

Work in Progress

written by

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EXT. COMMUNITY CENTER SIDEWALK - DAY

A non-descript city street bathed in too-bright morning sun. Anywhere USA.

Colorful flyers taped to the windows advertise various activities - swing dancing, grief counseling, afterschool homework help.

CALLIE (30s), in her crumpled clubbing clothes and oversized sunglasses, vapes and leans against the building. Her shoes are nowhere to be seen.

She leans her head back and immediately groans her regret. Even with her sunglasses, the invading sunshine makes her headache worse.

Callie massages her temples and glances at the door.

She takes a deep breath and a few steps -

A MAN comes out of the building and smiles at her. He holds the door open to let her pass.

Callie turns back, pretends to be interested in a flyer about guitar lessons until the man is gone.

She rests her aching forehead against the cool glass, her blurry reflection an echo of her blurry mind.

Her focus resolves and she sees people inside the building.

The RECEPTIONIST tentatively waves.

Morified, Callie returns to her place at the wall, ripping off her shiny jacket as she goes and exposing her stained "Tanya's Bachelorette Party 2022" t-shirt beneath.

Callie ditches the vape pen in her sparkly clutch purse, then pulls out her phone.

The lock screen shows Callie and another woman, TANYA, both fresh-faced and grinning.

She holds the phone up to her face to unlock it, but gets an error message.

With a grimace, she takes off her sunglasses, revealing bloodshot eyes and the smudges of last night's makeup.

The phone unlocks. Many missed calls and messages pop up on the screen, but she ignores them.

She opens a video message from Tanya that's been half-played and drags the cursor back to the start.

INTERCUT VIDEO MESSAGE - INT. NIGHT CLUB - NIGHT/CALLIE - DAY

Flashing lights cut through the darkness of the crowded club.

A jumble of EDM and happy voices almost overpower Tanya, but she's drunk and out for blood, her costume veil at a precarious angle. She moves through the crowd as she seethes.

TANYA

What the actual FUCK was that,
Callie? Huh? I can't - I mean -
RRRUGHHH!

SIDEWALK

Callie winces at the ferocity of the frustration.

NIGHT CLUB

Tanya turns a corner into better light and less noise.

TANYA (CONT'D)

Look. I love you, but that was
bullshit.

(getting teary)

Tonight was supposed to be about
me. But you couldn't let that
happen, could you? Just for fucking
once, it was my day.

SIDEWALK

Callie runs her hand down her face, then puts her sunglasses
back on to hide her own tears.

NIGHT CLUB

Tanya heaves a heavy, shaking sigh.

TANYA (CONT'D)

I don't think you should come
tomorrow. No. You know what? I *know*
you shouldn't come tomorrow. Get
your shit together or we are DONE.
You hear me? I don't care what mom
says, I can't-

SIDEWALK

Callie taps the message closed.

She blows out a breath.

She looks at the door.

She looks at photo of she and Tanya, the better version of
herself.

She puts the phone away and pushes away from the wall.

Confident this time, she strides to the door, but she hesitates when her hand touches the handle.

She drops her head and her POV shows her dirty, bare feet.

Breathe in.

Breathe out.

Ok.

She pushes the door open and heads inside.

Through the window, the Receptionist greets Callie warmly.

Callie shakily removes her glasses and talks to the woman, but there's no sound of it outside.

Then the view is obscured by a WOMAN who comes up to the glass door from the outside, flyer in hand.

She tapes it up and pushes her way into the building.

When the door swings closed, the flyer reads: AA Meeting in progress.

END