

FRIENDSHIPS AND FUEL INJECTORS

By

STEVE MEREDITH

First Draft
4.26.09

StevenEMeredith@gmail.com

EXT-JORDAN'S HOUSE-EARLY EVENING

The sun is setting as JORDAN WESLEY, a young man, about 22 years old, is working under the hood of his mustang. A rock radio station plays in the background.

A woman, named KAITLIN BURNS, about the same age as JORDAN, approaches HIM in HIS garage. SHE comes up beside HIM and looks at what JORDON is working on. JORDAN notices HER, and with a surprised expression on HIS face, HE gives HER a hug. HE walks over to the radio and turns it off.

JORDAN:

Hey! You're early, I thought you weren't getting in until tomorrow?

KAITLIN:

I know, I got yesterday off of work so I decided to come up a day early.

JORDAN:

That's awesome. So how've you been? It's been what, a year, since we've seen each other?

KAITLIN:

Just about, yeah. I've been alright, I'm still working at the job I told you about in November.

JORDAN:

Good for you, that's excellent. Here take a seat.

JORDAN moves a folding chair in KAITLIN'S direction. HE then starts to walk back to a fridge in the back of his garage.

JORDAN:

Would you like a beer?

KAITLIN:

Yeah, sure, you still a fan of Corona?

JORDAN:

Yeah. It's the only thing I drink.

JORDAN returns with two beers in HIS hands. HE hands one to KAITLIN. They both open their beers and take swigs ad lib.

KAITLIN:

So what about you? What are you up

to? Is this your latest project.

SHE motions to the car.

JORDAN:

Yeah, it's on going a bit. I think I'll get a little further on it once I graduate.

KAITLIN:

You excited for the big day?

JORDAN:

You have no idea Kaitlin. I'm so sick of that school and those people.

KAITLIN:

Yeah, that's how I felt right before I said goodbye.

JORDAN:

How is the real world? Any better than college?

KAITLIN:

Exponentially. I met this guy named Dan. He's a bit older than I am, but he's so much more mature than any one else I've ever dated. I have a feeling that it'll be like that with you and the ladies. Let me tell you something, the girls at that school are bat shit crazy. After you get out, you'll meet a girl who's just as sick of the bullshit as you are, and you'll click.

JORDAN:

I sure hope so. Friendships at that school just seem like so much of a hassle anymore.

KAITLIN:

How do you mean?

JORDAN shakes HIS head a little bit as he stares at his beer can. HE glances over at HIS car, and then back at KAITLIN.

JORDAN:

Follow me for a second.

They both get up and JORDAN leads KAITLIN back to HIS car. They lean in to take a look at the engine.

JORDAN:
(pointing at a part in the engine)
You see this? Do you know what this is?

KAITLIN:
Well, I don't exactly speak car. So no, I couldn't tell you what it was.

JORDAN:
This is part of the fuel injection mechanism. This is what I was replacing before you showed up. Without this part, the fuel injector doesn't work properly, and therefore, you lose out on about 220 extra horsepower. Now look over here.

HE points to another part of the engine.

JORDAN:
These are spark plugs.

KAITLIN:
Oh okay, you need those to start it.

JORDAN:
Exactly. These are brand new plugs. The old ones are over there on my workbench. I had to replace those as well. I also need to put freon in for the AC, and at some point, although not immediately, I'll need to change the oil. My whole point is that friendships at school is like this car. When they're new, they work well, they make you look good, you feel good about them, et cetera. But as time goes on, the friendship breaks down, and pretty soon, it becomes more of a hassle to keep up the friendship.

KAITLIN:
I see what you mean.

They pause for a second and stare into the engine. KAITLIN gets a concerned look on her face and looks over at JORDAN, who is clearly only thinking about the problems on the car.

JORDAN:

And pretty soon, a couple of these nuts and bolts are going to go, and they're going to need replaced. God help me if the radiator goes, because then I'll be fucked for sure--

KAITLIN:

Jordan.

PAUSE

JORDAN:

(defeated)

What?

KAITLIN:

Shut the hood.

PAUSE. JORDAN doesn't move.

KAITLIN:

I mean it. Shut the hood.

JORDAN takes the prop holding the hood up and places it in it's holder. He shuts the hood gently but securely. They both pause and look at the car. KAITLIN glances over at JORDAN who is still transfixed on the car.

KAITLIN:

You don't see what I see do you?

JORDAN:

Well I see a car if that's what you're asking.

KAITLIN:

That's not the point though. The point is that it's a beautiful car and you're so focused on the negative that you aren't seeing all the good things about it. It's just like your view of your friendships. You've always had a guilt problem, so therefore you've always felt like you're in a state of having to fix things. And that's not a friendship, that's just more work

work for you to have to take care of.

JORDAN:

Well, in all honesty Kaitlin, that's how I've always felt.

KAITLIN:

Do you mean that with your friends now, or do you mean like, our friendship?

JORDAN:

Not so much with you. But I feel that way about everyone.

KAITLIN:

So you did feel like that with me?

JORDAN:

Yeah. Like I said, I felt like it with everyone. Again, it's exactly like this car. I can't enjoy it Kaitlin. Because I'm so afraid that if I do enjoy it, something will happen that will totally ruin the car, keeping it in this damned garage for the rest of my life. It's just like my friendships. The friendship is only strong when it's to the benefit of the other person. I don't have anyone up there that I can just call up and hang out with whenever I feel like it--

KAITLIN:

Well maybe you have the wrong friends then.

PAUSE. JORDAN sighs, defeated.

JORDAN:

When they're the only ones you've got, what choice do you have?

KAITLIN:

What do you mean what choice do you have? Jordan, all of the guilt that you feel is self inflicted, and you've never realized that. Stop feeling so guilty and you'll stop feeling like you have to fix everything all the time.

PAUSE. KAITLIN'S phone rings. SHE answers. JORDAN sits back down in HIS chair and puts HIS face in HIS palms

KAITLIN:

(into cell phone)

Hey Julia...yeah, I'm at Jordan's right now...no, those times sound fine, let's go with the nine forty five...okay...oh, Justin and Katie are coming along...no that's awesome...yeah, we'll be along, where is it again?...okay, cool, see you soon...bye.

KAITLIN hangs up. KAITLIN goes over to the key rack on the wall of the garage and grabs a set of keys. SHE walks over to JORDAN and crouches down so that they are face to face. SHE puts HER hand on HIS back and rubs gently.

KAITLIN:

Hey, listen. I know telling you not to feel guilty is like telling the sun not to rise everyday...it's just what you do. But I've told you this before...you are not responsible for other people's happiness. The only person that you can please is yourself. Now Justin, Katie, and Julia are meeting us at the Carmike out by the mall in fifteen minutes.

SHE takes JORDAN'S palm and hands HIM the keys to the Mustang.

KAITLIN:

And I need a ride.

SHE smiles at JUSTIN. HE smiles back. HE gets up and they hug.

JUSTIN:

It's good to see you again.

KAITLIN:

It's good to be back.

They walk to separate sides of the Mustang and open their doors.

KAITLIN:

You know who else will be happy to see you, and might I add, just became single again?

JORDAN:

Who?

INT-JORDAN'S CAR-CONTINUOUS

KAITLIN:

Julia.

JORDAN:

(with a smile)

Interesting.

JORDAN starts the car.

KAITLIN:

The new fuel injector must be working. This sounds great!

JORDAN:

Yeah, well, we'll know for sure when we get out on the open road. If you want to roll your window down feel free, like I said, I need more freon for the AC.

KAITLIN:

(sighs)

Stop worrying

JORDAN pulls out of HIS driveway.

EXT-SUBURBAN STREET-CONTINUOUS

The camera pans out on the street as the car pulls away.

KAITLIN:

(V.O.)

What do you think, you gonna go after her? I knew you had a thing for her before she left.

JORDAN:

(V.O.)

We'll see what happens tonight.

KAITLIN:

(V.O.)

Oh giggity!

JORDAN:

(V.O. jokingly)

Yeah, yeah, shut up.

FADE TO BLACK

ROLL CREDITS.

THE END.