

INT. APARTMENT - NIGHT

As Luvlee moves through the dark apartment, checks out Lewis' tactile labels, Chris' dymo labels to the kitchen. She moves to the fridge, opens it, is reaching for a bottle of water when she nearly jumps out of her skin...

The light from the fridge illuminates LEWIS, sitting at the kitchen table, in the dark, calmly eating a piece of pie.

LEWIS

Luvlee, I presume.

She closes the fridge, takes in the blind man sitting at the table.

LEWIS (CONT'D)

I recognize the perfume. Can I offer you some pie? It's not homemade, but it's decent.

LUVLEE

No, thank you.

LEWIS

Gotta watch your figure I imagine, your line of work. Nice name, by the way-- Luvlee Lemons.

She sits down at the table with him.

LUVLEE

I don't dance any more. I was never very good at it.

She looks at Lewis, waves her hand in front of his face.

LEWIS

Please tell me you're not waving your hand in front of my face.

LUVLEE

Have you been blind your whole life?

LEWIS

Most of it.

LUVLEE

How'd it happen?

LEWIS

I looked at the sun too long.

LUVLEE

Wow. You hear about that...

LEWIS

Let me ask you a question, what's your real name?

LUVLEE

Why? You gonna google me?

LEWIS

I did, what would I find?

LUVLEE

Probably nothing.

LEWIS

And what happens if I Google Gary?

She shrugs, hums "I don't know."

LUVLEE

How'd you meet Chris?

LEWIS

Center put us together few years ago.

LUVLEE

And now he's your best friend.

LEWIS

He's a good friend.

LUVLEE

Maybe your only friend?

He doesn't answer that, finally leans forward.

LEWIS

Hey, Luvlee? That thing about the sun? It was a lie. Total bullshit.

LUVLEE

Oh...

LEWIS

I was about your age, some buddies and me wanted to make money, so we started a meth lab--

LUVLEE

You blew yourself up?

LEWIS

Do I look like I blew myself up? No, I didn't blow myself up. This was a while back, before meth was fashionable, so, unfortunately, it wasn't yet known that if you work in an unventilated room, the fumes can, and in fact do, blind you. Something which probably could have been avoided had I just stopped and bothered to ask a simple question: What am I doing here?

LUVLEE

What a sad story. If it's true--

LEWIS

Tell me, what are y'all cookin', sweetheart? Why are you here?

LUVLEE

Same reason you are. Chris Pratt.

LEWIS

Sweet. Course not quite as sweet as meeting in a bar. Or giving someone a cellphone.

LUVLEE

Gary wants to help Chris.

LEWIS

I bet he does.

LUVLEE

Do you know Gary?

LEWIS

I've known lotsa Gary's. A few Luvlee's, too.

LUVLEE

Meaning?

LEWIS

Meaning that something tells me you don't really believe you're gonna be invited to the next Pratt Thanksgiving.

LUVLEE

Well, I could be.

LEWIS

Sometimes I wake up, I think I can see until I walk into a door.

(MORE)

LEWIS (CONT'D)

The Luvlee Lemmons of the world don't end up with Chris Pratt.

LUVLEE

Well, thank you, asshole.

She folds her arms, starts to get up.

LEWIS

Sad but true. But it takes me back to that original question, Luvlee.

(then)

So tonight, in the dark, let me help you out and ask it again: what are you doing here?

She doesn't answer. He finally gets up.

LEWIS (CONT'D)

There's some killer chicken salad in the fridge. My secret's the apples. Gives it a nice texture.