

LEAVE IT ALONE

Written by

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FADE IN:

EXT. CITY SIDEWALK - DAY

Tracking shot of someone's feet crossing the Chicago city street. They keep walking until they turn into a shop doorway for BAILEY'S coffee shop. They open the door, signaling a bell to DING, and go into the coffee shop. They walk up to the counter, with our protagonist in the background of the shot. The perspective changes.

INT. BAILEY'S COFFEE SHOP - DAY

Close up on DELILAH.

DELILAH (30), taps her pen against the table. Wearing light-wash 90s mom jeans and a blood orange button up blouse, she tucks her hair back aggressively so that she has no distractions. Her brows are tightly furrowed, as she starts at her crossword with an intense gaze.

Her name is called up at the front counter, causing her to snap out of her focus. She goes to get her coffee order.

She hums along to the song, hearing it in the coffee shop speakers, as she walks to the front.

NEIL (32), wearing his signature tie-dyed beanie, a TEENAGE MUTANT NINJA TURTLES graphic tee, and tired eyes, strikes up a conversation with Delilah at the counter.

NEIL

(flirty)

Well, well, well. Fancy seeing you here. What, are you following me or something?

DELILAH

Are you gonna make this joke everyday?

NEIL

Only until you actually laugh at it. But uh, anyways... how are you doing today?

Delilah taps on the counter toward her coffee, completely dismissing his attempt at small talk.

NEIL (CONT'D)

Are you by yourself today? You know, I get on my lunch break in an hour, and I can come sit with -

DELILAH

Nope! Just waiting for Anissa.  
She's running late.

Delilah takes her drink and goes back to her seat.

The shop bell DINGS again as Delilah turns to walk. She collides with someone, spilling her coffee.

DELILAH (CONT'D)

Are you kidding me?!

She huffs over the coffee stains on the vibrant fabric, and shoots daggers into the eyes of her new sworn enemy.

About to unleash her fiery temper, she gets ready to speak, only to lose her breath from shock. PATRICK (30), her ex-boyfriend, is standing in front of her.

PATRICK

Holy shit! I'm so sorry. I-

Patrick's eyes nearly bug out of his skull.

Del?

Delilah mirrors his reaction.

DELILAH

Hey.

The pair shares an extremely awkward silent stare. They completely forget who they are and what they were doing for a slight moment. Then they quickly phase out of it.

PATRICK

I'm - I'm so sorry. Let me get you  
a new coffee.

DELILAH

No, don't worry about it.

(Flustered)

Um... how...how are you? How've you  
been lately?

PATRICK

Honestly, doing really good.

Patrick points outside to a petite blonde on the phone in the window.

PATRICK (CONT'D)

That's my-  
 (looking back at Delilah)  
 uh, girl friend, Bianca, actually.

Delilah hones in on how he trips up his words.

DELILAH

Wow...Girlfriend... She seems  
 great. That's- that's great.

PATRICK

Yeah, she really is great.  
 (looking at her shirt)  
 But seriously, let me buy you a new  
 coffee. It's not a big deal.

DELILAH

Uh, yeah. Sure, why not. As long as  
 you go up there and order it.

Delilah sends a look at Neil, who is picking his nails with  
 one of the wooden coffee stirring sticks at the register.

Delilah and Patrick share a laugh.

PATRICK

Jesus, Neil still works here?

DELILAH

Yeah. I mentioned Bailey's one  
 time, and he started literally the  
 next day.

PATRICK

Del, he's seriously obsessed with  
 you. I always told you.

DELILAH

Oh, he's harmless. He's just Neil.

They laugh again.

Beat.

DELILAH (CONT'D)

Haven't heard anyone Del in awhile.

This comment brings up some unresolved tension in Patrick.

PATRICK

Yeah. Uh, I should go order your  
 coffee. Lavender latte with soy  
 still?

She nods.

He nods back.

PATRICK (CONT'D)

Cool. Well, it was good to see you.

DELILAH

You too.

Delilah rushes back to her chair with urgency, looking nauseous and frazzled.

ANISSA (30), strolls into the shop, passing Patrick. With her black leather jacket, cropped white v-neck top, and combat boots stomping through the coffee shop, she is a force to be reckoned with. She takes a double take at him, then scans the room for Delilah.

Finally finding her at their usual booth, she makes a B-line, stepping with urgency, knowing that something must've happened.

ANISSA

You saw him too right?

DELILAH

We just had the most awkward conversation of all-fucking-time.

ANISSA

Spill.

Neil spots Anissa from the counter as he puts Delilah's.

NEIL

Anissa, you have to order something if you want to sit and chat.

ANISSA

Hey Neil?

NEIL

Yeah?

Anissa walks up to the counter, seemingly cheerful and flirtatious.

ANISSA

Can you do me a favor?

Neil's eyes perk up, finally being needed.

NEIL

Yeah?

ANISSA

Can you shut up? Just shut your face? Please? Thanks.

Neil instantly deflates.

Anissa picks up Delilah's order.

NEIL

Is there a time of day you're remotely pleasant?

ANISSA

Neil, I'm am still hearing words.

She gestures to zip her lip with her hand.

Neil shakes his head and sighs. Anissa walks back to their spot.

The focus shifts back to Delilah and Anissa.

Anissa sips the Lavender latte while she listens intently to Delilah's story. Their voices are picked up mid-conversation.

ANISSA (CONT'D)

What did you think of Bianca?

DELILAH

I didn't really talk to her. She was outside when I was talking to Patrick. So, I don't know. But Patrick looked...good.

ANISSA

How are you feeling, babes?

DELILAH

Honestly, I don't know. Like I'm happy for him of course, but it was just so fucking weird. Like...I spent 2 years with him, and it felt like we were strangers. Just really, really weird.

ANISSA

Well, it sounds like it was a mature conversation, and that's good! Maybe this means that it won't be awkward next time you bump into each other.

Anissa sips at the latte.

DELILAH

Oh god no. I can't do that again.  
No bumping anytime soon. Anyway,  
why were you so late?

ANISSA

Oh, I had to go dress shopping and  
then finalize my portfolio for my  
photography exhibition coming up. I  
told you about it, remember?

Delilah takes the latte and sips the remaining contents.

DELILAH

Oh yeah. My bad. That's gonna be  
amazing. I'm so excited to see what  
you've been working on!

ANISSA

I know. I'm stoked.

Anissa makes eyes toward Neil.

ANISSA (CONT'D)

Not trying to rush you, but Neil  
has been staring daggers into my  
soul for the past two minutes. You  
ready?

Delilah chugs the rest of the latte.

DELILAH

Let's hit it.

INT. DELILAH'S APT. - NIGHT

Delilah frantically types on her laptop. Her computer case is decorated in an array of random stickers. One notable one is of the hot priest from the series "Fleabag". Anissa pops popcorn in the microwave. Delilah's apartment is an open concept, so the two can have a conversation in their respective spaces.

Delilah scrolls with major judgement through Bianca's social media profiles.

DELILAH

Do you think her boobs are real? I  
don't think they are.

ANISSA

Uh, I don't know. D, stop looking at her shit. It's just gonna ruin your mood.

Delilah's eyes stay glued to the laptop.

DELILAH

No it won't. I'm just curious. I mean, aren't you wondering who she is?

Anissa looks hesitant. She is about to say something extremely blunt, but decides against it.

ANISSA

I guess. But seriously, you need to stop. Stalking her profile isn't doing you any good.

Anissa finishes putting popcorn in her bowl, plops down next to Delilah on the couch, and starts munching loudly.

She's still watching Delilah scrolling through posts, and attempts to playfully shut the laptop.

DELILAH

Hey! Okay, okay I'm done.

Just as she's about to put her laptop away, she lands on a picture of Bianca's hand with a giant engagement ring on.

The caption of the post reads, "Beyond thrilled to start this next chapter of our lives! I love you so much Patrick!"

Delilah's jaw drops.

DELILAH (CONT'D)

You've gotta be fucking kidding me.

Anissa's eyes go wide.

DELILAH (CONT'D)

He's ENGAGED to her? He's engaged to her. We broke up a year ago and he's engaged to her. This has to be a joke.

ANISSA

Delilah -

DELILAH

He said "girl friend" when he pointed at her. Oh so now he's gonna lies to me?

ANISSA

D-

We were together for 2 years. He's known her for what, less than a year? And now he just wants to marry fake tits mcgee -

ANISSA (CONT'D)

D, I get that you're upset, but lets remember why you two aren't together anymore.

Delilah stops, caught off guard at Anissa's candor.

ANISSA (CONT'D)

(sighs)

I'm sorry. You know I didn't mean it like that.

Delilah nods, still letting that sink in, but carries on.

This conversation propels her to keep scrolling. She stumbles on a picture of Bianca with her spin class instructor with their gym name tagged.

DELILAH

No shit.

ANISSA

What?

DELILAH

Tits McGee goes to Cobra House gym. She does "spin classes" there.

ANISSA

Okay, so?

Delilah becomes lost in her thoughts, a plan starting to formulate. A long pause of silence fills the room, and Anissa grows worried with anticipation. She waits intently for Delilah to voice her thoughts? Delilah stares at the screen with no words coming out but a million thoughts swirling through her head.

DELILAH

Do you think I have a chance with Patrick?

ANISSA

What?

DELILAH

Answer the question.

ANISSA

Why are you asking that?

DELILAH

I think I want to get back together  
with Patrick.

Anissa's eyes nearly bulge out of their sockets.

ANISSA

D, I mean this with nothing but  
love, but hell-fucking-no.

DELILAH

What? Why?

ANISSA

C'mon, obviously things ended for a  
reason. He's moved on. He's happy.  
Leave it alone, Delilah.

DELILAH

Okay, I get it. I fucked up. But  
don't you think I deserve another  
chance?

ANISSA

...It's not that simple, and you  
know it.

DELILAH

I need to at least try. Today  
wasn't an accident. Maybe it was  
divine intervention!

ANISSA

I thought you were an atheist.

DELILAH

I said I was questioning religion  
not rejecting it! Whatever, you  
know what I mean.

A BEEP comes from Delilah's phone. A text message from  
"ARTHUR" flashes across her screen. She picks up the phone,  
and immediately clears the message alert away upon reading  
it.

Anissa gives Delilah a knowing glance.

ANISSA  
Is it your dad?

DELILAH  
Doesn't matter.

Delilah's total mood shifts.

ANISSA  
Maybe you should meet up. Hear what  
he has to say -

DELILAH  
I said it doesn't matter. Just drop  
it okay?

Anissa throws her hands up in surrender.

ANISSA  
Okay.

Anissa checks the time on her phone.

ANISSA (CONT'D)  
Shit, I gotta get home and edit  
some pictures for the exhibition.  
I'll get you your ticket sometime  
this week okay?

DELILAH  
Uh huh. Sounds good.

Delilah is totally lost in her own thoughts.

ANISSA  
K, I'll text you later then.

Anissa gets up from the couch and exits.

Delilah goes back to scrolling through Bianca's posts. She becomes trapped in Instagram blackhole all night.

INT. BATHROOM MIRROR

DELILAH  
(to herself)  
You win him back, Del. You win him  
back, make things right, and it'll  
all be okay. C'mon Del. You go into  
that gym and you claim what's  
yours. Simple.

## DELILAH'S CLOSET - CONTINUOUS

Delilah aggressively searches her closet for the perfect workout outfit. She throws a matching green workout set, with the tags still attached, onto her bed, and she rushes to her bathroom.

## INT. DELILAH'S BATHROOM - CONTINUOUS

Delilah sets out her skincare products in neat row. She starts to wash her face vigorously as she locks eyes with her reflection.

She finishes washing her face and immediately starts intensely brushing her teeth. Once she's done, she looks at herself in the mirror.

DELILAH

This is your shot. Don't fuck it up.

Delilah finishes in the bathroom, and goes back to the bedroom.

## INT. DELILAH'S BEDROOM - CONTINUOUS

Delilah sets her alarm clock, puts on her sleep mask, and goes to bed to get rest for tomorrow.

## INT. DELILAH'S CAR - DAY

Hands gripped firmly on the wheel, Delilah heads to spin class.

She turns up the radio and surfs through stations. Tom Jones's "IT'S NOT UNUSUAL" starts playing through the speakers.

She begins to hum along. The hum gradually turns to a sing along. She takes her attention away from the road and gets more into the song.

She starts doing a subtle Carlton dance in the car, and gets really into the song. She briefly closes her eyes, takes her hand off the wheel, swings her arms and snaps while belting out the lyrics.

"IT'S NOT UNUSUAL TO SEE ME CRY"

HONK.

She opens abruptly and slams on the breaks, not seeing that she just zoomed through a red light. Cars are honking aggressively around her. Profanities are yelled and pedestrians are flipping her off.

Among the pedestriians is MEREDITH (32) in her baking uniform carrying supplies. Her hair is infested with frizz, her eyeliner is sagging below her eye, and her face holds manic expression. She turns sharply at Delilah.

DELILAH  
Fuck. Sorry!

EXT. MIDDLE OF INTERSECTION - DAY

Delilah sees the pedestrians.

PEDESTRIAN 1:  
What the fuck lady!

DELILAH  
(under her breath to herself)  
Jesus.  
(to the pedestrians)  
Sorry! Sorry!

MEREDITH  
(coming up to the car)  
Where did you learn to drive, huh?  
In the fucking jungle?!

DELILAH  
Listen, Ma'am I said I-

MEREDITH  
You could've killed me!

DELILAH  
I know. Seriously I'm really sorry,  
it was a mistake -

MEREDITH  
No, the day you were born was a  
mistake!

DELILAH  
Woah, what the hell lady? I said-

MEREDITH  
(yelling)  
I guess it's just SHIT ON MEREDITH  
DAY huh?!

Delilah doesn't know how to react to this random lady screaming at her in the intersection.

MEREDITH (CONT'D)

What, did Hank tell you to do this?  
Is this all a fucking joke?

DELILAH

Hank?

MEREDITH

Did he put you up to this?

DELILAH

Listen, I have no idea what's going on here. I'm really sorry, but I gotta-

Meredith starts sniffing the air, inching closer to Delilah's driver seat window.

MEREDITH

You smell like Bath & Body Works and movie theatre popcorn.

Delilah looks at her with her mouth open, lost for words. She starts driving away.

MEREDITH (CONT'D)

Tell Hank that I'm keeping the fucking dog!

EXT. GYM PARKING LOT - DAY

Delilah pulls into the parking lot, frazzled.

INT. DELILAH'S CAR - DAY

Delilah inhales and exhales deeply. She exits her car.

INT. SPIN CLASSROOM - DAY

Delilah walks into the spin class, already in session.

DELILAH

(under her breath)  
Shit.

She scans the room for Bianca. Finally spotting her, she notices an empty bike next to her.

She makes her move.

LEO (33), doesn't let Delilah's presence go unknown. He struts around the studio wearing sleek black compression tights underneath running shorts, a black muscle tank, and a black sweatband around his head. He is the prototype for the Malibu Ken Doll. He is a lean, mean, degrading machine.

LEO

(Not breaking the class  
cycle routine)

Class started at 8. If you can't show up on-time, maybe the Planet Fitness bootcamp is more your speed.

Delilah hurries to the open bike.

DELILAH

Sorry, I just got caught in this crazy traffic situa-

LEO

That's a great story. Tell it to someone who cares.

Delilah's mouth clamps shut, cheeks rosy with embarrassment. She sits down and starts peddling.

LEO (CONT'D)

Let's go everyone, move it! If you're not burning these calories your husband's mistress will.

One woman in the back of the class starts dramatically sobbing at this comment, as it seems it hit a little too close to home for her.

While Leo continues on this humiliation campaign, Delilah turns to BIANCA (30).

Her blond hair sits tightly in a ponytail at the top of her head. She has an amazing figure, with a matching bright pink workout set on. Delilah's taken aback by her natural beauty, even under such intense exercise. Sweat drips down her neck like diamonds.

DELILAH

He's fucking brutal.

BIANCA

Yeah. But once you get past it, he's actually a really good coach.

DELILAH

I believe that. I mean look at you, you look incredible. How long do I have to be in this class before I look like you?

They both laugh.

BIANCA

Ha! Thanks, but I actually only started spinning a few weeks ago. I-

LEO

Hey Cinderella and the fugly step sister, can we wrap of the conversation?

Bianca goes silent and starts peddling back up to normal speed. Delilah huffs and does the same.

CUT TO:

Intense biking montage. Everyone is peddling as hard has they can. Delilah is becoming drenched in sweat.

Close-ups of different people in the class. Some ladies are peddling like army drill sergeants, some are hysterically panting, and the woman in the back is still crying. Delilah is already drenched in sweat, and she looks over to see Bianca's hair and makeup perfectly intact. Her long blonde hair flows like a golden river from her ponytail.

Delilah rolls her eyes at the model next to her.

BACK TO

LEO (CONT'D)

(pointing at a woman  
behind Delilah)

Hey I see those tears! Suck it up and pedal biotch!

Leo moves throughout the crowd, hassling everyone in his path. He moves away from Delilah and Bianca.

DELILAH

So do you come here often?

BIANCA

Yeah, I spin every  
Monday/Wednesday/Friday.

DELILAH

Oh. Nice. So what, are you one of those people that like "works for fun"?

Delilah laughs to herself.

BIANCA

Excuse me?

DELILAH

Uh, never mind. Sorry, that was a stupid joke.

(to herself)

Shit.

They keep peddling. Leo makes his way back to the front of the class.

LEO

We are now heading into extreme spin territory. If you can't keep up then get the hell out. Jenny Craig's is down the street and to the left.

The class continues, and SADIE (29), the girl crying at the back of the class is having trouble keeping up. Her peddling becomes more labored and she breathes heavily through her mouth.

Leo picks her out like a shark to blood. Once he's zoned in on her, he struts quickly to her bike.

LEO (CONT'D)

Am I going too fast for you?

SADIE:

Um...No, I'm just going at my own pace.

LEO

Are you sure? Do you need me to slow it down?

SADIE:

Uh-

LEO

Does anyone need me to slow down?  
It seems like

(MORE)

LEO (CONT'D)  
 (he looks for hr name on  
 the bike screen)  
 Sadie needs me to take it down a  
 notch. Anyone else need a break?

No one answers.

LEO (CONT'D)  
 Oh so it's just Sadie? Okay cool.  
 Hey Sadie?

Leo turns back to the woman. She is shaking with anxiety.

LEO (CONT'D)  
 Get the fuck out of my class.

SADIE:  
 What?

LEO  
 Now. Go!

Leo snaps his finger and points to the door. The woman leaves crying.

LEO (CONT'D)  
 (to everyone)  
 Don't pay for my class if you can't  
 keep up! Let's go, let's go!

Delilah has had enough of Leo's harassment, and she stops peddling.

DELILAH  
 (to Leo)  
 Do you have to be such an asshole?

Bianca's eyes widen.

LEO  
 Are you gonna start crying too?

DELILAH  
 You can't just go around treating  
 people like garbage whenever you  
 want. Who do you think you are?

LEO  
 If you can't handle my class then  
 leave. I train the best of the  
 best. How do you think J Lo looks  
 the way she does?

DELILAH

At least people know who J Lo is.  
Who are you? Some wannabe personal  
trainer from the suburbs with big  
dreams of making it in the big  
apple? And when those dreams didn't  
work out you came back Chicago  
hoping to still become something.

The crowd of cyclists goes dead quiet, unable to stop their  
stares.

DELILAH (CONT'D)

Let me tell you what, Leo, all I  
see is a little bitch who's spandex  
are so far up his ass that it makes  
his voice raise three octaves. Not  
to mention the frown lines creeping  
back in. Maybe you should schedule  
another injection stat.

Sadie gasps.

DELILAH (CONT'D)

So why don't you go back to your  
mom's house and be a little bitch  
there.

Leo is on the verge of a breakdown. Tears are welling in his  
eyes.

LEO

I live in the guest unit below her  
house! It's my own place!

DELILAH

Whatever helps you sleep at night,  
frown lines.

LEO

Like you're one to talk. Miss I  
could-play-for-the-bears with your  
linebacker shoulders.

DELILAH

Wow you got me good. Maybe you  
should give this up and become a  
comedian. Seriously, add that to  
your joke book. Great stuff.

Leo is infuriated.

LEO  
Get out. Get out of my class! Get  
out!

DELILAH  
Oh bite me. Focus on your spray  
tan... it's running down your neck.

Delilah seems calm, while Leo is on the verge of a breakdown.

LEO  
That's it. Everyone stop peddling!  
Class is over.

Leo storms out, and the rest of the cyclers follow.

Delilah looks over at Bianca to find that she's packing up  
her things quickly, and leaving as fast as she can.

Delilah notices that Bianca left her phone in the cup holder  
while she hurried out of the room. She picks up the phone and  
proceeds to give it to her in the locker room.

INT. GYM HALLWAY - DAY

The phone RINGS, and Patrick's picture and name pop up on the  
screen. Delilah's gaze freezes to the screen.

Beat.

Delilah picks up the phone.

PATRICK O.T.P  
Hey babe. So I went to the bakery,  
and they said they can get us in  
for the cake tasting on the 13th.  
How does that sound?

Delilah stays silent.

PATRICK O.T.P (CONT'D)  
Bianca? You there?

Delilah is tempted to say something, but she still remains  
silent.

PATRICK O.T.P (CONT'D)  
B?

Delilah hangs up the phone, hurt.

She holds back any emotion as she walks towards the locker  
room.

Bianca collides with Delilah as she walks through the locker room entrance.

DELILAH  
God, I'm sorry.

Bianca is disoriented.

BIANCA  
It's -

Bianca realizes it's Delilah.

BIANCA (CONT'D)  
It's fine. Excuse me.

DELILAH  
Wait! You forgot your phone!

Bianca turns around to see her phone being waved in the air.

DELILAH (CONT'D)  
I saw it on you bike stand, and I  
wanted to make sure you got it.

Bianca walks hesitantly towards Delilah to retrieve her phone.

BIANCA  
Oh. Thanks. I'm always losing track  
of it.

DELILAH  
Yeah. No problem.

Bianca nods at Delilah and heads back towards the exit.

DELILAH (CONT'D)  
Wait!

Bianca turns around.

DELILAH (CONT'D)  
I'm sorry for being so crazy back  
there. It was just my first class,  
and I was trying to make a friend.  
I'm really sorry for all of that.

Delilah waits with anticipation for Bianca's response. Bianca stays there for a brief moment, analyzing Delilah.

BIANCA  
(sighs)  
My first class was nerve wracking  
too. I get it.

Bianca extends her hand out.

BIANCA (CONT'D)  
I'm Bianca.

Delilah gratefully accepts the gesture, shaking her hand.

DELILAH  
I'm... Kate. Nice to meet you.

BIANCA  
So, do you live around here?

DELILAH  
Uh, yeah, yeah. I live over on 42nd  
Street. So not too far.

BIANCA  
Oh my god, my fiancé used to live  
over there!

DELILAH  
Oh, no kidding.

Delilah gives a fake conversational laugh.

BIANCA  
Do you wanna grab some coffee?  
Don't tell Leo, but I always grab  
some after my classes. It's like my  
guilty pleasure.

Delilah stands there bewildered.

DELILAH  
Uh, yeah! Yeah. I'd love to.

EXT. CITY SIDEWALK

Bianca and Delilah walk side-by-side enjoying each other's  
conversation.

BIANCA  
Favorite song: go.

DELILAH

Has to be a tie between Gold Dust Woman or the Chain. I absolutely love Fleetwood Mac.

BIANCA

No way! My fiancé loves Gold Dust Woman. He's a huge Fleetwood fan too. You guys would get along so well. He's a real spit fire.

This comment stings Delilah, but she masks the pain with a small laugh and a smile.

BEGIN FLASHBACK:

INT. DELILAH'S APT. - SUMMER 2017

Fleetwood Mac's GOLD DUST WOMAN sounds through the re4cord player in Delilah's apartment. Her and Patrick are happy and drunk, dancing around the living room.

DELILAH

(drunkenly singing)

Well, did she maaaaake you cry?  
Maaaaake you break down? Shatter  
your illusions of love?

She laughs carelessly, letting the warmth of the alcohol move her body. Patrick also laughs and sways to the beat. They are both in pure bliss.

Patrick takes a moment to just stop and look at Delilah. He focuses on her intently, investigating every part of her. He is mesmerized by her.

Delilah's eyes open and she notices Patrick's stare.

DELILAH (CONT'D)

(giggling)

What?

Patrick chuckles to himself.

PATRICK

Nothing. Just looking at ya.

Delilah rolls her eyes and laughs a breathy laugh.

DELILAH

Mhm.

Delilah looks back with love in her eyes. They sing and dance together around Delilah's living room. Both of them collapse onto the couch, laughing heartily, entangled in each other.

END FLASHBACK:

EXT. CITY SIDEWALK - CONTINUOUS

Delilah carries a sad look in her eye.

DELILAH  
Well, if he's a Fleetwood Mac fan,  
I'm sure he's a keeper.

The turn into the BAILEY'S COFFEE SHOP entrance.

INT. BAILEY'S COFFEE SHOP - DAY

Bianca and Delilah walk into Bailey's. Neil spots Delilah, his eyes lighting up.

Delilah sees Neil ready to greet her and rushes into action.

DELILAH  
(to Bianca)  
I'm gonna go order for us. Why  
don't you find us a place to sit.

BIANCA  
Oh, cool. I'll take a vanilla  
latte, with 2 pumps of vanilla, and  
almond milk.

Delilah nods and rushes to the counter before Neil can greet her. Bianca finds an open place to sit.

DELILAH  
Hey Neil.

NEIL  
Hello beautiful.

DELILAH  
Neil, I need you to do me a favor.

NEIL  
Anything my sweet.

Delilah gives him a look that says "Now is not the time to flirt".

DELILAH  
I need you to pretend that you  
don't know me.

NEIL  
Huh?

DELILAH  
Just do it, please.

NEIL  
But why?

DELILAH  
Neil, just do it. For me. Please.

Delilah sees Bianca getting up from her seat. Her eyes follow her movements toward the counter.

Neil gets an idea.

NEIL  
Okay. Then you have to go on a date  
with me.

DELILAH  
What? I don't have time for this,  
Nei-

NEIL  
Date or no deal.

Bianca walks up to the counter and joins Delilah.

DELILAH  
(whispering)  
Fine.

Neil's eyes beam with excitement.

BIANCA  
(to Delilah)  
So, what are you getting?

Delilah shoots a quick fierce glance at Neil.

DELILAH  
Um...not sure. The lavender latte  
looks good.  
(turns back to Neil)  
I'll have a medium lavender latte  
with soy milk, please.

Neil watches her with confusion, but that could also be because he's extremely high.

NEIL

Okay, anything else...uh, Ma'am?

DELILAH

Nope. That's all. Oh um, not actually. I'll also get a vanilla latte, 2 pumps of vanilla, with almond milk.

Bianca smiles.

NEIL

That'll be \$12.53.

Bianca goes to grab her card, but Delilah beats her to it.

DELILAH

My treat, considering I ruined your spin class.

They both laugh.

Delilah pays, Neil still stares at her unsure of what's going on, and shoots him a stern glare one last time.

Delilah and Bianca head back to their table.

INT. COFFEE SHOP TABLE - CONTINUOUS

Delilah and Bianca are mindlessly talking about something, with their coffees at the table, when Delilah's phone BUZZES.

CUT TO:

IMAGELESS CONTACT WITH THE NAME "ARTHUR" POPS UP ON THE INCOMING CALL.

BACK TO:

INT. COFFEE SHOP TABLE - CONTINUOUS

Delilah stares at the phone with animosity. She lets it ring for a few seconds longer before she declines the call and turns the phone facing downward.

BIANCA

Oooo, who's Arthur? Hot date?

Bianca chuckles.

DELILAH  
Ha, not exactly.

Delilah's mood shifts, and she looks bothered.

BIANCA  
Oh, sorry. I didn't mean to -

DELILAH  
No, you're fine. He's my dad.  
That's all.

BIANCA  
Oh, gotcha.

Beat.

Awkward silence pervades the booth. Sensing that Bianca doesn't know what else to say, Delilah cuts the tension.

DELILAH  
He's been trying to get ahold of  
me. I'm just not in the mood to  
talk with him.

BIANCA  
Did something happen?

Delilah lets out a breathed laugh.

DELILAH  
Well, that's a loaded question. The  
short answer is yes. The long  
answer has to do with a lot more  
crying and abandonment, and a  
decade of therapy. But I doubt  
you'd want to hear about that.

Delilah awkwardly attempted to laugh the conversation off.  
Bianca is intently invested.

BIANCA  
You can talk about it if you want  
to.

Bianca sips her latte.

DELILAH  
I mean, not much to say. He cheated  
on my mom when I was 13. Said he  
had to leave, and promised things  
wouldn't change.  
(MORE)

DELILAH (CONT'D)

I'm sure you already know the punch line: things changed.

BIANCA

Oh god, Kate, that's a lot to carry. I'm so sorry.

DELILAH

It's not a big deal. Haven't spoken to him in like 10 years anyway so it's not like we're close.

Delilah realizes she's overshared and sips her latte. She cuts herself off from saying more.

DELILAH (CONT'D)

Uh anyways,  
(she locks eyes on  
Bianca's engagement ring)  
tell me about the lucky guy.

Delilah points to the ring.

BIANCA

Oh, oh my fiancé. Patrick. Yeah we are actually getting married in a couple months.

DELILAH

No shit. That's so exciting. What's he like, this Patrick guy?

Bianca goes on and on about Patrick. Her voice fades into the background hum of the cafe, while Delilah strategizes her next move forward. She knows they are getting married soon now. The next step is to figure out some details that could put her and Patrick in the same place at the same time.

DELILAH (CONT'D)

When did you say the wedding was again?

BIANCA

It's on May 16th.

DELILAH

Gotcha. Go on.

BIANCA

Anyways, ...

Bianca goes into more details about her wedding day, and Delilah zones out, too busy thinking about her next move.

BIANCA (CONT'D)  
(fading back in)  
Kate?

Delilah snaps out of her thoughts.

DELILAH  
Hm?

BIANCA  
You okay? You seemed out of it for  
a minute there.

DELILAH  
Oh yeah. Yeah, I'm fine. Sorry, I  
just forgot that I was supposed to  
meet a friend out for lunch today.  
Totally slipped my mind.

BIANCA  
Oh, you're totally fine. Go. We can  
catch up some other time.

DELILAH  
Are you sure? I'm really sorry I  
just totally forgot about it and -

BIANCA  
No don't even apologize. Seriously.  
Go meet your friend and we can text  
about going out some other time.

DELILAH  
That sounds awesome. Thank you so  
much for being so understanding.  
I'll see you later.

Delilah stands and goes to leave when Bianca calls her back.

BIANCA  
Wait, Kate!

Delilah stops suddenly and turns back around anxiously.

BIANCA (CONT'D)  
Put your number in my phone. I  
forgot we never exchanged info.

Delilah's anxiety sinks and she looks relieved.

DELILAH  
Right! Yeah for sure.

She takes Bianca's phone, types in her number, and then types "DELILAH". Almost giving the phone back, Delilah realizes her mistake and deletes the name. She replaces it with "KATE" and clicks save.

Delilah hands the phone back to Bianca.

DELILAH (CONT'D)  
Alright I'll see ya around!

She hastily exits the shop.

INT. DELILAH'S APT. - NIGHT

Delilah and Anissa are watching some true crime show as they munch on popcorn.

The show ends, and Anissa is scrolling through her phone.

DELILAH  
So...I did something kind of crazy.

Anissa lifts her eyes from her screen, giving Delilah her full attention.

She's silent, waiting to hear what Delilah has to say.

DELILAH (CONT'D)  
I may or may not have gone to  
Bianca's spin class and talked to  
her.

ANISSA  
Are you serious?

DELILAH  
Anissa, I had to. I had to see what  
I'm going up against.

ANISSA  
Delilah-

DELILAH  
Just hear me out okay? So I went to  
the class, and I pretended to be  
someone else.

Anissa listens with a concerned furrowed brow. Still eating the popcorn.

DELILAH (CONT'D)

I told her my name was Kate, and we went out for coffee after spin class ended early.

ANISSA

Wait, how does a spin class end early?

DELILAH

Not important. Anyways, so we went out to coffee and she was droning on and on about Patrick. And it got me thinking: I need to see him. Like before their wedding. I need to see him, and really apologize, and tell him how I feel.

Anissa sighs, eats another handful of popcorn, and goes back to scrolling on her phone.

Delilah looks at her, waiting for something.

Beat.

DELILAH (CONT'D)

So you're just not gonna say anything?

Anissa sighs again and looks up from her phone.

ANISSA

What do you want me to say?

DELILAH

I...I don't know. Anything. What do you think?

ANISSA

There's only so many times I can tell you the same answer, D.

DELILAH

What do you mean?

ANISSA

I'm not gonna say it again. Leave it alone. He's happy. He's moved on. Do the same.

DELILAH

Yeah, but how do you really know he's happy?

(MORE)

DELILAH (CONT'D)

Maybe he's just getting into another relationship so quickly because -

ANISSA

It doesn't matter! It doesn't matter why he's with her. The fact is that he is with her. You're too smart to be doing dumb shit like this.

Anissa takes a breath. Delilah's face is swollen with hurt.

ANISSA (CONT'D)

They are getting married. Starting a life together. Let them be happy, and let yourself be happy too. What's done is done. You need to find a way to accept that.

Delilah sits there still and defensive, eyes to the floor.

ANISSA (CONT'D)

I should go, it's getting late.

Anissa gets up to leave.

ANISSA (CONT'D)

Oh before I forget, here. This is for my exhibition next Saturday.

Anissa grabs the ticket out of her purse and puts it on Delilah's coffee table.

CUT TO:

A CLOSE UP OF THE EXHIBITION TICKET DATED "SATURDAY, MARCH 24TH AT 8 P.M."

BACK TO:

INT. DELILAH'S APT. - CONTINUOUS

ANISSA

Get there by 7:30 so I can see you before the event okay?

Delilah looks up. She gives a passive closed mouth smile.

DELILAH

Mhm. Sounds good.

ANISSA  
Okay. Love you.

DELILAH  
Love you too.

Anissa leaves Delilah alone in the apartment. The popcorn bowl is left on the table, and the TV is left turned on.

Delilah sits there in silence processing what was just said.

INT. COFFEE SHOP - DAY

Delilah is busy trying to solve her crossword puzzle. She fiddles with the ends of the arm holes of her cardigan out of frustration. Her brows furrow in concentration, as per usual. There is a word stumping her in the puzzle.

Neil comes out from behind the kitchen, and spots Delilah. Eagerly, he heads in her path.

NEIL  
What's go you so "puzzled" this morning?

Neil laughs to himself. Delilah looks up and stays silent with a scowl painted across her face.

NEIL (CONT'D)  
Get it? Because of the crossword puzzle...anyways, um, can I, uh, can I get you a refill or anything?

DELILAH  
No thanks, Neil. I'm all good.

NEIL  
Okay. Cool.

He shoots finger guns awkwardly at her.

Delilah breaks eye contact and returns to her crossword. She takes in a big sigh, still unable to crack the riddle.

Neil looks over at the crossword, trying to find a reason to stay.

NEIL (CONT'D)  
Is there a word that's troubling you?

Delilah looks up at Neil.

DELILAH

Uh, yeah. But you probably won't be able to get it. I've been stuck on it for the past half hour.

Neil takes a seat across from Delilah in the booth. He motions for her to hand over the crossword.

NEIL

Well, let me have a look.

Reluctantly, Delilah hands over the book.

NEIL (CONT'D)

Which one is it?

Neil begins to scan the crossword.

DELILAH

7 down: "the belief in or practice of disinterested and selfless concern for the well-being of others"... I have no clue.

Neil finds the location on the crossword, looks at it for a few seconds, and writes something down. Delilah looks at him, confused.

Neil turns the crossword back around to her to show her the word.

NEIL

Altruism.

Stunned, Delilah looks over the word again. She checks to make sure it fits in with the surrounding words, and she's shocked to see that he is correct.

Impressed, but prideful, she tries hard to hide her expression.

DELILAH

Thanks. I totally forgot about that word.

Neil chuckles.

NEIL

(under his breath)  
Of course you did.

DELILAH

What?

NEIL

Nothing. So what are you up to tonight?

DELILAH

Tonight? Uh...nothing. Why?

NEIL

I was thinking we could go on our date tonight.

Delilah's eyes go wide.

DELILAH

Our what?

NEIL

Our date. I was thinking we could go to this amazing Indian place I know-

DELILAH

Neil, what the hell are you talking about?

NEIL

You owe me a date. For when you told me to pretend to not know you, which I'm still wondering about by the way-

DELILAH

Wait! You're not actually gonna make me-

Neil abruptly gets up and walk back to the register.

DELILAH (CONT'D)

Neil, I-

He turns around to her.

NEIL

I'll pick you up at your place at 8. Be ready.

He smiles and struts confidently back to his work station.

Delilah is left alone, speechless.

EXT. CITY SIDEWALK - DAY

Delilah walks home from the shop. Her phone BUZZES, she looks down to see "ANISSA" on the caller ID, and she picks up the phone.

DELILAH

You are never going to believe what  
I'm doing toni-

INT. ANISSA'S APARTMENT - CONTINUOUS

Anissa is on speaker phone while she's painting her toe nails in her room.

ANISSA O.S.

D, do you have an outfit picked out  
for my exposition?

EXT. CITY SIDEWALK - CONTINUOUS

DELILAH

Huh?

INT. ANISSA'S APARTMENT - CONTINUOUS

ANISSA O.S.

My exposition coming up. I wanted  
to call you now because I know how  
last minute you can be.

EXT. CITY SIDEWALK - CONTINUOUS

DELILAH

Hey!

INT. ANISSA'S APARTMENT - CONTINUOUS

ANISSA O.S.

I'm just trying to make sure you  
have something to wear. Something  
NICE. Not leggings and a t-shirt.  
This is a big deal.

EXT. CITY SIDEWALK - CONTINUOUS

DELILAH

Yeah, yeah. I have something.

INT. ANISSA'S APARTMENT - CONTINUOUS

ANISSA O.S.  
Oh yeah? Tell me what you're going  
to wear right now.

EXT. CITY SIDEWALK - CONTINUOUS

Delilah scrambles to come up with a fake outfit.

DELILAH  
It's ... it's my green dress.

INT. ANISSA'S APARTMENT - CONTINUOUS

ANISSA O.S.  
What green dress?

DELILAH  
The one with the ruffles. Simple  
but cute.

Beat.

INT. ANISSA'S APARTMENT - CONTINUOUS

ANISSA O.S.  
Delilah, if you bullshit me again  
I'm gonna kick your ass. This is  
your warning: go shopping for an  
outfit NOW.

Delilah sighs.

DELILAH  
Okay, okay. Fine. I will have an  
outfit to show you next time I see  
you.

INT. ANISSA'S APARTMENT - CONTINUOUS

Anissa stops painting her nails.

ANISSA O.S.  
Delilah-

EXT. CITY SIDEWALK - CONTINUOUS

DELILAH

I'm serious! I just got caught up  
in some stuff, but I promise. I  
will have an outfit to show you  
next time I see you. Okay?

Anissa doesn't respond.

DELILAH (CONT'D)

Okay, Anissa?

INT. ANISSA'S APARTMENT - CONTINUOUS

ANISSA O.S.

I'm being serious, D.

EXT. CITY SIDEWALK - CONTINUOUS

DELILAH

And I am too!

INT. ANISSA'S APARTMENT - CONTINUOUS

ANISSA O.S.

You're lucky I love you.

EXT. CITY SIDEWALK - CONTINUOUS

DELILAH

I love you too. Bye.

Delilah hangs up the phone, stressed.

EXT. FRONT DOOR OF DELILAH'S APARTMENT - CONTINUOUS

Delilah is about to enter her building, when Patrick runs  
into her. He has a bouquet of flowers and bag full of takeout  
in his hands.

PATRICK

Oh. Hey.

Delilah is completely blindsided.

DELILAH

Hi.

Pause.

DELILAH (CONT'D)  
Seems like we keep bumping into  
each other.

They both stand there, absorbing in the full awkward tension  
from the atmosphere.

Delilah notices his hands are full.

PATRICK  
I was just headed back home.  
(motioning to his hands)  
Picked up some Thai for Bianca and  
I. And uh, some flowers for her.

DELILAH  
Oh. Very cool. Is there a special  
occasion?

PATRICK  
Uh, no, not really. I just like to  
pick her up flowers every once and  
awhile because I know how much she  
loves having plants in the house.  
You know we have this whole space  
dedicated to succulents and Bianca  
wanted to-

Patrick cuts himself off, realizing he's rambling.

PATRICK (CONT'D)  
Ha, you probably don't wanna hear  
about all of that.

Delilah offers him a small smile to ease the tension.

PATRICK (CONT'D)  
So how've you been? Doing okay?  
Since the last time I saw you at  
least?

DELILAH  
Oh, yeah! I'm doing great.

Beat.

DELILAH (CONT'D)  
How's Bianca?

PATRICK  
She's great actually. Really,  
really great.

Despite the conversation furthering, the awkward pauses keep persisting.

DELILAH  
So you're happy then?

PATRICK  
Hm?

DELILAH  
I mean like, you're happy? With her?

PATRICK  
Yeah, I'm really happy with her, Del. She's a good one. I'm lucky to have found her.

Delilah's mask breaks a bit, revealing her real upset expression subtly.

DELILAH  
Do you think it's gonna last?

PATRICK  
What?

DELILAH  
I mean like -

Delilah fumbles her thoughts. She has lost control over her words.

DELILAH (CONT'D)  
I - you know what I mean...

PATRICK  
No, I don't. What are you trying to ask?

DELILAH  
I just meant, do you think she's really the one? Like do you see yourself with her like 30 years from now?

Patrick's cheeks grow scarlet.

PATRICK  
Of course I do. That's why I proposed to her, Delilah. If I didn't see something long-term then I wouldn't have bought a ring.

DELILAH

I mean we were long-term and you never bought me a ring.

PATRICK

Well, I definitely thought about. I thought about proposing, Del, but obviously we know how that ended. Don't we?

Beat.

DELILAH

You were gonna propose?

Patrick exhales deeply, dissolving his anger.

PATRICK

I mean I didn't set a specific date or plan, but yes I certainly thought about doing it.

DELILAH

I never knew that.

Patrick scoffs at Delilah.

PATRICK

(to himself)

Would that really have changed anything?

They both exchange a deep look. They want to say more, but Patrick cuts it off.

PATRICK (CONT'D)

I'm gonna go.

He walk away from her apartment building.

DELILAH

Patrick.

Patrick stops and turns around to look at Delilah.

He takes a long look at her, and then he continues on his way, disappearing down the street.

DELILAH (CONT'D)

Shittttt.

Delilah shakes her head, frazzled. She stands there watching him walk further and further away.

As she walks up the steps of her apartment entrance, her phone BUZZES. She looks down at the screen, as she walks into the building.

INT. DELILAH'S APT. BUILDING HALLWAY - CONTINUOUS

A text from "ARTHUR" pops up: "I KNOW YOU'VE BEEN GETTING MY CALLS. CAN WE PLEASE TALK?"

Beat.

She sighs, and types back to him. The message reads, "FINE. I'M BUSY TODAY, BUT MAYBE SOMETIME NEXT WEEK."

Delilah hits the send button, and trudges up the stairs to her door. She softly bangs her head against the door in frustration. Then, she fumbles for her keys, opens the door, and collapses on her couch.

INT. DELILAH'S APARTMENT - CONTINUOUS

She checks her phone for the time, and it reads "4:30 P.M." on the phone screen. She realizes she has a little over 3 hours until her date with Neil.

Delilah turns the TV on, exhausted from today's events, and falls asleep.

INT. DELILAH'S APARTMENT - NIGHT

Drool dripping down her face, Delilah jumps up from her slumber, startled by her dream. She takes a minute to chill out and catch her breath, and she wipes the drool off the side of her mouth.

She checks her phone and the time reads, "7:30 P.M."

Frantically, she jumps off the couch and darts to her bedroom.

DELILAH  
Goddammit!

INT. DELILAH'S BEDROOM - CONTINUOUS

Delilah rummaging through her piles of clothes on the floor of her closet. She ruffles through top, dress, and clothing item after clothing item. She sniffs a few, and makes a sour face, immediately throwing them back on the ground. She finally picks up a pink blouse.

Hesitantly, she puts the fabric up to her nose, but she is pleasantly surprised to find out it's clean.

She throws the blouse on her bed, and searches for a pair of bottoms. Finally deciding on a pair of light wash jeans, she tosses them onto the bed, and makes her way to the bathroom.

INT. DELILAH'S BATHROOM - CONTINUOUS

Delilah fling's her makeup bag onto the sing counter, and fiddles around to find her mascara. She pops open the cap and applies it fiercely. In the midst of her application she pokes herself in the eye.

DELILAH

Fuuuuck!

Delilah starts blinking and squeezing her eye shut, getting mascara all over and around her eye.

She opens her eyes and looks in the mirror.

DELILAH (CONT'D)

You've gotta be kidding me!

Desperately, she searches for a makeup wipe, and wipes her eye aggressively. She tries to move away from the mascara for a bit, and starts to apply her foundation. As she smears the color across her face, it appears way lighter than she anticipated. She goes bug eyed in the mirror again.

DELILAH (CONT'D)

WHAT THE FUCK!

In sheer frustration, she video calls Anissa.

ANISSA

What's u- holy shit, D. Why do you look like a powdered donut?

DELILAH

Tell your friend at Sephora that she is SHIT at color matching. I look like my Great Aunt Denise.

ANISSA

Isn't she the one-

DELILAH

YES! She's the one that's been dead for 10 years!

Anissa tries to hold back a laugh.

DELILAH (CONT'D)  
This is not funny.

ANISSA  
(still stifling a laugh)  
I'm sorry. That's the last time I  
listen to Christina about makeup.  
You know she told me once that  
using strawberries as blush was  
"the new natural look"? I literally  
got attacked by an army of pigeons  
trying to get to work and -

Anissa looks puzzled.

ANISSA (CONT'D)  
Wait, why are you wearing  
foundation? You never wear  
foundation?

DELILAH  
I have a date.

Anissa's face lights up.

ANISSA  
Oh my god! With who?

DELILAH  
(hesitantly)  
Don't laugh.

ANISSA  
Why would I laugh?

DELILAH  
Just don't, okay?

ANISSA  
Okay! I won't.

Delilah takes a brief pause, nervous for Anissa's reaction.

DELILAH  
Neil.

Anissa looks as if her cell connection is fuzzy, but after  
hearing what Delilah said, her jaw drops.

ANISSA  
Whaaaaaaat?

DELILAH  
Anissa-

ANISSA  
Are you on drugs?

DELILAH  
No!

ANISSA  
Are you having a mental breakdown?  
Do I need to call an ambulance?

DELILAH  
Anissa, no! I needed him to do me a  
favor, and he agreed but only if I  
went on a date with him.

ANISSA  
Oh. My. God. This is rich!

Anissa is on the verge of cackling.

DELILAH  
You said you wouldn't not to laugh!

ANISSA  
Uh, can't hear you, D. Connection  
is bad! See- la-

Anissa fakes the poor connection and starts to laugh as she hangs up the call. Delilah is left there alone, looking into the mirror, about to ram her head into it.

Delilah takes a deep breath, and quickly removes the foundation with another makeup wipe.

She opens the cabinet door attached to the mirror looking disheveled and furious, but she closes it looking put together with makeup on.

Looking somewhat satisfied with how the look turned out, she rushes back to her bedroom to put her outfit on.

INT. DELILAH'S BEDROOM - CONTINUOUS

She rips her t-shirt off and tosses it on her bed. Grabbing the pink blouse, she throws it over her head and pops her arms through the sleeves.

She attempts to hop into her pants, when her phone BUZZES. She shimmies into her jeans, hopping to her phone on her bedside table, but she loses her balance and topples over.

DELILAH  
 (on the floor defeated)  
 Literally, fuck my life.

She gets up from her fall and grabs her phone.

The screen reads a message from Arthur: "HOW'S NEXT SATURDAY?  
 AT THE ONE EYED LIZARD?"

She types a quick response and sends it back: "SURE."

When she's done putting her pants on, there is a KNOCK at her door. She checks her phone again for the time, and it's 8:00 P.M. sharp.

INT. DELILAH'S APT. - CONTINUOUS

Delilah, out of sorts, steps toward the door. She opens it to see Neil smiling with flowers in his hands. He has on a funky 80s style sweater with a collared shirt underneath paired with khakis and stylish sneakers. He is still wearing his signature tie-dyed beanie.

NEIL  
 Hey.

DELILAH  
 Hi.

Beat.

NEIL  
 (looking around and  
 remembering his flowers)  
 Oh! These are for you.

He hands her the flowers bashfully.

DELILAH  
 Thank you. I love tulips. My mom  
 always grew them back home.

NEIL  
 Yeah, I know.

She gives him a weird look.

NEIL (CONT'D)  
 Oh, I just mean I remember you  
 saying you loved tulips when you  
 were at Bailey's one time. You and  
 Anissa were talking about flowers  
 and I heard you mention tulips.

DELILAH  
Oh, good memory. Uh, should we get going?

NEIL  
Yeah.

INT. INDIAN RESTAURANT - NIGHT

The WAITER, dressed in khakis and a white dress shirt takes their order.

NEIL  
I'll do the Chicken Vindaloo.  
(to Delilah)  
It's one of my favorites.

WAITER  
And for you?

Delilah is overwhelmed by her choices. She rashly picks the safest option to her.

DELILAH  
Uhhh, I'll just do the Chicken Tikka Masala.

The waiter scribbles down their orders and leaves to the kitchen.

DELILAH (CONT'D)  
So... do you eat Indian food a lot?

NEIL  
Yeah, well my dad went to boarding school in India so he picked up a lot of recipes. He'd always cook for my sister and I when we were younger so I just grew up loving it.

DELILAH  
Wow. That's actually really cool. What does he do now?

NEIL  
Oh, well he passed away when I was 15.

DELILAH  
Oh my god, I'm so sor-

NEIL  
Don't say sorry.

There is an awkward pause.

NEIL (CONT'D)  
I know it's what people say to be nice, but it just rubs me the wrong way to apologize for something you couldn't have any control over. It makes the things you do have to apologize for less sincere.

NEIL (CONT'D)  
He was a dentist though.

DELILAH  
Oh wow.

NEIL  
Yeah, my sister is a dental hygienist too. Guess my family just loves to deal with teeth.

DELILAH  
What about you?

NEIL  
What about me?

DELILAH  
Like, why didn't you become a dentist?

The food arrives. The dishes are set before them, but this doesn't deter their conversation.

NEIL  
Not my thing.

They begin to eat. Neil takes a bite into his meal, but Delilah wants to keep talking. She grows more intrigued by Neil with every response.

DELILAH  
Well, what is your thing?

She takes a bite of her meal, and instantly becomes entranced by the flavors. She almost forgot her question until Neil answered back.

Neil sets down his knife and fork, thinking about his answer. He then stares intently at Delilah. This causes Delilah to become aware of his looking, and she stops eating.

DELILAH (CONT'D)

What?

Neil has a slight smile and an unplaceable expression on his face.

NEIL

Nothing.

Delilah furrows her brow, frustrated by his secrecy. She pushes again.

DELILAH

What?

NEIL

How's your tikka masala?

DELILAH

(confused)

It's...really good.

He nods, satisfied.

DELILAH (CONT'D)

You didn't answer my question.

Neil smiles, still not satisfying her question, and continues to eat.

NEIL

You're very pushy ya know?

DELILAH

I'm not pushy. I just want you to answer the question.

NEIL

Okay, "not pushy". Whatever you say.

Beat.

They both look at each other, trying to keep straight faces and burst out laughing.

Delilah's phone BUZZES. It's another call from Arthur. She takes a quick look at the screen, and dismisses the call.

NEIL (CONT'D)

You wanna get that?

DELILAH

No. It's just my dad. I'll call him back later.

Delilah takes her phone off the table and puts it in her purse. The two of them carry on their conversation.

EXT. CITY PARK - NIGHT

Delilah and Neil talk for hours, strolling along the walking path at a local park. The street lights shine dimly on them, and they are the only ones out.

They walk side by side, naturally and relaxed.

DELILAH

Ya know, I had a really good time at that place. The food was fucking amazing.

NEIL

I know. I'm glad you liked it. I was nervous for a minute that you wouldn't try anything.

Delilah stops walking. This prompts Neil to stop as well.

DELILAH

Why?

NEIL

Delilah, you've ordered a lavender latte at Bailey's since I started working there. You sit at the same booth in the left corner window, and you're always doing a crossword. I don't peg you as a person to switch it up.

Delilah sat there, processing.

Neil gets nervous that he said the wrong thing.

NEIL (CONT'D)

I mean, I'm not saying that's bad I just meant that-

DELILAH

(softly)

Stop.

Pause.

You're not wrong. I just never realized that. I didn't think I was that much of a control freak.

Another brief pause.

NEIL

I'm sorry. I didn't mean to make you uncomfortable.

DELILAH

Hey. Don't say sorry for things you don't need to apologize for.

They look at each other and share a genuine smile.

Delilah looks down, blushing, and starts walking again. Neil follows her lead.

Neil looks at her, waiting for her eyes to lock with his. He gives her another smile. They walk back to their apartment complex.

INT. DELILAH'S APT. COMPLEX HALLWAY - CONTINUOUS

Neil walks Delilah to her door, two floors about his own.

NEIL

I had a really good time.

DELILAH

Me too.

NEIL

Would you be down to do this again? We don't have to get Indian food again. We can do something else if you want?

DELILAH

I'd really like that, Neil.

Pregnant Pause. Neil looks like he is about to lean in for the kiss, but he pulls back, feeling like it's not the right time. Delilah notices his hesitation, and she is somewhat relieved he didn't follow through, unaware of how she would react if they actually kissed.

NEIL

Well, goodnight.

Neil walks away quickly.

DELILAH  
Night, Neil.

Delilah slowly shuts her door. Red cheeks and a small smile plastered on her face.

INT. DELILAH'S BEDROOM - NIGHT

Delilah is snuggled up in a blanket burrito in her bed scrolling on her laptop.

EXT. CITY PARK - THE DAY BEFORE THE EXHIBITION

Delilah and Anissa sit on a park bench, eating hot dogs and talking about last night.

DELILAH  
Stop looking at me like that!

ANISSA  
I can't believe you're dating Neil.

DELILAH  
We are NOT dating. We just went on a date. Huge difference.

ANISSA  
(scoffing)  
Oh my god, are all your kids gonna wear those beanies!

Anissa starts cracking up at the thought of tiny babies in Neil's signature beanie.

DELILAH  
Okay, I'm done with this conversation.

Delilah rolls her eyes and gets up to walk away.

Anissa sighs and goes after her.

ANISSA  
D, wait!

Anissa catches up to her and pulls her arm back.

Delilah stops and turns to face her. Anissa puts her hands up in surrender.

ANISSA (CONT'D)  
I'm done, okay? I'm sorry.

Delilah hesitantly stays still.

ANISSA (CONT'D)

I just never expected you to go out  
with Neil of all people-

Thinking Anissa's going to tease her again, she starts to  
turn back around and walk.

ANISSA (CONT'D)

Wait, wait, wait! I'm just saying I  
didn't see it coming and I was  
shocked, that's all. But if it was  
a good time and it made you happy,  
then I'm happy.

Delilah nods, reassured.

They start walking around the park.

ANISSA (CONT'D)

Any word from your dad?

DELILAH

Uh, yeah actually. I told him I  
would talk with him soon.

ANISSA

Oh shit. That's huge, D. Are you  
ready for that?

DELILAH

If it'll get him to stop calling  
fucking calling all the time.

Anissa notices Delilah's defenses sharpening, so she backs  
off on the conversation. Delilah sighs. The girls keep  
walking.

DELILAH (CONT'D)

I'm nervous.

ANISSA

It's okay to be nervous. It's been  
a long time.

DELILAH

(scoffing)

It's been 10 fucking years, and the  
man thinks he has the right to make  
ME nervous.

ANISSA

I mean...I'm sure he's nervous too.  
If that makes you feel better.

DELILAH

He should be. Because if he expects  
me to be all fake and pleasant,  
he's got another thing coming.

Delilah shakes her head, and the conversation ends. They both  
walk into the distance, eating their hot dogs side by side.

EXT. DELILAH'S APT. BUILDING - CONTINUOUS

Anissa walks Delilah home, but not before reminding her of  
tomorrow's event. Delilah walks up her front apartment steps,  
while Anissa is standing on the sidewalk. They are mid  
conversation.

ANISSA

So... I wasn't gonna tell you this,  
but I ran into Patrick a few days  
ago.

DELILAH

Oh.

ANISSA

Yeah. He was walking along Broad  
St., and we made really awkward eye  
contact. He probably felt like he  
had to say something.

DELILAH

How was he?

ANISSA

Honestly?

DELILAH

Honestly.

ANISSA

I mean from what I saw. He looked  
fine. You're not still pursuing  
that psycho plan right?

DELILAH

It wasn't psycho!

ANISSA

Delilah. You are not still trying  
to break up his engagement, right?

Beat.

DELILAH

No. I'm not.

ANISSA

Good. Hey, don't forget:  
Exhibition's at 8 tomorrow, but get  
there at 7:30 so that I can see you  
beforehand okay?

Anissa voice fades out. Just as she was talking to Delilah, she gets a BUZZ from her jacket pocket. She takes out her phone, seeing a phone call from Neil. Not paying attention to what Anissa had just said, she gives a fake nod and "Okay, see ya!" before going inside to take the call.

INT. DELILAH'S APT. BUILDING - CONTINUOUS

DELILAH

Hey!

NEIL O.T.P.

(dramatically)

Oh, thank god!

DELILAH

What?

NEIL O.T.P.

I just assumed when I didn't have  
to make a lavender latte with soy  
for the crazy crossword lady that  
you died or something. So I figured  
I'd call to make sure that wasn't  
the case.

Delilah giggles, and her cheeks turn to strawberries.

DELILAH

I am in fact alive. So if that's  
the only reason you called I'll let  
you get back to work.

She goes silent to fake hanging up the phone.

NEIL O.T.P.

Wait!

Delilah stays silent.

NEIL O.T.P. (CONT'D)

Delilah, are you still there?

DELILAH

Mhm.

NEIL O.T.P.

Cool. Uh, how are you today?

DELILAH

Well, I got a hot dog in the park so my day is going pretty smoothly so far. How about you?

NEIL O.T.P.

Not too bad. The shop is busy as usual, but nothing out of the ordinary. Except for you not being here.

Beat.

Delilah smirks and her cheeks burn up into a subtle shade of pink.

NEIL O.T.P. (CONT'D)

But uh, anyway, I wanted to ask if you had any plans tomorrow?

INT. DELILAH'S APT. COMPLEX HALLWAY - CONTINUOUS

Delilah walks up the hall stairs to her apartment door. She searches for her keys while holding the phone with her shoulder to her ear.

DELILAH

Not that I can think of. Why?

NEIL O.T.P.

Just wanted to see you...if you're free.

Delilah grins.

DELILAH

Wow. You don't see me for one day and you've already got withdrawal.

NEIL O.T.P.

Oh, shut up.

Delilah snickers through the phone.

DELILAH

Well, there's this new bakery on Hawthorne that I've wanted to try for awhile. I've been looking for an excuse to go. Would you be interested?

NEIL O.T.P.

Definitely!

DELILAH

Okay cool. We'll probably have to take the train though since it's so out of the way. I'd drive but my car is-

NEIL O.T.P.

I can drive.

DELILAH

You have a car?

NEIL O.T.P.

Yeah. Why is that a surprise to you?

DELILAH

I just- I have never seen you drive so I just assumed-

NEIL O.T.P.

Assumed I didn't have a car.

DELILAH

Yeah.

NEIL O.T.P.

Well, contrary to popular belief, I do have one. And I can pick you up in it so you can see for yourself. How's noon tomorrow?

Delilah is caught off guard. She is relieved that Neil wasn't offended by her assumption, but she is knocked off her high horse after recovering from that new development.

DELILAH

Sounds good. Hey, I gotta go, but I'll see you tomorrow, okay?

NEIL O.T.P.

See you tomorrow.

Delilah ends the call, and lightly bangs her head against the door. With each new assumption being proven wrong, she becomes uncomfortable with perceiving herself as an overly judgmental person.

INT. DELILAH'S APT. - CONTINUOUS

Delilah enters her apartment and pours herself a glass of white wine. She looks over at the clock that says "4:25 P.M." She gives a "yikes look" at how early in the afternoon it is, but decides to drink it anyway.

Suddenly, her phone LIGHTS UP with a call from "Bianca". Stunned, Delilah answers.

INT. BIANCA'S APARTMENT - CONTINUOUS

Bianca's apartment is decorated like Home Goods ad. Vases filled with those fake overwhelmingly large feathers stand on either side of her fire place. Her sofa is gray velvet with blue throw pillows, and everything is pristine. Bianca lounges comfortably on her sofa.

BIANCA O.S.

Kate! Where the hell have you been?  
You've been MIA! I miss you!

INT. DELILAH'S APT. - CONTINUOUS

Delilah hops up on her kitchen counter with the wine in her hand.

DELILAH

Oh hey! Yeah, sorry! I've been  
super busy with work and stuff.  
Haven't been able to catch a class  
recently.

INT. BIANCA'S APARTMENT - CONTINUOUS

BIANCA O.S.

I know, I miss my biking buddy!

INT. DELILAH'S APT. - CONTINUOUS

DELILAH

Haha, yeah, I should be back soon!  
But I might need to take a break  
from cycling. It really fucked up  
my...

Delilah scans the room for any inspiration. Her eyes land on some "ELBOW PASTA".

DELILAH (CONT'D)

Elbow!

INT. BIANCA'S APARTMENT - CONTINUOUS

BIANCA O.S.

Your elbow?

INT. DELILAH'S APT. - CONTINUOUS

DELILAH

Yeah. You know, keeping it bent for  
awhile really bothers it. I have an  
overstimulated elbow joint. Only  
like 2% of people have it. Can't  
even really Google it since it's so  
rare so...

INT. BIANCA'S APARTMENT - CONTINUOUS

BIANCA O.S.

Oh shit. Well, even if you don't  
come to class I'd still love to see  
you. Patrick and I are going cake  
tasting tomorrow, but maybe  
sometime soon we can figure  
something out.

INT. DELILAH'S APT. - CONTINUOUS

DELILAH

(sincerely)  
Definitely.

There is some noise fading in the background of Bianca's audio.

INT. BIANCA'S APARTMENT - CONTINUOUS

Patrick waltzes in the front door behind Bianca.

BIANCA O.S.  
 (with Patrick in the  
 background)  
 Oh hey, babe! Sorry Kate, Patrick  
 just got home.

INT. DELILAH'S APT. - CONTINUOUS

Delilah's eyes go wide.

DELILAH  
 Oh. That's okay! I should probably  
 let you go anyway-

INT. BIANCA'S APARTMENT - CONTINUOUS

Patrick sets down groceries on the marble kitchen countertop  
 and begins to put things away in the fridge behind Bianca.

BIANCA O.S.  
 Wait! I almost forgot to ask you!  
 Patrick and I are throwing a house  
 warming party before the wedding,  
 and I want you to come! You can  
 finally meet each other!

INT. DELILAH'S APT. - CONTINUOUS

DELILAH  
 Oh...I...I'm not sure if I can make  
 it.

INT. BIANCA'S APARTMENT - CONTINUOUS

BIANCA O.S.  
 We haven't decided on a date yet.

INT. DELILAH'S APT. - CONTINUOUS

DELILAH  
 I know, but uh...I'm just so busy  
 in the spring time, ya know. But  
 yeah I'll see if I can come. But I  
 gotta go, Bianca. Talk later!

Before Bianca has a chance to say goodbye, Delilah hangs up the phone. Feeling awkward, she sits there on the countertop just staring at nothing and processing. She then puts the wine glass to her lips and chugs the whole glass. She hops off the counter, leaves the glass there, and heads to her room.

INT. DELILAH'S BATHTUB - NIGHT

Delilah is in a green face mask, soaking in a bubble bath filled to the brim with bubbles. She is obnoxiously singing music being played off of her speaker with her eyes closed. She is having a blast in her own company.

The speaker announces, "CALL FROM ARTHUR".

Delilah opens her eyes instantly, snapping out of her alone time. She looks at the phone for a few moments, letting it ring a few more times, before deciding to answer it.

DELILAH

Yes?

ARTHUR O.T.P.

Hi. How are you?

DELILAH

Which is it?

ARTHUR O.T.P.

What?

DELILAH

You either call when you need something from me or to cancel on me, so which is it?

ARTHUR O.T.P.

(sighs)

Delilah, I just wanted to make sure we were still okay to meet up?

Beat.

DELILAH

Yes. I am still available.

ARTHUR O.T.P.

I was thinking we could grab some dinner? I know we said sometime next week, but something came up. So would you be free tomorrow sometime?

Delilah thinks about her plans tomorrow night. Anissa's exhibition totally skips her mind.

DELILAH

I can't tomorrow afternoon. But the evening works for me. How's dinner at 7?

ARTHUR O.T.P.

7 is perfect. You want to go to O'Malley's? I remember how much you loved their curly fries-

DELILAH

Haven't been there since I was 15, Dad.

The word "Dad" flowed too naturally off of her tongue. She abruptly stopped talking, shocked she called him that when she hasn't said that word in years. Even Arthur went silent too.

DELILAH (CONT'D)

But yeah. We can meet there. Don't be late.

ARTHUR O.T.P.

I won't be. Okay, I'll let you go now. See you tomorrow.

Too speechless to say anymore, Delilah hangs up the phone without a farewell. She sits in the tub silent as the music blares over the speaker again.

INT. DELILAH'S BEDROOM - NIGHT

The window shines with city lights and commotion can be heard beyond the apartment. Time lapses as it turns from night to morning.

INT. DELILAH'S BEDROOM - DAY

Delilah's phone alarm rings at 9:00 A.M. "SATURDAY, MARCH 24" shows up on the screen after Delilah stops her alarm. It is the day of Anissa's exhibition, and Delilah doesn't have a clue.

She hops out of bed, and heads to the bathroom.

INT. DELILAH'S BATHROOM - CONTINUOUS

Delilah exists the bathroom fully clothes and ready for the day. She put on her newest spring dress for her date with Neil. Putting on some lip gloss, she holds her phone front camera up to her face and makes some pouty lips. The time now reads "11:45 A.M.". She waits eagerly for Neil to knock at her door.

A few moments go by, and Delilah checks her phone for the time. A KNOCK is suddenly heard from the other side of the door.

Eagerly, Delilah shuffles to open the door. She opens the door to Neil holding another bouquet of flowers in his hands. This time, it is a lovely colorful arrangement of Hydrangeas, Baby's Breath, and Roses.

Delilah smiles warmly.

DELILAH

You didn't have to bring me flowers. Again.

NEIL

I know. I wanted to.

Neil hands them to her, and she invites him in while she goes to put them in water.

He is wearing a gray turtleneck and dark wash jeans rolled up at the bottoms. He still wears the same beanie and sneakers from their last date.

Neil scans her apartment, taking everything in. He has lived 2 floors below her for years now, but this is the first time he's been in her unit. He walks around, intrigued by everything.

NEIL (CONT'D)

You're place is more colorful than I thought it'd be.

Delilah fixes up the flowers in a vase on the kitchen counter.

DELILAH

What did you think it was gonna be like?

NEIL

I just didn't think it would be as vibrant.

Delilah gives him a slightly offended glance.

NEIL (CONT'D)

No, no! I didn't mean it as a bad thing. I just thought it would be more minimalistic and monochrome. But this is dope! Seriously.

DELILAH

(jokingly)

Mhmmmm.

NEIL

Really, I didn't mean- I'm just gonna shut up now.

Delilah chuckles. Neil's word fumbling is cute to her.

Neil walks around more, and he spots a picture of Delilah and Anissa when they were younger. Delilah notices the picture he's looking at.

NEIL (CONT'D)

Is this you and Anissa?

She nods.

NEIL (CONT'D)

Wow.

Delilah moves closer to him.

DELILAH

What?

NEIL

Even as a kid, Anissa still looks like she'd kick my ass.

Delilah lets out a snort. Neil laughs instantly after this.

DELILAH

She 100% would. But she's seriously the best. We've been best friends since 2nd grade, and she's literally the most loyal person I've ever met in my life.

NEIL

I believe it.

They are both looking at the picture, as Delilah gets more vulnerable with Neil.

DELILAH

She's always looked out for me.  
When my dad left, she was  
constantly coming over for  
sleepovers just to make sure I  
wasn't alone crying. She'd let me  
talk, or even just cry, for hours.  
Even when Patrick and I broke up  
she was always checking up on me.

Delilah goes silent. Neil notices the shift in energy.

NEIL

Why did you and Patrick break up?

Delilah's eyes shoot to his.

DELILAH

It's complicated. I don't really  
want to talk about it.

NEIL

Oh. Gotcha. I'm sorry, I shouldn't  
have even asked -

DELILAH

It's fine! We should probably go  
though.

Delilah and Neil both file out the door.

EXT. DELILAH'S APT. BUILDING - CONTINUOUS

Delilah and Neil walk out the door. A 2013 white Audi Sedan  
is parked behind a beat up gray Honda CRV. Delilah  
immediately heads towards the CRV, but Neil heads towards the  
Audi.

NEIL

Where ya goin?

DELILAH

(confused)  
To the car...

She notices Neil is pulling out keys for the Audi. Her eyes  
go wide.

DELILAH (CONT'D)

THAT'S your car?

Neil unlocks the car. He goes around to the passenger side  
and opens Delilah's door for her.

NEIL  
(casually)  
Uh huh.

Delilah looks at him completely dumbfounded. She walks to the passenger side and sits in silently. Neil lightly shuts the door and walks back to the driver's side.

INT. NEIL'S CAR - CONTINUOUS

The radio is playing some 70's classics, while Delilah and Neil sit in silence. To Neil, it feels like comfortable silence, but Delilah is still trying to figure out how this is happening.

DELILAH  
Neil?

Neil glances over to her while her eyes are still straight ahead.

NEIL  
Mhm?

DELILAH  
How the fuck are you driving an Audi?

NEIL  
What do you mean?

DELILAH  
You work at a coffee shop. Last time I checked, I didn't see a lot of baristas whipping around in Audi's.

Neil's brows furrow. Delilah waits for his response, but he takes his time.

DELILAH (CONT'D)  
(jokingly)  
Should I be concerned? Are you a secret mob boss or something?

NEIL  
Promise you. No mob business here.

DELILAH  
Then how? Cartel? Hitman? What aren't you telling me?

Beat.

NEIL  
You do that a lot.

DELILAH  
Do what?

NEIL  
Assume you know everything.

Delilah stiffens, and she goes on the defensive.

DELILAH  
Excuse me?

NEIL  
You do. "How could Neil possibly afford an Audi?" He works at a coffee shop, so he should drive a shitty car. "Neil's wearing that ugly ass beanie again. I'll bet it's cause he doesn't wash his hair." I've heard what you and Anissa say about me in the shop. You're always assuming you know me and how I am.

Delilah's defense instincts kick in.

DELILAH  
Well, you do the same with me. What about you knowing I like tulips or knowing my coffee order? You think you know me too.

NEIL  
Delilah, do you hear yourself? Those are completely different. Facts and assumptions are two totally different things.

They both go silent. Delilah turns up the music to fill out the awkwardness within the car. They remain like this till they reach the bakery.

"ITS NOT UNUSUAL" by Tom Jones comes onto the radio. Neil turns up the volume dial to drown out the awkwardness, and hums along quietly to the song. Delilah looks out the window, but also joins in humming.

NEIL (CONT'D)  
You like this song?

DELILAH  
Mhm.

NEIL  
(looking straight ahead at  
the road)  
It's one of my favorites.

EXT. BAKERY PARKING LOT - CONTINUOUS

Neil parks the car and gets out. Delilah takes a moment, but this gives Neil the opportunity to go over to the passenger side and still politely open the door for her.

She gets out of the car, and they make their way to the bakery.

NEIL  
(walking next to her)  
It was a present. A college  
graduation present from my mom.

They continue to walk to the bakery. Neil holds the door open for Delilah, and she thanks him as they walk into the space.

INT. BAKERY - CONTINUOUS

Inside the bakery there are booths all around the windows. There is a back room with more seating. At the front of the entrance, there is a counter with a cash register and menu board hanging on the wall behind.

There is a chipper young woman behind the counter. This BAKERY WORKER seems enthusiastic to have customers coming in.

BAKERY WORKER  
Hey guys! Welcome to Tasty Treats!  
You can sit anywhere, and I will be  
with you shortly.

They both smile and nod. Neil spots an open booth near the corner, and he heads over there.

They both sit on opposite sides of the booth, facing each other.

Neil starts perusing the menu, but Delilah looks at him, waiting for him to look back.

DELILAH  
Can we start over?

Neil looks up at her from his menu.

DELILAH (CONT'D)

I didn't mean to ruin the vibe.

He still stays silent, but he continues to give her attention.

DELILAH (CONT'D)

I've been looking forward to this...to hanging out with you again.

Breaking his serious shell, he softens up.

NEIL

Me too.

They both soften in demeanor. Delilah reaches for Neil's hand and puts her own over his for a small moment. This reassuring gesture dissolves the tension.

Delilah grazes through the menu.

DELILAH

The lemon poppyseed scones look amazing.

NEIL

I'm eyeing the triple chocolate cheesecake myself.

The bakery worker comes by to grab their orders.

BAKERY WORKER

Are you both ready to order?

NEIL

You can go first.

DELILAH

I'll have the lemon poppyseed scones and a cafe latte please?

The worker writes down the order. She then turns to Neil.

NEIL

I'll do the triple chocolate cheesecake with a green tea.

BAKERY WORKER

Awesome! Those will be out shortly!

The worker starts to walk back to the counter. Delilah calls her back.

DELILAH

Excuse me! Where's the bathroom?

BAKERY WORKER

It's straight down that hallway.  
Second door to the left!

The worker walks away.

DELILAH

I'll be right back. Gonna go use  
the restroom.

NEIL

Okay. Sounds good.

Delilah gets up from her booth, and makes her way to the bathroom.

INT. BAKERY HALLWAY - CONTINUOUS

Delilah walks too far past the bathroom door, and she sees the opening to the backroom of the bakery. Curious, she peaks her head in the opening to take a look at what the space looks like. As she's scanning the room, she nearly has a heart attack when she spots Patrick and Bianca cake tasting.

Delilah gasps so loudly that Patrick and Bianca turn their heads toward the hallway, but she whips her head out of the way before they notice her.

She darts to the bathroom, and rushes in.

INT. BAKERY WOMEN'S BATHROOM - CONTINUOUS

Delilah throws herself into a stall. She starts hyperventilating and panicking. She completely forgot that Bianca mentioned the cake tasting to her, and she never considered that it would be at the same bakery she was going to.

Next to her, another woman is seemingly having her own mental breakdown. She is screaming on the phone at her ex-husband about miscellaneous things.

Delilah calms herself down with some deep breathing and collects herself. She takes one last breath, and exits the stall. She goes to the sink and fixes her makeup.

The woman in the stall next to her also comes out and joins her at the sink. It's Meredith, the woman who berated Delilah at the cross walk. It seems like Meredith doesn't remember Delilah, but Delilah sure remembers her.

Meredith is wearing an apron with the bakery logo. Her hair is still as disheveled as the first time Delilah saw her, and her eyes are covered in crocodile tears.

She becomes extremely tense and can't take her eyes off of Meredith. Meredith notices her staring.

MEREDITH

What? Never heard of a woman going through a divorce before?

Delilah instantly looks away.

DELILAH

Sorry.

MEREDITH

(sighs)

Ya know, you'd think 15 years of marriage would mean something, right? Am I right? But no. As soon as a size 2 with double D's takes one of your classes, it's screw the wife, huh? I thought it was a pretty common rule that PROFESSORS DON'T SLEEP WITH THEIR STUDENTS!

Delilah stands there still with fear.

DELILAH

(quietly)

Yeah, that's messed u-

MEREDITH

Of course it's messed up! And the cherry on the fucking top is he wants the damn dog too. How would YOU feel if your cheating dirtbag of a husband tried to take your fur baby away from you?

DELILAH

(still quietly)

Uh, I'd feel angry-

MEREDITH

(shouting)

Yeah! I'd feel pretty angry too!

In the heat of her rage, Meredith smells a familiar scent. She looks at Delilah.

MEREDITH (CONT'D)

Did you eat popcorn or something?

DELILAH

What?

MEREDITH

You smell like popcorn.

DELILAH

Uh, no. Must be from somewhere else.

Meredith looks closer at her, trying to place her face.

MEREDITH

Do we know each other? I feel like we've met before.

DELILAH

Uh, nope! I don't think so.

Delilah quickly exits the bathroom.

INT. BAKERY - CONTINUOUS

Delilah goes back to her booth, rattled by the events of the past few minutes.

Neil sighs with relief. The baked goods are already on the table.

NEIL

Jesus, I thought you climbed out the window or something.

He lightly chuckles.

DELILAH

Ha! That'd be wild, wouldn't it?

Delilah nervously scoots in her seat. She tries to distract herself with the pastry.

DELILAH (CONT'D)

Looks good.

NEIL

You gotta try a bite of mine, it's too good.

Neil takes his fork, delicately scoops off a piece of the cheesecake, and motions for Delilah to crane her neck forward.

She blushes, and obliges. Neil softly feeds Delilah the cheesecake.

Delilah's eyes light up.

DELILAH  
(with a mouth full of  
cheesecake)  
Holy shit. This is really good.

NEIL  
Told ya. I don't lie, Delilah.

The two keep enjoying their desserts and engaging in light hearted conversation.

Suddenly, Meredith bursts through from the back room to the front of the shop shouting out her frustrations.

MEREDITH  
Someone get me a god damn Xanax! I have tried vanilla bean, yellow cake, marble, german chocolate, cherry almond, lemon, and almost every kind of cake in the fucking book. These people are gonna be the reason my ex-husband's gonna get the beach house in Malibu after I throw myself off of a fucking cliff!

The Bakery Worker shakes like a frightened puppy, waiting to be screamed at. It's apparent that Meredith's temper is usual around the work place.

Delilah tries to hide herself from Meredith's view. Neil observes her with a furrowed brow.

NEIL  
You good?

DELILAH  
Hmmm?

Delilah is eyeing Meredith down like a hawk, watching her every move.

NEIL  
Hey.

Neil waves his hand in front of Delilah, getting her attention.

DELILAH

Huh?

NEIL

You seem... out of it. You okay?

Delilah switches eye contact between watching for Meredith and Neil.

DELILAH

Oh yeah. Sorry. I just thought I saw someone I knew.

Meredith flings her arms up in frustration, yelling profanities at the bakery worker.

NEIL

How's the scone?

Delilah looks at her plate, realizing she's only taken a few bites, while Neil is nearly done with his cheesecake.

DELILAH

Oh, it's really good. I'm just trying to savor it. Here try some!

Delilah passes her plate to Neil. He takes a bite, and slowly licks crumbs off of his lips. Delilah stops looking for Meredith, and her attention gets drawn to Neil.

Neil smiles, chewing happily.

NEIL

(signaling to the scone  
while his mouth is full)

Good.

Delilah can't take her eyes off of Neil now. She is fully attracted to him and she is visibly swooning.

Neil doesn't seem to notice, but he smiles back as he passes back the plate. They both continue to eat in content silence.

INT. BACK ROOM HALLWAY - CONTINUOUS

Just as things were getting calmer, Patrick and Bianca walk out from the back room, while Delilah doesn't notice. Bianca immediately spots Delilah.

INT. BAKERY - CONTINUOUS

BIANCA

Kate?

Delilah casually turns her head, but she immediately shields her face after seeing Bianca.

DELILAH

(to herself)

You've gotta be fucking kidding me.

BIANCA

Kate!

Bianca pulls Patrick's hand behind her as she makes her way to the booth. Delilah starts to breathe heavy, and her face goes pale.

Bianca and Patrick finally make their way to the booth. Delilah's face is still shielded, and Patrick hasn't noticed yet since he is glued to his phone.

Neil notices Patrick, and he is completely confused, but he stays silent to see what's going to happen.

BIANCA (CONT'D)

I thought that was you! Patrick and  
I just finished wedding cake  
tasting! Didn't really land on a  
flavor yet

(whispers)

And the head baker is a fucking nut  
job-

Bianca points over to the corner where Meredith is still yelling at the young baker employee while also picking her teeth and using a spoon as her mirror.

BIANCA (CONT'D)

-So we are gonna try some other  
places out.

Delilah nods but doesn't look up. Neil keeps looking over at Delilah, concerned but also curious as to why she's acting so weird. He can feel the table shaking from her incessant leg tapping.

Bianca nudges Patrick to look up from his phone.

BIANCA (CONT'D)

Patrick. This is Kate! My friend  
from spin class I told you about.

Patrick finally looks up from his phone. Despite her covering her face, he recognizes Delilah immediately.

Delilah uncovers her face, ashamed with scarlet flooding her face. She has no words. She just looks at him.

Neil watches her intently.

PATRICK  
What the fuck?

Bianca's head snaps over to him, shocked by his choice of words.

Delilah still says nothing.

BIANCA  
Patrick!

Neil looks back and forth between Delilah and Patrick.

NEIL  
(utterly confused)  
Delilah?

BIANCA  
(looking to Bianca)  
What the hell is going on?

Patrick lets out harking laugh, making everyone else extremely uncomfortable.

He gestures over to Delilah.

PATRICK  
THIS is Kate? The one you've been  
talking about for months now?

Delilah still hasn't said a word, sitting in the booth. Her eyes begin to well up. Patrick towers over her in anger.

PATRICK (CONT'D)  
Of course. Of course, this is  
fucking hysterical. Delilah, what  
the fuck is wrong with you? YOU'RE  
the one who cheated! YOU'RE the one  
who messed up! And now YOU'RE the  
one who's trying to ruin my life?

DELILAH  
Patrick, I-

PATRICK

Did you lie to Bianca just to get close to me or something? Like seriously, do you realize how fucked up that is? Does that compute in your selfish fucking brain?

Tears are streaming down Delilah's face.

PATRICK (CONT'D)

(points to Bianca)

She is going to be my wife. I love her! You must be sick in the head if you thought that playing this part or whatever you were trying to do was gonna make me want to get back together with you.

DELILAH

Patrick, that's not-

PATRICK

Seriously, don't ever come near me or Bianca again.

Patrick takes Bianca's hand and they storm out of the bakery together. Bianca stops in her tracks and turns back to Delilah.

BIANCA

Were you the one that messed up my wedding dress?

Delilah nodded eyes to the floor, completely ashamed in herself.

BIANCA (CONT'D)

I feel sorry for you.

Bianca exits the bakery.

Delilah collapses into a pool of tears, not realizing that Neil was still across the booth from her.

NEIL

So is that what this was? A decoy date?

Delilah's head pops back up.

DELILAH

Neil. No, no, no, that's not what this was at all. I really like yo-

NEIL

You're the one who wanted to come here. You wanted to see them here. You thought this would be a good cover.

DELILAH

Neil, no that's not it at all!

NEIL

Was the first date even real then? Or were you still practicing your part?

DELILAH

Neil, please just listen to me.

Neil springs up from his seat at the booth, completely done with her and her words.

NEIL

I've been listening to you, Delilah, I've been listening to you for YEARS. I've listened to you gush about Patrick, gossip with Anissa, and bitch about literally everything on fucking planet Earth. All you ever do is find reasons to be the victim. And I'm not sticking around to here this one. I'm done.

Neil bursts out of the booth and angrily heads toward the exit.

DELILAH

Neil, wait!

Delilah rushes after him, but she suddenly collides with Meredith, who has her hands full with baking supplies. The collision causes the supplies, and the two women to crash to the floor.

DELILAH (CONT'D)

(rubbing her back)

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

Delilah starts helping Meredith pick up the scattered supplies. Meredith is still fueled by her earlier rage, and she just blathers curses to herself out of frustration. As the two are on the ground collecting everything, Meredith crawls by Delilah, and sniffs her.

MEREDITH

I know that smell.

DELILAH

What?

MEREDITH

Bath & Body Works and Movie Theatre  
popcorn.

Beat.

Meredith remembers the car incident, and goes feral.

MEREDITH (CONT'D)

YOU!

DELILAH

(to herself)  
Son of a bitch.

MEREDITH

You almost killed me!

Delilah sighs.

DELILAH

It was an accident!

MEREDITH

You're psycho!

Delilah has had enough of Meredith's attacks.

DELILAH

I'M A PSYCHO? You've been screaming  
at that girl for the past 30  
minutes about fucking cake flavors,  
and it looked like she was gonna  
have to check herself into a  
fucking psych ward! And just some  
advice: NOT EVERYONE NEEDS TO KNOW  
ABOUT YOUR FUCKING DIVORCE! Hank  
sounds like a piece of shit, but  
either get a therapist or do a kick  
boxing class or something!

Delilah flees the bakery. Meredith shouts after her.

MEREDITH

Do you think I need therapy?

Meredith turns to the young bakery employee rocking on the  
floor in the back of the shop crying out of anxiety. She  
makes brief eye contact before hanging her head down again.

MEREDITH (CONT'D)

Well, shit.

EXT. BAKERY PARKING LOT - CONTINUOUS

Delilah searches to see if Neil is still there, but his car is no longer in the lot.

DELILAH

(screaming to the sky)

FUUUUUCKKKK!

INT. TRAIN CAR - DAY

Delilah sits alone on the train, heading back to her apartment. Her eyes are stained with crocodile tears, her face is red and puffy, and she looks like all the life is drained from her body. She just stares blankly out the window.

Her phone RINGS. She looks at the caller I.D., and it reads, "ARTHUR".

She picks up the phone.

DELILAH

Hello?

ARTHUR O.T.P.

Hey! Just wanted to check-in about tonight. We still good to go?

DELILAH

Uh... yeah. Yeah, we're still good.  
7 at O'Malley's right?

ARTHUR O.T.P.

7 at O'Malley's. See you soon,  
kiddo.

Pause.

DELILAH

Bye.

Delilah hangs up the phone and takes in a large inhale. She exhales with stress and exhaustion lingering on her body.

INT. DELILAH'S APARTMENT - DAY

Delilah unlocks the door and walks in lifeless. She flings her purse on the couch and plops down beside it. The clock reads 5:30 P.M. She decides to turn on the TV and watch whatever's on.

INT. DELILAH'S BATHROOM - CONTINUOUS

After awhile of watching TV, she goes to the bathroom to wash the makeup smudges off her face, and reapply. She takes a long look at herself in the mirror, and her lip quivers. Soon, she's full on sobbing at her reflection. Taking some deep breaths, she turns on the faucet and lets the hot water run. She puts a wash cloth under the running water and lets it absorb.

After a moment, she takes the cloth to her face, and pats it in gently, soothingly. This calms her down.

INT. DELILAH'S BEDROOM - CONTINUOUS

Delilah shuts the bathroom door closed.

INT. DELILAH'S BEDROOM - NIGHT

The door opens to Delilah being fully dressed for the evening and having a new face of makeup applied.

She checks her phone for the time. It reads 6:45 P.M. She heads out the door.

EXT. OUTSIDE O'MALLEY'S - NIGHT

Delilah keeps checking her phone again out of anxiety, but she annoys herself. So she decides to shut off her phone completely before walking in. She shakes her hands, takes a deep breath, and walks into the diner.

INT. O'MALLEY'S - CONTINUOUS

Delilah scans the diner as she enters until she lands on a familiar leather jacket at the end of the counter. Her breath hitches.

She stands there, seemingly unable to move, just watching him. The man hasn't noticed her yet, as he is sipping his coffee and looking in the opposite direction, but Delilah holds in a bundle of emotions while looking over to him.

She turns subtly, and sees her finally. ARTHUR's eyes light up, and he straightens his posture. He waits for her to come over.

Delilah takes this as her cue to move. She shuffles nervously over to him.

ARTHUR

Wow.

Delilah stands in front of her chair.

ARTHUR (CONT'D)

You really look just like her.

Beat.

ARTHUR (CONT'D)

Do you wanna sit?

DELILAH

Oh. Yeah.

She sits down awkwardly.

ARTHUR

How've you been?

DELILAH

Honestly, I've been better.

ARTHUR

What's going on?

GINA, a waitress in her 50s, makes her way to the counter.

GINA

Hey love, what can I get for you?

DELILAH

Just a coffee, please. Cream and Sugar.

GINA

Sounds good, pumpkin. And would you like another refill on yours, sir?

ARTHUR

Yes, please.

GINA

Sure thing.

She throws them a playful wink and moseys on her way. Delilah and Arthur carry on with their conversation.

DELILAH  
It's not important.

ARTHUR  
Alright.

Beat.

Gina comes back with the coffee pot and pours up two steaming mugs for them. She sets down Delilah's cream and sugar packets and goes back to talking to the regulars.

DELILAH  
How are you though?

ARTHUR  
I'm doing good. Honestly. I'm working at Kirk's friend's start-up doing finance work for them, and I-

DELILAH  
Are you sober?

Arthur sighs.

ARTHUR  
Yeah. It's been almost 4 years now.

DELILAH  
Good.

Delilah keeps stirring her coffee, even though she's been doing so for the past minute.

DELILAH (CONT'D)  
Have you talked to mom recently?

ARTHUR  
Uh... no, I haven't.

DELILAH  
Well, she's doing good. She's got a boyfriend now.

Awkward beat.

ARTHUR  
Okay, can we cut the bullshit?

DELILAH  
Excuse me?

ARTHUR  
We don't need to do the small talk.

Pause.

ARTHUR (CONT'D)  
Delilah, I know you're angry at me.  
Lets talk about that.

Delilah freezes from the direct confrontation.

DELILAH  
Talk about what?

ARTHUR  
Whatever it is that made you hate  
me so much.

DELILAH  
I don't hate you.

ARTHUR  
You sure about that?

DELILAH  
I mean, I did hate you. For awhile.  
What was I suppose to do? One  
second you and mom are celebrating  
your anniversary and the next mom  
is screaming at you to get out of  
the house waving some other woman's  
bra in your face while your drunk  
out of your fucking mind.

Arthur sighs, listening with a saddened expression.

You never even owned up to it  
either. I had to put the pieces  
together myself. I was 13!

ARTHUR  
Delilah-

DELILAH  
I mean seriously you really screwed  
me up. And you never even reached  
out either. Why didn't you reach  
out?

Delilah starts to tear up. She sniffles hard to push away her  
frustration, but her cheeks are beginning to swell.

Beat.

ARTHUR  
I don't know.

DELILAH  
Bull shit.

ARTHUR  
Seriously, I don't know. I was extremely selfish and ashamed at that point in my life. I guess...I guess I just didn't wanna see your face. Your broken little face...because if I saw your face I'd shatter into a million pieces.

The conversation naturally closes. Arthur takes a long sip of his coffee, and Delilah follows suit. Her silent gaze drowns out all the background chatter.

Delilah sets her coffee down.

DELILAH  
(calmly)  
You really did mess me up.

Arthur sets down his cup.

ARTHUR  
I know.

DELILAH  
I cheated on my boyfriend.

Arthur stays quiet.

DELILAH (CONT'D)  
And now I fucked up something that could've been really good.

Delilah takes another sip of coffee.

DELILAH (CONT'D)  
You know, I really wanted to come here, scream at you, and just walk out. I thought that I'd be able to blame you for all my shit and just leave.

Arthur watches her, ashamed.

Delilah takes a deep sigh.

DELILAH (CONT'D)

But I'm not 13 anymore. Jesus, I  
need to grow the fuck up.

Delilah chokes back tears, but they eventually win.

ARTHUR

Delilah...I am so sorry.

She looks at him, their eyes lock. She nods assuringly.

DELILAH

I know.

EXT. OUTSIDE O'MALLEY'S - A FEW HOURS LATER

Delilah and Arthur exit the diner, talking casually about something. They have been sitting and reconnecting at the diner for hours, and now the night is winding down.

Delilah starts to head in the direction toward her apartment. Arthur walks alongside her. They are mid-conversation.

DELILAH

And I just don't even know what to  
say to him at this point.

ARTHUR

Can I be honest?

Delilah nods.

ARTHUR (CONT'D)

I know this could sound like a load  
of b.s. from me, but do the  
selfless thing.

DELILAH

What do you mean?

ARTHUR

I know you want to make peace, but  
think before you act on this one.  
It might seem like you're trying to  
fix everything, but it just sounds  
like the best thing is to leave it  
alone, Delilah.

They walk back to Delilah's apartment.

EXT. DELILAH'S APT. BUILDING - CONTINUOUS

They stop at the front steps of Delilah's building.

ARTHUR

As for the Neil situation, I think that is still salvageable. Just don't be an ass like me and wait too long to apologize. He seems like a good one.

DELILAH

Noted.

They both share a hearty laugh.

DELILAH (CONT'D)

Can we do this again soon?

ARTHUR

I'd love that.

DELILAH

Okay, cool. Text me when you get home?

ARTHUR

Sure thing.

Arthur starts to walk away, and Delilah watches him leave, but then makes her way into her apartment building.

He turns around, gives her a warm glance when she isn't looking, and walks away.

INT. DELILAH'S APT. - CONTINUOUS

Delilah waltzes into her apartment. She throws her jacket on a nearby chair and plops on her sofa. When she goes to check her phone, she realizes it's been off for hours, so she holds down the power button to turn it fully on again.

Her phone screen is filled with notification banners that read: "3 MISSED CALLS FROM ANISSA" and "4 TEXT MESSAGES FROM ANISSA".

Delilah looks concerned as she's going through the messages:

"Hey I saved you a seat. When will you be here?" sent 7:20 P.M.

"D, where tf are you?" sent 7:35 P.M.

"YOU BETTER BE DEAD OR KIDNAPPED BITCH" sent 7:50 P.M.

"Delilah what the fuck?" sent 9:30 P.M.

Delilah looks at these messages puzzled. She thinks long and hard about what Anissa is talking about, until she finally remembers the photography exhibition was tonight.

DELILAH

Oh FUCK! Fuck! Fuck! Fuck!

Delilah frantically calls Anissa. He waits for the dial tone to cease, but it goes to voicemail.

DELILAH (CONT'D)

Shit!

Delilah waits for the voicemail to start.

DELILAH (CONT'D)

(talking to the phone)

Anissa, I am so so so sorry. I totally lost track of time, and I must've forgotten to write the date down. Oh my god, I am really sorry. Please call me back.

Delilah hangs up the phone, and she throws it onto the couch in anger. Guilt festers in her stomach. She sits on the couch with her hands in her head, sulking.

INT. BAILEY'S COFFEE SHOP - 2 WEEKS LATER

Delilah walks into the coffee shop, with her phone pressed against her ear.

DELILAH

Alright, talk soon. Okay. Bye, Dad.

She ends the call, and walks towards the counter. She's just about to order her usual when Neil comes out from the storage closet. Delilah seems surprised. She finishes her order with the barista and follows Neil to the other end of the counter.

Neil doesn't make eye contact and pretends to be busy with tasks.

DELILAH (CONT'D)

Hey!

Neil ignores her.

DELILAH (CONT'D)  
You busy today?

NEIL  
Mhm.

DELILAH  
Neil? Can you look at me?

Neil stops what he's doing to look directly into her eyes. His harsh glare hurts Delilah's feelings, but she understands.

NEIL  
There. Looking.

DELILAH  
(softly)  
Neil.

Just as Delilah tries to talk further with Neil, she notices a familiar face. Anissa walks in to order, but as soon as she sees Delilah, she turns around and walks out of the shop.

DELILAH (CONT'D)  
Shit! I'll be right back! Can you set my coffee aside when it's ready?

Before she gets a response, she chases after Anissa.

EXT. CITY SIDEWALK - CONTINUOUS

Delilah yells after Anissa, but Anissa keeps walking.

DELILAH  
Anissa! Anissa stop!

Finally, Delilah catches up to Anissa, and gently grabs her arm to stop her.

Anissa whips around, furious.

ANISSA  
What?!

DELILAH  
Anissa, I am so sorry. Shit hit the fan on my date, and I ran into Patrick again, and then I met up with my dad-

ANISSA

Delilah, stop! Jesus! I'm so fed up with this!

DELILAH

Anissa, I'm just explaining why -

ANISSA

You've always got an explanation for everything. Nothing's ever your fault.

Delilah tries to get another word in, but Anissa is fired up.

ANISSA (CONT'D)

I told you for weeks about it. I reminded you because I knew you would forget. I talked about it with you last week! And you still didn't show up!

DELILAH

I know. I know you're angry, and I get that-

ANISSA

Angry?! No shit I'm angry. My best friend has been going on a psychotic goose chase for her ex-boyfriend, starts dating the weird fucking barista we've been clowning on for years now, and ditches the biggest opportunity I've ever had in my life! You only ever care when it's about you, Delilah.

Anissa walks away. Delilah is left speechless.

Delilah walk back to the coffee shop to get her latte.

INT. BAILEY'S COFFEE SHOP - CONTINUOUS

Delilah enters the shop again to get her coffee. She eagerly looks to see if Neil is at the counter still, but he is no where in sight. But she does see her name on a to-go cup at the edge of the counter. After doing a final scan for Neil, Delilah gives up, takes the coffee, and leaves.

EXT. CITY PARK - CONTINUOUS

Delilah sits on a park bench people watching with her coffee. She spots a pair of birds splashing their wings in a nearby pond. Then, she spots a young girl being pushed on the swing by her father, laughing in the air.

While looking around, Delilah eyes a familiar pair. Patrick and Bianca are lying on a blanket in the grass at the other end of the park. Bianca's head is in Patrick's lap while she reads a book. Patrick is scrolling on his phone, but then he catches a glimpse of Bianca and smiles contently.

Delilah watches them for awhile discretely. She pulls out her phone and begins to type something in her "Notes App".

INT. PHOTO GALLERY - DAY

Delilah tries to call Anissa, but no answer. She walks into the gallery where Anissa held her exhibition. She goes up to a GALLERY WORKER for assistance.

DELILAH

Hi. I'm looking for Anissa Warner's exhibition.

GALLERY WORKER

Well the official exhibition already happened, but we still have a few of her photographs on display if you'd like to see those.

DELILAH

That'd be great, thanks.

The gallery worker gives Delilah a nod and shows her to the section of Anissa's work.

GALLERY WORKER

All of Ms. Warner's work is in this corner.

The gallery worker leaves Delilah alone.

Delilah walks around looking intimately at each photograph. Some are pictures of nature, some have still models, but the one that stands out to Delilah is a picture of herself.

It's a candid shot of Delilah doing her crossword puzzle at Bailey's. Her brow is scrunched in concentration, and she's biting the corner of her lip. It is a large, black and white picture. The title below it reads "UNACCEPTED DEFEAT".

She takes a few more moments to examine the photo, then she leaves.

INT. DELILAH'S APT. COMPLEX HALLWAY - EVENING

Delilah walks toward the steps to get to her floor, when she spots Neil by the mailboxes checking his mail. Delilah doesn't waste the opportunity and jets toward him.

Neil notices her approaching and tries to scurry back to his apartment, but Delilah prevents his escape.

DELILAH

Hi.

Neil attempts to ignore her, his eyes looking anywhere but at her face.

DELILAH (CONT'D)

Neil.

He remains stubborn.

DELILAH (CONT'D)

Can I just...say something?

NEIL

(shuffling mail in his hands)

Doing that now, aren't you?

Delilah sighs. She wants desperately to rip the mail out of his hands to get Neil to look at her, but she refrains.

DELILAH

Neil, I'm seriously so-

Neil abruptly stops shuffling mail and looks Delilah right in the face, a disgruntled expression across his brows.

NEIL

If you're gonna say 'I'm so sorry' and then expect me to forgive you, then just stop.

DELILAH

That's not what I was going to say.

Neil tries to move past Delilah, but he drops his mail in the process. He huffs annoyed and bends down to pick up the scattered envelopes. Delilah rushes down beside him to help pick everything up.

DELILAH (CONT'D)

I know after what happened with Patrick and Bianca, I look really sketchy, I get that. But I promise you that they had NOTHING to do with me asking you out to the bakery. That was me.

Delilah glances at Neil, waiting to see if he is willing to listen further. Neil takes a long stare at Delilah. Obviously exhausted, but he listens to her anyway. He inhales and exhales a deep breath, and gives her a gesture to continue on.

Delilah starts frantically picking up mail, and she quickens her movements with the anxiousness of her speech patter. Neil cannot take his eyes off of her, and he is filled with puzzlement and curiosity for what she has to say.

DELILAH (CONT'D)

I know I've been I've been a stuck up brat for no reason. And I know I fucked up, and you don't trust me, but I really just want you to know that I'm done giving myself excuses.

Delilah and Neil reach for an envelope at the same time, and their hands touch. Both of them freeze, hands still touching. Delilah's eyes find Neil's first. They hold silent contact for a long, dense moment.

DELILAH (CONT'D)

Look. You don't have to speak to me again, you don't have to forgive, but I need you to know that you deserve so much more than me.

After receiving nothing back from Neil, Delilah takes this as her cue to leave. She gets halfway up the staircase when Neil finally responds.

NEIL

I can't not speak to you.

Delilah freezes, waiting to hear what he will say next.

NEIL (CONT'D)

I'm gonna have to call out your name when you order the same fucking drink over and over again.

Delilah's lips perk into a grin. Neil's expression relaxes, but he still tries to remain stone faced despite his sarcastic remark.

DELILAH

If it makes you feel better, you can write "BITCH" on the order and yell that out.

Neil smirks.

NEIL

Don't tempt me.

The smiles fade, and the two are left in comfortable silence for a moment.

NEIL (CONT'D)

This doesn't mean we're back to where we were though.

Delilah nods.

NEIL (CONT'D)

I don't think I'm ready for that yet.

DELILAH

And I completely get that.

NEIL

But, I can do friends.

Delilah gives a small, closed mouth smile full of relief and gratitude. She continues up the steps to her apartment. Neil's eyes linger on her for a beat, but he snaps back into reality and heads back to his apartment.

Delilah is incredibly relieved from that conversation, and she marches confidently into her apartment.

INT. DELILAH'S BEDROOM - THE DAY OF THE WEDDING

Delilah has her phone next to her at her desk, as she's copying the letter she wrote in her phone down on a piece of paper.

DELILAH V.O.

Patrick,  
I know I am the last person you ever want to hear from again, but I just have to say a few things.

(MORE)

DELILAH V.O. (CONT'D)

Then, I promise, I will never reach out again. First of all...

The voice over continues as Delilah puts on her outfit and makeup in front of her bathroom mirror.

DELILAH V.O. (CONT'D)

You deserved better than me, and I'm happy you've found that. My actions had nothing to do with you. You were the best boyfriend, and I was a mess. There was so much I needed to deal with, and I took it out on you. I am so sorry for causing you that unnecessary pain, confusion, and anger.

EXT. DELILAH'S APT. BUILDING - CONTINUOUS

Delilah, all ready to go, leaves her apartment and hops in her car.

I'm genuinely trying to work on my self. I know my self-centered head in my ass has lost me some of the most meaningful relationships in my life, and I want you to know that I am taking ownership for everything I put you through.

INT. DELILAH'S CAR - CONTINUOUS

Delilah drives, both knuckles on the steering wheel, with a determined expression.

DELILAH V.O.

Please tell Bianca how sorry I am too. What I did to her was childish and totally uncalled for. Bianca is a wonderful woman, and I wish you two all the happiness in the world.

EXT. PATRICK AND BIANCA'S WEDDING CHURCH - CONTINUOUS

Delilah parks the car, and approaches the steps of the church, letter in hand.

DELILAH V.O.

Always, Del.

Delilah runs up the steps, just about to open the front door of the church. She puts her hand on the door, getting ready to open it, but then she pauses.

A million thoughts race through her anxious mind.

Beat.

She takes her hand off the door, and backs up.

DELILAH  
(to herself)  
What the fuck are you doing?

Delilah shakes her head, goes back down the stairs, and gets back in her car.

She texts Anissa, "Can we talk?" and hits send.

INT. DELILAH'S CAR - CONTINUOUS

Delilah drives away quickly before anyone notices her at the church.

She flips through radio stations, and GOLD DUST WOMAN comes on the radio. She stops channel surfing, lets the song play for a bit, and then changes the station again. Tom Jones's "IT'S NOT UNUSUAL" comes through the speakers.

Delilah chuckles to herself, and then gives a full out performance of the song in her car. She performs the whole song until she subconsciously drives to Bailey's.

She parks her car, and walks in the shop.

INT. BAILEY'S COFFEE SHOP - CONTINUOUS

As she enters, Delilah sees Anissa sitting in their usual booth. She goes up to the counter first before approaching Anissa again.

Neil is at the register.

DELILAH  
Hey.

NEIL  
Hi.

DELILAH

Can I get an iced latte with  
caramel and an extra shot of  
expresso?

Neil is about to ring her up for her usual order, when gives  
her a funny look.

NEIL

Uh, sure.

He types the new order into the register.

NEIL (CONT'D)

Why the change?

DELILAH

Just felt like trying something  
different today.

She gives him a small smile.

DELILAH (CONT'D)

You wanna come sit with me when you  
have a break?

Neil looks shocked.

NEIL

Uh, yeah. Sounds good.

DELILAH

Cool.

Delilah pays for her drink, and goes over to Anissa.

Anissa picks up her eyes from her book and becomes alert when  
she sees Delilah.

Delilah raises both hands in the air.

DELILAH (CONT'D)

Truce?

Anissa doesn't reply, but Delilah feels comfortable enough to  
sit across from her.

DELILAH (CONT'D)

I've been trying to get ahold of  
you.

ANISSA

I thought you'd be at the wedding.

DELILAH  
I actually almost went in.

Pause.

DELILAH (CONT'D)  
But then I realized that my company  
wouldn't be wanted there.

ANISSA  
Aren't you observant?

Delilah looks at Anissa with extreme sorrow and anticipation  
in her eyes.

DELILAH

Anissa looks back at Delilah, unsure of what she will say  
next.

Beat.

Delilah reaches for Anissa's hand and puts hers over top. She  
looks into Anissa's eyes with regret, sorrow, and pleading.  
Anissa takes a moment to absorb Delilah's olive branch, and  
she eventually squeezes her hand back. The two of them share  
a smile, and the tension evaporates from the table.

DELILAH (CONT'D)  
You don't have to forgive me. I was  
a shit friend. I should've been  
there.

Delilah gives Anissa's hand a squeeze. Anissa looks deeply  
back at her. She in turn squeezes Delilah's hand back.

ANISSA  
Yeah, you should have...

Pause.

ANISSA (CONT'D)  
You better not miss the next one.

Delilah's face lights up.

DELILAH  
I promise. I'll be there a full 2  
hours early even.

ANISSA  
You and I both know that's  
bullshit.

Anissa takes in a deep breath and exhales all the animosity out of her body.

They both chuckle, and harmony has been restored.

Neil makes his way to their booth with Delilah's coffee in hand.

NEIL  
Here you are.

DELILAH  
Thanks.

Neil begins to walk away, but Delilah pulls him back.

DELILAH (CONT'D)  
Hey. Did you want to start your  
break now and come sit?

Anissa looks intrigued, and Neil's surprised.

NEIL  
Uh sure! Yeah!

Neil sits next to Delilah and across from Neil.

ANISSA  
Okay, but if I see any romantic  
type of shit while I'm enjoying my  
coffee, I'm out.

NEIL  
Oh lighten up. We're just friends.

Delilah and Neil share a warm look. Anissa rolls her eyes.

ANISSA  
Like that! That counts as romantic  
shit! If this is gonna be a thing,  
I better start getting my coffee on  
the house for emotional distress  
compensation.

The coffee shop chatter all blends into each other. The shop fills with customers.

EXT. BAILEY'S COFFEE SHOP - CONTINUOUS

Delilah, Anissa, and Neil are playfully arguing about something, and it can be seen through the Bailey's Coffee Shop window. The camera zooms out to them as a new trio.

THE END.