

JUST WHEN U THOUGHT

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JUST WHEN U THOUGHT

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.

CONTINUED:

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!

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.

(CONTINUED)

CONTINUED:

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.

(CONTINUED)

CONTINUED: (2)

MALE GUEST
(handing his drink to
Cecil)
Thanks, chief.

CECIL UDALL
(dejected)
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.

CECIL UDALL (cont'd)
(apologetic)
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.

(CONTINUED)

CONTINUED: (3)

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? I'm horrible at this. This, dating thing on the Internet where you meet someone and there's a profile and you go and you meet them in-person, and... You... Eh... Nobody ever looks like their picture...

(catches himself)

That's not a... A mean thing. Anyway. I, I'm horrible at this. Terrible. Uh, 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 say? Number thirteen? Woo...ooo... Ominous. If I had a Quija board it would say 'no, no, no.' I'm horrible at this. Did I mention that? I don't even know how to dress myself. Look.

(showing his tie)

Well 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. 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.

(CONTINUED)

CONTINUED: (4)

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

CECIL UDALL (cont'd)
(feeling his mobile phone)
Ooo... Keep that train of thought.
(reading message)
So, your text just came through.
'Sorry. Gotta cancel. Sad face. Sad
face. Happy poo.'

He shows the poo message to Carol.

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

CECIL UDALL
(indignant)
You?!

CAROL
(laughs)
That wasn't me.

CECIL UDALL
(confused)
...wearing the American flag pin
like we said?

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

CONTINUED: (5)

CECIL UDALL
(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... It's 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.

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
(turning back for the...)
Hi.
(bottle)

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

(CONTINUED)

CONTINUED: (6)

LAURA Z.
(done for the night)
Well who's going to pay for this?!
(exhales)
Just when you thought...

FADE OUT.

THE END