

ABRAHAM SIDE 1

19.

START

ABRAHAM

Well I'm working a double today and my roommate just texted me our bathroom is flooded. If that makes you feel any better.

NIA

Why would I care?

ABRAHAM

So rougher night than I thought. Wanna drink? I'll buy the first round.

NIA

I'll pay for my own drink. Thanks.

ABRAHAM

Okay.

NIA

McCallan 25. Neat. With water.

ABRAHAM turns away to pour her drink. NIA pulls a small pad out and starts to jot down a few notes. She glances to the stage.

NIA (CONT'D)

Hey. Whose running the list tonight?

ABRAHAM turns around with her drink. She takes it and starts sipping.

ABRAHAM

You tell jokes?

NIA

No.

ABRAHAM

What's your deal then?

NIA

I'm a writer. I might want to get some shit off my chest. Ya'll still do the Free Five...put up 5 minutes of whatever you want?

ABRAHAM

Yeah. But you sure you want to go up there?

NIA
What do you mean?

ABRAHAM
High and sipping scotch?

NIA
What are you my fucking Dad?

CUT TO:

~~INT. CONFSSIONAL~~

~~ABRAHAM
(scratching his head)
This should be fun. This fucking
job, man.~~

CUT TO:

INT. BROOKLYN BAR - NIGHT

ABRAHAM
I hope you don't talk to your Dad
like that.

NIA
Christ. Saint Teresa the bartender
over here.

ABRAHAM
Naw. I'm just trying to look out.

NIA stands up, gulps down all of her drink and pulls a few crumpled bills out of her pocket. She hands them over to him.

NIA
No need. Thanks for the drink.

NIA makes her way out of the bar. ABRAHAM taps the other BARTENDER on the shoulder, gives him the cash. He tries to catch NIA before she reaches the door.

ABRAHAM
~~HEY! HEY!~~

She ignores him.

EXT. BROOKLYN BAR - NIGHT

NIA leans against the building wall. Fingering through her notebook.

ABRAHAM
Hey, hey. You okay?

NIA
Captain save her to the rescue. Are you seriously following me?

ABRAHAM
Naw. You just seem kinda fucked up.

NIA
Yeah something like that.

ABRAHAM
I can get you an uber. We do it all the time.

NIA
Why do you give a shit? I've known you all of 20 minutes.

ABRAHAM
You just seem...I don' know...hurt.

NIA
I don't need an uber. I need a fucking revolver.

ABRAHAM
What?

NIA
Nothing...just...nothing. That was suppose to be funny.

ABRAHAM
I thought you didn't tell jokes.

She smiles for the first time.

ABRAHAM (CONT'D)
If you say you're okay, I'll leave you alone..but you don't seem like you're okay.

NIA
I'm not okay. But there's nothing you can do about it.

ABRAHAM
I could listen. Maybe?

NIA
What's your name?

ABRAHAM
Abraham.

NIA
Honest, Abe. Hilarious.

ABRAHAM
Biblical. Not Lincoln.

NIA
That makes more sense.

ABRAHAM walks to the wall and also leans against it beside her.

ABRAHAM
Sooooo...you want to talk about it?

NIA
No. But fuck it...I got myself in really deep with someone who could never really be with me.

ABRAHAM
Oh well..Fuck that nigga.

NIA
It's not his fault. It's definitely me.

ABRAHAM
That's real.

NIA
And it fucking hurts.

ABRAHAM
Let it hurt. The pain always passes.

NIA
Thanks, Yoda.

NIA starts to walk away.

NIA (CONT'D)
I'm gonna go home.

ABRAHAM

You don't want to get up there tonight, after all?

NIA

And be even more embarrassed than I am now. ~~50 years old, no money, no man, trying to turn a bunch of nothing on a notepad into a career.~~ No. I'm just going to cut my losses for the night. See you around.

ABRAHAM

Wait. What's your name?

NIA

Nia.

ABRAHAM

Nia, what?

NIA

Nia Foster.

ABRAHAM

Nia Foster...sounds like a writer to me.

STOP

NIA

Glad somebody thinks so. Catch you later.

She walks off. He looks after her and then heads back inside. As he walks in, he collides with ARIEL, 26, African American and very pretty.

ABRAHAM

I didn't mean to....I'm sorry--

ARIEL

I'm not. See you inside.

ARIEL winks and turns away.

CUT TO BLACK