

24/7/365

an original screenplay

by

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GAIL, the twenty-something main character, is moving into her first solo apartment with help from her old college friend PAUL. A writer who pays the bills by churning out romance novels, PAUL has some questions about the new guy Gail is seeing...

EXT. OLD APARTMENT BUILDING - MORNING.

GAIL and PAUL are carrying boxes down the stairs from the old apartment and loading them into Paul's pick-up truck. Both are in their late 20s, and dressed in jeans and t-shirts. Gail has medium length brown hair and a curvy figure. Paul is tall and on the thin side, with dark hair and the hint of a beard.

GAIL

OK, I think that's everything. It felt like more when I was packing it.

PAUL

It's plenty. Are you sure that's the last of it?

GAIL

Let me take one last look around. I'll be right down.

INT. OLD APARTMENT - CONTINUOUS.

Gail walks around the apartment one last time. She pauses for a moment, a small smile on her face as she glances around the kitchen and living room. She heads for her bedroom to take a last look around.

INT. BEDROOM - CONTINUOUS.

Gail opens the door and her face freezes.

LINDA is holding a tape measure across the room. When she sees Gail coming in, she pushes the button and the tape rolls back up into the holder.

For a moment the two women just stare at each other.

LINDA

I thought you'd gone already.

GAIL

I got that.

Gail turns and walks out of the room, shaking her head.

Linda waits to make sure she's really gone this time. Then, filled with glee, she runs over to measure the span of the windows.

EXT. NEW APARTMENT BUILDING. AFTERNOON.

The building is on a residential street that holds several other apartment complexes. Gail lives on the third floor of a three-story building with a large outside staircase. She and Paul are carrying the box spring of her bed up the stairs and into the apartment.

PAUL

(breathlessly)

So this new guy, the one you met...

GAIL

When he hit my car?

PAUL

Right. Because you're a crazy woman who apparently has a fetish for bad drivers.

GAIL

(also panting)

His name is Brian.

PAUL

Brian, right. What's he like?

GAIL

Cute, sexy, former geek in high school, although he's pretty built.

PAUL

So he looks pretty strong right?

INT. BEDROOM - CONTINUOUS.

Gail laughs as they drop the box spring into the bedroom and they both gasp for air.

GAIL
It's too early.

PAUL
What?

GAIL
I've only gone out with him twice. And we met at a car crash, specifically, our car crash. I'm not exactly comfortable with the thought of him carrying around open boxes containing my personal items.

Gail nods and Paul reaches into a box sitting on the floor.

PAUL
You mean like this... whatever it is?

He pulls out a small appliance with a short handle. Gail blushes and coughs.

GAIL
That's my vibrator.

There is a loud THUNK as Paul drops the vibrator back into the box like it was on fire. He wipes his hand on his jeans.

GAIL
Hey be careful, those things aren't cheap. You should get one. They're great for neck strain from staring at the computer too long.

Paul looks at her in disbelief.

PAUL
You seriously use a vibrator for your neck?

GAIL

Yes.
(mumbling)
Among other things.

PAUL

What?

GAIL

(innocently)
Nothing.

INT. BEDROOM - A SHORT TIME LATER.

Paul and Gail carry her mattress in and put it on top of the box spring.

Paul unceremoniously plops onto the mattress, exhausted. Gail sits down wearily next to him.

GAIL

That's the end.

During the short pause, Paul experimentally bounces on the mattress a few times.

PAUL

I'm surprised you didn't buy a new bed.

GAIL

There's nothing wrong with this one.

PAUL

Well, you know, you're starting your new life as a single gal with her own love nest here. It's the beginning of a new era.

Gail looks skeptical.

GAIL

Love nest?

PAUL

You've got no more roommates. You can bring guys home any time you want.

GAIL

I had my own room at the old place. I could've brought guys there too. God knows roommates never stopped Sharice.

PAUL

Yeah but this is different. Hey someday they'll erect

(Gail bursts out laughing)

Ok bad choice of phrasing - a plaque that says, "Here stood the Boudoir of Love!"

Gail rolls her eyes.

GAIL

Boudoir? Honey, I think you're letting your work overflow into your daily life again.

Paul reaches over and grabs Gail, pushing her onto the mattress. He props himself up on his arms above her, mimicking a passionate embrace.

PAUL

(as if reading from a novel)

And as she leaned back against the supple mattress, she could feel his taut muscles hovering over her, billowing out of his shirt, as his maleness crept closer to her burgeoning desire...

GAIL

(interrupting)

Excuse me, you are not getting near my burgeoning anything!

Gail tries to push him away but Paul grabs her and they proceed to wrestle around on the bed, both of them laughing hysterically.

It takes a long moment before Gail becomes aware that they are not alone. She finally succeeds in pushing Paul away and getting up.

GAIL

Brian, hi!

BRIAN, another twentysomething, tall with blonde hair, is standing in the door, holding a couple bags of food, looking highly uncertain about what he's just seen.

GAIL frowns at PAUL, who struggles off the bed and onto his feet.

BRIAN

(slowly)

I hope I'm not intruding...

GAIL

No, not at all. Brian, this is Paul. He's a friend of mine from college. An old friend. Paul, this is Brian.

The two guys shake hands. Brian is still sizing Paul up, trying to figure out what the story is here. Paul is doing the same thing but on a lesser scale.

PAUL

Hey, food. I'm starving.

GAIL

Oh, you brought food! That was so sweet of you.

BRIAN

Well I figured it would be a little weird for me to actually help with the moving, but having been through two moves in six months I know that you can always use hot food.

GAIL

Yeah, I'm going to need my strength to finish unpacking all this stuff.

INT. APARTMENT - LATE THAT NIGHT.

Paul is gone, leaving Gale and Brian sitting on the floor with boxes piled all around them.

BRIAN

So, how long have you and Paul known each other?

He looks wary, like he's not sure he really wants the answer to this question. Gail knows immediately what he's thinking.

GAIL

Since our junior year of college. A long time. We've been through a lot together.

BRIAN

So did you two ever...?

GAIL

(laughing)

Oh no. We're just friends. He's a lot like a younger brother, always needing advice and feeding and someone to baby him when he's depressed over some girl. I joke around with my friend Callie that I don't need a husband or a son ever because I have Paul.

BRIAN

Oh, okay. It just... when I got here, it looked like...

Gail decides to wave this away.

GAIL

Ah, see, there's a crucial detail that got left out here. Paul writes romance novels. I mean, he wants to be a regular novelist and he's written some pretty good stuff, but it doesn't pay the bills. So he churns out those bodice-ripping novels for one of the big publishing companies to keep himself afloat and he occasionally lets the language seep into his everyday life. And needs a beating to stop. That's all.

Brian isn't entirely convinced by this explanation, but Gail is working hard to make light of the situation so he goes along. He glances around the room.

BRIAN

I have to say, I am impressed. An apartment all to yourself. It's so grown up.

Gail grins.

GAIL

So how many guys do you live with?

BRIAN

Just one, James. You'll have to meet him sometime. He doesn't quite believe me that your car was barely scratched.