

ET TU

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FADE IN:

INT. OFFICE BLDG. - MEN'S ROOM - MORNING

TRENT (29, tall, disheveled brown hair) peers into the mirror at the bags under his eyes. Death Cab for Cutie t-shirt, cargo shorts, and flip-flops.

He leans over the sink, deep in thought. Finally snaps himself out of it. A melody brews from within. Starts to hum.

Toilet flush ends the music. MR. WILLIAMS (55, starched white shirt and power tie, in shape) exits a stall.

MR. WILLIAMS  
Crap, you look like hell.

TRENT  
I'm working on it.

They both wash hands.

MR. WILLIAMS  
Work harder.  
(sidelong look)  
Rough out there.

Done in a jiffy, he leaves the crumpled towel on the sink.

MR. WILLIAMS  
Mind ditching that?

TRENT  
Not a problem.

Mr. Williams exits. Trent blasts cold water, washes his face.

INT. HALLWAY - CONTINUOUS

Down the hall Trent trudges. Working the same hum. Large POSTERS of "Jacked 'n Pumped" energy drinks hang on the walls.

Headed his way is ELLIE (28, sweet face, cutting look, all the more striking together). She wears a summer dress and sandals. The humming intensifies.

ELLIE  
Look alive -- not even a full day today.

Trent bows his head, smiles as she passes.

ELLIE

He's workin' the smile though...

She HUMS a few bars in unison as she trails down the hall. Trent turns back before disappearing into an adjoining room.

INT. ROOM 204 - CONTINUOUS

Energetic. A dozen SALES REPS on phones (20s-40s, beachwear). Trent plops down at his cube in the corner. An ugly potted plant hangs on a shelf. PICTURES of his German Shepherd, parents, and beloved Yamaha keyboard decorate his cube.

He opens an Excel doc, frowns at his sales total of \$4K for the month -- \$5K off the pace (bold red). Glances at the wall clock (8:45), reaches for his phone, BILL (35) pops in.

BILL

How's the music going?

TRENT

... Melodies yeah, lyrics nada.

BILL

Too bad. That new gym up the street? Over on Bentley? Just sold them.

TRENT

Good for you.

BILL

Pretty damn sweet. Hey, we're going to Tank's mañana. Any interest?

TRENT

I'll call ya. Should probably sleep 'til Labor Day.

BILL

Sleep away the summer, that sounds good. Don't forget how to use that thing.

INT. ELLIE'S OFFICE - CONTINUOUS

Ellie SHARPENS her pencil in an electric sharpener. Neat but uninspiring office, only a few baubles. She taps away on her laptop. Mr. Williams breezes in.

MR. WILLIAMS

Are we gonna rebound or what?

ELLIE  
We're gettin' there.

MR. WILLIAMS  
That tuition wasn't cheap. Just an  
FYI.

ELLIE  
Got it.

Mr. Williams snaps a C-note from his wallet and flings it  
onto her desk.

MR. WILLIAMS  
For the ride back. Maple walnut for  
me.

ELLIE  
Oh there's something I wanted to --  
He's already gone.

ELLIE  
... ask you.

She sits with a frown. Closes out of an email in progress.  
Snatches up the hundred.

INT. ROOM 204 - MOMENTS LATER

A beach ball bounces its way from cube to cube. Ellie whisks  
in, shades atop her head.

ELLIE  
Vámonos!

A grand wave. Sales Reps rise in a flurry.

ELLIE  
Trent, are you awake over there?

TRENT  
Yeah!

ELLIE  
Let's go.

Trent grabs his duffle bag, last one left. Phone rings.  
Stares at it. Answers.

TRENT  
Thanks for calling Jacked 'n Pumped,  
this is Trent.  
(excited look)  
Sure, I can help you.

INT. VAN - MOMENTS LATER

It idles in the lot. Murmurs. Groans of discontent.

BILL  
He can't be writing music.

Trent boards to a wave of catcalls, cap on backwards. He finds it hard to push down a grin. Ellie throws him a look, he plunks down in back, the van departs with a roar.

EXT. POND - LATER

Screaming kids in the distance. Trent lies with his face buried in a blanket, 5 meters from the water. Snoring. His right hand atop a green spiral notebook.

NEIGHBORING SPOT

Ellie chats with Reps Raquel (31, robust) and Tanya (39).

TANYA  
We'd fight all the time. Got stupider  
with each occasion. That's a word,  
right?

ELLIE  
Yup.

RAQUEL  
Over what?

TANYA  
You name it. He hated my parents,  
too. What a gem. You guys still  
having fun?

RAQUEL  
Trying to.

TANYA  
Keep it that way. You want kids?

RAQUEL  
I do, he's on the fence.

TANYA  
Dealbreaker?

RAQUEL  
I'm not sure.

Ellie watches them -- a bystander in life. Fidgets with her bathing suit.

TANYA  
Whatever you do, decide for yourselves. Don't let anyone strong-arm you.

RAQUEL  
Won't let that happen.

TANYA  
Hey, check out sleepyhead.

Trent scrawls in his notebook, one eye open, face still welded to the towel.

RAQUEL  
We know you're checking us out!

BACK TO TRENT

who doesn't flinch. The scrawling continues.

His FACE is intense. PEN scribbles something at the top. Drops his pen, the drought is over. His EYE can't believe it. One peek over at Ellie who smirks back at him.

The eye shuts.

EXT. POND - LATER

Quieter now. The screaming kids have left. Trent is still out. A faint melody bleeds through his earbuds. Ellie gives him a tap on the shoulder.

ELLIE  
Time to go.

Doesn't budge. All the other Sales Reps have evacuated. Ellie turns to his notebook, CU of poem:

**It Was Always For You**

It's dusk in morning

It is dusk at night

Can you feel it?  
I can hear it  
There's no turning back  
There is no going forward  
Until I come for you  
I come for you  
I once denied it  
And denied it well  
But now I know for certain  
The dawn will happen  
The dawn will happen  
When I finally shout  
It was always for you  
Always for you

Ellie overhears the music playing on his iPod. Recognizes the melody. Sweet. Solid. Sweeping. The tune from the hall. Takes an earbud for a listen.

Peeks back at the lyrics, her hand touches the notebook as she skims them again.

She studies Trent a moment. Shuts the notebook, places the earbud back. And dribbles what's left of her water bottle onto his back. He's up.

INT. ROOM 204 - MORNING

Only a few reps, back in business attire -- including Josh, a sharp tie to boot. Clock reads 7:15. He's on the phone.

TRENT

It's packed with Vitamin C, yeah.  
Calcium and magnesium, too. That'll  
help with absorption. Some ginseng,  
but not much.

Does quick arithmetic on his blotter.

TRENT

Sounds good, I'll put you down for  
ten. Very good, Mr. Klein. Ciao.

Hangs up, revisits his Excel doc. Wipes out his \$4K figure and types in \$9100 with a grin. Thwacks Enter. Phone rings.

TRENT

Yeah.

ELLIE (over phone)

You mind coming over?

TRENT

Not a problem.

INT. ELLIE'S OFFICE - CONTINUOUS

Ellie finishes an email, clicks send. She peeks at a PICTURE of her parents that rests on her desk. Trent enters.

TRENT

Hey.

(re: door)

Should I...?

ELLIE

Go ahead.

He shuts it and takes a seat.

ELLIE

It's early for you.

TRENT

Slept like a baby. Does it show?

ELLIE

Yeah, it does. What brought that on?

TRENT

Can't really say. So what's up?

ELLIE

I was looking over your numbers.

TRENT

Recently?

ELLIE

Yes.

TRENT

Very recently?

ELLIE

Yes, I saw.

Trent smiles proudly.

TRENT

And...?

Ellie waves away a Sales Rep at the door.

ELLIE

How's your music going?

TRENT

My music?

ELLIE

Yeah.

TRENT

It's going. Why?

ELLIE

That's good.

She picks at the corner of her blotter.

TRENT

You're making me nervous. Are you alright?

ELLIE

Any new songs... lately?

Trent shrugs. Ellie peeks at him for more information. The shrug only grows. Ellie combats with a curious smile.

TRENT

Nothing I'd wanna show off.

ELLIE

I see. Is that a good thing?

TRENT

I think so.

ELLIE

So it's sort of a... quasi... mezza-mezza... dry spell.

TRENT

Exactly.

ELLIE

Too bad.

TRENT

Why's that?

ELLIE

I have to let you go.

It's like he didn't hear it. Grins stupidly at her. Ellie waits for it sink in...

TRENT

(still smiling)

What?

ELLIE

The numbers aren't there. Not where we need them to be.

TRENT

You said you checked them. Very recently.

ELLIE

I did. But you've been here four years. We expect more than average.

The smile is officially gone.

TRENT

Tell me you're kidding.

ELLIE

... I'm sorry.

He turns to look at an associate passing by the window, who waves at Ellie.

TRENT

I came in early today. I can make that a habit. From now on.

ELLIE

I think it's time for your dry spell to be over.

Trent hones in on her. About to say something -- he declines.

INT. ROOM 204 - CONTINUOUS

He does the death march back to his corner cube. Sales Reps are wrapped up in calls. Trent stands frozen by his chair.

Then, The Tasmanian Devil. Pictures, pens, loose change, magazines, trinkets -- even some erasers. He opens drawers left and right -- CRAMS all of it into his shoulder bag.

Leaves the room without a goodbye either way.

INT. HALLWAY - CONTINUOUS

Trents solo down the hall. Past the posters of energy drinks. Mr. Williams now pops into view, coming the other way. Gives Trent an over-the-top salute and continues along.

Trent looks back at him. Continues on. Stops short at a garbage can. He rummages through his bag.

Bill breezes by, a pat on the back.

BILL  
Sorry pal, wind at your back. Missed  
you on Saturday!

Trent finally uncovers his green notebook. Starts to tear out the poem. Another fresh one peeks out from behind it, entitled "Without You."

Dumps the whole damn thing. Shoulder bag back on. Onward down the hall.

EXT. PARKING LOT - CONTINUOUS

He heads for his car. The lot is full. Stark sunlight. Gutted. It's etched across his face. He grips the shoulder bag tight. A HUM ends on one note.

Trent turns to the right. Following him on the sidewalk, the beach ball blows in the wind.

Scampering footsteps. Trent finally turns...

It's Ellie. Whisking her way over lugging his potted plant. The coup de grâce.

She's now up to him, raises the plant. And sends it SMASHING to the pavement.

KISSES him. Trent stands stoic...

Waiting for the world to resume. It doesn't take long. Replies to her in kind.

Ellie pulls back a tad. Enough time for him to slip off the shoulder bag and RAM it down to the pavement.

ELLIE  
You're not a real good liar.

TRENT  
I'm fired.

ELLIE

I've been thinking about starting my  
own company. There's an office  
building down the --

He quiets her with another. Smoldering.

The sunlight far less stark.

FADE TO BLACK

THE END