

LOOK AHEAD

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INT. RESTUARANT. NIGHT.

SCRUFFY MAN outside the bathroom, fiddling with something.
BLUE TIE man walks past.

INT. MENS BATHROOM. NIGHT.

We are in a mens bathroom of a Restaurant. Red and white tiles on the walls, bright lighting, and stylish ceramics. It is like the bathroom from THE SHINING, but minus the murderous ghost and Jack Nicholson.

Instead we have a man in his late 20s/early 30s walking into the bathroom. We can hear the noise of the Restaurant floor as the door swings ajar, and then the sound disappears.

The man has smart trousers, white shirt with rolled up sleeves and a blue tie. He looks in the mirror, shuffles his hair and adjusts his tie. He pauses to breath slowly and look at himself thoughtfully. He then walks towards a urinal.

As he does this an older man walks in. Slightly overweight, smart but scruffy looking. He must be in his mid to late 50s.. He immediately stands in front of the urinal directly next to the man with a blue tie. There were four other empty urinals.

There is an uncomfortable breaking of an unspoken truth.

SCRUFFY MAN
[coughs] I like your watch.

The man with the blue tie is taken aback.

THE MAN WITH THE BLUE TIE
Uhhhhh.... Thank you....

There is silence. THE MAN WITH THE BLUE TIE then zips up and walks towards the sink.

SCRUFFY MAN
You know, it reminds me of my fathers watch. He got it as an early birthday present from my Mother before his 30th birthday. This was when he was living in Dallas.

The SCRUFFY MAN then zips up his trousers, and walks to the sink and starts to wash his hands.

SCRUFFY MAN (CONT'D)

I wasn't born just yet, before they moved over here. They got the watch in '62. On the day JFK was shot, November 22nd. Yeah, its true. My father always used that as an icebreaker at parties. Your watch reminded me of it. Different make of course, but it looks the same. Pretty sure that brand doesn't exist anymore. Had a black, leather strap, like yours. Has this dent in it from when he was in a car accident in '83. He lived, just had a limp and a walking stick. That was around the time we moved over here. Yeah, so we moved he in '82, and the car hit him a year later. We moved because of work, think after Reagan came in. My dad struggled to find work after that, and because my grandparents were British it made sense for us to move over here. Not here, here, but to Essex.

THE MAN WITH THE BLUE TIE is washing his hands but pauses.

THE MAN WITH THE BLUE TIE

So, what happened to the watch?

The SCRUFFY MAN smiles as his conversation opener clearly worked.

SCRUFFY MAN

He was buried with it. His will dictated that he should be buried with it. Annoying the hell outta my brother. He saw it as this rightful heirloom, seeing as he was the oldest. I remember him quite fuming, and not talking to anyone at the wake, not even me. He then flew back to New York a week later. A couple of days before the towers went down. I couldn't care less. Was always a reminder to my parents failed marriage. After the divorce, and my mother dying, my father became reclusive, and sloppy, couldn't care for anything. Except that watch, always maintained it. I could never figure out why he kept it on after my mother left him.

(MORE)

SCRUFFY MAN (CONT'D)

38 years of commitment just went in one afternoon. It had this engraving on it, which I am stuck to remember. Funny how I can reel off all this detail, but fail with something like that.

At this moment we notice that THE MAN WITH THE BLUE TIE has his head down and eyes closed. His right hand is clenching open and closed. His breathing becomes more pronounced.

SCRUFFY MAN (CONT'D)

Woah, you alright?

The SCRUFFY MAN wipes his wet hands on his trousers, and places his hand on the back to try and calm him down.

SCRUFFY MAN (CONT'D)

Just breathe in and out, think you're having a panic attack. Just in and out, slowly.

THE MAN WITH THE BLUE TIE is breathing more regularly now. He still looks upset, but has calmed down enough to respond.

SCRUFFY MAN (CONT'D)

You want me to get you a glass of water?

THE MAN WITH THE BLUE TIE shakes his head. The SCRUFFY MAN stands back.

SCRUFFY MAN (CONT'D)

These things come and go.

THE MAN WITH THE BLUE TIE

Sorry man, I just.. uhhh.. well... I wanted to propose tonight.

SCRUFFY MAN

Well. That's a big one. Huh... Don't let my story change your tune.

THE MAN WITH THE BLUE TIE

No, no, it wasn't that. I am just nervous. Are you... Are you married?

The SCRUFFY MAN looks for something in his wallet, and then his pockets. But shakes his head dejectedly.

THE MAN WITH THE BLUE TIE (CONT'D)
That's ok, don't worry about it.
How long?

SCRUFFY MAN
15 years.

THE MAN WITH THE BLUE TIE
She with you tonight?

SCRUFFY MAN
Not tonight, no.

The SCRUFFY MAN shuffles slightly.

SCRUFFY MAN (CONT'D)
Why are you nervous? You been with
her long?

THE MAN WITH THE BLUE TIE
8 years.

SCRUFFY MAN
Long time. Pretty much married at
that point anyway. For us it was
only really the last 2 or 3 that
really proved to be difficult. We
just made sure to respect each
other, and give each other the
quiet time we both needed. Cliche,
I know... but thats just how it is.
Cliches exist for a reason. Thats
just one of them. We got two sons,
that is who I am with tonight. You,
you just got to look ahead. You are
here to ask your girlfriend to
marry you. And she will say yes.
Just because my parents and yours
didn't last, doesn't mean yours
won't.

THE MAN WITH THE BLUE TIE
Yeah, thanks.

At this point a waiter walks in.

WAITER
MR. LAWRENCE, sorry but your table
has been empty for 15 minutes, and
we need to bring in the next couple
for your table.

The SCRUFFY MAN or MR. LAWRENCE, pulls up his sleeve to check
his watch.

It has a black leather strap, and the face of the watch has a dent. THE MAN WITH THE BLUE TIE, notices this and looks confused.

MR. LAWRENCE

Oh, sorry. Got talking. I wish you
all the best.

MR. LAWRENCE, shakes the hand of THE MAN WITH THE BLUE TIE, and walks out of the bathroom. The WAITER following.

THE MAN WITH THE BLUE TIE is alone. He looks in the mirror. Washing his hands a second time, then turning on a hand dryer. He then places his hands in his pocket, and takes out a ring box. He opens it up and closes it. Taking one more look in the mirror, he then walks out of the bathroom.

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