

Sunny Side Up
by
Jake Mynatt

INT. CREMATORIUM/OFFICE - DAY

A solemn, sparsely decorated lobby. Nice furniture but no color in the room.

Two people sit on opposite sides of the room.

JILL, 28, eyes tired, in a hoodie and sweatpants, like she just got out of bed.

NICK, 30, in jeans, t-shirt, and jacket with a couple days growth of beard.

The MORTICIAN, 40's, in a suit you'd expect a mortician to wear, enters with a foot-long, rectangular cardboard box.

MORTICIAN

Ms. Barnes?

Jill looks up from her daze, suddenly terrified. She walks over and takes the box, feels its weight.

JILL

It's heavier than I thought.

INT. JILL'S CAR - DAY

The car is an older model, run down, dented.

Jill drops the box on the passenger seat then gets in the drivers seat.

She looks down at the box a moment. Waves of sadness and anger held at bay.

She takes a breath, slips the key in the ignition, and tries to start the car. The starter weakly grinds and whines.

JILL

Fuck.

INT. CREMATORIUM/OFFICE - DAY

The Mortician emerges from the back room with another box.

MORTICIAN

Mr. Davies?

Nick slowly gets up and walks over, takes the box. He feels its weight.

NICK

Lighter than I thought.

(MORE)

NICK (CONT'D)

(beat)

Not that she was, you know... big.

(beat)

It's just... a whole person.

MORTICIAN

I understand, sir. Is there anything
else I can help you with?

Nick takes a beat, confused by the brush-off.

NICK

No, I think I'm good.

EXT. CREMATORIUM PARKING LOT - DAY

He walks past Jill's car, hears the starter grinding.

He pauses, then walks over and taps on the window.

She startles, turns to him.

NICK

Your starter's gone.

JILL

What?

She rolls the window down.

NICK

Your starter. It's shot.

She gets out and slams the door. Nick flinches.

NICK (CONT'D)

I can call you a tow truck...

JILL

I have a fuckin' phone!

(off his reaction)

Sorry. I'm sorry. I just... Fuck
it!

She walks away, past Nick, then stops and turns back. She
immediately sees the box on the passenger seat and freezes.

She holds her hands to her mouth and sobs.

She doubles over, holds her stomach as she cries. Nick rushes
over and puts his arm around her.

NICK

Hey, hey... it's okay...

He puts the box down and holds her with both arms.

He looks at the box on the ground. His face contorts, he can't hold it in. He breaks down. She wraps her arms around him.

EXT. PARKING LOT - LATER

Nick and Jill lean against his car as the tow truck hauls away hers.

They're both in a fog, drained and exhausted.

Nick finally sighs.

NICK
Are you hungry?

She thinks a moment, then looks at him and nods.

INT. DINER - DAY

Nick and Jill sit in a booth, full cups of coffee.

Each of the boxes sits on a chair next to them.

The WAITRESS takes their order.

WAITRESS
How would you like your eggs?

NICK
Sunny side up.

WAITRESS
(to Jill)
How 'bout you, hon?

JILL
Just coffee.

The Waitress takes the menus and walks away.

JILL (CONT'D)
Sunny side up? You a toast dunker?

NICK
I am indeed. It was my mom's
favorite. Guess it's genetic.

Jill makes a "yuck" sound. Nick smiles, sips his coffee.

JILL
My name is Jill, by the way.

She extends her hand across the table. He shakes it.

NICK

Nick.

There's a moment of awkward silence.

JILL

Nick the toast dunker.

Another awkward beat.

NICK

So... I was, uh... I picking up my
mom, there. You know. Her...
remains...

Jill tenses, then finally nods.

JILL

Yeah. Me too.

NICK

You were there to pick up my mom's
remains?

She bursts a laugh.

JILL

No! My... my mom.

He smiles, then another awkward beat.

JILL (CONT'D)

Did you have a good relationship
with her?

Nick is caught off-guard by the question. He shifts, thinks.

NICK

I did. Yeah. It was...
uncomplicated. And she was funny.
So funny. She told the filthiest
jokes.

He laughs to himself, thinking of her.

JILL

Tell me one.

He cringes, looks around, uncomfortable.

NICK

Maybe later.

(MORE)

NICK (CONT'D)

(beat)

What about you? I mean... did you have a good relationship with your mom?

She smiles, takes in the question.

JILL

I like to think so.

She sips her coffee, changes the subject.

JILL (CONT'D)

So, what are you going to do with her ashes?

NICK

I don't know. I guess I'll scatter them somewhere?

JILL

Got any place in mind?

NICK

I was thinking Lookout Mountain? Is that still a thing here?

JILL

You don't live here?

NICK

Nope. Used to. I'm in L.A. now. Haven't been back here in a few years.

JILL

Well, Lookout Mountain is a mountain. It's not going anywhere.

He laughs, a little embarrassed.

NICK

I just meant... I don't know what I meant.

They both meekly sip their coffee.

NICK (CONT'D)

How about you. What are you gonna do with the ashes?

JILL

She, uh... she was into space. So, there's this service you can pay to have ashes flown into orbit.

NICK
No shit, really?

JILL
Yeah. You just send them the ashes
and you can watch the rocket launch
online. So, you know... she'll always
be there whenever I look up.

She fights back the feelings, sips coffee, looks away.

NICK
Sounds nice.

EXT. DINER - DAY

Jill and Nick exit the coffee shop and walk to his car.

JILL
You wanna hang out for a while?

NICK
Sure, like, how long?

JILL
How long? That's a weird question.

NICK
No, sorry... I have to drive back to
L.A. in the morning.

JILL
Tell you what. You call it a night
whenever you're ready.

They get to his car. He nods.

NICK
Cool. Yeah.

He gets in. She hesitates, leans in the car.

JILL
You're not, like, a serial killer or
anything, are you?

NICK
It is entirely possible, yes.

She shrugs and opens the door.

JILL
Fuck it.

INT. NICK'S CAR - DAY

Nick drives with Jill in the passenger seat.

JILL
What do you do in L.A.?

NICK
I'm a comedian, actually.

JILL
No shit?

NICK
No shit.

JILL
Do some of your act.

NICK
What, like, just to you?

JILL
Is that a problem?

NICK
It's just weird, I don't know.
(beat)
How about you?

JILL
How about me what?

NICK
What do you do, like, job-wise.

JILL
Actually, I was thinking we could
stop off there. You know how to get
to Colfax?

INT. DISPENSARY - DAY

A large dispensary. Jars of weed in various shades of green line the walls.

Jill and Nick enter. Nick nods, impressed.

Jill steps behind the counter where ERIC, 30, a bearded dude, rings up a CUSTOMER, 30's, a straight-laced guy in business casual.

Eric hands him his change and the paper bag of weed.

CUSTOMER

This won't make me paranoid, right?

ERIC

Nope. It's pretty mellow.

CUSTOMER

Because I've had that happen to me.
You told me it was mellow and I wound
up freaking out.

ERIC

I told you?

CUSTOMER

One of you, did.

He nods to Jill and Eric, sniffs the bag, then walks out.

Eric leans over to Jill.

ERIC

The fuck was he talking about?

She laughs and shrugs. He turns to Nick.

ERIC (CONT'D)

Can I help you, sir?

JILL

He's with me.

ERIC

Oh, shit. Then I'm afraid you can't
be helped.

Jill talks to them as she goes through jars of weed, smells
each one then moves on.

JILL

Nick, this is Eric. Eric, Nick.

Eric gives him a nod.

ERIC

Nice meeting you, man.

JILL

Nick's a comedian from L.A. that
dunks his toast. And that is
literally all I know about him.

ERIC

Nick the toast dunking comedian.
You done anything I've seen?

NICK

I'm not really sure what you've seen.

Eric goes stone-faced.

ERIC

That's funny.

(beat)

The crew's coming over tonight after I close up. Paul's bringing the card game he was trying to get funded on Kickstarter based on "Gravity's Rainbow".

NICK

The book?

ERIC

Yeah, Thomas Pynchon's estate threatened to sue. Shut that shit down.

NICK

Isn't Pynchon still alive?

ERIC

Well someone threatened to sue. Anyway, we turned it into a pretty wicked drinking game, so if you two wanna come by and take it for a spin. Have some merriment.

Jill looks to Nick, he shrugs an affirmative.

JILL

Sure.

Eric touches her shoulder.

ERIC

How you doin'?

JILL

I'm fine.

A customer comes in. Eric gives her a quick hug and steps away to greet the customer.

She puts a jar of weed on the counter in front of Nick.

JILL (CONT'D)

Check it out.

She points to the strain name. Nick leans in and reads: "Sunny Side Up".

He smiles.

INT. NICK'S CAR - DAY

Nick is stoned, eyes glassy and a smirk on his face, as he drives up the curvy mountain road.

He looks to Jill and smiles. She smiles back, then points ahead.

JILL
Watch the road.

He casually turns back to the road.

EXT. LOOKOUT MOUNTAIN - DAY

Nick stands on a boulder overlooking the side of the mountain and takes a puff off of a glass pipe.

Jill sits at the other side of the boulder, his audience.

NICK
Okay... okay... this was her favorite
joke. Okay... so there's this kid
and he walks into a brothel dragging
a crushed frog on a leash behind
him.

Jill yelps a laugh. Nick cracks up too, then recovers.

NICK (CONT'D)
Okay... so... he says to the madame
"I want a hooker with AIDS" and she's
like... why? He says "don't worry,
I got cash"... so she's like...
"fine"...

JILL
Wait, how old's this kid?

NICK
It doesn't... ten. Let's say ten.

JILL
That's fucked up.

NICK
So, he goes in, bangs the hooker
with AIDS and finishes up and comes
out, and the madame's like "why did
you want a hooker with AIDS?" And
he says...

(MORE)

NICK (CONT'D)

(stifles a laugh)

I'm gonna go home and bang the
babysitter. Then my dad's gonna
drive the babysitter home and bang
her. Then he's gonna bang my mom,
and then she's gonna bang the mailman
that ran over my frog!

Jill let's out a sudden hysterical laugh.

He smiles as she laughs.

EXT. LOOKOUT MOUNTAIN - EVENING

The sun sets behind the mountain casting the sky in a purplish
red glow.

Nick stands at the edge of the cliff and pulls the bag of
ashes from the box. He turns to Jill next to him and hands
her the box. She smiles, he smiles back.

He steps forward and takes a breath.

NICK

I love you, mom.

He pours the ashes from the bag. They scatter into the air
and blow away.

INT. NICK'S CAR - NIGHT

Nick drives, Jill in the passenger seat. They're both somber,
quiet.

They drive in silence a moment.

NICK

Two firemen are buttfucking in a
smoke filled room. The chief comes
in and says "what are you doing"?
And the one says "sir, this man's
suffering from smoke inhalation".
The chief says "just give him mouth
to mouth". The guy says "I did, how
do you think this shit got started?"

Jill bursts into laughter. He smiles, eyes water.

INT. ERIC'S HOUSE - NIGHT

Four GUYS, 20's, sit on the couch in the living room and
play video games, a heavy fog of pot smoke hangs in the air.

Eric sits at the nearby dining room table with MILO, 20's, a bearded hipster, GWEN, 29, piercing and tattoos, and PAUL, 35, in business casual clothes that look like they were slept in.

Playing cards for the "Gravity's Rainbow" card game are scattered across the table among empty shot glasses, bottles of booze, and bongos and joints.

Paul pours a shot of rum.

ERIC

No... no... odd numbered VX rockets
are rum. Even are tequila.

PAUL

Oh, shit.

Paul downs the shot of rum then pours a shot of tequila and downs it.

The front door opens and Nick and Jill enter. She has the box of ashes under her arm.

Everyone turns to them and lets out a chorus of "Hey!"

Jill leads Nick past the guys playing video games. Nick nods "hello" to them.

JILL

You can ignore them. They're not
aware of the outside world while
they're playing.

Gwen jumps up and rushes over to hug her.

GWEN

Oh shit... get over here girl!

Gwen almost knocks the wind out of her with the hug, then turns to the table.

GWEN (CONT'D)

I'm gonna steal her for five minutes,
k?

Gwen grabs her hand and leads her away.

Nick stands there, uncomfortable.

JILL

Okay, okay... Eric, do the intros?

Eric motions for Nick to take Gwen's seat.

ERIC

This is Nick. He's from L.A. and actually knows who Thomas Pynchon is.

NICK

And I dunk my toast.

ERIC

And he dunks his toast.

(around the room)

This is Milo. Currently unemployed.

(Nick nods hello)

And Paul. Paul is an insurance adjuster, alcoholic, and inventor of this very confusing game we're playing tonight.

NICK

Cool. Very cool.

PAUL

You've read "Gravity's Rainbow"?

NICK

I like to tell people I did.

ERIC

Ahh, yes. Nick's also a comedian.

MILO

Oh yeah? Do some of your act.

Nick goes blank.

INT. ERIC'S HOUSE/BEDROOM - NIGHT

Jill and Gwen sit on the bed. Jill hands her the box of ashes.

GWEN

Oh my god... is this...?

Jill nods.

JILL

Can I keep it here a couple days?

GWEN

Sure, of course.

JILL

I'm just not ready, you know? Is that creepy?

GWEN

No... I mean, yeah, it's kind of
creepy. But... of course.

Gwen sets the box down next to them and hugs her.

INT. ERIC'S HOUSE/DINING ROOM - NIGHT

Nick holds up a card that says "VX Rocket Serial# 00002".

ERIC

Okay, you do a shot of tequila.

Eric pours a shot. Nick picks it up.

NICK

I don't understand this game.

He downs the shot.

PAUL

It's cool. Comparative lit majors
get it.

Eric drunkenly leans on Nick.

ERIC

So do you have like, an agent and
shit?

NICK

Uh... no, not at present.

ERIC

I wanna pitch a game show... you
wanna hear it?

NICK

Is it based on "The Crying of Lot
49"?

Eric is confused. Nick smirks, looks to Paul. Paul's also
confused.

NICK (CONT'D)

That's another Pynchon book.

Paul just shrugs.

ERIC

No... it's called "Fuck Face". It's
like "The Newlywed Game".

NICK

Oh... okay. Well...

ERIC

No, no... listen. So... you take new couples and show them pictures of their partners face in different scenarios. Like, in pain from stepping on a lego or some shit. Or happy because they got a free onion ring in with their French fries. And one of them fucking...

NICK

Right... their "fuck face".

ERIC

Exactly. See? You get it. And if they pick the fuck face, they win.

Nick sits there stunned in silence a moment.

MILO

Fuckin' genius, man. I'd watch that.

ERIC

I know, right?

INT. ERIC'S HOUSE/BEDROOM - NIGHT

Jill takes a hit off a joint, then passes it to Gwen.

JILL

I've been thinking about going to church.

GWEN

Oh, shit, hon. Why?

JILL

I don't know. Answers, maybe?

GWEN

All their answers are bullshit.

JILL

I know. But, you see those people... they seem so... content. I want that. That ability.

GWEN

What ability?

JILL

To be able to look at the worst pain they've ever felt and believe there's a reason for it.

GWEN

But it won't make you happy.

JILL

I don't need it to. I just need to not think any more.

GWEN

I'll support you no matter what. You know this. But... I really think you just have to feel this. All the way. While you're young and your heart can take it.

Jill looks over at the box.

JILL

I'll try.

Gwen wraps her arm around Jill.

INT. ERIC'S HOUSE/DINING ROOM - NIGHT

Eric stands up, drunkenly waves his arms as he talks.

ERIC

No, no... you're not getting it. Lemme break it down. They come down and spend the day in the studio and the crew takes the pictures.

NICK

Including them having sex.

ERIC

Right.

NICK

What's to stop them from rehearsing their faces ahead of time?

Silence in the room.

PAUL

Honor system.

MILO

Honor system, dude.

Gwen and Jill return to the room and sit at the table.

ERIC

Jill, your boy here needs to open his mind a little and pitch my show.

JILL
What, "Fuck Face"?

GWEN
I'd watch that shit.

JILL
I require shots.

Nick pops up and pours her a shot.

MONTAGE:

They play the card game.

Rocket cards are flashed, and they drink.

Jill does a shot. And another.

Nick does a shot. And another.

Everyone is drunk, tipsy.

Gwen is passed out in her chair.

Nick and Jill laugh drunkenly, make eye contact.

INT. ERIC'S HOUSE/DINING ROOM - NIGHT

Milo on the ground in front of the Gamers, passed out.

Gwen is face down on the table.

Eric and Paul have a heated debate as Nick and Jill sit quietly, drunk.

ERIC
No, no, no... The all-zeros card
should drink Everclear. That should
be the end-all, be-all...

PAUL
Whoever gets that card's gonna have
to get their fuckin' stomach pumped!

Jill grabs Nick by the hand.

JILL
Come with me...

He drunkenly staggers to his feet as she leads him away.

INT. ERIC'S HOUSE/BEDROOM - NIGHT

Nick staggers over and sits on the bed.

Jill closes the door and stands there a moment.

NICK

Oh, you know... look... I don't think we should, you know...

JILL

I need you to tell me a joke.

NICK

Huh?

She approaches him, stands in front of him.

JILL

I haven't smiled in a long time.
Not since...

(beat)

You are the only thing that's made me smile in so long. And I need it right now...

He jumps to his feet and kisses her. She tenses, but doesn't pull away.

She lets the moment fade, and he pulls away.

NICK

Shit... fuck... I'm... I'm sorry.

JILL

It's okay. It's just... not the time.

NICK

I know. I just... you said I made you smile. And I haven't made anyone smile in a long time.

JILL

You're a comedian, right?

NICK

Not a good one, no. I... I gave up on it, actually. I work at a fucking collection agency.

JILL

Nick... you have to keep going. You can't give up...

NICK

...and I said the N word on stage.

JILL
What?

NICK
And someone recorded it and put it
up on YouTube.

JILL
Wait... why did you...

NICK
I was trying to be edgy. You know,
like George Carlin. Language stuff.

JILL
Oh. Well...

NICK
Yeah. No coming back from that shit.

She sits next to him.

NICK (CONT'D)
And the worst part is...
(beat)
Jesus... I don't even wanna say it...
(beat)
I almost wish my mom had died sooner.
Before it happened. So she wouldn't
die knowing her son was a failure.

He looks to her, lingers a beat, then looks away.

She puts her head on his shoulder.

INT. ERIC'S HOUSE/BEDROOM - MORNING

Nick and Jill are on the bed - fully clothed, above the covers, but in each others arms. Nick is passed out, Jill's eyes are open.

Nick stirs awake, looks down at her, smiles.

JILL
Want breakfast?

INT. DINER - MORNING

Nick is hung over, leans on the table.

The Waitress slides a plate of sunny side eggs in front of him.

He looks up, sees Jill smile at him across the table. He smiles, holds up a piece of toast.

NICK
Ready to be grossed out?

JILL
Go for it.

He dunks his toast in.

JILL (CONT'D)
You shouldn't give up comedy.

He looks at her as he bites into the toast, confused, then remembers. He chews quickly, swallows so he can speak.

NICK
Yeah, that... I'm sorry about that whole...

JILL
It's okay. Just, don't give up. I want to be able to tell people "you know Nick, on that sitcom or whatever? He tried to bang me at a party once."

NICK
Did I...

JILL
It's fine. I shut it down.

He laughs, takes another bite of toast.

NICK
You know, I think you're pretty amazing.

JILL
That's what they tell me.

NICK
I'm serious. You're so... dark.

JILL
Is this still a compliment?

NICK
Yes! Sorry. I just... I feel that too. But you make the dark feel warm and bright.

She smiles, grabs a piece of toast from his plate and dunks it in the egg yolk and takes a bite.

NICK (CONT'D)
Good, right?

JILL
Not as bad as I remember, no.

INT. NICK'S CAR - DAY

They ride in silence a moment.
He fidgets, about to speak, stops.
He finally takes his phone out.

NICK
Hey, so... are you on Facebook?

JILL
Kinda. Not so much lately.

He hands her his phone.

NICK
How about you send yourself a friend
request. So we can, you know...
keep in touch.

She takes his phone and taps away, then hands him back the
phone.

She points up ahead.

JILL
This is me, up here.

EXT. JILL'S HOUSE - DAY

Nick's car pulls in front of a small ranch-style home in the
suburbs.

They get out. He circles around to her.

They hesitate a moment, then hug, and hold it for a long
time.

They finally pull away and look into each others eyes.

She kisses him on the cheek, then walks away.

He smiles, watches her go in, then gets back in his car.

INT. NICK'S CAR - DAY

Nick yawns behind the wheel, looks down at his gas gauge -
nearing empty.

He sees an exit sign on the highway ahead.

INT. JILL'S HOUSE - DAY

Jill opens the door to a room.

It's a young girl's room.

Rocket ships painted on the walls. Space drawings and toys.

The name "Tammy" spelled out in a constellation.

EXT. GAS STATION - DAY

Nick leans against his car as he gasses up.

He takes out his phone, flicks the screen, comes to Jill's profile on Facebook.

He smiles.

INT. JILL'S HOUSE - DAY

Jill sits on the small bed looks around. She picks up an astronaut teddy bear.

EXT. GAS STATION - DAY

Nick's eyes go wide as he looks at his screen.

There's picture of Jill with a young girl, five years old.

Messages from friends say "So Sorry, Jill. She was so sweet."
"Rest in peace little Tammy".

A picture of Jill and little Tammy at the Planetarium.

Nick yanks the gas pump from the car and jumps in, speeds away.

INT. JILL'S HOUSE - DAY

Jill holds the teddy bear to her nose, breathes it in.

The smell almost floors her, unleashes so many memories that she has to gasp for air.

INT. NICK'S CAR - DAY

Nick drives quickly, changes lanes. A car honks as he cuts them off.

INT. JILL'S HOUSE - DAY

Jill lies on the bed, curled up with the bear.

There's a knock at the front door.

EXT. JILL'S HOUSE - DAY

Nick is at the door.

It opens and Jill is there.

Her surprised look meets his.

He wants to say something, but he can't.

He opens his mouth to speak. She pulls him inside, wraps her arms around him, and cries on his shoulder.

He holds her tight.

INT. COMEDY CLUB - NIGHT

Super: Six Months Later

Nick is on stage, sweating. He can't see the audience through the spotlight, but they're there.

NICK

So... it's been a while. Don't know
how many of you saw my last
performance on YouTube.

(a few chuckles)

Yeah. So, you know. How do you
begin again? After you decided to
give up and never return. After you
accepted your fate?

A tense beat. Feels like he's blowing it.

NICK (CONT'D)

A kid walks into a warehouse dragging
a crushed frog behind him on a leash.

The audience breaks out in laughter.

INT. NICK'S APARTMENT - NIGHT

Nick sits is in a video chat with Jill.

JILL

I'm so fucking proud of you.

NICK

It felt pretty great.

JILL

You think you'll be coming back
through Denver any time?

NICK
I hope so. There's a couple good
clubs out there I can try.

JILL
Eric wanted me to remind you to pitch
"Fuck Face".

NICK
Yeah... could you maybe tell him I
did and they passed?

JILL
Seriously? You should at least pitch
it. Be a friend.

Nick cringes, uncomfortable.

JILL (CONT'D)
I'm fucking with you.

They smile at each other a moment.

JILL (CONT'D)
Okay... so... you ready?

NICK
Yeah, let's do it. What do I do?

JILL
Hold on a sec, I'm gonna share my
screen.

She clicks a few keys and the image of a rocket on a launchpad
appears.

INT. JILL'S HOUSE - NIGHT

Jill watches the countdown of the rocket. The astronaut
teddy bear on her lap.

She touches the screen as the rocket takes off.

Tears well in her eyes.

INT. NICK'S APARTMENT - NIGHT

As the rocket flies higher and out of view on the screen,
Nick looks out the window, up at the sky.

He smiles.

INT. JILL'S HOUSE - NIGHT

Jill looks out the window at the sky.

She smiles through her tears.

THE END