

AMELIA

By

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CHARACTERS :

BENNETT REED

AMELIA ROBINSON

TERRANCE

JENNIFER

JEFF

INT. OFFICE - MORNING

In an office filled with disarrayed stacks of papers, leftover food, and stress, Bennett Reed, early-40s, is glued to his computer. There are multiple coffee mugs on his desk that are half empty; one of them reads: "Don't Get Mad, Get Rich".

Bennett has what looks like "bed-head" and is wearing a gray, sleek, slim-fit suit. His tie and shirt buttons are loosely done, he looks tired and sweaty.

People are walking by, glancing into his office; Bennett is not reacting to any of it.

EMPLOYEE #1
(Looking into his office) Did
Bennett leave last night?

EMPLOYEE #2
[Shrugs] I left around 11. He was
sitting in the exact same spot.

EMPLOYEE #1
Jesus.

The employees walk away. Bennett doesn't miss a beat staying focused on the task at hand. Staring into the computer, his eyes move up and down, matching the scrolling motion of his finger on the mouse.

A close up of Bennett's face shows his exhausted, anxious, and strung out state. His phone rings for half a beat, he picks it up abruptly. We can only hear Bennett's voice, not who is on the other line.

BENNETT
WHAT??

BENNETT
No I haven't fucking signed him
yet.

A beat passes.

BENNETT
I KNOW. (his voice softens) I
know...

CUT TO:

INT. JENNIFER'S HOUSE (KITCHEN) - MORNING

Jennifer, 41, is cooking breakfast for Zoe who is 10 years old. She is wearing a conservative, black dress, giving her a powerful appearance. Simultaneously she packs her lunch, and checks through her backpack/folders to make sure that her homework is complete. She organizes all of her papers.

Zoe, sits at the kitchen table staring out of the window. She is wearing a red LA Clippers sweatshirt with her hood on her head, face barely discernible. As usual, her ear buds are deeply inserted as she listens to music that we cannot hear.

Jennifer places a glass of OJ, a plate of two sunny side up eggs and a slice of buttered toast directly in front of Zoe. She doesn't acknowledge her and continues to stare off into the distance. She glares at her.

JENNIFER

Zoe. Eat. [She makes a back hand motion, suggesting he eat]

Zoe is unresponsive. She walks over to a drawer to grab her daily agenda. The top of the drawer is overcrowded with pictures framed of herself and Zoe. Some of the pictures look oddly cut off. She flips through her agenda.

JENNIFER

Eat your breakfast.

Zoe doesn't even blink.

JENNIFER

Zoe. [Pause] Take your headphones out.

She shakes her head no.

JENNIFER

Can you hear me??

She nods her head yes; she still does not make eye contact with her as she stares out of the window.

JENNIFER

I'm picking you up from school at 3:30 to drive you to piano practice at 3:45. I'll pick you up at 6:00, I'll get you something to eat and bring you to your Dad's. I'm going to make sure he knows that when you get there you do your homework,

(MORE)

(CONTINUED)

JENNIFER (cont'd)
study for your History test
tomorrow and go straight to bed.
Okay?

Zoe gives the slightest nod of recognition, still making no eye contact with her mother.

CUT TO:

INT. OFFICE CAFE - AFTERNOON

Bennett is in line at the office cafe waiting to order lunch. He is attached to his phone like a nut to a screw.

We zoom in on his phone, showing the time 1:35 P.M. and hear the familiar chime of a new email. As he moves from text to email, we catch a glimpse of his phone background; a picture of a young girl in a basketball uniform, his daughter, Zoe.

The email is from "Dennis Robinson", it reads:

Bennett, you have a meeting with DAVE GROHL at 2:30 TODAY. As you know, he fired his agent last night. You have no idea what I've gone through in the last 12 hours to get you this appointment. Do NOT fuck it up. This is what you've been waiting for. MAKE. IT. HAPPEN.

Bennett finishes reading it and looks up with a conceited, skittish smile on his face.

BENNETT
I'll take the kale salad, with
vegan chicken, and dressing on the
side.

CASHIER #1
Okay that will be \$9.82.

BENNETT
And a water.

CASHIER #1
Sure thing Mr. Reed.

CUT TO:

INT. OFFICE DINING AREA - AFTERNOON

Bennett is eating his lunch with one hand and on his phone with the other. He literally does not stop working.

Jeff, mid-30s, enters the shot. He is a quirky, clean cut, music agent who does NOT know how to get what he wants. People constantly describe him behind his back as "very nice" or "he means well". He always has the same smile on his face that says, "I'm my wife's bitch".

Jeff approaches Bennett.

JEFF

HeeEeeYY!! B-MAN! [Awkwardly using his hands as guns pointing at him]

Bennett doesn't even look up. You can barely even hear him when he says,

BENNETT

What's up?

JEFF

Everything is up! The sun is out, clips won last night, we're both alive!

BENNETT

[Still very quiet and looking down]
Yeah.

Jeff has been conversing with him for less than 15 seconds and already feels like he's wasting Bennett's time.

JEFF

So, I was out to dinner with Karen the other night and she was talking about her SINGLE, HOT, friend, Michelle. I'm telling you man, she is a CATCH!

BENNETT

Yeah.

JEFF

This is the ONE! I'm serious! She's great, you HAVE TO give her a chance.

BENNETT

Okay.

(CONTINUED)

JEFF

Well, if you want her number or
want me to set you up or anything,
just give shoot me a text or
something.

Bennett doesn't even respond still looking at his phone. You can see Jeff's excited facial expression fade as he rolls his eyes and walks away.

CUT TO:

INT. MEN'S ROOM - AFTERNOON

The sink is running. Bennett looks at himself in the mirror as he washes his hands. He splashes water on his face, and hair. He slicks his hair over, buttons his shirt, and tightens his tie up to his neck. He looks GOOD.

CUT TO:

INT. HALLWAY - AFTERNOON

He walks out of the bathroom and into the hallway where there is a strip of elevators. He hits the up button.

A few beats pass. DING! The elevator arrives, the door opens.

CUT TO:

INT. ELEVATOR - AFTERNOON

The elevator is virtually empty. Except for one lone female. Amelia, 19, is wearing a beanie, a baggie UCSC Banana Slugs hoodie, light blue skinny jeans that are ripped everywhere, and black high heels. She is bad, in a very sexy way.

As Bennett walks in, they make strong eye contact for just a moment. He hits the button for the 50th floor, checks his watch (it's 2:04 now), and he looks up.

The elevator begins to move.

BENNETT

Do you go to school there?

AMELIA

(Laughs) No. I just like the
hoodie.

(CONTINUED)

BENNETT

This weather has been crazy lately
huh?

AMELIA

Yea, totally.

They look at each other, and it couldn't be more awkward.

CRACK! The elevator stops. It then begins moving normally again.

BENNETT

That was weird.

AMELIA

What was weird?

BENNETT

Are you kidding?

AMELIA

Are you dense?

BENNETT

Am I?

AMELIA

If you thought I wasn't kidding you
are.

Bennett shoots Amelia a glance, that says "touché".

AMELIA

What do you do here?

BENNETT

I'm an agent. What are you doing
here?

AMELIA

I'm just here to see my dad.

Another, CRACK! The elevator drops quickly and then stops again. Bennett is scared shitless. Amelia seems to be either in shock or not affected at all.

It is dead silent. The elevator is stuck.

BENNETT

(Quietly, breathing heavily) What.
The. Fuck.

He takes out his cell, and begins making a call.

(CONTINUED)

BENNETT

(Still semi-quiet, he looks down at his phone) FUCK!

His phone doesn't have any service. He presses and holds the emergency call button on the elevator.

BENNETT

(Now yelling) HELLO??!! HELP!
HELLO???!

No one answers.

BENNETT

HELLO?? ANYONE!!! WE NEED HELP!

He glances at Amelia.

BENNETT

AREN'T YOU GUNNA DO SOMETHING?

AMELIA

I need a cigarette.

BENNETT

Can you try to make a call, be useful? Do anything.

AMELIA

My cell is out of service just like yours. You need to calm down. It'll be fine. Someone will come and fix it, I'm sure.

BENNETT

What makes you so god damn sure?

AMELIA

I don't know, I just feel like we'll be fine.

BENNETT

Oh AWESOME! You FEEL LIKE we'll be fine. Perfect. We'll be fine then right? GUESS WHAT EVERYONE?! This chick said it's gunna be fine, so THERE, we're gunna be FINE.

AMELIA

You need a xanax.

BENNETT

You need an adderall. Or cocaine.
Or maybe that pill from that movie
with Bradley Cooper.

AMELIA

What's that supposed to mean?

BENNETT

It's pretty obvious, no? First of
all, you reek of pot, and it's 2 in
the afternoon on a Thursday. Second
of all, you look like you tripped
acid last night. And third of all,
it's 2 in the afternoon, on a
THURSDAY.

AMELIA

Who are you to judge me?

BENNETT

This is the biggest music agency in
the country, and I'm the #2 man
around here. Know what that means?
I have every right to judge whoever
I want if they're inside this
building. I basically own this
place.

AMELIA

(She laughs arrogantly) That's
funny, that really is. Because I do
(she uses her fingers as quotation
marks) "own this place".

BENNETT

(He laughs arrogantly) What are you
talking about? I've been here since
I was 24 years old, and never once
in all my time have I seen you
here.

AMELIA

That's probably because I've never
been here before.

BENNETT

So, the question comes around once
again... What, the fuck, are you
doing here?

(CONTINUED)

AMELIA

Do you really not know who I am?

BENNETT

Jesus, CHRIST. How high are you???

AMELIA

Are you friendly with Dennis
Robinson?

BENNETT

Friendly? Well, yea. That's my
boss.

AMELIA

Dennis Robinson is my father. My
name is Amelia Robinson.

There is a long awkward moment. Bennett has no idea how to respond.

Bennett is not the nervous-type, however, he is now stuttering and can barely get any words out.

BENNETT

Uhh... Hi.. Amelia. Bennett.. I'm
Bennett. Bennett Reed. I work for..
for.. Your dad.

Amelia knows she has complete control of the scenario now, and uses it to her advantage.

AMELIA

Well, nice to meet you Bennett
Reed. Unfortunately, for you, I
like to be treated with the utmost
respect. And when people don't
treat me with that respect, I go
straight to my dad's office and get
them fired.

BENNETT

I sincerely apologize Ms. Robinson.
I wouldn't have said any of that if
I knew who you were.

AMELIA

WOULDA. SHOULDA. COULDA.

BENNETT

Ms. Robinson. I'm so sorry. Please
forgive me.

(CONTINUED)

Amelia can't hold back her laughter anymore and basically bursts. Bennett has no idea what the hell is going on anymore.

AMELIA
(Still laughing) I'm fucking with you. Relax.

Bennett looks like he had just seen a ghost but realized it wasn't real and is now gaining color back in his face.

BENNETT
Holy shit (sigh of relief). That was... Pretty good. So you're not actually Dennis's daughter?

AMELIA
Oh no... I am.

Bennett now has a surprised look on his face.

AMELIA
I would just never try to get you fired or anything. You probably have more respect from him than I do.

BENNETT
What does that even mean? You're his daughter.

AMELIA
Well, I haven't talked to the guy in about 6 years.

BENNETT
So what are you doing here?

AMELIA
I'm just here to see my dad.

BENNETT
But you haven't seen him in so long.

AMELIA
Yea, let's just say I'm low on funds these days. And let's just say that Daddy Robinson owes Mommy Robinson and me some dough.

BENNETT

Jesus, what time is it? (looks at watch, it's 2:25) FUCK. I'm going to miss this meeting. Your dad is going to KILL me.

AMELIA

Missing a meeting is going to get you fired?

BENNETT

It's not just a fucking meeting, alright?

AMELIA

Woah.

BENNETT

This meeting is everything. Your dad worked his ass off to get me this meeting. Now I'm about to blow it.

AMELIA

It can't be that big of a deal...

BENNETT

Oh, no.. It is...

AMELIA

Well spit it out already.

BENNETT

I was supposed to meet with Dave Grohl at 2:30. I was supposed to sign him today. It would have been my biggest signing in 10 years. Your dad was going to move my office to the 50th floor.

AMELIA

Dave Grohl?! Like the the Foo Fighters, Dave Grohl?? That's amazing, I love him.

BENNETT

Yup. A lot of people do. Including my 10 year old daughter... who I'm seeing tonight... who I also already promised an autograph to today.

(CONTINUED)

AMELIA

You didn't..

Bennett puts his back against the wall and falls slowly until he is sitting on the elevator floor. He puts his hands into his face and takes a deep breath. Amelia glances at his wedding ring on his finger.

AMELIA

So your married I assume?

BENNETT

I was.

AMELIA

(Takes a deep breath and looks at him sympathetically) I'm sorry.

BENNETT

Don't be.

AMELIA

Do you love her?

BENNETT

What kind of question is that?

AMELIA

What happened?

BENNETT

I don't know.

AMELIA

Honestly, I bet it was this fucking job.

BENNETT

Shut. Up. I've heard enough out of you for the day. Who do you think you are, Robin Williams in Good Will Hunting?

AMELIA

I'm just saying. I've met a lot of guys. A lot. And the music agents, movie agents. You're all the same. You never have time for anyone but yourselves and your artists or actors or whatever. All you wanna do is your god damn job. It seems like a trap to me.

(CONTINUED)

Bennett looks at his watch (it's 2:37). He takes a deep sigh and looks down at the floor. He knows he missed his opportunity.

AMELIA

Still worried about not signing Dave huh? Get over it man.

BENNETT

You have no idea what your talking about. You're probably 18 years old.

AMELIA

Well, first of all, I'm 19. Second of all, I may have no idea what I'm talking about, but I'm pretty sure I have an idea of what I'm talking about. And I know that you have some serious issues. That's all I'm saying.

BENNETT

This couldn't be more of a "pot calling the kettle black" scenario. You're a drug addict who hasn't spoken to her dad in 6 years. And you're telling me I have issues?

AMELIA

I never said I didn't have issues okay? I NEVER said that. At least I can accept that I have some shit I have to solve in my life. At least I REALIZE that. You're a step behind pal. You're still in love with your ex-wife and your daughter hates you because what I assume is you don't give the kid enough attention because your so consumed on getting him a fucking Dave Grohl autograph when all the kid probably wants is a god damn hug.

A few beats pass. It couldn't be more quiet.

BENNETT

Do you actually believe that?

AMELIA

Believe what?

BENNETT

That he just wants attention from me. He doesn't care about the autograph?

AMELIA

I would have rather had the hug. And you're probably just like my father. So yea, I do

She is cut off by a loud noise and a bright light. The elevator doors are being pried open by a fireman.

FIREMAN #1

Is everyone okay?!

BENNETT

Yea.

AMELIA

Yea we're fine.

FIREMAN #1

Okay, just give me a second, I'm gunna get this door open all the way and pull you guys outta there.

The doors open fully. Bennett and Amelia are lifted out of the elevator. It's awkward for both characters. They don't really know what to do. They are both standing there, still in shock, looking at each other.

BENNETT

Thanks.

AMELIA

Thank you.

FIREMAN #1

No problem guys, I'm gunna go check out the rest of the elevators here and make sure none are faulty. Glad you're okay.

Bennett looks at Amelia in disbelief. She looks right back at him kind of waiting for him to make a decision. Bennett goes up and hugs Amelia. He whispers in her ear,

BENNETT

Thank, you.

Bennett smirks, and walks towards the exit headed for the parking garage. He takes one look back and Amelia is already gone. He opens the exit door.

FADE OUT.