

GONE

Written by

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INT. RACHEL'S APARTMENT - DAY

Sunlight pours through the windows of a dusty apartment. Boxes pile up on the hardwood floors. The kitchen counters are cluttered with dishes, glasses still stuffed with newspaper, plates and bowls still divided by sheets of blank newsprint.

FOOTSTEPS burst in from the stairwell. RACHEL, 23, shabby-chic-hipster, emerges through the open doorway. Behind her is TOM, 26, bookish and athletic all-American-boy. Both carry boxes.

Rachel turns towards the front area of the apartment.

A couch sits in the middle of the floor.

Rachel plops her haul onto the couch with a sigh. Tom emerges from the kitchen.

TOM

I think that's everything.

Rachel nods. She rests her hands on her hips and scans the apartment. Mountains of boxes fill every space. Furniture stacked on furniture. A guitar, two bookshelves, piles of books and DVDs.

RACHEL

I own too much shit.

Both laugh.

TOM

Are you hungry?

Rachel shrugs.

TOM (CONT'D)

I'm starving.

RACHEL

Alright. Let's have a beer and then head out?

Tom purses his lips and shrugs.

Rachel SIGHS.

RACHEL (CONT'D)

Well, I'm gonna have a shot to celebrate.

INT. BURRITO JOINT - DAY

MEXICAN POP MUSIC blares through a touchscreen jukebox.

A cook shouts an order confirmation.

Two young kids chase each other between the tables. Their moms laugh and gab with each other in Spanish.

RACHEL
It's kinda old.

Tom takes a huge bite of his burrito.

TOM
It's vintage.

Rachel smirks and pokes at her rice with her fork.

RACHEL
That's like — that's just a more
expensive way to say old.

Tom laughs and nods along.

RACHEL (CONT'D)
But, it's cute and cozy and smells
nice.

TOM
Plus—

Tom talks through bites of burrito.

TOM (CONT'D)
You live above a liquor store.

Rachel chuckles.

Tom breaks eye contact from Rachel. He takes a bite of his burrito, stalling to reply.

TOM (CONT'D)
That'll be fun.

RACHEL
Honestly. Or maybe a disaster.

TOM
Time will tell.

Rachel nods and takes a bite of her food. She shoots Tom a glaring smirk. Tom doesn't see the look.

RACHEL
Time will tell.

EXT. NEIGHBORHOOD STREET - NIGHT

Tom and Rachel walk, arm in arm, down a tree-lined sidewalk.
Streetlights fill the neighborhood with yellow light.
A man walking a dog passes.

TOM
I think living on your own will be
good for you. Like, it'll give you
space. Post-grad life is—

RACHEL
I'm excited to live alone, you
know? But like...it's gonna feel
weird. And on top of settling into
the new job and being in a
completely different neighborhood
and—

Tom takes Rachel's hands. He stops her and presses his
forehead against hers.

Rachel sighs.

TOM
Absolutely. That's all stressful as
hell. But, you're settling in.

Rachel nods.

They walk along.

RACHEL
Thank you for helping me move,
today.

Tom laughs.

TOM
Yeah. Of course. Could you imagine
if I didn't?

RACHEL
I'd have probably broken up with
you.

The two laugh together. They link their arms back up and
carry on down the sidewalk.

RACHEL (CONT'D)
Do you wanna get some beers?

Tom lingers on the question.

He shakes his head.

RACHEL (CONT'D)
I'm gonna get some beers.

INT. RACHEL'S APARTMENT - NIGHT

Most of the apartment is set up. A few spare boxes line the walls in the dining room.

LIVING ROOM

NIGHT OF THE LIVING DEAD plays on the television.

Rachel is sprawled out on the couch, one leg over the back, the other hangs off the side. She nurses a beer.

Six empty bottles sit on the floor next to another six pack with one missing.

Tom comes in from the kitchen with a bag of popcorn. He sets it on Rachel's stomach.

Rachel grins.

TOM
You good for the night?

RACHEL
Mmm - mostly. You want a beer?

Tom glances at the empties.

TOM
I'm alright.

Rachel frowns. She squirms her hips around and makes eyes at Tom.

Tom laughs through his nose.

TOM (CONT'D)
I gotta head home.

RACHEL
Lame! Big lame! Crazy, huge lame!

Tom kneels next to the couch.

TOM
I gotta walk Roofus.

Rachel pouts and pulls Tom closer. They kiss.

RACHEL
Okay. Maybe walk him back here?

Tom considers the idea.

TOM
I think that would be, like, at
least a 3 hour walk?

RACHEL
Roofus would love you so much.

TOM
He already does.

Rachel smiles and kisses Tom again.

RACHEL
Well so do I. Plus we get to have
sex. It'd be weird if you and
Roofus-

Tom laughs and kisses Rachel on the forehead.

TOM
I'll come by after work tomorrow.

Rachel ponders the offer.

RACHEL
And stay over?

TOM
And cook.

RACHEL
Hmm. Okay. Deal. Bring Roofus.

TOM
Deal.

Tom shuffles to his feet and makes his way to the door. He
pauses on his way out and pokes his head back in.

TOM (CONT'D)
I love you too.

Rachel smiles and blows Tom a kiss.

The door clicks shut.

Rachel settles into the couch and chugs the remainder of her beer.

She reaches down to the six pack and pulls out another beer.

She taps the top and twists the top off with an audible FIZZ.

INT. RACHEL'S APARTMENT - NIGHT

Rachel is asleep on her couch. Twelve empty beers on the floor.

Blue light from the television fills the room.

Gentle rain freckles the windows.

Rachel's hand slips from her chest and knocks over the small mass of empty beer bottles.

The CLANK of glass startles Rachel awake. She murmurs to herself and sits up on the couch. She fumbles around for the remote and turns off the TV.

Rachel lies back down on the couch. She shuffles around. She finds a comfortable position, smirks and wriggles into the cushions.

Rain TAPS on the windows. Wind HOWLS through the trees.

Rachel turns over on the couch. She pushes up onto her elbows and looks around the apartment.

RACHEL

Hello?

The wind ceases.

RACHEL (CONT'D)

Tom?

Rachel sits up and squints into the dark apartment. She pushes herself off of the couch.

KITCHEN

Rachel clicks on the kitchen light. She shuffles to the sink and turns the cold water on. She takes a glass from the cabinet overhead, gives it a rinse and fills it with water. She turns the faucet off, leans back against the sink and sips from the glass.

She pats around her pockets with her free hand. She sets the glass down on the counter and heads towards the...

BATHROOM

Rachel steadies herself in front of the mirror. She opens the medicine cabinet and digs through. She retrieves a bottle of medication. The label reads ATIVAN. She snaps it open and throws a pill into her mouth.

She angles her head down to drink water directly from the faucet.

She rolls her head back, and collects herself.

LIVING ROOM

Rachel plants herself back on the couch. She reaches down to the empty bottles at her feet. She shakes a few. All empty.

RACHEL

Damn.

Rachel slumps in her seat. She digs her hand down between the cushions and retrieves her phone. The time reads 2:30 AM.

Rachel thumbs through her apps to a WEB BROWSER. She taps into the browser and types in "LIQUOR STORES OPEN NOW". She scrolls through the results - all closed.

She frowns at her phone. She types on the screen.

ON PHONE SCREEN:

RACHEL (TO TOM) (CONT'D)

Any chance you're up??

BACK TO SCENE

Rachel stares at her phone. She taps her foot and shifts in her seat.

ON PHONE SCREEN:

RACHEL (TO TOM) (CONT'D)

Cuz it's pretty lonely over here.

BACK TO SCENE.

Rachel tosses her phone to the side. She throws her head back.

RACHEL (CONT'D)
Fuck. Fine.

Her phone BUZZES. She reaches for it.

ON PHONE SCREEN

TOM
Are you drunk?

BACK TO SCENE

Rachel rolls her eyes.

RACHEL
Since when does that matter?

Rachel types on the screen, then deletes everything she typed. She stares at her phone.

ON PHONE SCREEN:

TOM
I'm sorry. Can me and Roofus come over?

BACK TO SCENE

Rachel slumps her shoulders. She places the phone in her lap. She taps the beer bottles with the side of her foot.

ON PHONE SCREEN

RACHEL
You gonna take a Lyft with Roofus?

TOM
No. We walked.

RACHEL
Walked?

BACK TO SCENE

Rachel hops up from the couch. She knocks over all the beer bottles.

RACHEL (CONT'D)
Shit.

She hops over the bottles and trots to the window.

Tom and Roofus stare up at Rachel from the sidewalk. Tom waves.

RACHEL (CONT'D)

Shit.

EXT. RACHEL'S SIDEWALK

Rachel taps on her window and waves down at Tom and Roofus.

INT. RACHEL'S KITCHEN

Tom leans against the counter, Rachel sits, cross legged, on the countertop. Roofus lies out on the floor.

Tom sips from a glass of water.

TOM

I don't know. You've had a ton on your plate with the move and finishing sch-

RACHEL

So, you just weren't gonna bring it up?

Tom drops his shoulders.

TOM

No. I just--I wasn't sure when would be a good time. You--

Rachel swings her legs down from the counter. She holds her hand out.

Tom hands Rachel the water. She sips from it.

RACHEL

Is this a thing now?

Tom wrings his hands.

RACHEL (CONT'D)

Like, how long have you been thinking about this?

Tom shrugs.

TOM

I mean, vaguely for like, a few months. But today kind of tipped the scales.

RACHEL

How so?

TOM

It's all you thought about. I was hoping we could have a day--

Rachel hops down from the counter.

RACHEL

You did. I had a few drinks. Moving sucks. Everybody drinks after they finish moving.

Tom sighs.

TOM

I know. I'm not--I don't know, I'm not saying that you drinking today, specifically, was a problem.

RACHEL

Cool. What are you saying, then?

Tom stares through the floor.

Rachel raises her eyebrows.

TOM

That today made me realize you have a problem.

Rachel nods. She shrugs her shoulders at Tom.

TOM (CONT'D)

And that I do too.

Tom crosses his arms over his chest.

Rachel hops down from the counter. She paces across the kitchen.

Tom steps in front of her. He places his hands on her shoulders.

Rachel frowns at tom.

RACHEL

How do you have one?

TOM

I don't speak up. I shouldn't have sat on this, and I'm hoping we can work on it together.

Rachel rests her forehead on Tom's chest.

LIVING ROOM

The beer bottles are gone.

Roofus is curled up at Tom's feet.

Tom sits on the couch. Rachel sleeps with her head in Tom's lap.