

Goodbye Girl
or

THE GOODBYE

Written by

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INT. APARTMENT - MORNING

Bedroom. Light streams in from a window illuminating WRITER (30'S) who sits on the edge of his bed, head cradled in his hands. Sheets are in disarray on the side of the bed he's sitting, but remain undisturbed on the other side, perfectly made, untouched.

On the dresser we see a close up of WRITER smiling, arm and arm with a beautiful woman who smiles as well. The picture of happiness. As we see this WRITER handles his cell phone listening to a voice mail. As the recording plays we see shots of Writer walking to the living room, sitting at table that seems to double as coffee table, dinner table, and desk. He opens his laptop and opens a file called "Ninja Bullshit".

ALAN (V.O.)

Hey, buddy, it's Alan. Listen, man, you gotta get out of the house. I know this is rough, I know it is. But it's been two years, man. YOU can't let yourself keep falling into these depressions. You gotta get on with your life. Also, this is gonna sound insensitive, but you have any updates on the ninja script? Deadline's coming up, and the studio's been asking for a progress report. Anyway, give me a call back.

INT. LIMBO - DAY

From the hallway we see a closed door with the words, "CHARACTER WAITING ROOM".

INT. LIMBO - CONTINUOUS

Inside the waiting room it's a frenzy. Characters from every kind of story imaginable intermingle with each other, pirates, cowboys, knights, etc. Sitting down, and paying as little attention to the other characters as possible sits THE GIRL (20's). She watches the DESK CLERK, a yoga surfer type guy in his twenties. His name tag reads "Radish". He impatiently tries to raise his voice over the cacophony as a pair of characters shoot past his desk.

DESK CLERK

No running, man! C'mon!

An alien approaches his desk.

ALIEN

Graon, gnoll cloft dumengen?

DESK CLERK

What? What are you saying to me right now?

ALIEN

Grpph diggen.

DESK CLERK

Are you an alien? I don't even speak Spanish, dude! I definitely can't understand the weirdo gurgly noises that are coming out of your mouth. Just sit down.

The Alien is noncompliant, not understanding the direction. Desk clerk points frantically.

DESK CLERK (CONT'D)

There! Over there! Sit down until we call your name!

Alien wanders over to the seat indicated while The Girl shoots up to talk to the Clerk.

DESK CLERK (CONT'D)

How did I get stuck doing this?!

THE GIRL

Hi. Um, I'm supposed to be in a romantic comedy, and I've just been sitting here for months now.

DESK CLERK

Well, what can I tell you, lady. Sometimes The Writer doesn't go back to a script. Could be poor structure, lack of character depth, or just not marketable enough.

He points to a man with a bowler and a large droopy mustache who stares into a void.

DESK CLERK (CONT'D)

That guy's been here for eight years?

THE GIRL

No, no, no. My story is very marketable.

(MORE)

THE GIRL (CONT'D)

I'm young, and beautiful, and sometimes I drink too much wine, but it's funny, and I'm a little petulant, but in a charming way. And I've got to fall in love.

DESK CLERK

Ma'am.

THE GIRL

But in order to fall in love I have to learn a bunch of lessons. But I was only halfway into the story when I got thrown in here. I need to move forward, I...

DESK CLERK

Dude! I'm gonna stop you right there. I can't help you. I don't decide what The Writer writes. Now have a seat.

THE GIRL

But...

DESK CLERK

Sit!

Biting her lip The Girl wanders back to her seat. The Desk Clerk receives a phone call. After she hangs it up she stands up and calls to the characters.

DESK CLERK (CONT'D)

Ninjas! Where are the Ninjas?!

A couple of ninjas appear from the crowd.

DESK CLERK (CONT'D)

You're up.

The Girl watches the ninjas as they walk to the exit door before glancing over at the man with the droopy mustache looking pathetically sad.

THE GIRL

Eight years?

She looks back at the ninjas who have opened the exit door, pure white light emanating from the other side.

THE GIRL (CONT'D)

No way.

She jumps up from her seat and runs at the ninjas slamming into them from behind. They all crash through the doorway and tumble into the white abyss beyond.

EXT. FOREST - DAY

Two ninjas face each other holding their swords in threatening fashion.

INT. APARTMENT - DAY

Writer types away at the computer.

EXT. FOREST - DAY

The two ninjas shout at each other in Japanese and just before they're about to connect in battle...

THE GIRL

Excuse me?

The ninjas look over at The Girl who has appeared at their side with hostility and confusion.

THE GIRL (CONT'D)

Sorry to interrupt, but we're going to have to turn whatever this is into a Romantic Comedy. It's not my fault, it's the Writer - he's been ignoring me. Does one of you happen to be dashing, romantic, with a keen sense of humor?

(Off of their look.)

Or any combination of the two?

She looks up as a bright light begins to emanate all around them.

INT. LIMBO - DAY

The Girl finds herself back in the waiting room.

INT. APARTMENT - DAY

Writer stares down at the keyboard oh his keyboard. He shakes his head and repeatedly presses the delete button. He re-writes, "EXT. FOREST - DAY. TWO NINJAS ENTER."

INT. LIMBO - CONTINUOUS

The Girl shakes her head, determined.

THE GIRL

You want Ninja? I can do Ninja.

She runs shouting towards the exit door where the Desk Clerk now stands trying to get her to back down. He dives out of the way at the last minute as she crashes through the door.

EXT. FOREST - DAY

The two ninjas are battling, their swords crashing together in ringing steel. They make the karate, "HAWWWWWWWW", sound, but then stop when they hear a higher pitched version. They look over to see The Girl, in ninja gear, who immediately stops making the sound.

THE GIRL

Is that racist? Is that racist if I make the sound? Who could go for a martini right now?!

INT. APARTMENT - CONTINUOUS

Writer stops writing.

WRITER

What the hell?

He deletes the scene he's just written and starts over yet again.

Montage: We cut back and forth between Writer and The Girl as he tries to write his Ninja movie and she keeps showing up somehow. They battle back and forth, she popping out from a FAT ASIAN MONK and shouting, "BOO", almost frightening the Writer out of his chair - She swings her sword in arching sweeps at ninjas who look hesitant and confused, as the Writer furiously types, a look of deep concentration on his face - She attempts to do a flip, but crashes painfully to the ground holding her back, and Writer laughs to himself - She awkwardly trades karate chops with the Ninjas - Writer looks surprised as suddenly the Ninjas are sharing tea with The Girl, sitting on a blanket.

WRITER (CONT'D)

Shit!

EXT. FOREST - DAY

The girl stands at the center of a large pile of dead ninjas holding her sword up to the sky.

THE GIRL

You are NOT getting rid of me! I'm not giving up! So you can either deal with me crashing your little ninja party, or you can come down here and face me!

INT. APARTMENT - CONTINUOUS

Writer considers this for a moment. Slowly he moves his hands back to the keyboard.

INT. THE WHITE EXPANSE - CONTINUOUS

The Girl, noticing that she's no longer in the forest, but in a never ending expanse of pure white looks over at the Writer who now stands nearby.

WRITER

I need you to leave me alone.

THE GIRL

(Gesturing to her ninja clothes.)

Can you change this? I feel ridiculous.

She looks down and is suddenly wearing her clothes from before.

THE GIRL (CONT'D)

Thanks.

WRITER

Please stop bothering me.

THE GIRL

Do you know what it's like to be stuck in that waiting room just sitting around with the rest of your junked ideas. Some of them very disturbing by the way. There were these squirrels...

WRITER

Oh, The Rabid Squirrels? I haven't thought about that script in forever. Yeah, they were these half alien, half squirrel zombies who go nuts looking for nuts.

(Off her look.)

It was an experimental time for me. College...and drugs...and irony.

THE GIRL

You've got to get me out of there! You've got to finish my story. I need to learn, I need to move forward.

WRITER

I can't. I'm writing a Ninja movie. There's a deadline.

THE GIRL

So what? Write it after!

WRITER

I can't!

THE GIRL

Why not?!

WRITER

Because you're gone! Because she's gone.

CUT TO:

INT. RESTAURANT - DAY

They now sit at a table in an empty restaurant. The Girl looks around, confused.

THE GIRL

Whoa. That's a pretty cool trick. Romantic setting? Are you putting the moves on me?

WRITER

This was where we met.

THE GIRL

Where you and I met? I've never been here before.

WRITER

You are based on someone I knew.
Someone I loved. I started writing
a script for her, she was an
actress. It was just your typical
romantic comedy.

THE GIRL

I love typical romantic comedies.
They get me right here...
(Gesturing to her chest.)
...In my boob.

WRITER

Great. Reduce a serious moment
with inappropriate comments.
That's you. That's you exactly.

THE GIRL

I don't reduce. I elevate -
elevate.

WRITER

Anyway...

THE GIRL

Did you get "elevate" was supposed
to be a penis joke?

WRITER

...Jesus Christ...

THE GIRL

Because I said "boobs" before, and
I thought that was a good lead into
other body parts.

WRITER

This is a serious story.

THE GIRL

I know, I know.

WRITER

I'm being serious.

THE GIRL

I'm sorry.

Pause. He regards her.

WRITER

You're just thinking of another funny body part to chime in with, aren't you?

THE GIRL

There aren't any other funny body parts. That's all of them.

WRITER

She died.

THE GIRL

Oh.

WRITER

There was a car accident and... I was asleep when she left that day. I didn't... Never got to say goodbye. After that, I didn't see the point of finishing that script. So there, that's the end of the story. You can chime in with more sexual innuendo now.

THE GIRL

But it's not over. You're alive.

WRITER

Yeah.

THE GIRL

You said that was the end of the story, but it's not. You have to keep going, don't you? You have to move forward.

She stands from the table and crosses to him causing him to stand up from his chair, nervously backing away. She continues forward, inching closer.

THE GIRL (CONT'D)

I think she deserves a happy ending.

Slowly, she leans up to him and kisses him on the cheek.

THE GIRL (CONT'D)

And so do you.

INT. APARTMENT - DAY

The typing stops. Rubbing away a tear streaking its way down his cheek e considers the dialogue he's written, then, closing out of that file, he opens another one entitled, "THE GOODBYE GIRL".

WRITER

Okay.

Music.

He begins to write. Montage: We circle around the Writer as he pours himself into the script. We see silent clips of all the funny and sometimes tear jerking trappings of a Romantic Comedy. Girl travels down a street and drops her purse, the man of her dreams picks it up. They enjoy a candle lit dinner. They fight. Hijinx ensues when meeting the parents, dad ends up with dinner all over him. They argue again, and he ends up moving his things out. She sits in a restaurant with her friends, but ignores them before running out and running down a rain filled street. She gets home and he's gone, his things moved out. She sits down on a chair with tears in her eyes. Behind her we see the man of her dreams appear. She stands and goes to him, whatever fight they had forgotten. They kiss. In the morning sitting in bed, he fast asleep on the bed beside her, she smiles and looks out at us.

INT. APARTMENT - CONTINUOUS

The music fades as the Writer writes, "THE END". On the table his phone begins to vibrate. He ignores it and gets up from his chair. We hear him getting his things together, keys, putting on coat, as the phone kicks in to voice mail and we hear the voice of Alan from earlier.

ALAN (V.O.)

Hey, buddy. It's Alan. Again. You didn't call me back, so... Just wondering what's going on with those ninjas...

Writer approaches the front door and opens it. He looks back at the lap top computer on his desk, still open.

INT. BEDROOM - CONTINUOUS

Still in the story Girlfriend smiles out at us from her comfortable perch on the bed in her bedroom, her love asleep beside her. She looks happy, finally at peace.

INT. APARTMENT - CONTINUOUS

ALAN (V.O.)

These guys are really breathing
down my neck. They keep saying
ninjas are making a comeback, so,
you know, call me back...

Writer smiles at the laptop, seemingly smiling back at
Girlfriend, and closes the door.

Music.

Credits.

The end.