

**TRAIN TRACKS**

by: Japheth Gordon

EXT. TRAIN PLATFORM - MORNING

It's the morning rush and the commuters are business men, city workers, teens - all waiting for trains.

We find CONNOR, 16, waiting for a train. He's scrolling through his phone. Killing time.

BREE, also 16, pushes her way to the edge of the platform and looks down the length of the tracks - trying to spot her train coming. But it's not.

Connor can see she's disappointed.

CONNOR  
Just missed one so...

BREE  
Don't you hate that?

CONNOR  
Probably be a couple minutes till  
the next one.

Bree pulls out her phone to check how late this set back will make her.

BREE  
That's my timing. Always just one  
second too late.

A beat goes by as Connor looks at her - checking her out.

CONNOR  
You go to SilverCrest?

BREE  
How'd you know?

CONNOR  
Your bag there....it's gotta  
symbol.

BREE  
Oh. Duh. Yeah SilverCrest. How bout  
you?

CONNOR  
I don't.

BREE

Meaning?

CONNOR

I don't go to school.

BREE

What, are you like, some super smart genius who graduated early or something?

He shakes his head - "No" confidently.

BREE (CONT'D)

Okay. Are you a creepy old guy who just looks like a kid?

CONNOR

(laughs)

No, I'm sixteen. I dropped out.

BREE

Wow, you say it with such pride.

CONNOR

Well I'm not ashamed.

BREE

How's that working out for you? Being a *dropout*?

CONNOR

Ouch. You say it like I'm a statistic.

BREE

(joking)

No, I'm not judging you. Just curious about your kind. You're one of the thousands who's fallen through the cracks of our public school system?

CONNOR

Oh yeah. We're a tight community. Mostly drug dealers and musicians. We have a monthly meeting to discuss our lack of ambition.

BREE

A Slacker Seminar?

They both find the joke amusing.

CONNOR  
 School just wasn't my thing,  
 y'know?

BREE  
 So what is your "thing"?

CONNOR  
 I work. See I already have a job,  
 so going to school, in order to one  
 day get a job, seemed like a waste  
 of time.

BREE  
 (to herself)  
 "School is a waste of time." Okay.

CONNOR  
 It's just not for everyone. I mean  
 clearly you...

BREE  
 I what?

CONNOR  
 Some people have a brain that wants  
 to be filled with knowledge. Mine  
 just wanted to get out to work.  
 (beat)  
 Plus it pays good. But that sounds  
 way less deep.

She accepts this smiling. We can see that she's developing  
 respect for his perspective. Another beat. Then:

BREE  
 You're interesting.

CONNOR  
 So are you.

They both smile.

BREE  
 What kind of work do you do? If you  
 don't mind me asking.

CONNOR  
 Promise not to laugh?

BREE  
 Course not.

CONNOR  
My uncle has a flower shop  
downtown...

Bree starts chuckling under her breath.

CONNOR  
C'mon. You promised.

BREE  
I'm sorry. It's just, you...as a  
florist.

She laughs again.

CONNOR  
What's wrong with that?

BREE  
Nothing. Nothing at all.  
(now sweetly)  
You were so tough a minute ago.

CONNOR  
(light)  
I'm still tough. The flower  
business is hard. I take the three  
trains every morning to open up on  
time. Gotta prep arrangements, take  
orders, make deliveries...

BREE  
Oh yeah?

CONNOR  
Yeah. And keeping blooms alive in  
this environment takes a real  
delicate touch.

BREE  
Delicate?

Bree steps closer to Connor. The proximity is intimate now.

CONNOR  
Yeah. You gotta know what you're  
doing.

Just as things are about to get hot:

VOICE  
*ARRIVING NOW, THE L TRAIN TO  
DOWNTOWN. WITH STOPS IN BAKERSFIELD  
AND GRANT'S PASS.*

From a speaker overhead we hear an old recording - loud and distorted.

The annoying SCREECH of a train pulling to a stop. As the doors slide open, he gestures for her to enter first.

CONNOR  
After you.

They both step into the train and just before the door closes:

BREE  
I don't know your name.

CONNOR  
Connor.

BREE  
Connor. I'm Bree.

Doors slide shut.