

**JUST WHEN U THOUGHT**

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**FINAL DRAFT**  
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**JUST WHEN U THOUGHT**

In a world...

**FADE IN:**

**EXT. NEW ORLEANS/JULY 4TH - DUSK**

New Orleans breathes alive on the Mississippi River at sunset for July 4th - Independence Day.

**EXT. FRENCH QUARTER STREETS - DUSK**

Marching along the historic streets of the French Quarter, our CAROL, mid-30s, classy, contemporary, and dressed to the 9s in her skyscraper heels complains on her MOBILE PHONE.

CAROL

(frustrated)

I know. Can you believe he did that to me? To me!? It's unbelievable. You know what he's like? He's like a spider and he pulls you into his web and then he sucks you blood-dry. I mean, who, who cancels a date on a text? I know!

(laughs)

You know what? I should've just gone to T-G-I-Fridays. I would've had a much better time.

(laughs)

This is unbelievable. Uh... Well... I gotta go. Roy's here.

ROY, late-30s, our GQ-classy, restaurant manager, walks over to see what's up with Carol's world.

ROY

Hey babe.

CAROL

Roy!

ROY

How are you?

CAROL

I need a drink.

They hug. She's somewhat relieved because Roy is the man.

ROY  
Okay.

CAROL  
Seriously.

ROY  
I got your favorite bottle.

CAROL  
(exhales)  
I got stood-up. Happy Independence  
Day to me. Right?

ROY  
Uh... Well. Yeah. Good being  
single.

She fleetingly laughs as he escorts her into the restaurant  
to cheer her up with her favorite bottle.

ROY (cont'd)  
Here's some water.

CAROL  
Yay! Because I'm hot!

DISSOLVE TO:

**EXT. RESTAURANT/INDEPENDENCE DAY - NIGHT**

CECIL UDALL, late-30s, awkwardly-dressed, enters our  
outdoors restaurant patio with the requisite July 4th  
BOUQUET OF FLOWERS and DRINK in-hand.

A COUPLE of departing impatient guests, mid-60s, dressed  
for dinner, push him aside as they rush out.

CECIL UDALL  
Huh... Careful.  
(pause)  
He's so gonna hit that tonight.  
(exhales)

The restaurant maitre d' LAURA Z., late-20s, sharp, proper,  
cute, observes our nervous Cecil enter her domain.

LAURA Z.  
(very professional)  
Good evening, sir.

CECIL UDALL  
(nervously)  
Hi.

LAURA Z.  
Do you have a reservation?

CECIL UDALL  
(stutters; looking around)  
Uh, no. I'm, I'm meeting somebody  
here. She should be here.

LAURA Z.  
(glancing at his drink)  
Do you have a tab at the bar?

CECIL UDALL  
Uh, yes. I opened a tab.

LAURA Z.  
(perturbed)  
Would you like me to transfer that  
tab for you?

CECIL UDALL  
Good. That will be good.

LAURA Z.  
What's the name, sir?

CECIL UDALL  
(exasperated)  
Oh! Sorry. Cecil. Udall. With a U.  
And, uh, Dall.

LAURA Z.  
Wonderful.

Cecil nervously looks around for his 'she.'

LAURA Z. (cont'd)  
(scanning his tie)  
That's a nice tie you got there.

Cecil looks down at his Laura-Z.-matching-tie, wondering  
what she found objectionable.

More nervous. Looking for his 'she.'

And tonight, another COUPLE of departing impatient guests,  
mid-20s, dressed for the night out, push by Cecil to get  
out of the patio.

MALE GUEST  
(handing his drink to  
Cecil)  
There you go, cap'.

CECIL UDALL  
(dejected)  
Uh... Hey! I...  
(exhales; sotto voce)  
I don't work here.

Cecil looks around now with TWO DRINKS in-hand.

Bingo. He spots his 'she.'

Carol in all her dejected beauty is sitting alone, not entirely depressed, but has had enough time to knock-down her favorite BOTTLE white wine.

He sees her and realizes he's late.

CECIL UDALL (cont'd)  
(pointing to his huge lapel  
flag pin)  
American flag pin.

Carol looks around in swooshie bewilderment, turns back around to notice his pin. He joins her.

CECIL UDALL (cont'd)  
(apologetic)  
So... They were out of small ones.

Nervousness just sat down to join them.

CECIL UDALL (cont'd)  
(showing his bouquet)  
I got you these.

Cecil's not dumb. He 'got' a bouquet of flowers for his 'she.'

CECIL UDALL (cont'd)  
(nervous laughter again)  
Which I clearly took off of another  
table. Uh... Let me just...

He attempts to plant his bouquet in the VASE on the table. A small AMERICAN FLAG and another BOUQUET is in his way. He improvises with a splat.

Carol laughs. Just a little.

CECIL UDALL (cont'd)

Viola!  
(exhales)

Cecil sneaks a peak at her, uh, assets. And, of course, she catches his 'happy' glance.

CECIL UDALL (cont'd)

(recovering)  
Can I make a confession?

CAROL

Mmm-hmmm...

CECIL UDALL

I'm horrible at this. I know!  
Shock! I can see... This is the worst thing that I do. This, dating thing on the Internet where you meet somebody and there's a profile and then you go and you meet them in-person, and... Eh, eh... Nobody ever looks like their picture...

(catches himself)

That's not a... A mean thing. Anyway. I, I'm horrible at this. Terrible. And, er, this... I don't expect to be any better than the other ones. You're number thirteen by the way.

Carol glances down to take-in Cecil's unbalanced attire.

CECIL UDALL (cont'd)

What does that tell you? Number thirteen? Woo...ooo... Ominous. If I had a Quija board it would say 'no, no, no.' I, I wouldn't even asked it a question. It would just straight go to no. I don't even know how to date. I don't even know how to dress myself.

(showing his tie)

Oh look at this. Apparently I wear waiter's ties. That's a thing. I didn't know. Until now.

(stuttering)

And, I, I'm dumbfounded right now. Besides all my horrible experiences so far, that you're even here. Because, like, you... Look at you. You're gorgeous.

(MORE)

CECIL UDALL (cont'd)

I mean why would you even have to go on dates like these? I mean, you're a very pretty woman.

Finally, some rescue. Laura Z. pops in.

LAURA Z.

I am so sorry, sir. But, we do not seem to have your card at the bar.

CECIL UDALL

(explaining to her)

Cecil. Udall.

LAURA Z.

We do not have, your card.

CAROL

(to Laura Z.)

You should... You should ask for Richard Gere.

CECIL UDALL

(alternately pronouncing)

Try Cessil.

LAURA Z.

Whatever you're in to.

Laura Z. is stumped. A drunk hot blonde and a hopelessly lost guest.

Carol laughs.

CAROL

(exhales)

So... Cecil... Huh?

CECIL UDALL

(sighs)

Yes.

CAROL

(giggles)

Can you spell it?

CECIL UDALL

Sure. C... E... Then another C... Then a I... As in I, I can't believe this is happening.

(continuing)

L... C-E-C-I-L. Cecil. Satisfied?

CAROL  
That's... That's really special.  
(giggles)  
It's kind of hot. Really hot.

CECIL UDALL  
(laughs)  
Steamy.

CAROL  
I'm Carol.

SFX: PHONE VIBRATION

CECIL UDALL  
(feeling for his mobile  
phone)  
Ooo... Keep that train of thought.  
(reading message)  
So your text just came through.

CAROL  
What text?

CECIL UDALL  
Your text canceling this date.  
'Sorry. Gotta cancel. Sadface.  
Sadface. Happy poo.'

He shows the poo message to Carol.

CECIL UDALL (cont'd)  
And, and if that wasn't classy  
enough...  
(frustrated)  
Who cancels a date on a text  
message?

CAROL  
(giggles; drunkenly)  
I know, right!? Like, who does  
that? Hey?

CECIL UDALL  
(indignant)  
You do?!

CAROL  
(laughs)  
That wasn't me.



CECIL UDALL

(confused)

You're wearing the American flag  
pin like we said?

CAROL

(laughs)

I'm not your date.

(giggles)

I, I don't even know who you are.  
(still laughing)

Here comes Laura Z. Again.

CECIL UDALL

(to Carol)

Uh...

(to Laura Z.)

You don't have my card at the bar?

LAURA Z.

That is correct.

CECIL UDALL

Right. You don't have my card...  
At... The bar... You're gonna  
laugh. Ummm, I just realized,  
earlier, when you asked if I  
started a tab at the bar and I said  
yes? I wasn't lying. I did. But it  
was the bar across the street.

Oh, he did it now. Laura Z. is about to get real.

CECIL UDALL (cont'd)

(explaining away)

Uh... Which means that I still have  
an open tab at the bar across the  
street. It's uh, a T-G-I-Fridays.

(to Carol)

You're gonna make fun of me.

CAROL

(giggles)

I... I love T-G-I-Fridays.

CECIL UDALL

(excited)

They have a great happy hour! Yes?

CAROL

We should go. Like now.

CECIL UDALL  
You want to go with me?

CAROL  
Yeah!

CECIL UDALL  
Right now?

CAROL  
Yeah!

CECIL UDALL  
You and me?

CAROL  
Uh, huh.

CECIL UDALL  
That's weird.

Laura Z. has had enough of these two July 4th bar clowns.

LAURA Z.  
(pointing the way)  
Please! Feel free to see yourselves  
out.

CECIL UDALL  
Feel free? See yourselves... How do  
you see yourself out?

Having both feet firmly planted inside that bottle, Carol  
laughs. She doesn't know what's going on.

CECIL UDALL (cont'd)  
You have to look like this.  
(mimics looking at himself)  
Like, here, let's do it honey. Come  
on. Let's see ourselves out. Drinks  
on me. It's Friday.

He grabs Carol's hand and they begin to parade-out of Laura  
Z.'s domain, before someone gets hurt.

Laura Z. is not amused at these guests' antics.

Carol turns back for the flowers. And, bottle.

CAROL  
Hi.

Carol grabs a handful of Independence flowers and departs  
with Cecil.

Laura Z. is done for the night.

LAURA Z.

Well who's going to pay for this?!  
(exhales)  
Just when you thought...

FADE OUT.

THE END