

I'll keep this short and sweet. Below is an excerpt from my screenplay. If you'd like to read the entire script or would like to contact me, send an email to rockbehemoth@yahoo.com.

Thanks,
Kevin

EVERYTHING YOU WANT

An original screenplay by

Kevin W. Patrick

*"What if you could have another chance at love?
What would you sacrifice?"*

02/03/02
(614) 851-9973
rockbehemoth@yahoo.com

EVERYTHING YOU WANT

FADE IN:

INT. COFFEE SHOP - DOWNTOWN CHICAGO - SUMMER - NOON

BRAD HOLDEN steps toward the cashier in this trendy shop. He wears business casual clothing and carries a newspaper under his arm.

BRAD

Hi. Turkey and Swiss. Potato
chips. Medium chai tea.

The cashier rings the cash register and prepares his order. A male voice begins a voice over.

VOICE OVER

This one's going down.

FADE TO:

INT. COFFEE SHOP - FIVE MINUTES LATER

Brad sits at a table eating lunch and reading his paper.

VOICE OVER

On the list. This day is
definitely going on "the
list." We all have one. You.
Me. Everyone has a "worst
days" list. What's on yours?

A beautiful YOUNG WOMAN with long hair sits down at the table next to Brad's.

VOICE OVER

Ah. Now look at that.

While taking her purse off her shoulder, she snaps her head in the opposite direction of Brad. Her long hair leaps through the air. Sniffing, Brad catches a scent of her hair and perfume. He smiles.

VOICE OVER

Mmmmm -- the sweet smell of
summer.

Turning around, she makes eye contact with Brad. They both smile for a moment. She then begins drinking her coffee.

She turns back and says something to Brad that we can't quite make out. We can only hear the words of our narrator.

VOICE OVER

She turns. She smiles. She asks for directions. "New in town?" he wonders.

Brad responds to her. He's smiling and pointing out the window.

VOICE OVER

That's it, that's it. Careful now.

The two continue to talk. They begin flirting.

VOICE OVER

They begin flirting.
(pause)
She's interested, yes?

She seems interested. That is, until a WELL DRESSED MAN in his late twenties walks up and touches her shoulder.

VOICE OVER

Hmm. Looks like this one might be...

The well-dressed man kisses her then sits down in the seat across from her. Brad looks surprised as she turns back to him. In silence, Brad points to her, then to the well-dressed man, then back to her. She nods.

VOICE OVER

(disappointed)
... yeah.

The well-dressed man is oblivious to all of this. The girl shrugs before turning her full attention to her boyfriend. Brad looks away and shakes his head. He's angry and a little embarrassed.

VOICE OVER

So much for love, Brad.

CUT TO:

EXT. COFFEE SHOP - LATER

Brad walks out the front door and falls in step with a large group of people walking down the sidewalk.

VOICE OVER

Okay, you've got me figured
out. That guy right there?
It's me. Now, let's watch as
I rejoin the herd.

He enters the revolving door of a large building.
DING! The ring of a bell that sounds like...

INT. OFFICE BUILDING - HALLWAY

... an elevator. The elevator doors open and out walks
Brad. On his way down the hallway, he passes near a cubicle
where three women are laughing. He looks over for a moment
and continues walking until he reaches his office.

BRAD (V.O.)
Check this out.

INT. OFFICE BUILDING - BRAD'S OFFICE

Brad walks in and is surprised to see balloons and streamers
decorating his office. A banner reads "Happy 30th, Brad!".

BRAD (V.O.)
Those decorations weren't up
when I left for lunch. I
thought everybody forgot.

JOHN BAERD, a tall, lean African American male in his early
thirties walks into the doorway.

JOHN
So whose birthday is it?

BRAD
I don't know.

JOHN
Probably that asshole Brad
Holden.

BRAD
Yeah, I hate that guy.

JOHN
Get in line, man.

BRAD
(laughs)
John, I'm getting the feeling
nobody loves me this morning.

JOHN

Just this morning? I figure
someone like you'd feel that
way all the time.

John winks. Brad mock frowns at the comment and sits down.

JOHN
Hey Brad, did uh...
(pause)

BRAD
Did what? Talk to me, Johnny.

JOHN
Never mind. I'll get with you
later. Eight o'clock for
beers?

BRAD
(smiles)
On you? Wouldn't have it any
other way.

JOHN
(walks out of office
laughing)
Happy birthday, man.

BRAD
(half-heartedly salutes)
Dismissed.

Brad begins scribbling on paper until his pencil lead SNAPS. From Brad's POV, he reaches for another pencil. Everything then goes BLACK. A woman seen earlier at the cubicle gathering now stands behind him, covering his eyes. This is BRONWYN TUENDO, an attractive woman in her late twenties.

BRONWYN
Guess.

BRAD
Hmmm -- a hint, por favor.

Bronwyn moves her hands to his shoulders and begins to massage him sensuously. Brad rolls his shoulders.

BRAD
Oh, yeah. I remember. Didn't
I already tip you for the lap
dance last night?

She slaps him in the arm as he spins the chair to face her. Taking a step back, she throws her hands on her hips.

BRONWYN

You are a dirty old man.

BRAD

Good, I must be ahead of
schedule.

(pause)

So, Bronwyn. You've come a
long way just to wish me a
happy birthday.

BRONWYN

Well, three floors is a long
way, I admit.

BRAD

(looks her over)

You look good. Plastic
surgery?

BRONWYN

(laughs)

Nah. It's called working out.
You should try it sometime.

She leans over, patting his belly with her right hand.

BRAD

So how are you?

He stares momentarily at her waist.

BRONWYN

(slightly nervous)

Good. I'm good. It's been a
while since we've talked,
though. What -- almost a
year? Where to start?

Brad smiles, but not with his eyes.

BRAD

How about we start with the
engagement ring on your
finger?

Silence. A sheepish smile pours across her face as she
raises her left hand. The ENGAGEMENT RING that she's been
trying to hide is now clearly seen.

A man pokes his head through Brad's office door.

OFFICE MAN

Hey Brad -- client meeting in fifteen minutes.

BRAD
Alright. I'll be right down.
(to Bronwyn)
Walk with me.

INT. OFFICE BUILDING - HALLWAY

Brad carries some paperwork as they walk down the hallway. They talk, but we're unable to make out exactly what's being said.

BRAD (V.O.)
Richard -- the guy she's been seeing for the last year -- he flew in from out of town the night before. And proposed.

BRAD
(professional tone)
I see. Well -- congratulations. This is a very special day, then.

Bronwyn smiles and responds.

BRAD (V.O.)
She had told my best friend John -- the guy who decorated my office? She told him this morning, but swore him to secrecy. Guess she figured this wasn't something I'd want to hear -- through the grapevine, anyway.

They arrive at the boardroom door. Brad opens it and allows Bronwyn to walk in first.

INT. OFFICE BUILDING - BOARDROOM

A slight ECHO occurs whenever a sound is made in this room.

Brad looks off into the distance for a few moments, lost in thought. His mouth opens to say something, but stops himself.

BRAD
So...
(pause)

BRONWYN

So.

BRAD

Would you believe me if I said
I'm happy for you?

BRONWYN

About half.

Bronwyn smiles in a sweet, yet sad way. She reaches out and they embraces for a moment. Brad's facial expression reveals his pain, but it's obscured from Bronwyn's view. They let go and Brad's facial expression changes to normal before she can see his face.

BRONWYN

I'm leaving in two weeks.

Brad looks at a piece of paper on the table for a moment.

BRAD (V.O.)

Robert lived in London. You know. In England? He was a V.P. at my company, then transferred over there about six months ago. I was hoping the distance would break them apart, but...

BRAD

I see -- well, the company will be sorry to see you go.

BRONWYN

Brad, if you --

BRAD

(looks up at her)
Well, even though we haven't been talking -- I guess we did agree to tell each other if something had changed in our lives. Right?

Brad unconsciously rubs the ring finger on his left hand.

BRONWYN

Yeah.

(looks at watch)
I suppose that's why I'm here, then.
(pause)

I have to get back to work.
But could I interest you in
walking me to the elevator?

INT. OFFICE BUILDING - HALLWAY

They walk out of the boardroom and toward the elevator.
Both stare straight ahead.

BRONWYN
Would you come visit?

BRAD
(smiles sadly)
Sure. Maybe Robert and I can
hang out. I already know we
have more than a few things in
common.

Brad turns to her as they continue walking. Her face shows
compassion, yet sadness.

BRAD
Sorry...

BRONWYN
(understanding his
sarcasm)
It's okay.
(touches his arm)
Hey, uh -- can we get together
again before I leave?

Brad is silent for the few moments before they stop at the
elevator doors. Bronwyn's LEFT HAND presses the button with
the down arrow icon, her RING visible.

BRONWYN
Can we at least talk about
being friends again?

BRAD
I -- don't think so.

BRAD (V.O.)
Imagining that she's engaged
would be hard enough.

He turns to her and takes her LEFT HAND into his. He looks
down at the ENGAGEMENT RING.

BRAD (V.O.)

What's even worse is when the image isn't just mental. And that damn ring is right there. Smacking you in the face.

BRONWYN

So this is goodbye, then?

BRAD

Yeah.

(lets go of her hand)

DING! The elevator doors open and an OFFICE WOMAN of about fourty is inside. Bronwyn and Brad walk in.

INT. OFFICE BUILDING - ELEVATOR - SAME

BRONWYN

Could you press three, please?

The woman presses a button, the doors shut and the elevator begins to move.

BRONWYN

Well, my best-est of friends...

(pause; near tears)

... you know I love you.

BRAD

I know. I love you too.

(pause)

And congratulations.

Bronwyn turns and embraces Brad for a moment. She slowly lets go of him and walks off the elevator. The doors shut and Brad looks upward for a moment, trying to compose himself. The woman on the elevator stares at Brad. He sighs.

BRAD

She just got engaged.

OFFICE WOMAN

(turns toward the door)

Hmm. That was the saddest 'congratulations' I've ever heard.

INT. OFFICE BUILDING - HALLWAY

DING! Brad gets off the elevator and begins to walk back to his office. He walks slower than before and with his head a little lower.

A small group of people walk past Brad and wish him a happy birthday.

CUT TO:

EXT. O'CONNELL'S PUB - NIGHT

BENJI (V.O.)
I propose a toast...

INT. O'CONNELL'S PUB - NIGHT

A crowded bar. Brad sits in a booth across from John and ABBIE. BENJI stands at the edge of the table as everyone raises their glasses of beer to toast. Benji is a carrot of a man in his twenties. Abbie's an Asian-American woman in her late twenties. There's a pitcher of beer on the table.

BENJI
...to the tenth anniversary of
Brad's twenty-first birthday.

Benji looks around, waiting for everyone to laugh, which doesn't happen.

BRAD
(confused)
Benji -- if you're trying to
subtract ten years from
thirty, wouldn't it be the
anniversary of my TWENTIETH
birthday?

BENJI
(embarrassed)
Whatever.

All but Benji laugh and click their glasses together before drinking. Benji sits down next to Brad.

JOHN
(points thumb to Benji)
And Pythagoras here works in
Accounting?

BENJI
Shut up, man.

BENJI
(points to John)
Abbie, keep your man here
outta my face tonight.

ABBIE

(smiles)

Boys. Please don't kill each other tonight. Okay?

(to Brad)

Are you sure this is what you want?

BRAD

Oh yeah. A couple beers and the company of my closest friends? This is all a man requires. Plus...

(to John and Benji)

...I'm hanging out with my two favorite sidekicks. Life is good.

JOHN

Sidekicks?!

(sarcastic)

Shit.

BRAD

Sure. Every hero needs one. Benji? You're Tonto to my Lone Ranger.

BENJI

Tonto??

BRAD

And John here -- is obviously Robin to my Batman. Anyone can see that.

JOHN

Listen up, Caped Crusader -- I am "bitch" to no man.

ABBIE

(to Brad)

That's right...

Abbie firmly grabs John's face while staring at Brad.

ABBIE

...and this bitch belongs to me.

Abbie turns John's face toward her, leans in to kiss him, and stops abruptly before their lips touch. She lightly

slaps his face, smiles, and then kisses him. Everyone laughs.

JOHN
So, Benji. Where's your lady tonight?

BENJI
Uh -- we broke it off.

ABBIE
She went back to her husband?

Benji nods.

BRAD
I'm sorry, man. But when you're dating a married woman...

BENJI
She was separated.

JOHN
But still married, Ben.

BRAD
You gotta draw the line somewhere. Have some morals.

BENJI
(sarcastic)
Gee thanks for the pick-me-up, Brad.

BRAD
I didn't mean it like that...

BENJI
Look, can we talk about some else's love life for a change?

JOHN
Fair enough. Fair enough.
(to Brad)
So. You saw her?

BRAD
Who?

John gives Brad a "you know what I'm talking about" look.

BRAD

Yeah. Good -- good for her.
I'm happy.

He's not happy. Brad then chugs the entire glass of beer.

CUT TO:

INT. O'CONNELL'S PUB - POOL ROOM

Brad, John, Abbie and Benji are preparing their cue sticks to play. We can't hear what they're saying, but they seem to be flirting. Brad is preparing to "break".

BRAD (V.O.)

Bronwyn was my first true love. Had I dated women before I met her? Oh yeah. But always at a distance. When I met Bronwyn two years ago, I thought she was everything I wanted. Sad thing is -- I never got to find out for sure. I threw it out there. She threw it back. And decided to date someone else. A vice-president at our company. Robert.

BENJI

You're still holding on, are you?

BRAD

No. It's been over a year. And it's not like we actually went out or anything.

Benji shoots.

BRAD (V.O.)

It's true. We never dated. Bronwyn and I were close friends. Best friends, really. I was in love, but -
- I guess I was alone in that. We were friends for a few years, then I made my move.

ABBIE

Some people's wounds just take longer to heal than others.

BRAD

That wound was only a scratch.
One that healed up and
disappeared a long time ago.

JOHN

No offense, buddy. But you've
been pining for that girl
since the day you met her.
Now more than ever.

BRAD

(spoken quickly)
Look -- everything's cool.
It's over now. No harm, no
foul. I wish for her all the
sweet things she can find.
I've moved on with my life.
Period. End of sentence.
Over and out.

Everyone again looks at Brad in silence.

BRAD

And besides -- I don't even
miss her.
(drinks beer)

FADE TO:

INT. O'CONNELL'S PUB - BOOTH - LATER

Brad is slumped over in the booth and is more than a little
drunk. Everyone else seems rather sober. John stands and
lays \$50.00 on the table.

JOHN

Hey, Ben. Be useful for once
and get the tip, huh?

BENJI

Uh -- sure.
(pulls out a mess of
bills)
How much was the tab?

JOHN

Fifty bucks.

Benji begins to nod as he counts in his head. He looks a
bit confused.

BENJI

Uh -- how much is fifteen
percent of fifty?

John impatiently grabs the money from Benji's hand. He finds a ten-dollar bill and slams it onto the table before giving the remaining cash back to Benji.

JOHN
(sarcastic)
Accountant, my ass.

Benji throws a dirty look to John as he puts the money back in his pocket. John then pulls a nearly unconscious Brad out of the booth. Abbie gets up and follows John and Benji as they carry Brad toward the door.

BENJI
(to Brad)
Who's the sidekick, now?

CUT TO:

INT. BRAD'S APARTMENT - LIVING ROOM - NIGHT

John opens the door and, along with Benji, helps a drunken Brad into the apartment. Abbie follows them in, then shuts the door behind her.

BRAD
Oh, man. Ohhh....
(collapses in chair)
...oh, man. I wish I was
drunk...

JOHN
(pulling Brad out of chair)
Uhhh -- you ARE drunk, buddy.

BRAD
(ponders; smiles)
Ohhhh! Yeahhhh!
(to Abbie)
Am I the drunkest guy in the
world?
(staggers face first into
wall)

ABBIE
My sources say 'yes.'

John grabs Brad and leads him toward the bedroom.

BENJI

Okay -- I see my work is finished here. Since you guys have it handled, I'm off to bed.

JOHN

Gee thanks, Ben.

BENJI

Oh, the smile on your pretty face is all the thanks I need.

Benji walks out of the room and down the hall toward his bedroom. The others walk toward Brad's room.

INT. BRAD'S APARTMENT - BEDROOM - NIGHT

Hockey posters and a Canadian flag decorate the walls.

John helps Brad into bed. Abbie walks to the head of the bed and kneels on the floor next to Brad.

BRAD

Abbie? I hurt.

ABBIE

(strokes Brad's forehead)
That's 'cause you drank too much, sweetie.

BRAD

No...
(taps hand over heart)
...I hurt here.

Abbie and John make eye contact as Brad rolls on his side. Almost immediately, Brad begins to snore loudly.

ABBIE

He's still in love.

JOHN

He's still in pain. So this is what happens when you fall in unrequited love for the first time. And now he...

Brad snores loudly again. John helps Abbie up and the two head toward the door.

ABBIE

(to Brad)

'Night, Brad. Hope you had a good day. Considering.

JOHN
Sweet dreams, Boy Wonder.

John and Abbie walk O.S. FOOTSTEPS are heard, then the sound of a door SHUTTING.

Brad sits up, rubs his eyes. Clumsily getting up, he knocks a PICTURE FRAME to the floor that is on his dresser. A pause before he picks it up.

The light of the moon shows this is a PICTURE of Brad and Bronwyn joyously laughing at a party together. Brad is wearing a pointy party hat, and a banner behind them says "Happy Birthday."

BRAD (V.O.)
That picture was taken the year before. Happier times?
(pause)
Yes.

A small CRACK is in the corner of glass. Brad caresses the frame, then suddenly SLAMS the PICTURE FRAME face down onto the dresser and stumbles back to bed.

BRAD (V.O.)
Happy birthday to me.

FADE TO:

INT. BRAD'S APARTMENT - BEDROOM - DAY - ONE YEAR LATER

The PICTURE FRAME remains face down. Brad enters and gently picks up the frame to dust it off. He removes the cardboard in the back and changes the picture inside, then places it back on the dresser. This time in the upright position. The NEW PICTURE is of a smiling woman on a Merry-Go-Round.

CUT TO:

EXT. METRO PARK - DAY - SUMMER

A wedding reception. Groups of well-dressed people mingling, dining and dancing.

BRAD (V.O.)
Ahh. Now this was -- well, you'll see.

**I hope you enjoyed what you read here.
If you'd like to read the entire screenplay, please email me at
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**Thanks,
Kevin**