

THE LAST GOODBYE

FADE IN:

INT. LONG DARK HALLWAY - NIGHT

A long narrow hallway with doors on either side. It is dark. At the very end is a bright red EXIT sign.

ERIC (V.O.)

I suppose when it comes to these things, people usually remember the beginning the most. But for me, it was how it ended.

INT. BEDROOM - NIGHT

ERIC and ERIN, both 18, both attractive, lie on a bed. They lie beside each other, facing opposite directions, their heads resting next to one another.

Eric's feet hang off the end of the bed. Erin's feet rest on the wall. Both of them stare at the ceiling.

ERIC

So, what's gonna happen?

ERIN

Hmm?

ERIC

You know.

ERIN

Ah.

ERIC

What?

ERIN

What?

ERIC

What's gonna happen?

ERIN

I...

ERIC

Yeah?

ERIN

Well...

ERIC
Well...

ERIN
I don't know.

ERIC
(sighs)
We can't put it off any longer.

ERIN
I know.

ERIC
So...

ERIN
The closer it gets the less I want
to face it.

ERIC
Are you scared?

Erin turns her head toward Eric for the first time.

ERIN
Are you?

ERIC
Maybe.
(beat)
Just a little.

ERIN
(back to the ceiling)
Yeah.
(beat)
Me, too.

ERIC
You'll be okay.

ERIN
You think?

ERIC
Yeah.

ERIN
I don't know.

ERIC
Isn't this what you wanted?

ERIN
It is...Just not this.

ERIC
It comes with the territory.

ERIN
I guess.

ERIC
I'm happy for you. I am.

ERIN
Eric, you don't have to try to--

ERIC
I *am*. Erin, I am happy for you.

ERIN
Well, that makes one of us.

INT. COFFEE SHOP - DAY

Eric and Erin stand waiting for their drinks to be made. A BARISTA calls the orders up.

BARISTA
Eric. Iced mocha latte. Erin.
Vanilla cream decaf.

ERIC (V.O.)
One letter. That's what started it
all. The one letter difference in
our names.

Eric and Erin share a glance and smile.

INT. BEDROOM - NIGHT

Eric and Erin remain on the bed.

ERIC
Why?

ERIN
(sighs)
Why what?

ERIC
Don't.

ERIN
Don't what?

ERIC
You know.

ERIN
Sorry.

ERIC
Just...

They remain silent for a bit. Then Erin rises with a frustrated GROWL.

EXT. PARK - DAY

Eric and Erin walk along a pathway, talking.

ERIC (V.O.)
Her favorite color is blue. Her favorite book is *Franny and Zooey*. Her favorite animal is a zebra. "It's the first animal God made before he invented color," she used to joke.

Erin grabs his hand and takes it in hers as they continue walking.

ERIC (V.O., CONT'D)
And I was her favorite boy.

INT. BEDROOM - NIGHT

Eric looks at her. She stands beside the bed, looking lost. She plops back down and sits on the edge of the bed.

ERIN
I knew it would be hard. Just not like this.

Eric sits up and moves behind her. He wraps his arms around her, holding her. She begins to sob.

ERIN (CONT'D)
Do we have to do this?

ERIC
Yeah. I think we do.

ERIN
I don't want to.

ERIC
Me, neither.

ERIN
Then let's not.

ERIC
What?

ERIN
Let's not say goodbye.

ERIC
What do you mean?

ERIN
It's never really the end if you
don't say goodbye.

ERIC
But you're leaving.

ERIN
So?

ERIC
Erin...

ERIN
I don't wanna leave you.

EXT. CAR - NIGHT

Eric and Erin lie on the back of a car and look up at the stars. Erin snuggles up to Eric.

ERIC (V.O.)
There were the times when we could
say nothing and say everything all
at the same time.

INT. LIVING ROOM - NIGHT

Erin sits on a couch curled up, angry, looking away from Eric as he pleads with her. A TV plays in the background.

ERIC (V.O.)
Then, there were the times we'd say
everything only to get nothing in
return.

INT. BEDROOM - PAST - NIGHT

Erin sits at her desk, doing homework. Eric comes up behind her and wraps his arms around her. He kisses her neck. She closes her eyes and leans her head back into him.

ERIC (V.O.)
But sometimes it only took one
thing to say everything all over
again.

INT. BEDROOM - PRESENT - NIGHT

Still on the bed.

ERIC
But you will. You have to leave me.

ERIN
Do we have to talk about this?

ERIC
Yeah.

ERIN
No.

ERIC
Yes.

ERIN
Fine.

ERIC
I love you.

ERIN
I love you, too.

ERIC
But you're going away. Far away.
For a long time.

ERIN
We can keep in touch.

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For the complete script (for production or representation consideration only)
please contact Jennifer Brooks at: info@filmmakers.com