

REACHING OUT

Written by

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FADE IN:

1 INT. GUY'S APARTMENT - BEDROOM - DAY

1

A clean and simple room. A well-made bed in the corner. A nightstand next to it. A mirror opposite the bed, with a closest nearby. A messenger bag sits at the foot of the bed.

The closest opens, and GUY, 26, steps out in a polo, khakis, and tennis shoes. He looks at his reflection and smooths his hair.

Guy turns and grabs the messenger bag. He stops.

An old pocket watch sits underneath the bag.

BEAT

Guy tosses the pocket watch in the closet.

2 INT. OFFICE - DAY

2

A sterile, corporate environment. A modern desk, computer, and office chair sit on simple desk. Guy sits at the desk, an open file folder in front of him, with a stack of file folders nearby.

FRANK, Guy's 40-year-old Supervisor, enters, a coffee mug in hand.

FRANK
Friday report.

GUY
Just finalizing the Oakwood
pharmacy deal. And...

Guy grabs a folder in the middle of the stack. He hands it to Frank.

GUY (CONT'D)
...finished a scope on the new
place in Silverside.

Frank glances at the folder.

FRANK
As always, my number one delivers.

Frank toasts Guy with his mug and exits. Guy turns back to his desk. He closes the folder in front of him and grabs a new one off the stack. He opens the folder.

The pocket watch sits inside. Guy blinks

BEAT

Guy buries the pocket watch in his desk drawer.

3 INT. GUY'S APARTMENT - LIVING ROOM - NIGHT

3

A second-hand loveseat across from a TV and bookshelf. The room blends into the kitchen, showing the cramped nature of the apartment. Guy goes to the loveseat, and hands CHELSEA, 26, a glass-bottle of coke.

CHELSEA

Another deal in the books?

Guy nods.

CHELSEA (CONT'D)

Here's to one of us having
something to celebrate.

Guy cocks his head.

CHELSEA (CONT'D)

I had a patient today who waited a
month to get their broken wrist
checked.

GUY

Seriously?

CHELSEA

Stubbornness is a stronger
influence than pain.

(beat)

Promise me you won't ever do
something like that?

GUY

I promise.

Chelsea raises an eyebrow.

GUY (CONT'D)

I may be stubborn, but I'm not
stupid.

Guy raises his bottle.

GUY (CONT'D)

Trust me.

Chelsea smiles and the couple clink their bottles. They turn back to the TV.

Across from the couple, the pocket watch leans on a framed photo, watching Guy.

4 INT. GUY'S APARTMENT - BEDROOM - NIGHT 4

Guy sleeps in bed. A ticking fills the room. Guy's eyes fly open. He shoots up in bed. He turns on the light.

The pocket watch sits on his night stand.

Guy throws the pocket watch in the closet. The ticking continues.

5 INT. OFFICE - DAY 5

Guy sits at his desk. His hair is messy, and dark circles appear under his eyes. Guy stares at his computer. Frank drops a stack of folders down, in front of Guy, quieting the ticking.

FRANK

Here's last weeks figures, get me finalized reports of each account by Friday.

GUY

Don't you have a 24-hour policy?

Frank smiles.

FRANK

Enjoy your vacation Guy, you've earned it.

Frank exits. Guy blinks. He grabs a folder.

The ticking grows. Guy opens the folder.

The pocket watch sits inside. Guy takes a deep breath.

Guy throws the pocket watch in a bin.

MONTAGE

6 INT. GUY'S APARTMENT - KITCHEN - NIGHT 6

Guy washes dishes. The ticking enters. Guy grabs a dish, finding the pocket watch underneath. Guy throws the pocket watch in the trash.

6A INT. OFFICE - DAY 6A

Guy enters with a cup of coffee. The pocket watch sits on Guy's chair. Guy throws the pocket watch into a bin and drops a heavy book on top.

6B INT. GUY'S APARTMENT - BEDROOM - NIGHT 6B

Guy sleeps on his back. The ticking enters. Guy's eyes fly open. He reaches over... but can't find the pocket watch. The ticking continues. Guy seethes and gets out of bed.

END MONTAGE

7 INT. BREAK ROOM - DAY 7

Another corporate environment. Frank pours himself a cup of coffee. Guy sits at a table. The dark circles have grown. Guy groans.

FRANK

What happened to you?

GUY

I'm just... Having a rough week.

Frank holds up his mug. Guy shakes his head.

FRANK

You losing your edge?

GUY

I've just been... more distracted than usual.

FRANK

Personal problems?

GUY

...sure.

Frank steps over Guy.

FRANK

How much is this going to affect--

GUY

None at all. I'm locking in and--

Frank puts a hand on Guy's shoulder.

FRANK

I commend your drive Guy, but you can't succeed if your well-being is compromised.

(beat)

Have you reached out to anyone?

GUY

I don't have the time.

FRANK

Well, make the time. Or find another solution. Everyone's got something that keeps them grounded, you just need to find yours.

Frank sips his coffee and exits. Guy blinks.

The ticking enters, SLAMMING Guy's ears. He cries in pain and covers his ears. He looks down, the pocket watch sits on the table.

Guy grits his teeth. He throws the pocket watch in the trash.

8

INT. GUY'S APARTMENT - KITCHEN - NIGHT

8

Guy stands at a counter. A pill bottle in hand. The pocket watch in front of him. The ticking enveloping the apartment. Guy takes a deep breath.

GUY

(pleading)

God, please let this work!

Guy pops a pill. The ticking quiets. Guy smiles. He grabs the pocket watch and drops it in the trash.

9

INT. OFFICE - DAY

9

Guy closes a folder and hands it to Frank. Frank smiles and heads out of the office. Guy turns back to his desk.

The pocket watch greets Guy. The ticking violently follows. Guy grits his teeth.

Guy pulls out the pill bottle. He pops a pill. The ticking quiets. Guy grabs the pocket watch and throws it out of his office.

BEGIN MONTAGE

10 INT. BREAK ROOM - DAY 10

Guy pours himself a cup of coffee. The pocket watch greets Guy on the counter. The ticking starts. Guy pulls a pair of pills from his pocket. Guy dumps the pocket watch in the garbage disposal. The ticking quiets.

10A INT. GUY'S APARTMENT - LIVING ROOM - NIGHT 10A

Guy watches TV. His phone rings on the table, next to the pocket watch. Chelsea. Guy reaches for his phone. The ticking enters. Guy grits his teeth. He pops two pills and grabs the pocket watch.

10B INT. GUY'S APARTMENT - BEDROOM - NIGHT 10B

Guy lays down in bed. He closes his eyes. The ticking BLASTS Guy awake. Guy cries in pain and reaches for his nightstand. He turns on a light. Guy pops a pill and gets up, searching for the pocket watch.

10C INT. OFFICE - DAY 10C

An empty desk. Frank passes by, shaking his head. Guy bursts in. Disheveled. Guy sighs and sits down. The ticking enters. Guy downs a handful of pills from his pocket and turns to his desk. The pocket watch sits under Guy's chair.

10D INT. GUY'S APARTMENT - KITCHEN - NIGHT 10D

The sink overflows with dishes. Guy's phone sits nearby. The pocket watch next to it. The phone rings. Chelsea. No Guy. The phone ringing continues.

END MONTAGE

11 INT. GUY'S APARTMENT - BEDROOM - MORNING 11

The room is a pigsty. Clothes litter the floor. Pill bottles trail to the night stand. The pocket watch sits in the middle of the pill bottles.

The phone ringing stirs Guy awake. He reaches over and grabs his phone. He groggily looks at the screen.

BEAT

Guy flies out of bed.

12 INT. OFFICE - DAY 12

Frank stands in Guy's office. An empty desk. Frank looks at his watch and sighs.

Guy appears in the doorway, more disheveled, and gasping for air.

GUY

Sorry Frank, I'm still trying to--

FRANK

You never found it, did you Guy?

Guy looks at Frank.

GUY

Frank, I know I'm late but I'll make it up to you I swear.

FRANK

I know you will Guy, because if you don't

(beat)

I have to let you go.

Guy blinks.

FRANK (CONT'D)

I like you Guy. So take the day off, fix your shit, and see me Monday.

(beat)

Or don't come in at all.

Frank leaves. Guy grits his teeth.

13

INT. GUY'S APARTMENT - DAY

13

Guy enters his apartment. A crunch hit his feet. An "EVICTION NOTICE" lays on the floor.

GUY
GREAT!

Guy grabs the paper and looks up. He blinks.

GUY (CONT'D)
Chelsea?

Chelsea stands in the kitchen. She turns.

CHELSEA
Guy.
(beat)
We need to talk.

Guy shakes his head and heads towards his bedroom.

GUY
Today is NOT the day.

CHELSEA
I haven't seen you in over a month.

GUY
Then one more day shouldn't be a
problem for you.

Chelsea stands stunned.

14

INT. GUY'S APARTMENT - BEDROOM - DAY

14

Guy enters his bedroom. He dumps the "Eviction Notice" on his bed. Chelsea appears in the doorway. She looks around in horror.

CHELSEA
Guy, what is all of this?

GUY
Life's been a little rough.

Guy throws his bag on the messy floor.

CHELSEA
Clearly.

Guy turns and blows past Chelsea. Chelsea glances at the "Eviction Notice".

15

INT. GUY'S APARTMENT - KITCHEN - DAY

15

Guy goes to a cabinet and pulls out a glass. Chelsea follows after him.

CHELSEA

Guy, what's going on?

GUY

Like I said, life's been a little rough.

Chelsea holds up the "Eviction Notice".

CHELSEA

THIS is more than a little rough.

Guy takes a deep breath.

CHELSEA (CONT'D)

Guy, I'm here for YOU.

(beat)

Just tell me what's going on?

Guy shakes his head.

CHELSEA (CONT'D)

I'm not leaving, if that's what you're hoping for.

Guy takes a deep breath.

GUY

Fine.

BEAT

GUY (CONT'D)

Today started with me being late for work because I haven't been able to sleep for the past month. However, no sleep today turned into me having till Monday to either fix it, or find another job...

CHELSEA

What!

GUY

...BUT, it gets better, because I also learned my rent hasn't been reaching my landlord...

Chelsea opens her mouth.

GUY (CONT'D)
...AND to top it all off...

Guy turns.

GUY (CONT'D)
...My nagging girlfriend chose
today to be attention starved and
unwilling to take my GENEROUS offer
of coming back later.

CHELSEA
Excuse me!

Chelsea steps towards Guy.

CHELSEA (CONT'D)
I came here because I care about
you!

GUY
Prove it.

Chelsea blinks.

GUY (CONT'D)
Leave.

Guy turns back to the glass. He pulls a pill bottle from the cabinet. Chelsea scoffs.

CHELSEA
So that's it? Lose your job, your
apartment, scream at your
girlfriend and you're going to
drown yourself in pills?

Guy sets the pill bottle down. Chelsea crosses her arms and shakes her head.

CHELSEA (CONT'D)
This isn't you Guy.

Guy whips around, glass in hand.

GUY
NO SHIT!

Chelsea jumps back.

GUY (CONT'D)
You think I asked for this?

Chelsea steps back.

GUY (CONT'D)
To be fighting for my job? My
apartment? MY LIFE?

Chelsea steps back. Guy steps towards her.

GUY (CONT'D)
I can't sleep. Eat. Work. Complain.
Cry. All I do is FIGHT so my brain
won't--

The glass explodes in Guy's hand. Chelsea screams. Guy stares
at his bloodied hand. Chelsea backs to the front door.

CHELSEA
This isn't you, Guy.

Guy looks at Chelsea. Tears stain her eyes.

CHELSEA (CONT'D)
Guy doesn't attack, isolate, and
destroy. He protects, loves, and
builds.

Guy blinks.

CHELSEA (CONT'D)
I love Guy, I'm not giving up on
him. I want to help him.
(beat)
But I can't help someone if I can't
find them.

Chelsea turns.

GUY
Chelsea--

Front door SLAMS closed. Guy SLAMS his fist on the counter.

GUY (CONT'D)
Damn it!

The ticking SLAMS into Guy. Guy cries in pain and covers his
ears. His eyes grow wide. Guy looks at his other hand. Blood
stains his fingers.

Guy grabs the pill bottle and downs a pill.

The ticking BLASTS Guy again. He cries in pain.

GUY (CONT'D)
Useless!

Guy hurls the bottle across the room.

MONTAGE

16	INT. GUY'S APARTMENT - KITCHEN - DAY	16
	<ul style="list-style-type: none"> - Guy roots through overflowing trash. - Guy ransacks a cabinet. - Guy destroys his table. 	
16A	INT. GUY'S APARTMENT - BEDROOM - NIGHT	16A
	<ul style="list-style-type: none"> - Guy rifles through the night stand. - Guy digs through the floor - Guy tears apart his bed. 	
16B	INT. GUY'S APARTMENT - LIVING ROOM - DAY	16B
	<ul style="list-style-type: none"> - Guy demolishes the bookshelf, destroying the picture of him and Chelsea. - Guy ravages the loveseat. 	

END MONTAGE

17	INT. GUY'S APARTMENT - NIGHT	17
	<p>Devastation. Broken glass mixed with wood shards. The loveseat is tattered. The TV hangs ajar.</p> <p>Guy sits in on his hands and knees, ripping up the floor. Blood stains Guy's hands and face. The ticking bombards Guy on all sides. He grits his teeth and tears out a floor board.</p> <p>Guy's face brightens.</p>	

GUY
Finally!

Guy holds up the pocket watch.

BEAT

Guy hurls the pocket watch against the wall. It explodes. Guy laughs hysterically.

BEAT

The ticking continues to bombard Guy.

GUY (CONT'D)
No, no, no!

Guy turns to the pocket watch pieces.

GUY (CONT'D)
You're gone. It's over!

Guy grabs a piece of the pocket watch.

GUY (CONT'D)
Everything is supposed to be...

The pocket watch dissolves in Guy's hand.

GUY (CONT'D)
...fixed.

BEAT

The ticking quiets.

Guy looks at his bloodied hands. The ruins of his apartment. His disheveled reflection in the TV. Guy spots the shattered picture. He walks over and picks it up.

BEAT

The front door flies open. Chelsea fumes.

CHELSEA
Guy what the hell! Your neighbors
called me saying--

GUY
I did it.

CHELSEA
Did what?

Guy turns. Tears stain his face.

GUY
Destroyed my life.

Chelsea blinks. Guy crumbles. Chelsea races over to Guy. Chelsea holds Guy close. The picture slips from Guy's hand, as his tears fill the apartment.

18 INT. GUY'S APARTMENT - DAY

18

Sunlight fills an empty apartment. The furnishings have vanished. Guy stands in the middle of the room. A duffel bag around his waist.

Guy closes his eyes. The ticking enters the apartment. Guy takes a deep breath.

CHELSEA (O.S.)

Hey.

Guy's eyes fly open. Chelsea stands at the front door. She holds out her hand.

BEAT

Guy takes Chelsea's hand. The couple leave the apartment.

The front door closes.

The ticking stops.

FADE OUT.