

WRONG WINDOW

Written by

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INT. MECHANIC SHOP - GARAGE - DAY

The garage is dirty but orderly, everything has a place and all the cars are neatly lined up. Mechanics are cleaning up and getting ready to leave.

WREN, 28, a swan among geese, out of place in the dirt of the shop yet completely comfortable with her surroundings, shuts the hood of a car and puts away her tools.

INT. MECHANIC SHOP - LOCKER ROOM - DAY

Wren pushes into the room and heads to the sink. She passes by JIMMY, 32, scruffy but charming, and BEN, 23, quiet and shy, in front of their lockers as they change out of grubby clothes.

JIMMY

Hey, little bird, drinks tonight?

Wren scrubs at her hands, shoots a dirty look over her shoulder but grins.

WREN

Can't. My sister is coming over, but you're welcome to join us for mani-pedis if you want.

Jimmy makes a face while Ben laughs.

JIMMY

I'll pass, but if you change your mind we'll be a Joe's. Bring your sister, anyone related to you has to be good company.

WREN

You boys couldn't handle me and my sister.

Ben blushes while Jimmy laughs and the two head for the door. When they leave the room the smile slips from Wren's face. She dries her hands and quickly changes out of her jumpsuit.

Her phone RINGS as she pulls her jacket on. She answers it absently.

WREN (CONT'D)

Hello?

RICHARD (V.O.)

It's nice to finally get a hold of you, Wren.

RICHARD, 58, has a clipped no nonsense voice. Wren's composure immediately changes as she tenses up.

WREN

Father, how are you?

RICHARD

I'm well. You'd know that if you came around more.

WREN

Sammie keeps me updated.

RICHARD

Yes, your sister mentioned that she's seeing you tonight.

His tone is filled with distaste. Wren stuffs her belongings into her bag and shoves through the door back into the now empty garage.

INT. MECHANIC SHOP - GARAGE - DAY

WREN

Look, she's my sister. I can see her if I want to.

RICHARD

Of course, I just wish she had a better role model in her life.

Wren stops, she is visibly angry now.

WREN

You're seriously going to start this now? This is exactly why we haven't spoken in months.

RICHARD

You've wasted your life. You dropped out of college, squandered a full ride, to work in a garage. What kind of woman works as a mechanic? Your mother would be so dis-

WREN

Don't you dare bring Mom into this! She would never have said anything about my choices. She would have supported me regardless. You know what? I'm done with this converstaion.

RICHARD
Don't hang up on-

She does just that and jams the phone into her pocket. She kicks a nearby table, paces around in tight, angry circles before she slams out the garage door.

INT. JOE'S TAVERN - NIGHT

Wren shoves the door open and enters with more force than necessary. Jimmy, Ben, and ERIC, 29, another mechanic with a cocky demeanor, sit at the bar.

The room is considerably full and dimly lit. Patrons play pool and darts, others drink at tables around the room.

Wren heads to the bar and drops onto the stool next to Eric. She motions to JOE, 40's, gruff and mostly silent owner of the establishment, and a shot appears in front of her.

She throws it back and motions for another. The guys watch her silently.

She throws back the second shot, grabs the beer now in front of her and wades into the groups of people.

MONTAGE - WREN DRINKS AT THE BAR

- Wren plays darts with a group of young people, punctuated by taking shots and flirting, until the group leaves her behind.

- Wren talking and laughing with the guys at the bar. She gets flirty with Eric, who indulges her for a bit, but turns her down with a laugh.

-Flirting with an ATTRACTIVE GUY, 23, typical college jock, and his friends at the pool table, drinking more beer. The flirting seems promising until they leave too.

-Wren is left standing in the parking lot, drunk and alone.

End Montage.

EXT. JOE'S TAVERN - NIGHT

Wren starts to walk down the sidewalk. Her phone RINGS, she fumbles it out of her pocket. The screen reads "Sammie" There's a moment's hesitation before she stuffs the phone back on her pocket unanswered.

EXT. APARTMENT BUILDING - NIGHT

Wren stands outside a darkened apartment building on her phone with MASON's, 28, a successful entrepreneur and Wren's best friend, voicemail.

WREN

Maaaaason! I'm outside your building. Let me crash on your couch! Mason, if you don't let me in I'm gonna climb through your windows.

She walks towards the building and begins scaling the fire escape, still on the phone.

WREN (CONT'D)

Ready or not, here I come! Whoops, wait, got it!

She stumbles up the steps but catches herself.

WREN (CONT'D)

Seriously, I'm going to break in. You know I will.

She gets to the window. It is old and loose. She pulls out a pocket knife and easily jimmys the lock open.

WREN (CONT'D)

There, see? No damage! Aaaaand I'm in - shit!

INT. APARTMENT - LIVING ROOM - NIGHT

She climbs in through the window and knocks over a couple potted plants. They CRASH to the floor.

WREN

When did you put plants in front of the window? When did you even get plants?

She drops her phone on an end table and struggles out of her pants and jacket, drops them on the floor. She collapses on the couch and tugs the blanket draped over the back around her before she passes out.

INT. APARTMENT - LIVING ROOM - DAY

Wren wakes up to the sound of someone moving around the room and a cat on her chest. She groans and tries to block out the light, dislodges the cat.

WREN

When did you get a cat?

ISAAC (O.S.)

Morning, sunshine.

Wren looks startled and glances to the side. ISAAC, 29, surprisingly calm and wearing scrubs, casually leans against the door frame into what looks like the kitchen, coffee in one hand and a hockey stick in the other.

WREN

Hi... who are you?

ISAAC

Who are you?

WREN

Wren. Umm - did we hook up last night?

ISAAC

Oh, totally. I thought I'd make us a pot of coffee and then we could hit the rink, get in a few laps.

Wren stares at him, glances at the hockey stick, and then back to him. The whole while he stares at her.

WREN

Are you serious? Right now?

Isaac's expression drops completely.

ISAAC

No! You're a stranger who broke into my house!

He brandishes the hockey stick.

ISAAC (CONT'D)

This is to keep you from clawing my eyes out or whatever crazy shit you have planned! I have a god four foot reach with this thing.

Wren sits up on the couch and shoves the blanket to the floor.

ISAAC (CONT'D)

I'm serious - put some pants on!
Who breaks into a house and takes
their clothes off?

Wren holds her head and winces.

WREN

Cool it, Cujo. What do you mean
'broke into your house'? I was
drunk - I might still be. Is the
room spinning? Oh, god -

She bolts off the couch and Isaac backs away but keeps the
hockey stick between them. She darts down the hallway and
Isaac can hear her as she empties the contents of her stomach
into the toilet.

INT. APARTMENT - BATHROOM - DAY

He follows the sound and finds her on the floor leaning up
against the tub. He watches her for a moment, then fills a
paper cup from the sink and hands it to her.

She gulps it down, spits it into the toilet and hands the cup
back. He fills it again.

ISAAC

So this is just a B&E gone wrong?

Wren shrugs. Swallows some water.

WREN

I guess? I mean, you're not Mason
so obviously I got the wrong
apartment.

ISAAC

Mason is my neighbor.

She giggles, then laughs until she clutches at her stomach.
Her laughter subsides and she grins to herself. She sticks
her hand out.

WREN

Sorry I broke into your apartment.

Instead of shaking her hand her sticks the coffee mug in it.

ISAAC

Isaac. I'm going to go make
breakfast. You want some?

She blinks at him.

WREN

Sure?

He turns around and leaves.

WREN (CONT'D)

What about the hockey stick?

He doesn't answer. She takes a sip of coffee and lets out a frustrated sigh before she stands and cleans herself up, washes her face, smooths out her hair, and leaves the bathroom.

INT. APARTMENT - HALLWAY - DAY

She passes an open door and stops. The room is set up like an art studio, an ordered chaos of supplies and projects. Several paintings lean against the wall, a half finished canvas sits on an easel by the window.

INT. APARTMENT - STUDIO - CONTINUOUS

She walks into the room and admires the unfinished painting, flips through the paintings on the floor. There are stacks of sketchbooks piled on a desk in the corner. She flips through these too.

They are full of sketches in pencil, charcoal, and ink. They are beautiful in their simplicity.

ISAAC

What are you doing?

She jumps and looks up guiltily. Isaac watches her from the doorway.

WREN

I'm sorry. Did you... are these yours?

ISAAC

Yes.

WREN

They're beautiful. I used to paint. I haven't in years.

ISAAC

Why did you stop?

Wren laughs and stares back down at the sketchbook in her hands.

WREN

The usual excuses, life got in the way. My father wanted me to be an engineer but I only cared about art. He thought art was a waste.

ISAAC

That's disappointing.

Wren shrugs.

WREN

He thought I was a waste when I dropped out of school after one semester.

Wren's phone CHIMES from the living room.

WREN (CONT'D)

Excuse me.

She sets the sketchbook back down and leaves the room. Isaac looks at the sketchbooks from across the room before walking over and picking one up.

INT. APARTMENT - LIVING ROOM - DAY

Wren picks up her phone from the table where she left it. There are multiple text messages from Mason: "I'm out of town for work. Did your drunk ass make it okay?!"

She drops onto the couch and types back: "Yes and no. Broke into the wrong apartment."

She hears NOISES from the kitchen as Isaac goes back to cooking.

ISAAC (O.S.)

Do you like eggs?

WREN

Yeah.

Mason's response CHIMES on the phone: Do I need to call the cops?

She laughs: lol he seems pleasant enough.

The phone beeps: So was Jeffrey Dahmer! DO I NEED TO CALL THE COPS?

WREN (CONT'D)

I feel rude - can I help?

She types: All good. He's making breakfast.

The phone BEEPS again: So he can poison you! WTF who makes breakfast for someone that broke into their house? He's probably going to eat you like Hannibal.

She types: Apparently your neighbor does.

She gets up off the couch and pulls on her pants before she wanders in the kitchen.

INT. APARTMENT - KITCHEN - DAY

WREN

Seriously, I broke into your house.
This is weird, let me help or something.

Isaac stands over the stove. An array of ingredients line the counter; peppers, onions, cheese bacon. He glances at her.

ISAAC

I got this. There's more coffee if you want.

He nods towards the table. On it is a sketchbook and a collection of drawing supplies.

ISAAC (CONT'D)

Pick your poison.

Wren nearly drops the mug she picks up off the counter before she snorts with laughter.

WREN

If only you knew how fitting that was. Mason thinks you're going to poison me.

ISAAC

Well not now, it would be too obvious.

Wren grins at him and sits down at the table with fresh coffee. She opens the sketchbook, picks up a pencil and stares at the page.

ISAAC (CONT'D)

So does 'daddy dearest' play a roll
in you being drunk enough to break
into the wrong apartment?

Wren sips her coffee and sketches a few experimental lines.

WREN

I'd rather not talk about it. What
do you do?

Isaac expertly folds an omelet.

ISAAC

I'm a Resident at the hospital.
You?

WREN

Mechanic, I really am good with
machines.

She roughs out the shape of a person on the page in loose
lines while Isaac butters toast.

WREN (CONT'D)

It's about the only thing I'm good
at that pays the bills.

Isaac slides plates laden with omelets, bacon, and toast onto
the table. Wren pushes the sketchbook aside to dig into the
food, he picks it up to look at her work.

ISAAC

Uncanny resemblance. This is pretty
good for five minutes of work.

She blushes and shovels more food into her mouth.

ISAAC (CONT'D)

I go to a drawing session at the
community center on Thursdays. They
have live models most weeks. You
should join me.

Wren freezes, manages to choke down her mouthful of food.

WREN

Like... a date?

ISAAC

No, but dinner afterwards could be.
If you want.

WREN

I broke into your house. That's
what I do, I break things.

She pushes away from the table.

WREN (CONT'D)

I have to go.

INT. APARTMENT - LIVING ROOM - DAY

She rushes out of the kitchen, snatches up her coat and phone
before she heads to the front door. The broken flower pots on
the floor catch her eye and make her stop.

ISAAC (O.S.)

Wren, wait.

He finds her crouched on the floor next to the mess on the
floor. She tries to scoop up the dirt.

WREN

I'm sorry...

She cries over the plants. Isaac crouches next to her.

ISAAC

Hey, they're just plants.

WREN

It's not that. I just - make a mess
of things. No matter what I do or
how hard I try.

She gives up on the dirt, sits there and cries.

WREN (CONT'D)

I'll just - you're so nice and...
and I'm just a mess.

He hovers awkwardly, reaches to hug her but stops, pats her
shoulder instead.

ISAAC

I'm sorry. I shouldn't - I wasn't
really thinking about it. Timing
isn't really my thing.

He rubs at the back of his neck.

ISAAC (CONT'D)

Don't take this the wrong way, but
I think you're too hard on
yourself.

Wren nods as her tears subside.

ISAAC (CONT'D)

It doesn't have to be a date, but I
think you should come to the class.
Do something for yourself. Who
cares what your father thinks?
You've made something of yourself
or you wouldn't be here. Well not,
here here, but around. God, I'm
making a mess of this aren't I?

She laughs softly.

WREN

We're both sort of a mess. This is
embarrassing. I promise I'm not
usually this emotional. I'm gonna
go...

ISAAC

Think about what I said? It would
be good.

He follows her to the front door, watches her as she heads
down the stairs.

ISAAC (CONT'D)

Don't be a stranger.

She smiles and calls back.

WREN

I won't.

EXT. APARTMENT BUILDING - OUTSIDE ISAAC'S DOOR.

Isaac comes up the stairs, on his doorstep are two potted
plants. A folded piece of paper is wedged in one of the
plants leaves.

He picks it up, the note reads: Sorry about the plants, next
time I won't knock them over. ;) See you Thursday. -W

END.