

TULL SKRIT!

Summit  
Liberman D

5+1

Period 2

Mr. Richards

INT. CAFE - NIGHT

People all around at small tables, talking and eating. NICOLE sits alone at a table with a look of expectation she stares at the door. A figure enters and walks toward her and Nicole stands with delight to greet him. Nicole and JULIAN sit and begin to talk.

NICOLE

Long time no see. (laughs).

JULIAN

(laughing also) yeah what was it? An entire day?

NICOLE

Have you talked to Elon? Is he coming?

At these words Julian's mood becomes serious, and a tone of sadness is heard in his voice.

JULIAN

No, I'll text him though (texting). Nicky, your mom is right though, maybe you should give him a chance, he's exactly what you've always talked about.

NICOLE

Yeah, but I don't know, maybe I didn't know what I wanted all along? Anyway, what's it been like 5 years is it really worth it? I mean how can I risk our -- The three musketeers?

They both laugh and glance at the door. Julian has a look of regret for bringing the topic up. Nicole is in deep thought, hoping that Julian knows she actually cares for him. After a few seconds ELON enters.

ELON

HEY!

JULIAN

I'm going to go get something to eat, can I get you guys something?

NICOLE

I'll come with you-

ELON

-No! Come on, we gotta catch up (reaching for his wallet) can you get me a chicken sandwich on wheat, no onions, Nic you want anything? (he reached to hand the money to Julian).

Julian hands the money back.

JULIAN

I got it, don't worry, Nic green tea, no sugar?

NICOLE

(laughs at how well he knows her)  
yes please.

Julian walks to the line to get food and looks back to see Nicole and Elon talking and laughing. He seems to smile at the idea of the friendship. He stands in line waiting, his thoughts trail off.

EXT. ADULT-CARE HOME.- DAY

Two people sit in the cafeteria of a bland and typical adult-care center. A old fragile man reaches over the buffet to pile even more on to a already extremely full tray. He walks over to the table with the two people and sits, bored of the repetition he goes through everyday.

MR. RICHARDS

Here you go, hot tea. No sugar.

He hands the hot cup of tea to an old lady her hair white, and hands shaking as she reaches over the table. He then hands the rest of the food to the man on his right. They sit silently and eat as if it is a everyday routine.

MR. KOHEN

I've been thinking, I wanna leave..

MS. RICHARDS

(sarcastically)

Come on', you're gonna leave us?

(smiles)

MR. KOHEN glances at her ring finger noticing her wedding ring and contemplating what she meant by us. Envy seen in his eyes.

MR. KOHEN

I can't be here anymore six years, ive been playing that god damn scrabble, n starring at the walls, im too young inside-

He pauses at looks out the window.

MR. KOHEN

-Too young to be locked in here. I love you guys, but I need to get out, at least for a few days.

A nurse enters and gives MR. KOHEN his pills, Mr. Kohen gives her a angered look and grabs the pills of the table. He looks at Mr. Richards, and then into the palm of his hand where the pills lay. Both men look at Ms. Richards her beauty still evident in her old age. Mr. KOHEN looks at Mr. Richards, a loving stare, his envy over the ring disappears.

Mr. Richards notices his friends hate for the pills and then looks at his wife.

MR. RICHARDS

Maybe it's a good idea.

Mr. Richards reaches for his wifes hand and she receives it.

MR. RICHARDS

Im coming with you.

He looks at Ms. Simon. Ms. Simon is focused on her drink.

MR. RICHARDS

You comin?

MS. RICHARDS

(laughing) Ohh, you two. You two will never change. You think we can just prance on

outta here? Just go dancing? Get some drinks?

She looks up from her tea and sees the seriousness on their faces. She lets go of her husband's hand.

MS. RICHARDS

You're serious?

MR. KOHEN

I can't be locked up in here, were capable of being out on our own, how we used to be. We can travel, we'll be back to our old selves-

MR. RICHARDS

He's right, I think it's this place that's driving us to the ground, at least for a few days.

MS. RICHARDS throws an angry look at MR. RICHARDS. MR. KOHEN seems happy that something is finally going his way. He looks at MS. RICHARDS who seems upset at the situation and again looks at her ring finger.

EXT. ROAD. NIGHT

MR. KOHEN drives an old Mercedes down the PCH, MS. SIMON, and MR. RICHARDS are in the car also. MS. RICHARDS has a worried look on her face, MR. RICHARDS and MR. COHEN have overjoyed faces. MS. RICHARDS is holding on the side paneling on the door.

MR. KOHEN

Well, this is exciting, we haven't done anything like this for so long.

He gets a serious look on his face.

MR. KOHEN

You never know maybe ill meet someone.

He looks at Ms. Richards searching for some jealousy, some love. When he receives none he looks toward the road.

MS. RICHARDS

Tell me again, why'd we have to leave at night? N can you slow down please! You haven't driven this thing in years.

MR. KOHEN

And she drives like a queen, you've got nothing to worry about, Las Vegas here we come!

MR. RICHARDS

She right, slow down a bit its dark.

Although he knows the speed is fine, he looks at MS. RICHARDS from whom he receives a thankful stare.

They drive for a while, MR. RICHARD sleeps in the back while MS. RICHARDS has dosed off in the passenger seat. MR. KOHEN eyes begin to water. He hums songs to himself attempting to keep himself awake.

INT. CAR 2. DAY

The radio hums. The volume rises.

RADIO

Southbound 101 freeway, 2 car pile up. Passengers are currently being treated, 1 dead two in intensive care. More updates at 10- to 4. Thanks for listening to S-Jazz.

LADY

Dammit! Traffic again!

The radio fades out.

INT. ADULT-CARE CENTER. DAY

The camera pans over the room, a recreation center, a tv, a couch a few people in wheelchairs sitting and talking, and a man alone, at a scrabble table. He lays words out attempting to recreate a prior game.

ELON V.O.

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You sit and think, what will come of your life, will you be here in 20 years? Are these the people you'll still be with? Will you find love? Will you regret?

A nurse enters the room and leans over to MR. KOHEN.

NURSE

Your pills, n here's some water.

MR. KOHEN V.O.

Then you get there, you experience the love, the loss, the regret. You love, they don't love you, and you live through it. You lose jobs, but you survive. Friends? I was one of the lucky few, had friends that loved me, became my only family. And me? I was selfish, but they stuck it through with me, and I did this? I did this.

(pause)

I lost them, lost them in attempt to get more, why more? Why would I need more?

She places the pills in his hand, he looks at the pills in silence. His mind wanders, memories are seen in those pills, he stares at them with anger, nodding with disapproval and grabs his cane from the side of the chair. He struggles to stand but when he does he makes his way to a trash can, he takes another look at the pills and throws them away, yet again. He walks toward his room and shuts the door. Darkness. The long beep of a pulse machine.