

"This Sucks"
2nd Draft

written by
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FADE IN:

1 - EXT. - EVENING - CITY STREET SIDEWALK

AUGUST, a young adult female, aware of her surroundings and her physical appearance, stands outside of a restaurant in the downtown area, surrounded by older buildings.

She pulls her CELLPHONE from her back pocket.

The light from the CELLPHONE illuminates her face as she looks down upon it.

August has a nervousness as she stands alone and taps her foot.

"TEXT FROM SAM" populate her phone screen. She scrolls through various "PHOTOS" of SAM, a young adult male, a tall dark, and mysterious yet generic college-aged guy, from his online dating profile.

The street she stands alongside remains empty, no cars to be seen or heard.

She turns to look in the opposite direction, seeing the same empty street lined only by concrete and street lamps.

August hears a new VOICE in the distance and whips her head around to see Sam approaching her, smiling warmly.

Sam approaches August but makes sure to keep that awkward first encounter distance from her.

SAM

August! Hey! It's a pleasure to finally meet in person!

August folds her arms against her chest, nervously.

AUGUST

Yeah, same! It's um... nice to meet you Sam.

SAM:

I hope you haven't been waiting long... Apparently dark skies makes the speed limit go even slower around here...

AUGUST:

Haha... yeah. During the day, you'd be lucky not to be eaten alive by just doing the speed limit, and by night, the opposite applies.

(MORE)

AUGUST: (CONT'D)

People are crazy, and honestly, I can't explain it.

SAM:

Time is the ultimate paradox. Always too slow and never too fast in today's world. It's a shame people don't relish in their fleeting time...

Sam trails off, reminiscing to himself.

August gestures to the restaurant.

AUGUST:

Well, are you ready to go in? It's kinda frigid out here...

SAM:

Oh! Yea, of course, let's go in instead of loitering out here, haha!

Sam follows as August enters the restaurant. He holds the door open for her, and they enter.

FADE TO:

2 - INT - EVENING - INSIDE THE RESTAURANT - CONT.

The dimly-lit restaurant emits a homey feeling as Sam and August sit across from each other at a rounded TABLE. Their fresh but slightly consumed MEALS sit in front of them, along with REFRESHMENTS.

AUGUST:

... And they want to take away the right for women to control what happens to their bodies, and yet they can't even keep men from shooting up schools and killing said kids that they want to "protect?" It's absolutely ass-backwards, I swear...

SAM:

I know! All of this unnecessary death and turmoil and for what?! A few more dollars in the pockets of people who don't care about this country and it's citizens. It's despicable.

AUGUST:

At least you get it... The last date I went on, the guy had a huge hard-on for the former-president and wouldn't give me a moment to even think outside of the conservative-realm that he constructed for himself. A true catch, I tell ya...

August rolls her eyes, they share a chuckle.

AUGUST:

But enough about that! Who is Sam, outside of the dating apps and out of this restaurant? What do you do for fun? Your passions? The things that get you out of bed in the morning?

SAM:

Ah, what a collection of questions, haha. Well, Sam is a full-time administrator for a local bank, that doesn't really need a name. For fun, I enjoy reading books and hiking, ya know, the stereotypical things...

AUGUST:

(nodding)

Uh-huh... yes... No video games or expensive habits?!

SAM:

... I game, occasionally. Just like most guys at this age. I don't think I have any expensive habits... but my daily coffee has been eating into my wallet lately... haha.

AUGUST:

Naturally... Can't go without that sweet, sweet bean juice to get through the day...

SAM:

What can I say? It's addicting!

Eventually, August's foot-tap/leg-shake habit diminishes under the table, as the conversation continues.

AUGUST:

You know what they say about that stuff, it is a drug after all!

They share in a few laughs.

Once the plates have cleared and the glasses are empty, they pay the bill and leave the restaurant for the evening.

FADE TO:

3 - EXT. - EVENING - CITY STREET - CONT.

Sam (left) and August (right) walk side-by-side as they go down the sidewalk, glancing at each other and smiling or laughing at what the other has to say. Their faces are glowing by the yellow lamplight as they walk.

SAM:

So... I'm standing next to THE most-distinguished second-chair saxophone player of Middleton High School, and I didn't know until now! I feel so ashamed!!

AUGUST:

I was second chair, on a technicality!! Raven Cline and I both tied on our chair-test, and the only reason she was first-chair and I was second was because they went alphabetically! Absolute bullshit! And I practiced so hard that year too...

SAM:

A true injustice to the system... Is that why they call it musical chairs? Because you have a specific chair order?!

AUGUST:

Wait what...?! I never thought of it like that! I don't know, probably!

(laughing)

SAM:

(laughing)

The proximity between them has noticeably gotten closer since times previous.