

A DIFFERENT KIND OF RAIN

FADE IN:

INT. TESS'S CAR - (MOVING) - DAY

TESS, 30, a plain woman, negotiates her piece of shit car through heavy rain and rush hour traffic.

Radio hosts BABBLE. A green sign reads six miles to Albany.

Traffic slows.

Tess's attention drifts to the car beside her. She watches a couple argue.

Tess jolts as her clunker bumps into the car ahead of her.

EXT. SHOULDER OF THE ROAD - DAY

Rain soaks Tess as she watches the other driver, dry under an umbrella, rub the bumper of his parked car.

INT. TESS'S CAR - (PARKED) - DAY

Rain pelts Tess as she sits motionless in the driver's seat.

TESS
(Skyward)
Can I get some kinda break?

INT./EXT. TESS'S CAR, PARKING LOT - DAY

In a rush, Tess fumbles to gather her purse, a brown bag lunch and binoculars. She slams the car door. Steps to leave.

Tess tumbles back onto the car. She twists around. The hem of her raincoat is wedged in the door.

TESS
Guess not.

INT. LOBBY COFFEE SHOP - DAY

A harried BARISTA, 45, holds up a cup of coffee.

BARISTA
Out of soy. Regular?

The man next in line COUGHS.

TESS

Black.

The barista hands Tess her coffee and change.

BARISTA

Sorry Tess.

Tess looks skyward.

TESS

Mercy. I give. Just a tiny break?

Tess scans the long, grumpy line behind her. She drops her change into the barista's tip jar.

INT. BANK OF ELEVATORS - DAY

STEPHEN, 40, handsome in a well-tailored suit, surveys the office directory. Others gather to wait. Stephen points at "DR. SCOTT CACCIOLA, ONCOLOGY" then bends toward MOLLY, 75, a refined woman draped in designer clothes.

STEPHEN

Sixth floor.

Tess peeks in their direction. Molly appears fragile and petite but holds her head high as she watches the elevator's electronic progress. Molly wears red lipstick, leans on a cane and holds an expensive, multi-colored handbag.

STEPHEN

We can beat it.

Tess fixes her eyes on the elevator but inches herself closer to eavesdrop. Molly stares ahead at the elevator.

MOLLY

God willing.

Stephen kisses the top of Molly's head.

STEPHEN

We can. You need to take the pills
Mom.

The elevator DINGS arrival. People jostle to get inside. The doors begin to close before Stephen and Molly can enter. Tess extends her arm. Coffee splashes on her arm as the doors re-open. Molly nods at Tess as she walks past her.

MOLLY

Thank you.

Molly's blue eyes sparkle with vibrant energy. The two women maintain unbreakable eye contact as the elevator doors close.

INT. HALLWAY - DAY

Tess faces a frosted glass door that reads "BUTLER FROZEN FOODS". She closes her eyes.

TESS

(rapidly)

I like my job. I like my job.

(slowly)

I. Must. Keep. My. Job.

Tess opens her eyes and reaches for the doorknob.

INT. TESS'S CUBBY, BUTLER FROZEN FOODS OFFICE - DAY

Healthy green plants line the back of her desk. Tess wipes her phone with an antiseptic towelette.

INT. DAN'S CUBBY, BUTLER FROZEN FOODS OFFICE - DAY

DAN VERANN, 50, a doughy Long Islander, with a crumpled, dingy white shirt sits at his cubby. He picks up his headset and dons it like armor for battle. An unlit cigarette hangs from his mouth.

DAN

Why good morning. My name is Dan
Verann and I'm calling from Butler
Frozen Foods.

INT. TESS'S CUBBY, BUTLER FROZEN FOODS OFFICE - DAY

Tess removes a pen from her purse, scribbles red on a Post-It then places the pen into a cup. Tess folds the Post-it into a square then discards it.

INT. DAN'S CUBBY, BUTLER FROZEN FOODS OFFICE - DAY

Dan sorts a stack of leads as he speaks.

DAN
Butler Frozen Foods is the number
one distributor of premium frozen
meats.

INT. BUTLER FROZEN FOODS OFFICE - DAY

Tess removes a blue pen from her purse, scribbles blue on a Post-It then places it into the cup. Tess folds the Post-it into a square then discards it.

INT. DAN'S CUBBY, BUTLER FROZEN FOODS OFFICE - DAY

DAN taps a pen on his desk at a staccato pace.

DAN
And I'd like to take just a moment
to tell you why my meat is the only
meat you should eat.

INT. TESS'S CUBBY, BUTLER FROZEN FOODS OFFICE - DAY

Tess removes a green pen from her purse and scribbles on a Post-It. There is no mark. She scribbles again, harder. Tess shakes the pen in the air then leans over and scribbles with force. The pen breaks. Green ink splatters.

INT. DAN'S CUBBY, BUTLER FROZEN FOODS OFFICE - DAY

Dan adjusts his headset with confidence and leans over his desk. He grins a wide, smoker's stained, yellow smirk.

DAN
Morning or afternoon?

He clicks the receiver, takes off his headset and saunters over to a gigantic tally board. He adds a slash next to his name at the top of the list. Tess's name is dead last.

DAN
Monday!

INT. BUTLER FROZEN FOODS OFFICE - DAY

MONTY HIGGS, 45, bombs into the office. He sports a paunch, thinning hair, and a tie that is too short for acceptable fashion.

MONTY

Sales are down. Ed Heck's comin' to
get rid of dead weight.

Monty strides across the room toward his glass office. He
halts outside the door, turns and eyes his staff one by one.

MONTY

You each need twenty appointments
by Friday.

Monty levels his gaze directly at Tess.

MONTY

Line 'em up. Or go join Ramsey in
the welfare line.

Monty stomps into his office.

INT. LOBBY COFFEE SHOP - DAY

Tess bends back a corner of "Travel Magazine". A hand taps
her shoulder. Tess twists.

MOLLY

You held the elevator door for me.

Tess glances up at Molly.

TESS

You have eyes like my Mom. She got
sick too.

Molly flashes a reprimanding glance.

MOLLY

You eavesdrop.

Tess blushes. Molly gives a dismissive flip of her hand.

MOLLY

No worries. So do I.

Molly reaches for the magazine and flips through it.

MOLLY

And I like to travel. So many
things in common.

TESS

I haven't. Someday.

Molly closes the magazine and places it back on the table.

MOLLY
Someday (beat) Thanks again.

Tess watches Molly cross the lobby. Despite the cane, Molly moves with impeccable posture and a self-assured air.

INT. BUTLER FROZEN FOODS OFFICE - DAY

Tess picks up the phone and dials. She stares out the window.

TESS
Hello Mrs. Buonomo? How are you?

Tess listens.

TESS
(lacking enthusiasm)
Good...I'm calling from Butler
Frozen Foods. We're the number one
distributor of meats, frozen meats,
premium frozen meats that is. And I
would like to take just a moment to
tell you why our meat is the only
meat you should eat.

Tess listens.

TESS
No.

Tess listens.

TESS
No.

Tess listens.

TESS
I'm vegetarian. I don't eat meat.

Tess listens. A CLICK resounds. Tess hangs up.

INT. BUTLER FROZEN FOODS OFFICE - DAY

Monty SLAMS his phone down. The entire office watches as he storms out of his glass office.

MONTY
That was Mrs. Hendricks.

Monty glares at Tess as he strides to the board and wipes away a slash by her name.

MONTY

You need twenty one.

Monty marches back to his office. Tess shifts her phone a quarter of an inch to the right then straightens pens in the cup. Dan, on his way back from the board, stops at Tess's desk.

TESS

You're a rock star.

DAN

You'll make it T'bird.

Tess nods then turns away to watch rain fall out the window.

INT. TESS'S FOYER - DAY

Tess sifts through her mail.

TESS

Bill. Bill. Bill. Damn. Albany
Department of Correctional
Services.

She weighs the letter in her hand then drops the mail on a table.

TESS

Can't deal with them right now.

Tess drapes her wet coat over the letters.

INT. TESS'S LIVING ROOM - NIGHT

Tess walks across the room with a watering can. The sparsely furnished room has beige walls and a tan couch. The only decoration is a poster of Paris. Tess places her hand on the door knob of her bedroom and twists.

INT. TESS'S BEDROOM - NIGHT

Tess's bedroom is filled with a jungle of beautiful foliage. Her bed is surrounded by blooms of bright color. She waters the plants, touching the leaves with maternal care and love. The room glows with mysterious, vibrant energy.

INT. TESS'S BEDROOM - NIGHT

Tess lies in bed reading a Foder's guide to Italy. She lays the book across her chest and stares at the ceiling. Tess SIGHS. She places the book on her bedside table next to books on Africa, Spain and Greece. Tess clicks off her light.

FADE TO BLACK.

INT. LOBBY COFFEE SHOP - DAY

Tess shakes loose coins out of her wallet onto the counter. Change rolls onto the floor. As she reaches after her quarters, an expensive, purple pump stops it dead. Tess looks up. Molly hands the barista a crisp fifty.

MOLLY
I've got these.

Tess retrieves a coin and rises.

TESS
You don't have to.

MOLLY
Of course I don't. I want to.

Molly puts two dollars in the tip jar.

TESS
Thanks.

MOLLY
Mrs. Maeve Elizabeth Greeley Parks
Ryan Gallagher.

Molly extends her hand out to Tess.

MOLLY
I go by Molly.

Tess reaches for Molly's hand.

TESS
Tess Durban.

Molly raises her coffee in the air.

MOLLY
To new friends.

Tess hesitates, then returns the toast.

INT. LOBBY COFFEE SHOP - DAY

The women sit at a table. Molly holds herself with grace and regal posture. Tess, with discomfort, tries to imitate Molly's poise. It is unnatural for Tess.

MOLLY
Stephen's a good man. A great son.
I hate to burden him.

Molly shifts in her seat and sizes Tess up.

MOLLY
Have a car?

Tess shines with pride.

TESS
Brand new. Well, used...But brand
new for me.

Molly closes her eyes and taps her chin with a finger.

MOLLY
Stephen's a very busy man.

Molly's eyes wander to the ceiling.

MOLLY
Can you show some mercy for an old
woman? Maybe help a new friend run
an errand?

TESS
You need mercy?

Molly nods.

MOLLY
And a ride.

INT. LOBBY COFFEE SHOP - DAY

The women stand by the creamer station. Molly holds her handbag in a refined, prim manner then waits with an irresistible challenge of a smile.

TESS
Today?

Molly breaks into a sly smile. Tess holds Molly's dare of a stare.

TESS
I'll talk to my boss. See if I can
get a few hours off.

MOLLY
All falls into place as it does.

Tess turns away.

TESS
We'll see what falls.

INT. MONTY'S GLASS OFFICE - DAY

Monty sits in a pleather chair behind a messy desk. Tess stands before him.

TESS
Personal time. I get two days.

Monty searches for something on his desk.

MONTY
You haven't made quota in three
months.

He opens a drawer, rifles through the clutter within and finds a slip of paper.

TESS
Then a few hours won't make much
difference will it?

Monty looks up at Tess. He lifts the receiver of his phone and points it at Tess. He leans toward her like a bully with a cornered victim.

MONTY
Ed Heck's comin' in next week.

Monty dials and turns his back on Tess.

MONTY
Your choice toots.

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For the complete script (for production or representation consideration only)
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