

BRIDGE

Written by

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Alternate Title Ideas

- Pity Party Playlist
- Pity Parade
- Big Fat Crybaby

EXT. BRIDGE OVER INTERSTATE - NIGHT

THOMAS(28, headphones in) walks along the road with the BRIDGE in view about ten feet in front of him. As he reaches the bridge, he pauses for a moment before continuing.

Halfway across, he stops and leans against the railing watching the cars below. His expression isn't blank so much as it is trance-like.

The sound of interstate traffic reaches a crescendo just as CORY (23, Thomas' best friend) interrupts Thomas with a bump when he stands next to him. Not a major bump. But clearly intentional.

THOMAS

Whoa! Hey you scared- Hey!

Cory looks down at the cars.

CORY

You wanna jump don't you?

Thomas fumbles with his phone to pause whatever he is listening to.

THOMAS

What? No. How? Are you here?

CORY

It wouldn't kill you. It's not high enough. This would definitely be your last walk though.

THOMAS

Seriously. You're here? Now?

CORY

Unless you landed in front of a semi. But even then. You'd have to have really good aim and a little bit of luck.

THOMAS

I don't wanna jump.

CORY

Oh of course not. So why are you here?

THOMAS

I'm just on a walk. You?

CORY  
I'm always here.

THOMAS  
Right.

CORY  
And you're not just on a walk.  
You're leading a pity party parade  
where you're the only float.

Thomas laughs and touches his stomach.

THOMAS  
Oh come on. I'm working on it.

CORY  
Sure ya are.

THOMAS  
Do you see a pity party? Do you see  
me feeling bad for myself?

Cory just stares at Thomas for a moment.

CORY  
What song were you listening to?

Thomas glances at his phone.

CORY (CONT'D)  
What were you listening to?

THOMAS  
Just some random playlist.

Cory leans to sneak a peak at his phone.

CORY  
Look at that. It's called the Pity  
Party Soundtrack?

THOMAS  
No it's not.

CORY  
I know. Your phones locked. But you  
would definitely listen to that  
playlist.

THOMAS  
Oh shut up.

CORY

If I stop talking then who's gonna solve all your problems. That's why I'm here right? You want me to pull out an envelope with the magic words in them. (vaudeville voice) *The answer you've been looking for!*

THOMAS

What?

CORY

That's not how it works.

THOMAS

I know.

CORY

There is no magic. Luckily your problem is an easy fix.

THOMAS

No. It's not.

CORY

It is, though. Think about it.

THOMAS

What do you think I'm doing here? I came here to do just that. To think. To find a calm...have a moment. And- here you are. So maybe I'm having one.

CORY

I'd say so, yeah.

THOMAS

I don't know how things got so twisted up. I never thought I'd be one to swing and miss. I feel like I hate everything. My job. It doesn't even pay the bills. So I have to work another one at night. Lack of time snowballs into bad eating and no gym time. So on top of being tired, I'm not doing anything positive for my body. The fatigue compounds. I'm trying to make a career change. Which means learning an entire new skillset. It's fun. I like it. I just don't have much time to dedicate to it.

(MORE)

## THOMAS (CONT'D)

The average pace of progress was already slow, but these last few months especially it has slowed to a crawl. No, it was a crawl. Now it's a (beat) lump. I'm working to live. I'm living to work. I don't play guitar anymore. I don't play any games. I don't read. I don't write. I'm all output, no input. Running on E. Scraping the bottom. Even my car is going through it. No A/C. In Florida. No A/C. I hate it here. I can't even roll down the windows all the way because they don't come up without being physically pulled up. So I wake up tired. Drive in stop-and-go traffic for 25 minutes while sweating. Sit at a desk doing shit I hate. Eat a bad lunch while donating my data and soul to TikTok. I drive home inside of a volcano. I think about napping after work. I'm desperate for a nap. But I know if I fall asleep I'll feel worse when I wake up an hour later to go to work. So instead I restart my day at 6 PM. I eat. I make coffee. I shower. I get dressed. I leave. More sweaty driving. How did it get like this? I'm overweight. I'm out of shape. I'm excited about nothing. I look forward to nothing. I have no appetite. I just eat because I eat. I can't even bring myself to do the typical lazy stuff, like watch a movie or play video games. Like I said. Nothing is enticing. What happened? I never thought I'd be one to swing and miss. And this badly. Yikes.

As Thomas turns to look at Cory, so do we. Cory has a look of sincere concern on his face. That look quickly changes as he brings his fists to his eyes to do the mock "crybaby" motion.

## CORY

Ooooo, poor baby. You poor thing.  
Life is so tough. Ooooo.

Cory motions towards his own body.

CORY (CONT'D)  
Your life is so, so hard isn't it?  
I mean, could it be worse?  
Possibly? Maybe a little?

Thomas has tears in his eyes, but he finally breaks and lets out a chuckle.

THOMAS  
Yeah, I know. I'm working on it.  
That's why I'm here. I just wanted  
some

CORY  
Perspective?

THOMAS  
Yeah.

CORY  
Well, did you get it?

Cory does a little spin. Thomas laughs.

THOMAS  
I think so, yeah.

Thomas turns and leans on the railing facing the traffic. He closes his eyes.

CORY  
Close your eyes. Feel your feet on  
the ground. Breathe. Feel the  
oxygen in your lungs. Feel the  
breeze on your face. Really feel  
it.

Cory's voice starts to fade into the sound of the cars driving under the bridge.

CORY (CONT'D)  
(fading)  
Feel the cold of the railing. Feel  
it. Really, really feel it.

Thomas takes a few more breaths before opening his eyes. He turns. Cory isn't there, hasn't been for five years.

Thomas stares at nothing in particular for a few seconds before walking away.

FADE OUT