

THE TRANSCENDENTALIST

by

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FADE IN:

EXT. LAKE (UNDERWATER) - DAY

A small boy slips down through the water, fully clothed, blood gushing from his head.

MAN'S VOICE (V.O.)
Ever think about past lives? What
you might've been?

He slowly disappears into the depths, leaving behind a swirling ribbon of blood.

MAN'S VOICE (V.O.)
I didn't used to.

CUT TO:

INT/EXT. CITY BUS - DAY

DAVID FULLER (37) wakes with a shock in his seat -- a few riders glance at him sideways. He looks out of place in his drab vintage suit, like a sad George Bailey.

STREET

He plods up a sidewalk, through the late Winter slush. Craftsman bungalows on either side.

EXT. DAVID'S HOUSE - FRONT PORCH

Grabs his mail and puts his key in the door -- it swings open unlocked. He cautiously steps...

INSIDE

DAVID
Lydia? You home?

No one answers.

He nervously scans the room.

There's an empty silhouette on the wall where a painting had been, and impressions in the carpet from a missing chair.

He snatches an umbrella by the door and holds it close. Creeps into the...

KITCHEN

He inches toward the center island, then lunges around it.

No intruder.

A very conspicuous note is stuck to the fridge.

ON NOTE

LYDIA (V.O.)

I'm done, David. I don't even know
you anymore. At Mom's, don't call.
Took the TV, too. You probably
won't miss that either!

He removes the "Therapists do it on the Couch" fridge magnet, and folds the paper into a tiny square before throwing it in the trash.

He dials an old rotary phone on the counter.

DAVID

(on phone)

I know, sorry about that, been
really busy... Hey, can you meet
me for a drink?... Really? Can't
you do that later?... No, listen
Steve -- Lydia's moved out.

INT. PUB - NIGHT

The English-style pub is cozy, with upholstered chairs and an elaborate antique wooden bar back. Billiards and jukebox in the background.

Contrasting David's quirky exterior, STEVE looks more "outer-belt", with his football jersey tucked into his Dockers.

The two men sit at a booth, beers in hand.

STEVE

While you were at work?! That's
harsh.

Steve laughs and takes a sip. David looks sour.

DAVID

Yeah, she'd been boxing stuff up
for days. Said it was for
consignment.

STEVE

She moved in, what, like a year
ago?

DAVID

Three.

STEVE

Oh... So what'd this note say?

David pulls the note from his pocket and hands it over.

DAVID

Dug it out of the trash. Sorry
it's a little...

Steve reads it and takes a moment to respond.

STEVE

You did see this coming, didn't
you?

DAVID

Yeah, I've sort of been expecting
it.

STEVE

Why'd you guys shack up, then?

DAVID

I don't know. Playing house, I
guess. Plus, you know...

STEVE

God, yes. Legendary ass.

Steve traces an hourglass in the air.

DAVID

Yeah, and there's that. I
understand, on a physical level,
how attraction works, but --

STEVE

-- No. It's not just little brain
chemicals, Poindexter. There
should be some -- connection, you
know? You can't just put two people
together...

Steve slides two beer bottles together to illustrate.

STEVE

...because their profiles are...
No, you met her on the internet,
didn't you?