

And He Had Tiny Hands

by

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INT. APARTMENT - LIVING ROOM - DAY

Wild, panicked eyes, fixate on an unseen horror.

An IPHONE SCREEN.

"WANNA HANG?"

LANA(late 30s) ball of nerves, perpetually on the verge of a breakdown, is perched knees up on a couch, hits a joint.

LANA (V.O.)
Kevin was a nice guy.

Her apartment's small, clean, modern. Art books, self-help manuals. A vinyl of "Brighten the Corners" by Pavement plays on a turntable decorated with handmade clay figurines.

LANA (V.O.)
We met through friends. He was
sweet. Well put together.

Her hand inches towards the phone, trembling.

Retrieves it from the coffee table, types.

"WE SHOULD BREAK UP"

LANA (V.O.)
We were doomed from the start.
(beat)
He had tiny hands.

QUICK FLASH

A doll-sized hand caresses her creased out face.

BACK TO SCENE

She shivers. Her thumb hovers over "SEND".

LANA (V.O.)
I tried to look past it, but the
more we were together the more it
bothered me.
(beat)
But he's so sweet. And he has this
cute way of scrunching his nose
when he's thinking. He deserves
better than a breakup text on a
random Tuesday--

QUICK FLASH

At the alter, she slides a WEDDING BAND over his tiny finger, it slides off, CLINKS on the ground.

BACK TO SCENE

She recoils.

LANA (V.O.)
But those hands.

She reconsiders. Adds a SAD EMOJI to the end of the text. Is satisfied.

TEXT from Kevin.

"GOT A SURPRISE FOR YOU, STOPPING BY"

She panics. Deletes her text, writes.

"SORRY. NOT HOME."

Her phone dies.

LANA
No no no no no!

Lana yanks a charging cord from a drawer, plugs in.

LANA (CONT'D)
C'mon, C'mon.

Glances out the window for Kevin's truck. Her phone boots up.

TYPES. "We should break up". It autocorrects to:

"WE SHOULD BAKE CUPCAKES"

Hits send before she realizes what she typed.

LANA
No!

TEXT from Kevin.

"I LUV CUPCAKES! SEE U IN A FEW!"

Frantic, she types:

"WE SHOULD BREAK--"

CALL FROM KEVIN

LANA
Ah!

She lobbs her phone across the room, lands with a THUD.

Through the curtain she clocks Kevin's PICKUP, ducks.

A car door SLAMS. KEVIN trudges up the driveway.

KNOCK KNOCK KNOCK

KEVIN

Lana? It's Kevin! You there?

LANA (V.O.)

Be an adult and answer the door.
Think of how proud your
therapist'll be.

KNOCK KNOCK KNOCK

KEVIN

Lana, everything okay?

KNOCK KNOCK KNOCK

KEVIN (CONT'D)

Hello?

He peers in the window. She slides flush against the wall.

A BORAGE OF TEXTS.

"YOU OKAY?"

"HELLO?"

"I'M WORRIED"

LANA (V.O.)

Aw he's worried, how sweet --

QUICK FLASH

A tiny hand feeds Lana cupcakes.

BACK TO SCENE

LANA (V.O.)

Remember the hands!

She takes a hit from the joint. Exhales smoke, it rises up --
up -- up -- to a SMOKE DETECTOR.

BEEEEEEEP

LANA
Shit!

KEVIN (O.S.)
Lana?

Lana wave's her arms, tries to dissipate the smoke.

KEVIN (O.S.) (CONT'D)
(on phone)
Fire department? I think there's a
fire a five three four Hobart--

INT./EXT. APARTMENT - LIVING ROOM

Door whips open. On the porch is Kevin(30s) put together,
wholesome, perfectly normal sized hands(except in closeups).

LANA
(out of breath)
Don't call the fire department! I'm
fine! Everything's fine!

Bewildered by her frantic pleading, he hangs up.

INT. APARTMENT LIVINGROOM - EVENING

Lana and Kevin are planted on the couch, mid-conversation.

LANA
I didn't text back because I needed
some time to think... about us.

KEVIN
What are you saying?

LANA
I have unrealistic standards in
partners and it's not fair of me to
force them on you.

KEVIN
Are you dumping me?

A sullen nod. He takes Lana's hand with his tiny hand.

KEVIN (CONT'D)
But Lana we can work through this--

LANA
I'm sorry.

Kevin gets emotional, fights back tears.

KEVIN
This is hard to hear, but I
appreciate you telling me in person
and not over text like my last
girlfriend.

LANA
(scoffs)
Course. Only psychos do that.

Kevin manages to his feet.

KEVIN
Can I at least get one of those
cupcakes for the road?

LANA
Kevin, there are no cupcakes.

KEVIN
No cupcakes?

Waterworks. It's awkward for Lana. He wipes his tears with
tiny hands, gathers himself. They hug, he heads out the door.

LANA
What was the surprise?

Kevin stops.

LANA (CONT'D)
In the text... you had a surprise.

KEVIN
Doesn't matter now, but I got us
tickets to see Pavement.

Lana's eyes widen.

INT. APARTMENT - BEDROOM - MORNING

Lana wakes up in bed, big spoon to Kevin's little spoon.

LANA (V.O.)
We'll break up after the concert.
Definitely after the concert.

Kevin's tiny hand massages her shoulder. She recoils.

FADE OUT.