Kelly (Part 1)

By

Joseph Riedel
INT. FANNING’S, BAR - NIGHT

A small pub, just lame enough that it’s cool, illuminated by antique lighting fixtures. The small booths, covered in faded red vinyl, are packed by a crowd in their 20s to late 30s.

JOE and NICK sit at the bar. Nick wears a "Club Fit" tee with jeans. Joe wears a button down and alternates between fastening and unfastening the top button.

JOE
I don’t know Nick. I don’t think hairy chests are in these days.

NICK
Shut up. It looks hot.

Joe unbuttons the top, allowing some hair to show. JIMMY, the elderly bartender, hands Joe a martini and slides a beer to Nick.

JOE
Jimmy?

JIMMY
(in thick Irish dialect)
I like it buttoned up. Clean cut and drinking a martini, it’s a classic look.

Joe re-buttons the top.

NICK
Bro, calm down.

JOE
You really think this will work?

NICK
Are you kidding me? Your tumor is golden. It gives you this whole wounded puppy thing. Jimmy, another.

Jimmy leaves and fills another mug at the tap.

NICK (CONT’D)
Trust me. Girls will eat that shit up.

Nick chugs down his beer just in time for Jimmy to hand him the next one. Nick stands and raises his glass.

(CONTINUED)
NICK (CONT’D)
Ladies and gentlemen of Fanning’s.
Please join me in raising a glass
to my good friend Joseph Riedel,
who in a few short weeks goes into
brain surgery to rid himself of a
treacherous tumor. Let us all drink
to Joe’s health. Fuck cancer!

Everyone raises their glass.

ALL
Fuck cancer!

Nick pats Joe on the back. Jimmy rolls his eyes.

JOE
Sit down. Girls aren’t going to
approach a total stranger just
because he’s having surgery.

NICK
Stop doubting me. Look.

Nick gestures towards a booth in the far corner of the room.
KELLY, a gorgeous red-head, stares at Joe and whispers to
her brunet friend, SARA.

NICK (CONT’D)
Don’t stare dumb-ass.

JOE
Holy shit. This might actually
work.

NICK
See, who’s always right? Now
unbutton that shirt.

Joe looks to Jimmy who reluctantly nods his approval. Joe
unfastens his top button.

INT. JOE’S HOUSE, EMILY’S ROOM – MOMENTS LATER

EMILY packs a small duffel bag that sits on top of her bed.

SFX: Phone rings.

Emily answers her phone.

(CONTINUED)
EMILY
Joe?

JOE (O.S.)
How soon are you leaving for David’s dance competition?

EMILY
I don’t know, why?

JOE (O.S.)
How soon?

Emily crosses to her door and leans out.

EMILY
(yelling)
Mom, how long until you and dad are ready?

MOM (O.S.)
Your dad still needs to shower and -- dammit Steve, you can fold the laundry when we get back tomorrow -- about 45 minutes Lulu.

Emily returns to her packing.

EMILY
Like an hour.

JOE (O.S.)
Alright Em, you have to hide all the stuff in my room.

EMILY
I don’t get it.

JOE (O.S.)
The Power Rangers, Transformers, D&D stuff. I have some boxes leftover from the move. Just pack them up and throw ‘em under my bed. Shouldn’t take long.

EMILY
Why?

JOE (O.S.)
Just in case.
EMILY
You’re weird.

JOE (O.S.)
Will you do it?

EMILY
What do I get?

JOE (O.S.)
I promise I won’t make fun of David after his dance competition.

EMILY
(beat)
Fine.

Emily hangs up.

INT. FANNING’S – CONTINUOUS
Joe puts his phone away.

NICK
Is the nerd shit gone?

JOE
Emily’s taking care of it.

NICK
Good. Look sharp.

Kelly and Sara approach the boys at the bar.

SARA
Hey, I’m Sara, and this is Kelly.

NICK
I’m Nick, this here’s Joe.

Kelly flashes Joe a brilliant smile.

KELLY
Hi Joe.

Kelly (CONT’D)
Sorry to hear about your health. It must be tough.
Kelly lets her hand slide down Joe’s shoulder and the length of his arm, then takes his hand in her own.

NICK
Sara, there’s this thing over here you should really check out.

SARA
Sure.

Sara and Nick exit.

KELLY
Not very subtle are they?

JOE
No.

KELLY
Sara fancies herself a matchmaker, but she means well.

JOE
Yeah, Nick too, but I’m not sure of his intentions.

Kelly laughs.

CUT TO:

INT. FANNING’S, CORNER BOOTH - MOMENTS LATER

Nick and Sara settle into their seats.

SARA
That’s a nice thing you did for your friend.

NICK
Yeah, Joe’s a great guy but he just needs a little push, you know.

SARA
Sounds like we keep similar company. Kelly’s hopeless. She’s always picking the wrong guys. It’s almost like she gets off on drama. But Joe seems nice.

NICK
He’s the best.

Nick’s eye’s water up.

(CONTINUED)
NICK (CONT’D)
I’m really worry about him right now.

SARA
That’s completely understandable.

Sara hugs Nick. He immediately stops crying and flashes a toothy grin. Sara looks up at him and he pouts, bringing the tears back to his eyes.

CUT TO:

INT. FANNING’S, BAR - CONTINUOUS

Joe stares into Kelly’s eyes.

KELLY
...and that’s when I decided to leave finance and focus on game design.

JOE
Game design?

KELLY
Yeah, like tabletop games, boardgames. I know it sounds totally geeky.

JOE
Not at all. I love it. I’m a huge gamer.

KELLY
No way.

JOE
Really, I’m not cool at all. Yesterday I dropped 40 bucks to finish building the perfect blue/white control deck.

KELLY
You play Magic the Gathering?

JOE
I’m obsessed.

KELLY
That’s awesome.

(CONTINUED)
JOE
Yeah?

Joe slides his phone out of his pocket and holds it out of view.

INT. JOE’S HOUSE, JOE’S ROOM - MOMENTS LATER

The room is filled with a number of half packed boxes containing various action figures, video games, and the like. Emily puts a giant 20 sided die into a box.

SFX: Phone Buzzing.

Emily looks down and opens a text.

INSERT - EMILY’S IPHONE SCREEN, which reads:
"Unpack my stuff"

Emily looks around at all the partially packed boxes.

INSERT - EMILY’S IPHONE SCREEN, she types:
"You’re an ass"

INT. FANNING’S, BAR - CONTINUOUS

Joe puts his phone away.

KELLY
So, do you wanna head out?

JOE
With you?

KELLY
Yeah with me.

JOE
Oh, sure. How about we go to my place, I make amaze-balls coffee.

KELLY
That sounds nice.

INT. JOE’S HOUSE, JOE’S ROOM - LATER

Darkness.
JOE (O.S.)
...And so I’m staying with them until this whole tumor thing is taken care of.

SFX: Light Switch Click

The lights leap on. Joe leads Kelly into the room. It’s still littered with the boxes.

JOE (CONT’D)
And this is my room.

Kelly stubs her toe on a box.

JOE (CONT’D)
Oh sorry, sorry.

KELLY
It’s okay.

Joe helps Kelly to the bed and sits her down.

JOE
Here, let me take a look.

Joe removes Kelly’s shoe.

KELLY
It’s really not that bad. Not like a brain tumor or anything.

Joe laughs uncomfortably.

JOE
I guess not.

Beat -- Kelly grabs Joe and kisses him passionately. She pulls him into the bed with her.

KELLY
It must really hurt.

JOE
The tumor? Actually I don’t have any real symptoms so--

Kelly puts her finger on Joe’s lips.

KELLY
Shh.

Kelly takes off her shirt. She places her hands on Joe’s chest.

(CONTINUED)
KELLY (CONT’D)
I like this look, showing that manly chest.

JOE
Oh, um, thanks.

Kelly rips Joe’s shirt apart. Buttons scatter everywhere.

JOE (CONT’D)
Wow, um, okay. That shirt was actually --

Kelly takes off Joe’s belt.

KELLY
Tell me, do you ever get kinky?

JOE
Sure, I guess so.

Kelly grabs Joe’s hands and ties them to the headboard with his belt.

JOE (CONT’D)
Wow, okay. Tight.

Kelly leans in for a kiss, but stops short. She looks into Joe’s eyes with intense sincerity.

KELLY (CONT’D)
Before we go any further, I just wanted to say that -- Well, I really like you. I think there’s a real connection here.

JOE
I think so too.

KELLY
You’re such a great guy, and you’re going through this awful, awful ordeal. You should know, I don’t want this to be a one time thing.

JOE
I’m actually really happy to hear that. I think I’m -- well --

KELLY
You can say it. I think I’m falling in love with you to.

(CONTINUED)
JOE
Wait, what?

The sincerity on Kelly’s face transforms into crazed lust.

KELLY
And I’m going to be right by your side, through those months and months of agony. All those treatments, I’ll be there holding your hand.

JOE
Um --

KELLY
Tell me, does it hurt?

JOE
Not really.

Kelly lust melts into disappointment.

JOE (CONT’D)
But, it really weighs on my mind. This is the hardest thing I’ve ever gone through.

KELLY
Oh, I know, it must be killing you, but like I said, I’m here for you, and I’m not going anywhere. And at your funeral, I’ll be the rock that holds your family together. Everyone will know what we meant to each other, and I’ll struggle, but I’ll come out the other side a stronger woman for it.

JOE
Funeral? I’m not -- It should just be a surgical cure.

All lust leaves Kelly.

KELLY
Just a surgery?

JOE
Well, I mean, it’s a pretty invasive surgery. Right in the middle of my skull, and there might be radiation therapy.

(CONTINUED)
Kelly flashes a seductive smile.

KELLY
Radiation? Oh, I bet that will leave you all sad, and weak, and --

JOE
But that’s not for sure, it’s really just a backup plan.

Kelly pulls her shirt back on and sighs.

KELLY
You know, I should, I should go.

JOE
Go?

KELLY
Yeah, nice meeting you though.

Kelly exits. Joe tries to get up after her, but is stopped by the belt attaching his wrists to the headboard.

JOE
Wait, Kelly --
(beat)
What? Dammit!

END PART 1.