

FADE IN:

EXT. STREET - NIGHT

Rain falls on a cobblestoned street. Cars line both sides from corner to corner.

The street slopes up over a steep hill. Up and up and up.

A long stone staircase leads from the sidewalk to the front porch of a small house. Two nearly identical houses flank it.

Rain beats hard against the rooftops and windows of the houses.

The front door of one of the houses slams closed.

GRUMPY MAN, 54, hurries out into the rain wearing a hooded sweatshirt. He jogs to a car parked on the same side of the street as his house. Its two front windows are wide open.

He opens the passenger seat door and begins manually rolling up the window. Rain pelts his face and body.

GRUMPY MAN

Shit.

He leans across the front seat to roll up the other window. Finished, he slides out of the car, shoves the door shut, and darts back toward his house.

INT. LEWIS' LIVING ROOM - NIGHT

LEWIS, 33, dressed in a UPMC security guard's uniform, kneels in front of the sofa, where ALLISON, 3, sits with her feet outstretched. One of her purple socks has a hole at the big toe.

LEWIS picks up a small rain boot in one hand and takes Allison's foot in the other.

LEWIS

Push.

Allison scrunches up her face and squeezes her foot into the boot.

LEWIS (CONT'D)

One more.

He holds the other boot, guiding Allison's foot inside. She watches him.

ALLISON
Daddy?

LEWIS
Yeah, Allie?

ALLISON
How come you put my boots on the
wrong feet?

LEWIS
What?

Lewis looks down. Her boots are on the wrong feet.

LEWIS (CONT'D)
Sweetie, why didn't you tell me
that I was putting your boots on
the wrong feet?

ALLISON
I dunno.

Allison beams.

Lewis looks at his watch.

ALLISON (CONT'D)
Aren't you going to fix them?

LEWIS
It's only a little way to Mommy's
house.

ALLISON
But they hurt.

Lewis tugs off Allison's boots. He replaces them on the right
feet.

LEWIS
Let's go. You can have raisins in
the car.

ALLISON
Raisins taste like dead spiders.

Lewis strides toward the kitchen. Allison slides off the
couch and follows him.

LEWIS
Are you sure?

ALLISON

Yeah.

INT. KITCHEN - CONTINUOUS

Lewis grabs a set of keys off the counter. He peers out the window at the pouring rain.

ALLISON

It's raining, Daddy.

LEWIS

I know it is. Daddy will be ready
in one minute.

Lewis shepherds Allison toward the door.

INT. BASEMENT - NIGHT

Lewis flicks on a light switch at the top of the basement stairs. The fluorescent bulb flickers for a moment.

He hurries down the steps. Near the bottom is a pile of empty cardboard boxes, a stack of old newspapers, and a few brightly colored beach chairs.

He grabs a beach chair, turns and runs back upstairs. The lights go out and the door shuts.

EXT. STREET - NIGHT

Allison walks daintily through the rain, lifting her feet up high. With each step, she plants her boot carefully in the middle of a puddle.

Lewis follows behind her, the beach chair tucked under his arm. His sopping wet hair falls into his eyes and he pushes it away.

Lewis scoops Allison up with his free arm and hurries through the rain to a sedan parked on the street. He tosses the chair onto the sidewalk and puts Allison down. He opens the door to the backseat.

INT. LEWIS' CAR - NIGHT

Allison sits in a car seat as Lewis pulls the seat belt through it, buckling her in. He shuts the backseat door, gets into the driver's seat, and starts the car.

LEWIS
Daddy's gonna be late for work.

ALLISON
Daddy's gonna get fired.

She kicks her feet in delight.

Lewis pulls out of his parking space. He stops the car and gets out, running back for the chair.

EXT. STREET - NIGHT

A tiny car drives slowly past Lewis' car. Behind the wheel, MARY, 30, peers up and down the street.

INT. LEWIS' CAR - NIGHT

Allison watches Lewis open the chair and place it in the middle of his parking spot. He gets back into the car and pulls away.

EXT. STREET - NIGHT

Mary's car struggles over the hill, coming down the street for the second time. Its windshield wipers fly back and forth, clearing away the rain, and it hydroplanes a little, nearly striking a parked SUV. The car comes to an abrupt halt.

INT. MARY'S CAR - NIGHT

Mary grips her steering wheel tight in both hands. Her foot grinds into the brake pedal.

MARY
Fuck!

She leans forward in the driver's seat and looks up and down the street. Cars fill every available spot on either side.

She lifts her foot off the brake just a little. The car inches forward.

EXT. STREET - NIGHT

Mary's car stops in front of Lewis' house.

INT. MARY'S CAR - NIGHT

Mary peers out the window. The long row of cars is broken in one place.

Her face relaxes and she puts on her turn signal. She aims her car for the open space.

MARY

Thank --

She stops. Leans forward again to look. The beach chair sits in the middle of the space.

MARY (CONT'D)

Are you kidding me?

She leans back in her seat. Looks through the windshield at the rain, falling faster and heavier.

She scowls and drives on.

EXT. STREET - NIGHT - LATER

Mary trudges up the hill, carrying an enormous, heavy-looking purse. She is shivering and dripping wet from head to toe. The bottoms of her blue scrub pants are dirty and bedraggled. Her teeth chatter.

She stops, breathing heavily, in front of a small apartment building. She turns to go up the walkway, then stops.

The parking chair sits just a car-length away.

She narrows her eyes.

Hoisting her purse higher on her shoulder, she marches toward the chair. She sits down in it, holding her purse on her lap.

Rain runs off her nose. She folds her arms over her chest.

EXT. STREET - DAY

Sunlight sweeps over the street. Large puddles and dead worms dot the sidewalks.

A rolled up newspaper hits the front door of a small brick house.

Mary slumps in the beach chair, asleep. Her still-wet hair blows in the breeze.

Lewis' car appears behind her. It moves toward the chair.

INT. LEWIS' CAR - DAY

Lewis yawns and flicks on his turn signal. Glancing at his parking chair, he does a double take. He leans forward in his seat.

EXT. STREET - DAY

Lewis jumps out of his car and hurries to the chair. He studies Mary. She sleeps on.

He looks around him, up and down the street. All of the houses are quiet, and no one is in sight.

He gets down on one knee and puts a hand on Mary's shoulder.

LEWIS

Miss?

Mary does not stir.

Lewis pats her shoulder lightly.

LEWIS (CONT'D)

Excuse me, Miss!

Mary starts and sits bolt upright. She jerks away from Lewis' hand.

MARY

Uhh!

LEWIS

Uhh!

Surprised, Lewis jumps back too, using his hands to catch himself on the sidewalk.

Mary rubs her eyes and looks around. She pats her hair, realizes it is a tangled mess, and gives up.

Lewis gets to his feet. He dusts off his uniform.

LEWIS (CONT'D)

Are you all right?

Mary squints at him.

MARY

Is this your chair?

LEWIS
I'm sorry?

MARY
Is this your parking chair.

She pats the beach chair's armrest.

LEWIS
It, uh, it does look like mine. I'm
pretty sure I remember -- it's
mine.

Mary rises, hoisting her purse onto her shoulder. Water pours out of one of its pockets. She gazes at Lewis without blinking.

He stares back, as if unable to break eye contact.

MARY
Well.

Neither of them moves. A long moment.

Mary's face changes slightly as the tension melts away.

Still staring at each other.

Lewis, transfixed, takes a small step toward her.

They kiss a long kiss.

Mary breaks away, looking a bit dazed. She folds the beach chair and tucks it under her arm.

Lewis watches her. He opens his mouth to speak, but doesn't.

With one look back at Lewis, Mary saunters down the street with the chair. Lewis stares until she disappears.

He turns around and looks back at his car, still parked in the middle of the street with the engine running. He walks toward it.

EXT. STREET - DAY

Wearing his uniform, Lewis drives down his street, craning his neck to look at the available parking spaces. There is no sign of Mary. His face falls.

EXT. STREET - DAY

In street clothes, Lewis strolls down the sidewalk, peering at all the houses on the street. He looks in an open window.

An elderly woman wearing orange Spandex kick-boxes in her living room. She notices Lewis passing and meets his eyes. He hurries along.

INT. LEWIS' HOUSE - NIGHT

Allison sits at the kitchen table, coloring a picture of a pink, yellow, and blue kitten. She uses a green crayon on its ears.

ALLISON
Daddy, can we go soon?

Lewis bustles into the kitchen, straightening his uniform.

LEWIS
Yeah. Let's get in the car.

Allison grabs her picture and bounces to the door. Lewis opens it for her.

ALLISON
Is it gonna rain?

LEWIS
I don't think so.

ALLISON
Snow?

LEWIS
No.

Lewis follows her out the door, closing and locking it behind them.

ALLISON
Are you sure?

Lewis gazes up at the sky. It's clear, with no stars visible.

LEWIS
No.

EXT. LEWIS' EX-WIFE'S HOUSE - NIGHT

Lewis waves to Allison as he pulls his car away from a quaint two-story house. Allison waves back.

A tall brunette woman takes Allison's hand and leads her inside.

Lewis coughs a few times. As he drives he takes out his cell phone and dials, still coughing. He holds the phone to his ear.

LEWIS

Hi, Stan. I really hate to do this,
but I must be coming down with some
kind of bug.

EXT. STREET - NIGHT

Lewis, out of breath, marches up the street. The parking spot where he found Mary is empty. He looks around. No one in sight.

He sits down on the cobblestone. He waits.

INT. MARY'S CAR - LATER

Mary dances in her seat and lip syncs to an '80s song, something like "Don't Stop Believin'." She turns onto her street.

Still rocking out, she scans for a parking space.

She sees Lewis' open space and flicks on her turn signal.

Closing her eyes as she sways to the music, she pulls into the space.

EXT. STREET - CONTINUOUS

Lewis jumps to his feet. She shrieks and slams on her brakes.

Flustered, Lewis waves his hands at her. He steps away from the car.

Mary gets out of the car and stares at him, confused. A small smile spreads on her face as she recognizes him.

Lewis approaches her.

LEWIS
I thought I'd save it for you.

MARY
Thank you.

LEWIS
You're welcome.

Mary walks around her car and opens her trunk. She removes Lewis' beach chair.

She carries it to him and sets it on the ground.

LEWIS (CONT'D)
Thank you.

MARY
Sorry. I don't know why I took your chair.

LEWIS
I understand. You should keep it.

MARY
No, really, it's yours.

Lewis takes the chair and leans it against the curb. He gestures to Mary's car behind them.

LEWIS
You should put your car here before some jerk comes along and --

MARY
I think I changed my mind about parking.

LEWIS
Oh.

MARY
I just got this craving for Oh Yeah's peach cobbler ice cream.

She cocks her head to one side and looks at Lewis.

LEWIS
Wow. That sounds --

He nods. She smiles and gets back into her car. Lewis pulls open the passenger door and slides in. The car drives off.

FADE OUT.