

PICKLES

Written by

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Story by

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INT. BROWNSTONE APARTMENT - NIGHT

NEW YEARS EVE

Hipsters and hipster-ettes sip cocktails at a lavish New Years party. A DJ spins mid 2010s dance music from a MacBook.

MARA(25) nurses a martini, wearign a dress that screams "night out", but a demeanor that screams "I'd rather be at home", sits in a corner, counts fish in an aquarium.

Her friend's Jamie(25) Type A, the boss of everyone she's ever spoken to and Tawny(24) boy crazy and bad at hiding it, stumble over, drinks in hand.

JAMIE

Having fun flirting with Nemo?

Mara's eyes are glued to the fish.

JAMIE (CONT'D)

Why don't you join the party? That cute guy over there's been eyeing you all night.

TAWNY

His friend told me he drives a motorcycle... or he cleans motorcycles, I forget.

MARA

I'm fine with my finned friend here.

JAMIE

Mara it's been three months. You can't mope over a breakup forever.

MARA

I'm not. I told you I'm over it.

Mara rises.

MARA (CONT'D)

I'm gonna get another drink.

JAMIE

We're just trying to help. We hate seeing you like this.

MARA

Then close your eyes.

Mara marches over to the refreshments table -- her eyes catch on someone. Face lights up.

MARA (CONT'D)
Oh my god... Pickles?

PICKLES(??) an anthropomorphic purple bunny with floppy ears, cradles a martini, gazes at her with googly eyes.

PICKLES
(Irish)
Mara? That you?

He gives her a warm hug.

PICKLES (CONT'D)
Wow! You've grown!

MARA
I'm not the only one. Finally grew into those ears huh?

PICKLES
Wish I could say the same for you.

They share a chuckle. Neither's sure what to say next.

PICKLES (CONT'D)
What're ya doing here?

MARA
Roommates dragged me. You?

PICKLES
You tell me. Imaginary friends only show up when they're needed.

MARA
Maybe someone here needs you. I'm doing great personally.

Notices she's tipsy.

PICKLES
Gettin' another drink?

MARA
I was actually thinking about a having a smoke first.

PICKLES
Bad habit. You should quit. Can I bum one?

Across the room Jamie and Tawny spot Mara conversing with thin air, are mildly concerned. Pickles clocks them making their way over.

PICKLES (CONT'D)
Bogeys at three O'clock.

Mara quickly stuffs an Airpod into her ear. The girls arrive.

TAWNY
Mara? We thought you were getting a drink.

PICKLES
Roommates?

JAMIE
Who were you talking to just now?

MARA
My mom.

Mara flashes the AIRPOD.

MARA (CONT'D)
Wanted to wish me happy new year.
It's midnight in Tampa.

PICKLES
How is ole' Sharon?

TAWNY
You know "Mr. Motorcycle" over there's also in a band... or he saw a band?

MARA
I'm gonna have a smoke first. Can you get me another drink? Dry. No olive! Thanks!

Mara and Pickles scurry out the door. Jamie and Tawny are puzzled to say the least.

ACT TWO

EXT. BROWNSTONE APARTMENT - PORCH - NIGHT

Mara and Pickles puff CIGARETTES. Each stealing glances at each other, trying to feel out the situation.

PICKLES

It's bonkers running into you. How long's it been?

MARA

Fourteen-- fifteen years?

PICKLES

Mad.

MARA

Back when I was the tall one.

PICKLES

We were such scamps. Remember when we'd climb on the roof and drop water balloons on the mailman?

MARA

He had to start delivering mail in a raincoat.

They bowl over with laughter.

MARA (CONT'D)

Of course I the got in trouble for it even though it was your idea!

PICKLES

But it was your idea to sneak out to go to Corey Smith's house.

MARA

God he was so cute. Terrible kisser.

PICKLES

But we got lost on the way.

MARA

It was so dark, but you told me we'd be okay. You always knew what to say to make me brave.

PICKLES

All I did was remind you of the
bravery you already had.

MARA

We must've wondered around for
hours before we got back home.

Mara takes a long drag.

MARA (CONT'D)

Never saw you again after that.

Exhales a hearty plume, flings the cig down. STEPS on it.

PICKLES

Guess you didn't need me anymore
once you discovered boys.

She stares as the embers die out.

MARA

Suppose so...

PICKLES

What have you been up to lately?

MARA

Photography. Wedding.

PICKLES

Always had a love for weddings
didn't ya? Member that scrapbook of
old dresses you had.

MARA

Did I tell you I was engaged?

PICKLES

Whoa! Congratulations Mar! To Whom?

MARA

This guy I met on a job, Rick. Real
meat head. Turned out he was
putting in extra time at the gym.

PICKLES

Gym rat?

MARA

Some kinda rat. Cheated on me with
his trainer. Nice girl. Met her in
passing. Had a flair for
homewrecking.

Her eyes well up. Sniffs. Pickles leans in, offers solace.

PICKLES

Sorry to hear that. He didn't
deserve ya in the first place.

She takes the cigarette from his mouth.

MARA

Sorry to unload all that on you.

PICKLES

It's what I'm here for. Think of me
as your big fluffy support blanket.

A smirk peeks through her sorrow.

MARA

Funny little button nose... I
missed you.

She runs her hand through his purple fluff. It's soft, warm,
familiar.

PICKLES

You doing okay?

MARA

Never been better.

PICKLES

You sure? Breakups can be tough.
You seeing a therapist or anything?

MARA

I'm okay really. It was a while
ago. I've processed it, realized
I'm happier, he's happier.

He studies her eyes. They hint otherwise.

PICKLES

You say so...

MARA

Better get inside.

She throws the second cigarette down. Pickles isn't convinced
but follows her inside.

MIDPOINT

INT. BROWNSTONE APARTMENT - NIGHT

Tawny and Jamie chat with two HANDSOME MEN. Mara and Pickles stroll in.

JAMIE
There you are.

MARA
Did you get my drink?

TAWNY
We were just telling these nice
boys about you.

Tawny hands her a MARTINI.

MARA
Nice to meet you.

Mara downs the martini in a gulp. Pickles is concerned.

MARA (CONT'D)
I love this song!

Mara grabs Pickles hand, whisks him onto the dance floor.

Jamie and Tawny aren't sure what just happened.

INT. BROWNSTONE APARTMENT - DINING ROOM - NIGHT

Mara dances like someone who's had too much to drink.

PICKLES
Mara, maybe slow down a bit.

She shakes her head.

MARA
It's New Years Eve baby!

She downs another martini.

PICKLES
How many of those have you had?

MARA
Less talk! More Dance!

SERIES OF SHOT -- ON THE DANCE FLOOR

-- Mara and Pickles shimmy their way across the dance floor.

-- Jamie and Tawny watch concerned.

-- Mara has drink after drink after drink.

-- Pickles is concerned with Mara's consumption.

-- Mara's drunk, the room's spinning.

INT. BROWNSTONE APARTMENT - NIGHT

The mood's slowed down. Mara and Pickles slow-dance. She's barely able to stand, rests her head on his shoulder.

MARA

Funny little button nose... I missed this.

PICKLES

Mara, I'm worried about you.

MARA

Why? I'm great.

She peers up at him.

MARA (CONT'D)

Did you think about me ever? While you were gone?

PICKLES

Of course.

MARA

You knew me better than anyone.
Better than myself even.

She holds her gaze. Bleary eyed, edges close -- closer --

CLOSER. Their lips meet. He pulls away.

PICKLES

Mara... you're drunk.

MARA

We're just having a little fun.
Like when we were kids.

JAMIE (O.S.)

Mara?

Mara turns, it's Jamie. She realizes everyone's been watching her slow dance with no one.

She turns back to Pickles, he's gone.

MARA
Pickles?

JAMIE
Who's Pickles?

Frantic, Mara stumbles around, searches for Pickles.

JAMIE (CONT'D)
Mara, you're making a scene.

MARA
You scared him away!

TAWNY
What?

Mara storms out the door, Jamie and Tawny chase after. She races down the block.

MARA
Pickles! Come back!

JAMIE
Mara! Wait!

TAWNY
Mara please!

They lose her as a crowd spills out of a bar. Mara turns down an alley, trips, falls.

Bursts into tears, alone in the dark.

ACT THREE

Mara tries to get up, pain shoots through her ankle.

RUSTLING. She scans the alley fearing the worst.

A hulking mass emerges from the shadows; Pickles.

Mara gazes up relieved. He offers a paw.

EXT. STREET - NIGHT

Mara and Pickles rest on a curb under a street lamp. She sways, still under the influence.

PICKLES

Mara I'm worried about you.

Mara steals a glance at Pickle's solemn mug. She runs her hand through tufts of purple on his thigh.

MARA

(seductive)

Don't you like me?

He stops her. Shakes his head.

PICKLES

I know you're hurting, but what feels good now isn't always the best thing for you.

MARA

What is the best thing for me?

His massive paw raises her chin, their eyes meet.

PICKLES

To love yourself, with or without a Rick or a Corey or me. To know no matter what, you're enough, even alone.

MARA

But I don't want to be alone.

She weeps. Pickles leans over, kisses her forehead. She grins.

PICKLES

Little button nose... You aren't.
You were brave then, I know you can
brave now.

Pickles rises.

MARA

Where are you going?

PICKLES

Don't worry. I'll be around.

He waves farewell, disappears into the night.

INT. THERAPISTS OFFICE - DAY

Mara's in a session, speaking to her THERAPIST. Her posture
is more confident, she seems like a different person.

MARA

And that set off a light bulb in my
head. The next day I started
looking up therapists.

THERAPIST

Quite the story. A purple bunny
huh? I thought I'd heard it all.

MARA

And with the tools you've given me,
I haven't been this happy in years.

THERAPIST

Co-dependency can be a tough habit
to work through. But once you do
the benefits are tremendous.

MARA

They are... which is all to say, I
think I'm ready to start dating
again.

THERAPIST

Do you?

MARA

And I've actually been seeing
someone, pretty steadily.

THERAPIST

As long as you recognize when you
fall into old habits--

MARA
Which I will.

THERAPIST
Then I'm all for it. Looks like
that's out time.

INT. THERAPISTS OFFICE - LOBBY - DAY

Mara strolls into the waiting room. Therapists watches as she
greet's her boyfriend.

MARA
You're early babe.

It's Pickles. She kisses him. To the Therapists' she's
kissing air.

PICKLES
Lets go, I'm starving.

MARA
What are you in the mood for?

PICKLES
What about that Italian place
downtown? They have amazing carrot
cake.

Mara chuckles.

MARA
Silly little button nose.

FADE TO BLACK.