

POSSIBILITIES

by

Tyler Sigman

2319 Yew Street Rd.
Bellingham, WA 98229
360.756.5182
tsigman@yahoo.com

FADE IN:

EXT. BUSTLING CITY STREET - NIGHT

A car pulls up and a dinner party gets out. The driver, a well-dressed MAN #1, hands the keys to the valet along with a couple of bucks.

Man #1 then crosses over to his date, who takes his arm and they stroll up to the door of a posh restaurant. They're followed by another couple who came from the backseat of the same car.

As they approach the door, a series of odd characters exits the restaurant and heads in different directions. First is a harried-looking TALL MAN with shopping bags in his arms. Next is a HUSBAND and WIFE, clearly in the middle of a gigantic fight. Finally comes a STYLISH MAN with deep circles under his eyes. He stumbles off aimlessly.

The arriving couples hardly notice the motley crew. They enter the restaurant.

INT. RESTAURANT - NIGHT

The party is greeted at the desk by a smiling RECEPTIONIST. The restaurant is hopping, doing great business but in a controlled way.

MAN #1

We have reservations. Williams for four.

RECEPTIONIST

Ah yes. Please. Your coats?

All four doff their coats to a waiting ATTENDANT.

The receptionist smiles again and gestures at a WAITRESS who takes them under wing with practiced ease.

WAITRESS

Right this way, your table is waiting.

The foursome crosses through the restaurant and arrives at their table.

MAN #1

Excuse me, lads and ladies. I will return shortly.

(MORE)

MAN #1 (cont'd)
 (to the waitress)
 The restroom?

WAITRESS
 Just over there.

MAN #1
 Thank you.

Man #1 winds his way to the bathroom, and we follow him. As he pushes the door open, we see next to it a table with a glass bowl full of business cards. The bowl has a small sign in front of it: "DINNER'S ON US! DRAWINGS WEEKLY".

Man #1 enters the men's room and we follow in.

INT. MEN'S RESTROOM

The restroom is spacious and well-appointed. Tiled, clean, nothing unusual. Almost!

On top of the counter, there is a woman's knee-high black leather BOOT. Next to it is a HARMONICA. And draped over the door of the last stall (which is closed), is a full-length OVERCOAT, the "Windy City" type. It has indeterminate DARK BROWN/RED STAINS splattered all over it.

Man #1 notices these on the way to the urinal where he starts to relieve himself. While peeing, he idly tries to peek a bit to see if anyone is actually in the last stall. "The shoe check."

He doesn't see any shoes. Somewhat relieved, he FARTS, and sighs. His eyes then glaze over as he IMAGINES...

INT. RESTAURANT - NIGHT (IMAGINED SEQUENCE #1)

A TALL MAN in overcoat is being shown to his seat. He's carrying a couple bags--he's clearly been out shopping for gifts.

As he passes a table, the man notices a particularly tasty looking plate of food. He meanders from his path just enough to run smack dab into the Waitress carrying four glasses of red wine.

CRASH. The wine is spilled all over the man's coat.

WAITRESS
 I am terribly sorry, sir!

TALL MAN
(peevied)
Jesus! Restroom?

WAITRESS
That way, sir. Please, may I--

TALL MAN
If this doesn't come out, you're
buying the coat.

He turns and hurries to the...

INT. MEN'S RESTROOM (IMAGINED SEQUENCE #1, CONT'D)

The tall man bursts in through the door. He throws his bags on the counter and strips off his coat to try to wash the wine out.

He scrubs for a bit, cursing up a storm. He seems to have little luck with the stains.

TALL MAN
Damn! If it's not one thing...

He hurls his coat at the stalls, where it drapes over the closed door of stall #3.

He then snatches up his bags, which have tipped over. In his haste and fury, he doesn't notice that a few items have slipped out--most noticeably, a single black leather boot and a harmonica.

INT. HOUSE - NIGHT (IMAGINED SEQUENCE #1, CONT'D)

The Tall Man arrives home and walks to his front door.

INT. HOUSE FOYER - NIGHT (IMAGINED SEQUENCE #1, CONT'D)

The Tall Man steps inside.

TALL MAN
Honey!

His wife SARAH and their TODDLER son come running to greet him.

TALL MAN

I know I've been working a lot lately, but I brought you both something to show you how much I love you both.

TODDLER

Yay!

SARAH

(surprised)
Really, Harold?

TALL MAN/HAROLD

Son, you're gonna love this...
(fishes in his bags)
Umm...
(fishes some more)
It was here, I swear.

The Toddler realizes that his present isn't coming, promptly bursts into tears, and runs screaming into another room.

SARAH

(disapproving)
Really, Harold.

HAROLD

I bought the tyke a harmonica, I swear!
(beat)
Fuck it. Anyway, I got something for you, too.

He hands her a bag from a reputable department store. She takes it and opens it. She's a little miffed at the botched gift-wrapping--that is to say "no" giftwrapping--but still smiles a bit at the surprise.

Her brow wrinkles.

HAROLD

(slyly)
It's that pair you've been looking at.

SARAH

Pair?

HAROLD

Yeah, the boots.

SARAH

Boot.

She produces from the bag: a single boot.

SARAH
Really, Harold.

She storms off.

HAROLD
(used to disappointment)
If it's not one thing...

INT. MEN'S RESTROOM - BACK TO PRESENT

Man #1 snaps back to present, laughs, and flushes. He quickly washes his hands and then heads out of the room.

INT. RESTAURANT HALLWAY - NIGHT

Man #1 emerges from the restroom, and pauses for a moment to drop his business card in the bowl. CLOSE ON the card.

We see his name: PATRICK C. WILLIAMS, CPA

Man #1 walks off towards his table, but we stay in the hallway near the bowl. A few moments later, a new patron comes our way--MAN #2. He's a bit chubby, bearded, with wire-rimmed glasses.

He heads into the men's room.

INT. MEN'S RESTROOM

MAN #2 comes in, notices the three items, and then settles in for a pee at the urinal. As he does, his mind wanders...

INT. RESTAURANT HALLWAY - EARLIER (IMAGINED SEQUENCE #2)

A HUSBAND and WIFE come storming down the hall. He's wearing a freshly-stained overcoat just like the one we've seen a few times already.

HUSBAND
(hissing whisper)
Don't make a scene, honey!

WIFE
Don't make a scene? Don't make a scene? DON'T MAKE A SCENE?

HUSBAND
Shhhhh! You're making a scene!

WIFE
I AM NOT MAKING A GODDAMN SCENE!

He looks about, mortified. No one else is in the hall.
He grabs her by her arm and yanks her into the men's room.

INT. MEN'S RESTROOM (IMAGINED SEQUENCE #2, CONT'D)

They both enter the bathroom and stake out a spot near the sinks.

HUSBAND
We haven't even gotten our table
yet and you're having a meltdown.
Jesus!

He rips off his overcoat with nervous energy and tosses it
onto the nearby stall door.

WIFE
Don't blame this on me.

HUSBAND
I just wanted to have a nice,
peaceful dinner with you.

WIFE
Oh yeah?

HUSBAND
Yeah. And then you toss wine all
over me?

WIFE
Then why the hell did you bring it
with you?

HUSBAND
What?

WIFE
Don't what me.

HUSBAND
What?

She just stands there, steaming.

HUSBAND (CONT'D)
I need to keep up my skills. I am
a professional, you know.

WIFE
Oh screw that.
(starts to sob)
You love that goddamn thing more
than me!

She strides over to her husband, thrusts her hand into his
shirt pocket, and withdraws...a HARMONICA.

WIFE
(gazes upon the harmonica
like Hamlet to Yorick)
You get hours of his time every
day. Uh-huh. You get to travel
with him everywhere. You--

HUSBAND
Honey?

WIFE
You know what? Screw you!

She tosses the harmonica at her husband. It clatters onto
the countertop.

WIFE
And as for you...
(stares down husband,
she's sobbing again)

She reaches down, rips off one of her knee-high black boots,
and hurls the improvised weapon at him.

She then storms off out of the bathroom, walking unevenly.
He follows in tow.

HUSBAND
Honey, that harmonica is paying for
our dinner tonight!

His voice trails off as they leave the bathroom.

INT. MEN'S RESTROOM - BACK TO PRESENT

MAN #2 finishes, zips up, washes his hands, and exits the
bathroom. He, too, pauses to drop his business card in the
bowl as he goes:

CLOSE ON: DAVID C. AKERS-BRYANT, RELATIONSHIP COUNSELOR

As MAN #2 heads down the hall, he is passed by a balding, shifty-eyed MAN #3 dressed in clothes that would be nice if they weren't sitting wrinkled and askew on him. He looks preoccupied, and is wagging his finger in the air as he mumbles something to himself.

Man #3 heads into the bathroom.

INT. MEN'S RESTROOM

Man #3 follows the same routine: relieves himself, sees the various items, and then his eyes glaze over as he imagines what events must've taken place.

INT. MEN'S RESTROOM (IMAGINED SEQUENCE #3)

A STYLISH MAN is washing up at the sink. In walk two suited GOONS.

The Stylish Man looks up in the mirror, sees them, and tries to turn and walk out. They hold their hands up and stop him.

GOON #1

Whoa there.

GOON #2

Where ya goin', Marty?

MARTY (STYLISH MAN)

Huh, do I know you guys?

GOON #1

(chuckles)

Yeah, right.

GOON #2

Don't play the smart guy.

MARTY

(nervous)

What can I do for you gentlemen?

They push him slowly back to the counter.

GOON #2

Don't be an ass. Mr. B wants it back.

MARTY

I told you guys before, I don't have it.

GOON #1
(looks at his friend)
I don't think that's the right
answer, is it Sal?

GOON #2
No it ain't.
(to Marty)
Look, we gave ya two chances
before. And I told ya, if we had
to ask a third time, you'd wouldn't
like it.

MARTY
You guys are serious? He really
wants it back that bad? I thought
you were joking.

GOON #2
The man likes his harmonicas.

GOON #1
And we never joke. Hey Sal, a
three-legged dog hops into a
saloon. Says, "I'm lookin' fer the
man who shot my paw!"

GOON #2
That's funny as hell.

GOON #1
I guess we do joke sometimes.

GOON #2
Yeah, I guess so.

GOON #1
But are we joking this time?

GOON #2
I don't think so.

GOON #1
Me neither. At least I hope not.

GOON #2
Me too.

GOON #1
I mean, considering what we did to
his girl.

GOON #2
Yeah.

MARTY

What?

GOON #1

'Cause it'd be a pretty serious
joke, then.

(chuckles)

One helluva serious joke!

GOON #2

Yeah! A king-sized joke!

MARTY

What? What did you guys do to
Jenny? Did you fucking do
something to Jenny?

Both goons shrug nonchalantly. Then Goon #2 reaches under his jacket and pulls out a wadded bundle. He tosses it to Marty.

Marty unfolds it. It's an overcoat, and it has lots of dark stains on it. They look ominously like blood.

MARTY

Hey, this is her coat.

(sees the stains)

Omigod, is this blood?

GOON #1

We told ya, if we had to ask again,
ya wouldn't like it.

MARTY

Here.

(tries to hand over the
harmonica)

Take it! Just tell me where she
is. Is she ok?

GOON #2

Ah, keep the harmonica. You
already paid for it.

GOON #1

I'd keep the coat, too, if you want
sometin' to remember her by. Oh
yeah...

(pulls the BOOT out from
his jacket)

This too.

Marty loses it.

MARTY

You slugs! She was innocent! She didn't even like the harmonica!

He puts his hands around Goon #1's neck and starts to choke him. Goon #2 puts a gun to Marty's head, and he's forced to let go.

GOON #2

Me and my associate will be leavin' now. Have a nice life, pallio.

Marty staggers back, helpless. The goons leave.

The harmonica drops from his nerveless fingers.

INT. MEN'S RESTROOM - BACK TO PRESENT

Man #3 smiles at himself in the mirror.

He leaves the bathroom and...

INT. HALLWAY

...drops his card in the bowl.

CLOSE ON: CHUCK P. KRANE, WRITER

As Man #3 heads back towards his table, he's passed by MAN #4 who heads for the loo.

INT. MEN'S RESTROOM

Man #4 comes in and uses the urinal. After he flushes, he notices the coat, the harmonica, the boot. He pauses for just a moment, thinking, and then proceeds to promptly collect said items.

He leaves the bathroom with all of them under his arm.

INT. HALLWAY

Man #4 drops his business card off before leaving.

CLOSE ON: JIMMY ORTEIGA, PAWNBROKER, "A King Among Pawns"

FADE OUT.