

Yin & Yang
by
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FADE IN:

INT. BEDROOM - DAY

CAMILLE DAVIS, 22, straight black hair with a thin build in a silk pajama suit sits on her bed. Her pajamas look a little too big on her frame as if she hasn't been eating well in a few weeks, but hasn't found time to get new clothing.

The room is cluttered with résumés, some clean, others crumpled, and empty bags of microwave popcorn. As she sits in front of her computer her PHONE RINGS and a number she doesn't recognize pops up. She answers.

CAMILLE

Hello. This is Ms. Davis, may I ask who is calling?

JOANIE, 25, with a kind, but professional voice, responds promptly. Never shown, only heard.

JOANIE (V.O.)

Hello Ms. Davis. This is Joanie, Mr. Holmes's Assistant calling from CCS about your resume.

Camille jumps up in bed and straightens her back. She clears her throat while pulling up the CCS page on her computer, trying to remember the position she had applied for.

CAMILLE

Oh, of course. Hi Joanie, how are you?

JOANIE (V.O.)

I'm well Ms. Davis, but I'm really only calling to let you know that you've been moved into the interview round of applicants. I wanted to know if you would be available later this week to meet Mr. Holmes at Nobu on 57th street for dinner.

CAMILLE

Yes, of course. I'm free all --

Camille stops herself realizing she shouldn't admit that she hasn't had any other offers or interviews.

CAMILLE (CONT'D)

I should be free for an hour or two at some point this week. What works best for Mr. Holmes.

JOANIE (V.O.)

Thursday at seven-thirty works best for Mr. Holmes's schedule.

CAMILLE

That works perfectly for me! Thank you so much for the oppurtunit --

JOANIE (V.O.)

(interrupting Camille)

Yes, of course Ms. Davis, have a pleasant day.

Camille falls back onto her bed with gleeful satisfaction and sighs with joy. She lays in bed for a moment before sitting up to look in the mirror across from her. She takes a deep breath.

CAMILLE

Today is the first day of the rest of my life!

CUT TO:

INT. TAXI - NIGHT

Camille closes the door to her side as she slides into her seat in the taxi. She smiles at the TAXI DRIVER, 55, with a genuine smile and deep eyes, wearing a black hoodie with dirt and crumbs littering it, in the reflection of his mirror to assess the type of ride this was going to be.

CAMILLE

Hi, Nobu on 57th please.

TAXI DRIVER

You have a hot date?

Camille looks down at her outfit fearing she may be underdressed for her interview. She pulls the cardigan she had draped over shoulder forward to cover her body. She stares at her black pointed-toe heels and moves up her body to her tights, black pencil skirt, and black blouse.

CAMILLE

Excuse me?

TAXI DRIVER

I said, hot date? Nobu is a pretty nice place and I don't bring a lot of people there alone.

CAMILLE

(laughing with relief)

Oh, no. I have an interview.

TAXI DRIVER

Well, take advantage of the food while you're there. Make sure to get the...

The Taxi Driver realizes Camille isn't listening to him, but instead is reading through notecards she has pulled out of her pocket.

He looks at the road then back at her and turns the music up slightly. Classic Rock plays the rest of the ride as signs pass.

The closer the taxi gets to the restaurant, the more Camille appears to be fiddling with the cards and sweating.

The taxi pulls up to the restaurant and stops abruptly sending Camille's notecards flying in the back seat and her body into the driver's seat.

CAMILLE

What the fuck! You could've killed me and you fucked up the order of my notecards.

She waves away the Taxi Driver's hand as he reaches back to help her.

CAMILLE (CONT'D)

I-I-I'll just get them. It's fine, it's fine.

She sighs and looks up to the Taxi Driver. She is now visibly covered in sweat and looks erratic. Her eyes appear to be popping out of her head and her smile mirrors that of a serial killer.

CAMILLE (CONT'D)

How much will it be?

The Taxi Driver is visibly taken aback by the change in her appearance in this small amount of time.

TAXI DRIVER

It's on me this time. Please just go to the bathroom when you get in.

He reaches back to put his hand on her shaking shoulder.

TAXI DRIVER (CONT'D)

Hey, and take a deep breath. Ha ha! Hell, if this doesn't work out you can always come work as a taxi driver like me.

The Taxi Driver hands Camille his card and smiles at her as her anxiety tempers. Camille looks at the card and focuses on his name.

It reads "David Johnson Taxi Driver, Call when you don't have a friend to take you to the airport." Camille laughs at the tagline.

CAMILLE

(chuckling to herself)
Looks like I didn't have a friend to take me to the airport.

DAVID (TAXI DRIVER)

Well, you got me kid. I'm a call away if you need a ride home from this.

CAMILLE

Thank you so much, David.

Shaking his hand as she moves out the door towards the restaurant.

CAMILLE (CONT'D)

I'm Camille.

Camille pauses with one foot out of the door and turns back to David.

CAMILLE (CONT'D)

You know, my Dad's name is David. Anyway, thanks again. Have a nice night.

DAVID

Thank you Camille, you too.

CUT TO:

EXT. RESTAURANT - NIGHT

Camille shuts the door behind her and walks to the front doors of Nobu. She peers around at the decorations outside and the intricate details on the doors and the awning. A doorman outside opens the door and leads her into the dark entrance room.

CUT TO:

INT. NOBU ENTRY - NIGHT

Camille walks toward the hostess desk and waits as the HOSTESS, 20, light blonde hair in a slicked back ponytail, very minimal makeup, a pressed white blouse and straight black trousers, finishes a phone call.

HOSTESS

(trying to calm an angry man)

Yes, sir -- Yes, I understand --
Well if you let me check again --
Uh huh. Okay, well I don't have any
openings for the next two months
so -- Yes, I know you are a very
important man. Uh huh. Yes. Okay
have a very nice night.

The Hostess sighs then collects herself and turns to face Camille with a painted on smile.

HOSTESS (CONT'D)

Hello miss, how can I help you?

CAMILLE

Hi, I have a dinner meeting with a
Mr. Holmes.

HOSTESS

(clearing throat)

Oh, of course, Miss Davis.
Mr. Holmes called earlier to ensure
that you had his usual table.

Grabbing a menu from the desk and leading Camille with her hand on her back.

HOSTESS (CONT'D)

Follow me this way.

The Hostess moves passed other people waiting to be seated with Camille close behind and takes her up the stairs toward a much more secluded and more elegantly decorated section of the restaurant.

CUT TO:

INT. NOBU TOP LEVEL - NIGHT

Camille, feels a drop of sweat trailing down her face, breaking the illusion that everything is picture perfect.

CAMILLE

Umm, excuse me miss.

Camille checks her phone for the time.

CAMILLE (CONT'D)

Could I possibly run to the bathroom before I sit down?

The Hostess turns back to Camille and stops in her tracks with a grin that looks as if the Hostess is holding razor blades in her mouth.

HOSTESS

(forcing a kind tone)

Yes, of course. The bathrooms are down the stairs to your right. This is your table, so you can put anything you need down and I'll be right back with a drink menu when you're out of the bathroom.

CAMILLE

Thank you so much. I will be right back.

Camille places her bag and jacket at the table and quickly trots down the stairs feeling her pocket for the notecards. She checks her phone again and sees the time is 6:50. She has time.

Camille walks through the main area of the restaurant and passed tables full of people drinking and eating. She peers around to see if she is dressed appropriately and decides that she's fine.

CUT TO:

EXT. NOBU BATHROOM - NIGHT

Camille gets to the bathrooms and pauses. It is a very long pause.

CAMILLE

Uhm.

Camille looks at the doors. Then she looks at them again. One more time. There is no sense of recognition in her eyes.

The doors to the bathrooms show a Yin and Yang sign. There is no clear identifier other than the symbols as to which bathroom is which.

CAMILLE

(to herself under her breath)

Okay, just give it a minute someone will come out. Someone will come out.

Camille taps her foot and runs her fingers through her hair. She paces back and forth between the doors continually checking her phone. The time changes from 6:52 to 6:55 to 6:58. She decides she needs to choose a door and enter before she shows up late for dinner.

Camille takes a deep breath and pushes powerfully into the Yang door.

CUT TO:

INT. NOBU BATHROOM - NIGHT

She feels at ease for a moment that the bathroom is empty until her eyes meet those of a man at a urinal across the bathroom. She screams.

CAMILLE

Oh my god! Oh my god! I'm so sorry.
I'm so so so so sorry.

Camille rushes out of the door and runs up the steps to the center of Nobu.

CUT TO:

INT. NOBU ENTRY - NIGHT

Camille checks her phone and sees that it is already 7:05. She has waited too long and now she is sweatier than before and in shock.

Camille scrolls through her phone to think of someone to call for advice. She looks through a small contact list and pauses on the name "Dad" which she goes to hit then pulls her finger away.

CAMILLE

(under her breath)

You can do this without him.

Camille reaches into her pocket and feels a card. Too small to be one of her misplaced notecards. She pulls it out and remembers her conversation with David.

His voice saying "You got me kid. I'm a call away if you need a ride home from this." plays in her mind as her expression is blank.

Camille looks around Nobu then at her phone which now reads 7:10. She holds up David's card and calls him.

CAMILLE

Hi, David. This is Camille calling from before. You took me to Nobu on 57th.

DAVID

Oh of course, sweaty, mid twenties, note cards scattered around my cab?

CAMILLE

Umm, yeah haha I guess that's me. Well anyway, you know how you said if I needed a ride to call you? Well, this is me calling you.

DAVID

That was a short interview. You get the job?

CAMILLE

Actually, it hasn't started yet. I only have about twenty minutes until it does though and I could really use some help finding a bathroom.

DAVID

I find it very hard to believe Nobu doesn't have a bathroom.

CAMILLE

Well, they do, but... Well, it's a long story. Could you possibly come pick me up from Nobu and bring me to the nearest bathroom and then bring me back?

DAVID

By 7:30?

CAMILLE

(disheveled and rambling at an incredible pace)

Yes, I know that doesn't give us a lot of time, but I really need to clean myself up before this interview. My parents said they're gonna stop helping me with my rent and my brother, don't get me started on Mr. Bigshot Head Honcho who's doing just great in his business and I'm --

DAVID

It's going to be okay. Be outside by 7:15 and I'll get you to a McDonald's to clean up. You'll be back in time to meet your hot date.

CAMILLE

It's not a hot date!

DAVID

I'm only joking. I'll be there soon, please try to relax.

CUT TO:

EXT. NOBU - NIGHT

Camille waits outside tapping her fingers on her side as she waits for David to arrive. She checks her phone and as the phone reads 7:15 a cab speedily pulls up to the front of Nobu and the window rolls down.

DAVID

Hop in, we've got places to go!

CUT TO:

INT. TAXI - NIGHT

Camille rips the door open and jumps into the front seat faster than humanly possible. She turns to David who is tightly gripping the wheel.

CAMILLE

Thank you so much, you really don't need to do this for me. I mean thank you for doing it, but you really don't have to.

DAVID

All in a day's work. I saw a
McDonald's up the block so we can
get you there and back in fifteen
minutes!

David checks around him before pulling out and then blasts forward toward a large yellow glowing M. The car is quiet as they drive and Camille is picking at the ends of her hair while staring at the dashboard clock.

CAMILLE

Okay so, you'll wait here and I'll
run in, clean up, run out and then
we race back?

The car pulls up to the McDonald's and David turns toward Camille.

DAVID

You got it! I'll be right out here.
You've got five minutes before I
need you back.

Camille opens the door as she sets a timer on her phone for five minutes.

CAMILLE

Perfect! Five minutes.

Camille runs from the car to the door of the McDonald's throwing it open dashing inside.

CUT TO:

INT. MCDONALD'S - NIGHT

Camille sprints to the counter and exacerbated with tears pooling in her eyes now looks at the EMPLOYEE, 16, bags under her eyes, in a standard McDonald's uniform.

CAMILLE

Bathroom?

EMPLOYEE

It's for customers only.

The lack of empathy and interest is visible as the Employee twirls her hair in her finger, stares at her phone.

CAMILLE

I just need to freshen up, I don't
even need to use the bathroom.

EMPLOYEE

Nice. Still customers only.

The Employee looks up and sees Camille on the brink of tears and stammers before speaking.

EMPLOYEE

Hey, look, I just started working here and I really can't lose this job. It really is for customers only. Just get a water or something.

Camille goes into her pockets to grab her wallet. There is nothing there. She left her bag at the table when she went to go to the bathroom.

CAMILLE

I have no money. I left my bag at the restaurant I was at. Please I'm begging! I need the bathroom!

The Employee pauses before deciding that on this one occasion she can break the rules. She looks through a drawer to find the key to the bathroom and hands it to Camille.

EMPLOYEE

Go quickly.

CAMILLE

Thank you so much, I will.

Camille sees the bathroom door and sprints. She unlocks the door and bursts in.

CUT TO:

INT. MCDONALD'S BATHROOM - NIGHT

Camille turns to look at herself in the mirror. The level of panic is at an all time high. Her hair that was perfectly pressed to her head before is now skewen in all different directions. Her makeup is smudged. Her eyes are swollen. Her tights are ripped. She is shaking.

Camille takes an extremely deep breath and stares at herself again. The timer in her pocket goes off. She's out of time.

CAMILLE

Fuck. I'm done. It's over. Awesome. Just fucking amazing.

She smooths her hair and wiped the smudged makeup off her face as quickly as she can pulling up her tights to hide the tear.

She dishonestly smiles at herself in the mirror and pushes out of the door.

CUT TO:

INT. MCDONALD'S - NIGHT

Camille hands the key to the Employee.

CAMILLE

Thank you so much again. I hope your night goes better than mine has.

CUT TO:

EXT. MCDONALD'S - NIGHT

Without another word she runs outside to where she left David in the taxi. There are no cars outside. There is no one outside. Her glances moves back and forth like a bobble head unable to hold still.

CAMILLE

Another David I can't count on. Love to see it. Great end to a great fucking night.

A CAR HONKS and when Camille looks up it's David parked across the street.

DAVID

(screaming)

They wouldn't let me park there. You have to come right now we have three minutes!

Camille speeds across the street and gets into the front seat with David. David matching Camille's intensity.

CAMILLE

Okay! I'm ready let's go.

David floors it and runs two red lights to get Camille to the front of Nobu with a minute to spare.

CAMILLE

You have really saved my life tonight. I don't know how I can ever repay you.

DAVID

It's nothing. I'm just really happy
I got you here in time.

He lightly and discreetly touches a picture of his family on the dashboard focusing on his daughter who strongly resembles Camille.

DAVID (CONT'D)

I'm sure you would do the same
thing for someone in need.

Camille gets out of the taxi and smiles at David one last time as she waves him goodbye.

CUT TO:

EXT. NOBU - NIGHT

CAMILLE

Until we meet again!

DAVID

Or at least until you can't find a
friend to take you to the airport!

Camille laughs and pushes inside the doors.

CUT TO:

INT. NOBU ENTRY - NIGHT

Camille makes eye contact with Hostess who grins with recognition and then returns her glances to the patrons in front of her. Camille treks up the steps to the upper seating area.

CUT TO:

INT. NOBU TOP LEVEL - NIGHT

Camille is ecstatic to see that there is no one sitting at the table with her bag and coat yet and gracefully walks over and plumps herself down on the chair. She sees the drink menu in front of her and decides she deserves one or maybe two.

WAITER (O.S.)

Hello, Mr. Holmes. Always a
pleasure. Your table is ready and
your guest has arrived.

Camille continues reading the drink menu and tries to guess what Mr. Holmes looks like based on his voice.
MR. HOLMES, 60, gray hair mixed with a few black hairs and a salt-and-pepper beard to match, a formal black suit and round glasses, walks from behind her to the other side of the table to sit down.

MR. HOLMES

Sorry I'm late, I've had the oddest
night.

Camille looks up smiling to meet the eyes of her possible
new employer. Her eyes meet those of the man she walked in
on peeing earlier that night.

There is a long pause as the pair's eyes burn holes into
each other. Camille gulps.

FADE OUT.