## Not Just Yet

Written by

Steven Harvey

Copyright (c) 2015 This screenplay may not be used or reproduced without the express written permission of the author.

INT. LIVING ROOM - DAY

Slumped in a chair beside his TV, forlorn and teary eyed is TIM (early 20's).

Tim swallows hard before pulling out a note book and a pen. He rifles through the notebook and begins scribbling.

INT. BATHROOM - NIGHT

Tim sits on the toilet seat, staring straight ahead with a distance in his eyes.

INT. DINING ROOM - NIGHT

Tim sits at the end of an impossibly long dining table, staring dead ahead, transfixed on nothingness.

Opposite him at the other end of the table - in a dazzling white gown, is CASSIE (mid 20's).

Cassie's shouting and screaming. Inaudible.

The doorbell RINGS breaking Tim's afar gaze. He gets to his feet.

CASSIE That's it! Just pretend I'm not here.

Exasperated, Cassie gulps the remainder of her wine.

INT. HALLWAY - CONTINUOUS

Tim ambles towards the front door, but before he can get to it, in bursts ALAN (late 40's).

Tim steps back looking Alan up and down. He's suited and booted like an Army Officer.

TIM Why ring the bell if you're just going to waltz in any--

ALAN Less chatter Timothy, go get me a drink.

Alan marches past saluting Tim before swivelling into the dining room.

INT. DINING ROOM - CONTINUOUS

Alan strides into the room full of vigor.

ALAN Hello. Nice to see you again Cassandra.

A disingenuous smile plasters Cassie's face.

CASSIE You too Alan. Looking well.

TIM (O.S.) You know she prefers Cassie!

Tim comes in and sets down a bottle of Jack Daniels on the table.

CASSIE No, it's okay. Cassandra's perfect.

Tim cuts her a look.

Alan picks up the bottle of Jack Daniels.

ALAN Timothy. What on earth am I supposed to do with this?

TIM Drink it... Since when have you ever needed a glass?

Alan looks to Cassie for support. She glares a hole through Tim, lips pursed together.

Tim walks out of the room.

ALAN You know, he looks at me with such contempt.

INT. KITCHEN - CONTINUOUS

Tim rifles through the cupboard. He grabs a small glass.

ALAN (O.S.) Make sure the glass is clean!

Tim sighs.

INT. DINING ROOM

Alan slams down an empty glass on the table, puffing out his chest.

ALAN I'm absolutely starving, what about you Cassandra?

CASSIE Quite famished myself Alan.

Alan looks to Tim.

Tim's barely lucid, his eyes glazed over.

ALAN

Timothy!

Tim shirks his head out of his stupor.

ALAN (CONT'D) That bird must be about done by now. What time did you put it in?

TIM We're not having turkey.

ALAN Chicken then, same thing. Stop nitpicking.

TIM We're having roast pork.

Alan looks disgusted.

ALAN

That's just fantastic! You know I'm not fussed on pork... I'll just have the same as Robert then.

Tim's eyes widen.

TIM What, you invited him here?

ALAN We're celebrating the promotion are we not?

TIM Yes! It was supposed to be my prom-

With that, the doorbell RINGS.

TIM (CONT'D) Get that! I need to go check on the food.

ALAN You get it, nature calls. Alan hands his empty glass to Tim.

ALAN (CONT'D) Fill that up for me while you're at it.

Tim looks at Cassie for support. She's very much, "Don't look at me."

INT. HALLWAY

Tim pulls the front door open.

Lathered in a sleek fitted suit, clutching a bouquet of flowers, in walks ROBERT (20's).

TIM How are you? Come on in.

Robert breezes past barely acknowledging Tim's existence.

INT. DINING ROOM - CONTINUOUS

Cassie rises to meet Robert.

CASSIE Hi. Nice to meet you. I'm Cassandra.

Robert pecks her on both cheeks.

ROBERT Beautiful name for a beautiful woman... I'm Robert.

Robert hands the flowers to Cassie.

CASSIE Thanks, there's no need.

Robert chuckles.

ROBERT Well, they were to be a consolation prize for Timbo, but I think you deserve them for that dress alone.

Cassie blushes.

Robert grins cheekily, looking down at her cleavage.

ROBERT (CONT'D) How ever did you fit those in there?

Cassie laughs, slapping his arm playfully.

Tim looks a bit flummoxed. He pulls his chair opposite Cassie out from underneath the table.

TIM You can sit here Robert.

CASSIE No. That's your seat. He can sit here, next to me.

A smoke ALARM blares to life.

Tim rushes off.

ROBERT I see he's handling things well.

Cassie laughs.

INT. KITCHEN

Tim's panicked, getting everything ready. As he opens the oven smoke billows out.

INT. DINING ROOM

Tim walks in measured and precise trying not to drop anything. His arms filled with plates.

He sets a plates down in front of Cassie and Robert who are deep in conversation.

TIM (to Robert) Hope you--

ROBERT Hold on there Tim. Don't be so rude. Cassandra's talking. (to Cassie) Go ahead.

CASSIE So there we are. In one of America's most serene national parks.

Tim scoffs.

TIM Ugh, not this again. CASSIE Give over. (turning back to Robert) Anyway. (MORE)

## CASSIE (CONT'D)

It's a beautiful day and the water of the lake laps up against the bank ever so gently. Perfection! So, Tim gets down on one knee...

Cassie touches Robert's arm.

CASSIE (CONT'D) Wait to you hear what happens next. He just starts screaming like a pigeon in the knacker's yard. He startles me so I scream back at him on reflex.

Robert starts to chuckle. Cassie too.

CASSIE (CONT'D) Turns out he'd knelt down in the path of a line of fire-ants.

ROBERT And he was screaming? What a sissy.

## CASSIE

I know! (touching Robert's arm again) It gets better. Right at that moment a class of children with special needs come up the trail. They freak out too and start screaming. It turns into this big mess. Disturbing the peace and all that.

ROBERT That's hilarious. What a way to botch a proposal.

CASSIE Needless to say...

Cassie holds up her vacant ring finger.

Robert turns to Tim.

ROBERT Better get a move on Timbo. Someone's biological clock is ticking down.

CASSIE Cheeky bugger.

Cassie turns away in mock disapproval. A wry smile washes over her face.

Tim's sitting there perplexed.

CASSIE (CONT'D) Tim, Robert and I need some more wine. Go get the other bottle.

INT. KITCHEN - CONTINUOUS

Tim grabs the bottle of wine off the counter, murmuring to himself.

INT. DINING ROOM - CONTINUOUS

Tim comes back in with the wine.

TIM Here you are. Should go well with the pork.

ROBERT

What!

Robert glances down to his plate for the first time.

ROBERT (CONT'D) Yeah, I can't eat that. I'm a vegetarian.

Tim sighs.

TIM Sorry, I didn't know you were coming.

ROBERT You're hosting a dinner party, sorry doesn't quite cut it.

Tim grips the table.

TIM You could be a bit more appreciative. Any idea how long I spent cooking this meal?

CASSIE Too long by the looks of it.

Cassie sniggers as she pours herself another glass of wine.

ROBERT (laughing) Yeah, Timbo... I know I don't eat meat but I doubt it's supposed to look like that.

TIM Good job you don't have to eat it then! CASSIE Don't be so rude Tim! Tim shakes his head. Can't win. TIM Sorry. (to Robert) It's short notice, would Macaroni Cheese do? Tim gets up. ROBERT Maybe you're thick or something but I can't eat that either. TIM What? ROBERT I'm a vegetarian. TIM Yeah... there's no meat in it. ROBERT It's Macaroni Cheese. Tim's eyes roll, as he realizes. TIM You're a vegan then, not a vegetarian. ROBERT Same thing Timbo. ΜIT Nope! If they were the same there would be no discernible difference between being a vegetarian and being a vegan! Hence they have different names and meanings! Tim's growing incensed.

> TIM (CONT'D) A vegetarian doesn't eat meat... and a vegan doesn't eat anything that comes from an animal. See the fucking difference there!

CASSIE Tim! Calm down. It's an easy mistake to make.

TIM A mistake only a fucking imbecile would make!

Alan re-enters at the most inconvenient time.

ALAN There he is... Our new head of--

TIM (looking at Alan) Seriously, you gave HIM the promotion!

ALAN What you want me to say, he deserved it.

TIM Over your own Son!

Alan puts his arm on Tim's shoulder.

ALAN Right calm down Timothy, you've obviously had one too many. Wouldn't be the first time.

Tim's face is a picture of fury. He swings his arm and lands a vicious punch to the side of Alan's head, knocking him to the floor.

Cassie yelps. Robert's quick to angle his arm around her.

Tim's apoplectic now.

TIM Party's over! (looking to Cassie) Get him up and fuck off out of my house!

Robert and Cassie both rush over to help Alan to his feet. The trio stagger out of the dining room into the hallway.

INT. HALLWAY - CONTINUOUS

Cassie looks back at Tim. Alan's blood all over her no longer pristine white gown.

Tim's unflinching, his eyes firmly locked on Cassie's.

Robert ushers Alan out the front door. He comes back putting his arm around Cassie.

ROBERT You can't stay here with him. You're coming back with me.

As they leave Robert looks back over his shoulder at Tim.

Robert winks before slamming the door shut behind him.

INT. LIVING ROOM

It's dark and the only source of light is the TV. White noise.

Tim lies on the sofa his eyes swimming with tears. Empty bottles of wine lay scattered everywhere.

Quick, frantic sounds bombard Tim's senses. A vociferous BOOM followed by the sound of SCRAPING metal and glass SHATTERING.

UNKNOWN (V.O.) Quite the party Tim, if you could even call it that. A bit messy towards the end. I know what that feels like.

Tim's eyes widen in horror. He looks up to see--

A man seated on a chair beside the TV, its static light shrouding him eerily.

JAMES (early 20's).

He looks beaten, bruised and blood stains his ripped clothes.

TIM What the--(he sits up) James?

Tim sits rigid with fear, his back welded to the sofa.

TIM (CONT'D) When did... how did you get here?

JAMES I didn't. I've been here. Waiting for you.

TIM

What!

JAMES I knew it'd catch up to you in the end but I didn't think I'd be seeing you this soon.

TIM James, please. I'm confused! What's going on?

James opens up a notebook, the one Tim was writing in earlier in the day, sitting in the same spot as Tim was.

The muffled HISSING and BUZZING from the TV drowns away as James begins to read--

Tim covers his ears and closes his eyes.

DISSOLVE TO:

INT. BATHROOM - NIGHT

Crimson washes over a white surface, slowly.

It drips down, into scarlet water. PULL BACK to reveal--

Tim laying in the bath tub, blood oozing from his wrists.

PULL BACK further to reveal--

JAMES sitting on the toilet seat, as Tim was earlier in the day, note book in hand.

JAMES "If you're reading this I feel I owe you an apology, however obviously, disingenuous and perfunctory it may be--" (looking to Tim) Timothy, is this a suicide note or a political statement?

A paler shade of skin, Tim's deathly still in the bath tub, eyes closed.

TIM (V.O.) No, please stop! I can't take it.

JAMES Where was I?

James feels for his place on the page.

TIM (V.O.)

Please.

JAMES Ah yes, here we are... (beat) "I mean, if I really cared about the people left behind I wouldn't have anything to apologize for."

TIM (V.O.) (strained) Stop. Please... Stop!

James looks up from the page once more.

JAMES This really is quite the diatribe Timothy. I mean this part is just great. (starts reading) "What's more is--"

TIM (V.O.) Just stop! Fucking stop!

James reacts angrily this time, dropping the note book on the floor.

JAMES

That's just it Tim! You never could stop! Enough was never enough. Still isn't, even now. Poor Timothy! A beautiful girlfriend who wants nothing more than to be your bride and you let your insecurities get in the way!

TIM (V.O.) I can't help it, I haven't--

JAMES

So what if Robert's getting the promotion? He wouldn't be if you stood up and rose to the challenge instead of acting like he shouldn't dare make the effort, all because you don't want to!

TIM (V.O.) It's not that, I--

JAMES

...Your poor old Dad, Tim! How's it his fault? After the accident you shut YOURSELF away. He was there. By your side through all of it.

TIM I know, I know... I'm sorry. JAMES What for? The act itself?

James holds the note book aloft.

JAMES (CONT'D)

The note?

James pulls blood stained car keys from his pocket and JANGLES them in the air.

JAMES (CONT'D) The accident?

TIM (V.O.) All of it! I'm so sorry James. I should never have gotten in that car.

JAMES It's okay. I pushed and pushed... Just don't let it all be in vain. Don't throw your life away because of it.

TIM (V.O.)
 (sobbing)
It's too late now! I've fucked it
all up!

James smiles. He stands up, opening the bathroom door.

A burst of bright lights pours in, swallowing the room and James with it.

JAMES (V.O.) Not just yet.

DISSOLVE TO:

INT. BATHROOM - SAME

Sobbing uncontrollably, Cassie kneels besides Tim, still bleeding in the bath tub clutching his hand tightly.

Tears barrel down her cheeks when--

Hope stretches across her face.

ON TIM, as his eye-lids flicker.

FADE OUT.

## THE END