

Kelly (Part 1)

By

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INT. FANNING'S, BAR - NIGHT

A small pub, just lame enough that it's cool, illuminated by antique lighting fixtures. The small booths, covered in faded red vinyl, are packed by a crowd in their 20s to late 30s.

JOE and NICK sit at the bar. Nick wears a "Club Fit" tee with jeans. Joe wears a button down and alternates between fastening and unfastening the top button.

JOE

I don't know Nick. I don't think hairy chests are in these days.

NICK

Shut up. It looks hot.

Joe unbuttons the top, allowing some hair to show. JIMMY, the elderly bartender, hands Joe a martini and slides a beer to Nick.

JOE

Jimmy?

JIMMY

(in thick Irish dialect)

I like it buttoned up. Clean cut and drinking a martini, it's a classic look.

Joe re-buttons the top.

NICK

Bro, calm down.

JOE

You really think this will work?

NICK

Are you kidding me? Your tumor is golden. It gives you this whole wounded puppy thing. Jimmy, another.

Jimmy leaves and fills another mug at the tap.

NICK (CONT'D)

Trust me. Girls will eat that shit up.

Nick chugs down his beer just in time for Jimmy to hand him the next one. Nick stands and raises his glass.

(CONTINUED)

NICK (CONT'D)

Ladies and gentlemen of Fanning's.  
Please join me in raising a glass  
to my good friend Joseph Riedel,  
who in a few short weeks goes into  
brain surgery to rid himself of a  
treacherous tumor. Let us all drink  
to Joe's health. Fuck cancer!

Everyone raises their glass.

ALL

Fuck cancer!

Nick pats Joe on the back. Jimmy rolls his eyes.

JOE

Sit down. Girls aren't going to  
approach a total stranger just  
because he's having surgery.

NICK

Stop doubting me. Look.

Nick gestures towards a booth in the far corner of the room.  
KELLY, a gorgeous red-head, stares at Joe and whispers to  
her brunet friend, SARA.

NICK (CONT'D)

Don't stare dumb-ass.

JOE

Holy shit. This might actually  
work.

NICK

See, who's always right? Now  
unbutton that shirt.

Joe looks to Jimmy who reluctantly nods his approval. Joe  
unfastens his top button.

INT. JOE'S HOUSE, EMILY'S ROOM - MOMENTS LATER

EMILY packs a small duffel bag that sits on top of her bed.

SFX: Phone rings.

Emily answers her phone.

(CONTINUED)

EMILY

Joe?

JOE (O.S.)

How soon are you leaving for  
David's dance competition?

EMILY

I don't know, why?

JOE (O.S.)

How soon?

Emily crosses to her door and leans out.

EMILY

(yelling)

Mom, how long until you and dad are  
ready?

MOM (O.S.)

Your dad still needs to shower and  
-- dammit Steve, you can fold the  
laundry when we get back tomorrow  
-- about 45 minutes Lulu.

Emily returns to her packing.

EMILY

Like an hour.

JOE (O.S.)

Alright Em, you have to hide all  
the stuff in my room.

EMILY

I don't get it.

JOE (O.S.)

The Power Rangers, Transformers,  
D&D stuff. I have some boxes  
leftover from the move. Just pack  
them up and throw 'em under my bed.  
Shouldn't take long.

EMILY

Why?

JOE (O.S.)

Just in case.

(CONTINUED)

EMILY  
You're weird.

JOE (O.S.)  
Will you do it?

EMILY  
What do I get?

JOE (O.S.)  
I promise I won't make fun of David  
after his dance competition.

EMILY  
(beat)  
Fine.

Emily hangs up.

INT. FANNING'S - CONTINUOUS

Joe puts his phone away.

NICK  
Is the nerd shit gone?

JOE  
Emily's taking care of it.

NICK  
Good. Look sharp.

Kelly and Sara approach the boys at the bar.

SARA  
Hey, I'm Sara, and this is Kelly.

NICK  
I'm Nick, this here's Joe.

Kelly flashes Joe a brilliant smile.

KELLY  
Hi Joe.

Nick catches Joe's eyes and mouths "hot". He extends his hand under the bar for a covert high five. Joe leaves him hanging. Kelly places her hand on Joe's shoulder.

KELLY (CONT'D)  
Sorry to hear about your health. It  
must be tough.

(CONTINUED)

Kelly lets her hand slide down Joe's shoulder and the length of his arm, then takes his hand in her own.

NICK  
Sara, there's this thing over here  
you should really check out.

SARA  
Sure.

Sara and Nick exit.

KELLY  
Not very subtle are they?

JOE  
No.

KELLY  
Sara fancies herself a matchmaker,  
but she means well.

JOE  
Yeah, Nick too, but I'm not sure of  
his intentions.

Kelly laughs.

CUT TO:

INT. FANNING'S, CORNER BOOTH - MOMENTS LATER

Nick and Sara settle into their seats.

SARA  
That's a nice thing you did for  
your friend.

NICK  
Yeah, Joe's a great guy but he just  
needs a little push, you know.

SARA  
Sounds like we keep similar  
company. Kelly's hopeless. She's  
always picking the wrong guys. It's  
almost like she gets off on drama.  
But Joe seems nice.

NICK  
He's the best.

Nick's eye's water up.

(CONTINUED)

NICK (CONT'D)

I'm really worry about him right now.

SARA

That's completely understandable.

Sara hugs Nick. He immediately stops crying and flashes a toothy grin. Sara looks up at him and he pouts, bringing the tears back to his eyes.

CUT TO:

INT. FANNING'S, BAR - CONTINUOUS

Joe stares into Kelly's eyes.

KELLY

...and that's when I decided to leave finance and focus on game design.

JOE

Game design?

KELLY

Yeah, like tabletop games, boardgames. I know it sounds totally geeky.

JOE

Not at all. I love it. I'm a huge gamer.

KELLY

No way.

JOE

Really, I'm not cool at all. Yesterday I dropped 40 bucks to finish building the perfect blue/white control deck.

KELLY

You play Magic the Gathering?

JOE

I'm obsessed.

KELLY

That's awesome.

(CONTINUED)

JOE

Yeah?

Joe slides his phone out of his pocket and holds it out of view.

INT. JOE'S HOUSE, JOE'S ROOM - MOMENTS LATER

The room is filled with a number of half packed boxes containing various action figures, video games, and the like. Emily puts a giant 20 sided die into a box.

SFX: Phone Buzzing.

Emily looks down and opens a text.

INSERT - EMILY'S IPHONE SCREEN, which reads:  
"Unpack my stuff"

Emily looks around at all the partially packed boxes.

INSERT - EMILY'S IPHONE SCREEN, she types:  
"You're an ass"

INT. FANNING'S, BAR - CONTINUOUS

Joe puts his phone away.

KELLY

So, do you wanna head out?

JOE

With you?

KELLY

Yeah with me.

JOE

Oh, sure. How about we go to my place, I make amaze-balls coffee.

KELLY

That sounds nice.

INT. JOE'S HOUSE, JOE'S ROOM - LATER

Darkness.

(CONTINUED)

JOE (O.S.)  
...And so I'm staying with them  
until this whole tumor thing is  
taken care of.

SFX: Light Switch Click

The lights leap on. Joe leads Kelly into the room. It's  
still littered with the boxes.

JOE (CONT'D)  
And this is my room.

Kelly stubs her toe on a box.

JOE (CONT'D)  
Oh sorry, sorry.

KELLY  
It's okay.

Joe helps Kelly to the bed and sits her down.

JOE  
Here, let me take a look.

Joe removes Kelly's shoe.

KELLY  
It's really not that bad. Not like  
a brain tumor or anything.

Joe laughs uncomfortably.

JOE  
I guess not.

Beat -- Kelly grabs Joe and kisses him passionately. She  
pulls him into the bed with her.

KELLY  
It must really hurt.

JOE  
The tumor? Actually I don't have  
any real symptoms so--

Kelly puts her finger on Joe's lips.

KELLY  
Shh.

Kelly takes off her shirt. She places her hands on Joe's  
chest.

(CONTINUED)

KELLY (CONT'D)  
I like this look, showing that  
manly chest.

JOE  
Oh, um, thanks.

Kelly rips Joe's shirt apart. Buttons scatter everywhere.

JOE (CONT'D)  
Wow, um, okay. That shirt was  
actually --

Kelly takes off Joe's belt.

KELLY  
Tell me, do you ever get kinky?

JOE  
Sure, I guess so.

Kelly grabs Joe's hands and ties them to the headboard with  
his belt.

JOE (CONT'D)  
Wow, okay. Tight.

Kelly leans in for a kiss, but stops short. She looks into  
Joe's eyes with intense sincerity.

KELLY (CONT'D)  
Before we go any further, I just  
wanted to say that -- Well, I  
really like you. I think there's a  
real connection here.

JOE  
I think so too.

KELLY  
You're such a great guy, and you're  
going through this awful, awful  
ordeal. You should know, I don't  
want this to be a one time thing.

JOE  
I'm actually really happy to hear  
that. I think I'm -- well --

KELLY  
You can say it. I think I'm falling  
in love with you to.

(CONTINUED)

JOE

Wait, what?

The sincerity on Kelly's face transforms into crazed lust.

KELLY

And I'm going to be right by your side, through those months and months of agony. All those treatments, I'll be there holding your hand.

JOE

Um --

KELLY

Tell me, does it hurt?

JOE

Not really.

Kelly lust melts into disappointment.

JOE (CONT'D)

But, it really weighs on my mind. This is the hardest thing I've ever gone through.

KELLY

Oh, I know, it must be killing you, but like I said, I'm here for you, and I'm not going anywhere. And at your funeral, I'll be the rock that holds your family together. Everyone will know what we meant to each other, and I'll struggle, but I'll come out the other side a stronger woman for it.

JOE

Funeral? I'm not -- It should just be a surgical cure.

All lust leaves Kelly.

KELLY

Just a surgery?

JOE

Well, I mean, it's a pretty invasive surgery. Right in the middle of my skull, and there might be radiation therapy.

(CONTINUED)

Kelly flashes a seductive smile.

KELLY  
Radiation? Oh, I bet that will  
leave you all sad, and weak, and --

JOE  
But that's not for sure, it's  
really just a backup plan.

Kelly pulls her shirt back on and sighs.

KELLY  
You know, I should, I should go.

JOE  
Go?

KELLY  
Yeah, nice meeting you though.

Kelly exits. Joe tries to get up after her, but is stopped  
by the belt attaching his wrists to the headboard.

JOE  
Wait, Kelly --  
(beat)  
What? Dammit!

END PART 1.