

BACK TO GRAY

written by

Scott Spjut

scottspjut@gmail.com

INT. PSYCHOLOGIST'S OFFICE - DAY

PSYCHOLOGIST
What would you like to talk about
today?

QUEUE (28) sits in the plush recliner across from the therapist. Her statement socks are mismatched, but still manage to "go" with her muddled green Vans and vibrant hoodie. She brushes her pixie cut bangs across her face.

QUEUE
I miss being depressed.

PSYCHOLOGIST
I'm sorry?

QUEUE
Has a patient ever told you that
before?

PSYCHOLOGIST
Has a client ever told me that they
miss being depressed?

QUEUE
Yeah.

PSYCHOLOGIST
No. A client has never told me
that.

QUEUE pushes back the cuticles on her fingernails.

QUEUE
I want to go back.

The psychologist, Bob, sits up in his chair, and runs his hand through the little bit of hair on the back of his mostly bald head.

PSYCHOLOGIST
Good idea. Let's start over. What
would you like to talk about today?

QUEUE
No, I want to go back to being
depressed.

PSYCHOLOGIST
I'm not sure what you mean.

QUEUE

The medication, the therapy, the mindfulness, I want to be done with all of it.

PSYCHOLOGIST

You want to go back?

QUEUE

Last week, my car wouldn't start. And it was frustrating. So I pop the hood and poke around, and nothing. Which was frustrating. I wait a few minutes and try again, still nothing. Which was frustrating. I call a tow-truck and they say they'll be there within an hour, which was -

PSYCHOLOGIST

Frustrating.

QUEUE

Exactly. I didn't know if "within" meant 5 minutes or 55 minutes. So I sat there, frustrated, hopeless, helpless. For 52 minutes. You know how I know it was 52 minutes?

PSYCHOLOGIST

You kept track.

QUEUE

Because I watched every fucking minute tick by on that stupid dashboard clock - which was working, so I thought that meant the battery was fine.

PSYCHOLOGIST

The battery wasn't fine?

QUEUE

The battery WAS apparently fine. Fine enough to power the teeny tiny clock on the dash but apparently not fine enough to start the car with a loose connection. So I wasted my whole fucking morning waiting for this tow truck guy - who fixed the issue in 15 seconds.

PSYCHOLOGIST

And that was frustrating.

QUEUE

Yes! Ruined my day. The whole day.

PSYCHOLOGIST

That seems like a relatively normal human response.

QUEUE

Exactly. It was awful. I want to go back.

PSYCHOLOGIST

Go back where?

QUEUE

A year ago, you know what I would have done if my car didn't start? Gone back to bed. I would have turned the key, heard the clickity-clickity of the thing, gotten out, probably not even locked the door - since, you know, it won't start - and gone back to bed.

PSYCHOLOGIST

But that wouldn't have solved the problem.

QUEUE

Yes! Yes it would have. Because the problem isn't the car not starting. Who gives a fuck about a car? It's a thing. The problem is me having these "relatively normal human responses". I want to go back to not giving two shits about whether or not my car starts in the morning. Back to before medications and appointments and all this crap.

PSYCHOLOGIST

Well I can't make you come here. Or make you take your medication.

QUEUE

Sure. But what's going to happen if I don't?

PSYCHOLOGIST

What do you mean?

QUEUE

My -- my brain is not going to explode or anything, right?

PSYCHOLOGIST

You might have some withdrawals for
a few days, but your brain
certainly won't explode.

QUEUE

Perfect.

Queue stands up and walks out the door.

EXT. STREET - CONTINUOUS

Queue walks briskly down the street, smiling - almost
skipping. The skies are gray. Dirty water streams down the
street and into the gutters. She rips her hoodie on a chain-
linked fence, but keeps walking.

She passes a wine shop - then backtracks and goes in.

INT. WINE SHOP - CONTINUOUS

She enters and begins browsing the selection. A CASHIER
wearing an apron is stocking shelves.

CASHIER

Hello. Welcome! Are you looking for
anything in particular?

QUEUE

I'm celebrating.

CASHIER

Oh fun. What are you celebrating?

QUEUE

A return to sobriety.

Puzzled, the cashier picks one bottle up off the shelf.

CASHIER

Well, this one has a nice, full
body and notes of-

QUEUE

Perfect.

Queue grabs it from his hand and walks up to the counter to
pay for it. He begins the checkout process.

QUEUE (CONT'D)

Do you have a corkscrew?

CASHIER

Yes, along that wall over there is
our selection of-

QUEUE

No no no. Not to buy. Just to use.

CASHIER

Um, I guess, I think so ...

He pats his apron, then searches through the drawers until he finds and hands it to her. She removes the foil from the neck, plunges the corkscrew in, and deftly removes the cork. She slams a \$20 down on the counter and then holds up the bottle.

QUEUE

Cheers!

She takes a big swig straight from the bottle as she walks out the door.

FADE OUT.

INT. QUEUE'S APARTMENT - LATER

Queue is sleeping, sitting upright on the couch, wrapped in a comforter.

WYATT, Queue's twin brother, enters through the front door.

WYATT

(into the void)

Queue?!

Queue groggily begins to wake up.

WYATT (CONT'D)

Why haven't you been answering your
phone?

QUEUE

(groggy)

Wyatt! Heeeeey ... what do you
mean?

WYATT

Look at your phone.

Queue picks it up to see 47 missed calls.

QUEUE

That doesn't seem right. We just talked on the phone like 5 minutes ago.

WYATT

That was Thursday.

QUEUE

How far past Thursday are we now?

WYATT

It's Sunday morning.

QUEUE

(half singing "Easy" by
Lionel Richie)

Why in the world would anybody put chains on me?

Wyatt plops down on the couch next to Queue. He looks around the apartment to see fast food wrappers, trash, and several empty wine bottles.

WYATT

You stopped your meds.

QUEUE

(still half singing)

I've paid my dues to make it.

WYATT

You've stopped your meds.

QUEUE

(speaking)

I stopped my meds.

WYATT

Was it because of the car?

QUEUE

52 minutes, Wyatt! 52 minutes of my life, wasted!

WYATT

And since we last talked on Thursday, how many of your minutes have been productive?

Queue motions to an easel in the corner with a canvas on it.

QUEUE

I painted that.

The canvas is one solid color of dark gray.

WYATT
You couldn't find any other colors?

QUEUE
(melodramatically)
There ARE no other colors.

WYATT
Go get ready. We don't want to be late.

Queue stares blankly.

WYATT (CONT'D)
For the race.

Queue continues to not react.

WYATT (CONT'D)
Today is the 5k.

QUEUE
Uuuugh, that's today? I thought you said it was a half marathon.

WYATT
No, 5k.

QUEUE
That sounds awful.

WYATT
You know a 5k is shorter than a half marathon, right?

QUEUE
How long is a half marathon?

WYATT
About 13 miles.

QUEUE
How many Ks is that?

WYATT
(mental calculations)
Uh, 21ish?

QUEUE
I can't run 21 Ks.

WYATT

You're not. We're running 5.

QUEUE

I can't, anyway. Too many
endorphins.

WYATT

What?

QUEUE

I made a decision to limit my
endorphin factory.

WYATT

I don't know what that means. Get
dressed. We leave in 5 minutes.

Wyatt pats Queue on the head a few times.

EXT. 5K REGISTRATION TABLE - MORNING

Queue and Wyatt are at the registration table. Wyatt gets his
bib number and walks away to do some light warmups and
stretching. Queue steps up to the front of the line.

QUEUE

Yes, Queue Wilmot.

ATTENDANT

And what does the Q stand for?

QUEUE

Just Queue.

ATTENDANT

Yes, what's it short for? I'll need
to look up your first name too.

QUEUE

No, not Q like the letter. Queue
like the line.

ATTENDANT

I don't understand.

QUEUE

Like, "queue up". Or "jump the
queue".

The attendant looks Queue up and down.

ATTENDANT

Miss, you don't look well. Is "jump the queue" some sort of drug slang?

QUEUE

Yes, that is drug slang. Last name: The Dragon, first name: Chase.

The attendant looks through her papers.

ATTENDANT

I don't have anyone named "Chase" here.

Wyatt comes back to the table.

WYATT

Her first name is spelled Q-U-E-U-E. Last name W-I-L-M-O-T.

ATTENDANT

Oh there she is! Q-U-E-U-E! Kuay-way. Is that Hawaiian?

She takes the bib and leaves.

EXT. 5K STARTING LINE - CONTINUOUS

Queue and Wyatt wait with the other runners at the starting line, stretching, warming up.

QUEUE

Let's get this over with.

WYATT

Way to stay positive.

QUEUE

All I mean is, let's do this, get it done, and go home. No hoopla. No pomp. I don't need you carrying me off on your shoulders and drowning me in Gatorade.

WYATT

You don't know how any of this works, do you?

Wyatt notices an older, fit man with a prosthetic leg in the group, warming up.

WYATT (CONT'D)

Look over there.

Queue looks.

QUEUE

What?

WYATT

That man, with the prosthetic leg,
that's inspiring.

QUEUE

Not really.

WYATT

What do you mean not really?

QUEUE

Well, 3 Ks into this race, MY legs
are going to hurt.

Queue gives a big, cheesy smile and lifts her hand up for a high five. Wyatt does not reciprocate.

WYATT

Mom would have been so proud of
you.

QUEUE

Mom would be mortified. Dad would
have laughed.

The starting gun fires. The race begins.

Wyatt and Queue keep pace with each other for a while, with Wyatt slowly pulling ahead. He stops at the first water table, grabs two cups and hands one to Queue once she catches up - but they keep running.

WYATT

You need to drink, but don't drink
too much or you'll get waterlogged.

Queue drinks the water, and holds up the cup.

QUEUE

What do I do with this?

WYATT

Just throw it on the ground.

QUEUE

That doesn't seem right. How is
that not littering?

Wyatt shrugs. Queue has a moment of pause, but ultimately tosses the cup on the ground, with a satisfying "huh!"

As the race progresses, Queue grabs a cup at every table, and becomes gradually more elaborate with how she gets rid of them.

She tries to kick it up in the air once or twice before missing it and letting it drop.

She pretends it's a basketball and does a behind-the-back pass to no one.

She puts the bottom of the cup in her mouth and then quickly breathes out, trying to blow the cup up in the air.

She eventually sees a sign that says "1/2 KILOMETER TO GO!" Wyatt, by this time, is long gone.

QUEUE (CONT'D)

Finally.

At the last water table, she stops, grabs a cup, downs it, and then starts doing the Cup Song, singing "When I'm Gone" as she uses the cup for percussion. After a few moments, she tosses the cup behind her.

Just then, the man with the prosthetic leg - HAROLD - runs by. His prosthetic steps directly on the cup Queue just threw. He slips, and his fake leg flies off his limb.

Several runners and workers rush to his side. He's a bit dazed, but fine.

HAROLD

Thank you. Thank you, I'm fine. Let me just get this back on ...

He slips the prosthetic back on, puts on weight on it, and it buckles -- falling off again.

HAROLD (CONT'D)

Must be cracked.

Everyone who is crowded around Harold turns and looks at Queue. She stammers for a bit.

QUEUE

Well, uh, um ... doesn't matter!
You and I are going to finish this
race together!

Two first aid responders are approaching, but Queue stops them and dramatically pushes them aside.

QUEUE (CONT'D)

No!

Queue goes over to Harold, helps him get up, puts his arm around her neck and shoulder.

QUEUE (CONT'D)

We got this.

They hobble toward the finish line.

As they turn the final corner of the race, everyone sees this inspirational scene of Queue and Harold. The applause from the whole crowd gradually grows. It's the last 10 yards of the race and hundreds of people are yelling and jumping, it is raucous.

They cross the finish line and everyone explodes in cheering.

The local TV news affiliate is there and the REPORTER and CAMERAMAN rush the two.

REPORTER

Can you tell us what happened?

QUEUE

Well, I was, uh, I was running, and then I was, uh ...

HAROLD

My prosthetic broke. I've had it for years, I should have known it was on its last leg.

A crowd had gathered. Everyone erupts into cheesy laughter. Queue's eyes dart around, confused.

QUEUE

Yeah.

HAROLD

I've never let being an amputee stop me from doing what I love -- and this young lady wouldn't let me stop either.

An "awwwww" from the crowd.

QUEUE

Yeah.

HAROLD

She just happened to be there, and helped me get through this last stretch.

REPORTER

So you two don't know each other?

QUEUE

Uh, no. We just met half a K ago.

REPORTER

And because of you, he was able to finish the race. You must feel very proud.

QUEUE

I definitely feel feelings.

The reporter turns back to the camera.

REPORTER

A local hero -- helping a stranger finish a race -- and in her own way, helping the human race.

Queue rolls her eyes.

REPORTER (CONT'D)

This is Liza Littleton, reporting for ABC 11.

Harold turns to Queue.

HAROLD

(putting out his hand)
I'm Harold.

QUEUE

(shaking hands)
I'm Queue.

The reporter is feverishly taking notes.

REPORTER

Q? What does Q stand for?

QUEUE

No, not Q like the letter. Queue like the line.

REPORTER

(confused)
Like the line?

QUEUE
Oh for fuck's sake!

Wyatt runs up and joins the gathering crowd.

WYATT
Queue, hey, what happened? Sir, are you okay?

Harold sits down in a chair. The first responders have caught up and are checking out Harold while they talk.

HAROLD
I am fine. Thank you.

WYATT
I was telling Queue earlier, we saw you at the starting line and you are such an inspiration.

HAROLD
Oh, I don't think so. Halfway through this race, YOU were the ones whose legs were hurting.

Queue looks at Wyatt, incredulously.

INT. DINER - LATER

Wyatt and Queue sit across from each other. We join them mid-conversation.

WYATT
It's a portmanteau.

QUEUE
Right.

WYATT
A portmanteau. A combination of "breakfast" and "lunch".

QUEUE
I know what a portmanteau is.

WYATT
But yet you don't know what brunch is?

QUEUE
It's inconsistent.

WYATT
It's a meal that includes both
breakfast and lunch options.

The WAITRESS walks up.

WAITRESS
Can I get y'all anything else?

WYATT
(to the waitress)
Help us out here. My sister is
pretending to not know what brunch
is.

QUEUE
So far, I've heard it's a meal that
includes both breakfast and lunch
options.

WYATT
Right.

QUEUE
So let's all go to brunch tomorrow.

WYATT
Great.

QUEUE
At McDonald's.

WAITRESS
Wait, does McDonald's serve brunch?

WYATT
That's not brunch.

QUEUE
That's my point. So what is brunch?

Another CUSTOMER turns around from his seat at the bar.

CUSTOMER
(to waitress)
What are they on about?

WAITRESS
This gentleman doesn't know what
brunch is.

CUSTOMER
(to Wyatt)
You don't know what brunch is?

WYATT
 (pointing to Queue)
 SHE doesn't know what brunch is.

WAITRESS
 She said it's a meal that includes
 both breakfast and lunch options.

CUSTOMER
 That sounds about right.

WYATT
 No. I said that.

CUSTOMER
 And you still don't know what
 brunch is?

WYATT
 Queue was pretending to - you know
 what? Nevermind.
 (to Queue)
 Why do you do this?

WAITRESS
 Hey, you look familiar. Have you
 come in here before?

QUEUE
 Nope.

WAITRESS
 Wait, you're that girl from the
 news this morning?

CUSTOMER
 Yeah! You helped that man cross the
 finish line.

QUEUE
 (sheepishly)
 Yup. That was me.

WAITRESS
 That was quite something, wasn't
 it?

Queue slinks into her chair -- attempting to disappear into
 it.

CUSTOMER
 And did I read somewhere he was a
 Veteran? Good thing you were there
 to help, huh?

QUEUE
 (more slinking)
 Yup.

WAITRESS
 You are just such an inspiration,
 young lady.

QUEUE
 (whispering to herself)
 I hate everything so much.

WYATT
 She's had a wild morning guys, I
 think we're just going to finish up
 our meal here.

The customer and waitress go back to what they were doing.
 Queue and Wyatt pick at their food.

WYATT (CONT'D)
 So how are you?

QUEUE
 Fine. But I bet I'll be pretty sore
 tomorrow.

WYATT
 No, I mean, how are you doing? Can
 we talk about this week?

QUEUE
 What is there to talk about?

WYATT
 Well, you were AWOL for 3 days,
 you've stopped your meds, I'm
 assuming you're not going back to
 see Bob?

QUEUE
 Bob assured me my brain would not
 explode.

WYATT
 Is all of this a joke? The
 painting? The empty wine bottles
 everywhere? Harassing me about what
 brunch is? Is this performance art?

QUEUE
 Avocado.

WYATT

What?

QUEUE

I think there has to be some sort of avocado-based dish for it to qualify as brunch.

Wyatt stands up. Gets out his wallet. Starts counting out cash.

WYATT

Okay. I'm done.

(beat)

Putting aside the fact that you're, you know, a fucking adult, let me remind you that mom and dad aren't here to take care of you. You obviously can't take care of you. And you're not letting me take care of you.

QUEUE

Wyatt--

WYATT

No, shut the fuck up and listen. You know what you need to do: eat right, exercise, take your meds, see your therapist, get your 8 hours of sleep. Did I miss anything?

Queue doesn't respond.

WYATT (CONT'D)

Did I?

QUEUE

I thought I was supposed to shut the fuck up.

WYATT

Cute.

QUEUE

You know, this is my whole point. I was actually feeling pretty decent after that race, and pretty decent with the banter we were all having. And now I feel like shit. I feel more bad right now than I felt good two minutes ago. And it's not fucking worth it.

(MORE)

QUEUE (CONT'D)

Why work so hard -- why run and sweat and interact with other people when it all just leads to this?

WYATT

Because that's life. There are highs and there are lows. That's how it works.

QUEUE

No. It's not. Life doesn't work.
(beat)
Not for me.

WYATT

I'm out of ideas. I'll text you later.

Wyatt puts down a wad of cash, grabs his things, and walks out the door. All the diner patrons are silent, processing what they just saw.

QUEUE

Mimosas! You guys need to serve mimosas. Then you'd DEFINITELY be a brunch place.

WAITRESS

What was that? Can I get you something else?

Queue sighs.

QUEUE

No. Just the bill, please.

WAITRESS

Oh, it's on the house -- after what you did to help that man this morning!

QUEUE

God damn it people!

EXT. DINER -- CONTINUOUS

Queue exits the diner and walks down the sidewalk, hands in pockets, head down.

A dog lurches at her, barking -- held back only by its taught leash. Queue doesn't react. She keeps walking.

A passing car splashes water over her pants and shoes. She is unfazed.

She comes to a crosswalk and takes one step into the street and then stops -- right before a bus blows by. Unmoved, she sees the STOP hand change to the WALK sign and proceeds.

EXT. BRIDGE -- CONTINUOUS

She walks onto a bridge spanning a busy freeway. The concrete on either side is a few feet high, with several feet of chain-linked fence on top of that.

She stops and leans on the concrete, watching the cars pass by below. She grabs the fence, and peers as far over the ledge as she can.

FINLEY
You have a light?

Queue doesn't hear him.

FINLEY (CONT'D)
Excuse me, ma'am? Do you have a light?

QUEUE
Oh! Yeah, hold on --

She reaches down to her pockets and realizes she actually doesn't have her lighter.

QUEUE (CONT'D)
Actually, sorry. I don't. Normally I do, but I just came from this thing -- different pants.

FINLEY
Different pants?

QUEUE
You know, how when you leave in the morning, you tap all your pockets to make sure you've got all your things? Keys? Phone? Wallet? Chapstick? Lighter?

FINLEY
Ah, I get it. Those aren't your usual pants.

QUEUE
Not my usual pants.

FINLEY

Those look like running pants. You don't typically do a lot of running?

QUEUE

(teasing)

You calling me lazy now?

FINLEY

(teasing back)

I just call it as I see it.

QUEUE

I did a 5k this morning. First time.

FINLEY

How'd it go?

QUEUE

Great. And then awful. And then just o.k. And then awful again.

FINLEY

Sounds familiar.

QUEUE

You run a lot?

FINLEY

No, I just mean, days. They go like that. Good then bad then good then bad. If you're lucky, you start on good and end on good. The in-between is whatever.

QUEUE

Meh -- I'm done with the roller coaster. I'm fine with starting on bleh and ending on bleh and having bleh in-between.

FINLEY

So that would be a good day, then?

QUEUE

Yeah.

FINLEY

But then that would make it a GOOD day.

QUEUE
(laughing)
Shut up.

FINLEY
Seems like quite the paradox.

FINLEY leans on the concrete next to Queue.

QUEUE
Your name wouldn't happen to be
Clarence, would it?

FINLEY
Finley.

QUEUE
Finley? Isn't that a girl's name?

FINLEY
You don't seem like the type to
perpetuate gender stereotypes.

QUEUE
You're right. It was a failed
attempt at playful teasing.

FINLEY
And your name is ...?

QUEUE
Queue.

FINLEY
Queue like the line?

QUEUE
No, queue like the ... yes, like
the line.

FINLEY
And you're teasing me about MY
name?

Queue laughs.

FINLEY (CONT'D)
You want to grab some coffee?

She smiles.

QUEUE

Sure. I mean ...

(beat)

No. I can't.

FINLEY

O.k. You have a boyfriend? You seeing someone?

QUEUE

No.

FINLEY

And no one who would be upset if they heard you say that just now?

Queue laughs.

QUEUE

No. Nothing like that. I just -- I can't -- it's the whole roller coaster thing.

FINLEY

You're coasting.

QUEUE

Yeah. I'm just trying to coast right now.

FINLEY

I promise not to make it too enjoyable.

QUEUE

Thanks. That's sweet. I really am sorry. I just -- I just can't right now.

FINLEY

Tell you what ...

Finley reaches into his pocket, grabs a pen and paper.

FINLEY (CONT'D)

Since I'm guessing you don't have a phone in those running pants of yours ...

He scribbles down his number on a scrap of paper.

FINLEY (CONT'D)

Next time you're considering having a better-than-bleh day, text me.

He hands her the paper.

FINLEY (CONT'D)
See ya, Queue.

They share a smile. He walks away. Queue looks back over the ledge.

She sighs.

INT. OFFICE BUILDING -- MORNING

Queue enters a high-rise office building and walks to a door. She swipes her keycard across the lock and pulls -- but the door doesn't open.

She swipes it again. And pulls again. Still nothing.

She presses the call button on the speaker next to the door.

KAREN (O.S.)
Logistics Unlimited, how can I help you?

QUEUE
Hey Karen, it's Queue. My keycard isn't working.

There's silence from Karen.

QUEUE (CONT'D)
Karen?

KAREN (O.S.)
You -- you haven't shown up to work in three days.

QUEUE
Yeah. I had a -- thing.

KAREN (O.S.)
(beat)
You got fired.

QUEUE
Right. Of course.
(beat)
O.k. See ya.

Queue turns and leaves.

QUEUE

I mean, I guess I got fired last week. After not showing up, but I found out today.

WYATT

You haven't been calling in sick?

QUEUE

I have not.

WYATT

What're you going to do?

She motions toward the TV.

QUEUE

I feel like I've been pretty clear about that.

WYATT

Wait, was there something significant about you not dying yesterday? You didn't die the day before that either, or the day before that. Was yesterday different?

QUEUE

I was just walking around. Walking home across the bridge. Thinking about stuff.

WYATT

About dying?

QUEUE

Yeah.

WYATT

About making it happen sooner rather than later?

Queue pauses the show.

QUEUE

There's some lower-middle-class guy, with his one-car garage and his 2-point-3 kids, who spends 260 days on the road -- hauling whatever cheap consumer crap some OTHER lower-middle-class family on the other side of the country with THEIR 2-point-3 kids will buy.

(MORE)

QUEUE (CONT'D)

He's driving along, listening to music, or podcasts, or maybe just enjoying his thoughts.

WYATT

What are you talking about?

QUEUE

He's just -- trying to pay his bills, make a living, leave something better for his kids. And then all of a sudden his 25-ton truck smashes into a well-timed body falling from the sky. What did he do to deserve that? To have that on conscious for the rest of his life? Nothing. He doesn't need that. He's done nothing wrong.

WYATT

Did something happen yesterday?

QUEUE

No. My Clarence showed up. Plus, nothing was going to happen anyway. You can't change your mind halfway down.

WYATT

I'm worried about you.

QUEUE

Don't. This is better. There was a calmness to it all. It was all very -- matter-of-fact.

WYATT

So as soon as the facts tip the scales the other way, that'll be it?

QUEUE

I don't want to die. I want to be dead. It's completely different.

WYATT

I don't think you're hearing yourself. Do you realize what you're saying? You may feel calm on the inside, but I'm freaking out a little bit.

QUEUE

I'm sorry my angst is
inconveniencing you.

WYATT

Do you think I deserve to have that
on my conscious? To be carrying
that the rest of my life? You care
about some hypothetical truck
driver but not me?

QUEUE

Let's not disparage the working
class. Blue-collar workers are the
backbone of our economy.

WYATT

This -

Wyatt motions to the apartment's disarray.

WYATT (CONT'D)

All of this is not better. I know
before wasn't great. But let me
tell you -- please, please trust me
-- you, right now, overall, are not
better than you were before.

QUEUE

You think you're some objective
judge of circumstance?

WYATT

No. No. I'm biased. 100 percent
biased toward what's best for you.
But you can't even say that about
yourself right now.

Queue looks down at her lap. She nods.

WYATT (CONT'D)

Right?

QUEUE

Yeah.

WYATT

I know you feel like you've tried
everything. But there's a whole
world of options out there.

QUEUE

Yeah.

WYATT

If we have to try Himalayan salt lamps and essential oils, we will.

Queue laughs.

QUEUE

That's all bullshit.

WYATT

Yes. Yes it is. But if bullshit gives you a couple more weeks -- some time for us to keep researching, to potentially find something that ISN'T bullshit, let's do it.

QUEUE

And then what? When that doesn't work? And the thing after that? And the thing after that?

WYATT

By then we'll be old and gray, and you'll be in a wheelchair because you spent your life refusing to do any more 5Ks, and I'll wheel you around -- and I'll push you off that bridge myself.

Queue laughs.

QUEUE

O.k.

Wyatt picks up a prescription bottle on the end table next to the couch.

WYATT

In the meantime, can we get back to these? Just in the meantime.

Queue nods, takes the bottle and walks toward the bathroom.

INT. QUEUE'S APARTMENT - BATHROOM - CONTINUOUS

She enters the bathroom, holding the bottle. She turns on the faucet to fill a cup, and opens the bottle.

She tries to shake one pill out, but the whole bottle spills into her hand.

QUEUE

Oh geez.

She stares at them in her hand -- then at herself in the mirror.

She shakes her head and then starts funneling a few pills back into the bottle. Then she stops.

She empties the bottle back into her hand.

She stares into the mirror.

INT. HOSPITAL ROOM - LATER

Queue sits in a dull, beige recliner in the corner of a hospital room. She wears her muddled green Vans and a vibrant hoodie. She brushes her pixie cut bangs across her face.

Psychologist Bob sits across from her.

PSYCHOLOGIST

Do you want to go back?

QUEUE

Yeah. Let me start over.

FADE TO BLACK.