

EXT. PRIVATE MEDICAL PRACTICE - NIGHT

Headlights pass over the front of an old Victorian house. A sign filled with Doctors names hangs by the steps.

The headlights disappear as THOM (a handsome 40) turns off his car. A dull party is visible through a window.

It's a Christmas party. Tacky dollar store decorations hang in crooked lines across the window. There's a fake tree.

Thom approaches middle age in a healthy way. He's definitely the kind of guy that bikes to work.

DELIA JANE (18) a sullen, pretty girl, sits next to him. She wears a dress that's a little too pretty for her.

His silhouette passes across the windshield. She stays rigid as HE KISSES HER. His hands wander over her chest.

She doesn't resist but she doesn't reciprocate. He pulls away. He says a few words to her and nods.

She gets out of the car. He leans over the seat and looks up at her. She looks at her feet and closes the door.

When she moves to walk away she realizes the sleeve of her YELLOW CARDIGAN is caught in the door.

She slips out of it and hurries up the steps to the front door. Thom gets out and hurries after her around the car.

He pulls the cardigan loose. When he looks up a TIPSY COUPLE walk out the door. Delia darts between them.

She's inside. He looks at the cardigan.

INT. THOM'S CAR - NIGHT

He gets in the car and tosses the cardigan on the passenger seat. He picks up an elaborately decorated CD CASE.

The bulk of the cover has "18 (finally) AND LOVING IT" written on it. The rest is all heart stickers and doodles.

He turns it over. A neatly typed list of songs shows every track from the Sonic Youth album GOO.

Each song of the album is broken up by a song from a different band. He slips the disc in the CD player.

INT. THOM'S APARTMENT - LIVING ROOM - NIGHT

ANGELA (30's) sits on a couch island of sorts. A huge picture of a desert hangs on the wall behind her.

She looks at her phone and tries not to spill the contents of her sandwich. There's an engagement ring on her finger.

Thom strolls in. She shoots him a look.

ANGELA

And where was Mister So & So tonight?

He flops in a chair.

THOM

Giving a student a ride to her father's Christmas Party. Tis the season and all that.

ANGELA

Likely story.

She crawls across the cushions and lifts her face. He leans down and pecks her on the lips. Quickly.

ANGELA

You're no fun.

THOM

Just tired. Oh. Got you something.

He opens his bag and pulls out the cardigan.

THOM

Saw it at Goodwill and thought of you. The color reminded me of that painting you like. With the limes?

She puts it on and strikes a pose.

EXT. THE HP CAFE - DAY

Thom sets up a laptop on a table outside the adorable cafe. He turns his chair so he can see inside.

He hovers the cursor over a folder labeled "Crawford's Code." CLICK. He opens a document in it.

It's an unfinished novel. He scrolls down to the last line. It's only thirteen pages long.

He stares at the white space for less than ten seconds before he minimizes the document.

He scrolls to a folder labeled "Midterms" - CLICK. He opens it. There are a dozen other folders inside it.

He goes six or seven folders deep until he lands on one labeled "Content." CLICK.

He happily scrolls through pictures of himself with ex-girlfriends. A lot of picture. Really. Too many.

A hip, LOVELY WOMAN in a see-through blouse walks by. He watches her enter the cafe.

BRING. His phone rings. Angela's face fills his screen. The whole time he talks he watches the Lovely Woman inside.

THOM

Hey babe. No, we're on break, remember? Yeah, that started today. No no, I'm getting some writing done. Yeah, our favorite spot. You want me to bring you anything? OK, cool. Yeah, love you too.

He ends the call and takes his eyes off the Lovely Woman to swipe over to his texts.

He opens the ones from Delia. He reads. Hers are innocently flirty. His progress from inappropriate to creepy.

He slides to delete them. His finger stops. He screen caps the bulk of them. Then he deletes them.

He "airdrops" the screen caps to his laptop. As soon as they pop up he moves them to his ex-girlfriend folder.

He deletes the screen caps off the phone and maximizes his novel. His eyes wander inside.

The Lovely Woman sits at a counter. Alone. A WAITRESS approaches his table and looks at his single cup of coffee.

WAITRESS

Sure you don't want anything else?

THOM

Maybe a refill.

She miraculously manages not to roll her eyes when she takes his cup. He leans over the table.

THOM
Hey, you see that woman in there?

He indicates the Lovely Woman. The Waitress nods.

WAITRESS
(Sarcastic Friendly)
I sure do.

Thom slides his credit card out of his wallet.

THOM
Her meal's on me.

The Waitress shakes her head.

WAITRESS
It's counter service, man. She
already paid.

THOM
Oh.

WAITRESS
Yeah.

The Waitress turns.

THOM
Do you think you could tell her I
offered?

The Waitress completely ignores him as she moves inside.

INT. THE HP CAFE - BATHROOM - DAY

Thom sits on the toilet. He's only peeing. Yeah. He's that kind of guy. His eyes are glued to his phone.

He looks through Delia's instagram. There are no pictures of her. Just arty teen shit. A lot of black & white's.

A text from Angela comes in. It reads "Thinking of you." The three little dots of a forthcoming text follow right after.

DING. It's a picture of her in fancy undies and just the cardigan, buttoned with one button over her breasts.

He zooms in so just the breasts are in frame. Another text comes in. He swipes it away without reading it.

INT. THE HP CAFE - COUNTER - DAY

Thom walks out of the bathroom with an (admittedly gross) spring in his step. He looks down the counter.

The Lovely Woman is gone.

EXT. PARKING LOT - DAY

Thom approaches his car. It's the only one in the lot. His phone DINGS with a text. He slides it out of his pocket.

Before he checks the screen he notices that his front tire is flat. He speeds up. The back one is flat too.

He walks around the car. All of his tires are flat. He inspects one. It's clearly been stabbed.

He looks around. LOUIS (17) a Latino teenager in a dark hoodie and jeans stares at him.

He sits on a bike with both of his feet planted on the ground. Jo-JO, a HUGE LATINO TEEN, stands behind him.

Thom knows them. He moves to approach.

THOM

Louis. Joe. You guys have any idea what happened here? All my tires are flat. Did you see anyone suspicious?

LOUIS

Where's her sweater?

Thom stops walking.

LOUIS

Her yellow sweater with the limes on the titties. One of the limes came off so there's only an outline. It's her favorite sweater. I want to give it back to her.

Thom gets nervous.

THOM

What sweater? Whose sweater? What are you talking about? Did you see someone mess with my car?

Louis steps off the bike. Jo-Jo holds it up. Louis takes a couple of steps toward Thom. Thom takes one back.

THOM

Hey, hey.

LOUIS

Delia's sweater. This one. It's her favorite.

He holds up his phone. There's a picture of Delia - taken from a distance - on the screen. She wears the cardigan.

THOM

Delia? Delia Jane? Why on earth would I have Miss Jane's sweater?

He takes two steps back. Louis stops.

LOUIS

Do you even know what happened to her? Do you know what she did?

THOM

I have absolutely no idea what you're talking about. She hasn't been in my class since Freshman Year.

Thom holds his ground and turns on some teacher authority.

THOM

Was it you? Who slashed my tires? Was it you who did that?

He takes one half step forward when -

ANGELA (O.C.)

Thom? Thom, over here.

He turns. Angela walks across the parking lot. She's wearing the cardigan.

ANGELA

Surprise!

She waves. Thom turns to look at Louis.

CUT TO BLACK: