

OUT OF SIGHT

FYI - KAREN SISCO sits alone at a hotel restaurant on a snowy night in Detroit. There are a few gentlemen at the bar who are eyeing her. A waitress approaches her.

WAITRESS: Can I get you anything?

KAREN: Yeah, I'll have Bourbon please, water back.

WAITRESS: Ok

She walks away to fetch the drink, the gentlemen tell her to put it on their bill, and she returns with the Bourbon.

WAITRESS: They want to buy your drink for you.

KAREN: Yeah, I get that. Tell them I'd rather pay for my own.

WAITRESS: Ok

The first fellow, PHILLIP, approaches KAREN.

PHILLIP: Excuse me, my associate and I made a little bet on what you do for a living, and I won. Hi, I'm Phillip.

KAREN: If it's ok with you Phillip, I'd rather just have a quiet drink and leave.

PHILLIP: Don't you want to know what I guessed? How I know what you do for a living?

KAREN: Really Phillip, I don't want to be rude. I just want to be left alone.

Phillip walks away, and Andy approaches.

ANDY: Excuse me, I think I know why you're depressed. See, I gotta hunch you're the new sales rep and the client's not exactly knocked out that a young lady, even one as stunning as yourself, is handling the account. Am I close? I'm Andy.

He extends his hand for a shake to no response. He takes a seat opposite her.

ANDY: We're all ad guys, flew in this morning from the Apple, New York. Came in to pitch Hiram Walker Distillery, little test market campaign for the new margarita mix. It's really pretty interesting. We take this Mexican, I mean Hispanic, bandito with his bullet belts and his big Chiwawa hat and he pulls out his six guns and...

KAREN: Andy...really, who gives a shit?

ANDY: Do you want to tell me what happened?

KAREN: Beat it, Andy.

USUAL STARTING POINT

A man in a suit approaches. She looks up. It's JACK FOLEY!

JACK: Can I buy you a drink?

KAREN: Yeah, I'd love one. Sit down.

Jack sits opposite to her.

JACK: I'm Gary.

KAREN: I'm Celeste.

He looks down at her drink.

KAREN: It takes forever to get a drink around here.

JACK: I could go to the bar.

KAREN: Don't go.

JACK: Those guys bother you.

KAREN: Oh, they're fine. I mean, you just got here.

There is a moment of silence. She slides her drink to him.

KAREN: Here, help yourself.

JACK: You like Bourbon?

KAREN: I love it.

JACK: Well we got that out of the way. Tell me Celeste, what do you do for a living?

KAREN: Eh, I'm a sales rep and I came here to call on a customer but they gave me a hard time because I'm a girl.

JACK: Is that how you think of yourself?

KAREN: As a sales rep?

JACK: As a girl.

KAREN: Yeah, I don't have a problem with it.

JACK: I like your hair, I like your outfit.

KAREN: Actually, this is my second favorite outfit. I had a first favorite, but it got ruined and I had to get rid of it.

JACK: You did!

KAREN: It smelled.

JACK: Really, having it cleaned didn't help?

KAREN: No. So tell me Gary, what do you do for a living?

JACK: How far do you want to go with this?

KAREN: Oh, not yet. Don't say anything yet.

JACK: I don't think it works if we're somebody else. Gary and Celeste, what do they know about anything?

KAREN: Well this is your game, I've never played before.

JACK: It's not a game; it's not something you play.

KAREN: Well does this make any sense to you?

JACK: It doesn't have to, it just something that happens. It's like seeing someone for the first time, you could be passing on the street, and you look at each other and for a few seconds there's this kind of recognition—like you both know something. But the next moment, the person is gone and it's too late to do anything about it. Yet you always remember it because it was there and you let it go. You think to yourself, what if I had stopped? What if I had said something? What if? It may only happen a few times in your life.

KAREN: Or once.

JACK: Or once.

Karen and Jack's hands brush on the Burben glass. She takes a sip.

KAREN: How'd you find me?

JACK: I called your room from downstairs.

KAREN: And if I had answered, what would you say?

JACK: I would say who I was and if you remember me, and do you want to meet for a drink?

KAREN: If I remember you? I came here looking for you. Alright, so then I would have said yes, but for all you know I would have had a SWAT team waiting for you. Why would you trust me?

JACK: It's be worth the risk

KAREN: You like taking risks...

JACK: So do you.

KAREN: You know sooner or later...you really wear that suit.

JACK: That's not what you were about to say.

KAREN: Remember how talkative you were in the trunk? Adele said you do that when you're nerverous.

JACK: Oh, she did, did she?

KAREN: You kept touching me, feeling my thigh.

JACK: But in a nice way.

KAREN: You know that cig that you took from me was special. My dad gave it to me for my birthday.

JACK: Yeah.

KAREN: What were you going to do with me?

JACK: I hadn't really worked that part out yet. All I knew was that I liked you and that I didn't want to leave you there on the side of the road and never see you again.

KAREN: Then you waved to me in that elevator.

JACK: I wasn't quite sure you caught that.

KAREN: I couldn't believe it. By that time, I had been thinking about you a lot. Just wondering what it would have been like if we met, if we could take a time out.

JACK: I kept thinking the same thing. What if we took a time out, just spent some together. Then I saw you on the street, outside Adele's.

KAREN: So you went to see her?

JACK: About Chino.

KAREN: So she did help you.

JACK: I don't think we should get into that.

KAREN: And I won't ask about Buddy or what you guys are doing in Detroit or if you've run into Glen Michaels yet or not...

JACK: Ok, now. Don't talk like that because you scare me.

There is a moment of silence as they stare at each other.

KAREN: Let's get out of here.

Jack smiles and nods.