

Lester LEAVES O.S..

RED TABLE AND BLUE TABLES SIDE BY SIDE.

BLEW

If I were him... I WOULD have just gone to the PURPLE table. If only.

EXT. ORDINARY CITY STREET - MORNING

JABBLE WALKING ON THE SIDEWALK WITH RAIN CLOUDS ABOVE.

Her cell phone rings and she answers. A storm is rolling in and the day is very dark and dim.

JABBLE

Hi, Mr. Estate. I'm on my way over now, just running a few minutes late.

(pause)

Day off? Is everything alright?... You're giving everyone a holiday?... I don't understand, you've NEVER missed a day of... okay. I wasn't feeling that great anyways. I could use some rest.

(pause)

Thank you sir, I will. Have a good day.

Jabble hangs up the phone and puts it away. There is pent up angry frustration on her face. She proceeds FORWARD and stops to lean against a wall in a panic attack. She slides down it to sit on ground against it. Her head is looking down. Sloan APPROACHES from the opposite direction.

CLOSE UP OF JABBLE SITTING ON THE GROUND.

SLOAN (V.O.)

You okay?

JABBLE WITH SLOAN STANDING ABOVE HER.

Jabble looks up on the verge of tearing. Her face turns to anger.

JABBLE

You! You're the FUCKING asshole pushing me around the other day!

(MORE)

JABBLE (CONT'D)

You looking for a good screw? Some easy meat?!

Pause.

SLOAN

No... I though you might need a friend... that's all. I don't like to see people sad and hurting. Are you... okay?

JABBLE

I'M FINE... I'm just... I... I don't know.

SLOAN

May I just sit with you for a moment?

Pause.

JABBLE

Yes, just DON'T try to hug me or touch me or anything. I mean it.

SLOAN

Thanks.

Sloan sits down and lays against the wall by her.

SLOAN (CONT'D)

Hey check this out, a new friend gave this to me.

He reaches into his pocket and takes out a beautiful half-dollar sized piece of art encased in a glass medallion. He shows it to her.

JABBLE

What is it?

SHINNY CIRCULAR PIECE OF GLASS ART IN SLOAN'S HAND.

The glass art has a night scene with the image of lake at the center and mountain ranges on the right and left. Just above one mountain is the moon, just above the other mountain is the deep reds of a dim rising sun. Above are stars.

SLOAN

I'm still figuring it out... but I figure the lake is the self and everything we hide inside. Above are our dreams we reach for.

JABBLE

It's beautiful.

SLOAN

The question IS... of the sun and moon. Which time is it? Is it the setting of an old day or the rising of a new? Is it the rising of the stars into sight or the warming of a cold lake? Are they rising or setting? I suppose... it is whatever we make.

JABBLE

It looks so peaceful there... Your friend just gave you this?

SLOAN

A new friend I just met. Here...

SLOAN HANDING IT TO JABBLE.

JABBLE

What? Are you giving this to me?

SLOAN

Yes, it's YOURS.

JABBLE

WHY? Why would you give this to me? I don't even know you. You don't even like me.

SLOAN

I DO like you... and you don't have to know someone to give them something. It's a peace offering. You were hurt, someone hurt you, so I hope it brings you some peace.

JABBLE

(tearing up)

Thank you...

Pause as Jabble keeps staring at it closely.

JABBLE (CONT'D)

(timidly)

Maybe I will take that hug after all.

SLOAN

Of course.