TWO BIRDS

written by

Nora Ephron

Cliché: The Meet-Cute

© Copyright 2024

EXT. HOUSE - FRONT - DAY

A decor catalog cover of a home. A meticulously cared-for garden. A lemon tree. The distant JINGLE of a nearby ice cream truck.

Two birds flutter onto a nearby tree branch together.

SADIE (26), Etsy page owner energy, stares at the home as if she was seeing an old friend. She arm-hugs a large package, its journey wiping off carelessly on her sundress.

She approaches the front door. KNOCK. KNOCK.

The door swings open to ROGER (32), a rugby sweater in human form. Their eyes catch like just-hooked fish.

ROGER

Uh, hi?

SADIE

I-Roger?

ROGER Yes. Have we met before?

SADIE

No, I-

Sadie looks down to the package. Back to Roger.

SADIE (CONT'D) I think your package was accidentally delivered to my house.

ROGER Oh. Did you just move to the area?

SADIE No. I'm from Crystal Bay.

ROGER

Crystal Bay? That's a long way to drive a package.

SADIE Well, the reason I came all the way out here is because I actually... grew up here.

ROGER

Here?

SADIE

192 Birchwood Court. I mean. What are the chances? I had to re-read the address like 5 times when I picked it up.

ROGER

(jokingly) Oh. No way! I hope you know who to blame for the electrical then.

SADIE The bathroom light still turn on the master bedroom?

Roger laughs.

ROGER And the backwards -

SADIE

Basement door.

The two get lost for a moment in each other's eyes.

ROGER (looking back at the state of his house) I wasn't exactly expecting company.

SADIE

Oh, no. I'm not expecting you to give me a tour or anything like that. I couldn't bring myself to just send it off. It felt like a sign?

Sadie hands Roger the package. Their hands graze in the exchange. Sadie pulls her hand back, saves it with a suave hair tussle.

ROGER Wonder what late night impulse order this was.

SADIE It's not light. Whatever it is.

ROGER Crystal Bay, you said?

SADIE

Yeah.

ROGER Well, now I know two people from Crystal Bay I suppose. Hope you're a different story. SADIE I guess that depends. Who is the other? ROGER Hoss Whitman? Her eyes widen. SADIE That's my hus-Shakes her head to correct herself. SADIE (CONT'D) Ex-husband. ROGER What?! Really? SADIE How do you know him? ROGER We used to work together. SADIE At the power plant? ROGER Power plant? What are you talking about? SADIE What are you talking about? ROGER He didn't tell you what he really did? SADIE He always hated talking about work. One of the reasons I left him. He never could open up. Roger starts to sink in thought.

ROGER

Oh.

SADIE What did you guys do together then?

ROGER We worked a job that - let's just say it didn't end well.

SADIE Didn't end well? I can relate.

ROGER Uh - where did this package say it was sent from?

SADIE It doesn't have a return.

TICK.

ROGER Do you hear that?

SADIE

What?

TICK.

ROGER Is that a tickin-

BOOM. SPLAT. Carnage plasters the front porch.

CUT TO BLACK.