

Long Branch

by
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(Shooting Script!)

FINAL FILM - <https://vimeo.com/47946872>
WEBSITE - <https://www.linseyplusdane.com/>

1 EXT. DOWNTOWN TORONTO BAR -- NIGHT 1 *

Twenty somethings spill out onto the street aptly lubricated and figuring out where to go next.

2 EXT. ALLEY - CONTINUOUS 2

Just past the drunken sea, tucked away, are LYNN and GRAY (early 20's). They're in the middle of an intense make out session. The kind reserved for a dark alley.

While snow falls softly on their entangled bodies, Lynn's PHONE goes off. She digs inside her purse and groans expectantly at the number before she silences it. Gray watches her, worried that this is her cue to leave.

GRAY

You probably have somewhere to be,
I can walk you there or we could
grab some pizza. Or walk.

*
*
*

Lynn closes up her purse and stares at Gray.

LYNN

Wannna fuck?

GRAY

Yes. Yes I do.

LYNN

Good. Let's go to your place. My
roommate has people over.

A hint of apprehension washes over Gray. He glances at his watch, then concernedly down at Lynn's heels.

GRAY

How are those on arch support?

LYNN

Why?

GRAY

Cause we're gonna need to run.

Gray grabs Lynn's hand and yanks her down the street. Wearing a short skirt below her coat, she struggles to keep pace. *

3a INT. SUBWAY -- NIGHT 3a

Lynn and Gray plop into the red upholstered seats, breathless.

SUBWAY (V.O.)
This is the last train westbound.

LYNN
We made it.

Gray raises his hand for a celebratory high five but Lynn, impatiently eyeing the subway map, leaves him hanging.

LYNN (CONT'D)
Where do we get off?

GRAY
At a stop.

LYNN
You're kinda funny.

GRAY
You're totally pretty.

3b PUBLIC MAKE OUT MONTAGE 3b *

- Lynn and Gray drunkenly french like they're alone.
- Lynn sits on his lap. Kissing more feverishly than before.
- Hot and sweaty, Lynn removes her coat. His leg growing sore under her weight, Gray adjusts their position.
- As many stops pass, Lynn steals another glance at the map.
- Their make out session begins to wane and Lynn pulls away. *

END OF MONTAGE

3c LYNN 3c
Seriously, where do you live?

GRAY
Ummmm, Long Branch.

Lynn immediately lifts her legs off of Gray.

LYNN
You're a 905er? *

GRAY
God no. It's just a temporary thing
so I can -

LYNN
That's gonna take like three hours.

GRAY

It's closer to two and feels more
like one with the right podcast.

At the inconvenience, Lynn sighs dramatically.

GRAY (CONT'D)

You wanna turn around?

Lynn takes a moment to collect herself before she turn to Gray, her eyes intense.

LYNN

No. We're doing this.

Gray, relieved, smiles to himself then tries to think of something to say but every idea sucks.

Thankfully a FLOWER PEDDLER makes his way toward them.

GRAY

Oh, hi. One rose for the lady
please. *

LYNN *

No no, no... we're good.

But it's too late. Gray swaps the money for a RED ROSE. He tries to hand it to her but she's not having any of it.

GRAY

You don't like flowers?

FLOWER PEDDLER *

How can you deny such a romantic
young man? *

LYNN *

Look, tonight isn't about romance.

Processing the implication, Gray nods and slowly rests the flower on his knees. The Flower Peddler carries on. *

With the last passenger getting off, the two of them quietly face forward and get comfortable for the long journey.

4 INT. BUS -- NIGHT

4

In the backseat, Gray watches Lynn who stares blankly ahead.

LYNN

You never mentioned anything about
a bus.

GRAY
Yeah, at least this part you get to
look out the window.

LYNN
This part?

Lynn's PHONE goes off. She stares at the number as it rings.

GRAY
Do you need to get that?

LYNN
Nope.

Lynn hits ignore and looks out the window. Her bravado a
little shaken. *

GRAY
Maybe we should use this time
productively and get to know each
other. My name's -

LYNN
(buzzer-like)
EHHHHHHHHHHHHHHHHHH!

GRAY
Are you alright?

LYNN
Too personal. Let's just keep
things surface.

GRAY
Surface?

LYNN
It's basic one-night stand
etiquette.

GRAY
Right. Totally. Yep... Do you have
a lot of one night -

LYNN
EHHHHHHHHHHHHHHHHHH!

GRAY
I think I'm getting it now.

They both turn and stare out the window. *

5 EXT. LAKEFRONT - NIGHT 5

Lynn drags her feet a little as Gray patiently walks beside her. Downtown Toronto shines really far in the background.

6 EXT/INT. STREETCAR STOP -- LATER 6

Lynn gazes vacantly while Gray surveys the street. *

GRAY

It shouldn't be much longer.

Gray enters the shelter and stands next to Lynn who yawns unapologetically. He knows he's losing her.

GRAY (CONT'D)

What did you have for lunch today?

LYNN

Excuse me.

GRAY

Too personal? *

Lynn glares playfully at this odd but fair observation.

LYNN

Salad.

GRAY

Oh, so you're a vegan.

LYNN

Yeah. Minus the chicken, bacon, feta cheese, goat cheese and half a bottle of ranch dressing.

While Gray is amused, a shiver escapes from Lynn's lips.

GRAY

Here, take my coat.

LYNN

Your coat's not gonna bring back the feeling in my fingers.

GRAY

Give me those.

Gray holds the rose in his teeth as he gently takes Lynn's hands and slips them under his jacket, gasping as they touch his bare skin.

GRAY (CONT'D)

How's that?

LYNN

Better.

Just as their eyes connect, the Long Branch Streetcar passes them and they run out of the shelter to catch it.

7 EXT. LONG BRANCH STATION - NIGHT

7

Side by side, Lynn and Gray walk toward a bike rack as the Long Branch streetcar pulls out of the desolate station in the background.

As they get closer, Lynn watches with unease as Gray unlocks a lonely vintage bike and passes Lynn his helmet.

LYNN

No way.

GRAY

Last lag, I promise.

LYNN

Can't we just get a cab?

Lynn searches the bleak, snowy street. No cars. No cabs. Nothing. She yanks the helmet from Gray's hands.

8 EXT. BIKING MONTAGE -- NIGHT

8

Balancing herself on the crossbar, Lynn is freezing and annoyed as they fly through a park. *

They wait as a Train blows by them. *

As they cross a huge parking lot her face slowly transitions from annoyed to exhilarated. With the helmet on she looks adorably special as she breathes in the crisp, fresh air while the Costco lights dance on her face. *

Behind her, smiling with the rose tucked into his jacket, Grays peddles with everything he's got.

9 EXT. SUBURBAN HOUSE - NIGHT

9

Just as he turns onto another street, Lynn's phone begins to RING again, promptly ending their near perfect moment.

LYNN
Stop! Stop!

GRAY
But we're just about -

LYNN
STOP!!!!!!

Gray slams the brakes as she hops off and answers her phone.

LYNN (CONT'D)
Dude, stop calling me! Well, I'm
not at my place. Because I'm sick
of this. I can't be that person for
you anymore just because you feel
lonely. So just fuck off!

*

She abruptly hangs up. Every muscle in Lynn's body tenses up;
she SCREAMS in frustration.

*

GRAY
Is everything okay?

LYNN
Everything's fine. Let's just keep
going.

GRAY
Who was that?

LYNN
EHHHHHHHHHHHHHHHHHH!

*

Gray flicks the rose to the ground and storms off, until...

*

LYNN (CONT'D)
It was my ex-boyfriend.

*

Gray turns around. Lynn slowly walks toward him, apologetic.

GRAY
Oh. Do you want to talk about it?

LYNN
Not much to talk about. He was a
guy. We dated. After a year, he
still couldn't spell my name right.

GRAY
(half serious)
I won't even ask what it is.

Lynn smirks and slowly gets control of herself. Suddenly, out of nowhere, an early morning JOGGER (50) blazes between them. Lynn's eyes follow him in disbelief.

LYNN
Jesus, where are we?

GRAY
Home.

Lynn looks up at a quaint suburban home with relief.

LYNN
Do we get a passport stamp or anything?

Gray smiles and guides her towards the house.

10 INT. HOUSE - FOYER -- CRACK OF DAWN

10

Lynn gently pushes Gray up against the wall and their lips pick up where they started hours ago. Lynn's movements quickly turn aggressive. Gray takes a step back.

GRAY
Woah... easy.

Lynn's eyes are intense, hungry. She grabs at him, rubbing her body against his until Gray pushes her away.

LYNN
Which part of - this is where we have sex - are you not getting?

GRAY
I know, I know... I just don't want to wake up my uncle.

Lynn steps back, deflated but somehow not surprised.

LYNN
You live with your uncle.

GRAY
And my Aunt and their kids. But the basement is mostly mine... and it's just for a while.

*

The whole night a total bust, a defeated Lynn begins to cry. Taken aback, Gray struggles for the right words.

GRAY (CONT'D)

I'm sorry. I know I should have said something. I usually crash at my friend's... I just really wanted to hang out with you -

LYNN

No, it's just... you were supposed to be some random asshole that lived five minutes away in some shitty apartment and we were going to have this like hot, dirty sex that your roommates would've talked about for weeks. Then as soon you fell asleep I would sneak out, do the most epic walk of shame and never ever see you again. And I would feel better.

*
*
*
*
*

Gray is patient, letting her have her moment.

LYNN (CONT'D)

But you're so nice and this isn't me - I should go.

She tries to leave but Gray steps towards her.

GRAY

Stay. It's been a long night. We'll just... sleep. I won't even touch you.

11 INT. GRAY'S ROOM-- MOMENTS LATER

11

In his makeshift basement bedroom Gray lies alone in bed as Christmas lights flicker around the room. Soft MUSIC plays while he stares blankly up at the ceiling.

A toilet FLUSHES. Gray snaps out of his reverie and steels himself before Lynn enters the beaded doorway.

GRAY (CONT'D)

Hey... you.

LYNN

Hey.

She takes off her nylons and slips into bed as far away from Gray as possible. Stiff and barely breathing, they gaze up at the ceiling.

*

GRAY

Well g'nite.

*

While Gray puts forth his best effort to try and sleep, Lynn scans the comforts of Gray's room. Though not overly tidy, it's simple and cozy. She pulls the duvet up to her chin and smells it. It's clean. She sees a picture of a crocheted puppy. *

Her body beginning to relax, she turns to Gray. *

LYNN
My name is -

GRAY
EHHHHHHHHHHHHHHHHHH!

Lynn throws her head back in laughter then jumps on Gray. They start making out. He struggles to remove her top until she takes it off for him. *

As her shirt comes up over her head, Gray's bleary eyes admire her flowery bra. *

GRAY (CONT'D)
Wow, you are so...

Lynn lets out an embarrassing YAWN. Gray freezes. *

LYNN
I'm so sorry.

GRAY
No, no, it's alright.

Gray means it. They look comfortably at each other.

LYNN
I'm really fucking tired.

GRAY
Oh God, me too. *

Lynn plops down on the pillow and their eyes connect. Knowing she's in trouble because she actually likes him.

LYNN
I don't know anything about you. *

GRAY
It's alright. I'm an excellent speller. *

Lynn slides her hand into his and closes her eyes. *

END *