

WRONG NUMBER

Written by

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FADE IN:

INT. NICOLE'S HOUSE - KATIE'S BEDROOM - DAY

Decorated extravagantly for a teen girl with posters of hot young stars, a vanity loaded with makeup, and a closet full of clothes. Three days worth of dirty clothing lies strewn across the floor.

KATIE WILLIAMS (16), a glum teenage girl with attitude issues, lies across her bed with a cell phone to her ear. A packed duffel is next to her.

KATIE  
(into phone)  
I should be home around seven...  
I'll try but my dad watches me like  
a hawk.

BRAD LEHY (mid 30s), her mom's boyfriend, comes to the open doorway. He spots the clothes on the floor and frowns.

BRAD  
(polite)  
This is how you leave your room?

Katie stares at Brad with dislike.

KATIE  
(into phone)  
I'll call you when I get home... My  
other home, dufus.

Katie hangs up her phone as she stands and faces Brad.

KATIE (CONT'D)  
How many times have I told you to  
knock?

BRAD  
Your door was open. Why don't you  
pick up those clothes to help your  
mom?

KATIE  
Why don't you butt out since you're  
not my dad?

Katie grabs her duffel and bumps into Brad as she leaves the room.

Brad stares after her.

INT. NICOLE'S HOUSE - LIVING ROOM - CONTINUOUS

Katie jogs down the steps. She sets the duffel on the floor and peers outside around the curtain.

NICOLE WILLIAMS (39), somewhat meek, enters from the back with a glass of wine. She takes a sip, then spots her daughter standing at the window.

NICOLE  
You're leaving?

Katie turns to her.

KATIE  
It's almost six.

NICOLE  
Already? Wow. Time flies.

KATIE  
(dryly)  
When you're drinking, yeah.

Nicole stares at Katie, hurt in her eyes over the comment.

KATIE (CONT'D)  
Oh, tell your boy toy to stay out  
of my room.

Both feel a piercing stare and find...

Brad standing a few steps up from the bottom. He watches them for a tense moment before marching off toward the back.

NICOLE  
Brad...

Too late. He's gone. Nicole turns her attention to Katie.

NICOLE (CONT'D)  
Can't you try harder?

KATIE  
Can't you?

Nicole doesn't know what to say.

The doorbell RINGS. Katie takes a look out through the window.

KATIE (CONT'D)  
It's some man.

Nicole sets the glass down and goes to the door.

KATIE (CONT'D)  
Don't answer it.

Too late. Nicole already opens the door. SALESMAN, carrying a tote of cleaning products, stands on the other side.

SALESMAN  
Good evening, ma'am. Can I have a moment of your time?

Nicole fidgets as she searches for a polite way to refuse.

NICOLE  
I, uh...

SALESMAN  
I'll be quick, I promise.

Salesman sets the tote down and pulls out a spray bottle.

SALESMAN (CONT'D)  
You look like a lady that loves a clean house. No, you DEMAND it.

NICOLE  
Well...

Katie crosses her arms and watches her mom in disbelief.

Salesman holds up the bottle.

SALESMAN  
You've never seen a cleaner like this baby. It's great on materials - clothes, rugs, even upholstery. Little ones are always spilling something, am I right?

NICOLE  
I don't have any small...

Salesman whips out a stained cloth from his pocket.

SALESMAN  
Even dry mustard comes right out.

Salesman sprays the stain. Nothing happens.

SALESMAN (CONT'D)  
It takes a moment. Nothing works instantly.

Katie storms up to Nicole's side.

KATIE  
(to Salesman)  
It's Sunday, for Pete's sake, and  
we don't need any more cleaning  
crap.

Katie slams the door closed on Salesman.

KATIE (CONT'D)  
(to Nicole)  
You can't keep letting people walk  
all over you, Mom. Think of my  
reputation.

Nicole stares at her, unsure.

O.S. A car horn HONKS.

Katie grabs her duffel.

KATIE (CONT'D)  
Later.

Katie exits through the front door, leaving it open.

Nicole takes a look outside.

EXT. NICOLE'S HOUSE - CONTINUOUS

A sedan waits at the curb. Behind the wheel is AMY CAMPBELL  
(late 30s), very sweet.

Katie tosses her duffel into the back seat and gets in front.

Standing in the doorway, Nicole waves.

Amy looks her way for only a moment and gives a super brief  
wave. Katie sinks down into her seat.

The car drives off down the road.

INT. NICOLE'S HOUSE - LIVING ROOM - CONTINUOUS

Nicole closes the door. She looks toward the back of the  
house.

LATER

Seated on the couch, Nicole does business work on her  
computer. Spread sheets.

Brad storms past her on his way to the door.

NICOLE  
Where are you going, honey?

Too upset to respond, Brad opens the door, ready to step out.  
Nicole jumps up and rushes over, catches Brad by the hand.

NICOLE (CONT'D)  
Hey, what's wrong?

Brad looks at Nicole with emotion.

BRAD  
I can't do this anymore.

NICOLE  
You can't do what?

BRAD  
I need someone who puts me first  
once in a while.

Nicole stares at him, shocked by the words.

NICOLE  
Brad, I...

Brad lovingly touches Nicole's face.

BRAD  
Your daughter needs you more than I  
do.

Brad gazes at Nicole with love, but finally steps outside.

NICOLE  
What about your things?

Brad turns back to Nicole, anguish in his eyes.

BRAD  
I'll come by tomorrow while you're  
at work.

Brad leaves.

Nicole stares after him, confused and deflated.

INT. MATT'S OFFICE - DAY

A small but nice office with a scenic view of a large city.  
MATT HOFFMAN (30), short hair and clean-shaven, works  
attentively on his computer.