

# I NEED A LIFT

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FADE IN:

EXT. HOUSE #1 - DAY

**INSIDE RYAN'S CAR**

With teary eyes, RYAN WHITE (45) stares at the setting sun through the rearview mirror. He's a lonely man with too much depression to bear.

He puts a phone to his ear. He wears a black suit.

RYAN  
(sorrow)  
Hello?  
(he listens)  
I'm doing...

He looks down at his wife Sarah's obituary in his hand.

RYAN (CONT'D)  
I'm drowning.  
(he listens)  
I called them, but I can't find  
anyone to talk with.  
(he listens)  
I know I can call Dwayne and the  
others, but I don't want to grieve  
Sarah's family more.  
(he listens)  
Can you talk?  
(he listens)  
Grocery shopping?  
(he listens)  
Ok, mom. Bye.

He hangs up. He stares at the phone. He scrolls through his contacts. He sighs.

He puts his phone in the glove compartment and closes it. He cranks on the engine.

EXT. HOUSE #2 - NIGHT

**INSIDE RYAN'S CAR**

Ryan drives up. He's still depressed.

He sees THREE FRIENDS (20s) playing around in the yard. They're dressed for a fast night on the town. Ryan smiles, hopeful they'll talk with him.

They get in the back, bumping around and laughing loudly.

RYAN  
(happy)  
Good evening. I'm Ryan.

FRIEND #1  
Sup?

The friends settle down, taking out their phones.

Ryan stares at them through the rearview mirror. They click on their phones.

Friend #1 looks up from his phone.

FRIEND #1 (CONT'D)  
Why haven't we left yet?

RYAN  
(desperate)  
I... I just want to talk.

Confused, the friends look at each other.

FRIEND #2  
Talk about what?

RYAN  
(teary eyed)  
My wife... She just died.

FRIEND #3  
Your wife died?

RYAN  
(heart-broken)  
I loved her.

The friends look at each other.

FRIEND #1  
(mocking)  
Brah, we ain't talking to you.

FRIEND #2  
Drive.

The friends laugh. Ryan wipes his tears and drives.

EXT. HOUSE #3 - NIGHT

**INSIDE RYAN'S CAR**

Ryan drives up. He's still depressed.

He sees a COLLEGE STUDENT (19) exiting the house. The student wears a stuffed backpack, and he holds a textbook. Ryan smiles, hopeful he'll talk with him.

The student gets in the back. He yawns and rubs his eyes.

Ryan looks at him through the rearview mirror. The student reads the textbook. **He reads as they talk:**

RYAN

(happy)

Good evening, young man. What are you reading?

COLLEGE STUDENT

(tired; stressed)

Math, sir. And I have a big paper due. I hope the books aren't checked out.

RYAN

Do you have a moment before I drive?

The student looks up from his book.

COLLEGE STUDENT

A moment for what?

RYAN

(grieved)

I'm going through something and I need to get it out.

COLLEGE STUDENT

Sorry, sir, I really need to focus on my own stuff right now.

The student reads his book.

RYAN

(frustrated)

Of course.

Ryan drives.

EXT. HOUSE #4 - NIGHT

**INSIDE RYAN'S CAR**

Ryan drives up. He's angry.

SUNSHINE SANDERS (37) hops into the backseat, holding a business portfolio.

He frowns at her through the rearview mirror. She frantically texts on her phone.

She wears a business suit and makeup. Although she looks like she has life figured out, her life is falling apart.

RYAN  
(irritated)  
You must be busy too.

SUNSHINE  
(stressed)  
Yes. Can we hurry? Like hurry, hurry?

He frowns and shakes his head. He drives.

EXT. NEIGHBORHOOD - NIGHT

**INSIDE RYAN'S CAR**

Ryan stops at a Stop Sign. He stares angrily at it.

He looks at Sunshine through the rearview mirror. She flips quickly through notes in her portfolio.

He frowns, depressed. A tear drops from his eye.

RYAN  
Ma'am, can I talk to you?

She quickly looks at the Sign, then looks at her notes.

SUNSHINE  
(anxious)  
Why are we parked at a Stop Sign?

He cries. She quickly looks up, then looks at her notes.

SUNSHINE (CONT'D)  
Why are you crying?

RYAN  
My wife died.

She quickly looks up, stunned by his answer. He sobs wildly.

SUNSHINE  
(grieved)  
Oh no. I'm sorry.

RYAN  
I have no one to talk to about it.

SUNSHINE

I would, but I have a big, big dinner  
with a big potential client.

She looks back.

SUNSHINE (CONT'D)

And we shouldn't be parked at a Stop  
Sign.

RYAN

I could park somewhere and talk. It  
wouldn't take long.

She thinks about it. She checks the time on her phone.

SUNSHINE

I'm really not the person to give  
advice on anything.

RYAN

Then just listen please.

She checks the time again. She sighs.

SUNSHINE

(regrettable)

Find somewhere to park.

**PARKED AT CURVE/INSIDE CAR**

Ryan and Sunshine sit in the front, sobbing. Her phone and  
portfolio lie in the backseat.

RYAN

And she would get me up early every  
morning, saying, "The early bird gets  
the worm, but the early riser gets  
pancakes."

She laughs through her tears.

RYAN (CONT'D)

(smiling)

I don't like pancakes.

SUNSHINE

But you liked hers.

He nods.

SUNSHINE (CONT'D)

She sounds fabulous.

RYAN

She was spectacular. And my heart misses her.

SUNSHINE

Aww. If I didn't cry up all my tissue yesterday, we could use it right now.

He laughs through his tears. She laughs.

SUNSHINE (CONT'D)

I'm so sorry, Ryan. My life doesn't compare to your loss, but it's no cakewalk either. My failed engagement. Failed businesses. Bills. Bills. Bills... If I don't get this client...

She lowers her head and exhales loudly.

RYAN

You'll get it, Sunshine... I thank you for listening.

SUNSHINE

You're welcome.

She checks her watch for the time.

SUNSHINE (CONT'D)

(playful)

Now, get me to that dinner!

EXT. RESTAURANT - NIGHT

**OUTSIDE RYAN'S CAR**

Sunshine hops out of the front seat with her portfolio and phone. She takes an anxious glance at the restaurant.

She takes a business card from her portfolio.

**INSIDE RYAN'S CAR**

She leans in and hands Ryan the card.

RYAN

What is this?

SUNSHINE

My card. I saved your number, but that's mine encase you need an ear first.

RYAN

Thank you. I have more people to pick up. Call and let me know how the meeting goes.

She looks at the restaurant.

SUNSHINE

(nervous)  
Hopefully well.

RYAN

Bye.

SUNSHINE

Night.

She closes the door and heads to the restaurant.

He stares at the business card. He takes his phone out of the glove compartment and programs her number in it. He smiles.

He puts the phone and card in the glove compartment. He closes it. He cranks on the engine.

EXT. HOUSE #1 - NIGHT

**OUTSIDE RYAN'S CAR**

Ryan gets out of his car. He holds his wife's obituary. The phone in his dress coat rings. He takes it out and answers.

SUNSHINE (PHONE)

(ecstatic)  
It's Sunshine!

RYAN

(happy)  
You called.

SUNSHINE (PHONE)

Yes!

RYAN

How did the dinner meeting go?

SUNSHINE (PHONE)

I was late.

RYAN

(remorseful)  
Oh no.

SUNSHINE (PHONE)  
But I got the client!!!

RYAN  
(excited)  
I knew it!

SUNSHINE (PHONE)  
Thanks for the lift to the meeting.

He looks at the obituary.

RYAN  
I was the one who needed a lift.

EXT. HOUSE #1 - DAY

Ryan stands by his car, facing the screen (**to address the audience**). He's happy, and he wears bright-colored, casual clothes.

RYAN  
We're all going through something, so  
take time to talk to someone.

FADE OUT.