

Meet/Cute

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INT./EXT. MONTAGE - VARIOUS SCENES

Close up of a letter addressed to Sophie Van Sant, 1156 S Norton Ave Unit 4, Los Angeles, CA 90020 being stamped and tossed onto a pile of letters.

The pile of letters is carried in a box to a mail shoot, where they fall down the metal tube into a huge room filled with giant containers of letters.

A mail room employee begins to sort the letters that came down the mail shoot, and Sophie's letter is placed in a bin labeled "OUT OF STATE."

CUT TO:

Sophie's letter rests on top of a pile of letters in the cargo space of a plane.

CUT TO:

Sophie's letter is in a box in the back of a mail truck, being jostled around until the postman grabs that box and begins to distribute the letters.

The back of a middle aged woman can be seen retrieving letters, including Sophie's, from a mailbox outside of a dingy apartment building in Central LA. The building is tan, and has clearly not had a paint job in a long time, and there are bars on all of the windows. The woman walks inside and distributes the mail to the individualized mail boxes in the complex's lobby, accidentally throwing Sophie's letter in a box labelled 301 - Taylor Simms.

INT. APARTMENT COMPLEX LOBBY - LATE AFTERNOON.

TAYLOR SIMMS, a 24 year old black man wearing cargo shorts, an old pair of tennis shoes, and a worn tshirt from a charity run uses his key to enter the glass doors of the lobby. He smiles at the receptionist (the woman who sorted the mail) and she nods back at him. He starts walking up the stairs when he turns around suddenly and heads to the mail boxes. He is excited/expectant and fumbles with his key to open his box.

The only thing inside is Sophie's letter, which he registers with a slumping of his shoulders. Sadly, he pulls out the letter and turns to the receptionist, who has since disappeared. Puzzled, Taylor studies the letter and then starts looking at the names of the other mailboxes. Before he can reach the one labeled "Sophie Van Sant," the glass door

bursts open with a tinkling. Framed against the sun is the figure of a woman, whose entrance and stance exudes confidence. As she walks in, her features come into focus. SOPHIE VAN SANT is a 26 year old white woman, wearing a black dress over a white collared shirt and matching white booties. She wears ostentatious and colorful earrings and necklaces, and the sunglasses she removes have bright red frames. She wears no makeup except a shade of lipstick that almost perfectly matches her sunglasses.

Taylor is stunned. The camera moves in on his face as he gapes at her as she walks in, putting her keys away, but she walks right past him. The receptionist emerges from the back room.

SOPHIE  
Hiya Marjorie!

RECEPTIONIST  
How's your day been, Sophie?

Sophie's response is drowned out as Taylor looks down at the letter, registering that the name on the letter is the same as hers.

He walks over before he can think and interrupts their small talk.

TAYLOR  
Sorry, is this letter yours?

SOPHIE  
Oh, let's see. Yes, it must be -  
that's certainly my name!

TAYLOR  
It must have been thrown in my mailbox  
by mistake.

SOPHIE  
Well in that case, I thank you very  
much...

TAYLOR  
Taylor!

SOPHIE  
Thank you, Taylor.

Sophie gives a mini curtsy and Taylor laughs, charmed. There's a beat where Sophie expects him to say something but

he doesn't so she nods at the receptionist and heads towards the stairs.

SOPHIE

Thanks again.

Taylor watches her go up the stairs. Halfway up, she turns back around.

SOPHIE

What's your unit? I'll bring some brownies by later.

TAYLOR

Uh, I'm in 315.

SOPHIE

How strange that I've never seen you, I'm the next block over!

TAYLOR

Yeah, it is weird. Well, see you later?

SOPHIE

You sure will!

Sophie finishes her ascent up the stairs. Taylor keeps staring long after she's gone until the receptionist coughs and Taylor jumps, jolted out of his reverie. He looks apologetically at the receptionist who just rolls her eyes and then makes his way up the stairs himself.

INT. TAYLOR'S APARTMENT'S MAIN ROOM - CONTINUOUS

Taylor's roommate, NICK - 24 year old Latino man, is sitting on the ratty couch in basketball shorts and a hoodie, smoking out of a bong. Taylor bursts into the room, making Nick jump.

NICK

Dude, you have got to open doors less aggressively.

TAYLOR

How are you already smoking? It's not even dinner - you know what? It doesn't matter. I just met the most amazing girl.

NICK

Very cool for you. Did you talk to her

this time?

TAYLOR

Yeah, I did actually. And she said she's coming over later so we gotta clean this place up.

The camera follows Taylor's gaze around the room, showing the incredibly disarray of their home. The camera returns to Nick who starts frantically smoking from his bong. Taylor shoots him a look.

NICK

What? I need to mentally prepare.

Montage sequence of Taylor cleaning the room while Nick finds different places to smoke his bong. Taylor hides some of the clothes in the oven and wipes down the counter with a pair of Nick's basketball shorts. Taylor cleans off the coffee table, uncovering all sorts of weed paraphernalia that Nick sheepishly collects after jumping off of his perch on the newly cleaned counter. Finally, Taylor surveys the room and nods his head in satisfaction. The room is still very dingy, but the clutter is gone. A scented candle flickers miserably from the coffee table.

Taylor turns and goes to his room, leaving Nick behind on the couch, who spreads out again and produces all the weed paraphernalia he had taken on the coffee table from the pocket in his hoodie and places it back on the table. Taylor reemerges from his room wearing a pair of khakis and a button down shirt, though he's still wearing his old sneakers. He goes to stand anxiously at the counter, fidgeting with his position.

NICK

Want a hit, buddy?

TAYLOR

Please put that thing away. She could come any minute now.

CUT TO:

INT. TAYLOR'S APARTMENT'S MAIN ROOM - SEVERAL HOURS LATER.

Taylor collapses onto the couch next to Nick, who still has his bong.

TAYLOR

Where is she?

NICK  
Bro, it's been hours. You gotta let it go.

TAYLOR  
No, she'll come. She said she would.

Nick shrugs and turns on the television.

TAYLOR  
She'll come. You'll see.

INT. TAYLOR'S BEDROOM - THAT NIGHT.

Taylor is asleep in his room when a loud BANGING on the front door wakes him up. He jumps out of bed wearing only a pair of boxers and grabs a baseball bat that's lying by his bed. The camera takes a moment to track up Taylor's body, which is surprisingly fit. Taylor peeks his head out of his bedroom and sees Nick doing the same thing across the room. Taylor speaks in a low voice, as if he's scared that the person knocking can hear.

TAYLOR  
Who is it?

NICK  
How am I supposed to know?

The banging continues loudly.

TAYLOR  
I don't know, probably one of your druggy friends.

NICK  
I'm not in a fucking cartel, Taylor. Cannabis is legal, you know.

TAYLOR  
Shut up. Are you gonna get the door or not?

NICK  
Nope.

Nick goes back inside his room and slams the door closed. Taylor exclaims in frustration and then slowly moves across the room to the front door, which he reaches visibly shaking. He slowly opens the door but leaves the door chain attached. Sophie is wearing a bathrobe and hair towel turban, carrying

a tray of brownies.

SOPHIE

Hi! Oh, I do hope I didn't wake you.

Taylor quickly drops the bat he was carrying and tries to fix his hair before he realizes he's half naked and crosses his arms over his chest.

TAYLOR

Not at all.

SOPHIE

Can I come in?

TAYLOR

Oh, yeah, give me a sec.

Taylor chuckles awkwardly before closing the door and fumbling with the door chain while kicking the baseball bat further away from the door. He takes a deep breath, then swings open the door and gestures Sophie in with a grandiose manner. Sophie checks Taylor out but Taylor doesn't seem to notice.

SOPHIE

I would say "nice place," but I can't really see it.

TAYLOR

Sorry. I, uh, like the dark?

Taylor quickly hits the lights, illuminating the room and the huge pile of pipes and bongos that Nick has left out. Sophie immediately spots it and raises her eyebrows at Taylor.

TAYLOR (CON'T)

Oh, that's my roommate's. He's a huge stoner.

SOPHIE

Yeah, I didn't really peg you for the type.

TAYLOR

I do smoke though. Like a lot, but not a ton. A normal amount.

Sophie laughs, breaking Taylor's nervous rant.

SOPHIE  
Right. Me too.

Sophie walks towards the counter and sets down the brownies.

SOPHIE (CON'T)  
Sorry for coming so late, I forgot to put the brownies in the oven until my shower and I didn't want to wait to bring them over until after I'd gotten into my pjs, so that's why I'm here looking like a crazy person. Or a grandma.

TAYLOR  
You look great to me.

Embarrassed, Taylor quickly reaches for a brownie.

SOPHIE  
Good cause that was a lie. I actually sleep naked.

Taylor chokes on the brownie he's just bitten into.

SOPHIE (CON'T)  
Well, thanks again for the letter. Just bring me the tray whenever you finish the brownies, I'm in 407 and I'm usually at home between 1am and 1pm.

TAYLOR  
That's an interesting schedule.

SOPHIE  
Yeah, my boss really hates it.

TAYLOR  
What do you do?

SOPHIE  
Freelance writing.

Taylor's face is confused.

SOPHIE (CON'T)  
Freelance? I'm my own boss? Bad joke, sorry.

Taylor forces out a hysterical laugh.

TAYLOR  
No, no, that's funny.

SOPHIE  
I appreciate the lie. Well, I should  
head out. See you around!

Taylor tries to protest, but his mouth is full of brownie so only an indistinct mumble comes out. Sophie smiles brightly and heads out of the door but doesn't close it behind her. Taylor finishes chewing and slowly walks over to the front door, closing it.

INT. TAYLOR'S APARTMENT'S MAIN ROOM - FOLLOWING MORNING.

Taylor is sitting at the counter next to the tray of brownies which now only has a few left in it. Nick exits his room, yawning and stretching. He starts to make his way over to Taylor to investigate the tray of brownies.

NICK  
Hey.

TAYLOR  
I'm in love. Or rather, she's in love  
with me.

NICK  
What?

TAYLOR  
She made me the most delicious  
brownies in the world and then  
(suggestively) asked me to bring back  
the tray.

NICK  
What?

TAYLOR  
She said she would (suggestively) see  
me around.

NICK  
Again I ask, what?

TAYLOR  
Dude, she's so into me.

NICK  
Cause she brought you brownies and

asked for her property back?

TAYLOR

Yeah.

NICK

Okay bro, whatever you want to think.

Nick grabs a brownie and throws a piece into his mouth.

NICK (CON'T)

These are really delicious, though.

Nick grabs two more and stuffs them into his mouth before walking over to the bathroom.

TAYLOR

Hey! Those are mine.

Nick flips Taylor off and closes the bathroom door behind him.

EXT. APARTMENT COMPLEX - MID MORNING

Nick stands outside of door 407 in his khakis and button up carrying the empty tray and knocks on Sophie's door.

SOPHIE

Coming, one sec!

Nick fixes his shirt and smooths his hair. His expression turns confused as he hears loud THUMP noises and other squeaks from the other side of the door.

Finally, Sophie pulls open the door. She's wearing a sports bra and leggings and has her hair up in a ponytail.

SOPHIE (CON'T)

Hey! Sorry, I was just doing some yoga.

TAYLOR

No worries. I just wanted to bring your tray back.

SOPHIE

That was quick! Thanks.

Sophie turns to go back into her apartment.

TAYLOR  
(rushed)  
They were really good.

Sophie pauses and smiles.

SOPHIE  
Thanks. It's Ghiradelli.

TAYLOR  
What?

SOPHIE  
The box mix - it's Ghiradelli's.  
That's the best one.

Sophie moves to close the door.

TAYLOR  
Do you wanna go on a date with me  
tonight?

Sophie pauses again. She considers for a second, looking Taylor up and down. Finally she smiles and shrugs.

SOPHIE  
Why not?

Taylor takes a step back in his surprise.

TAYLOR  
Great.

SOPHIE  
What should I wear?

TAYLOR  
Uh, semi formal.

SOPHIE  
Pick me up at seven.

Sophie closes the door before Taylor can finish speaking.

TAYLOR  
Yeah that works for me. See you then.

Taylor stares at the closed door for a second, then pumps his fist and walks off.

INT. FANCY RESTAURANT - EVENING

Taylor is sitting by himself at a table for two, drinking a glass of wine. He's wearing the same collard shirt, but with a tacky patterned tie. He's nervous, playing with his silverware and the fancy arrangement of the cloth napkin on his plate. Then, from behind the camera, Sophie enters the frame. She's wearing jeans and a tshirt - at complete odds with everyone else at the restaurant. She sits down across from Taylor and takes a large swig from his wine glass.

TAYLOR

Nose all powdered?

SOPHIE

Huh?

TAYLOR

You know, the euphemism for... never mind.

SOPHIE

Whatever you say. Hey, you're paying, right?

TAYLOR

Yeah. I mean, unless you object to that because, you know, I'm a feminist.

Taylor runs his hand through his hair in false modesty.

SOPHIE

That's great but it would actually help a lot of you paid because I'm suuuper low on cash right now. I haven't gotten a gig in a while, since I kind of screwed up my last job by not doing it.

Sophie twirls her hair around her fingers, looking around the restaurant as if she's bored.

TAYLOR

Why didn't you finish it?

SOPHIE

I suppose I just didn't want to. Plus some dude flew me out to France, so I was like, yeah, of course I'm gonna take a jet over \$200. But then it

turns out the guy was catfishing me so I had to buy my own ticket back and the editor at HuffPo won't return my texts.

Taylor is gobsmacked but realizes he should say something and tries to salvage the conversation.

TAYLOR

You were supposed to write for the Huffington Post? Damn, you must be really good.

SOPHIE

Yeah, but now my name is probably blacklisted for at least a few years. It's chill though, I do astrological chart reading on the side. By the way, what's your sign?

TAYLOR

Capricorn?

SOPHIE

(disappointed)  
Yeah, that tracks.

TAYLOR

Seriously?

The waiter approaches to get their orders. After his pleasantries, Sophie points to the most expensive thing on the menu, lobster. Taylor puts his head in his hands.

INT. TAYLOR'S APARTMENT'S MAIN ROOM - THAT NIGHT

Nick is playing video games on the couch when Taylor bursts in the door, slamming it behind him.

NICK

Seriously, dude, that door is going to break by the end of this week.

Taylor moves into the kitchen and starts aggressively opening the cabinets.

TAYLOR

Women are indecipherable.

NICK

To you, maybe.

Taylor finally finds the bottle of whiskey he was looking for and starts to pour it into a water glass.

TAYLOR

I thought she was adventurous, but it turns out she's just flaky. She seemed so spontaneous, but she's completely irresponsible, and I thought she was passionate, but the only thing she's passionate about is herself.

Taylor takes a swig of the whiskey, making a face but repressing his shudder.

NICK

Right. You did all those mental gymnastics to convince yourself you were soul mates, but bitches be crazy, I guess.

TAYLOR

Exactly. Bitches be crazy.

Taylor takes another sip of the whiskey and this time he audibly splutters. Nick sighs, shaking his head, and unpauses his video game.

FADE TO BLACK.