

STOP

Written by

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Based on a story by Sabra Snider

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FADE IN:

INT. SUBWAY CAR - EARLY MORNING

The subway car, almost overflowing with passengers, shudders along its underground rails. Everything is peaceful inside.

Well, except --

AMY

Would you just stop talking to me?
Please?

Everyone's listening to AMY, a 20-something with a penchant for talking far too loudly, yell at her boyfriend, for now at least, JESS.

JESS

How would that help? This helps.
Talking helps.

He leans in and puts his hand on her leg. Bad idea.

He takes it back off just as quickly.

JESS (CONT'D)

I didn't do anything wrong, you
know.

AMY

You asked me out, didn't you?

Even the passengers who are pretending not to listen cringe at that one.

JESS

That's not fair.

AMY

Why? You knew it would end this
way.

JESS

You think I knew you'd pick a
fight?

He lowers his voice and leans in again.

JESS (CONT'D)

On the subway?

AMY
I didn't pick a fight. It's what we
do. We fight.

She turns away from him.

AMY (CONT'D)
Excuse me.

She slides down the bench, away from him, shoving everyone on
her side along with her.

He slides toward her. She slides away again. Someone at the
end falls off the bench.

JESS
Don't do this.

AMY
Do what?

JESS
Distance yourself from me.

He looks at the seat between them.

JESS (CONT'D)
Figuratively.

The train stops. People shuffle in; people shuffle out.

As the doors close, a YOUNG MAN sits in the empty space
between them.

JESS (CONT'D)
Sir?

He doesn't look at Jess.

JESS (CONT'D)
Excuse me?

AMY
Leave him alone.

Jess taps the Young Man on the shoulder.

JESS
Sir, can I help you? You just sat
down in the middle of something.

AMY
He can sit where he wants.

The Young Man looks back and forth between them silently.

JESS

I know he can sit where he wants.
I'm trying to tell him that this
isn't a place he wants to sit.

Jess taps him on the shoulder again. He turns.

Amy taps him on the other shoulder. He turns back.

JESS (CONT'D)

(to Amy)

Listen, she kissed me, okay? You
can't blame me for that.

AMY

And why didn't you stop her?

JESS

Stop her? I pushed her off of me.
She hit her head on the floor. Then
she hit me.

Jess rubs the side of his face, wincing.

AMY

So why didn't you stop her sooner?
You know, in the beginning. Before
she tried to hit that at all.

A TALL MAN standing near them starts to chuckle, but he quickly blends it into a cough.

They stare at him. He looks anywhere else.

JESS

If I had known that's what she was
planning, I wouldn't have gone
over.

AMY

You shouldn't have gone over.

JESS

She said she needed a friend.

AMY

And, boy, did you give it to her.

The Tall Man almost doubles over in laughter. Catches himself and ties his shoe instead.

JESS

(to Young Man)

What do you think? Was I wrong for being sexually harassed? Is my violation my fault?

AMY

(to Young Man)

Or do you think that a spoken for gentleman wouldn't go over to another girl's house late at night?

The Young Man looks back and forth again, not answering, his look unreadable.

JESS

You know what I'm talking about. Sometimes girls just make moves.

AMY

(to Jess)

Not on you.

JESS

(to Amy)

Believe me, I'm just as surprised as you are. That's why I didn't think I was wrong to go there.

They're both leaning over the Young Man. Both of them a little starry eyed as they gaze at each other.

Then --

JESS (CONT'D)

So, who do you think is right?

AMY

Well, which one of us is right?

They both turn to the Young Man. He doesn't respond.

RING RING. A phone goes off.

The Young Man shifts awkwardly to reach into his pocket for his phone. He answers it. In Spanish.

The train grinds to a halt. The Young Man gets up, still chattering on the phone, and waves to them as he steps off.

FADE TO BLACK.