

INT. BEDROOM - DAY

Birds CHIRP. JENNA (20's) a tall, energetic young woman, opens her eyes the instant the sun comes up.

She wears a huge smile right out the gate. The makeup smudges around her eyes are pretty and symmetrical.

Her whole body stretches. Her long legs BUMP into the bedside stand. TINKLE. Something hits the ground.

She tries to stretch her arms. CLINK CLINK. She can't. Her hands are handcuffed to the iron headboard behind her.

After a second to consider her situation a burst of wonderful, bright laughter EXPLODES from her mouth.

Her body relaxes as the laughter fades. She surveys the scene. It's her bedroom. It's very young.

Not quite like a dorm, but not quite as severe as a grownups would be. Christmas lights. Mismatched curtains. It's cute.

She looks at the bedside stand. A landline phone. A boombox CD player. A cell. A neatly folded note on red paper.

Her whole face smiles at the note. She's yoga limber, so she twists her body and reaches her legs for the bedside stand.

The first thing she grabs with her toes is the note. In doing so she manages to knock her cell on the ground.

It makes her laugh. After a few attempts she manages to get the note into her hand. She deftly folds it open.

Her neck cranes up until she can read it. "You're nuts - I love it" is written in block print letters.

She shakes her whole body like a giddy kid at Christmas. The note drops behind the bed.

Her cellphone VIBRATES on the ground. She drops her leg over the side of the bed and aims it at the phone.

No way in hell is she reaching it. OK. That's fine. She twists around so her foot points at the landline.

She jabs it forward. It misses the phone. She lifts it in the air again. It comes down on the CD player.

CYPRUS HILL'S BLACK SUNDAY album plays at a low volume. It makes her happy. She re-aims her foot.

It darts forward. Success! Her toes snag the chord. She lifts it up. A DIAL TONE sounds.

She gets the phone to her hands faster than she did the note. She fumbles it around so she can see the numbers.

JENNA

Oh shit.

It dawns on her that she doesn't know anyone's number. Her eyes cycle through a mental rolodex.

Eureka. She dials. Ring. Ring. Voicemail.

DEE (FROM PHONE)

Hi, it's me. I'm utterly unavailable at the moment so feel free to call me back or shoot me a text. Thanks bye.

JENNA

Answer your phone you dick. I'm in a major pickle and you're the only one whose number I know by heart. I think. Except. Oh boy. I know one more, I think. I bet you can guess whose. You better be having the best day of your life. OK. Love you bye!

She slides the phone to her thumb and hangs it up. The DIAL TONE returns. She mouths another phone number.

When it sounds right she dials. Ring. Ring. Answer.

INT. BEDROOM - DAY - LATER

The room is silent. Jenna reaches for the CD player. She can't quite hit the play button. CRASH. She knocks it over.

A MALE VOICE sounds from the next room.

MALE VOICE (O.C.)

Jenna?

JENNA

In here in here.

SMITH (30) a sinewy, scrubby guy in a tie-dye tank top, shuffles into the room. Jenna waves at him with her fingers.

SMITH

You've got to be kidding me. This is awesome.

JENNA

I know, right?

SMITH

I meant for me. You should be pretty concerned about the direction your life is headed.

JENNA

Let me out, let me out.

She motions at the key. He bends down to pick it up.

SMITH

You know, as your sort of ex, this puts me in something of a unique position to get down to some nitty gritty.

JENNA

Smith, come on.

He sits on the edge of a chair.

SMITH

Let's wrap.

JENNA

Fine. Don't let me out. See if I care. While I was waiting I had a whole little daydream that you never showed up and I had to figure out how to live the rest of my life like this, right here in this bed. I decided I could pull it off.

SMITH

You look good.

JENNA

Smith.

SMITH

I'm serious about this. I thought about it on my way over. Let's have a quick chin-wag and get to the honesty I feel like we skipped.

He wiggles the key between his fingers.

JENNA

Oh boy. You want to talk?

SMITH
I want to talk.

JENNA
OK, let's talk. Dee should be home soon anyway. So whatever.

SMITH
Are you good? Are you well?

JENNA
I'm having fun, yeah.

SMITH
I can see that.

JENNA
Oh shit. What time is it?

SMITH
I dunno. Like nine.

JENNA
Thank god. I have to be at work by one or Max will be pissed.

He gets up and walks around the room.

SMITH
I saw her the other day when I dropped off some pies. It got me thinking about you. And us.

JENNA
If you're for real not going to let me out can you at least skip to the end so I'm not bored out of my mind?

He picks up a framed picture of a group of people in front of a catering truck. Both he and Jenna are in it.

SMITH
Did you cheat on me when you went up to Big Bear last summer?

JENNA
No. I told you I was going to hook up with someone. And I hooked up with someone. We covered all this at the time. Snooze.

SMITH
But we were in a relationship.

JENNA
We were having fun.

SMITH
Was that all it was?

She bangs the handcuffs on the headboard.

JENNA
I don't believe in monogamy. I told you that like the first week we met.

SMITH
Yeah. I didn't believe you then and I don't believe you now.

JENNA
You don't believe me?

SMITH
Nuh uh.

He turns to look at her. A sly smile crosses her lips. She drops her head on her shoulder and fake-snores.

SMITH
Come on, Jenna. If you really want out I'll let you out, but we never talked through all this stuff. Like I said, it's been on my mind. Why'd we break up?

JENNA
I don't think of it as breaking up. I think of it as tapering off.

SMITH
OK. Why'd we taper off, then?

JENNA
Because I'm twenty four. Because we were having some fun and you got weird and jealous.

SMITH
It's not because you think I'm lousy in the sack?

Her lips twitch as she tries to stop herself from laughing. She can't quite manage it.

She bursts out laughing. He shows her his "serious face" - it makes her laugh even more.

He waits patiently at the end of the bed for her to stop. She does. Eventually. He keeps his eyes on hers.

JENNA

Oh shit, man. What do you want? Do you want me to count the number of times you made me cum? I don't remember. Do you want me to tell you what your body smelled like after, or how your wang measures up to other wangs? I don't care about that stuff. I like sex. We had sex. I liked the sex we had. Next.

SMITH

But if it was better would we have made it?

JENNA

Oh. I get it. You secretly want that to be the reason because it's easier to handle than the truth.

SMITH

Which is?

JENNA

I told you a thousand times and you don't believe me. You're too much, man. You're a trip.

He moves around the side of the bed and holds up the key.

SMITH

I just miss you a whole lot. It's cool to be down to fuck and it's cool to play the field. I feel a little used, that's all.

JENNA

I didn't use you.

SMITH

Yeah. You really did.

JENNA

How did I use you?

He unlocks one of the cuffs. She pulls her hands loose and sits up. He pockets the key without thinking about it.

SMITH

I gotta split. Take care, kiddo.

He heads out of the room. She rubs her wrist.

JENNA

I don't get it. Smith? How did I use
you?

CLICK. He closes the bedroom door when he leaves. She rubs
her chin. Her face grows thoughtful.

The front door opens and closes. She moves to the window.
Smith wheels a bike to the street.

He hops on and pedals away.

EXT. SOUTHWEST MUSEUM TRAIN STATION - DAY

Jenna stands on the platform in a catering uniform. The
handcuffs dangle from one wrist.

Her posture is sullen. Her shoulders slump. She looks
through pictures on her phone.

They're all of her and Smith. He looks grumpy in all of
them. She looks really happy.

Her body relaxes. Her posture straightens out. She looks
around at the beautiful day.

DING DING DING. The train approaches. She notices the
handcuffs dangling from her wrist.

And she fills the air with robust, sincere laughter. She's
happy. The train pulls in to the station.

CUT TO BLACK: