

Written by

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Address
Phone Number

INT. NOAH'S APARTMENT - NIGHT

NOAH (35), fit, clean shaven, well kept, is sitting on the couch playing chess. Subtle instrumental progressive electronic music is playing. He is thinking hard about his next move. Finally, he shoots his rook straight up the board, and smiles with delight.

He then gets up to walk around the table and sits in the opposite chair, and again thinks long and hard about his next move before finally moving his bishop diagonally to knock off the rook that was just moved.

NOAH

Ah ha.

Once again, he gets up and moves around to the other side of the table. He stares at his board. His optimistic, and focused look slowly starts to fade and turns into a look of sadness. He stares at the board, as if hoping the next move will be made by someone on the other side of the board. But, like always, nothing happens.

He looks over at a small chalk board on the wall, which has a sloppy score table on it with two names, "ME" and "I" with ticks in the columns signaling who the winner was with each game. There are a lot of ticks in both columns.

Noah gets up and heads into his tiny, dimly lit, very nicely decorated kitchen. He opens his fridge. Inside, everything is neatly in it's place, and very organized. He takes out a mason jar of evenly chopped and peeled carrot sticks soaking in water, and another mason jar creatively labeled Noah's Ho-Hum Humous. He carries them over to his couch and sets them on his coffee table as he sits down and opens up his laptop.

His screen wallpaper is an arial-shot of a city scape filled with thousands of people walking the streets.

He opens his internet browser and types in 'EVENTS HAPPENING TONIGHT'

He clicks on an 'EVENTS PAGE' and starts to read and scroll down a pretty list of generic events and gatherings. 'GET SPUN OUT AT CLUB GLOBE' 'LADIES NIGHT AT BAR NONE' 'GET YOUR DRINK ON AT THE DIIZZY DIVE BAR' 'GAY BINGO NIGHT' 'LIVE MUSIC AT THE BUILTMORE' 'SIZZLING SINGLES NIGHT AT THE SERPENT' etc.

He looks up and gazes across the room at a tiny fishbowl where ASTRA, a beautiful tropical fish as bright as a shining star, is swimming about.

NOAH (CONT'D)
Well, not much happening tonight,
Astra. Same, exact stuff, as
always.

Noah stares blankly at Astra as she swims in circles.

He then spills some hummus on his keyboard.

NOAH (CONT'D)
Crap.

He gets up and grabs a cloth from the kitchen, and comes back to clean it up.

As he cleans, he notices another Event Heading on the screen, 'FEELING LONELY?'

Noah nods, as he clicks the heading, and begins to reads.

'IF YOU'VE GOT NOTHING GOING ON TONIGHT AND JUST WANT TO MEET SOME PEOPLE AND STRIKE UP CONVERSATIONS THEN SWING ON BY.'

He stares at the screen, thinking intently. Looks up at Astra.

NOAH (CONT'D)
I guess it can't hurt. I do like
conversations.

He types the address into his phone. Looks at his drooping Salvador Dali clock on the wall, which reads 7:10. Stands up and heads to the bathroom to get ready.

INT. NOAH'S BATHROOM - SAME

He looks put together, nothing out of place. But, he examines himself closer in the mirror, and finds an eyebrow hair out of place. He snips it. Then plucks one nose hair which is barely visible, from his nostril. Flosses. Brushes his teeth, and tongue.

He stares at the mirror.

NOAH
You are going to make friends
tonight. You are going to impress,
and make people smile. And people
are going to like you.

He exits the bathroom.

INT. NOAH'S APARTMENT - SAME

Noah puts his coat on. Opens a CAR-SHARE APP to find a car to drive.

NOAH
(to himself)
15 minute walk? Oh come on.

He clicks 'RESERVE' on his phone, and heads for the door.

NOAH (CONT'D)
Wish me luck Astra.

EXT. NOAH'S NEIGHBOURHOOD - NIGHT

As Noah is searching for his rental car, he steps in dog poo. He looks down at his shoe.

NOAH
Oh come on.

He walks to the grass and start wiping it off.

The neighbourhood is quiet. Noah is only one around. He continues to walk, staring at his phone, finally finds his car, and hops in.

INT. CAR - NIGHT

Noah, rehearsing his potential conversations, isn't paying attention to the radio in the background.

RADIO BROADCASTER (V.O.)
It seems as though a particular virus is spreading, but this virus seem to be morphing people's behaviour...

Noah turns the radio off so he can concentrate on what to say.

NOAH
(to himself)
Hey, I'm Noah...Hi, how's it going, I'm Noah. What's up, cool earrings, I like how they hang from your nicely shaped lobes...Hi, I'm Noah, and no, I didn't build the ark, but I do talk to my fish.

Noah looks in his review mirror and shakes his head in disgust. Then, THUD. Noah, comes to complete stop instantly.

NOAH (CONT'D)
(in shock)
What the...

EXT. NEIGHBOURHOOD STREET - SAME

Noah gets out of the car. Carefully and slowly, he creeps around to see what he hit.

A dented garbage can lying in front of his car.

Peter let's out his breath in relief.

NEIGHBOURHOOD MAN (V.O.)
Oh, man.

Peter looks up and sees a NEIGHBOURHOOD MAN (50), wearing a t-shirt and jeans, running down his driveway with a disgruntled look on his face.

Peter readies himself to get yelled at for damaging the man's garbage can.

NOAH
Ah, I'm...ah, I'm sorry about that.

As the man approaches, he looks at his garbage can, then looks at Noah. His aggressive demeanor, and face quickly changes, to a more hospitable stature.

NEIGHBOURHOOD MAN
Hey buddy, don't be sorry. It was completely my fault. Had I not been a lazy, selfish, procrastinator, and taken my cans into the garage when I got home from work, like my wife always instructs me to, we wouldn't be standing here right now.

Both Noah, and the man are puzzled by his response. But Noah is happy by it.

NEIGHBOURHOOD MAN (CONT'D)
I am incredibly lazy. These cans have been sitting here for hours, and I normally never do anything about it.

(MORE)

NEIGHBOURHOOD MAN (CONT'D)

In fact, I need to go apologize to my wife for pretty much our entire, broken marriage, when she gets home from her shift. Mainly because of me, and my lazy, selfish, ungrateful behaviour.

Noah, both surprised, and uncomfortable by the man's honesty, slowly starts to retreat to his car.

NEIGHBOURHOOD MAN (CONT'D)

Here, this is completely, 100%, my fault.

The man pulls out his wallet and hands Noah money.

NOAH

No, no. That's ok, it's not even my car, and don't think there's any damage anyway.

Noah bends down to look at the front of car.

NOAH (CONT'D)

See, no damage. Thanks though.

NEIGHBOURHOOD MAN

Just take it. I'll feel better.

The man forces the cash onto Noah.

NOAH

(sheepishly)

Thanks.

NEIGHBOURHOOD MAN

Again, it was completely my fault.

Noah, still surprised, gets into his car and drives off.

INT. NOAH'S CAR - SAME

NOAH

(to himself)

Well, that was different.

Noah continues to drive, replaying the unique situation in his head.

As he approaches a intersection, the light is red, so he slows down, but then it turns green, so he begins to speed up again, just as he speeds up, a PEDESTRIAN (40) female, tries to beat out the light by running across.

Noah slams on the brakes, as the pedestrian freezes like a deer caught in the headlights, and immediately turns towards Noah.

Noah braces for a potential flip of the bird, or a verbal confrontation as the pedestrian opens his mouth.

PEDESTRIAN

(apologetic)

I am sooo sorry. I never listen to listen to the lights, and just expect cars to stop for me, regardless if it's my right away or not. Really, I wouldn't be surprised if I get hit one of these days. Maybe I should so I learn my lesson.

Noah puts of his hand, as if to say that's ok. And again, is puzzled and relieved at the honest outburst.

The pedestrian moves out of the way, and Noah slowly drives by staring in disbelief.

PEDESTRIAN (CONT'D)

So, sorry again. My bad!

Noah waves again as he drives past, and continues to reflect on another surprising encounter.

INT. NOAH'S CAR - SAME

Noah continues to drive.

NOAH

(to himself)

What is going on tonight? Why did those people completely admit their fault without me saying a word?
(beat) Must be the moon.

Noah's PHONE GPS (British female voice) navigates him.

PHONE GPS (V.O.)

Turn left in a 1000 feet.

Noah prepares to turn.

PHONE GPS (V.O.)

Turn left here.

Noah turns.

PHONE GPS (V.O.)
Your destination is on your right.

Noah pulls up to the residence.

EXT. PARTY RESIDENCE - SAME

Noah gets out of car, and looks up to the address, **1315**, on the big, old character house, then back down to his phone, then back up to the house address.

NOAH
(to himself)
I guess this is the place.

Noah walks up the grand front stairs leading to the grand entrance.

Just as he's about to knock, the door opens, a PLUMP FELLOW, (30) is about to step out, then quickly steps back in to allow Noah to enter.

PLUMP FELLOW
Oh, sorry about that, after you.

NOAH
No, no, after you.

Noah graciously gestures with his hands.

PLUMP FELLOW
No, no, I insist, please, after you. I'm in no hurry to get to go feed myself again, though I promised myself I wouldn't, since I just ate before I got here. But, I get hungry when I'm nervous, and well, showing up to a place where I don't know anyone makes me extremely nervous. So, here I go again, nervous and hungry. I tell my mom, I no longer eat my anxiety away, but who are we kidding, we tell our moms everything they want to hear, right?

NOAH
(hesitant)
I guess so.

PLUMP FELLOW
So, please, after you.

Noah timidly enters the house.

INT. PARTY RESIDENCE - SAME

NOAH

Thanks.

PLUMP FELLOW

I'll see you later.

The Plump Fellow exits.

Noah is quickly greeted by the hosts, TIM (36) quirky and pleasant, and Claire (34) calm and relaxed, both very friendly.

TIM AND CLAIRE

Welcome.

CLAIRE

We are so glad you could make it.
I'm Claire...

TIM

...And I'm Tim.

NOAH

I'm Noah

Noah extends his shake their hands, but Claire quickly approaches to hug him.

CLAIRE

Hugs. We're huggers here.

Afterwards, Tim steps forward and give Noah a hug as well.

TIM

(softly)

Thank you so much for coming, we
always love meeting new people.

NOAH

Thanks... for having me. You have a
really nice home.

They end their hug.

CLAIRE

Well, thank you. And you have such
a nice face(rubs Noah's cheek). You
look like such a nice person. You
will fit in perfectly here.

(MORE)

CLAIRE (CONT'D)

We really only like nice people.
Nice people attract nice people,
right Noah?

NOAH

I..guess so.

TIM

(giggling)

Well, of course they do, we
wouldn't have it any other way. We
really don't care for those
arrogant, self absorbed, douche
bags, so we honey?

CLAIRE

No, we certainly do not. I mean,
really, if I was to tell you the
truth, which I think I am right
now, if I could, I would rid the
world of every single one of those
vain, egotistical, only-out-for-
themselves, greedy, soul suckers.

Claire catches herself while Tim and Noah both stare in
amazement.

CLAIRE (CONT'D)

I'm sorry, that was a little bit
harsh, I really didn't mean to say
that aloud.

TIM

Honey, you little rascal. Don't
scare the guy.

CLAIRE

I'm sorry Noah, really, this is a
safe place, these are all good
people. No need to worry.

NOAH

That's ok, really. I ah..I agree
completely with you. I'm not fond
of...soul suckers either.
Especially those that literally
suck your soul. Like in

Noah lets out an awkward laugh.

CLAIRE

I don't think I'm actually familiar
with those.

NOAH

You know, like the Grim Reaper. He like, literally sucks your soul, and then poof, you're no longer living. You're just a soulless corpse and no one wants you anymore...

Noah quickly shuts up as he realizes he's saying way too much.

NOAH (CONT'D)

(timidly)

I mean, you know, if that sort of thing existed, which it doesn't, but you know, if it did, the Reaper would really be sucking souls.

Tim smiles at Claire.

TIM

Well, we're certainly not for sucking souls, are we honey.

Claire smiles back at Tim.

CLAIRE

No we're not, I'm just a fan of sucking dick, aren't I, Tim?

Noah lets out a surprised gasp of air.

TIM

Yes, you are, honey. Yes you are.

Tim pats Noah on the back.

TIM (CONT'D)

Come on Noah, let's go join the party, shall we?

Tim, and Claire lead Noah into the grand family room.

INT. GRAND FAMILY ROOM - SAME

Tim announces Noah's arrival.

TIM

Everyone. Everyone. Just another quick introduction...

The CROWD OF PEOPLE stop talking and look towards Tim, Claire, and Noah

TIM (CONT'D)
 ...this is Noah. Everyone make him
 feel included.

CROWD OF PEOPLE
 (sporadic)
 Hi Noah.

The crowd then resumes their conversations with another.

The DOORBELL RINGS.

TIM
 Uh, I better go answer that. Why
 don't you go mingle, and make
 yourself at home.

Tim pats Noah on the back and heads for the door.

NOAH
 Ok, sure. Thanks.

Noah stands still, hesitant to engage. Curious about who's at the door, he turns to look as Tim opens it.

In steps KRISTI (30), brunette, plain looking, with an underlying, natural beauty, with an innocent, genuine smile.

Noah is immediately frozen in his spot. Lost in a gaze as he watches Tim welcome Kristi. Love at first sight.

Just then, Noah's daze is quickly interrupted by NANCY (28), unkept curly hair, nerdy, fast talker, and rather pleasant.

NANCY
 Hey.

Noah, startled, turns around.

NOAH
 Hi.

NANCY
 I'm Nancy.

Nancy holds out her hand to shake Noah's. He reciprocates.

NOAH
 I'm Noah.

NANCY
 Ya, I know. Tim's really good about
 making everyone aware of who enters
 through that door.

She points to the door, giving Noah an opportunity to turn around again, and gaze upon Kristi, who's engaged in conversation with Tim and Claire.

NANCY (CONT'D)
So...what's your story?

Noah still in a daze staring.

NOAH
Huh?

NANCY
What's your story? Where ya from?
What'd do?

NOAH
Uhhh...

NANCY
Ok, here, I'll go first.

Noah finally snaps out of it and turns his towards Nancy.

NOAH
Sorry..I, ah.

NANCY
Ya ya. No worries. So, I live and work over in the Annex. I'm a biologist, well not really a biologist, I'm a Phlebotomist, but I kinda like to think of it as a biologist. You know, I get to like still deal with human cells and blood and stuff like that, and I'm always looking through microscopes and stuff.

Noah, trying to keep up with the conversation.

NOAH
Blood?

NANCY
Ya, blood. Lots of blood. I mean I'm not supposed to look through the microscopes, but I really like to see what's in there. Sometimes I take too much blood, and people start to pass out. I used to sneak some blood home with me and collect it.

(MORE)

NANCY (CONT'D)

But, I don't do that anymore
because I almost got caught, red
handed. Haha, get it? Red handed,
cause I had lots of blood in my
hands?

Noah forces a smile to be polite.

NOAH

Ha, ya, blood on your hands. That's
a good one. Cause you ah...

Noah's attention turns away again, as Tim enters the room
with Kristi.

TIM

Hey, everyone, just a second of
your attention please? Everyone?

The conversations quiet down again, and most people turn
towards Tim.

TIM (CONT'D)

This is Kristi. Kristi, this is
everyone.

CROWD OF PEOPLE

(sporadically)

Hi Kristi.

KRISTI

Hi everyone.

Noah, puts up his hand as if to wave.

NOAH

(quietly)

Hi Kristi.

Conversation start up again around the room.

Nancy starts up where she left off.

NANCY

So, ya, I don't steal blood
anymore.

Noah returns his attention to Nancy.

NOAH

Ya, bloods no good. I kind of get
queasy when I see too much of it.

NANCY

Oh, I certainly don't. I'm fascinated by it. I love to look at it. All through it, every last drop.

NOAH

Well, I don't think you would be good at your job if you didn't.

NANCY

You know something? Though blood looks to have a blue hue to it when it's coursing through your veins, it's actually very red, and...

NOAH

Ah, excuse me, I just really need to go the washroom.

Noah gazes across the room to see Kristi talking to a guy, and cuts off Nancy mid sentence.

NANCY

Ya, ya. No problem.

NOAH

Thanks. Nice talking to you, though

NANCY

Nice talking to you too.

Noah brushes by Nancy in search of the washroom. He glances across the room at Kristi vey subtly as he walks through the room of people.

However, he bumps into PETER (33), tall, lanky, awkward, by accident.

NOAH

Ah, sorry.

Peter spills a bit of his drink on himself.

NOAH (CONT'D)

Sorry about that. I was, ah, not watching where I was walking.

Peter pats himself down with a napkin.

PETER

That's alright. No harm done. It's just water after all.

(MORE)

PETER (CONT'D)
Boy, had I been drinking a daiquiri, though, you would've heard it from me.

Peter's obviously kidding.

PETER (CONT'D)
Noah, right?

Peter reaches out to shake Noah's hand.

NOAH
Yup.

PETER
I'm Peter.

NOAH
Ah, nice to meet you.

Peter introduces two people he is talking with, Clark (30), small, short hair, glasses, and Ann (27) tall, chubby, shy.

PETER
This is Clark, and Ann.

They wave at Noah.

CLARK & ANN
Hi.

NOAH
Hey.

ANN
(to Noah)
I like your shirt.

NOAH
Ah, thanks. It's just a shirt. I wish I had a story behind it, like, Guess where I got it? Or something like that, but I don't.
Hey, can I ask you guys something?

CLARK & ANN & PETER
Sure.

NOAH
Have you noticed anything kinda weird today? Like before you arrived here, people acting different?

PETER

What do you mean?

NOAH

Like, I don't really no how to explain this, but people acting *nice*.

CLARK

Well, isn't that a good thing? Aren't people supposed to be acting nice.

ANN

Well, ya, nice would be good, in a perfect world.

All three of them laugh at the ridiculousness of the comment.

NOAH

No, that's just it. I know most people are dicks, and that's why it was so weird on my way over. It's like...

Tim walks into the room, again, interrupting to introduce another person.

TIM

Hey everyone. Guys? This is Marv. Marv, this is everyone.

The crowd is losing enthusiasm for their greetings, but still muster one up.

CROWD OF PEOPLE

(very sporadic)

Hi Marv.

MARV

Hey.

Marv looks almost as out of place as Noah did.

Everyone goes back to conversing.

Noah uses the interruption to duck away from the group. He looks around for Kristi, but doesn't see her. He decides to tour the house starting with the grand kitchen.

He over hears conversations of confessions as he walks through the kitchen.

As he's walking, and not paying attention, he walks directly into Kristi, and spills her drink.

KRISTI

What the...

NOAH

(shocked)

Oh my god...ummm..ah...

Noah quickly bolts for the bathroom, and shuts the door behind him.

He takes a deep breath, and stares at himself in the mirror.

Just then, the light go out.

FADE TO BLACK.

END

