

Anachronism

written by

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INT. A RETRO-NEON RESTURANT/CAFE - NIGHT/DAY

GENEVIEVE (20), is anxiously waiting at a table. She keeps looking at the door, tapping her foot, and checking the time. After some time, MARCUS (20), walks through the door and stands in front of Genevieve. Genevieve quickly tries to gather herself.

MARCUS

Hey.

GENEVIEVE

Hi.

Genevieve imagines that he kisses her on the cheek and smiles lovingly at her. These events take place in the daytime.

MARCUS

Hey, you.

Snap back to reality. They awkwardly look around before Marcus goes to give an awkward hug to Genevieve sitting down. Marcus sits down.

GENEVIEVE

So what kept you so busy?

MARCUS

Uh...yeah sorry about being late. I was stuck in traffic.

beat.

GENEVIEVE

How have you been?

MARCUS

Good. I've been good. You?

GENEVIEVE

Yeah, good.

beat.

Genevieve imagines them blowing straw wrappers or balls of napkins at each other. They keep aiming for each other's mouths. They are laughing very hard. Daytime.

GENEVIEVE (CONT'D)

(laughing)

Marcus, everyone is looking at us.

MARCUS

They're looking at you because
you're gorgeous.

GENEVIEVE

(pretending to vomit)
God that was definitely your worst
one yet.

MARCUS

(laughing)
I knew you'd hate it.

Snap back to reality.

GENEVIEVE

Didn't think it was gonna be this
awkward.

MARCUS

Sorry. I'm not being myself. How
was your? Your place?...

GENEVIEVE

Rehab? Oh it was awesome! If that
Candyland game was like an actual
place in real life, that's what
rehab was like.

Genevieve imagines them holding hands across the table and
talking. Daytime.

GENEVIEVE (CONT'D)

Can we drink when we get home?

MARCUS

(hesitantly)
Uh, I probably won't. But you can.

GENEVIEVE

Yay! I love you.

MARCUS

I love you too.

Snap back to reality.

Marcus stays awkwardly silent, not knowing what to say.

GENEVIEVE

Jeez. You used to understand my
sarcasm a lot better. Honestly
though, knowing I had you made it a
lot easier in there.

MARCUS

That's sweet.

GENEVIEVE

2 months and 2 weeks clean. Who would've thought right? Now we can finally buy that place on Hillside and fix it up like we always wanted to.

MARCUS

Yeah... I'm real proud of you.

GENEVIEVE

As my boyfriend, you don't really seem like it.

MARCUS

Listen...Genevieve. I met someone. She's real great and I think you should meet her.

Cut to quick cuts of Genevieve drinking tons of different alcohol multiple times. Marcus' "I met someone" plays on repeat. Quick cuts of Marcus and Genevieve holding hands, kissing, hugging, laughing.

Snap back to reality.

GENEVIEVE

What...? You met someone?

MARCUS

Yeah. Her name is-

GENEVIEVE

I was gone for two months. You moved on that quickly?

MARCUS

Look, it was a hard time for us and they didn't allow you any visitors-

GENEVIEVE

(raising her voice)

So they didn't allow me visitors and your next thought was to go off and fuck some new girl?

MARCUS

Gen...please don't yell-

GENEVIEVE

I wrote you letter after letter in there. I've been out for two weeks and this is the first time you even bothered to meet me.

MARCUS

I've had a lot going on.

GENEVIEVE

You know, I tried to kill myself in there, which you would know if you even bothered to open my fucking letters.

MARCUS

I needed space-

Marcus' "I love you" plays on repeat.

GENEVIEVE

You think I wanna have dinner with you to talk about your new girlfriend? You didn't even have the decency to tell me that you were done with me before showing up here.

MARCUS

Damn it, Gen. I thought we could make amends and be friends. You would drink yourself to sleep every god damn day and I stayed with you through every second of it. Sorry that I finally realized I deserved better.

The voiceovers, audios, flashbacks cut.

GENEVIEVE

(in disbelief)

Huh. Deserve better? You don't deserve shit, Marcus.

She grabs her things and hastily walks out. Music. The camera follows her outside and down the street.

INT. HER APARTMENT - NIGHT

She rummages through her apartment, looking for any alcohol left. She finds a bottle of vodka and grabs it. She stares at it, deliberating in her head if she should drink one or not. Voiceovers of friends and relatives play.

"I miss who you used to be."

"We just want you to get better."

"What happened to our little girl?"

"I love you, but you need this."

"This can't be your everything."

"This isn't healthy, Genevieve."

She pops the cap open on one of the beers. She holds it in her hand while violently shaking. She squeezes her eyes shut.

"I met someone."

She opens her eyes. Quick cuts of her imagining to relapse, experimental effects, her screaming and crying, Marcus, and herself.

Screen cuts to black.

She wakes up on the couch. There is a beer bottle on the table next to her. Genevieve's eyes slowly open. She has a moment of reflection from the night, while curling into the fetal position. She grabs the beer bottle, which we now see is full. She never drank it. She pours it down the sink and sighs to herself.

END.