

Out of Step
(Pencil Ink Productions 48 Hour Film Project 2013)

By

Aileen Sheedy

(c) 2013

(503)914-9890
aileen@osioda.org

INT. KITCHEN/BEDROOM/BATHROOM - MORNING

We see a digital clock tick from 5:59 to 6:00AM. Montage of KIRK and TARA NORDENSTROM getting ready for their day: eating breakfast, reading the newspaper (or computer/tablet/phone), showering, brushing teeth, getting dressed, grabbing coffee. This is a well-established routine, flowing so seamlessly it almost seems rehearsed. The montage ends with a quick kiss as they both rush out different doors - her out the front, him out the garage.

Clock ticks again - different day, same routine, only this time something is a little off-balance. The eggs are burned, the toothbrush accidentally gets knocked into the trash can, etc.

The third time, everything is clearly in chaos. The kitchen table is covered in a mess of papers - neither Kirk nor Tara can eat or even put anything down on it. Kirk can't find his socks, Tara can't find her keys. Both their phones keep buzzing. Finally, as they lean in to kiss each other, the coffee spills and splashes onto both their clothes. This montage ends with the doors slamming.

INT. RESTAURANT/BAR - NOON

Kirk sits at a table with his co-worker, DREW, going over some design reviews.

KIRK

I like where this design is going,
but as of right now I just don't
see it being the most efficient use
of our resources.

DREW

And we're all about efficiency,
right?

BOTH

"Clean, green, and efficient!"

They lean back and laugh. After a second, though, Kirk sighs and rubs his temples.

DREW

You all right, man? You seem pretty
tired lately. You're not worried
about the New York trip, are you?

(CONTINUED)

KIRK

No, no, I'm good. Just stuff at home, you know?

DREW

Ah, troubles with the old lady?

KIRK

Don't call her that to her face. It's not so much troubles, just...

INT. LIVING ROOM

Kirk sits on the couch in front of the TV, flipping channels. Tara enters, talking on the phone, takes off her coat and throws it over the back of the couch.

TARA

(on the phone)

No, that's not what they had in mind. I really think we should go with the original blocking.

Kirk looks at her expectantly, but when she doesn't seem to notice him, he waves at her, holds up a few DVDs and motions towards the couch. She shakes her head and covers the phone briefly with her hand.

TARA

(whisper)

Sorry, gotta run. I'm just home to change.

She exits, still on the phone. Kirk tosses the DVDs back on the table and sits back in the couch.

KIRK (V.O)

Just sometimes I feel like we miss each other.

INT. RESTAURANT/BAR - NOON

Tara sits at the same table, in the opposite seat from where Kirk sits in the previous restaurant scene. Across from her is AMY, Kirk's younger sister.

TARA

I haven't been here in forever. You know, this is where Kirk and I had our first date. Sometimes I forget.

(CONTINUED)

AMY

Here? Wow is my brother classy.

TARA

The classiest.

AMY

Hey, well, at least he still gets you into those swanky hotels and fancy-ass clubs in New York.

Tara hesitates.

AMY

Oh, come on, don't tell me he can't even do that.

TARA

I'm sure he can. It's just... been a while since I've gone. Things have been busy at the studio, you know?

INT. BEDROOM - NIGHT

Tara leaves the bedroom dressed for bed to find Kirk sitting at his laptop at the kitchen table, surrounded by papers.

TARA

Are you coming to bed soon?

KIRK

Yeah, yeah, soon, I promise.

She returns to bed, reads a book for a while, glances at the clock. She gets out of bed, glances down the hall, sees Kirk still at his computer and goes back to bed.

Later, Kirk comes to bed to find Tara asleep with the light on and the open book on the bed.

TARA (V.O.)

We've both been busy.

INT. KITCHEN - EVENING

Kirk and Tara sit at the kitchen table, sorting through the piles of mail. Tara pushes several envelopes, flyers, and magazines over to Kirk.

(CONTINUED)

TARA

And just more of this
environmentalist bullshit.

KIRK

Bullshit? You used to believe in
this bullshit too. Now all you
believe in is when your next
showcase is.

TARA

It's not like I just suddenly
stopped caring about the earth!

KIRK

Then maybe you should show it a
little more. Or even try
pretending. You're sure as hell
great at pretending that your body
isn't falling apart.

Tara sits at the table, unmoving. Pause as Kirk realizes
what he's said.

KIRK

Oh, Jesus Christ. I didn't mean
that.

TARA

When was the last time you even
came to the studio? Do you even
know what I do anymore?

KIRK

Look, Tara, I'm sorry. It's just -
goddamnit, I've seen you, the way
you walk. Your knee is starting to
act up again, isn't it?

A pause, then Tara nods slowly.

KIRK

Look, I know things have been crazy
with us lately. So why don't we set
aside a night for ourselves? Maybe
Friday? I'll cook, you can take off
from the studio a little early,
we'll talk about things and see if
we can't get ourselves figured out.
Together. Deal?

(CONTINUED)

TARA
It's a date.

INT. KITCHEN/BEDROOM/BATHROOM - MORNING

We see the opening morning routine montage again. Nothing is perfect, but things seem to be looking up. Kirk and Tara are smiling at each other, seeming to notice each other more, and they even make their kiss without any misfortune befalling them.

INT. KITCHEN/DINING ROOM - NIGHT

We see Kirk setting the dining room table for two - laying out place settings, salads, and lighting candles. He sits, then glances at the clock.

INT. DANCE STUDIO - NIGHT

Tara is finishing up a dance routine. Out of breath, she leans against a wall, massages her knee, and glances at the clock, which reads almost 10 o'clock.

TARA
Oh, shit.

INT. KITCHEN/DINING ROOM - NIGHT

Back in the dining room, Kirk sighs, stands, and begins clearing the table and putting the food away. Finally, he puts out the candles and plunges the room into darkness.

INTERSPERSE WITH SHOTS FROM:

INT. DANCE STUDIO - NIGHT

Tara frantically races to change, gather her belongings into a duffel bag, clean the studio, lock up and get out the door.

EXT. DANCE STUDIO - NIGHT

She steps outside and turns to see Kirk standing next to his car in the parking lot.

(CONTINUED)

TARA
Kirk, I'm so sorry. I -

KIRK
Dance with me.

TARA
What, here?

KIRK
Yeah, here.

He reaches for her. She drops her bag to the ground and lets him hold her as they begin to rock back and forth. After a moment:

TARA
I knew I'd get you out here again
someday, Mr. Nordenstrom.

KIRK
Sorry someday took so long.

Pause.

TARA
Do you think there are places to
dance in New York?

He smiles into her hair.

KIRK
I think I can guarantee it.

They continue swaying to imaginary music as the camera pans off to the side.