Out in the Open

**5. INT./EXT. GERRY’S HOUSE – AFTERNOON**

**SCENE opens with front door of GERRY’s home being opened by GERRY himself [He is about 33 years old]. We do not see him immediately, but when the door opens, DELILAH [who is about 31 years old] is standing on the front porch of his suburban home. DELILAH is wearing a small, form fitting black cocktail dress; it has a stain or two on it, her hair is messy, and she is slightly buzzed from the drunk night before. She is holding a small handful of white flowers.**

DELILAH:

(relieved, embarrassed)

Hi.

GERRY:

(nonplussed)

Hi.

**DELILAH pauses. She nervously holds the small bouquet of flowers to give to GERRY; the flowers still have their roots attached and soil clings onto their stems. It seems as though DELILAH had just pulled them from the ground. As they speak, DELILHA opens her hand out to give them to GERRY. GERRY is hesitant, but he accepts them.**

DELILAH:

(awkwardly)

I, uh, brought you these. I know they are your favorite.

GERRY:

(nonplussed, sarcastically)

Oh, Um, thank you. I love them. They are *just* like the ones that my neighbor is growing.

**DELILAH chuckles uncomfortably. They both stand uncomfortably for a moment. DELILAH appears unsure of herself, her head down, barely giving him eye contact. With a little more confidence, she begins**

DELILAH:

(awkward)

So, um, how are you?

GERRY:

(nonplussed)

Is there a reason as to why you’re hear, Delilah? I’m kind of busy right kno-

DELILAH:

(insecure)

Uh, yeah, actually, there is. Um, I wanted to, explain myself. About what happened. Between us.

GERRY:

What is there to explain?

DELILAH:

I wanted to tell you that, that what I did that night, I am absolutely sorry for. That isn’t how I truly felt about you.

GERRY:

I think you showed your true feelings about me that night.

DELILAH:

Look, I can see why you’d be pissed off at me. The whole ‘walking out’ thing isn’t the coolest thing to do, bu-

GERRY:

(sarcastically)

Yeah, the whole ‘leaving your groom at the alter’ thing isn’t so terrific in hindsight, huh?

DELILAH:

(self-justifying)

Look, I wasn’t sure what to do, in that moment, you know? It happened, I get it, it was a sucky thing to do, and I’m sorry.

GERRY:

(frustrated and stupefied)

It was more than just ‘sucky,’ thing, Delilah. It was- I can’t- I don’t even have the words to describe how I felt! Or how I feel right now!

DELILAH:

(defensive)

I am owning up for what I did! *and I’m not even expecting* you to take me back, but-

GERRY:

(shocked)

Take you back?! You must be out of your mind if you think I’d take you back!

DELILAH:

I am not asking for that to happen, bu-

GERRY:

But what? If I did take you back, you wouldn’t be bothered by it?

**DELILAH and GERRY are silent. DELILAH has her head down, ashamed. GERRY sarcastically leans head forward, leaning ears closer, looking for an answer to a clear rhetorical question.**

GERRY:

(annoyed)

Why are you here, Delilah? It can’t be *just* an apology.

**PAUSE**

DELILAH:

(self-justifying)

Ugh, look, I didn’t mean for that to happen OK, he just burst into the room, what was I supposed to do?!

GERRY:

Maybe not run off out of the church?

DELILAH:

(accepting but self-justifying)

That’s a fair point, bu-, look I didn’t thin-, it just happened alright? Can you forgive me?

GERRY:

Whatever, Delilah, sure, I’m done.

**GERRY attempts to close the door.**

DELILAH:

Well, I’m not!

**DELILAH raises her arm and pushes her hand on the door so that GERRY can’t close it. He stops pushing the door and DELILAH places her hand down.**

GERRY:

What now?

DELILAH:

I’m a better person when I’m with you! I feel, more grounded, I feel happier when I am with you. I need you.

GERRY:

Maybe you should focus on that yourself, because it is not *my* job to make *you* less impulsive.

DELILAH:

I’m trying, Gerry!

GERRY:

(angry)

No, you aren’t, Delilah! You continuously make excuses to avoid any kind of accountability on your end.

DELILAH:

No, I don’t! I am taking accountability for what I did to you two years ago, and plus, it was so far out from now, so I don’t understand why you’d still be so mad at me!

GERRY:

You really don’t get it, do you?

DELILAH:

I do get it, Gerry, and I promise, it won’t happen again, ever!

GERRY:

Damn straight it won’t happen again, because I’m shutting you out, for good, I wish you the best.

**GERRY tries to close the door again. DELILAH raises her arm and pushes her hand on the door so that GERRY can’t close it. He stops pushing the door and DELILAH places her hand down.**

GERRY:

Delilah, back off!

DELILAH:

No! Not until you accept my apology.

GERRY:

I don’t have to do anything!

DELILAH:

And why not?

GERRY:

Because I moved on! I got rid of all your things, I started dating again, gosh, don’t you get it! I am better off without you. I am better off without the complaining and the gold-digging an-

DELILAH:

(defensive)

How dare you! I was never like that!

GERRY:

Oh, please! You weren’t proud of me. You weren’t proud of my work. Every time I even mentioned anything about the patients I cared for, you shrugged it off and ignored it!

DELILAH:

(defensive)

You never talked about work, you were always so private!

GERRY:

No, actually, I am not all that private. I stopped talking about work when I noticed that you weren’t paying attention to it.

**GERRY and DELILAH are at a standstill. GERRY is waiting for her response. DEILAH stands stares at him, in shock and confusion, as if she believes that there could be no possible way that she had remembered that so differently. GERRY continues**

GERRY:

Face it, you were proud of the big house that you lived in and the flashy cars you drove around in, all of which, I provided!

DELILAH:

I didn’t know that I did that you felt that way.

GERRY:

Maybe because you never asked.

DELILAH:

I’m sorry I hurt you.

GERRY:

No, you’re sorry that you have to lie in the bed you made. What you did, Delilah- it hurt. You treated me poorly when we dated, you up-and-left the wedding ceremony and ran off with some high school crush, and left me alone on the alter, embarrassed and lonely, in front of everyone!

**Pause**

GERRY:

Look, I’m not trying to make you feel like garbage, but that day you ran out those church doors made me feel like garbage. And it seemed like, like you couldn’t care less about that.

**DEILAH stands with her head down. She pauses, and then weeps.**

DELILAH:

(sobbing)

So much for not making me feel like garbage.

GERRY:

I don’t mean to be so aggressive to you, but, you’ve got to understand that saying “I’m sorry,” doesn’t undo all the damage, nor does it mean that the person you’ve wronged can just, “stop being sad.”

**DEILAH stands with her head down. She sobs.**

GERRY:

(patiently)

It’s probably best that you go, Delilah. This whole thing that you’re doing, isn’t healthy. For either of us. And I-

RYAN:

(off screen)

Dinner is almost done! And our show is about to start! Are you almost finished?

GERRY:

(to RYAN)

Be there in a minute, babe!

DELILAH:

(to GERRY)

‘Babe?’ You used to call me that.

GERRY:

It’s a very common pet name, Delilah.

DELILAH:

Well, what’s her name?

GERRY:

O.K. Delilah, maybe you should head home, do you want me to call someone to pick you up?

DELILAH:

No, Gerry, I am fine, I don’t need a ride!

**RYAN enters and is seen in the doorway, near GERRY. He is holding a plate of enchiladas.**

RYAN:

Gerry, is everything alright?

GERRY:

Yeah, everything is fine, Ryan, let me just finish with this, uh, Jehovah’s witness?

**RYAN shrugs and exits offscreen.**

DELILAH:

Our photographer?

GERRY:

Yeah. What, were you planning on calling him for your second wedding?

DELILAH:

How could you?

DELILAH:

I didn’t cheat on you, if that’s what you’re thinking.

DELILAH:

Well, why don’t you explain it to me then? Please, enlighten me!

GERRY:

If you must know, we stayed in touch after you left. After I sent everyone home with their plates of food and cake, he walked up to me and gave me all the money back; he only took a few many pictures, and I had told him to delete the ones that he did take. It’s not like either of us were gonna need him. We went through them; he’s really good at what he does.

DELILAH:

(annoyed)

Yeah, I know, I hired him.

GERRY:

Anyways, we got to talking for bit. He was so sweet. He didn’t hit on me, or try to sleep with me, or take advantage of the whole thing. He was just there, listening, and talking with me. We became friends and after a year or so, um, here we are!

DELILAH:

So, what, you’re gay now?!

GERRY:

Honestly, I think I’ve always been gay… No offense to you when I say this, but I had a feeling that there was a deeper reason as to why there might not have been any *chemistry* between us.

DELILAH:

Wait, what?

GERRY:

Delilah, I felt comfortable around him. I didn’t feel used, or objectified. I didn’t feel like trophy that he could show off to people. And it was nice to have that for a change.

DELILAH:

So, wait, let me get this straight. I mean, pfft, not straight, you’re gay, so-

GERRY:

Delilah, look, the more you focus on this, the worse your going to feel, and although you mayhave had good intentions coming here, I don’t think you got the result you were looking for.

**GERRY slowly hands the flowers back to DELILAH. She accepts them. He shifts away from the door, reaches for something that we can’t see, and returns with a few tissues in hand for DELILAH. She accepts those, too. She thanks him with a silent nod as she continues weeping.**

GERRY:

I care for your safety and well-being, so when I say this, I say this with objective respect for you as a human being. Go. home.

**GERRY gently closes the door and DELILAH doesn’t try to stop him. She starts sobbing again. She drops the flowers and puts her hands to her face. She blows her nose into the tissue, and we can see some makeup from her face onto the tissues. DELILAH reaches for the floor and picks up the small bouquet of white gardenias. She stops her crying and walks down the porch staircase and towards the next-door neighbor’s house. She falls to her knees in front of a small garden of flowers. She places the flowers off to the side and pulls out her phone. We see DELILAH moving her arms and shoulders on the ground as she hold her phone up to her ear using her shoulder. She waits for an answer. She holds her hand to her face to stop herself from crying again. She looks down, and slowly gets up from the grass she was sitting on. Someone over the phone answers.**

SANDY:

(on phone)

Hello?

DELILAH:

(choking on her tears)

Sandy? Can you come pick me up, please?

**AS DELILAH gets up from the grass and walks away from the neighbor’s garden, we see a dug-up hole with the uprooted white gardenias placed and reburied poorly, as if she had never pulled them out from the ground in the first place.**

**SCENE ENDS.**