

THE DELIVERY WOMAN

Written by

Abby Kozel

LOG LINE: A "good christian girl" on her way to an anniversary dinner with her boyfriend has a random encounter with an intriguing Delivery Woman which forces her to reconsider where her life is headed.

480-550-2496

INT. GREEN LEAF COFFEE, EVENING

The sun is setting in the small, kitschy coffee shop. JAMIE (27) takes off her apron, revealing a black cocktail dress. Her coworker, PAULINA (26), takes notice, embarrassing her.

JAMIE
Is it too much?

PAULINA
No! Just not Jesus approved--

JAMIE
It's our anniversary! I wanted to
spice things up--

PAULINA
(muttering to herself)
God knows you guys need it.

JAMIE
Not this again!

Paulina continues pestering her, laughing.

PAULINA
I'm sorry! I love you. He's just
so... blah.

Jamie looks down, cleaning the counters.

PAULINA (CONT'D)
(lighthearted)
Maybe not blah. You guys just
always stay in. *And* he's always
dragging you to his amateur golf
tournaments. You say it's fun but--

JAMIE
(nervously)
I think he's gonna propose tonight.

Paulina pauses, shocked. Jamie forces a smile.

PAULINA
I'm sorry. Are you mad?

JAMIE
Never.

PAULINA
Good. I'm really happy for you.

Paulina starts to head for the door.

JAMIE

I thought you could close.

PAULINA

My shift at Freddy's starts in 10.
I'm sure he'll understand.

Paulina leaves the shop. Jamie pulls out her phone.

JAMIE (TEXT)

(to Henry)

Still at work. B there soon.

The door swings open. Jamie doesn't look up from her phone.

JAMIE (CONT'D)

We're about to close.

Jamie looks up to see a DELIVERY WOMAN (30s) with short hair and broad shoulders, carrying a crate. Her cheeks turn red.

DELIVERY WOMAN

I'm just here to drop this off.

The woman comes up to the counter and drops the crate in front of her. Jamie gets flustered.

JAMIE

Sorry! Usually Julio brings the--

DELIVERY WOMAN

I'm new. Started this week.

JAMIE

Well, nice to see, uh, meet you.

Jamie looks down, embarrassed. The woman laughs.

DELIVERY WOMAN

Should I put this somewhere...

JAMIE

Right! I'll take it, thanks.

Jamie grabs the crate from her. Their hands brush. She brings the box to the back. When she comes back, the woman is gone.

EXT. GREEN LEAF COFFEE, MOMENTS LATER

Jamie walks to her car. It's the last car there. She opens her phone and sees a text from Henry.

HENRY (TEXT)
No worries! Just get here ASAP :).

She ignores it, getting into her car. When she turns the key in the ignition, nothing happens.

She pulls the key out and tries again. Still nothing.

JAMIE
Gosh darnit!

Defeated, she gets out of the car and opens her maps app. The restaurant is only a half mile away. She starts walking.

EXT. STREET, CONTINUOUS

Jamie speed-walks down the sidewalk, alongside a busy street of cars. Her ankles bend in her heels as she walks.

One of her heels gets caught in a crack and snaps. She falls.

JAMIE
Ow! *God damnit!*

She takes off her shoe. Her phone rings. She answers.

HENRY (O.S.)
Jamie! Where are ya?

JAMIE
Sorry! My car died, so I'm walking--

HENRY (O.S.)
You're walking?! At night?

JAMIE
It's no big deal.

HENRY (O.S.)
Are you sure? I could come--

Jamie winces again, holding her ankle.

JAMIE
(bluntly)
No, really. It's fine.

HENRY
Just get here when you can. I
really can't wait to see you.

Jamie nods, dead eyed.

HENRY (O.S.) (CONT'D)
...And you can't wait to see me?

The call stops. Jamie looks at her phone. It's dead. She lays down on the sidewalk and closes her eyes.

SMASH CUT TO:

FLASHBACK: INT. JAMIE'S BEDROOM, 12 YEARS EARLIER

Jamie (15) lays down at the foot of her bed, grimacing. Her friend, JENNY (15), wearing a blue cupcake dress and glittery eye shadow stands over her, giggling.

JAMIE
Why did I buy these? I can't walk!

Jenny helps Jamie sit up. Their hands linger.

JENNY
(laughing)
Most people take off their shoes to dance, anyways.

JAMIE
Thank goodness.

Jenny plops down next to her. She puts her hand on Jamie's leg. Jamie takes notice.

JENNY
I love weddings. So beautiful, romantic. I can't believe we're gonna get married someday.

JAMIE
We are?

Jamie puts her hand on Jenny's, smiling.

JENNY
Duh! *Those* weddings are gonna be great! We'll be each other's bridesmaids and everything!

Jenny keeps rambling, incoherent. Jamie moves her hand.

JUMP CUT TO:

EXT. STREET, MOMENTS LATER

Jamie opens her eyes when she feels a shoe crush her hand. She winces and looks up to see tan work boots.

DELIVERY WOMAN
What the fuck?!

Jamie sits up and grabs her hand in pain. The delivery woman from earlier is staring down at her, panic in her eyes.

DELIVERY WOMAN (CONT'D)
Phew! You're not dead. You alright?

The woman sits down next to Jamie. Jamie rubs her eyes.

JAMIE
Yeah. I was, uh, walking and--

Jamie holds up her shoe, looking defeated and tired.

DELIVERY WOMAN
Huh. I think I can help with that.

The woman walks over to her cart of packages and fumbles around, eventually finding a roll of packing tape. She sits down next to Jamie and grabs her shoe.

JAMIE
I shouldn't have been walking. I just figured, Francoli's is *only* a couple blocks away.

DELIVERY WOMAN
Francoli's? The fancy place?

JAMIE
I've never been. My boyfriend and I have always wanted to try it--

DELIVERY WOMAN
Boyfriend?

Jamie nods. The woman shakes her head, smiling.

DELIVERY WOMAN (CONT'D)
Hand me your shoe.

JAMIE
What's so funny?

DELIVERY WOMAN
Nothing! You just seem...

The woman trails off, looking at Jamie.

DELIVERY WOMAN (CONT'D)
So, your boyfriend couldn't pick
you up?

JAMIE
I didn't ask him to.

Beat.

JAMIE (CONT'D)
I don't know why. He's great. He
plays golf and he buys me these
ridiculous daisy bouquets. Just--

DELIVERY WOMAN
You don't like golf?

JAMIE
Well, *no*. It's boring! But that's
not it. It's just...

Jamie trails off. The woman slips the shoe on her ankle.

DELIVERY WOMAN
Here. Is this better?

JAMIE
Yeah. Thank you.

DELIVERY WOMAN
This guy's clearly the *worst*.
Daisies? At least get sunflowers.

JAMIE
I *love* sunflowers.

The woman gets up and helps Jamie up. Their hands linger.
Jamie shakes her head, laughing, embarrassed.

JAMIE (CONT'D)
I'm sorry. I don't why I'm
complaining to you. I nitpick every
guy I date. And golf isn't so bad.

DELIVERY WOMAN
(shrugging)
Nothing wrong with being picky.
Maybe he's just not the one.

Jamie looks down, nervously. She reads the woman's name tag.

JAMIE
(to herself)
Georgia.
(to Georgia)
Thanks for everything, Georgia.

Jamie starts limping in the direction of the restaurant. The woman leaves her cart and comes to Jamie's side, holding her.

DELIVERY WOMAN
You need help? I have to go that way anyways.

Jamie smiles, knowing she's lying, and leans into her. The two walk into the parking lot of the Francoli's, together.

JAMIE (CONT'D)
You remind me of someone I knew in high school.

GEORGIA
Oh yeah? What was she like?

JAMIE
She was cool. Way cooler than me. I haven't seen her in years, but, I really miss her.

EXT. FRANCOLI'S PARKING LOT, CONTINUOUS

Jamie lets go of Georgia and falls back into her arms.

JAMIE
I should probably go barefoot.

Jamie takes off her shoes and limps to the door. She looks back at Georgia, who's smiling with her hands in her pockets.

She faces the restaurant door, tears running down her face. She sighs, wipes them away and goes inside.

EXT. FRANCOLI'S, CONTINUOUS, VIEW FROM WINDOW

Jamie goes up to the booth where Henry is. He gets up, excitedly, and pulls out her chair. Once she sits down, Henry starts fumbling through his pant pockets, rambling emphatically. Jamie nods along, staring out the window.

FADE TO BLACK.