

UNAFRAID

By

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EXT. PARK - DAY

BROOKLYN (late 20's) sits by herself a park bench. People swirl around her, but Brooklyn remains alone.

A YOUNG GIRL (7) walks by, holding her MOTHER's (late 30's) hand. She makes eye contact with Brooklyn, offers a huge SMILE. Brooklyn offers a SHY GRIN in return, then averts her eyes.

Near the fountain, KADEN (late 20's) strums his guitar. His GUITAR CASE lies open at his feet, encouraging donations.

Brooklyn sneaks one furtive glance at Kaden, then another, always careful to avoid eye contact.

Kaden finishes his song, then offers the most GENUINE SMILE to anyone who passes by. There's a strong possibility that this may be the nicest guy on the planet.

From her bench, Brooklyn takes advantage of the distraction to steal a longing glance at Kaden. She whispers softly.

BROOKLYN
(to herself)
Hello. I'm Brooklyn. Pleased to
meet you.

She lingers another moment, then leaves the park, careful not to speak to or touch anyone.

INT. KITCHEN - NIGHT

Brooklyn's kitchen is PRISTINE. No mess, no clutter. Everything in its place.

Brooklyn stands at her stove, preparing a meal for one.

INT. DINING ROOM - NIGHT

Brooklyn sets a place for herself, then eats in silence. No pets to keep her company. No music to fill the empty space.

Only the soft clatter of silverware against her plate.

INT. BEDROOM - NIGHT

Brooklyn lies in bed, the light on her nightstand casting shadows on the walls. The nightstand is conspicuously absent of books or magazines.

She stares at the ceiling. Her loneliness is a tangible thing, so powerful it makes us want to reach out and comfort her.

She sighs, then reaches out to extinguish the light with a soft...

CLICK.

EXT. PARK - DAY

A new day, but Brooklyn is on the same bench, still alone.

Nearby, Kaden plays his guitar for anyone willing to listen.

Brooklyn smiles to herself, eyes downcast.

A pair of KILLER HEELS comes into her view. Brooklyn frowns, follows the heels up a pair of LONG LEGS, past the TIGHT SKIRT and REVEALING BLOUSE, to the STRIKING FACE of the woman staring down at her.

Brooklyn, meet LILY (early 30's).

Lily bites into a juicy RED DELICIOUS APPLE. She chews, never taking her eyes from Brooklyn.

Brooklyn can only hold her gaze for a heartbeat before she has to look away, uncomfortable.

Lily takes another bite, continues to stare.

When it's clear that Brooklyn isn't going to speak, Lily takes a seat on the bench, entirely too close to Brooklyn. Brooklyn edges away.

Lily grins. She ogles at Kaden.

LILY

Wow. Hot.

BROOKLYN

Excuse me?

(CONTINUED)

LILY
It's hot. Outside. Don't you think?

Brooklyn nods, embarrassed.

LILY
Nothing compared to Handsome over
there, though. Huh?

Brooklyn is surprised at this, maybe even a little jealous.
She plays it off.

BROOKLYN
I guess.

LILY
Psh. You guess.

Lily takes another bite of her apple, talking as she chews.

LILY
You come here every day, sneak
glances at the hotness over there
from this bench, and the first time
someone asks you to admit that you
think he's gorgeous, you shrug it
off like it's no big thing. (beat)
You guess.

Brooklyn is flabbergasted.

BROOKLYN
Do I know you?

LILY
You wish you knew me.

They sit in silence for a moment.

LILY
You need to go over there,
introduce yourself.

BROOKLYN
I couldn't.

LILY
What's stopping you?

Brooklyn shrugs.

LILY

I'll tell you what's stopping you.
You're a coward, that's what.

Brooklyn's had enough of Little Miss Crazy. She half-stands as if to leave, hesitates, then sits back down.

BROOKLYN

Why are you doing this?

LILY

I get to ask the questions, not you. Like this one: What are you so afraid of?

Brooklyn doesn't answer.

LILY

I know what it is. You're afraid he'll say yes. You're afraid you'll ask him over to your place, you'll both have a little too much to drink, you'll ask him to sleep with you, and he'll say yes.

Brooklyn blushes.

BROOKLYN

That's not it at all. I'm just... comfortable with the way things are.

LILY

And how are they, Brooklyn? Quiet? Safe?

BROOKLYN

How do you-

LILY

Lonely?

Brooklyn stops talking. That's the word, the one she hates.

BROOKLYN

There's nothing wrong with being alone.

LILY

Bullshit. There's nothing wrong with being alone now and then, but all the time? That's not how life works, sweetheart. What's the point of your self-imposed solitary?

(CONTINUED)

Brooklyn doesn't have an answer.

LILY

We're not wired to spend our lives alone. We're wired for companionship. Whether it's a friend, a lover, a coworker, or even a goldfish, we need to be connected.

Lily takes a long, hard look at Kaden.

LILY

You can't spend your entire life watching from the sidelines. Sooner or later, you've gotta play.

Lily takes one last bite, then hands the rest of the apple to Brooklyn.

LILY

I'm gonna walk over there right now and tell him that you've been coming here for weeks, watching him, and that you want nothing more than to take him back to your apartment and tear his clothes off.

Brooklyn grabs Lily's forearm, surprised by her own action.

BROOKLYN

No. You can't. That's not-

LILY

Take a chance, Brooklyn.

Lily bolts to her feet, twists out of Brooklyn's grasp, and beelines toward Kaden.

For a moment, Brooklyn is PARALYZED into inaction. She glances from the apple to Lily to Kaden to the park exit.

What to do, what to do...

She buries all of her fears and insecurities long enough to get to her feet. She places the half-eaten apple on the park bench, then takes a step toward Lily.

BROOKLYN

(quiet)

Wait.

She takes another step, then another. Now she's walking.

BROOKLYN
(louder)
Wait.

Her pace increases to a jog.

BROOKLYN
I said wait!

Brooklyn rushes to catch up with Lily.

Lily is only a few feet from Kaden. She throws a MISCHIEVOUS GRIN back toward Brooklyn.

Brooklyn digs deep. One last push. She SPRINTS, closing her eyes. She reaches out and GRABS Lily's forearm.

BROOKLYN
Wait!

When Brooklyn opens her eyes, she finds herself face-to-face with Kaden. She's clutching HIS FOREARM.

She looks up into his eyes, tongue-tied. She lets go over his forearm.

KADEN
Uh, hello.

Brooklyn scans the park. Lily has vanished. It's as if she was never there at all.

Brooklyn turns back. Kaden is still looking at her. He extends a hand.

KADEN
I'm Kaden.

Terror siezes her. Every instinct is screaming for her to look away, to run away, to hide.

She fights back, gains control. She visibly relaxes as she looks up at Kaden. She takes his hand in hers and speaks softly.

BROOKLYN
Hello. I'm Brooklyn. Pleased to meet you.

Brooklyn and Kaden strike up a conversation.

Lily's HALF-EATEN APPLE sits alone on the park bench.

FADE TO BLACK.