

DRIVE

Written by

Hsin-Tzu (Teresa) Lin

FADE IN:

INT. BECCA'S BEDROOM - DAY

The room is barely lit by the cloudy day, but just enough to see an abundance of photos and cheerful memories stuck on the walls. This room is crowded and messy, but in a good way. The unsettling silence that looms over this grey morning is suffocating. BECCA WILLIAMS, 25, stoically looks through her messy closet full of brightly colored clothes and finally pulls out a little black dress. She packs it in a small weekend bag along with a pair of kitten heel black pumps. She grabs an old photo frame with her and two guy friends at her college graduation and wraps it in bubble wrap. BECCA'S MOM, 50's, walks by and hesitates before she enters Becca's room.

BECCA'S MOM

How are you feeling, hon?

BECCA

I'm fine.

BECCA'S MOM

Becs... don't shut me out. Not now.
What can I do to help?

BECCA

(exhaling)
Nothing, Mom.

Becca's Mom slowly walks up to Becca's extremely stacked desk and sees her Syracuse University Yearbook in the center of it all. She flips open the yearbook and goes through the names. She stops at the name JOSEPH EMMONS.

BECCA'S MOM

How many of you will be there for
him?

BECCA

I don't know. Most that are still
around.

BECCA'S MOM

What a gentle smile. Must've been a
real lady magnet huh. Public
Relations major right?

BECCA

Yeah.

BECCA'S MOM

Poor boy. I'm glad he has you guys
to send him off.

Becca finishes packing the last few essentials for a weekend
away. The sound of the zip rips through the silence. Becca's
Mom hands her the yearbook.

BECCA'S MOM (CONT'D)

You'll want to see it again. You
all would.

Becca unfeelingly takes it and sets it on the side of her
bag.

BECCA'S MOM (CONT'D)

So... when is Garrett picking you
up?

BECCA

Soon I guess. He'll ring the
doorbell.

BECCA'S MOM

That's nice of him to give you a
ride... Just... be civil with him,
Becca. It'll be a long drive. Maybe
this is just what you need.

BECCA

(exhaling)
Yeah. I'll try.

Becca freezes up as the doorbell suddenly rings. She is
obviously in distress but quickly hides it. Not a person of
emotion in a time of grief.

BECCA'S MOM

Let me get that.

BECCA

No. I will. Bye mom.

She grabs her bag and belongings as she exits her room.

INT. LIVING ROOM DOORWAY - DAY

Becca looks through the peep hole and sees GARRETT WINEGRAD,
25, dressed in a black tux and tie, leaning on the porch
ledge. Becca takes a deep breath like she's about to put on a
show and opens the door.

BECCA
Hey.

GARRETT
Hey.

BECCA
Um, thanks for doing this.

GARRETT
Of course. I wanted to. Are you ready?

BECCA
Yeah.

EXT. DRIVEWAY - DAY

Garrett helps Becca to his new Black 2013 Ford Taurus. This car was just waxed and matches Garret's put together appearance.

The awkward tension between Garrett and Becca builds like a pressure cooker on high.

BECCA
New car?

GARRETT
Yeah, it was about time. The ol' beat up truck just doesn't say professional.

Becca looks up at him.

GARRETT (CONT'D)
Oh... yeah. For work. Got a job at Long and Foster's.

BECCA
Wow... that's... congratulations.

GARRETT
(chuckles)
Thanks.

INT. GARRETT'S CAR - DAY

Garrett and Becca slides into their tan leather seats. The interior of the car is still fairly new, you can tell Garrett takes care of the leather. There are two small decorative seat cushions in the back.

GARRETT

So the GPS says we should be there at around 12:30. Wake begins at 2 and then the memorial at 3:30.

BECCA

(nodds)

GARRETT

I believe we're going after Mrs. Emmon's eulogy, so just be prepared. Mine's around 10 minutes from what I timed it.

BECCA

You timed it??

GARRETT

Yeah.

BECCA

Shit, forgot you were like this.

GARRETT

Something you hated remember.

Awkward silence ensues. It could break the windshield. Garrett has something on his mind that he wants to get out of the way.

GARRETT (CONT'D)

Look. I don't want this to be uncomfortable. Lets just put "us" behind us, and get to this place. Are you okay with that?

Becca looks at Garrett with disbelief. He hasn't changed.

BECCA

Ha. Sure.

Garrett starts the engine and heads off towards their destination.

BECCA (CONT'D)

I still can't believe it.

GARRETT

Yeah, I know... We just have to remember that these things happen.

(MORE)

GARRETT (CONT'D)

Joe was sick all throughout college, and that we were lucky enough to have even met him, let alone spent all those days with him. Remember that time when...what?

Becca looks at Garrett with a sense of disgust, surprised at this new Garrett she's never seen before.

BECCA

Nothing.

GARRETT

Fine, I'm gonna need you to hold the GPS. I kind of know how to get there but I'll need help once we hit Pennsylvania.

Becca hesitates to grab Garrett's phone. He looks up to see what's wrong.

BECCA

I don't understand how you're so calm right now.

GARRETT

What is that supposed to mean?

BECCA

I don't know... seems like you're not even a little affected by this.

GARRETT

What are you talking about, of course I am... He was my best friend! Just didn't want to add oil to the fire.

BECCA

Well... don't. It's coming off insensitive.

GARRETT

What's gotten into you? Geez.

Garrett, taken back with what Becca has said, starts the engine and takes off. The two sit in silence again for a while.

BECCA

Sorry. Don't think I know how to react to this whole situation just yet.

GARRETT
Yeah, me neither.

BECCA
You seem well. You've got your real estate, your car...

GARRETT
(chuckles)
Yeah, no. It's not what you think it is.

BECCA
Well, you certainly seem like you have everything together.

GARRETT
Is that a good thing? To seemingly have everything together?

BECCA
Better than being a mess.

GARRETT
So, how's you?

BECCA
Good. I've been better.

GARRETT
Last time we talked you were in Chicago? Internship wasn't it?

BECCA
Well, that turned out to be a bust. They didn't end up hiring the interns at all. So now I'm back home.

GARRETT
Oh, well I'm sure you'll find something. You always seem to find a way out.

BECCA
Cut the crap Garrett. You're happy I'm a mess.

GARRETT
What?

BECCA
You're fucking smiling, you dick.

Garrett's smile slips through and he finally gives in.

GARRETT

Alright, alright. I'm sorry. It's just...I've always thought you'd be the one to make it after graduation. Everyone thought that.

Becca turns and looks at Garrett as if saying "What the hell you're such an asshole"

GARRETT (CONT'D)

WHAT! Its true isn't it? I'm not gonna lie.

BECCA

(laughs)

Oh, so NOW you wanna tell the truth.

GARRETT

What do you mean? I always tell the truth.

BECCA

After 3 years you still want to lie to me?

GARRETT

Lie about what?!

BECCA

Why we broke up.

GARRETT

What? I didn't lie to you about that? We broke up because it just wasn't the same anymore. Isn't that why?

BECCA

Wow. I can't believe you're making me say this.

GARRETT

I don't know what I'm making you say.

BECCA

Joanna McKenna.

GARRETT

What...?

BECCA

You heard me.

The car falls silent once again. Garrett is obviously taken back from the mention of Joanna. He becomes significantly nervous.

Becca has finally gotten the chance to lash out at Garrett after years of bottling it up.

GARRETT

Look, I didn't lie to you. We weren't working out senior year, you knew that. You had everything planned out in front of you and I had nothing. You wanted to go to Chicago and I wanted to stay here. I didn't lie to you. We were going separate ways. It was going to happen eventually.

BECCA

So you're telling me that because we were "eventually" going to break up, it's okay you slept with Joanna?

GARRETT

No, Joanna was a mistake. I'm sorry. I couldn't face myself after doing that so I thought hiding it away from you would in turn hide it away from myself. I didn't want to face me.

BECCA

You practically waited for me to break up with you. You made me think that our relationship didn't work out because I was too "busy". Yes, I know I wasn't the best girlfriend, but at least I owned up to my mistakes.

Garrett suddenly pulls over on the side of the road. He is fuming.

BECCA (CONT'D)

What are you doing?

GARRETT

I WAS SCARED ALRIGHT?

BECCA

(sarcastically)

Thanks. That makes me feel SO much better.

GARRETT

I'm sorry, Becca. I was scared of how you might've reacted. I was scared that you'd react this way, and I thought if we broke up, you'd never find out about it, and still be in my life. Yes, I was fucking stupid for thinking that. But I could've never told you that I hurt you.

BECCA

You're a fucking dick, you know that right.

GARRETT

Yeah. I know.

Garrett restarts the car and goes back on the road again. He cannot bear to turn to face Becca.

BECCA

We wouldn't have worked out.

GARRETT

Yeah. We're better off like this. Apart.

FADE TO BLACK.