

Stone Heart

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1 EXT/INT. SMALL APARTMENT, MESSY - MORNING

1

The alarm blares. 7:00. MAVERICK, 22, average-looking, scruffy, groans and lazily slams it quiet. He sighs and slowly gets out of bed, throwing his blanket to the side.

MAVERICK
Morning CLINT.

Clint, the googly-eyed rock, wobbles for a little after Maverick pets it. Maverick quickly gets dressed, tossing on a decent-looking suit and checking himself out in the mirror while he straightens his tie. He squints at himself in the mirror and frowns a little.

(MAVERICK (CONT'D))
What did... what did one bean? What did one bean? Say... Say to the other...

A short pause as Maverick thinks.

MAVERICK (CONT'D)
How you bean!!

He giggles and beams. He grabs Clint and heads to the kitchen, making a quick breakfast of scrambled eggs and toast. He begins mindlessly swiping left and right on Tinder and grabs a pill container from a cupboard. As he is about to open it, he gets distracted by a Ding! from his phone. There is a look of pure excitement and shock on his face.

MAVERICK
OHHHH I GOT A MATCH! I GOT A MATCH!
CLINT!

CLINT
OH SHIT!!!

He whips his head around in surprise and scans around his small area.

MAVERICK
Hello?? Who's there??

CLINT
It's me, Maverick. Your conscience.

MAVERICK
(looking up at his
"conscience")
Oh my god you exist??

CLINT
No, you idiot. I'm right here.

It sounds like the voice is coming from his kitchen table.

CLINT (CONT'D)
Here.

Maverick looks down, confused.

MAVERICK
Am I losing my mind?

His eyes land on the rock.

MAVERICK (CONT'D)
Clint? Is that you?

CLINT
Yes its me. Who else would you be
talking too?

MAVERICK
CLINT!! I knew you were alive! Why
haven't you said anything??

CLINT
Why should I talk to a loser?

Maverick, with a look of hurt on his face, is taken aback by
Clint's harsh words.

MAVERICK
Well damn.

CLINT
Listen here buddy, if you wanna get
somewhere in life, listen to me.

MAVERICK
What the fuck Clint? You're supposed
to be my best friend??

Clint says nothing. Maverick picks the rock up, turning it
around back and forth in his hands as he scans it. He winces
and sets the rock back down.

MAVERICK (CONT'D)
I'm definitely losing my mind.

He reaches for the pill container again.

CLINT
What are you doing with those?

Maverick jumps and almost spills his coffee.

MAVERICK
Don't do that!

CLINT
Don't take those pills.

MAVERICK
Why in any world would I listen to you?

CLINT
Pussy shit. Just admit you need my help.

MAVERICK
I don't need your help. My life is fine as it is.

CLINT
Clearly not. C'monnnnn.

MAVERICK
Hell no.

There is lots of back and forth bickering between the two, when Maverick looks at his clock and exclaims.

MAVERICK
I'm late!

Maverick scarfs down his eggs and toast and leaves his cup of coffee sitting on the table.

CLINT
Hey! Don't forget me!

Maverick scowls and reluctantly listens to Clint, quickly stuffing him in his pocket before he runs out the door.

2 INT. OFFICE BUILDING, FIRST FLOOR - DAY

2

Maverick is out of breath and sweating as the elevator doors open. AURORA, 21, pretty, long hair, is standing outside the elevator and sees Maverick.

AURORA

Maverick? Are you alright?

Maverick raises his head and is exasperated.

MAVERICK

Oh! Good morning Aurora. Uh...

CLINT

You were working out.

MAVERICK

What?

AURORA

Are you OK?

CLINT

You were working out.

MAVERICK

Yeah I'm fine. I was just... working out.

Maverick hurriedly exits the elevator and passes Aurora, who is visibly confused. Maverick reaches his cubicle.

CLINT

See? Look what I've done for you already. Now she thinks you're a big, masculine man. First step to getting chicks.

MAVERICK

(A little hopeful)

Maybe you're right...

CLINT

That was still a sad show, Maverick.

MAVERICK

It doesn't even matter. I have a date tonight.

Suddenly Maverick's boss, JOHN, walks in to his cubicle. He is dressed in an a black suit and white shirt, signaling his status.

JOHN

Who are you talking to?

CLINT

Gah damn this guy's ugly.

MAVERICK

(annoyed at Clint)
 Don't say that. Boss, he doesn't mean it.

JOHN
 (confused)
 What?

Maverick points at Clint, who is spouting out insults at every random person he sees.

CLINT
 What are those glasses? Damn, that guy looks thirty and he's already balding.

MAVERICK
 His name's Clint. I didn't know rocks could be so rude, let alone talk.

John stays silent, mouth agape staring at Maverick with a look of annoyance and disbelief.

MAVERICK (CONT'D)
 Interesting isn't it?

JOHN
 (shaking his head)
 I just came to let you know we have a meeting in room 101. You're already late.

MAVERICK
 Oh, okay. Sure.

John turns his back on Maverick and walks away, looking back on him one last time with the same look.

CLINT
 What's his problem?

Maverick only shrugs, and picks up a few things to head over to the meeting room.

3 INT. MEETING ROOM, DAY

3

JOHN
 So if we continue along this path, the rates will continue to grow. But there will have to be a few changes as to how we do this. Maverick do you have any suggestions?

Maverick is zoned out. Not paying attention to what John is saying.

JOHN (CONT'D)
Maverick? MAVERICK?

MAVERICK
Huh?

JOHN
Do you have any suggestions?

MAVERICK
On what?

JOHN
Never mind.

John continues on asking others and the sound slowly fades. Time seems to be lost to Maverick.

JOHN (CONT'D)
Alright. Thank you all for coming,
have a good day.

John walks out the meeting room and heads back to his cubicle, as everyone else in the meeting starts cleaning up and leaving as well.

4 INT. MAVERICK'S CUBICLE - MOMENTS LATER

4

Maverick is the last to reach his cubicle.

MAVERICK
I think that was one of the most boring meetings I've ever been in.

CLINT
I think you're one of the most boring guys I've ever met.

Maverick scowls.

MAVERICK
I need a cup of coffee.

CLINT
Take me.

MAVERICK
You're following me everywhere man.

CLINT

Well yeah I don't have legs??? You didn't even let me go to the meeting.

Maverick, too tired to argue, stuffs Clint in his pocket again. He stumbles a little as he heads over to the coffee machine. He sees Aurora.

CLINT (CONT'D)
Do the line.

MAVERICK
The line?

CLINT
The line!!!

MAVERICK
Oh shit!

Maverick, with some strange newfound confidence, giddily walks up to Aurora and grabs a coffee mug with a goofy smile on his face.

MAVERICK (CONT'D)
Hey Aurora!

AURORA
Hi?

MAVERICK
(a little awkward)
So, OK. I have a joke for you. What did one bean say to the other?

(AURORA)
(confused)
Uh, I'm not sure.

MAVERICK
How you bean!!

Maverick bursts out laughing, as well as Clint.

CLINT
Good one, Mav, good one!

Maverick shushes Clint and pats his pocket. Aurora gives an awkward chuckle and leaves with her cup of coffee. Maverick's face shows that his mood has dampened a little bit.

CLINT (CONT'D)
She wants you dude.

MAVERICK
I'm not so sure...

CLINT
Trust me big guy, she's playing hard
to get. Good job.

Maverick sighs.

CLINT (CONT'D)
You have a date tonight anyways, you
player. Don't think about stupid
Aurora.

Maverick takes Clint out of his pocket and gives a hopeful
glance towards him.

5 EXT/INT. DOWNTOWN, RESTAURANTS LINED EVERYWHERE - DAY 5

Happy music plays as Maverick, with awkward confidence,
strolls down the street with slightly messy hair that seemed
like he attempted to style it and a big grin on his face.

CLINT
Go over what we practiced.

MAVERICK
Okay, okay.

Maverick enters the designated restaurant, Amici's, and fixes
his outfit a little as he scans the room but doesn't see his
date. He sits down at a table and waits. Time goes by but
Maverick's date doesn't show.

Maverick ruffles his hair in frustration and storms out the
restaurant. All the energy we saw earlier is depleted, and he
mopes a little. It's dark out.

CLINT
That didn't go so well...

MAVERICK
No shit Sherlock!

CLINT
W-

MAVERICK
(cuts Clint off)
She didn't even show! We sat there
for hours!

People nearby stare at Maverick, and Maverick embarrassingly hurries away.

6 INT. MAVERICK'S APARTMENT - NIGHT

6

The apartment door violently slams open, and dramatic music starts to play as Maverick walks into his apartment. He heads to his refrigerator and pulls out a bottle of beer. He starts chugging it while he ignores everything Clint says to him as he sets the rock on the table.

CLINT

This isn't you, Mav. You don't know what you're doing.

Maverick gulps down half the bottle, and slams it on the table. He takes a breath and starts chugging again.

CLINT (CONT'D)

SEE? You can't survive without me.

MAVERICK

Shut up.

CLINT

You bitch.

Maverick finishes the beer, and takes out the capsule of pills.

CLINT (CONT'D)

Maverick. Listen to me.

MAVERICK

(sullenly)

Parasite.

CLINT

MAVERICK!

Maverick throws his head back as he tries to swallow two pills. He gulps and chokes, the pills getting stuck in his throat. He rushes over to his faucet and cups water in his mouth to swallow the pills. He lets out another groan as he turns the water off and leans on the counter, clearly not stable. He stumbles over to his bed, where he passes out. Everything goes black.

7 INT. MAVERICK'S APARTMENT - MORNING

7

The alarm blares. 7:00. Maverick groggily slams it quiet. Everything goes black again.

8 INT. MAVERICK'S APARTMENT - MORNING**8**

Maverick's eyes sharply open, and he promptly turns his head to look at his alarm clock. 8:58.

MAVERICK

Fuck.

In the most hurry he's ever been in, Maverick swiftly enters his kitchen to start breakfast, where he spots Clint on the table. He stops, and stares at Clint for a bit.

MAVERICK (CONT'D)

I don't need you.

He heads back to his room and makes his bed, puts on clothes, sorts out the mess of things on his floor, and styles his hair. He runs out the door with a piece of toast in his mouth, as Clint sits still on the kitchen table.

9 INT. OFFICE BUILDING, FIRST FLOOR - DAY**9**

The elevator door opens with a ding as Maverick walks out. He seems to be a little shinier than usual. He looks decent, with nice hair, straighter posture, and a more confident look on his face.

10 INT. MAVERICK'S CUBICLE - MOMENTS LATER**10**

Maverick sets down all his things and organizes his desk, when John walks in. Maverick notices and looks up at him.

MAVERICK

Hey boss. Sorry I'm late.

John checks his watch and sighs.

JOHN

As long as it's not a habit. I wanted to remind you of our office party today.

MAVERICK

What?

JOHN

Check your email. Eureka's today. 7:00. Don't be late.

John is about to exit the cubicle, but turns back and gives Maverick a glance.

JOHN (CONT'D)

Nice hair by the way.

Maverick, confused, watches John leave and checks his phone. He gives a look of realization as he reads the email, but is disinterested. He tiredly puts his phone in his pocket.

AURORA

Are you going to Eureka's today?

Maverick recognizes Aurora's voice on the other side of his cubicle. He perks up.

RANDOM VOICE

Of course! 7:00 right? What are you wearing?

AURORA

Oh, probably nothing crazy, just something casual.

The sound of their conversation slowly fades out as Maverick drones out the rest of the voices.

Time passes as people continue to work, and it gets darker outside. People start to leave in groups, chattering about the party. COWORKER 1 stops by Mavericks cubicle with a few others in nicer outfits.

COWORKER 1

Are you coming Maverick?

MAVERICK

Yeah. I'll catch up to you guys.

COWORKER 2

Are you sure?

MAVERICK

Yeah. I'll be there soon.

11 INT.CAR - DOWNTOWN, EUREKA! RESTAURANT - EVENING

11

Maverick parks and swallows two pills before looking over at the empty passenger seat, as if there was supposed to be someone there with him. He practices his lines.

MAVERICK

Hey. Hello! What's going on? Good to see you! Hi. How are you doing tonight?

He closes his eyes and exhales slowly before exiting the car, closing the door and locking the car without looking back. Noise of loud conversations, drunken laughter, and hoots can be heard as Maverick walks to the restaurant. He stops right outside the door, looking up at the bright Eureka! sign above him. He takes one last deep breath and walks in.

Maverick wades through the assortment of bodies, trying to find someone he knows.

JOHN

Maverick!! My man! Glad you could make it

John laughs and gives a pat on Maverick's back, and Maverick lets out a meek thanks. John seems to be drunk, and happily walks around making conversation with other coworkers. He spots Aurora. He straightens up, fixes his jacket, and walks over to her.

MAVERICK

Hi Aurora! Good to see you! How are you doing tonight?

Aurora turns around to look at him, and gives him a smile.

AURORA

I'm doing great, actually. How are you?

Maverick, happy that Aurora isn't shunning him, responds with a warmer, more comfortable tone.

MAVERICK

I'm great, thanks. Sorry about the other day...

AURORA

(tilts her head in thought)

Ohh, don't worry about it... it was funny I just... was not having a great day.

Aurora paused. Then she smiled again.

AURORA (CONT'D)

I actually have a friend I want to introduce you to!

She reaches into her purse.

A tiny bit of hope has left Maverick's face.

MAVERICK

Sure? Your boyfriend?

Maverick let's out a little chuckle (of hopelessness), and Aurora giggles.

AURORA

Oh no, no, nothing like that. Here,
I want you to meet Clarissa.

Aurora pulls out a googly eyed rock from her purse and holds it up with both her hands for Maverick to see.

AURORA (CONT'D)

You might not be able to hear her,
but she says hi.

Maverick's mouth hangs open a little bit, and he is speechless. He looks down at the rock, then back up to Aurora. He looks back down again, smiles, and laughs.

MAVERICK

Hi Clarissa.

The End.