalk. He peers up at the gloomy and ominous sky, pushing down on the city like a grey tombstone.

He weaves his way through the flowing river of humanity, taking in the cacophony produced by city life.

EXT. CITY STREETS - CONTINUOUS

Cam passes by several familiar landmarks:

CLOSE ON the TD Garden -- Celtics and Bruins banners splash the side of the arena indicating that we are in the heart of Boston, MA.

CLOSE ON the Zakim Bridge -- the audible blare of traffic echoing all around.

CLOSE ON The Charles River -- Boats drifting along steadily in the calm water.

Cam approaches an ATM machine. He inserts his card and punches in a few numbers. A slip of paper spits out. CLOSE ON the slip of paper -- Cam's bank account is nearly empty.

More dejection fills Cam's face as he drags his feet to the subway station.

INT. MBTA SUBWAY STATION, PARK STREET - LATER

A green line train rolls in. It comes to an abrupt halt behind another train waiting to depart.

The doors slide open and Cam emerges. He snakes his way through the crowded station, connecting from the green line to the red line.

INT. SUBWAY TRAIN, RED LINE - MOMENTS LATER

Cam slouches in his seat, staring out the windows into darkness -- occasionally seeing sparks flickering spastically from the railways.

A young couple catches his attention, flirting several seats down. A YOUNG GIRL holds an unopened letter. She nags the YOUNG BOY beside her. The Young Boy finally takes the letter, tears it open and reads it to her but we can't make out the words from afar.

The Young Girl's face erupts in ecstasy, clearly telling the story -- an acceptance letter of some sort. The couple share a sensual kiss.

Cam rolls his eyes in vexation and pulls out his iPod. He jams his earbuds deep into his ears, shuffles through his playlist and leans back, shutting out the world around him.

EXT. HARVARD SQUARE - MOMENTS LATER

Cam lazily leans on the rail of an escalator as he ascends into view. He spills out onto the animated streets of Cambridge, MA.

CLOSE ON various STREET MUSICIANS -- drumming fiercely on plastic buckets, lids, and trash cans -- completely lost in their powerful and pneumatic beats.

CLOSE ON a few PAINTERS and SKETCHERS of various sorts -- silently and meticulously concocting masterpieces of their surroundings.

CLOSE ON a swarm of STUDENTS with backpacks and books in tow - - all sporting some type of "Harvard University" apparel.

Cam keeps his head down, immersed in the music blasting through his earbuds -- completely neglecting his surroundings.

EXT. APARTMENT COMPLEX, HARVARD SQUARE - CONTINUOUS

An establishing shot of Cam's apartment building -- elegantly aged but structurally sound.

Cam walks into frame and trots up the front stoop.

INT. APARTMENT COMPLEX - CONTINUOUS

Cam makes his way his way through the halls until he reaches his apartment.

INT. CAM'S APARTMENT, LIVING ROOM - CONTINUOUS

A punk-rocker, mid-thirties, with long but scraggly blond hair sprawls on the sofa, completely immersed in a video game blaring on the flat-screen. This is GREG WRIGHT.

GREG  
(shouting over game)  
Rent's due!

CAM  
(rolls his eyes)  
What's up Greg?

GREG  
I'm not fuckin' around this time. I  
can't afford to float you for  
another month.

CAM  
(stern)  
You'll get it.

Greg pauses his game. He finally looks over, making eye contact with Cam.

GREG  
So, judging by your presence here --  
(looks at clock on wall)  
I dunno, a half hour after you left  
-- I take it you didn't get the  
role?

Cam turns and disappears around a corner, completely ignoring Greg.

Greg shifts his focus back toward the TV, resuming game-play.

GREG (CONT'D)  
(shouting over game)  
Sucks, bro. Wasn't that a paying  
gig, too?!

INT. CAM'S APARTMENT, BEDROOM - MOMENTS LATER

Cam closes the door and leans his head against it.

CLOSE ON Cam -- his eyes lit with a burning hatred. He clenches his hand into a fist, ready to swing it like a wrecking ball. He takes a deep breath, channeling his rage.

He flops into bed and pulls out his cellphone. CLOSE ON the screen -- Cam scrolls through his contacts until he reaches "Mom and Dad." His thumb hovers reluctantly over the "call" button.

A Beat.

Cam hits "call" and puts the phone to his ear. After a few rings -- a pickup.

INT. CAM'S PARENTS' HOUSE, KITCHEN - CONTINUOUS

A jubilant woman in her mid fifties is multi-tasking behind the counter as she prepares brunch. This is Cam's mom, SAMMI KILEY.

SAMMI  
(into phone)  
Hello?

INTERCUT -- PHONE CONVERSATION:

CAM  
(playfully)  
Hey stoopid, guess who?

SAMMI  
Don't call me stoopid, stoopid!

Sammi puts her hand over the phone and peers into the living room.

SAMMI (CONT'D)  
(shouting)  
Arthur, your son is on the phone!

Sammi puts the receiver back to her ear, her face flashes with excitement.

SAMMI (CONT'D)  
Honey, it's great to hear from you!  
You're not calling to cancel on us  
this weekend are you? We're really  
excited to come up there.

CAM  
Well, that depends.

SAMMI  
You need money, don't you?

CAM

Mom I really didn't wanna have to ask you guys again but --

SAMMI

(interrupts)

Oh boy. Honey, your father and I were going to wait to tell you face to face this weekend, but, well --

CAM

It's not much. I just need my half of the rent to shut Greg up for the time being so then I can --

SAMMI

(interrupts)

Hold on there, bucko. 700 dollars may not seem like a lot to you, but your dad and I can't swing that right now.

CAM

(hesitant)

Actually, it's, uh -- 750.

SAMMI

Either way, your father and I can't afford to be subsidizing your acting career at the moment like we have been up until this point. You know we support you 100% but there comes a time to, well, you know. And now's that time.

CAM

Mom -- Greg is about to kick me out. He's sorta been -- well, he's been floating me the past two months.

SAMMI

Cameron. Just a thought. For now, doesn't have to be anything permanent -- but maybe it'll be beneficial for you to come back home for the time being until you can get back on your feet. You know your father and I are always happy to take you back in whenever you're in a jam and speaking of which --

Sammi's words slowly fade out, becoming nothing but white noise.

CLOSE ON Cam -- completely frozen in an expression of doom -- the thought of moving back home is unbearable.

SMASH CUT TO:

EXT. CAM'S PARENTS' HOUSE, CROSS FALLS - DAY

CLOSE ON the trunk of a taxi cab slamming shut. A pair of hands grab the last remaining bags on the ground and wheel them up to the sidewalk.

PULL OUT revealing Cam, his back to us, staring at an upper-middle class suburban Massachusetts home. Beautiful autumn foliage compliments the quiet and elegant neighborhood.

All the nearby homes are decorated in similar fashion -- carved jack-o'-lanterns, yellow caution tape marking off cheap imitations of murder scenes, fake graveyards, customary frankensteins, draculas, mummies, cotton spider-webs strewn across front porches etc.

We get the sense that this is the epitome of yuppie-ville - orderly and overly indulgent when it comes to holiday festivities.

From afar, a voice echoes through the mighty and ancient oak trees across the next door neighbors lawn.

Cam turns his attention to a short and plump young adult in his mid-twenties. His unkempt dark brown hair waves in the breeze as he jogs over with a Bolex film camera in his grasp. This is FRANNY DEBOIS.

FRANNY

(shouting)

Holy smokes! Are my eyes deceiving me?!

CAM

(under his breath)

Oh sweet Jesus --

Cam quickly grabs hold of his bags, attempting to make a beeline for his front door.

He's almost there as Franny rounds one of the mighty oak trees in Cam's yard. He gasps for air as he reaches Cam, clearly out of shape. He begins cranking the Bolex.

FRANNY

Holy Moly! Your mom never told me you were making a surprise appearance!

Cam comes to an abrupt halt, dropping his bags on the front walkway -- his path now blockaded by the pudgy faced Franny.

Cam tries desperately to mask his annoyance. We detect his genuine irritation through his fake smile, which emerges crooked and small.

CAM

Franny!

FRANNY

(playfully)

Oh stop it! How many times have I told yah? Fran. Fran Man. Anything but -- that.

CAM

(re: bolex camera)

Still luggin' that ole thing around, huh?

FRANNY

Real filmmakers still film on film!

CAM

Intriguing. But hey man, I've had a really long trip. Maybe we can catch up a little --

Franny places his eye on the viewfinder of his Bolex and begins rolling.

FRANNY

(interrupts)

Man oh man! Look at you, dude! You look like a friggin' UFC fighter!

CAM

(facetious)

Yah know what they say, bro. More weights, more dates!

FRANNY

Look at the comedian at work! Even when he's off the clock! Gonna have to start callin' you Mr. No Days Off!

CAM

(bemused)

How did you know I was, uh --

Franny pulls his eye back from the viewfinder and stops filming.

FRANNY

Doing the whole stand-up thing? Yah know my mom and your mom are like total besties.

CAM

(matter-of-fact)  
I didn't know that, actually.

FRANNY

Word travels pretty fast. That's so awesome though! Good for you! But shit, aren't fat and out-of-shape comedians like ten times funnier? I don't think I've ever seen a comedian who's in tip top shape.

(beat)

Jesus Christ, sorry man. I just can't get over how jacked you are.

CAM

You gotta point. Maybe that's why I'm back here in Cross Falls.

FRANNY

This is so perfect! I'm your golden ticket. If there's one person that can show yah how to kick back and have a bag of potato chips -- shamelessly I might add -- you're lookin' at him!

Cam grabs his bags and weaves his way past Franny.

CAM

(over shoulder)  
May have to take you up on that.

FRANNY

Hey man you know where to find me!  
Great to have yah --

Before Franny can finish, Cam pushes the front door open and enters --

INT. CAM'S PARENTS' HOUSE, FOYER - CONTINUOUS

-- an immaculate and festive residence. Halloween decorations are strewn across the entire household.

Cam is greeted by his tall and overweight father, ARTHUR KILEY -- a man in his early sixties, who once resembled the build of his son, but has clearly let himself go over the years.

ARTHUR  
(sips beer)  
Well, look who finally decided to  
pop in!

Cam plops his bags in the corner, and meets his father's gaze.

CAM  
What's goin' on dad?

Arthur opens his arms wide, gesturing for a hug. Cam leans into him and the two embrace.

ARTHUR  
Other than my empty wallet and  
waiting for my son to get famous so  
I can finally retire -- not a whole  
hell-of-a lot.

Sammi rounds the corner and we get a full image of her -- short and thin, sporting a fancy baking apron. She's cradling a large bowl, stirring with purpose.

SAMMI  
(to Cam)  
We're still waiting for that lake  
house you've been promising us,  
stupid!

CAM  
(to Sammi)  
Don't call me stupid, stupid!

SAMMI  
Hey! My house, my rules. And now,  
it looks like you have to abide by  
them again, bucko!

Sammi shuffles over and leans in, giving Cam a big kiss on the cheek.

ARTHUR  
Good to have you home for a change.  
Stay as long as you need to, even  
if it ends up killing you.

SAMMI

Yeah, we've got plenty of left over gauze we can wrap you up in if need be.

CAM

(points outside to front yard)

Yeah, I was gonna ask about that. When did you guys start integrating mummies into the mix?!

ARTHUR

Plenty of time to bring you up to speed.

SAMMI

God knows there's a lot of ground to cover!

Cam grabs his bags and rolls his eyes. He makes his way to the staircase.

CAM

Yeah, yeah, yeah.

INT. CAM'S PARENTS' HOUSE, CAM'S BEDROOM - MOMENTS LATER

The door swings open and Cam drags his bags behind him. He scans his bedroom and groans audibly as if the environment is a giant and unpleasant reminder.

CLOSE ON stacks of DVDs and video games, piled high next to an old silver boob-tube TV with a built in DVD player from the early 2000s.

CLOSE ON several shelves full of trophies -- all amateur wrestling. PULL IN "Cameron Kiley. Cross Falls High School. 2005 State Champions" -- engraved on one of the plates.

CLOSE ON a large thumbtack billboard with an exorbitant amount of old "one hour photo" pictures that clearly came from a disposable Kodak camera.

Cam approaches the billboard filled with photos from his childhood.

CLOSE ON a skinnier and teenage version of Cam hanging out in numerous photos with the same two kids -- a young and strikingly intense brunette, gorgeous dark brown eyes and a heavy set male. It looks like the male could have easily been a defensive tackle for football.

CLOSE ON Cam, his eyes filled with emotion. He closes them, and grazes one of the photos with his hand.

A beat.

Sammi pops her head in the doorway, and sympathetically stares at the back of Cam.

SAMMI

The seven year anniversary was last Tuesday, right?

This jolts Cam back to reality. He turns, facing his mother.

CAM

I see you and dad left my room the same.

Sammi smiles warmly. Cam drags his feet over to his bed. He flops onto his back and stares at the ceiling. Sammi continues to lean in the doorway.

SAMMI

So, uh, your father and I picked up some nice flowers from the florist yesterday. We were thinking, you know, it'd be kind of nice if you took them over this year.

Cam considers this.

CAM

Thanks Mom. That was nice of you guys.

A beat.

SAMMI

Well, if you need anything, I'll be slaving away in the kitchen. Making your favorite tonight!

CAM

You're the best.

SAMMI

Love you.

Sammi leaves.

Cam turns his head toward the billboard again, then immediately turns away.

He leaps out of bed and stares out the window. He notices Franny in his front yard, filming the leaves on a tree branch with his camera. Cam smirks, shaking his head.

Cam paces back and forth in his bedroom -- clearly unable to concentrate on anything. He clutches his head -- too many thoughts frantically swirling about. His irritation grows at an alarming rate.

He approaches the billboard, and yanks off a particular photo -- he, the gorgeous brunette, and the heavy set male all in their cap and gowns standing in front of Cross Falls High School.

SMASH CUT TO:

EXT. FRANNY'S FRONT LAWN - DAY

Cam saunters over to Franny with purpose, a bouquet of flowers tucked under his arm.

CAM

C'mon Franny, we're goin' to Forestvale.

Franny is transfixed on the branch in front of him. He carefully twists the lens of his Bolex.

FRANNY

Hold up, I'm rackin' the focus. This is gonna look so sweet when I splice all these shots --

CAM

Fran Man!

This snaps Franny from his concentration.

FRANNY

Um, Cam. No disrespect but don't you wanna settle in before you go and pay a visit to --

Cam shoots Franny a serious and urgent look.

FRANNY (CONT'D)

Right. Forestvale. So I'm driving?

EXT. FORESTVALE CEMETERY, ENTRANCE - LATER

The sun sets. A car idles at the edge of a graveyard surrounded by dense forest. An old rusted gate circles the perimeter.

We hear a car door shut. Cam rounds the front of the car and stops at the driver's side. Franny unrolls the window.

FRANNY

You sure you don't want some comp --

CAM

(interrupts)

I don't plan on stayin' long. Just gimmie like five minutes.

Franny unbuckles his seat belt, reaching for the door.

FRANNY

It's fine, I'll carry the flowers for yah.

Cam reaches out, placing his hand on Franny's chest.

CAM

Franny.

Franny complies, sitting back. He nods in accordance and doesn't say a word.

Cam turns on his heel, inching his way slowly toward the rusted and ancient gate.

EXT. FORESTVALE CEMETERY - CONTINUOUS

Cam emerges through the large gate. He scans the graveyard -- large but sparse in terms of gravestones. He scales a large hill in the center.

At the hill's mid-point, Cam stops dead in his tracks and squints. CLOSE ON a large and dark silhouette against the evening pink sky, standing at a gravestone atop the hill.

Cam retrieves the photo from his pocket he yanked off his billboard. CLOSE ON the heavy set male from the photo. Cam peers up and notices the figure heading down the opposite end of the hill.

CAM

(under his breath)

Can't be.

Cam canters up the hill, trying to catch up to the dark figure becoming smaller and smaller, disappearing over the precipice.

Cam reaches the top, stopping at the gravestone where the figure was lingering. He takes a moment, catching his breath.

Cam stands up straight and cups his hands around his mouth, aiming down the hill.

CAM (CONT'D)  
(shouting)  
Austin!  
(beat)  
Hey, Austin!

We ZERO IN on the figure. He spins around and we finally see his face for the first time -- a very disheveled, heavy set male in his mid-twenties. He could use a good shave. This is AUSTIN STONE.

Austin locks eyes with Cam very briefly. He turns, ignoring him and exits through the rear gate of the cemetery.

CLOSE ON Cam, defeated and still out of breath. He steps back and peers down at the grave. "Jordan Stone, 1988-2007" is engraved on the headstone.

Cam squats, placing the bouquet of flowers in front of the headstone. He traces the letters of Jordan's name with his index finger.

He takes the photo, placing it down on the headstone. The wind picks up, blowing leaves around him. He finds a small rock and puts it on a corner of the photo. The photo remains grounded as the wind howls.

Cam stands, rubbing his arms from the frigid air. He canters down the hill toward the entrance of the cemetery.

EXT. FORESTVALE CEMETERY, ENTRANCE - MOMENTS LATER

The sun has now set -- the cemetery shrouded in darkness. Cam barrels through the front gate, jogging toward the headlights of Franny's car, illuminating the darkness.

INT. FRANNY'S CAR - CONTINUOUS

The passenger door swings open. Cam hops inside, shivering.

CAM  
Crank the heat, dude! It's fuckin'  
brick city out there.

Franny turns the dials on the front dash.

FRANNY  
Brick city? We live in a town.

CAM  
Really dude? It's brick. Means it's  
really cold out. You've never heard  
that?

FRANNY  
Can't say that I have.

CAM  
Jesus, this place is more sheltered  
than I thought.

FRANNY  
Looks like we gotta lot to learn  
from each other!  
(beat)  
But, did everything go okay?

CAM  
Yeah, but uh -- I dunno I'm pretty  
sure I saw --

Franny stares, waiting patiently.

CAM (CONT'D)  
Nah, forget it. Let's just get out  
of here. I hate being here longer  
than I have to.

Franny throws the car into reverse, backing onto the main  
road.

FRANNY  
So, back to your place?

CAM  
That's the last place I wanna go  
right now.

FRANNY  
Yeah, no. That's cool. We don't  
have to go back right away.

CAM

I think I'm ready to kick back shamelessly and have that bag of potato chips. Let's shoot over to Kenny's for some grub.

Franny smiles wide.

FRANNY

I'll do you one better. Trust me, you're gonna love this place.

EXT. LICKETY CHICK - NIGHT

Franny's car pulls up to a retro travelling food truck, hitched in a vast lot off the main road.

Orange and white Halloween bulbs are strung across the front of the truck, illuminating the title "lickety Chick Fried Chicken."

A few PATRONS dawdle by their cars, nibbling on fried goodies and sipping on soft drinks -- mostly young, grungy looking kids.

INT. FRANNY'S CAR (PARKED) - CONTINUOUS

Franny cuts the ignition and unbuckles his seat belt. Cam stares out his window, enamored by the sight.

CAM

Jesus Christ. A stoner's wet dream.

FRANNY

And the best part is, they're open till like three AM! Only on weekends though.

(beat, thinking)

Wait, don't you smoke?

Cam unbuckles his seat belt.

CAM

Not since high school, my man.

FRANNY

Wait, have you been clean since the whole --

CAM

(stern)

Franny.

FRANNY

Yeah! I'm starving too. Let's go.

EXT. LICKETY CHICK - CONTINUOUS

Franny and Cam approach the food truck. Franny's cellphone rings. He peers down at the caller ID.

FRANNY

I'll catch up with you in a sec.  
Just order me the "Wicked Cluckin'  
Good."

Franny heads in the opposite direction, picking up the phone. We hear his voice trail off in the distance --

FRANNY (CONT'D)

(into phone)

Mom I told you I'd be home later!  
I'm out with Cam!

Cam looks around to see if anyone is watching, slightly embarrassed. He steps in line behind a TEENAGE STONER. Cam looks over the menu, tainted on the side of the truck next to the ordering window.

WE PULL IN on an artfully bedraggled girl in her mid-twenties, preparing a basket of fries with Lickety Chick's world renowned fried chicken wings. This is RONNIE LIBBY.

Ronnie leans out the truck, handing the Teenage Stoner his order.

TEENAGE STONER

(licking his lips)

These things are like the answer,  
yah know? The voice of reason.

Ronnie puts on a fake smile, clearly accustomed to dealing with this type of crowd.

RONNIE

The holy trinity of dude food!  
Enjoy, my man.

The Teenage Stoner scurries off, joining his friends at a nearby parked car.

Cam steps forward, not immediately making eye contact with Ronnie. He continues to gaze at the menu. Ronnie notices him first, flashing a look of astonishment.

RONNIE (CONT'D)

Oh my god, Cam Jam?!

Cam jolts from his concentration. He locks eyes with Ronnie -- a flicker of a smile.

CAM

Veronica. Holy shit.

RONNIE

Ugh, whatta we in fuckin' church?  
Don't get all formal on me, kid!

Cam emits a light laugh.

CAM

Sorry. Ronnie. It's been awhile!

RONNIE

Try a hot fuckin' minute! How the  
hell have you been?

CAM

Not bad. Well, I guess I've been  
better.

RONNIE

So which one is it? Quick! Don't  
leave me guessing.

CAM

The latter.

RONNIE

Oh c'mon dude, don't sound so  
morose. Last I heard, you were  
livin' it up under the bright  
lights of Bean Town.

(beat)

How's the acting going?

CAM

Yeah, uh -- about that.

RONNIE

Shit. That bad, huh? Can't be any  
worse than this place.

Ronnie motions toward the deep fryers inside the truck.

RONNIE (CONT'D)

(facetious)

As you can clearly see, the opportunities are thriving here in good ole Cross Falls.

CAM

Well that's comforting. I just moved back.

RONNIE

Missed us that much, huh?

CAM

I've had a few setbacks. I actually need to start lookin' for a job. Any hot spots?

RONNIE

You're lookin' at it. Feast your eyes on the prize.

CAM

Great. So you guys are actually hiring?

RONNIE

My Uncle Garpo is always hiring.

CAM

Your uncle who?

RONNIE

Garpo.

Cam flashes a look of incredulity.

CAM

That's not his name.

RONNIE

Oh, no. Of course not. It's just his nickname. Everyone around town calls him that.

CAM

Ah, so what's his real name?

RONNIE

Like, the one he was given at birth?

CAM

Like the ones you and I have.

RONNIE

It's a complete mystery. No one really knows for sure -- well, except the 14th century explorers that he discovered The New World with but you can't ask them either because they're all deceased.

Cam stifles a laugh. He grins ear to ear.

A beat.

CAM

You haven't changed one bit.

RONNIE

Yeah, yah know -- I tried being serious once and doing the whole adult thing.

CAM

You? Being serious?! Yikes.

RONNIE

Oh, don't I know it! Put on the real big girl pants -- the fancy suit ones that really give guys in the office total hard-ons, but they never fit very well. Always super tight, riding up my vag, lookin' like I was expecting a flood if I didn't wear heels with em' -- high waters galore dude.

CAM

Well, it does rain here quite a bit.

RONNIE

Don't defend the big girl pants! I assure you, they have no redeeming qualities!

CAM

Oh, no. Don't get me wrong. I'm more into the "polka-dotted dress, bathroom selfie" type-ah girls. Well, maybe a cardigan to go along with that too.

RONNIE

Oh my god! I shoulda known you were the secretary seducer type!

CAM

Hey, every guy has his preference!

RONNIE

It's like the age of erection.  
Those things just never die down,  
do they?

A feeble and frail looking man, frizzy white hair, mid-seventies, drags his feet lazily, sliding into the back of the food truck. This is UNCLE GARPO.

UNCLE GARPO

(grumpy)

What the hell is this, social hour?

RONNIE

Oh, hey Uncle Garpo! My friend Cam here is lookin' to make a few shekels. Think we could help him out in that department?

Uncle Garpo grunts audibly.

UNCLE GARPO

(shouting to hear his own  
voice)

Is he spry?

RONNIE

Well, he did wrestle in high school. Made state finals for his undeniable prowess and skinny man strength.

UNCLE GARPO

Then he's hired!

Cam leans into the window of the food truck.

CAM

Thank you, sir! And to my credit, I have bulked up since then.

Uncle Garpo grabs his cane, slowly inching toward the door.

UNCLE GARPO

Just don't make me stick your head in the deep fryer like I had to do to the last lazy punk that worked here!

Cam grins.

CAM

(to Ronnie)

Shoulda told him I ran track. 100 yard dash or something. Anything is better than the wrestling thing.

RONNIE

Thought I'd bring you back to your golden days of youth. Yah know, before all your wild and eccentric oats started dwindling!

CAM

Hey, I'm still good to go! I'd like to think I haven't hit the dark side of my twenties just yet.

RONNIE

Do you still have those super tight singlets? The ones that accentuated those sexy, pale white chicken legs of yours? Always loved those pictures you showed me.

CAM

I've done a few leg days in the gym since then.

Ronnie smiles.

RONNIE

Pickin' things up and puttin' em down, huh? That's good. That's the only requirement for workin' here.

Franny scrambles over to the window, out of breath, like usual.

FRANNY

(to Cam)

That's my bad. She never usually calls, I assure you --

Cam interrupts, quickly trying to change the subject.

CAM

Uh, Ronnie, this is uh, my neighbor --

RONNIE

Sup Fran Man. Usual?

FRANNY

Please! I'm ravenous.

Cam turns to Franny, bemused.

CAM  
You guys know each other?

Ronnie heads to one of the deep fryers. She plops numerous prepared wings into the bubbling oil.

RONNIE  
Fran's my most loyal customer.

CAM  
Heh. I don't doubt it.

FRANNY  
What's that supposed to mean?

CAM  
Nothin'.  
(to Ronnie)  
I'll take the same.

RONNIE  
(dropping in the wings)  
Two Wicked Cluckin' Goods, comin'  
right up!

BEGIN MONTAGE:

EXT. CAM'S PARENTS' HOUSE - DAY

The sun rises through a canopy of trees -- a brand new day.

INT. CAM'S PARENTS' HOUSE, CAM'S BEDROOM - CONTINUOUS

Cam digs through a laundry basket, pulling out a scrunched up pair of jeans. He side-steps to his dresser and pulls out a brand new "Lickety Chick" T-shirt, still in its packaging.

He tears open the packaging and wrestles the t-shirt over his head and quickly slips on the pair of jeans.

EXT. CAM'S PARENT'S HOUSE - DAY

Cam scurries out the front door, leaping off his front porch. Franny waits in his car, parked on the edge of the street.

INT. FRANNY'S CAR (DRIVING) - MOMENTS LATER

Franny and Cam travel through downtown Cross Falls -- peaceful, elegant and very upscale.

Shops begin to open for the day. CLOSE ON Cam, less than enthralled by what passes him by.

EXT. ABANDONED LOT - MOMENTS LATER

Franny's car pulls into a deserted lot. They scan the perimeter, waiting. Suddenly, the infamous Lickety Chick food truck rounds the corner, pulling in behind them.

The food truck spirals around the lot, finding it's special space and parks.

The back door swings open, revealing Ronnie -- looking like she just rolled out of bed, but still unconventionally attractive. She smiles, waving Cam in.

INT. LICKETY CHICK FOOD TRUCK - LATER

Ronnie takes Cam through the motions.

She fires up the deep fryers. Reaches into the freezer, pulls out loads of chicken in assorted bags -- legs, breasts, thighs, and wings. Piles the chicken on the back table.

Ronnie and Cam prepare the breading mixtures. They tear open the wet and uncooked bags of chicken and empty them into the breading mix.

CLOSE ON their hands -- tossing, weaving and mixing everything up, ensuring the chicken is properly coated.

They begin plopping all the coated and breaded chicken into the bubbling oil of the deep fryers.

Looking out the window, customers congregate around the front of the truck.

Ronnie and Cam monotonously go through the motions of preparing and frying the chicken, handing out the orders as they blaze through the swarms of customers, appearing and disappearing throughout the day.

END MONTAGE.

INT. LICKETY CHICK FOOD TRUCK - NIGHT

Ronnie counts down the register. Cam thoroughly cleans up the back prep table.

RONNIE

(to Cam)

So, first week officially in the record book. How's it feel?

CAM

Yah know, it's honestly not as bad as I was originally anticipating.

RONNIE

Give it time. You'll grow to hate it.

CAM

Encouraging.

Ronnie laughs.

RONNIE

Seriously though. You kicked ass the past couple of days. It's good to actually have someone who can carry their weight. Makes the job more tolerable.

CAM

Sounds like we should celebrate. What the hell is there to do in Cross Falls on a Tuesday night after hours anyway?

Ronnie considers this.

RONNIE

Well, Tuesday's comedy night down at Shooters.

(beat, seductively)

I think tonight's theme is peanut butter and lubrication.

Cam raises his eyebrows.

CAM

Ah, the perfect two items to ease me back into my element.

RONNIE

(winks)

Come on cowboy, let's go get wet.

EXT. SHOOTERS PUB - LATER

Numerous LOCALS slither in and out of the old-fashioned building in downtown Cross Falls.

A swarm of NIGHT CRAWLERS congregate outside. Billowing clouds of smoke produced by cigarettes and stogies slowly swirl upward -- signs of night life apparent, even in a small town.

INT. SHOOTERS PUB, MAIN LOBBY - CONTINUOUS

An abundance of patrons inhabit the refurbished lobby and bar.

Cam slouches in a booth towards the rear of the pub, sipping on a tall beer in solitude.

Ronnie stands atop the stage, adjacent to Cam's booth. She stares down at her inattentive audience, engaging in their own conversations.

She continuously rambles into the mic, unruffled by the neglectful crowd.

RONNIE

(into mic)

And then I told em' -- fine, I'll go to your fuckin' Halloween party. But this year, I'm dressin' up in my college cap and gown and callin' myself "Your Wasted Tax Dollars."

A few claps and whistles break through the noise produced by the surrounding tables.

CLOSE ON Cam -- one of the few giving Ronnie a standing ovation.

RONNIE (CONT'D)

(into mic)

Thanks guys. But now, I want you all to meet a great friend of mine -

-

In the midst of the introduction, something catches Cam's attention from afar.

Cam squints while simultaneously pushing himself through the crowded lobby.

RONNIE (CONT'D)  
(into mic)  
He's been doin' stand-up out in  
Boston for a number of years now --

INT. SHOOTERS PUB, POOL TABLE AREA - CONTINUOUS

Cam approaches the pool tables.

A couple of intimidating and menacing SIDEKICKS surround the table with a heavy set male wearing a black leather jacket, indulging in a game -- their backs to us.

Over the loudspeaker we hear --

RONNIE (O.S.)  
Please welcome to the stage, Cam  
Kiley!

Cam steps up behind the heavy set male. Before Cam can tap his shoulder, Ronnie's announcement over the loudspeaker prompts the heavy set male to turn around, revealing -- the disheveled and dark figure from the cemetery, Austin Stone.

The Sidekicks whip around, put down their pool sticks and clench their fists. Austin puts his hand up, motioning for them to keep their distance.

CLOSE ON Cam, filled with uncertainty. He swallows hard, nervous as hell, standing eye-level with Austin.

Austin glares at Cam. CLOSE ON Austin -- his eyes laced with darkness. He stares at Cam with a sick fascination.

INT. SHOOTERS PUB, MAIN LOBBY - CONTINUOUS

Ronnie scans the crowd, finally spotting Cam towards the front. She smiles awkwardly at the patrons in the lobby and hops off the stage. She pushes through the crowd.

INT. SHOOTERS PUB, POOL TABLE AREA - CONTINUOUS

Finally, the silence is broken as Austin slams his pool stick on the table with brute force.

AUSTIN  
(to Cam)  
What the fuck are you doin' here.

CAM  
Just grabbin' a drink with one of  
my --

AUSTIN  
(interrupts, stern)  
In Cross Falls. What the fuck are  
you doin' back in Cross Falls.

CAM  
Listen Austin, I just came over  
here to see if I could buy you a  
drink man. It's uh, it's been  
awhile.

AUSTIN  
And whose fault is that?

CAM  
Listen man, I know I haven't been --

AUSTIN  
(interrupts)  
No. Stop. You listen to me. Turn  
around, and walk away. There's  
nothin' to discuss between you and  
I. Not a single god damn thing. You  
made that abundantly clear years  
ago.

Austin turns his attention back to the pool table. Cam puts  
his arm on Austin's shoulder gently --

CAM  
Austin just hear me out --

Without a moment's hesitation, Austin swings his fist  
violently and connects with Cam's jaw.

Cam instantaneously smacks the floor, unable to avoid the  
unrelenting force of Austin's clubby blow.

Ronnie runs to Cam's aid, scooping him up off the pub's grimy  
floor.

RONNIE  
(to Austin)  
What the hell's your problem,  
asshole?!

Ronnie assists Cam to his feet. Cam hocks a glob of blood to  
the floor, like a spent wad of bubble gum. He brings his hand  
to his face, favoring his jaw.

Austin holds Cam's gaze, glowering at him. An eerie silence fills the air.

CAM  
(to Ronnie)  
It's fine. We're leaving.

Austin turns back to his game, as if nothing happened.

INT. LICKETY CHICK FOOD TRUCK (DRIVING) - MOMENTS LATER

Ronnie drives as Cam sits up front, still favoring his jaw.

RONNIE  
Jesus Christ, dude. Who the hell was that guy?

CAM  
Someone I haven't seen in awhile.

RONNIE  
Care like shedding some light on that, or?

CAM  
Austin. He's just an old childhood friend I grew up with. Before you and I even met. We were like best friends in high school.

RONNIE  
Looked like one helluva reunion.

CAM  
I wasn't expecting it to go well.

Ronnie pulls to the edge of the street, parking the truck.

RONNIE  
Then why did you even bother --

CAM  
(interrupts)  
Can we just talk about something else?

Ronnie eyes Cam, suspiciously. She nods, motioning toward the house ahead, deciding to change the subject. She unbuckles her seat belt.

RONNIE  
Follow me. I'll patch up those battle wounds.

Cam peers into the side-view mirror.

CAM

I dunno. They make me look sorta badass.

RONNIE

Or like you just got your ass kicked.

Cam rolls his eyes, unbuckling his seat belt.

CAM

This your place?

RONNIE

My Uncle Garpo's.

CAM

Wait you live with him too?

RONNIE

(shrugging shoulders)

Starving artist. You're not the only one who's had a few setbacks since college.

Cam flickers a smile, finding comfort in this. They both hop off the truck.

INT. UNCLE GARPO'S HOUSE, LIVING ROOM - MOMENTS LATER

Ronnie leads Cam through the house, tip-toeing their way to a large staircase.

They pass by Uncle Garpo, sprawled across the sofa, snoring loudly, nearly overpowering the audible blare of the TV in the background.

In hushed tones we hear --

CAM

(pointing to TV)

Should we uh --

RONNIE

No, no. Leave it on. He'll wake up if you turn it off.

Ronnie quietly makes her way next to the sofa, pulling up a blanket bunched up at Uncle Garpo's feet, tucking him in.

RONNIE (CONT'D)

(to Cam)

Isn't he so precious? He falls asleep here almost every night.

CAM

(smiles)

He seems like a pretty chill old man.

Ronnie leans down, kissing Uncle Garpo gently on the forehead. She takes a moment, admiring his peaceful state.

RONNIE

I'm lucky to have him.

(beat)

C'mon. My room is upstairs.

They make their way to the staircase.

Suddenly, Uncle Garpo shifts on the couch, peering toward the staircase.

UNCLE GARPO

(grunts)

I better not hear any funny business up there!

Ronnie laughs.

RONNIE

G'night Uncle Garpo!

INT. UNCLE GARPO'S HOUSE, RONNIE'S ROOM - LATER

Cam sits on the edge of Ronnie's bed, gazing around her room - - cozy and befitting to her personality.

CLOSE ON an old and splattered art canvas with various paints and brushes crowding an entire corner.

CLOSE ON a large and classy collection of vinyl records, resting below a vintage record player, atop a bureau.

A few framed photos by Ronnie's bedside catches Cam's attention. He leans over, looking at an old photo of Ronnie and a much younger and healthier Uncle Garpo at an amusement park, smiling together.

Audible banging and clanking emanates from the adjoining room. CLOSE ON a door, slightly ajar. We glimpse Ronnie, rummaging through a cabinet in her bathroom. The door swings open. She enters.

RONNIE

Let's see what we can do with this.

She squats, sitting on her haunches in front of Cam, tending to the conspicuous gash on his lower lip. She gently dabs some ointment on the open wound.

CAM

(muttering)

Fuck. Mind goin' a little easy?

RONNIE

(smiles)

Sounds like someone needs a dose of "Man The Fuck Up."

CAM

Very funny. Maybe you should work that into your next routine.

RONNIE

(winks)

I'll see what I can do.

Ronnie continues to lightly dab Cam's lower lip with a soggy cotton ball, doused in ointment.

CAM

Speaking of which, you were pretty funny tonight. Almost made me kinda mad.

RONNIE

Gracias, Senor. I'm glad someone was paying attention.

CAM

De nada, Senorita.

Cam and Ronnie exchange smiles, holding each other's gaze.

RONNIE

But hey, no need to get mad. My inspiration has always stemmed from your work.

CAM

God, I hope you're not referring to that amateur bullshit I spewed back in college.

Ronnie finishes up, standing and tossing some cotton balls into the trash.

RONNIE

Look at you, Mr. Pretentious.  
Acting like you've graduated from  
the dive bars you used to rock off-  
campus. Can't ever forget the old  
stomping grounds that busted your  
comedy cherry!

CAM

Forget?! Please, That would be  
completely unbecoming.  
(beat)  
Honestly, stand-up was a lot more  
fun back then. Now it just feels  
like work.

RONNIE

It was always a good time at F.U.  
On or off campus.

Cam emits a light laugh.

CAM

Good ole Fitch University.

RONNIE

Used to love those "F.U." hoodies  
they made and sold in the campus  
bookstore.

CAM

Oh my god, yes! You were one of the  
first people I saw rockin' one of  
those when they first came out!

RONNIE

Meteorology class, bro!

CAM

You and I had to be the dumbest  
fuckin' kids in that class!

RONNIE

Let's be serious, we totally were.  
I mean, I originally signed up for  
it because I thought it was about  
meteorites.

Cam bursts into laughter.

CAM

Two dumbass Theater kids.

RONNIE

Surrounded by nerdy and unhygienic  
Science majors.

CAM

If it wasn't for that god damn Lab  
Science requirement to graduate we  
woulda never had to endure such  
torture.

RONNIE

We also woulda never met.

CAM

Touche. I guess it had its perks  
after all.

RONNIE

I mean, we totally made the most of  
it. Remember when we had to write  
that apology letter to Professor  
Gordon because she thought we  
cheated on that take-home lab  
assignment that we had to do over  
Thanksgiving break?!

CAM

That's right! The one we did for  
extra credit because we had failed  
all the pop quizzes up to that  
point!

RONNIE

I mean, we did have the same exact  
written answers for that lab.

CAM

Yeah but we always did for in-class  
assignments and she never batted an  
eyelash. But as soon as it became a  
take-home assignment, god forbid we  
word things the same way.

RONNIE

Dude, you so milked in that apology  
letter. I can't believe she bought  
it.

CAM

And still ended up giving us the 25  
extra bonus points.

RONNIE

Good times.

A beat.

CAM

I really need to get back in the swing of things. How do you keep your sanity living all the way out here in the boonies?!

RONNIE

You learn to adapt. Utilize your resources. Sure, comedy night at Shooters isn't ideal, but it still gives you a chance to get up in front of a crowd.

CAM

Yeah, at least you got stand-up. But it's not like you can pursue acting out here.

RONNIE

On the contrary, my friend! I've actually been doing this stellar web series. Which is going exceedingly well. I was actually gonna run it by you.

CAM

Now you got my attention! Do tell!

RONNIE

Just this kid I know from F.U. Still goes there. Think he's a senior now. Planning on moving out to LA after he graduates. But he's been writing and directing this really gripping comedy series and tossing it up on Youtube. Nothin' serious, but he does get thousands of views per video. I think he just hit his 50th episode last week.

CAM

Definitely better than nothin'! You gotta hook me up.

RONNIE

Kid, impeccable timing. He actually just put out a casting call yesterday on facebook. Lookin' for a well toned male in his mid-twenties.

CAM  
Toss me his digits!

RONNIE  
No worries. I gotch you. I'll give  
him a call and sing your praises.

CAM  
You're the best. Thanks Ronnie.

RONNIE  
Just don't fuck this up and make me  
look like a liar!

Cam shoots her a cocky look.

CAM  
When have I ever let you down?

Ronnie rolls her eyes, suppressing a laugh.

RONNIE  
C'mon, I'll give you a ride back to  
your humble abode.

FADE TO:

INT. CAM'S PARENTS' HOUSE, DINING ROOM - NIGHT

The clanking of silverware against dishes. Sammi serves Cam and Arthur steamed veggies as they cut and poke at their meatloaf.

SAMMI  
(to Cam)  
What time did you get in last  
night, bucko?

CAM  
Pretty late. Musta been close to  
two AM.

ARTHUR  
Thought you said you guys close the  
truck early during the week?

SAMMI  
Yeah, aren't weekends the late  
nights?

CAM

Yeah, it's around 10 o'clock on weeknights. Went out with Ronnie afterwards for a bit.

SAMMI

Oh that reminds me! You're not working next Monday are you?

CAM

Not sure. Why? What's so special about next Monday?

ARTHUR

Columbus Day. Your mother and I have it off.

CAM

Ugh. If there's one thing that really gets under my skin, it's dead guys who get credit for something they don't deserve.

SAMMI

Uh oh. Arthur, brace yourself. I think we're about to get one of those infamous Cameron Kiley history lessons.

CAM

I mean you two realize he was a colossal ass, right? Yet he gets his own federal holiday?

ARTHUR

(to Sammi)

He must be working on a new stand-up routine.

CAM

I'm serious! The guy gets credited for discovering The New World, yet when he actually got here, it'd already been visited by several other groups.

SAMMI

(to Arthur)

Either that or it's just a case of him liking the sound of his own voice too much. Definitely inherited that from you, hunny.

CAM  
Groups of varying nationalities,  
mind you!

ARTHUR  
(to Cam)  
And you would know all about this  
because you guys were like best  
buddies, right?

CAM  
He was a slave trader, a tyrant,  
and an incompetent jerk who put  
hundreds of sailors lives at risk.  
Yet the guy is treated like he was  
a recipient of the Nobel Peace  
Prize!

ARTHUR  
Right. My bad. Who would ever want  
to be friends with someone like  
that. That is what you guys say  
nowadays, right? My bad? I didn't  
screw that up?

CAM  
You want a real hero? Squanto! Now  
there, was a selfless and sincere  
man.

ARTHUR  
Who?

SAMMI  
(to Arthur)  
What's he flapping his gum about  
now?

Cam looks back and forth at his parents, incredulous.

CAM  
Please tell me you guys are joking?

ARTHUR  
(to Sammi)  
Did he just make that name up?

SAMMI  
(to Arthur)  
Why are you acting so surprised? We  
are in the presence of the king of  
improv.

CAM

Alright. You guys can stop anytime now.

ARTHUR

(to Sammi)

Squanto. That was quick thinking. You have to give him some credit.

SAMMI

(to Arthur)

Let's hope he doesn't get too much credit. He might wind up with his own federal holiday like Christopher Columbus!

CAM

I am so utterly embarrassed for you two right now. Squanto! He was the Native American who assisted the Pilgrims after their first winter in The New World and played a pivotal role in their survival!

SAMMI

(joking)

Hey, that's Christopher Columbus' New World to you, bucko!

ARTHUR

Now I have to Google it.

Arthur wipes his face with his dinner napkin. He rises and saunters over to the desktop computer in the adjoining room.

CAM

(to Sammi)

Anyway, speaking of days off -- I have one tomorrow. And I have this important audition that Ronnie hooked me up with over in Chester Heights. I really don't wanna bug Franny for another ride. Did you guys ever get rid of that Cavalier I drove in high school?

Sammi smiles, wiping her face.

SAMMI

Still sitting right where you left it.

CAM  
When's the last time you guys took  
it for a spin? Hope it starts.

ARTHUR (O.S.)  
(shouting from other room)  
Well look at that! There was a  
Squanto!

Cam flashes a withering look.

INT. CAM'S PARENTS' HOUSE, GARAGE - LATER

Cam swipes his hand across the dusty hood of an old purple Chevy Cavalier. He pats it a few times, looking it over. He hops in and starts it up.

ANGLE ON the rear of the car -- spitting exhaust, coughing to life.

INT. CAM'S CAR (IDLING) - CONTINUOUS

Cam grips the steering wheel, laughing.

CAM  
(to himself, sarcastic)  
Jesus. This thing is a total time  
capsule.

Cam swings his arm around the passenger seat and peers over his shoulder, backing out of the garage.

EXT. CROSS FALLS, DOWNTOWN - NIGHT

Cam's car rolls into our field of vision, rattling and wheezing -- trying desperately to keep a steady rhythm. The car, clearly no spring chicken.

EXT. LICKETY CHICK, OPEN LOT - MOMENTS LATER

Cam's car pulls into the vast lot, finding a parking space near the Lickety Chick food truck. The lot is deserted.

INT. LICKETY CHICK FOOD TRUCK - MOMENTS LATER

The back door swings open. Cam emerges, finding Ronnie cleaning up for the night.

Ronnie shifts her gaze from wiping down one of the deep fryers to Cam, surprised.

RONNIE

Cam Jam!

She whips around and leans out the window, motioning towards Cam's car.

RONNIE (CONT'D)

Bitchin' ride, bruh! Was that antique made before like, the millennium?

Cam closes the back door to the food truck, stepping inside.

CAM

Look at you! Keen set of eyes. Tis a '91. Drove it in high school.

RONNIE

I think I heard it from like downtown.

CAM

Do you realize how many lawns my rents made me mow to even get that car?

RONNIE

(facetious)

Thing was probably such a pussy magnet back in its day.

CAM

What can I say? Ol' Bessy still gets me from A to B.

RONNIE

Bessy? Sounds like something you should name one of your fists.

Cam gives her a quizzical look.

CAM

Bit feminine don't you think? Especially in like -- a fight?

RONNIE

Exactly. You don't fight.

CAM

How the hell would you know?

RONNIE  
You're a bit slow tonight, aren't  
yah?

Ronnie playfully and sympathetically pats Cam on the head.

CAM  
Ah. The Austin thing.

RONNIE  
Ding, ding, ding!  
(beat)  
So what's up? You didn't have  
enough fun for the seven hours you  
were stuck here this afternoon?

CAM  
Actually I just --

RONNIE  
(interrupts)  
Hey, no arguments here!

Ronnie tosses Cam a cleaning rag, smirking.

RONNIE (CONT'D)  
Plenty to clean up from the savages  
I had to deal with tonight!

Cam smiles. He starts to wipe down the back table.

RONNIE (CONT'D)  
But hey, I'm actually glad you  
swung by. Bruce called me earlier  
and said that he actually has to  
work tomorrow afternoon.

CAM  
The director of the web series  
right? Sorry, I'm horrible with  
names.

RONNIE  
That's the dude! But he says he can  
actually meet you tomorrow night  
when he finishes up.

CAM  
We still meeting in Chester  
Heights?

RONNIE  
Yeah, yeah. Same place. Different  
time.

(MORE)

RONNIE (CONT'D)

I tossed him your digits, so he should be calling you later anyway to give you the deets.

CAM

Really appreciate you hooking me up with this. I'm so stoked. I just need to do something or else I'm gonna go insane out here. I'm not used to all this downtime.

RONNIE

I'm sure you'll rock his socks.

CAM

Oh and thanks for covering me tomorrow too. I know it was your only day off this week.

RONNIE

Shit. I really am your savior, aren't I?

CAM

As much as it pains me to admit it, yes.

RONNIE

Funny how things work out. Cuz you're like the bane of my existence.

CAM

Lies.

RONNIE

Quick! Now's your chance to redeem yourself! Grab this last customer before I close up?

Cam peers through the window of the truck, spotting a pair of headlights pulling into the lot.

CAM

Damn. Talk about cutting it close. It's like five of.

RONNIE

I'm tellin' you. This is your big chance to be my knight in shining armor!

(in a medieval accent)

Don't squander this opportunity, squire!

CAM

Hmm. A strange mix of convincing  
and sexy.

Ronnie takes a humble bow. She slithers out of the truck momentarily, taking out the trash.

Cam stifles a laugh as a large and bulky AFRICAN AMERICAN CUSTOMER steps up to the window.

CAM (CONT'D)

(smiling)

How can I help you?

AFRICAN AMERICAN CUSTOMER

Yeah, I'll take a two-piece leg and  
thigh meal with some fries.

CAM

Just lemmie take a quick look in  
the warmer and see what we got. We  
typically power down our fryers an  
hour before closing to clean up for  
the night.

The African American Customer glowers at Cam, vexed.

Cam whips around, opening the warmer, searching what remains.

CAM (CONT'D)

I apologize sir, looks like we got  
plenty of breasts and wings left.  
No legs or thighs though. Could I  
offer you that instead?

Cam smiles apologetically, waiting for the Customer's response.

The African American Customer shoots Cam a dissatisfied look, eyeing him up and down slowly, contemplating.

AFRICAN AMERICAN CUSTOMER

(malicious)

I hate white meat.

CAM

(taken aback)

Uhhh --

Ronnie bursts through the back, overhearing the exchange.

RONNIE

Hey Lawrence! I saved yours, don't  
worry!

Ronnie kneels, digging in the bottom warmer. She pulls out a small box with a leg and thigh meal tucked away inside.

She hands the box over the counter to the African American Customer.

AFRICAN AMERICAN CUSTOMER  
Thanks darlin'! Can always count on  
you!

He tosses some cash up onto the windowsill of the truck.

AFRICAN AMERICAN CUSTOMER (CONT'D)  
Keep the change!

He shoots Cam a quick glare, before trudging off.

CAM  
Man clearly knows what he wants.

RONNIE  
Sorry, I was expecting him sooner!  
He's actually a nice guy. He comes  
a few times a week.

CAM  
Heh. I'd hate to see his bad side.

Ronnie laughs, turning her attention to the register, popping it open and counting it down.

CAM (CONT'D)  
Well, I was just out to take Ol'  
Bessy for a test run. I'll let you  
get back to your pride and joy.

RONNIE  
Gimmie a call after your audition  
tomorrow. I wanna hear all the  
deets!

CAM  
Will do. I owe you one!

Cam opens the door, scurrying out the back.

INT. FRANNY'S HOUSE, BASEMENT - DAY

The room is relatively dark. Sunlight peeks around closed drapes from each end, covering a large sliding glass door.

Suddenly, we hear the familiar rapid ticking sound of an old film projector coming to life.

Suddenly, a beam of light shoots across the room, hitting a large pull-down projecting screen. Dust particles become visible through the thin beam of light.

PULL OUT, revealing Franny manning his film projector as Cam slouches in a bulky arm chair beside him, waiting patiently. One of Franny's films begins to roll.

FRANNY

See how much different this looks  
than digital?

Cam focuses on the images flashing by -- shots of leaves and tree branches in Franny's front yard.

CAM

Yeah. It looks kinda -- dirty?

FRANNY

(excited)  
Precisely! Doesn't it feel more  
human though?

Cam eyes Franny, dumbfounded.

CAM

More human?

FRANNY

(immersed)  
Yes! Look, look!

Franny directs Cam's attention back to the images on the screen.

FRANNY (CONT'D)

It feels less machine made. There's  
this particular grain structure  
you're never gonna get from  
digital. Film is fragile and  
flawed. And that's the beauty of  
it!

CAM

Alright. Pump the brakes dude.  
Don't get all film school on me.

FRANNY

But seriously! What's your take on  
it?

Cam tilts his head, examining the screen.

CAM

(genuine)

I mean, yes. I see what you mean. It does have a very distinct look and I can understand the appeal -- at least for guys like you.

(beat)

Kinda reminds me of this History of Film class I took as an elective back at F.U.

FRANNY

(worried)

Oh no. Who did you have it with? Bohrer or Munson?

CAM

Munson. Why?

FRANNY

Ugh. I was afraid you were gonna say that. Bohrer was much better. Really had a vast knowledge of all the great film noirs and such.

CAM

I liked Munson.

FRANNY

He was a rambler and got sidetracked more times than I can count. Nobody liked that guy!

CAM

How the hell would you know? You had Bohrer!

FRANNY

Because I had Munson for Media Criticism the next semester. Pure torture.

CAM

Oh Jesus. You're probably all bent out of shape because he gave you your first A- or something.

FRANNY

(vexed)

That's besides the point! Bohrer just showed the better selection. I'm talking all the classics. The Cabinet of Dr. Caligari, Shock Corridor, Double Indemnity!

Cam ponders.

CAM

Well Munson did show this really sweet Hitchcock film called Rear Window.

FRANNY

Hmm. Not bad. One of my favorites.

CAM

I dunno why but that flick always reminded me of this mystery thriller that Aust --

Cam catches himself, stopping.

FRANNY

Austin?

Cam takes a moment, composing himself.

CAM

Yeah. He and I always made movies when we were younger.

FRANNY

(hesitant)  
And Jordan?

Cam dodges the question.

CAM

How do you think I got into acting in the first place? It all stems back to -- that.

FRANNY

It was Austin, wasn't it?

CAM

Whatta you mean?

FRANNY

The other day at the cemetery. That's who you saw.

CAM

Yeah. Wasn't the only time since I've been back. Kid nearly broke my jaw at Shooters the other night.

FRANNY

How long has it been since you've talked to him -- yah know, before you came back.

CAM

Years. Wish there was something I could do to get his attention.

FRANNY

What about that movie you guys made?

CAM

Oh that thing is long gone. I'd be lucky to find it lying around somewhere.

FRANNY

(astounded)

Damn, so you guys really made movies.

CAM

Dude. High school. Freshman year. We were in video production together. Don't you remember? That's when we made it.

FRANNY

Shit that's right! And here I was thinkin' this whole time you were just some popular jock.

CAM

Heh. And they say we were judgmental! Looks like you ain't the prize in the cereal box either!

FRANNY

Sorry. It's just the image you presented in high school.

CAM

Yeah well don't be so quick to jump to conclusions, Franny.

FRANNY

Trust me. I'm not claiming to be perfect.

(pensive)

You know what type of social circle I grew up in -- or lack thereof.

Franny powers down the film, rising from his chair. He flicks the lights on, trying not to make eye contact with Cam.

CLOSE ON Cam, a harsh reality intrudes.

CAM  
Listen. Franny.

Cam takes a moment, rethinking.

CAM (CONT'D)  
I mean -- Fran.  
(beat, sincere)  
I'm sorry. I know I didn't make high school any easier for you. And there's no excuse for how Austin and I used to treat you. Hell, the whole wrestling team in general.

FRANNY  
It's fine, Cam. That was eons ago.

CAM  
It's not fine. It was wrong. And it shoulda never took me this long to come to my senses about it.

FRANNY  
I really have put it behind me, Cam. You don't have to apologize. I mean this in general is more meaningful than any apology.

CAM  
What is?

FRANNY  
You know -- this.

Franny motions around the room. He gestures to Cam and himself.

FRANNY (CONT'D)  
Us kinda like, hanging out I guess. It's actually been pretty nice.

CAM  
You're not a bad dude, Fran. I was just so caught up in my own little world back in high school. The stupidest thing I ever did was worry about what other people thought of me.

FRANNY

Well I appreciate it. But as the  
ol' saying goes, actions speak  
louder than words.

Cam holds Franny's gaze -- managing a smile.

Cam hops up from the bulky arm chair. He grabs Franny and playfully puts him in a headlock, giving him a gentle noogie. Franny wiggles his way out, laughing.

CAM

I have a really important audition  
I gotta run to. How about we have a  
movie night when I get back?

Franny grins.

FRANNY

Kinda like a man date?

CAM

Look at you -- tryin' to sway me  
with your word jazz! Easy, Killah!

FRANNY

Okay, okay. Guy's night.

CAM

Now you're speaking my language!

Cam makes his way to the stairs.

FRANNY

Oh. Cam?

Cam shifts his gaze back towards Franny, waiting.

FRANNY (CONT'D)

You can still call me Franny.

Cam smiles, nodding in accordance. He makes his way upstairs.

INT./EXT. CAM'S CAR, BACK ROADS, CROSS FALLS - DUSK

Rain darts down from the foreboding sky. All signs of light quickly vanishing.

The infamous rattle of Ol' Bessy -- the '91 Cavalier, echoes throughout the treeline as it rounds a corner, popping into view.

Cam momentarily peers down at his phone -- CLOSE ON the screen -- a GPS navigation system, guiding him to his destination.

Suddenly, the wailing of a horn prompts Cam to shift his gaze to the road. A vehicle, maybe a hundred yards ahead, swerves frantically around a stumbling pedestrian.

The stumbling pedestrian, his back to us, throws up his middle finger, screaming profanities at the swerving vehicle, screeching into the distance.

Cam slows down, remaining in the pedestrian's wake, trying to get a better look through the haze of rain. As Cam slowly trails the pedestrian, he watches him trip into the waist high grass beside the road.

Cam comes to an abrupt halt. He unhooks his seat belt and hops out of the car. The rain continues to beat down. The high grass hides the fallen pedestrian in a canopy of swaying tendrils.

Out of nowhere, an empty liquor bottle comes hurtling over the waist high grass, smashing onto the concrete.

Cam runs over, and pushes his way through the grass. He looks down at the drunk and sloppy man lying flat on his back -- Austin.

Cam gets behind Austin's head, grabs both of his arms and hoists him up.

Austin slurs his words -- his head bobbing back and forth.

AUSTIN

You nearly fuckin' hit me yah prick.

CAM

That wasn't me, Austin.

Austin looks Cam over, concentrating hard.

AUSTIN

How the fuck do you know my name?

CAM

C'mon man. I'm taking you home.

AUSTIN

I don't have a home.

CAM

Let me worry about that.

Cam slings Austin's arm around his neck and assists him back to his car. Austin drags his feet, making the short trip exceptionally difficult.

CAM (CONT'D)

C'mon buddy. I'm strong, but not strong enough to lift you. Work with me, okay?

AUSTIN

Do me a favor?

CAM

What's that?

AUSTIN

Fuck off.

Cam, now determined, takes hold of Austin -- forcing him to the car. He leans him against the hood, completely out of breath.

Cam whips out his phone, dialing rapidly. He puts the phone to his ear, waiting.

CAM

(into phone)

Franny! It's Cam.

(beat)

It's Cam! Yes. I'm heading back to your place, it's an emergency. I'll explain when I get there.

(beat)

Cya soon.

Cam hangs up. He looks toward Austin, lying face down on the hood of the car, completely drenched and passed out.

Cam takes a deep breath before making one final attempt to move Austin into the back seat of his car.

EXT. FRANNY'S HOUSE - LATER

Franny bolts out the front door into the torrential downpour as Cam rolls up front.

Cam hops out, rounding the front of the car.

FRANNY

What the hell is going on, Cam?!

CAM

It's Austin. I have Austin.

Franny leans down, peering into the back seat of the car.

FRANNY

Is he alright?

CAM

I found him by the side of the road on the way to my audition.

FRANNY

Okay, okay. Let's uh -- here. We'll bring him to the basement. I have a guest bedroom down there we can put him in.

CAM

You said your parents are gone for the weekend right?

FRANNY

Yeah they won't be back till Sunday. The place is ours.

CAM

Perfect.

Cam and Franny work together, retrieving the passed out Austin from the back seat of the car. Cam lifts Austin onto his feet with all the strength he can muster.

Franny takes one arm and Cam takes the other, slinging them over their shoulders -- making a formidable team.

The two drag Austin with all their might across the lawn, disappearing around the house into the backyard.

EXT. FRANNY'S HOUSE, BACKYARD - CONTINUOUS

Franny and Cam round the corner with Austin in tow. They make their way to a sliding glass door. Franny reaches for the door, yanking it open. The three disappear into the dark basement.

As the door slides closed, thunder roars overhead.

PULL OUT revealing a brewing storm. Lightning streaks across the dark sky in the distance.

FADE TO BLACK.

FADE IN:

INT. FRANNY'S HOUSE, BASEMENT - DAY

Cam wakes with a start. He peers up, rubbing the sleep from his eyes -- Franny's pudgy face comes into focus. He shakes Cam's shoulder back and forth.

FRANNY

Sorry, didn't mean to startle you.

Cam furrows his brow, glaring at Franny.

CAM

(facetious)

Well aren't you a site for sore eyes.

Cam rolls up from the sofa, ruffling his fingers through his hair, yawning.

FRANNY

Morning to you too.

CAM

How's he doing?

FRANNY

Still passed out in the other room.

CAM

Have you checked on him though?

FRANNY

He's fine. I'm surprised his snoring didn't wake you.

CAM

I'm a deep sleeper.

FRANNY

That's self-evident.

(beat)

Anyway. You hungry?

CAM

Starving.

FRANNY

You can chill out down here if you want. I'll go make us some pancakes.

CAM

Bacon too!

FRANNY  
(chuckles)  
Cam. Look who you're talking to.

He shuffles his pudgy belly.

FRANNY (CONT'D)  
I've got you covered.

Cam emits a light laugh.

CAM  
Thanks Franny.

Franny heads upstairs.

A beat.

Cam stares off into the distance, caught in his thoughts. Suddenly, he freezes. His eyes bulge as he remembers and realizes something.

CAM (CONT'D)  
Ah, shit!

Cam buries his face in his hands.

CAM (CONT'D)  
(irritated)  
The fuckin' audition.  
(beat)  
Ronnie is gonna kill me.

Suddenly, a voice from behind Cam speaks up.

AUSTIN (O.S.)  
Glad I'm not the only one.

Cam whips around, locking eyes with Austin.

CAM  
Hey! You're awake.

Austin scans the room, bewildered.

AUSTIN  
Where the hell are we?

CAM  
Oh. Yeah, sorry.

Cam lifts himself up, rounding the sofa slowly. Austin leans in the doorway to the adjoining guest room, waiting for answers.

CAM (CONT'D)  
You remember Franny DeBois from  
high school?

Austin continues to gaze around the basement, trying to get  
his bearings. He rubs the sleep from his eyes.

AUSTIN  
Why did you bring me here?

CAM  
Austin. I found you on the side of  
the road yesterday. You nearly got  
hit by a car.

AUSTIN  
Why are you doing this?

Cam looks at Austin long and hard.

CAM  
I don't know how to answer that.

AUSTIN  
Of course you don't. You're in  
fuckin' denial.

CAM  
In denial?

AUSTIN  
Of the past. Of everything.

CAM  
(reluctant)  
I'm trying to make things right,  
but you're really not making this  
any easier.

AUSTIN  
Oh, well by all means. Let's hit  
the pause button because the world  
is spinning too damn fast for ole  
Cam Kiley.

Cam looks Austin in the eye, speechless.

AUSTIN (CONT'D)  
I don't know why the fuck you're  
back in Cross Falls. I don't know  
what this little act is. But quite  
frankly, I couldn't care less.

Cam glares, offended.

CAM

If you think picking you up off the side of the road because you were too drunk to carry yourself home is an act, I feel really sorry for you.

(stern)

It's called being a friend!

AUSTIN

(taken aback)

Being a friend huh? Tell me about that. The whole friend thing. I'm dying to hear more.

Austin clutches his head, trying to keep his anger at bay.

AUSTIN (CONT'D)

Where was my friend when he used to run off with my sister every night?

CAM

Austin, please.

The rage in Austin's eyes progressively builds.

AUSTIN

Where was my friend at her god damn funeral?!

Cam looks down, dejected.

AUSTIN (CONT'D)

Where the fuck was my friend after she passed?

(beat)

Where was my friend then?!

Tears well up in Austin's eyes.

AUSTIN (CONT'D)

It was always just so much easier for you to run off when times got a little fuckin' rough. And suddenly you've decided that now is a good time to make things right? Seven god damn years later?!

Cam considers this.

A Beat.

CAM

I'm not gonna lie to you. I'm not back here by choice. Certain circumstances have led me here. But now that I am back, I wanna show you that I've changed. I'm ready to make things right.

Cam catches himself, realizing that wasn't the most ideal way to word things.

AUSTIN

(emphasizing "now")

I'm so fucking glad that now is a good time for you. Because nothing you do now is gonna change the fact that Jordan is gone. She's dead. Six feet under the fuckin' ground.

Austin begins to pace back and forth, angrily.

AUSTIN (CONT'D)

All these people around me keep spittin' the same shit, man. You've got infinite potential, they tell me. Get yourself out there. Well that's a fuckin' lie. Not all of us have infinite potential. Her potential was taken away from her -- in the blink of an eye.

CAM

You say that like it's my fault.

AUSTIN

What am I supposed to think, Cam?! One minute you, her, and I, are like a god damn tripod. Told each other everything. Yah know, best friends. Then the next, you decide to run off and start fuckin' her behind my back.

Without hesitation, Cam immediately jumps to his own defense.

CAM

I know you're never gonna understand this but you know what? I was there. I had a front row seat. I saw her die with my own eyes. Every day I'm constantly reminded of that. And at the time, yeah -- I was young and confused and scared shitless.

(MORE)

CAM (CONT'D)

Facing it wasn't easy for me, so I chose to look the other way. But if I knew I was gonna lose one of my best friends over it -- I'd go back and I'd change things.

AUSTIN

(livid)

And that's exactly why you're in fucking denial! You haven't accepted the fact she's gone. You've just constantly run away from it. You've run away from yourself, Cam.

(beat)

Look at you. This stupid pretty boy image you got goin' on. Yeah you've changed alright. You've tried to change who you are because you couldn't stand the person you saw when you looked in a mirror.

Austin starts to circle Cam, looking him over.

AUSTIN (CONT'D)

You really are in tip-top shape.

Austin lightly squeezes Cam's biceps.

AUSTIN (CONT'D)

Shit, if you were this focused in high school, maybe you woulda never quit the wrestling team, junior year.

Austin thinks, contemplating the gravity of the situation.

AUSTIN (CONT'D)

The unstoppable Cam Kiley could have taken us to the state championship three straight years -- but nah, you had other things on your agenda.

Cam stands there in silence.

AUSTIN (CONT'D)

Did you quit smoking too? Anything to erase the bad boy image, right? You're like Mr. fuckin' ideal now.

In the midst of chaos, Franny comes trudging down the stairs, with a plate full of pancakes, completely unaware.

FRANNY  
Alright, chocolate chip galore! But  
the best part is --

Franny stops dead in his tracks, noticing Austin.

AUSTIN  
(to Cam)  
Hope it was worth it.

Austin turns on his heel, heading toward the stairs. He passes by Franny, patting him on the shoulder, gently.

AUSTIN (CONT'D)  
Thanks for the hospitality, Franny.

FRANNY  
(nervous)  
Yeah, uh -- yeah.

Austin makes a hasty exit.

The room fills with an eerie silence. Franny gives Cam a "what the hell just happened" look. Cam stands motionless, completely defeated.

EXT. CAM'S PARENTS' HOUSE - MOMENTS LATER

Cam drags his feet across Franny's lawn, approaching his house. He peers up -- the Lickety Chick food truck parked on the front curb.

The door to the truck slides open, revealing a very disgruntled Ronnie. Cam stops dead in his tracks, anticipating the worst.

RONNIE  
You have to be fuckin' kiddin' me!

Cam takes a deep breath, preparing to face the music.

RONNIE (CONT'D)  
So you skipped out on last night  
because you were too busy chilling  
with the guy who punched you out at  
the bar?!

Ronnie motions down the street -- undoubtedly in the direction Austin headed.

CAM  
(sighing heavily)  
Ronnie, now is not a good time.

RONNIE

Oh trust me, I've noticed how it's never a good time for you. You've made that abundantly clear!

CAM

Listen, I know you're mad because I skipped out on the audition but --

RONNIE

It's not even the fact that you didn't show up to the audition, Cam!

(beat)

You don't even realize what you did. That's your problem. That unprofessionalism that you displayed, reflects on me. It's not all about you!

CAM

Ronnie, I hear you. Loud and clear. You have every reason to be mad. But I've had a long night.

RONNIE

Look at you. You don't even give a shit.

CAM

I just need time to think. That's all I'm asking. The last twenty four hours are sort of a blur.

RONNIE

Oh good. So you're hung over?

CAM

I wasn't drinking!

RONNIE

A little defensive, don't yah think?

Cam takes a moment, centering himself.

CAM

I'm just gonna go inside and we can talk about this later. Okay? Great.

RONNIE

Well you got half of that right.  
We'll talk about it later after  
you're done covering my shift  
today.

CAM

Excuse me?

RONNIE

Yeah. Just you. Kinda like how it  
was just me yesterday on your big  
day off, Bueller! Hope it was worth  
it!

CAM

Is everyone gonna keep saying that  
to me today?

RONNIE

Saying what?

CAM

Forget it. I'm not working today. I  
have my reasons.

RONNIE

Well let's hear em'! I'm not going  
anywhere.

CAM

You really need to back off and  
give me my space.

RONNIE

That's what I thought. And don't  
worry. You'll have plenty of time  
and space now -- because you're  
done.

Cam raises his eyebrows, astounded.

CAM

You're firing me?

RONNIE

Be thankful that's all I'm doing.  
I'll spare you from another busted  
lip.

Cam considers this.

CAM

You're really making a mistake,  
Ronnie.

RONNIE

No Cam. The moment I made the  
mistake was when I decided that you  
were worth it.

CAM

What the hell is that supposed to  
mean?

RONNIE

It means that I should have never  
wasted my god damn time on you.  
Ever since you got back I've been  
trying to make things a little bit  
more like home for you. You know,  
your other home. Your big fancy and  
cherished night life home in the  
city -- where everything is just a  
little bit bigger and brighter.

CAM

Ronnie --

RONNIE

You're not fooling anyone dude. If  
I can see through you -- you can  
bet your ass everyone else can too.  
No matter how much it pains you to  
admit it.

CAM

You're so off the mark.

RONNIE

If I'm so off the fuckin' mark then  
how come I never heard from you  
after we graduated college?

Cam stares at her, speechless -- unable to express himself.

RONNIE (CONT'D)

Dude. We were such good friends.  
You were legit my go-to guy. I  
could talk to you about anything.  
And then you just disappeared.

CAM

You're right. I did. Everything  
you're saying has merit.

(MORE)

CAM (CONT'D)

I'm not even gonna try and argue that -- because I'd be wrong.

RONNIE

Three fuckin' years. Not a god damn peep from you. And then you show up outta nowhere.

(beat)

Is this how it's gonna be? Is this what I have to look forward to? As soon as you have something that's more important, are you just gonna up and leave?

CAM

Ronnie, what do you want me to say?

RONNIE

How about you start with a fucking apology!

CAM

It's clearly too late for that, now isn't it?

RONNIE

And even that's too difficult. You have way too much pride.

(beat)

When it all boils down to it -- you're just some self involved asshole who comes from a small yuppie town in the middle of east bum fuck nowhere -- but will do anything to convince yourself otherwise.

Cam losses his composure, finally teetering over the edge.

CAM

Listen, just because you and I had a few drunk nights in college together, doesn't mean you know shit about me or my personal life! You mighta been vulnerable at the time because of all the shitty relationship decisions you made and all the douchebags you dated -- but just because you poured your heart and feelings out to me, doesn't mean that I did the same. There's so much that you don't know about me and never fucking will!

Ronnie purses her lips, nodding.

RONNIE

Thank you.

She turns on her heel, hopping in the truck -- never looking back. She fires it up without hesitation, peeling off down the street.

CLOSE ON Cam -- filled with anguish and regret.

INT. CAM'S PARENTS' HOUSE, FOYER - MOMENTS LATER

Cam bursts into the house, making his presence felt.

Sammi rounds the corner, suspicious.

SAMMI

Cameron?

Cam kicks off his shoes, angrily.

CAM

Don't worry. They're off!

Sammi steps into the foyer, looking Cam over.

SAMMI

Was that you creating all that racket out there?

CAM

Mom, please. Not now.

SAMMI

Is everything alright?

CAM

I just need time to myself at the moment, okay?

Sammi nods, uncertain and worried.

As Cam trots up the stairs we hear --

SAMMI

Oh hunny -- just one thing.

Cam turns, giving her his attention.

SAMMI (CONT'D)

I pulled a bunch of boxes from the attic and left them in your room.

(MORE)

SAMMI (CONT'D)

You don't need to look at them now,  
but I want you to go through them  
soon and let me know what you want  
to keep. Your father and I are  
thinking of doing a yard sale.

Cam gives a small salute, turning and trotting upward. He disappears around the corner, atop the staircase.

INT. CAM'S PARENTS' HOUSE, CAM'S BEDROOM - CONTINUOUS

Cam emerges, slamming the door behind him. He plops down next to his bed. He wraps his arms around his knees, pulling them to his chest. He rocks back and forth, brooding in silence.

He peers up, noticing the billboard with all the photos of he, Austin, and Jordan. He shuts his eyes, shaking his head back and forth, suppressing tears.

CAM

(muttering to himself)  
I can't do it. I can't do it  
anymore. Fuck this place.  
(beat)  
It's all one giant fucking mistake.

Cam opens his eyes slowly, taking several deep breaths, composing himself.

He pulls out his cell, scrolling through his contacts. He presses a button, putting the phone to his ear, waiting.

INT. CAM'S OLD APARTMENT - CONTINUOUS

Greg, Cam's ex-roommate, pauses his video game. He tosses dirty laundry off the couch from a massive pile. He digs with purpose until -- he discovers his phone, stuck in between the cushions. He retrieves it, picking up the call --

GREG

(into phone)  
Brosiah! What's the good word?!

INTERCUT -- PHONE CONVERSATION:

CAM

Greg! You gotta get me the hell  
outta here, man. ASAP!

GREG

A week of torture is all you could  
endure, huh?

CAM

Dude it's bad. I'll do you a solid.  
I'll owe you one. Please, just get  
me back in there.

GREG

Cam, you owe me like five.

CAM

I promise you -- things'll go back  
to the way they were when we first  
moved in there, man. I'll go get  
some shitty job and pay off my debt  
to you. Hell, I'll go work at the  
Ugly Omelet if I have to! I don't  
care!

GREG

The Ugly Omelet?  
(shouting across the room)  
Yo Storm, don't you work at The  
Omelet, bro?

CAM

Wait, what the fuck did you just  
say?!

(beat)

Who's there right now?

GREG

Oh, uh -- yeah sorry Cam. I sorta --

CAM

You sorta what Greg!? You replaced  
me already?!

GREG

Listen. I know you live in fantasy  
land, but the rent ain't gonna pay  
itself dude. I had to move someone  
in here.

CAM

And you chose that prick of all  
people?!

GREG

(shouting across room)

Dude! My old roommate thinks you're  
a d-bag!

(beat, into phone)

Wait, how do you know Storm?

CAM

(vexed)

Must you repeat everything that I say? I don't actually think he's a prick, you moron.

GREG

Not necessarily the best way to win me back over.

CAM

This is a nightmare.

GREG

How the hell do you know him?

CAM

He was the god damn waiter during my audition.

GREG

Wait, he was part of your audition?

CAM

What? No! Just shut up for a sec. Just tell him that you're trippin' sack or something. Tell him I don't think he's a prick. The last thing I need right now is another guy who hates my guts.

GREG

Think it's too late for that.

CAM

Ugh. Honestly. It had to be him of all people?

GREG

He has a job dude. He makes some crazy moolah!

CAM

Yeah. I'm sure he's making a big name for himself serving shit-tastic lattes at The Omelet. Oh, try not to repeat that.

A beat.

GREG

Fuck man, not everyone wants to become famous like you. Some people have normal dreams and aspirations.

(MORE)

GREG (CONT'D)

Yah know, owning a business,  
getting married, having kids,  
making a family.

CAM

Yeah well good luck. You guys are  
gonna need it.

GREG

So are you.

BACK IN CAM'S ROOM

Cam hangs up on Greg, slamming his phone onto the floor in pure frustration.

PULL IN on Cam -- finally reaching his boiling point. He hops up from the floor, erupting in a violent fit of rage.

He charges over to his wall and rips the billboard of photos off furiously, heaving it across the room.

WE FOLLOW the billboard as it SOARS and KER-PLUNK -- makes a crash landing on the side of a large cardboard box, tearing it open with one of its sharp corners. A few items spill from the box.

Cam breathes heavily, slowly coming back to his senses. He approaches the mess, leaning over to gather some of the pictures from the billboard, strewn across the floor.

Out of the corner of his eye, he notices something peeking out of the box. Suddenly he pauses -- caught in an expression of disbelief.

He slowly reaches toward the torn box -- grabbing a black rectangular item in particular -- an old VHS tape. It's labeled in faded out magic marker. PULL IN on the worn and faded label -- "Video Production Class '04."

Cam continues to stare down at what lies in his hands, not believing it's actually there.

Suddenly, Arthur peeks into the room, cautiously.

ARTHUR

Cam. Your mother said she heard  
something crash up here. What's  
going on?

Cam whips around, ecstatic.

CAM  
Dad! The VHS player.

ARTHUR  
The what?

Cam laughs to himself.

CAM  
Yeah exactly. Where is that fossil?  
What box does mom have it tucked  
away in?

ARTHUR  
You honestly think we kept that  
thing? We got rid of it years ago.

CAM  
Please tell me you're joking. We  
had more than one. There has to be  
one lying around up in the attic  
somewhere!

ARTHUR  
Why on earth would we keep a VHS  
player hanging around? All it would  
do is collect dust.

CAM  
Kinda like Ol' Bessy, right?!

ARTHUR  
Bessy?

Cam scrambles to his feet, scurrying out the door in a frenzy. As he runs out of the room we hear his voice trail off down the hallway.

CAM (O.S.)  
Sorry dad! Not now. Gotta run!

Arthur stands in the doorway, perplexed by his son's eccentric behavior.

ARTHUR  
(to himself, mystified)  
Who in the blue hell is Ol' Bessy?

EXT. CAM'S PARENTS' HOUSE, FRONT YARD - CONTINUOUS

Cam bolts out the front door, leaping off the porch. He races toward Franny's house.

INT. FRANNY'S HOUSE, BASEMENT - CONTINUOUS

The sliding glass door to the backyard whips open wildly. Cam bursts in, with the VHS tape in his hand.

CAM  
(shouting)  
Franny!  
(beat)  
Franny, where the hell are you?!

Franny sits up from the sofa, momentarily startled.

FRANNY  
Jesus Christ, dude! I could have  
been stroking the salami. Mind  
knocking next time?!

CAM  
Dude! This is really important!  
Please tell me Mr. Film Major has  
an old VHS player hanging around in  
this tomb!

FRANNY  
Well, yeah -- I have one hooked up  
right next to my --

CAM  
(interrupts)  
Where is it?

FRANNY  
Relax. Just gimme the tape.

Cam hands Franny the tape. Franny gazes at the label.

A beat.

FRANNY (CONT'D)  
(surprised)  
You found it!

CAM  
Yeah. I didn't think I still had  
it. I really hope it still works.  
Hurry! Pop it in!

FRANNY  
Relax, relax. You'll get your fix.

Franny leans over, popping the tape into the VHS player. Franny cues it up. For a moment, we see nothing but a snowy image on the TV screen until -- the real image pops up.

WE PULL IN getting a better view of what Cam and Franny are seeing.

ANGLE ON the TV screen -- A teenage version of Cam acts out a scene in a dilapidated basement. Cam is sharply dressed -- a black business suit, gripping a revolver and aiming it towards the floor.

The camera tilts down and we see a teenage version of Austin, with a white button up shirt, splattered in fake blood, lying helplessly on the floor.

Austin turns, facing the barrel of Cam's revolver. They hold each other's gaze and then -- Cam squeezes the trigger and the gun clicks.

Suddenly, we hear a girl's voice on the tape in the background.

VOICE (O.S.)

And cut! That was perfect! That's when we'll cut to black when we edit in post. This is gonna look great guys!

A voluptuous brunette enters the frame. This is JORDAN STONE. The group laughs and jokes around with one another as the camera continuously rolls.

WE PULL OUT revealing Cam and Franny watching the tape intently from the sofa. Cam smiles warmly -- truly discovering peace for the first time.

FRANNY

Jordan directed that?

Cam continues to stare at the TV screen, completely immersed.

CAM

She sure did. Austin and I wrote the script. And she saw it through. She always loved our ideas.

FRANNY

Let's rewind this. I wanna watch it from the beginning!

Franny lifts himself from the sofa, heading over to the TV.

CAM

If only Austin could see this again -- I can only imagine how happy it would make him.

Franny turns. A sneaky smile creeps across his face.

FRANNY

Who's to say that he can't?

CAM

One problem.

FRANNY

Which is?

CAM

Getting it to him. He's never gonna give me the time of day Franny. Not after everything that's happened.

FRANNY

You don't have to give it to him. All he has to do is find it.

CAM

What're you proposing?

Franny motions toward the guest room that Austin slept in.

FRANNY

He left his black leather jacket here when he left. He'll be back for it.

Cam grins.

CAM

This is perfect. Do you think maybe I should write up a little letter explaining --

FRANNY

Just the tape. All you need to do is leave the tape in his jacket. It'll speak for itself.

CAM

You really think so?

Franny locks eyes with Cam, confident.

FRANNY

I know so. Just give it some time. He'll come around.

Cam grins from ear to ear.

CAM  
What're you waiting for? Rewind  
that bad boy!

BEGIN MONTAGE:

INT. CAM'S PARENTS' HOUSE, CAM'S BEDROOM - DAY

Cam rummages through cardboard boxes, filled to the brim with various trinkets and old belongings.

He digs up numerous empty photo frames. He peers over at the billboard of photos leaning against his bed, smiling.

INT./EXT. FRANNY'S HOUSE, FOYER - DAY

Franny opens the door, discovering Austin, itching his head and looking slightly embarrassed. Austin mouths a few words. Franny smiles, handing Austin his black leather jacket.

Austin nods as they part ways.

INT. LICKETY CHICK FOOD TRUCK - DAY

Ronnie hands a set of keys to a new employee -- A YOUNG GRUNGY KID. The Young Grungy Kid nods, taking the set of keys.

Ronnie quickly jots down a number on a piece of paper and hands it to the Young Grungy Kid. She makes a phone gesture with her hand, lifting it to her ear, implying to call her if necessary.

The Young Grungy Kid nods in accordance. Ronnie heads out for the day.

INT. CAM'S PARENTS' HOUSE, LIVING ROOM - DAY

Sammi and Arthur help Cam gather and organize all of his childhood photos of he, Austin, and Jordan. They meticulously select certain frames for certain pictures, slipping the photos inside and locking them into place.

As Cam swims his way through a pile of pictures, he finds one of he and Ronnie from college. He picks up the photo, admiring the memory. He reaches for an empty photo frame.

INT. AUSTIN'S HOUSE, BEDROOM - DAY

Austin pulls his jacket off and tosses it on his bed. The VHS tape slides out of his pocket and hits the wooden floor.

The crash landing prompts Austin to whip around. He inches toward the tape, curiously. He leans over to grab it. He gazes down at the label in faded out magic marker, "Video Production Class '04."

CLOSE ON Austin -- astonished and simultaneously in deep thought.

He peers over his shoulder at his closet door, slightly ajar. He nods, thinking to himself, getting an idea. He heads over to his closet and begins rummaging through it with purpose.

EXT. CAM'S PARENTS' HOUSE, GARAGE - DAY

Ol' Bessy wheezes and sputters to life, producing billowing clouds of exhaust as it attempts to breathe.

INT. CAM'S CAR (IDLING) - CONTINUOUS

CLOSE ON Cam's cell phone screen, lingering on Ronnie's number. Cam's thumb presses the call button.

PULL OUT as we watch Cam place the phone to his ear, waiting patiently. After a few moments -- no pickup. He lowers the phone, ending the call. He bends his head in dismay.

He peers over his shoulder, pulling the car out of the garage.

INT. AUSTIN'S HOUSE, BEDROOM - DAY

Austin grasps an old VHS player in his hands, kicking his closet door closed behind him. He blows a generous amount of dust off the surface of the tape player.

He heads over to his TV, a fierce and intense determination in his eyes. He begins setting up the VHS player as quickly as possible.

EXT. LICKETY CHICK - DAY

Ol' Bessy rolls into the vast lot. The place bustles with life as numerous patrons line up outside the truck.

Cam hops out of his car and inches his way toward the truck. He peers over the shoulders of the patrons in line, noticing the new employee. The Young Grungy Kid works the window by himself.

Cam waits a few more moments, scanning the area, searching for any signs of Ronnie, to no avail.

He dips his head in dismay, dragging his feet back to his car.

INT. AUSTIN'S HOUSE, BEDROOM - DAY

Austin sits Indian style directly in front of the TV. His hands are folded, resting directly under his chin, supporting his head. His eyes are glued to the video.

ANGLE ON the TV screen -- Cam struggles with his neck tie. Jordan steps into frame, laughing. She steps over to Cam, assisting him with tying his neck tie.

Austin walks into frame with Cam's suit jacket. He playfully attempts to dress Cam, draping the jacket over his shoulders.

Jordan joins in as she takes one of Cam's arms and Austin takes the other, pulling them into the jacket. Cam rolls his eyes, annoyed. He tries to wrestle away from Jordan and Austin but they corner him, continuing to dress him and laugh at his expense.

PULL OUT revealing Austin directly in front of the TV, laughing while simultaneously wiping a few tears away from his eyes.

EXT. UNCLE GARPO'S HOUSE - DAY

Cam parks on the edge of the curb and hops out. He approaches the front door, with a picture frame tucked underneath his arm.

He lingers at the door for a moment, reluctant. Finally, he reaches and rings the door bell.

After a few moments, the door swings open and Cam is greeted by a very pale, fatigued, and out of sorts Uncle Garpo. Cam mouths a few words and Uncle Garpo shakes his head in response. Cam nods, frowning.

As Cam makes his way back to his car, he passes by the mailbox. He stops, contemplating his options. He looks back toward the house then at the mailbox. He steps back, opens the box, and slides the picture frame inside.

END MONTAGE.

EXT. FORESTVALE CEMETERY - DAY

Cam kneels at the crest of the large hill next to Jordan's gravestone. He pulls a beautifully framed photo from his jacket.

CLOSE ON the framed photo -- A "wrap party" of sorts. He, Austin, and Jordan stand in the dilapidated basement, on set of their student film.

Jordan has a camera mounted on her shoulder. She stands proudly in the middle of the boys, smiling together. Cam and Austin are still dressed in character -- Cam with the business suit and Austin with the red splattered shirt.

Cam gingerly places the framed photo beside the gravestone with a single red rose.

From behind Cam, a voice speaks up. Cam whips around -- locking eyes with Austin.

AUSTIN

Where did you find it?

Austin holds up the VHS tape.

CAM

My mom is sort of a hoarder. She doesn't throw any of my stuff away.

AUSTIN

Took me a minute to find an actual VHS player. One that worked. But -- I'm glad I decided to go digging for one.

Cam emits a light laugh.

CAM

Yeah, I sorta went through the same thing. I actually had to go over Franny's house to watch it. I want you to keep the tape though. It's better off in your hands.

A beat.

AUSTIN

(joking)

Heh, what makes you think you were gonna get it back to begin with?

Cam grins.

CAM

(winks)

Can't blame you for wanting to keep  
a masterpiece!

AUSTIN

Yah know --

Austin paces back and forth for a few moments, contemplating.

AUSTIN (CONT'D)

You've been one persistent bastard  
for the past few weeks. I guess I  
gotta give you some credit. I sure  
as hell know for a fact the old Cam  
woulda bailed after the first  
round.

Austin motions towards Cam's jaw.

AUSTIN (CONT'D)

Sorry about that by the way.

Cam lightly grazes his jaw.

CAM

It's fine. I can't say that I  
didn't deserve it.

(beat)

It's probably a good thing reality  
hit me in the face that hard.

AUSTIN

Well in that case, you're welcome.

The two exchange laughs. The boys share a moment of clarity  
for the first time in eons.

CAM

It's funny how things work out,  
right? You're always looking out  
for me, even when you despise me.

AUSTIN

(genuine)

I don't despise you Cam. I never  
hated you. I just tried not to  
think about you at all.

Austin moves toward the gravestone, kneeling down, noticing the framed photo. He scoops it up, momentarily losing himself in the memory.

While gazing at the photo, gripped tightly in his hands --

AUSTIN (CONT'D)

I was angry -- at life, at myself, at the world in general. You weren't any exception to all of that. However, what I did hate -- was the person that I became.

Austin places the photo down gently and rises, looking out over the crest of the hill, gazing at the horizon.

AUSTIN (CONT'D)

I started drinking more, hanging out with the wrong crowd -- it's not good Cam. And I have no one to blame but myself.

Cam listens intently, looking very sympathetic.

AUSTIN (CONT'D)

It's been very hard for me to find any sort of happiness over the years. But for the first time in a long time -- watching that video we made -- seeing us in our element, having a blast and doing what we loved -- it really brought me back to a better place.

Cam approaches Austin, placing his hand gently on his shoulder.

CAM

I knew it would and I'm glad it did.

Austin turns, coming face to face with Cam.

AUSTIN

I've gotta come to peace with all of this. And I will. It's just gonna take some time.

CAM

Austin, I just really want things to go back to the way they used to be. I really do.

A beat.

Austin shoots Cam a serious look.

AUSTIN

Sorry Cam. Things are never gonna go back to the way they used to be. That's physically impossible.

Austin peers down at Jordan's gravestone.

A beat.

Cam sees what Austin is alluding to.

CAM

You're right.

Cam nods, looking very glum.

AUSTIN

But --

Cam slowly peers up at Austin, waiting.

AUSTIN (CONT'D)

-- I wouldn't mind giving you and I a try. For old time's sake.

A flare of hope ignites in Cam's eyes.

CAM

This whole unhappiness thing -- you're not alone, Austin. Just because I ran off to the city after college doesn't mean my problems didn't come with me, because they did. They follow me everywhere I go. But I still think about her every day. I still dream about her. I replay that night over and over in my head, wondering and thinking about how differently my life would be today if it wasn't for what happened.

A tear trickles down Cam's cheek.

AUSTIN

I know that I've said some pretty cruel things to you. And I was wrong. I was so fucking wrong. None of this is your fault, Cam. Nobody is to blame for this. I know how you felt about her and I know you would have done anything for her.

Cam raises his eyebrows, surprised but ultimately relieved at Austin's confession. Possibly a side of his friend that he's never seen.

CAM

Yah know, over the years I've come to realize that happiness isn't a constant feeling and it never will be. Instead, I've come to terms with the fact that a big part of life is living for the fleeting moments. Because when we feel and experience them, even if it's only for a split second -- it reminds us that all of this is worth it. It really is.

A newfound hope fills Austin's eyes. He grins, putting his hands on Cam's shoulders.

AUSTIN

You have a good head on your shoulders. You always have and you're gonna do just fine.

CAM

I already told you, you're not alone in this, Austin. We, are going do just fine.

Austin spreads his arms wide, motioning for a hug. Cam grins.

CAM (CONT'D)

No homo?

AUSTIN

Get over here before I change my mind, asshole.

The two laugh and embrace, hugging it out.

CAM

I wanna make it up to you. I wanna make it up to her. I want us to feel that happiness again.

AUSTIN

We're gonna have to work for that overtime, Cam.

CAM

Exactly. That'll be our payoff.

A spark ignites in Cam's eyes.

AUSTIN  
I know that look.

CAM  
I've got an idea.

AUSTIN  
(smiles)  
Of course you do.

CAM  
You wanna know what the saddest  
part of that tape is?

Cam motions toward the VHS tape in Austin's hand.

AUSTIN  
I'm sure you're gonna have no  
trouble telling me.

CAM  
The fact that we stopped doing what  
we loved after Jordan passed.

AUSTIN  
There it is.

CAM  
Well?

Austin fires back playfully, wanting more out of Cam.

AUSTIN  
Well what?

CAM  
Whatta yah say we do this thing.  
For old time's sake.

Austin considers this.

AUSTIN  
You're serious about this?

CAM  
Let's do this in her honor. I need  
to. I want to. Whatta yah say?

A beat.

AUSTIN  
I say when do we start?

INT. FRANNY'S HOUSE, BASEMENT - NIGHT

Franny sinks into the sofa cushions, pondering while Cam and Austin stand in front of him, anxiously awaiting his response.

FRANNY

So let me get this straight. You guys are interested in shooting an entire movie and you want me to be your camera guy?

CAM

(excited)  
Exactly!

AUSTIN

But not a feature. We're not prepared for something that big yet.

CAM

True! We were thinking more along the lines of a short film. Maybe like ten minutes, fifteen tops. We wanna keep it within reach.

FRANNY

Good. I like it. But, do you guys even have a script written?

AUSTIN

Not yet but were hoping we could ping-pong some potential ideas right now.

CAM

Let's get the creative juices flowin'!

FRANNY

Guys, I gotta confess -- script writing has never been my strong suit. I know what I excel at -- and that's filming. I'm good at bringing the story to life -- once it's sitting right in front of me.

CAM

And that's exactly why you're our guy for when the script is finished.

FRANNY

Well as long as we got that clear,  
I'm more than happy to be a part of  
the team.

CAM

Plus, Austin's always been a great  
writer. Once we have the idea, he  
can hammer it out in no time.

AUSTIN

We wanna make this a legitimate  
production. We really wanna go  
balls to the wall with this. Like  
film festival worthy.

FRANNY

I've been building my own personal  
kit for years since college. I got  
cameras, lights, audio -- you name  
it. We're covered.

AUSTIN

Perfect. And once we have our  
script, we're gonna wanna think  
about proper location scouting,  
casting, auditions --

CLOSE ON Cam, immediately stricken with an epiphany.

CAM

The Audition! That's it! It's so  
fuckin' perfect.

Austin and Franny stare at Cam, perplexed.

AUSTIN

You alright?

CAM

I just got the perfect idea for our  
short film!

Suddenly, the ringing of a phone prompts Cam to reach into  
his pocket. He retrieves his cell and peers down at the  
caller ID -- Ronnie.

He freezes in a mixed expression of astonishment and  
uncertainty.

CAM (CONT'D)

(hesitant)

Hey guys, give me a quick sec.

Cam approaches the adjoining room --

INT. FRANNY'S HOUSE, BASEMENT, GUEST BEDROOM - CONTINUOUS

Cam steps inside. He lightly pushes the door behind him, keeping it slightly ajar.

He takes a deep breath, and answers the call --

CAM  
 (into phone)  
 Hey, I've been trying to call you  
 for the last week but --

RONNIE (O.S.)  
 (sniffling)  
 Cam?

CAM  
 (into phone)  
 Yeah?

RONNIE (O.S.)  
 I'm -- I'm really, really sorry.  
 (hysterical, crying)  
 I just -- I really need a friend  
 right now and I didn't know who  
 else to call.

CAM  
 (into phone)  
 Ronnie what's going on? Are you  
 alright?

RONNIE (O.S.)  
 (crying)  
 My Uncle Garpo. He died. My Uncle  
 is gone. He's fuckin' gone.

CLOSE ON Cam, his mouth agape, in pure disbelief.

CAM  
 (trying to talk over the  
 crying)  
 Ronnie, Ronnie, Ronnie. Where are  
 you right now?

RONNIE (O.S.)  
 (crying)  
 I'm at my place.

CAM  
 (into phone)  
 I'm coming, okay? I'm coming over  
 right now. I'll see you soon.

Cam hangs up, staring off into oblivion, still not wanting to believe it's true.

Austin inches his way inside the bedroom.

AUSTIN  
 Cam. What's going on?

Cam slowly shifts his gaze, looking at Austin, still incredulous.

CAM  
 My uh -- my friend. That was my  
 friend Ronnie. One of her really  
 close family members just passed  
 away.

AUSTIN  
 The girl you were at Shooters with?

CAM  
 Yeah, that's, that's her.

AUSTIN  
 Well what are you waiting for?

CAM  
 I just -- I can't fuckin' believe  
 it. She was so god damn close to  
 him. He's all she had, Austin.

AUSTIN  
 (sincere)  
 That's not true. She has you. And  
 she knows that, otherwise she never  
 would have called you. And right  
 now it sounds like she really needs  
 a friend.

Cam nods in accordance.

AUSTIN (CONT'D)  
 Come on, I'll drive you.

CAM  
 Austin you really don't have --

AUSTIN  
(interrupts)  
Hey, I owe you one for the other  
day. Let's go. Don't make me drag  
you out there.

Cam manages a smile. He brushes past Austin, leading the way.

EXT. UNCLE GARPO'S HOUSE - NIGHT

A pair of headlights round the corner, piercing the darkness.  
They slowly roll towards us, stopping directly in front of  
Ronnie's place.

Cam hops out of the car and jogs to the front door.

INT. UNCLE GARPO'S HOUSE, LIVING ROOM - CONTINUOUS

Cam emerges, frantically scanning the house.

CAM  
Ronnie!  
(beat)  
Ronnie?

Ronnie rounds the corner from the adjoining room -- tears  
pouring down her face.

Cam quickly approaches her, embracing her and squeezing her  
tight.

RONNIE  
(hysterical)  
I'm so, so sorry.

Cam comforts her, trying his best to calm her.

CAM  
Hey, you have nothing to be sorry  
about. I'm here. I'm really here.  
We're gonna get through this. You  
understand me?

Ronnie nods, pressing her head into Cam's chest, enveloping  
herself in his warmth.

A beat.

WE PULL OUT and suddenly hear the distinguishable pitch of brass horns -- as the pitch of the horns progressively builds, we find ourselves --

FADE TO:

EXT. FORESTVALE CEMETERY - DAY

-- at the conclusion of a service for Uncle Garpo.

Two NAVY HONOR GUARD MEMBERS stand with incredible posture as they produce the beautiful and elegant sound of "Taps" through their trumpets.

As the horns finish and fade out, the mourners and the bereaved disperse from the graveyard, finding their way to their vehicles.

Ronnie and Cam linger at Uncle Garpo's grave. Ronnie kneels down, silently taking it all in. Cam stands by her side, with his hand placed gently on her head.

RONNIE

Thank you so much for being here.  
It really does mean the world to me  
-- and Uncle Garpo. He liked you a  
lot.

CAM

I wasn't gonna make the same  
mistake twice.

This prompts Ronnie to peer up at Cam, a bit puzzled.

CAM (CONT'D)

There's so much I haven't told you  
Ronnie. And it's not because you  
weren't worthy or because I didn't  
trust you. In all honesty, you're  
the only person I've come to fully  
trust. I just wasn't ready.

Ronnie flashes a look of realization, finally understanding.

RONNIE

You've lost someone.

CAM

You know how everyone always says,  
I know how you feel, after  
something tragic like this happens  
but realistically they don't have a  
fucking clue?

(MORE)

CAM (CONT'D)

Well, I can honestly look you in the eye and say, I know how you feel.

Ronnie shoots upward and wraps her arms around Cam. Cam embraces her.

A beat.

CAM (CONT'D)

I wanna show you something.

Cam extends his hand. Without hesitation, Ronnie grips it tightly. Cam leads them up the large hill in the middle of the cemetery.

At the crest of the hill, Cam stops at Jordan's gravestone. Ronnie sits on her haunches, and scoops up the framed photo that Cam left the other day. She notices the picture from graduation, still grounded by the small rock from Cam's first visit.

She scoops up the graduation photo, looking at it closely, realizing who Austin truly is. She places it back down.

RONNIE

I see I'm not the only one who received a framed photo.

Cam flickers a smile.

RONNIE (CONT'D)

How did she die?

Cam swallows hard.

CAM

She was hit by a car. Rainy night. We were wearing dark clothes. Walking back to her place from a party.

RONNIE

I'm so sorry, Cam.

Cam nods silently.

RONNIE (CONT'D)

Many people that we love pass away too soon -- without reason.

(MORE)

RONNIE (CONT'D)

But we're always gonna remember them in many different ways even if it's through the littlest things. And that's what keeps them living on.

CAM

There's a lot of truth behind that.

RONNIE

Uncle Garpo always used to say that to me.

CAM

A wise and chill old man. The perfect combination.

Ronnie laughs, rubbing away a few tears. She points to the framed picture, next to the gravestone.

RONNIE

Was she your girlfriend?

CAM

Not officially, but it sure felt that way.

RONNIE

Now the Austin thing makes sense.

CAM

All three of us were best friends. We grew up together. But eventually, Jordan and I started to develop feelings for each other.

RONNIE

And Austin didn't approve?

CAM

He didn't find out until after she died.

Ronnie considers this.

RONNIE

(sympathetic)  
That's a heavy load.

CAM

As you can clearly see, I'm pretty good at keeping things from everyone. Not just you.

(beat)

(MORE)

CAM (CONT'D)

I've made a lot of mistakes Ronnie.  
I never went to Jordan's funeral.  
And I do regret that. I regret a  
lot of things.

Ronnie stands, facing Cam.

RONNIE

We all make mistakes, Cam. But you  
learn from those mistakes. You've  
proven it to me and you've proven  
it to yourself. And that's all  
anyone can ask for. And I'm  
positive that you can prove it to  
Austin and win him back.

Cam grins from ear to ear.

CAM

You're right. I can. But I'm gonna  
need your help with that.

Ronnie returns Cam's smile.

INT. CAM'S PARENT'S HOUSE, CAM'S BEDROOM - DAY

Cam leads Austin and Franny into his room. Franny plops down  
on the bed, making himself comfortable.

The billboard of photos immediately grabs Austin's attention.  
He inches his way toward the board, enamored by all of the  
pictures.

Cam steps up behind him, handing him a framed photo.

CAM

I saved this one for you.

Austin takes the photo and gazes at it -- He, Cam and Jordan  
sitting in Ol' Bessy. Cam dangles the car keys from the  
driver's seat. Austin and Jordan bask in the glory of  
freedom.

AUSTIN

(smiling)

This is when we all got our  
license.

CAM

The first time we ever took Ol'  
Bessy out for a spin.

AUSTIN

Ol' Bessy.  
 (laughs to himself)  
 I miss the ol' Purple Torpedo.

CAM

Well, she's no spring chicken but she's still got a little life left in her. I'll gladly take you for a spin.

Austin reaches in for a hug.

AUSTIN

Thanks brotha. It's cool that you kept all these over the years.

Austin gestures toward all the photos on the billboard.

CAM

Can't just throw the past away man.

Franny sits up, rolling his eyes.

FRANNY

Are you two lovebirds done yet? We got a movie to map out!

Austin and Cam exchange laughs.

CAM

Just about. We're waiting on one more.

From downstairs, Sammi's voice echoes up the staircase.

SAMMI (O.S.)

(shouting)  
 Cameron! You've got more company!

CAM

(to the guys)  
 I'll be back.

Cam makes a hasty exit.

FRANNY

(to Austin)  
 Did he mention this to you?

AUSTIN

Nah, beats the hell outta me. He did say he had an idea back at your place though.

FRANNY

Better be good.

AUSTIN

Oh trust me, if there's one thing that I know about Cam, it's that he steps up his game when it's crunch time.

Austin motions toward all of Cam's amateur wrestling trophies from high school, sitting atop a shelf in the corner.

Suddenly, Cam reenters his room. A dark figure trails him.

CAM

Hope you guys don't mind. I have someone else who's gonna help us out with the flick.

Ronnie emerges, smiling.

RONNIE

What's up dudes?

FRANNY

Hey Ronnie!

RONNIE

What's good, Fran Man?

FRANNY

(joking)

You bring us some eats?!

RONNIE

Do you see a thirty minutes or less label stamped on my forehead guy? I've got more ticks hidden up my sleeve than whippin' up deep fried chicken patties.

AUSTIN

She's already got the game face on. Love it.

Ronnie spins, meeting Austin's gaze.

RONNIE

There he is! The human wrecking ball!

Austin's face becomes flushed with embarrassment.

AUSTIN  
(apologetic)  
Yeah uh -- That was a bit drastic.  
Sorry we had to meet under such  
conditions.

Ronnie tries to make light of the situation.

RONNIE  
All I gotta say is I hope we're  
making a boxing flick. I don't  
think anyone has thrown a punch  
like that since Butch Coolidge.

Austin smirks, popping his collar -- playing off Ronnie's  
humor.

AUSTIN  
Well thanks, but if I remember  
correctly, I believe Bruce Willis'  
character actually killed the other  
guy.

Ronnie narrows her gaze, getting in character. In her best  
Bruce Willis voice --

RONNIE  
"Shit! Of all things she could  
fuckin' forget, she forgets my  
father's watch!"

AUSTIN  
"I specifically reminded her!  
Bedside table. On the kangaroo!"

All four burst into laughter.

RONNIE  
Dude is up on his Tarantino! Love  
it.

AUSTIN  
C'mon now! Who doesn't love Pulp  
Fiction?!

Cam joins in with the movie lines. In his best Harvey Keitel  
voice --

CAM  
"Well let's not start sucking each  
other's dicks quite yet!"

RONNIE

(to Cam)

Fucking perfect! When in doubt,  
call The Wolf!

Franny jumps into the movie mayhem.

FRANNY

And remember, he drives real  
fuckin' fast!

The group all share a few laughs.

A beat.

AUSTIN

Alright kids, whatta yah say we  
start making our own classic?

RONNIE

I'm game! Let's do this!

FRANNY

Yeah, Cam. Let's hear that million  
dollar idea.

The group gathers and they all take a seat on Cam's bed.

CAM

Alright. So, right before I came  
back to Cross Falls, I had this  
crazy audition in Boston at this  
breakfast joint called The Ugly  
Omelet. I don't think I've ever  
experienced something more bizarre  
and awkward in my life. The way it  
played out -- I think it would make  
a fantastic short flick. And the  
best part -- it can be shot  
entirely in one location. All we  
need is a breakfast place or cafe.

FRANNY

Dude! My dad's restaurant downtown!  
Done deal.

CAM

That's right! Talk to him as soon  
as you can.

RONNIE

So we got the location nailed down.  
Let's hear the pitch on this thing.

AUSTIN

Yeah break it down for us. How exactly did this transpire?

CAM

First off, all we're gonna need is four actors. There's a waiter, two customers, a guy and a girl, and a movie director.

AUSTIN

This already sounds bizarre.

Cam flickers a smile.

CAM

It starts off with a young aspiring actor meeting a movie director for a formal interview at this breakfast joint --

WE PULL BACK and Cam's words slowly fade out as he begins to explain and intricately map out "The Audition" to the group.

BEGIN MONTAGE:

INT. FRANNY'S HOUSE, BASEMENT - DAY

Franny gathers and packs up his infamous Bolex camera that we've seen him use throughout the film. Austin and Cam assist him in grabbing the cases of lights.

EXT. FRANNY'S HOUSE, FRONT YARD - DAY

Ronnie honks the horn in the Lickety Chick food truck as the group of guys round the corner from the backyard with all the filming equipment.

ANGLE ON the rear of the truck -- the door slides open and the boys are greeted by an enthusiastic Ronnie. The group loads the equipment onto the truck. They all hop inside.

INT./EXT. LICKETY CHICK FOOD TRUCK (DRIVING) - CONTINUOUS

The truck barrels down the road, making its way through the thickly settled neighborhoods of Cross Falls.

Ronnie sits behind the steering wheel. Cam points out different aspects of the truck to Franny and Austin in the back, giving them a quick tour.

They all joke and laugh together.

EXT. FRANNY'S DAD'S RESTAURANT, DOWNTOWN - MOMENTS LATER

The truck pulls around back, creeping into an empty space in the vast lot. The group hops out, unloading the truck.

INT. FRANNY'S DAD'S RESTAURANT, DOWNTOWN - CONTINUOUS

The restaurant bustles with life.

The group is met by FRANNY'S FATHER at the front counter. He takes his apron off, and shows them around.

Franny's dad makes his way to the center of the lobby and puts his arms up, gesturing for attention. He mouths a few words to his customers and points to Cam's filming crew. They all smile and wave, going about their business.

IN A QUICK SERIES OF SHOTS:

-- The group finds a quiet corner.

-- Franny, Cam, and Austin set up a three-point lighting set as Franny directs them through it.

-- As Cam and Austin disappear into the bathroom, Franny pulls out his light meter and sets up the Bolex. He fiddles with the light meter as the Bolex sits on the tripod.

-- Cam and Austin reemerge from the bathroom, dressed in character. Austin sports a blazer coat, with slicked back hair. He carries a laptop and various notes under his arm. Cam is dressed simply but elegantly in a sweater and khakis.

-- Franny gives the thumbs up. Austin situates himself in a chair, typing on his laptop. Franny begins rolling and filming Austin, acting out his part.

-- Cam steps into frame and sits down with Austin. They go about their formal interview together.

-- The group sets up for the awkward date scene in the main lobby. Cam and Ronnie flip through the script, laughing together and joking around.

-- Franny stands behind the camera, explaining something to Austin and pointing to various parts of the camera. Austin listens attentively, nodding his head.

-- The scene begins. Ronnie situates herself at an empty table, reading a book.

-- Cam walks into frame and acts out the scene, sitting down and joining her for the date.

-- Franny walks into frame, dressed as the waiter. He carries a small note pad, jotting down the order.

-- WE ZERO IN on Austin, manning the camera, filming the scene for Franny.

WE PULL OUT establishing the entire restaurant. Numerous patrons go about their business as the filming continues.

END MONTAGE.

INT. FRANNY'S DAD'S RESTAURANT, DOWNTOWN - NIGHT

After hours. The restaurant is dimly lit and mostly powered down for the day.

Cam, Ronnie, Austin, and Franny lounge in a corner, exhausted.

AUSTIN

Still can't believe we shot the entire thing man.

RONNIE

Yeah thirteen hours later.

FRANNY

We got some solid work done though. I really think we captured some gold today guys.

CAM

Franny, can't give you enough credit for suggesting a silent film. I think it's gonna be really different and unique.

AUSTIN

(to Franny)

Yeah dude, you nailed it with that. Bravo.

RONNIE

We're lucky to have you Fran Man!

Franny flickers a grin, feeling honored.

FRANNY

Thanks guys. I just figured, if this is in Jordan's honor, it should be silent.

Austin leans over and messes up Franny's hair playfully. Franny laughs, swatting him away.

CAM

Whatta yah say guys? Pack it up for the night?

RONNIE

Yeah let's get this over and done with.

The group laughs and gathers the equipment.

INT./EXT. LICKETY CHICK FOOD TRUCK (DRIVING)

Cam sits up front with Ronnie. Franny and Austin lounge in the back, nearly passed out from exhaustion.

Cam tilts his head and gazes at Ronnie. He focuses on her features and admires her true radiance, taking it all in. She drives on, clearly engrossed in her own thoughts.

EXT. FRANNY'S HOUSE - MOMENTS LATER

The truck idles outside of Franny's house. Austin and Franny begin unloading the truck.

Cam unhooks his seat belt.

CAM

Hold on, I'll give you guys a hand.

Without hesitation, Austin puts his hand up, motioning for Cam to stay where he is.

AUSTIN

I got you man.  
(winks)  
Have a good night you two.

RONNIE

Thanks Austin.  
(shouting)  
Cya later Fran Man!

FRANNY  
(over shoulder)  
Have a good night Miss Ronnie!

Cam waves as Austin and Franny trail off into the distance.

Cam exhales a large breath.

CAM  
Whatta day, huh? You were great by  
the way. Like really great. Thanks  
for agreeing to do this.

RONNIE  
Hey, thanks for asking me to be a  
part of it. I had a blast. This is  
the most fun I've had in a long  
time, actually.

Cam flickers a smile. He holds Ronnie's gaze for a few  
moments. He starts to lean in slowly until --

RONNIE (CONT'D)  
Cam.

CAM  
What's wrong?

RONNIE  
I have something I need to tell  
you.

Cam leans back in his seat, waiting.

RONNIE (CONT'D)  
I've decided to move to the city.

CAM  
Boston?

RONNIE  
Yeah. There's nothing left for me  
here anymore. It's finally time  
that I do what I've always planned  
on doing since I graduated from  
college.

Cam is slightly taken aback. He tries desperately to mask his  
disappointment.

CAM  
Ronnie, that's great. I'm really  
happy for you.

RONNIE

I plan on moving out by the end of the month. Still tryin' to figure out a way to get all my stuff out that way.

CAM

Say no more. I got you. Any help you need, I'm here for you.

Ronnie smiles wide.

RONNIE

Thanks Cam Jam.

CAM

You gonna be rooming with people you know out there? Take it from a person who knows all too well -- gets pretty costly.

RONNIE

Well, not exactly. I inherited a respectable amount from Uncle Garpo. He also left me the truck in his will. And I've actually found someone who's interested in buying it. They're offering a nice chunk of change for it.

CAM

You know what? This is a golden opportunity for you. Run with it. You'd be stupid not to. Plus, once you're all situated, I can hook you up with a few names over at the Improv Asylum. They'd be lucky to have someone as talented as you.

Ronnie shoots up from her seat and wraps her arms around Cam, squeezing him tight. Cam embraces her and squeezes her back.

FADE TO:

EXT. APARTMENT COMPLEX, HARVARD SQUARE - NIGHT

INSERT TITLE: 2 MONTHS LATER, CHRISTMAS EVE

A light snow falls from the evening sky, blanketing the streets of Cambridge.

We slowly PULL IN to a third floor window of an elegantly aged apartment building.

As we get closer, the window drapes part, giving way to a lavish house warming party and suddenly we are --

INT. RONNIE'S APARTMENT - CONTINUOUS

-- inside the apartment, surrounded by jubilant faces filling the room with an uplifting energy.

Suddenly, the lights dim. Ronnie steps in front of a large pull down projecting screen.

RONNIE  
If I could grab everyone's  
attention for just a moment!

People direct their attention to Ronnie. Franny inches his way up front, setting up his film projector in the middle of the large room. Numerous people begin to find seats.

RONNIE (CONT'D)  
I want to thank everyone from the  
bottom of my heart for coming  
tonight. You've all seriously  
slathered the awesome sauce on this  
entire thing, making my moving  
experience the best it could be.  
And I gotta admit, it tastes so  
fuckin' good.

This draws light laughs from the crowd.

Ronnie raises her glass of wine. Everyone in the room follows suit.

RONNIE (CONT'D)  
Now, my friends and I from my  
hometown have put together this  
little silent film and we thought  
what better time to premier it,  
than right here tonight!

Ronnie scans the room.

RONNIE (CONT'D)  
Guys get up here! Cam, Austin. You  
too Franny!

The boys weave their way through the crowded room, joining Ronnie up front.

RONNIE (CONT'D)  
Raise em' boys!

The boys raise their beers, chuckling.

RONNIE (CONT'D)

This one goes out to a very special  
girl, by the name of Jordan Stone.  
This film was made in her honor!  
May she sleep well, and rest easy.  
(beat)  
To Jordan!

EVERYONE

To Jordan!

Everyone in the room clinks their glasses and beers, making a memorable toast.

CAM

Also if I could just add something  
real quick.

Everyone falls silent, listening attentively to Cam.

CAM (CONT'D)

I'd like to proudly announce that  
this film we all made together and  
worked so diligently on, has been  
officially selected by the  
Massachusetts Independent Film  
Festival and will be screened right  
down the road at the Brattle  
Theater on January 15th!

The room bursts into applause.

CLOSE ON Arthur and Sammi among the sea of people, grinning from ear to ear, proud of their son. A few tears trickle down Sammi's cheeks.

RONNIE

And without further ado, let's cue  
this bad boy up!

Franny heads over to the film projector, cueing up the film.

The room turns pitch black and once again we hear the distinguishable rapid ticking sound of the film projector coming to life as the film splashes across the screen.

Cam and Ronnie make their way to the back of the room, watching the screen, admiring their work, as the film plays through. Cam leans in toward Ronnie, whispering in hushed tones.

CAM

That was a really nice toast you made for Jordan. I'm sure Austin really appreciated it. I know I sure did.

RONNIE

Hey, this isn't about us. It's about her.

Cam smiles warmly.

CAM

So, did you give my buddy Walt a call?

RONNIE

Oh, the guy down at the Improv Asylum? Yeah. He was really, really nice.

CAM

He's a great guy. He'll hook you up.

RONNIE

Yeah, I'm going in to meet him next week, actually. So I'll keep you posted.

CAM

Can't wait to hear all about it.

RONNIE

Hey, I actually have something for you.

CAM

You got me a gift?

RONNIE

(winks)

Something like that. But let's finish the film first.

We slowly PULL IN on the film projecting screen. We see the distinct grainy black and white image of film as it rolls through.

ANGLE ON the projecting screen -- Cam plays out his cheapskate scheme during the awkward date. We see the film cut to a TITLE CARD SCREEN that reads: "Pull out a strand of your hair. We will put it in the drinks and get them for free!"

The film cuts back to an image of Ronnie, really contemplating the situation. Suddenly she leans in, and slaps the taste out of Cam's mouth.

The film cuts to an image of Austin's character rising and clapping. He brushes right past Cam's character and congratulates Ronnie, giving her the part.

PULL OUT revealing many people in the apartment watching the film and gasping at the incredible twist conclusion.

RONNIE (CONT'D)

There it is!

CAM

Exactly the type of reaction I was hoping for!

RONNIE

You nailed it, Cam Jam!

Ronnie extends her fist, gesturing for a fist bump. Cam reaches in, bumping her fist.

RONNIE (CONT'D)

C'mon -- throw on your jacket.  
Let's go for a little walk.

Cam eyes Ronnie, suspicious. But he complies, reaching for his jacket. They inch their way to the door, surreptitiously slipping out of the apartment.

EXT. HARVARD SQUARE - NIGHT

At this time of night, the heart of Cambridge is luminous. Lights are strung across various buildings and shops. Lamp posts are decorated festively with gorgeous wreaths.

Cam and Ronnie pass by a group of street musicians, pounding away with spirit, on their bins and buckets. They all sport Santa hats.

Cam holds his hand out, prompting Ronnie to stop. He takes in the moment, really becoming lost in the drummer's fierce beats.

Cam digs in his pocket and pulls out a few dollars, dropping it into the tin can beside one of the drummers. The DRUMMER flickers a smile.

DRUMMER

Merry Christmas, brotha!

He continues to hammer away at his bin.

Cam and Ronnie saunter down the snowy streets. Cam continues to gaze around the square, admiring his surroundings -- he walks alongside Ronnie with a newfound vigor. He reaches for her hand, lacing his fingers with hers. She smiles at him.

EXT. WINTHROP PARK, HARVARD SQUARE - CONTINUOUS

They approach a beautifully lit and peaceful park in the center of various Harvard Square shops and buildings.

Ronnie stops Cam in front of the park -- the array of lights shine lustrously through the light snowfall. She looks deep into his eyes.

RONNIE

I don't think I've ever had a chance to experience the city like this. It's beautiful.

CAM

You know what, neither have I.

RONNIE

Shut your face. You've lived here for the past three years. You've seen it during the holidays.

CAM

Yeah but I think I've taken it for granted. I've never really appreciated it like I do right now.

Ronnie flashes a grin.

RONNIE

You ready for your gift?

CAM

I don't need anything from you, Ronnie. This. Right now. This is enough for me.

Ronnie raises her eyebrows.

RONNIE

Then I think it would behoove you to accept this gift.

CAM

Alright you win. Let's go.

RONNIE

It's not back at my apartment. It's right here.

She pulls a small tightly wrapped box out of her pea coat. She hands it to Cam.

Cam takes the box, looking down at it, not having a clue as to what it could be.

CAM

What is this, Ronnie?

RONNIE

Go ahead! Open it!

Cam gives Ronnie a searching look -- knowing she's up to something, but hasn't the slightest clue. Cam unwraps the box. He takes a deep breath, slowly opening it. He peers down at what's hidden inside -- a key.

Cam pulls the key out, studying it.

CAM

A key?

RONNIE

To my apartment.

Cam looks up, locking eyes with Ronnie.

RONNIE (CONT'D)

(winks)

It's a proposal of sorts.

CAM

To be your roommate?

RONNIE

(smiles)

Something like that.

CAM

You know I wanna say yes but I just finished making everything right back in Cross Falls --

RONNIE

(interrupts)

You underestimate me! Very unbecoming.

CAM  
(realizing)  
You already squared things away.

RONNIE  
Of course I did. Austin and Franny  
want it to happen. They said that  
this is where you belong. And of  
course they're always welcome here  
whenev --

Before Ronnie can finish, Cam places his hand around the back of Ronnie's head and pulls her into him, placing his lips softly on hers.

CLOSE ON Cam and Ronnie, kissing each other passionately.

When they both pull back and gaze into each other's eyes, their faces are illuminated by the radiant glow of the Christmas lights in the background.

FADE TO BLACK.

