

Out of Mind

written by

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FADE IN:

INT. TIM'S LAB - DAY

A large basement room. Elaborate with all sorts of scientific equipment - beakers and Bunsen Burners and test tubes and a microscope. A pulled out sofa bed stands off to the side. The covers are neat as a pin.

TIM LEDFORD (29), good-looking appearance for a nerd, lives and breathes science, a likable guy, wearing a white lab coat, is hard at work on a machine resting on the table.

The device is a bunch of household items thrown together - hair dryer, toaster, microwave, water hose, wires, etc. A silly-looking contraption.

Tim works to connect wires to different components.

O.S. A door OPENS.

MINDY

Tim? You down there?

Tim continues his work without missing a beat.

TIM

Yeah!

MINDY PETERS (20s), a beauty who hides her great body beneath professional clothing that covers all of her assets, comes to the doorway. She isn't the least bit surprised to see what Tim is doing.

MINDY

Silly me. Where else would you be?

She goes to Tim's side. He completely ignores her.

MINDY

What are you working on?

TIM

It's a surprise.

Mindy turns Tim to her and gently strokes his chest.

MINDY

I have something better you can fiddle with.

But Tim is distracted by his experiment.

TIM

I need to...

Mindy kisses him hard. Tim attempts to squirm out from under her, but Mindy has his lab coat firmly in her grasp. She flings Tim to the bed and straddles him. Forces a kiss on his lips.

LATER

Tim and Mindy lie in bed. Both look unsatisfied.

TIM

I have a lot on my mind.

MINDY

I could tell.

Tim's eyes suddenly widen in revelation.

TIM

The vortex compressor.

MINDY

The what?

Excited, Tim puts on his pants from the floor, then his shirt.

TIM

Maybe if I reverse the polarity through the secondary transistors, the positive flow will ignite the fusion center.

He throws on his lab coat and hurries to his machine. Fiddles with it.

Mindy rises on her elbows.

MINDY

Tim, don't you even care that my needs haven't been met?

Tim looks over at her with unease.

TIM

I'm sorry.

Mindy smiles with anticipation.

TIM

Feel free to take care of them while I work.

Like an excited little boy, Tim returns to his project.

MINDY

OMG.

She throws on her clothes and goes to Tim.

MINDY

Sure, it doesn't matter that I had a day from Hell. Aaron stole files from my computer and took full credit for the Johnson account. I think Mr. Hammond is going to give him a raise due to MY hard work.

Tim chuckles while he works.

TIM

That Aaron.

Mindy crosses her arms. Glares at Tim. He notices and wipes the smile from his face.

TIM

What a horrible thing for him to do.

MINDY

Sometimes I think you like him more than you do me.

She grabs her purse and heads out of the room.

Tim straightens.

TIM

Mindy...

Tim sighs, but he's not down for long. He returns to work on the machine with enthusiasm.

EXT. TIM'S HOUSE - NIGHT - CONTINUOUS

As Mindy arrives at her car, her cell phone inside her purse RINGS. She pulls it out.

MINDY

(into phone)

Hello?... This is her... No, I don't do that, you sicko. How did you get my number?... Well, don't call it again.

She angrily snaps the phone closed and throws it into her purse. Climbs in behind the wheel of her car and takes off like a bat out of Hell.

INT. GILEY'S - NIGHT

A bar filled with PATRONS, laughing and drinking.

AARON MICHAELS (29), believes he is God's gift to women, good-looking with an obvious arrogance about him, is seated at the bar with an open beer.

To his left, GORGEOUS CUSTOMER (20s), tight dress, model worthy, sips on a mixed drink. They are in the middle of a conversation.

AARON

We can go back to my place, watch the sun rise. I might even make you breakfast.

GORGEOUS CUSTOMER

While that does sound like fun, my boyfriend wouldn't be too happy about it.

Aaron grips her hand.

AARON

Now if you had said "husband", I might understand, but boyfriends don't matter...

He holds out Gorgeous Customer's fingers, showing a bare ring finger.

AARON

... especially when there's no ring.

GORGEOUS CUSTOMER

I don't think Lesley would share your observation.

AARON

(chuckling)
Lesley?

GORGEOUS CUSTOMER

He's a ballet dancer.

Unnoticed by Aaron, LESLEY, a mountain of a man in prime condition, steps up behind him. He huffs quietly over seeing Aaron holding his girlfriend's hand. His fists clinch.

Aaron laughs hard.

AARON

Your boyfriend "Lesley" dances in the ballet. Stop it. You're killing me.

Lesley growls. Aaron freezes. He turns slowly to look behind him. Jumps back at the sight of such a large man in comparison to his average frame.

GORGEOUS CUSTOMER

Aaron, this is Lesley.

Lesley grabs Aaron by his shirt and yanks him from the stool so they are face-to-face.

AARON

Maybe we can talk about this.

EXT. GILEY'S - NIGHT - CONTINUOUS

Lesley steps through the open doorway and throws Aaron to the ground. Lesley speaks with a deep, commanding voice.

LESLEY

If I catch you here again, you'll wish you were dead.

He returns to the bar.

Aaron sits up. He's shaken, but unharmed. He brushes dirt from his clothing as he stands.

He goes to his newer sportscar in the crowded lot. Notices something on his way. A pick-up truck has a license plate that reads, "Ballet 46".

AARON

Must be his I.Q.

A sly look crosses his face. He climbs into his car, starts it and backs up... right into the front of Lesley's truck. A large dent is left behind in the fender of the recipient.

Smiling big, Aaron drives out of the lot. His rear bumper falls off in the process.